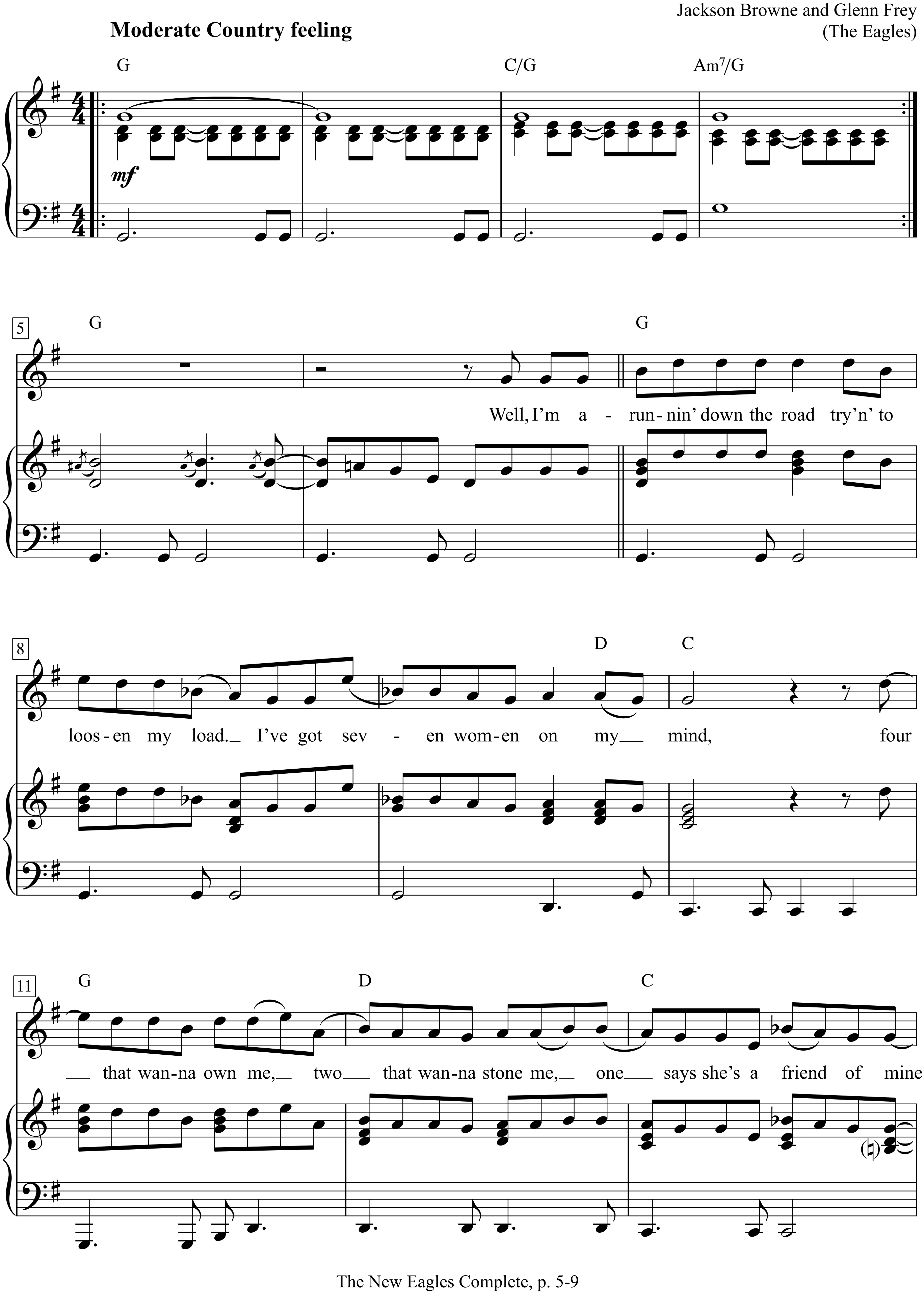
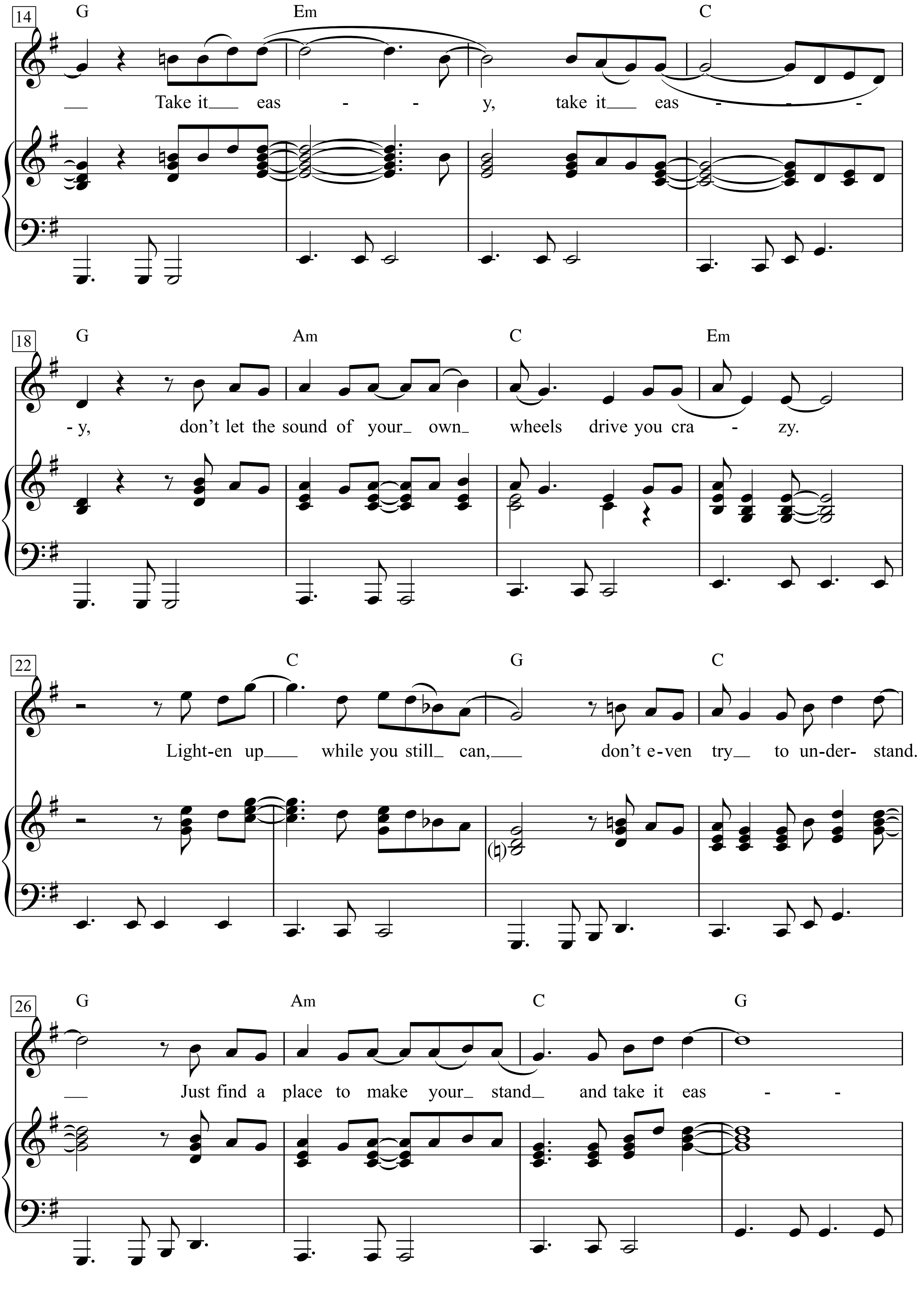
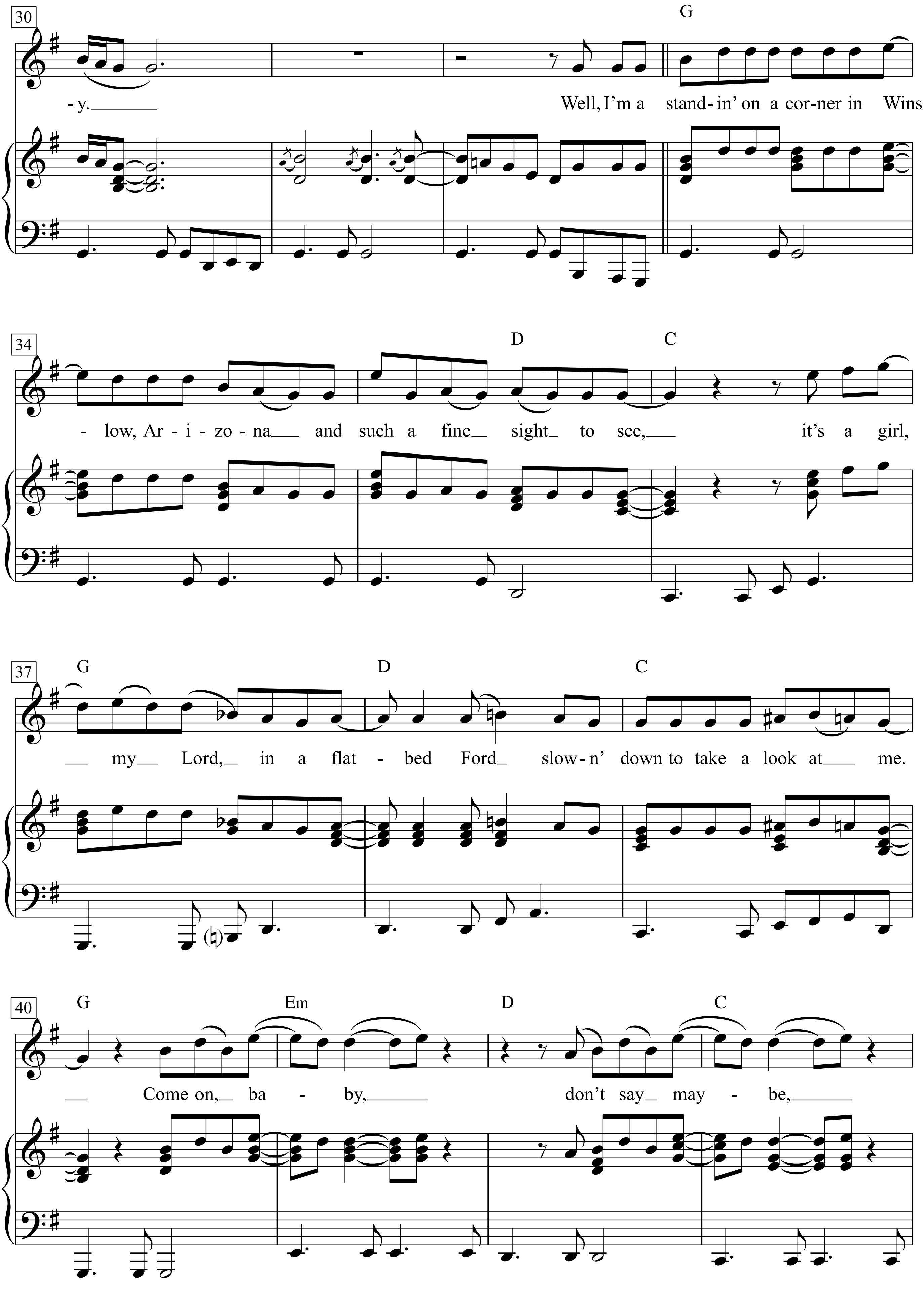
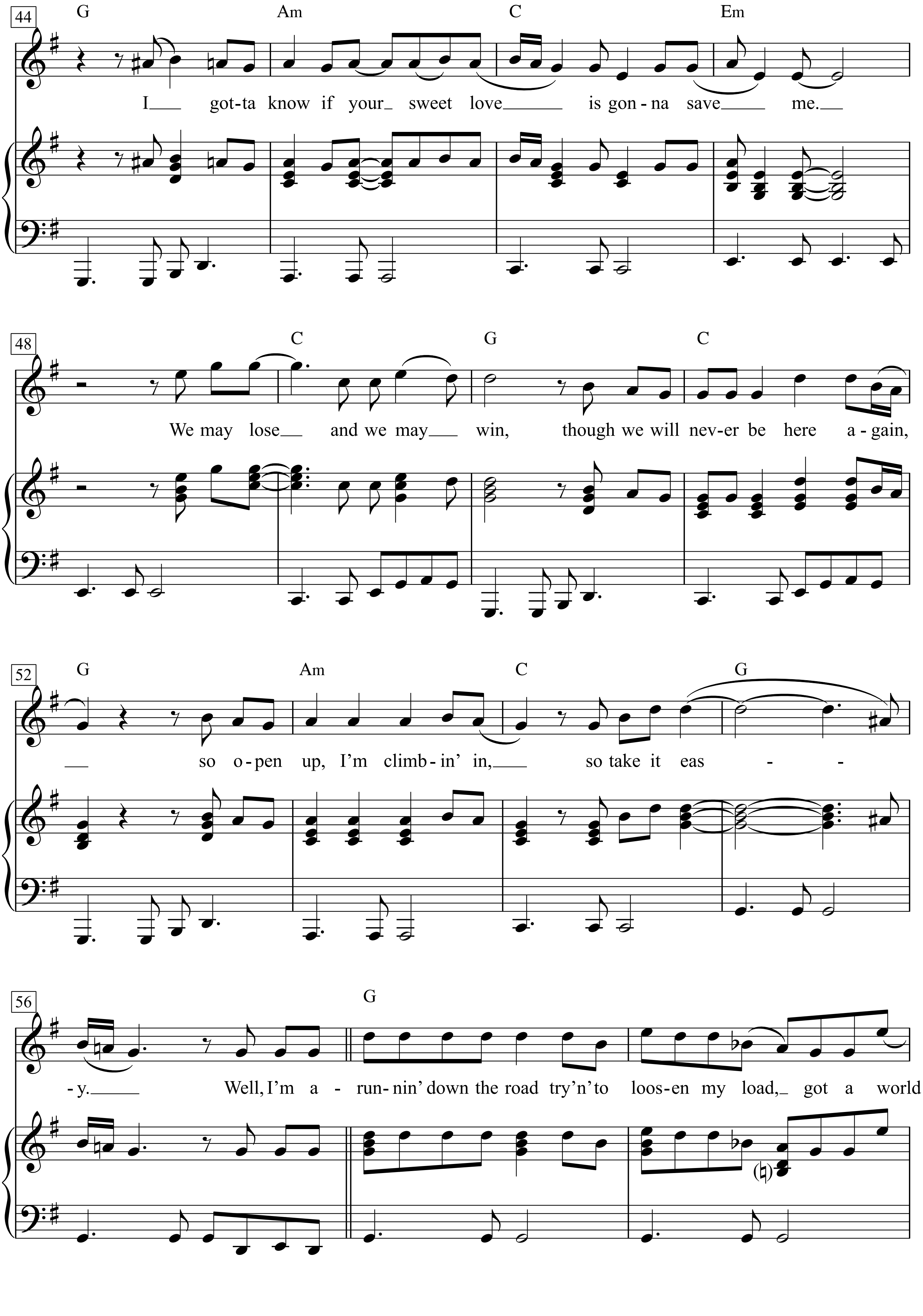
Take It Easy

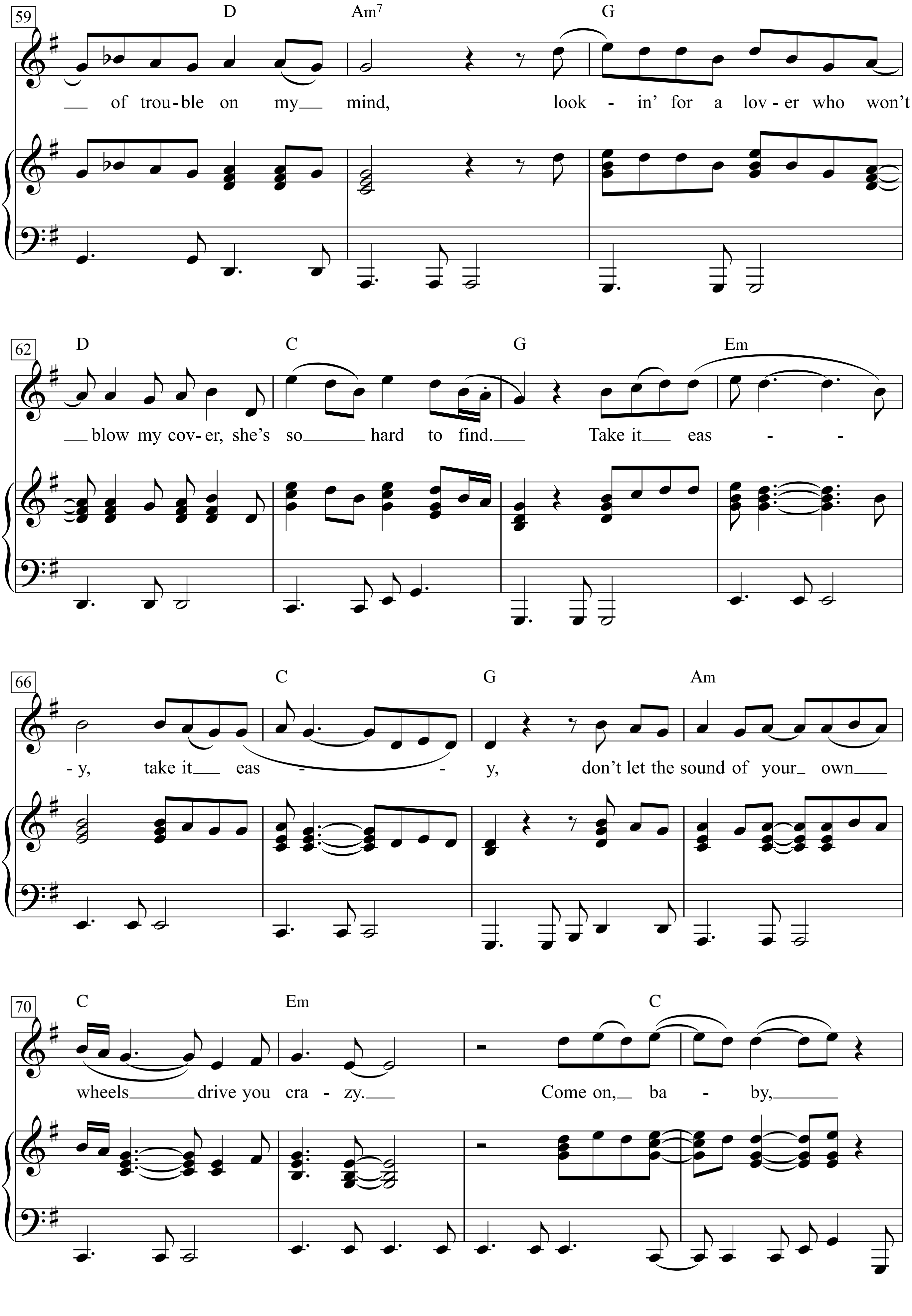
Words & Music by
Jackson Browne and Glenn Frey
(The Eagles)

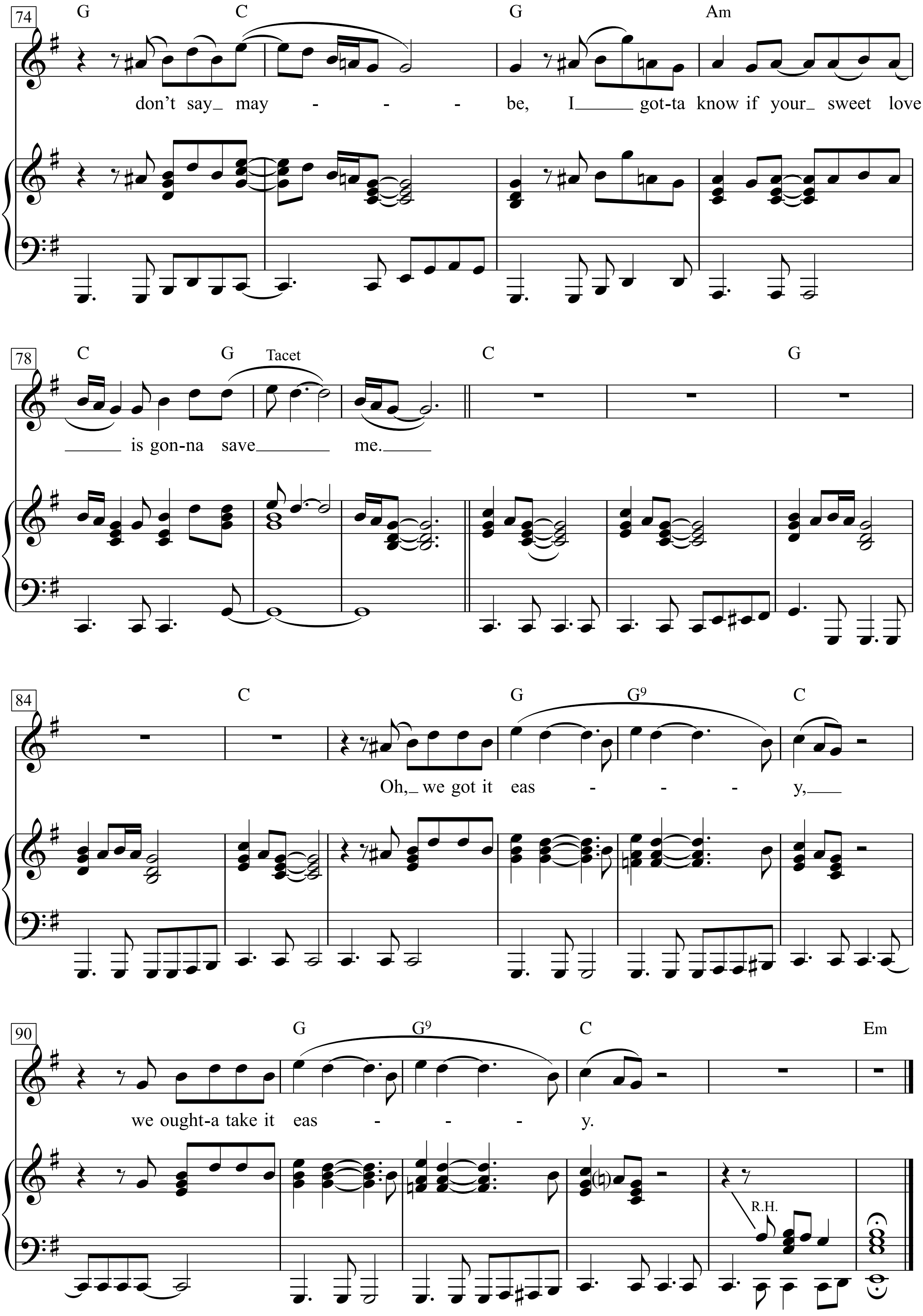



14
G
Em
C
Take it eas - - y, take it eas - - - -
18
G
Am
C
Em
- y, don't let the sound of your own wheels drive you cra - zy.
22
C
G
C
Light-en up while you still can, don't e-ven try to un-der- stand.
26
G
Am
C
G
Just find a place to make your stand and take it eas - -


30
G
-y.
Well, I'm a stand-in' on a cor-ner in Wins
34
D
C
-low, Ar-i-zo-na and such a fine sight to see, it's a girl,
37
G
D
C
my Lord, in a flat-bed Ford slow-n' down to take a look at me.
40
G
Em
D
C
Come on, ba-by, don't say may-be,


44
G
Am
C
Em
I___ got-ta know if your_ sweet love_____ is gon - na save____ me.__
48
C
G
C
We may lose__ and we may___ win, though we will nev-er be here a - gain,
52
G
Am
C
G
__ so o - pen up, I'm climb - in' in,___ so take it eas - -
56
G
- y._____ Well, I'm a - run- nin' down the road try'n' to loos - en my load,_ got a world

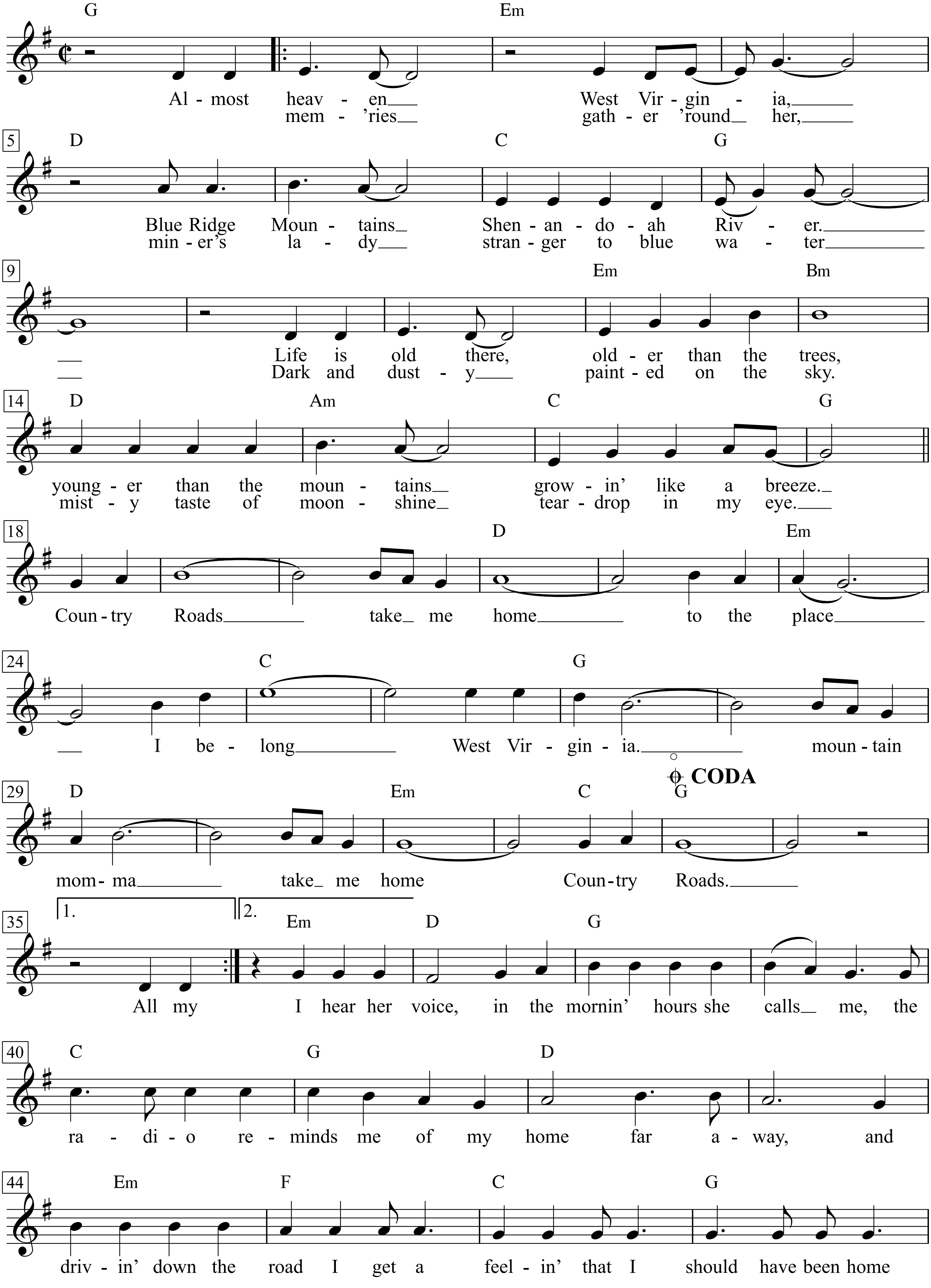

59
D
Am7
G
of trou-ble on my mind, look - in' for a lov-er who won't
62
D
C
G
Em
blow my cov-er, she's so hard to find. Take it eas - -
66
C
G
Am
-y, take it eas - - y, don't let the sound of your own
70
C
Em
C
wheels drive you cra - zy. Come on, ba - by,


74
G C G Am
don't say_ may - - - be, I___ got-ta know if your_ sweet love
78
C G Tacet C G
___ is gon-na save___ me.___
84
C G G9 C
Oh,_ we got it eas - - - y,___
90
G G9 C Em
we ought-a take it eas - - - y.
R.H.

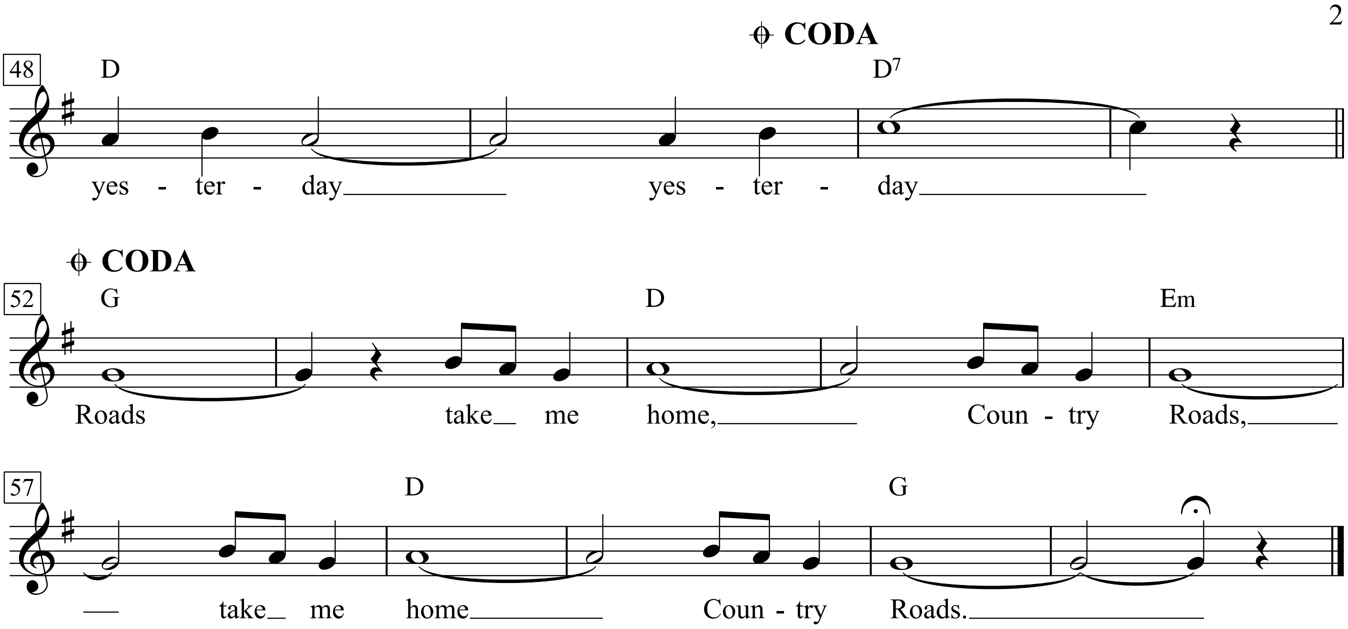
Well, I'm a-runnin' down the road try'n' to loosen my load.
I've got seven women on my mind,
four that wanna own me, two that wanna stone me,
one says she's a friend of mine.
Take it easy, take it easy,
don't let the sound of your own wheels drive you crazy.
Lighten up while you still can, don't even try to understand.
Just find a place to make your stand and take it easy.
Well, I'm a standin' on a corner in Winslow,
Arizona and such a fine sight to see, it's a girl, my Lord,
in a flatbed Ford slown' down to take a look at me.
Come on, baby, don't say maybe,
I gotta know if your sweet love is gonna save me.
We may lose and we may win,
though we will never be here again, so open up,

Take me home country roads

Text & Musik:
Bill Danoff, Taffy Nivert & John Denver



Gerhard Buchner: Supersongs, S. 134+135



1. Almost heaven West Virginia,
Blue Ridge Mountains Shenandoah River.
Life is old there, older than the trees,
younger than the mountains growin' like a breeze.

Country Roads take me home
to the place I belong
West Virginia mountain momma
take me home Country Roads

All my mem'ries gather 'round her,
miner's lady stranger to blue water
Dark and dusty painted on the sky.
misty taste of moonshine teardrop in my eye.

Country Roads take me home
to the place I belong
West Virginia mountain momma
take me home Country Roads

I hear her voice, in the mornin' hours she calls me,
the radio reminds me of my home far away,
and drivin' down the road I get a feelin'
that I should have been home yesterday yesterday.

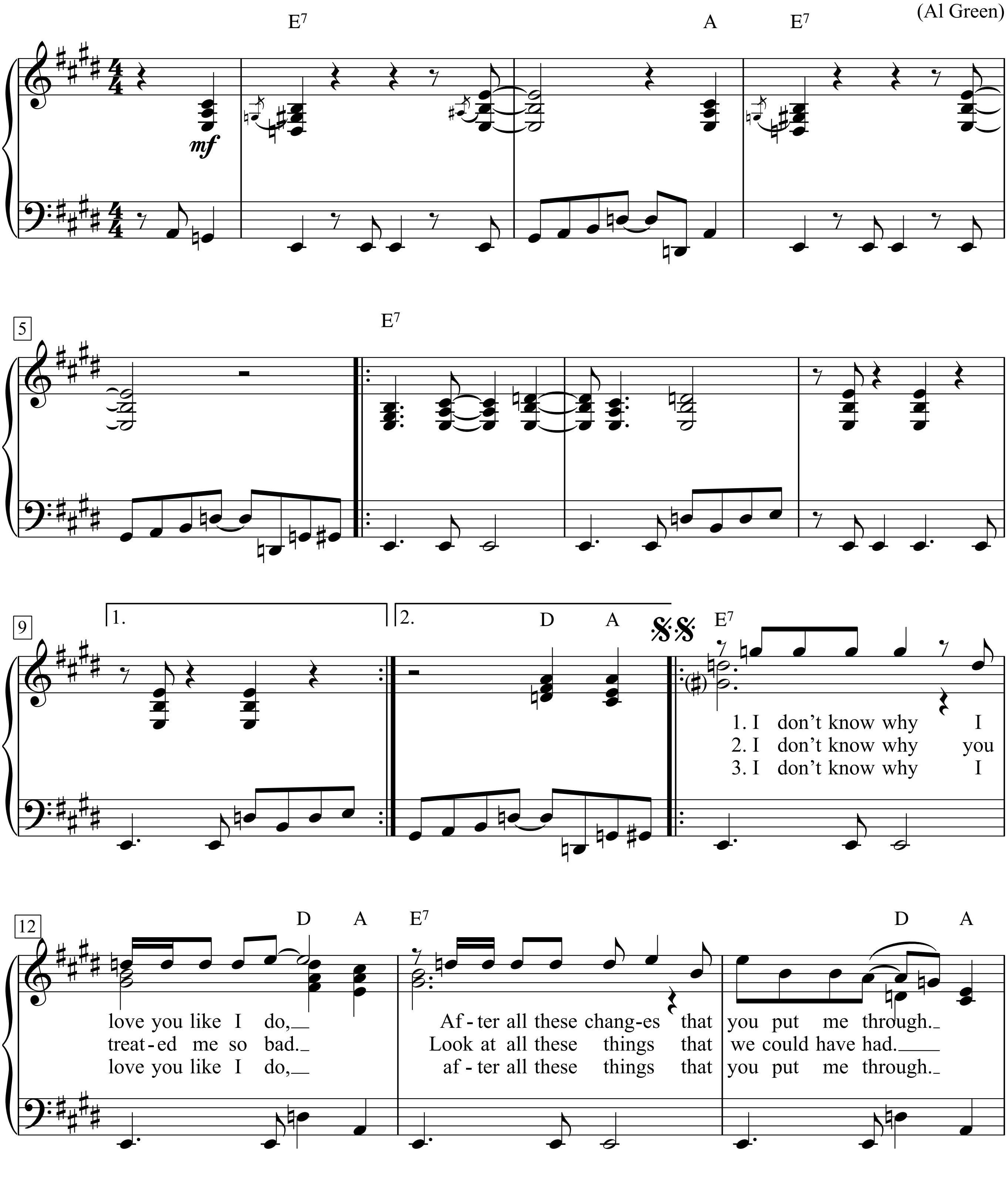
Country Roads take me home
to the place I belong
West Virginia mountain momma
take me home Country Roads

Gerhard Buchner: Supersongs, S. 134+135

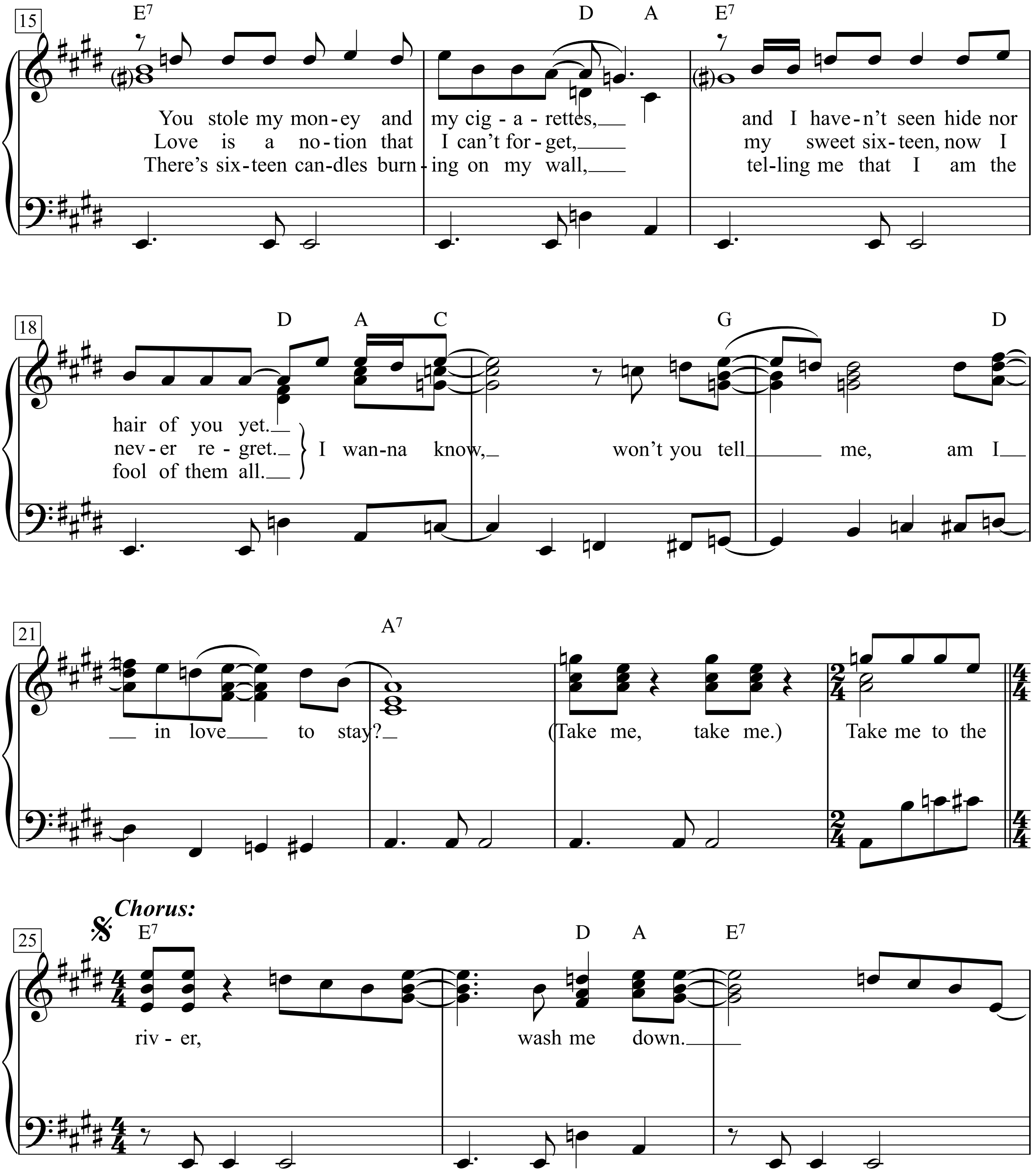
Take Me to the River

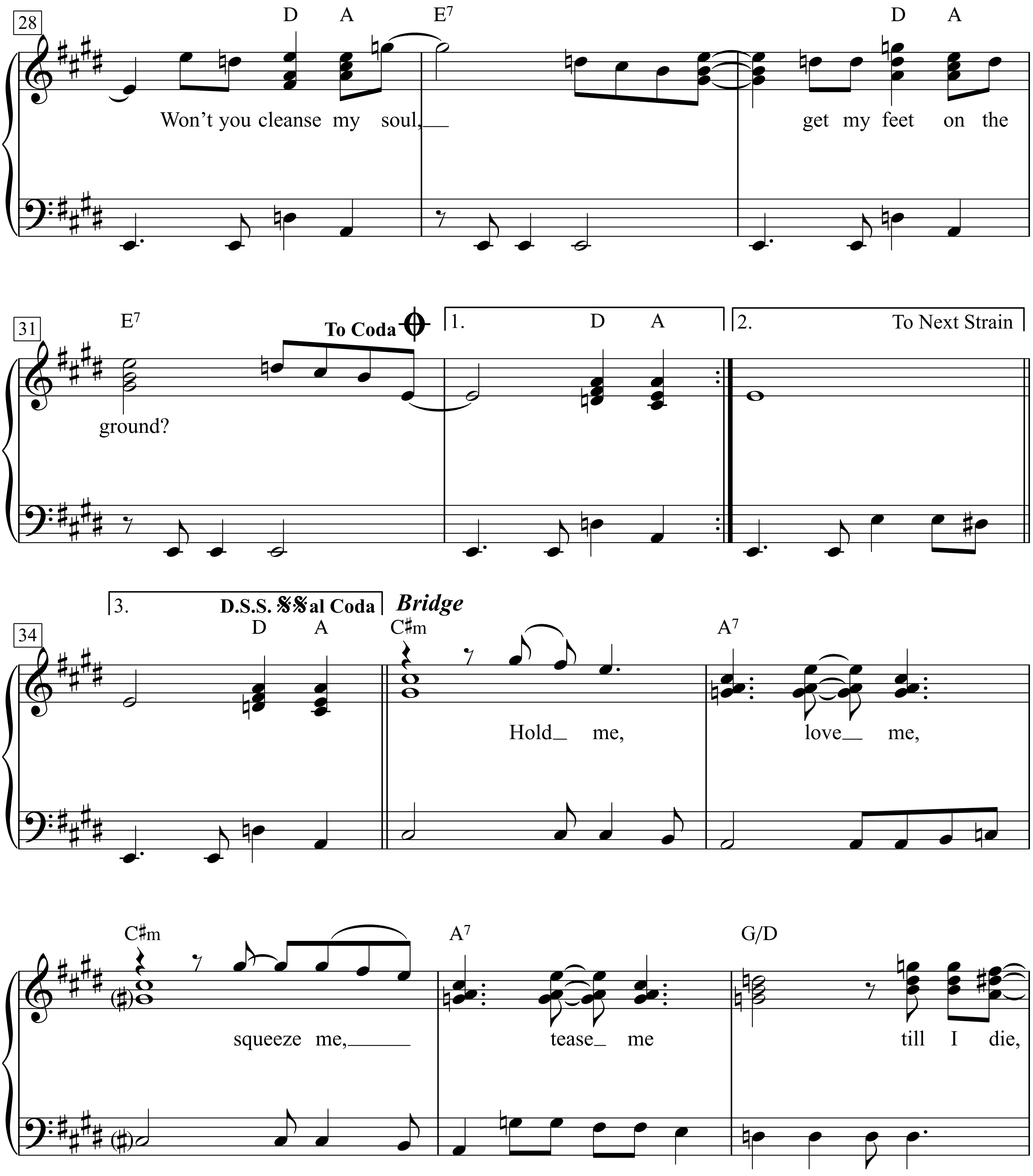
Words & Music by
Al Green and Marbon Hodges
(Al Green)

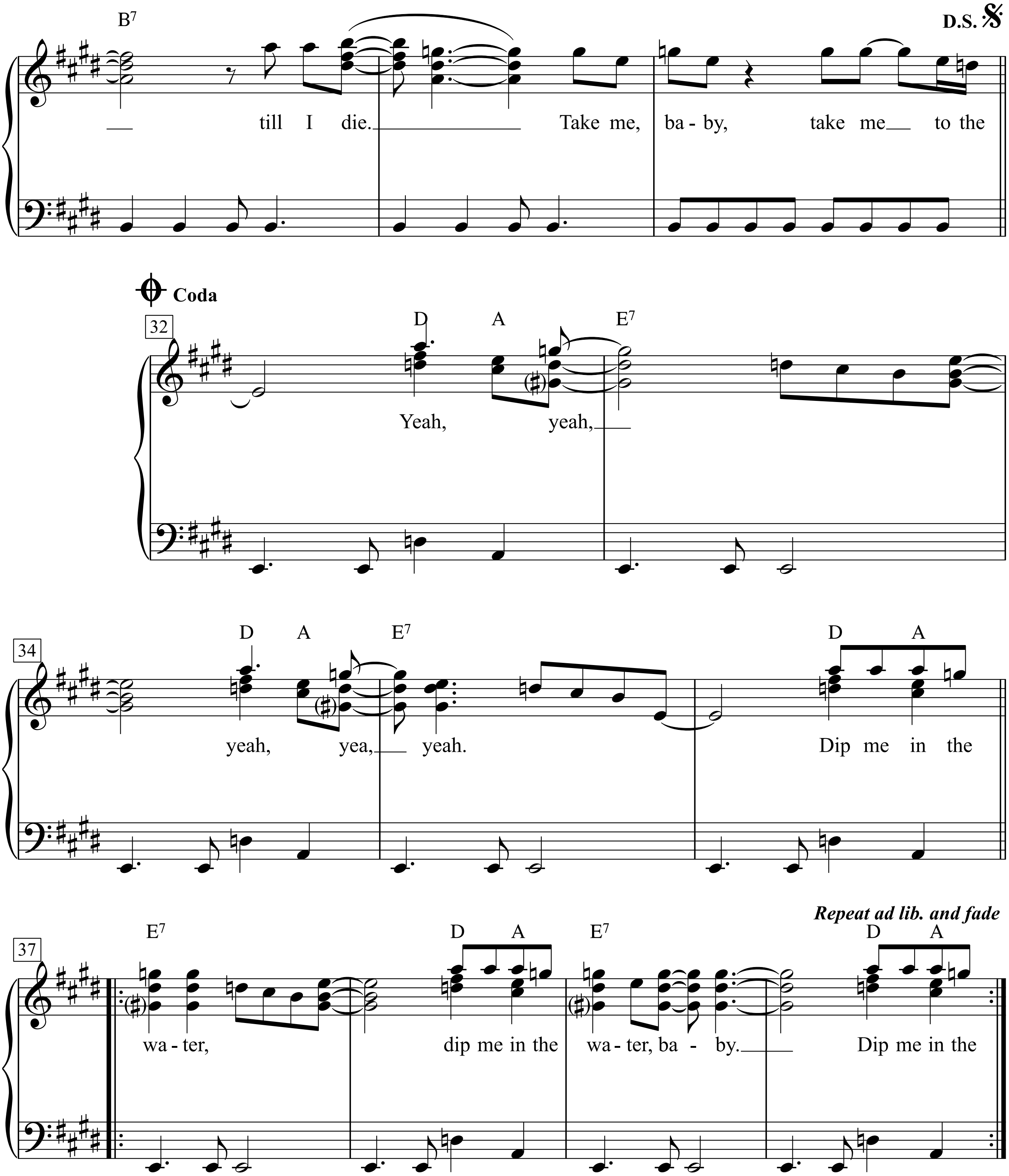
Moderately ♩ = 132



The Best of Al Green, p. 60-63


15
E7
D A E7
You stole my mon-ey and my cig-a-rettes, and I have-n't seen hide nor
Love is a no-tion that I can't for-get, my sweet six-teen, now I
There's six-teen can-dles burn-ing on my wall, tel-ling me that I am the
18
D A C G D
hair of you yet.
nev-er re-gret.
fool of them all.
I wan-na know, won't you tell me, am I
21
A7
in love to stay?
(Take me, take me.)
Take me to the
Chorus:
25
E7 D A E7
riv-er, wash me down.


28
D A E7 D A
Won't you cleanse my soul, get my feet on the
31
E7
To Coda
1. D A
2. To Next Strain
ground?
34
3. D.S.S. al Coda
D A
Bridge
C♯m
A7
Hold me, love me,
C♯m
A7
G/D
squeeze me, tease me till I die,


B7
D.S.
till I die. Take me, ba - by, take me to the
Coda
32
D A E7
Yeah, yeah,
34
D A E7
yeah, yea, yeah.
D A
Dip me in the
Repeat ad lib. and fade
37
E7
wa - ter,
D A
dip me in the
E7
wa - ter, ba - by.
D A
Dip me in the

1. I don’t know why I love you like I do,
After all these changes that you put me through.
You stole my money and my cigarettes,
and I haven’t seen hide nor hair of you yet.

I wanna know, won’t you tell me, am I in love to stay?
(Take me, take me.)

Chorus:
Take me to the river, wash me down.
Won’t you cleanse my soul,
get my feet on the ground?

Bridge:
Hold me, love me, squeeze me,
tease me till I die, till I die.
Take me, baby, take me to the
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yea, yeah.
Dip me in the water,
dip me in the water, baby.
Dip me in the

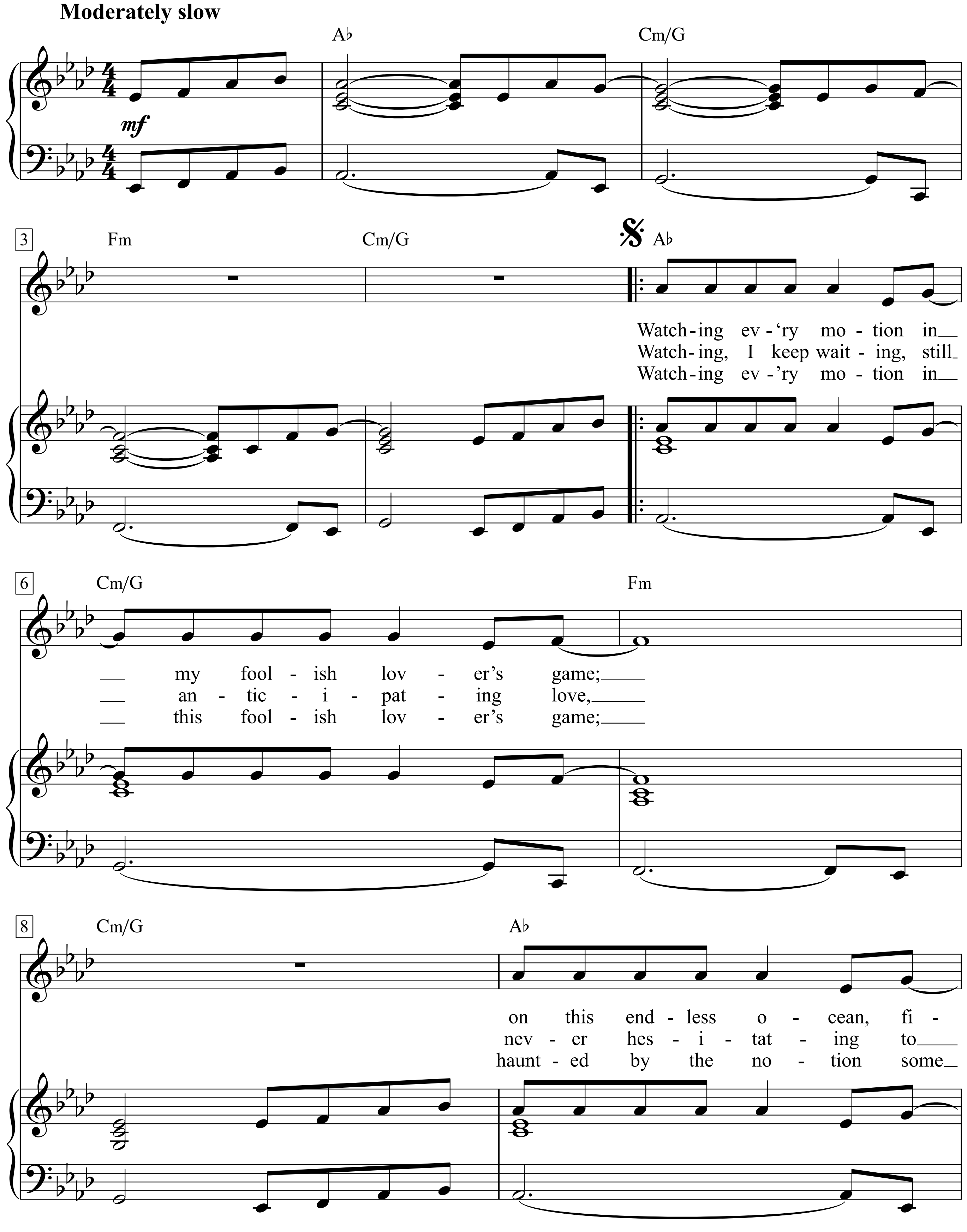
2. I don’t know why you treated me so bad.
Look at all these things that we could have had.
Love is a notion that I can’t forget,
my sweet sixteen, now I never regret.

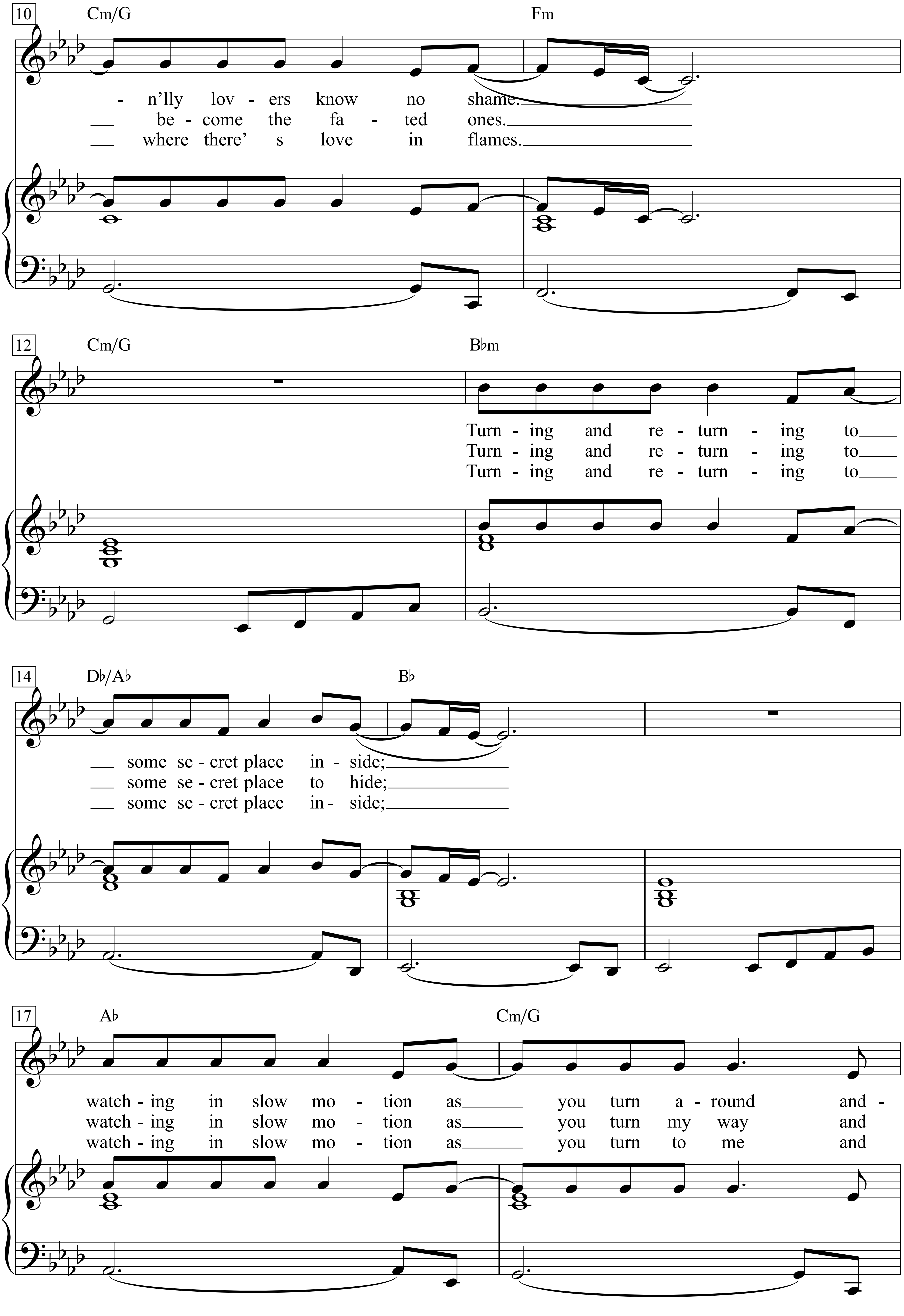
3. I don’t know why I love you like I do,
after all these things that you put me through.
There’s sixteen candles burning on my wall,
telling me that I am the fool of them all.

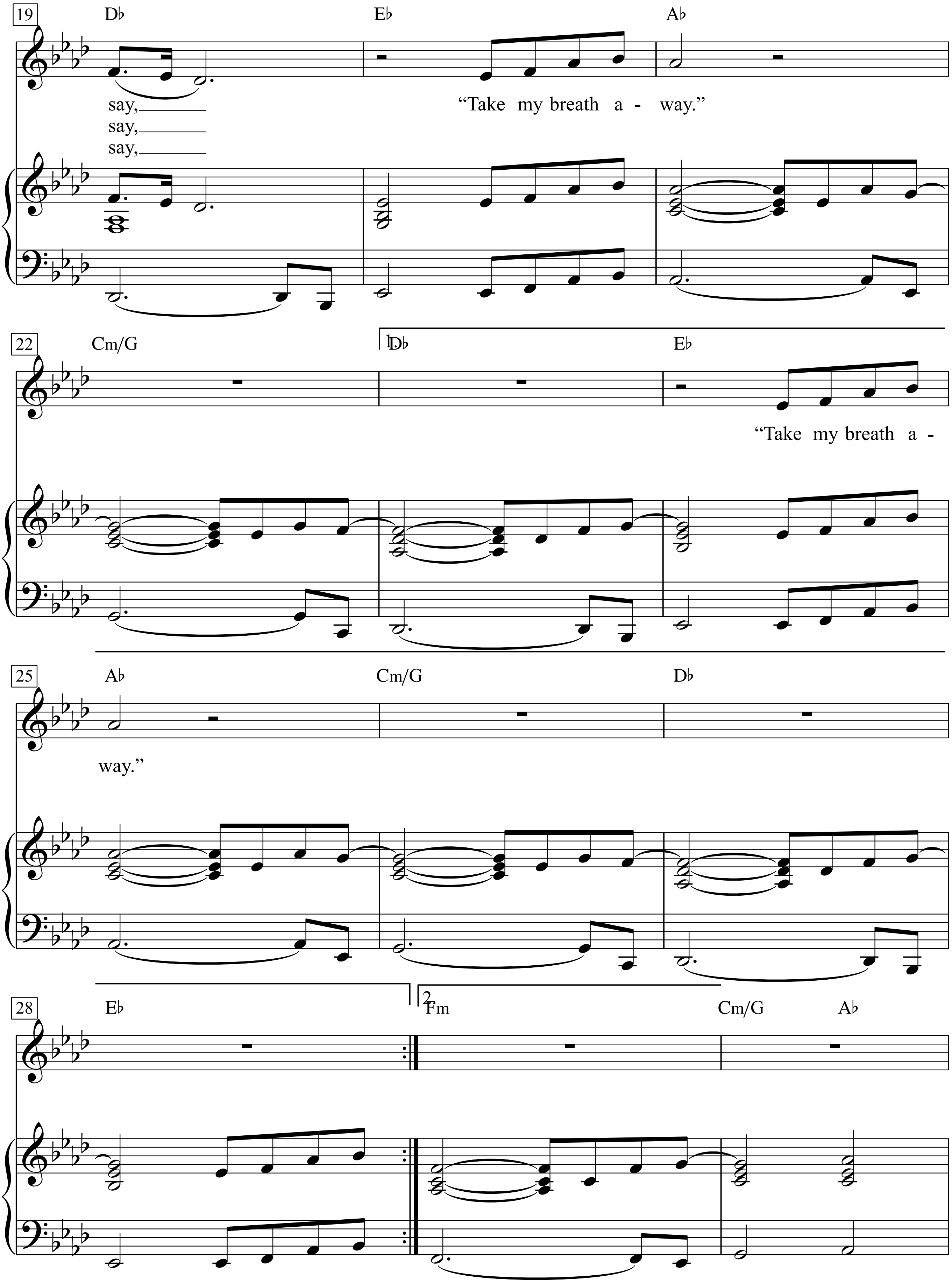
Take My Breath Away

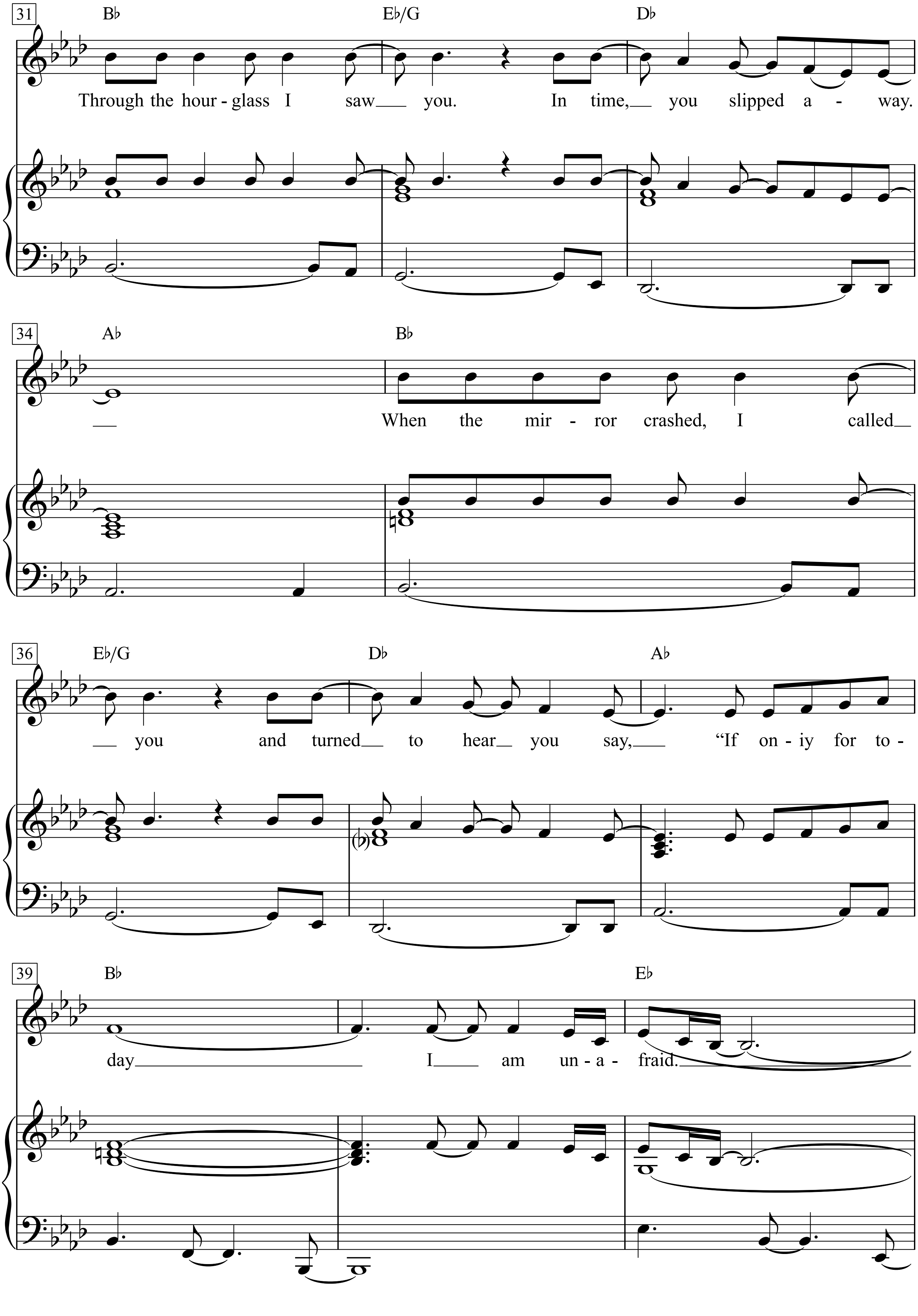
Music by Giorgio Moroder
(Berlin)

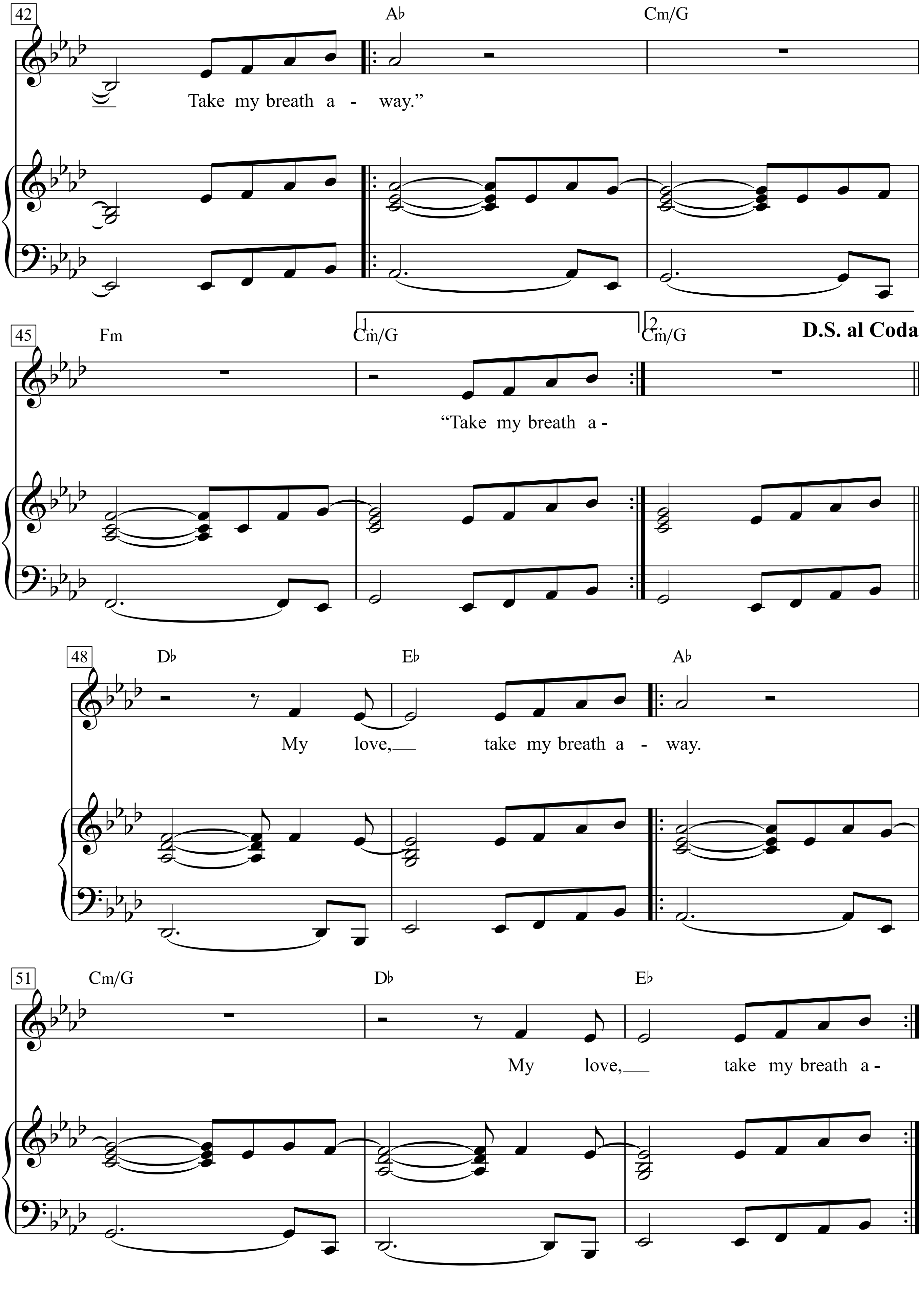
Words by Tom Whitlock




10
Cm/G
Fm
- n'lly lov - ers know no shame.
be - come the fa - ted ones.
where there' s love in flames.
12
Cm/G
B♭m
Turn - ing and re - turn - ing to
Turn - ing and re - turn - ing to
Turn - ing and re - turn - ing to
14
D♭/A♭
B♭
some se - cret place in - side;
some se - cret place to hide;
some se - cret place in - side;
17
A♭
Cm/G
watch - ing in slow mo - tion as you turn a - round and -
watch - ing in slow mo - tion as you turn my way and
watch - ing in slow mo - tion as you turn to me and

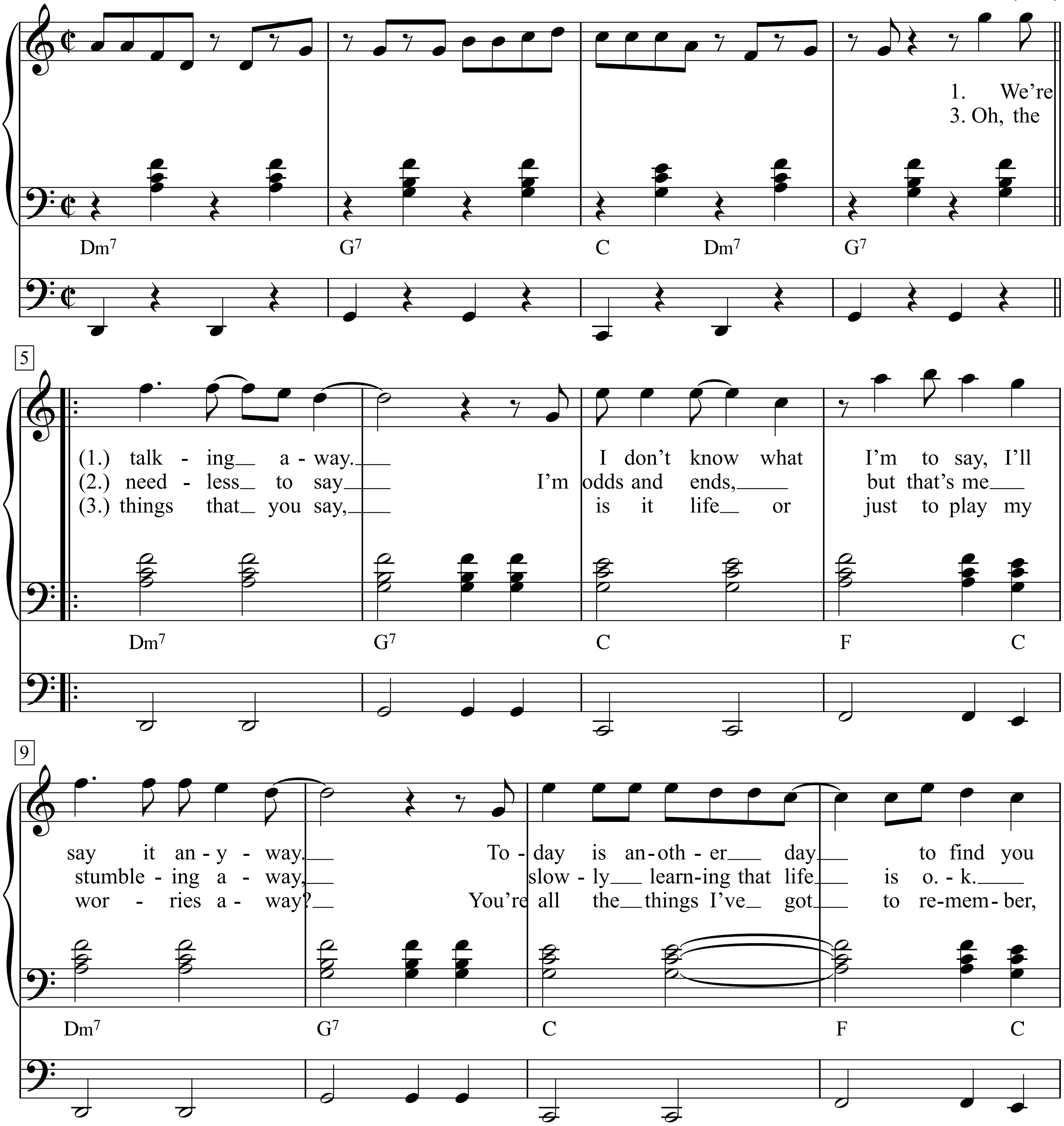

19
D♭
E♭
A♭
say,
say,
say,
"Take my breath a - way."
22
Cm/G
1
D♭
E♭
"Take my breath a -
25
A♭
Cm/G
D♭
way."
28
E♭
2
Fm
Cm/G
A♭

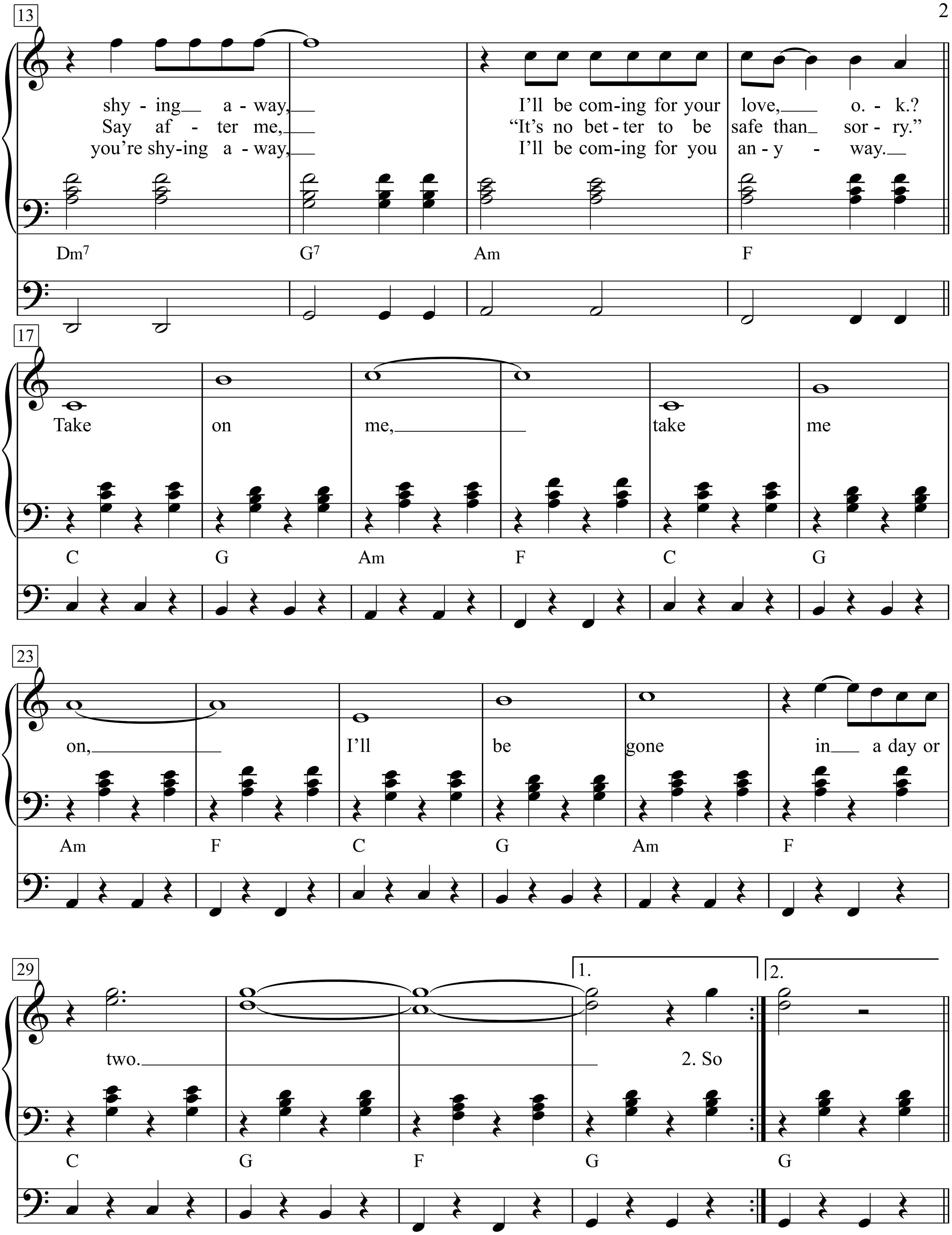

31
B♭
E♭/G
D♭
Through the hour - glass I saw___ you. In time,___ you slipped a - way.
34
A♭
B♭
___ When the mir - ror crashed, I called___
36
E♭/G
D♭
A♭
___ you and turned___ to hear___ you say,___ "If on - iy for to -
39
B♭
E♭
day___ I___ am un - a - fraid.___
(♭)

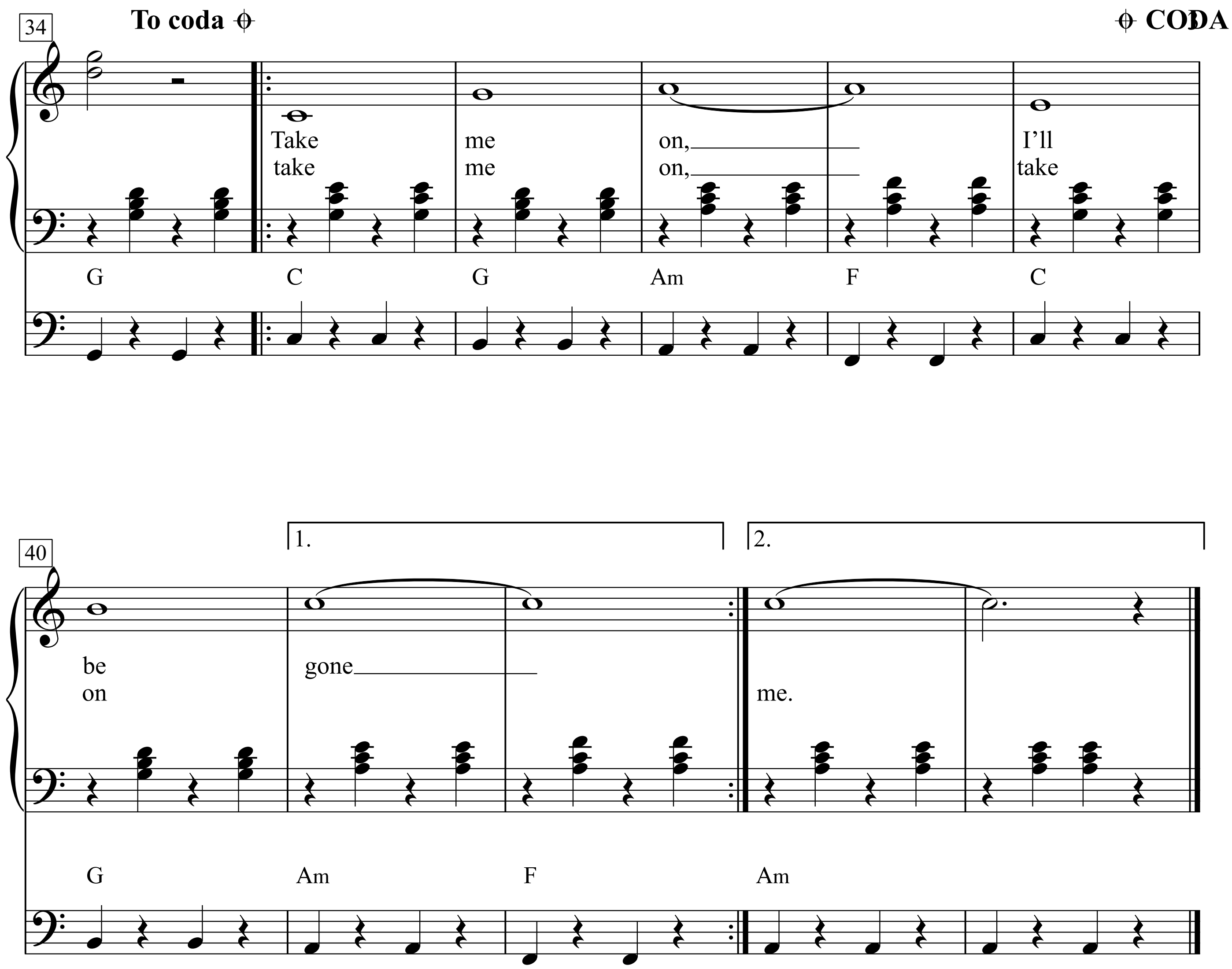

42
A♭
Cm/G
Take my breath a - way.”
45
Fm
1. Cm/G
2. Cm/G
D.S. al Coda
“Take my breath a -
48
D♭
E♭
A♭
My love, take my breath a - way.
51
Cm/G
D♭
E♭
My love, take my breath a -

Take On Me

Words & Music by
Pål Waaktaar-Savoy, Magne Furuholmen and Morten Harket
Bearbeitung: Hein Ehme
(a-ha)

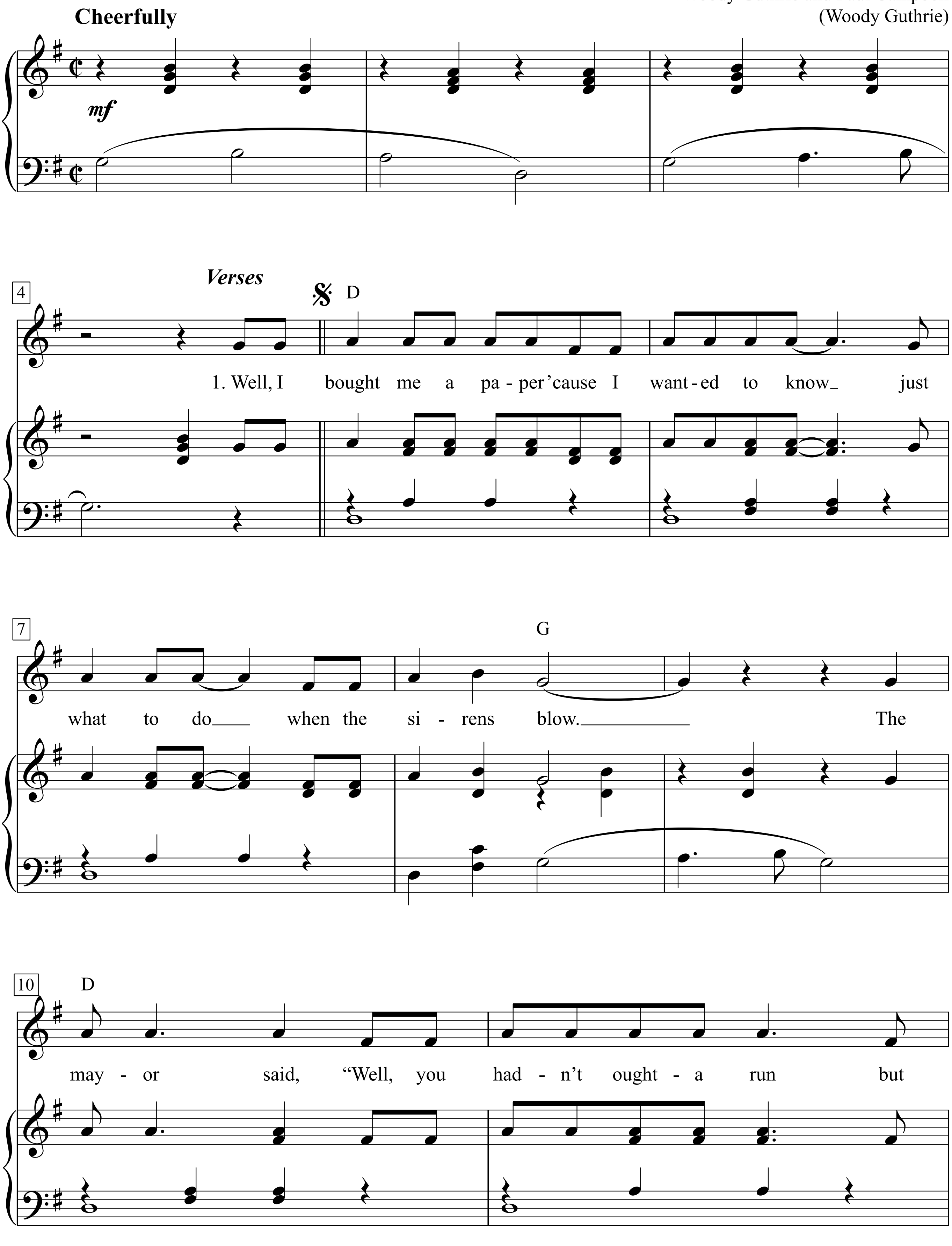


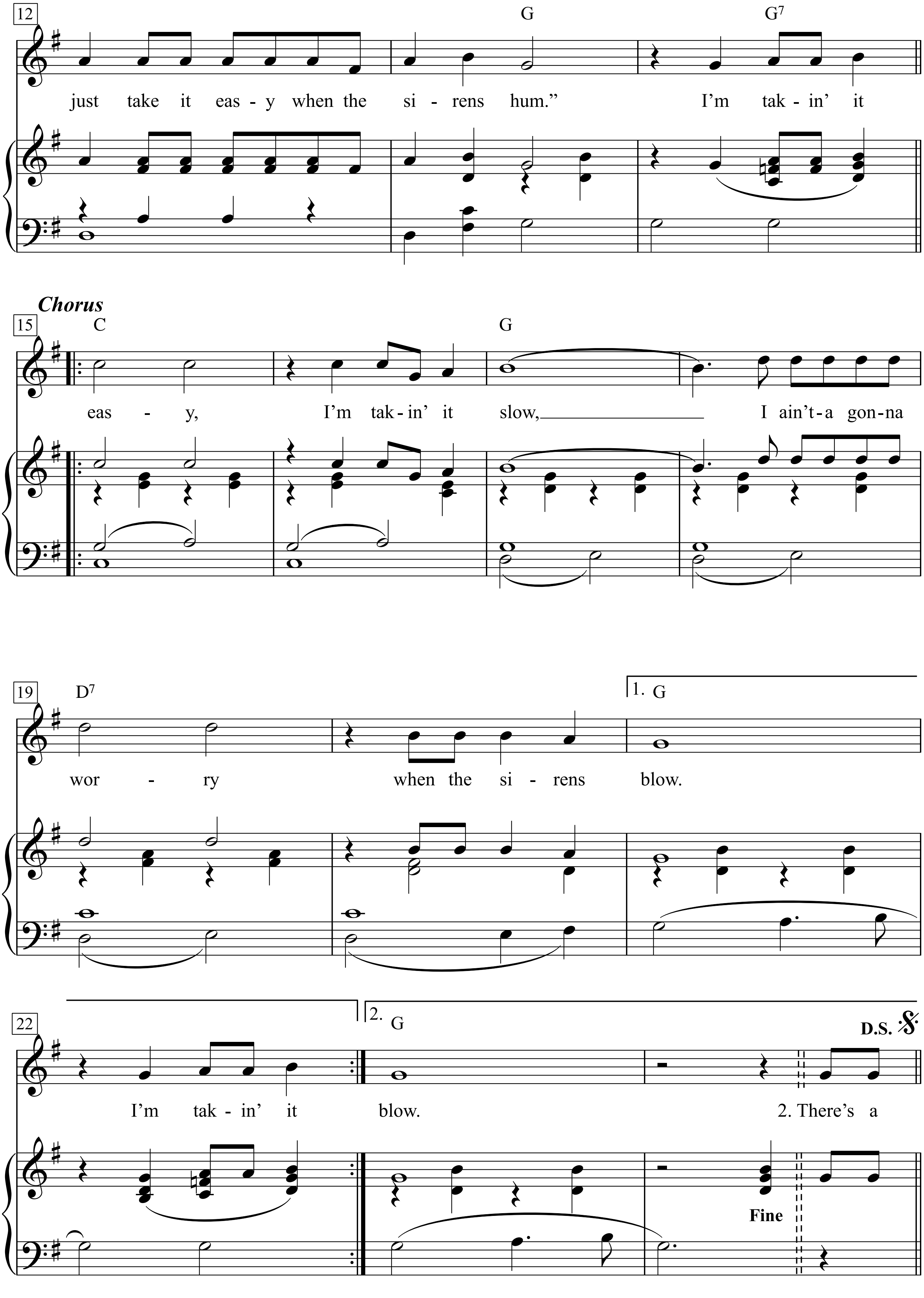

13
shy - ing a - way, I'll be com-ing for your love, o. - k.?
Say af - ter me, "It's no bet-ter to be safe than sor - ry."
you're shy-ing a - way, I'll be com-ing for you an - y - way.
Dm7 G7 Am F
17
Take on me, take me
C G Am F C G
23
on, I'll be gone in a day or
Am F C G Am F
29
1. 2.
two. 2. So
C G F G G


34
To coda
CODA
Take me on, I'll be gone
take me on, take on me.
G C G Am F C
40
1.
2.
G Am F Am

Taking It Easy

Words & Music by
Woody Guthrie and Paul Campbell
(Woody Guthrie)




12
G
G7
just take it eas - y when the si - rens hum."
I'm tak - in' it
Chorus
15
C
G
eas - y, I'm tak - in' it slow,
I ain't-a gon-na
19
D7
1. G
wor - ry when the si - rens blow.
22
2. G
D.S.
I'm tak - in' it blow.
2. There's a
Fine

1. Well, I bought me a paper ’cause I wanted to know
just what to do when the sirens blow.
The mayor said, “Well, you hadn’t oughta run
but just take it easy when the sirens hum.”
Chorus:
I’m takin’ it easy, I’m takin’ it slow,
I ain’t-a gonna worry when the sirens blow.

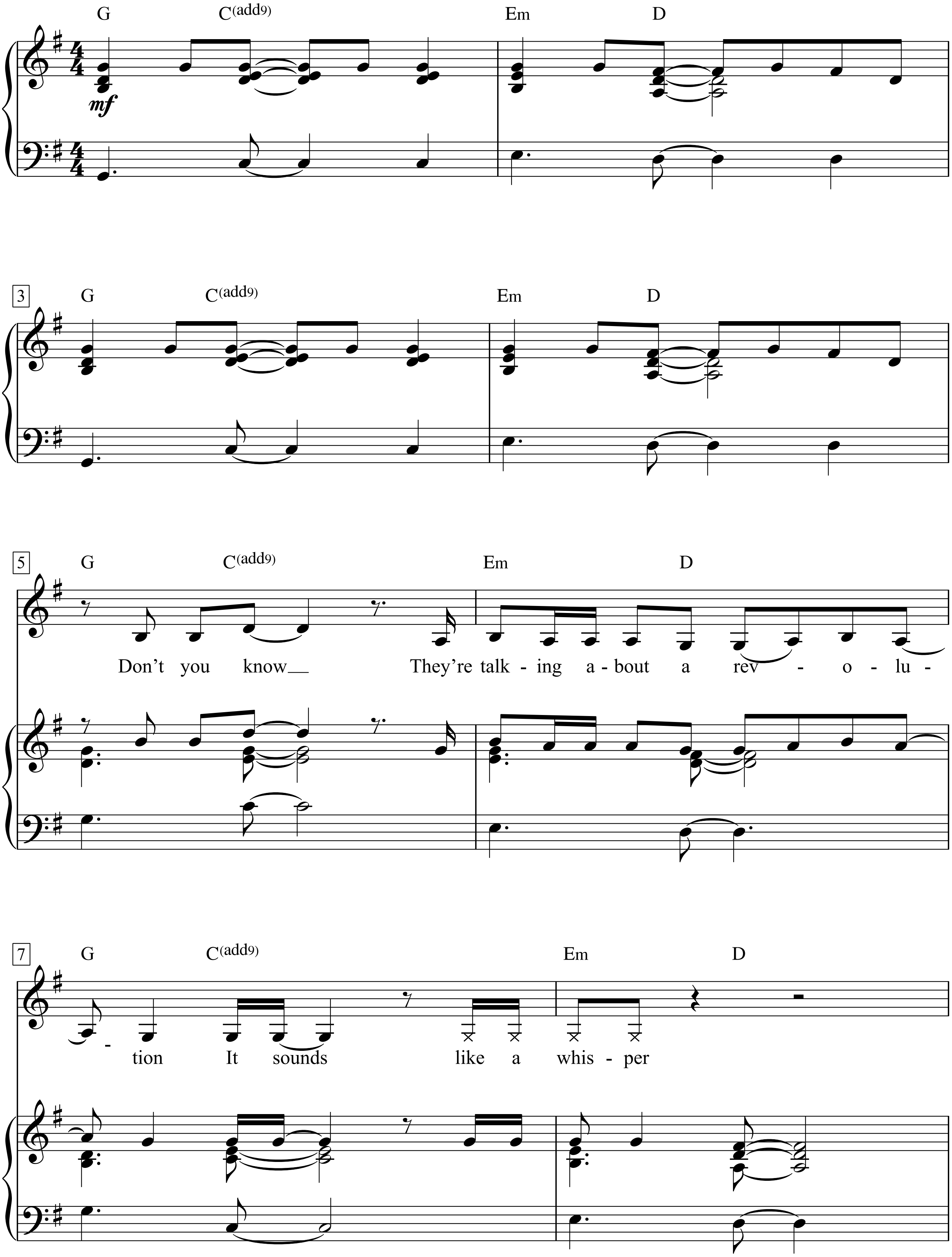
2. There’s a pretty little woman lives down the street
For years and years I been dying to meet;
When the blackout came what did I find,
Well, she had the same thing on her mind.
Chorus:

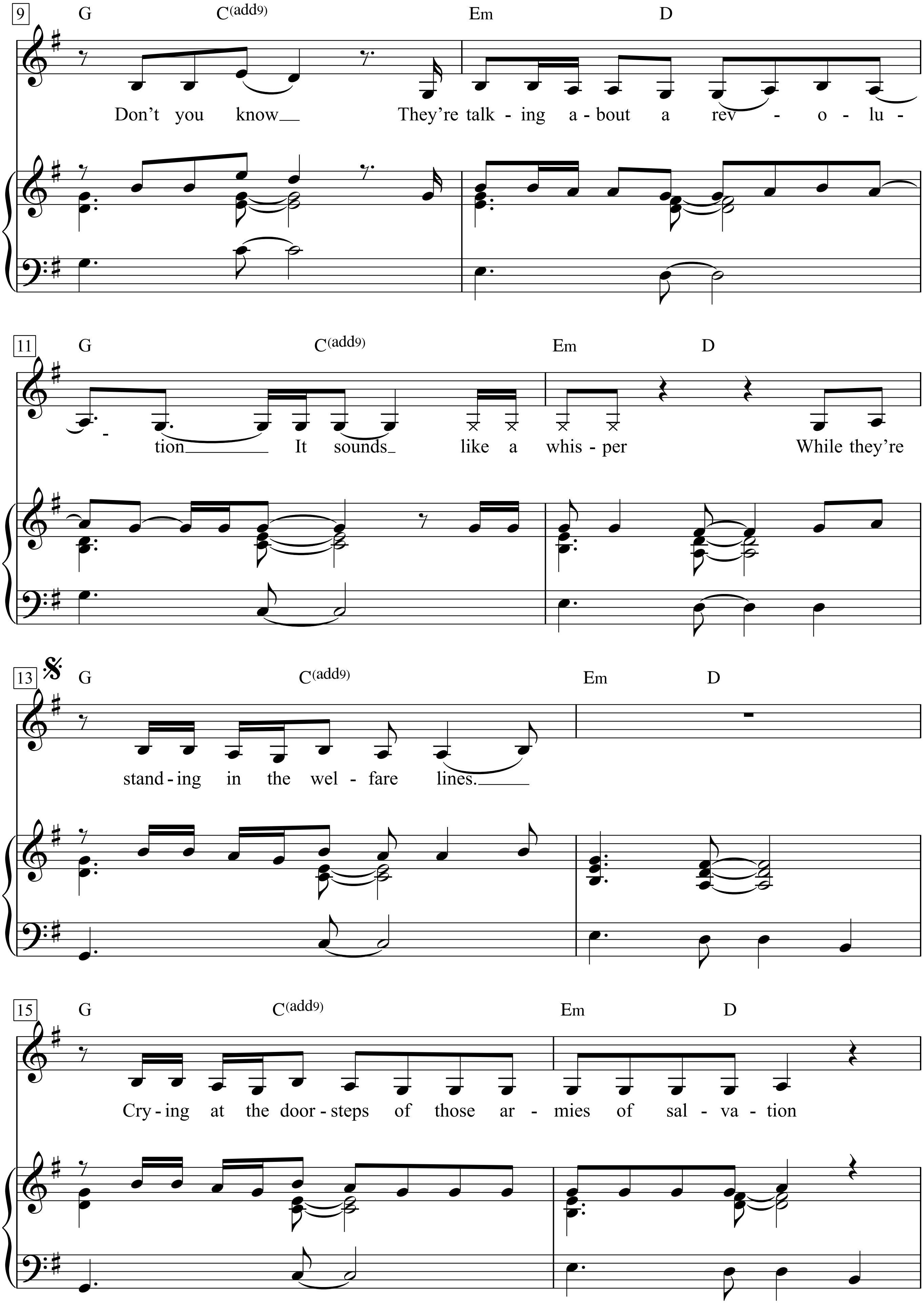
3. Well, the boat whistle blew way down on the dock
I walked to the shelter down the block.
When I got there what did I see
But that pretty little woman by the side of me.
Chorus:

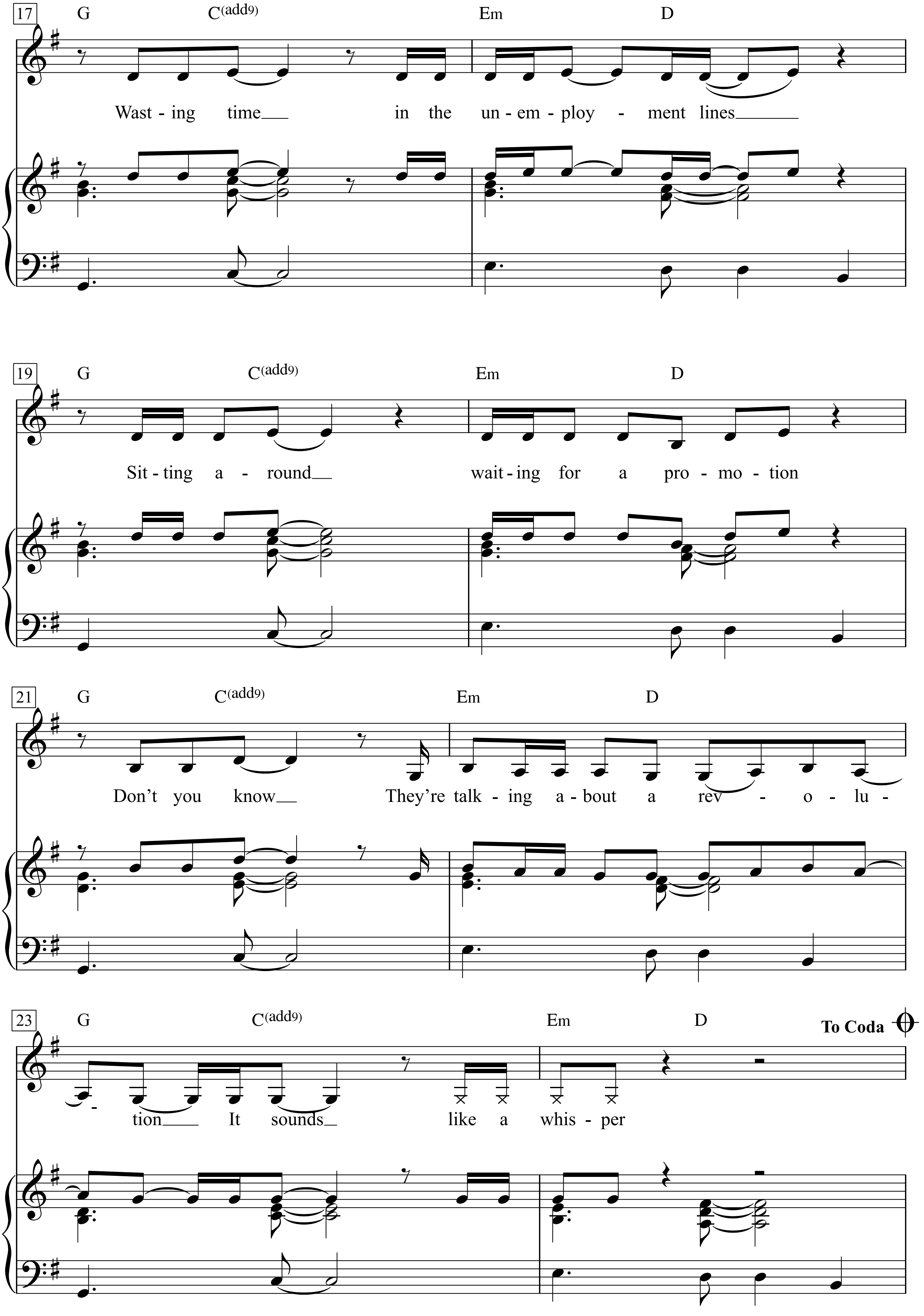
4. Well, I wanted her to know I was a natural man,
So I took the situation well in hand;
When the all-clear signal began to whine
That pretty little woman said she’d be mine.
Chorus:

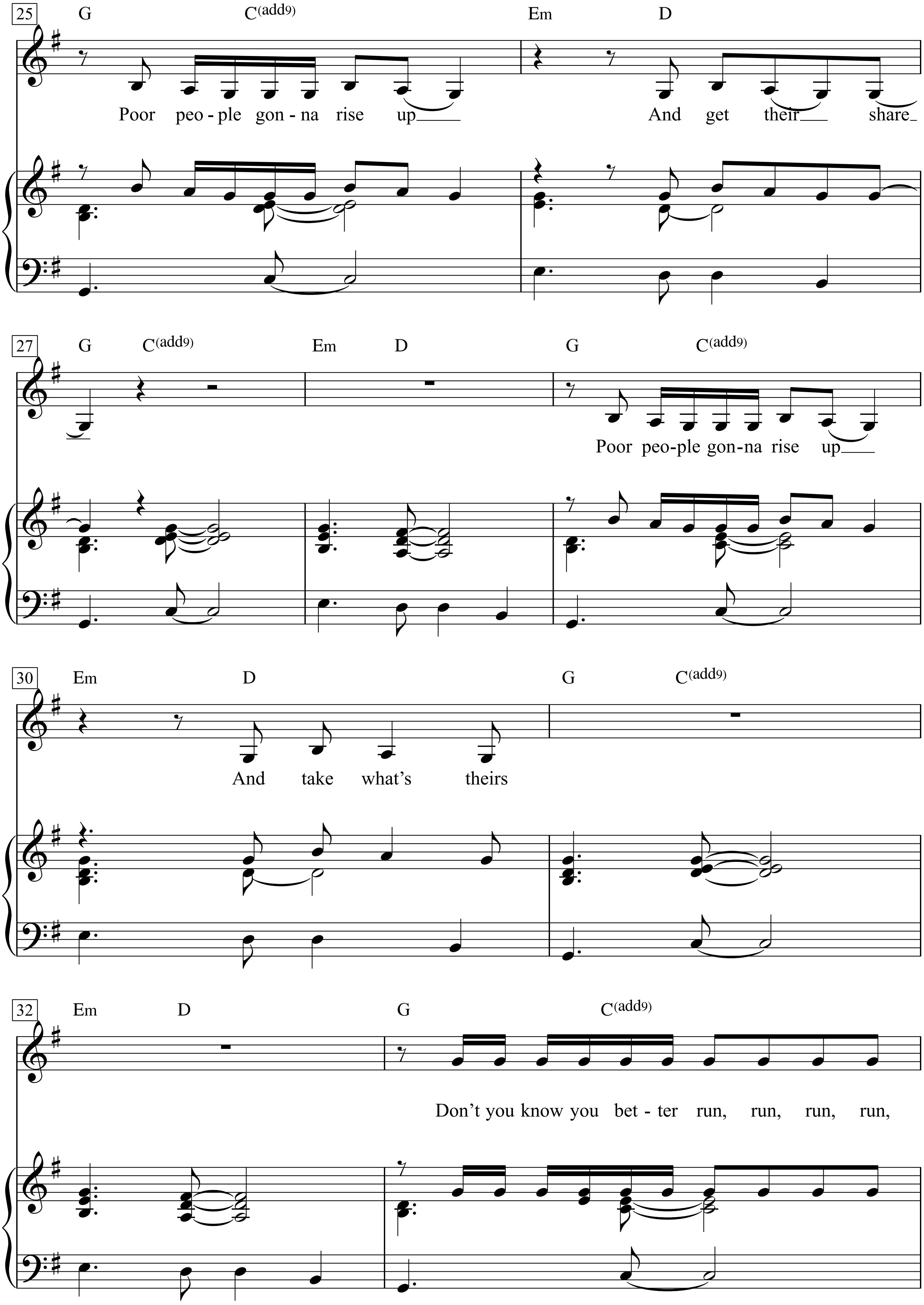
Talkin' 'bout a Revolution

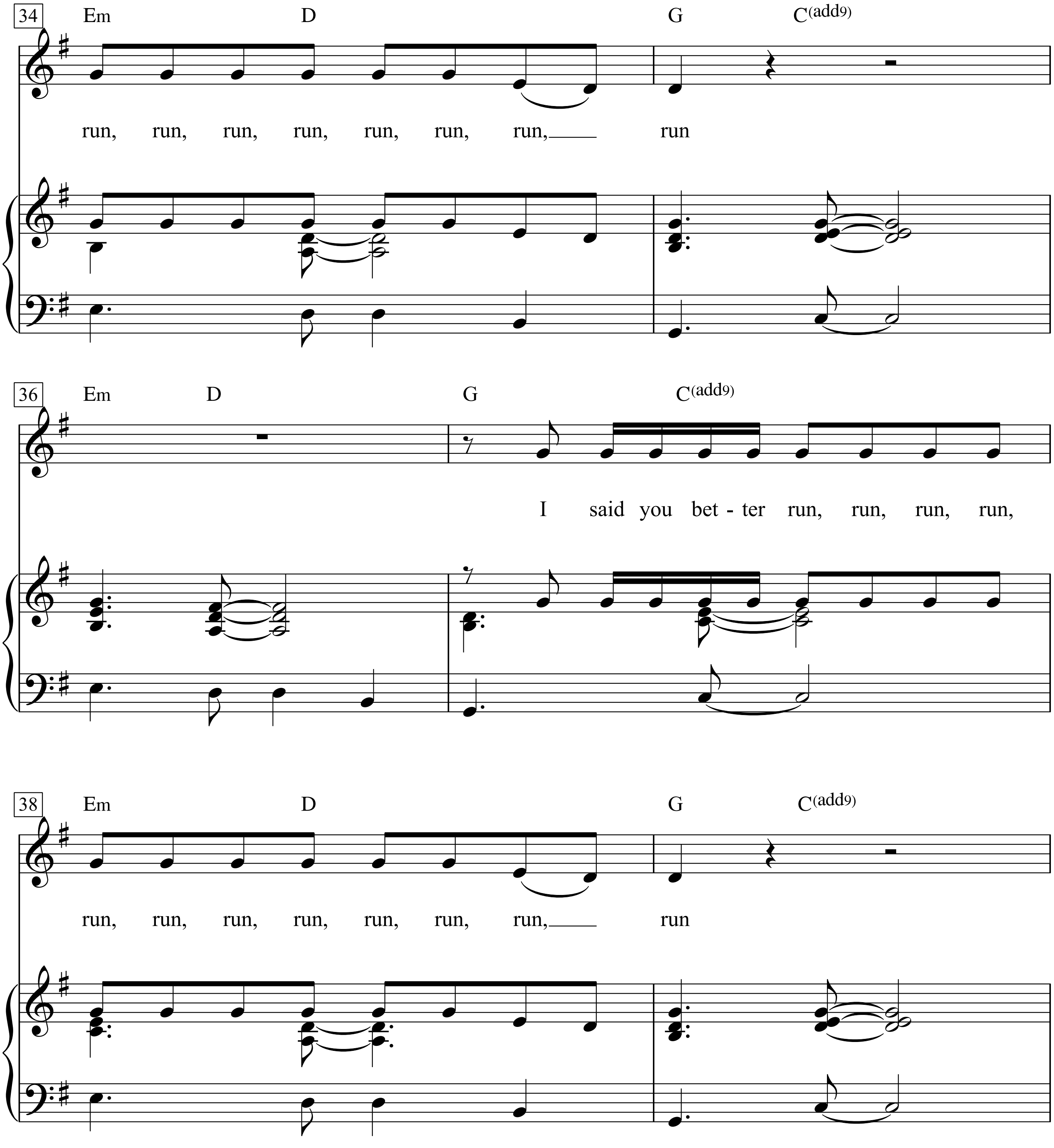
Words & Music by Tracy Chapman

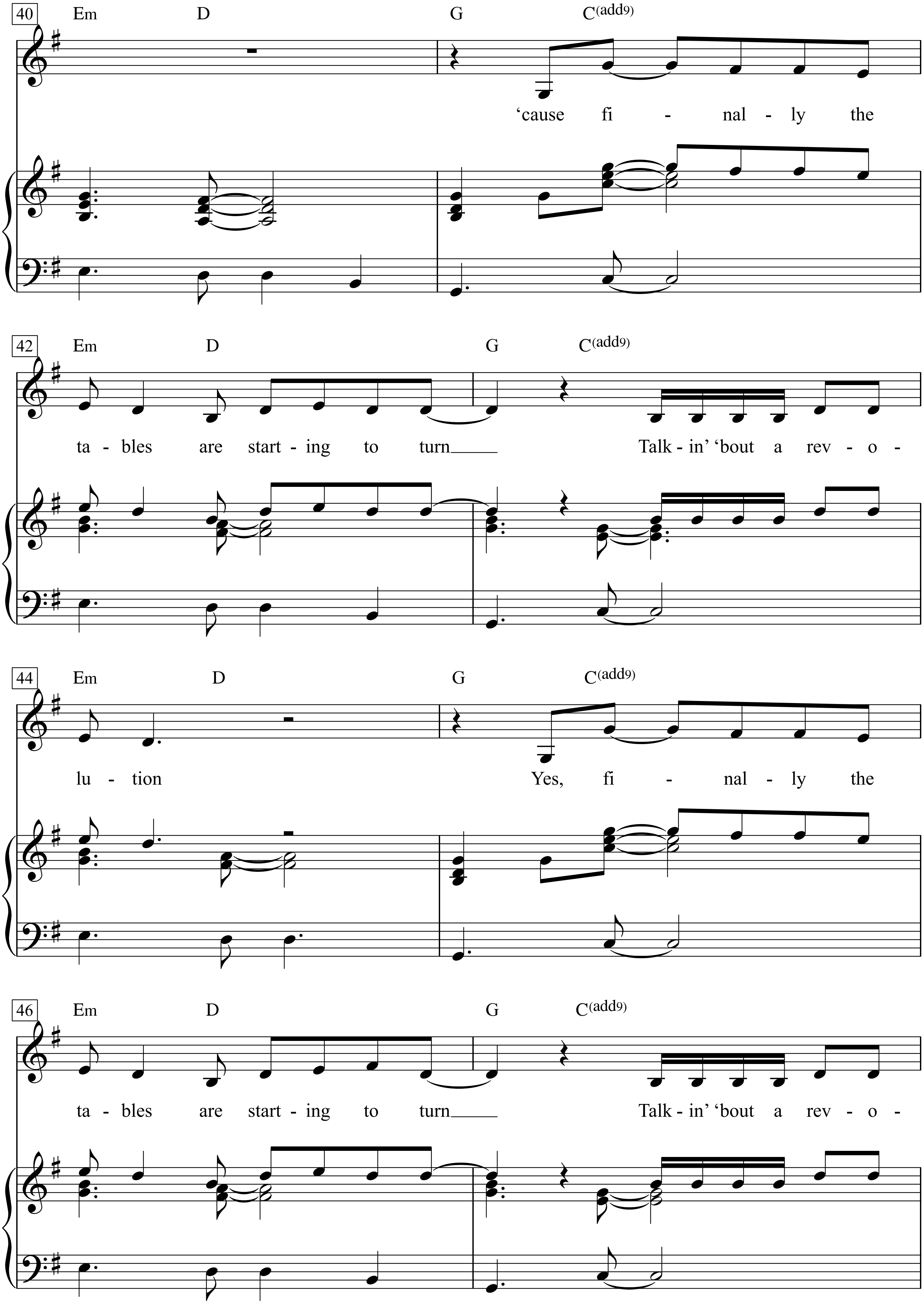


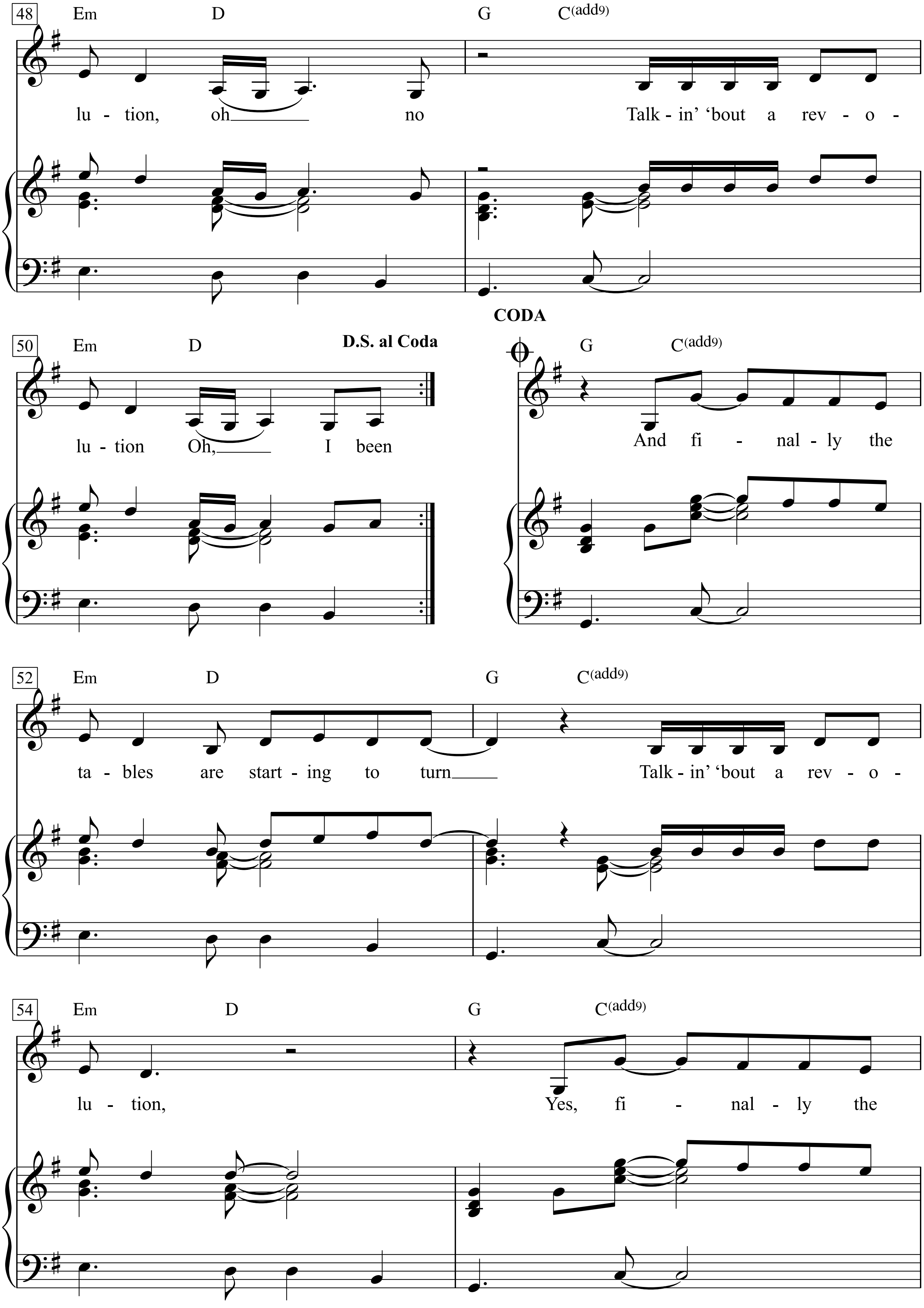

9
G C(add9) Em D
Don't you know They're talk - ing a - bout a rev - o - lu -
11
G C(add9) Em D
tion It sounds like a whis - per While they're
13
G C(add9) Em D
stand - ing in the wel - fare lines.
15
G C(add9) Em D
Cry - ing at the door - steps of those ar - mies of sal - va - tion

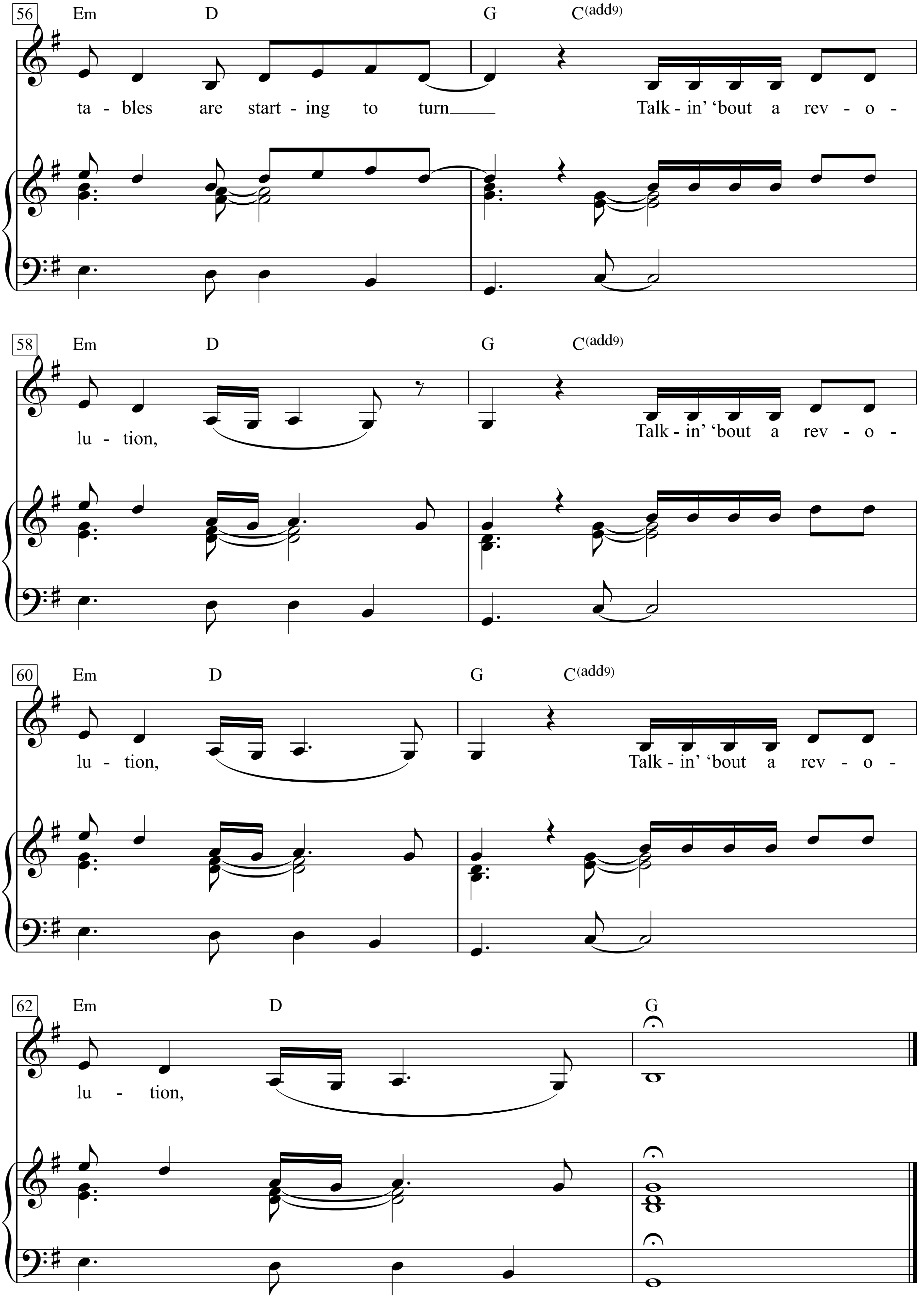

17
G C(add9) Em D
Wast - ing time in the un - em - ploy - ment lines
19
G C(add9) Em D
Sit - ting a - round wait - ing for a pro - mo - tion
21
G C(add9) Em D
Don't you know They're talk - ing a - bout a rev - o - lu -
23
G C(add9) Em D
To Coda
tion It sounds like a whis - per


25
G
C(add9)
Em
D
Poor peo-ple gon-na rise up
And get their share
27
G
C(add9)
Em
D
G
C(add9)
Poor peo-ple gon-na rise up
30
Em
D
G
C(add9)
And take what's theirs
32
Em
D
G
C(add9)
Don't you know you bet-ter run, run, run, run,


34
Em D G C(add9)
run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run
36
Em D G C(add9)
I said you bet - ter run, run, run, run,
38
Em D G C(add9)
run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run


40
Em D G C(add9)
'cause fi - nal - ly the
42
Em D G C(add9)
ta - bles are start - ing to turn
Talk - in' 'bout a rev - o -
44
Em D G C(add9)
lu - tion
Yes, fi - nal - ly the
46
Em D G C(add9)
ta - bles are start - ing to turn
Talk - in' 'bout a rev - o -


48
Em D G C(add9)
lu - tion, oh no Talk - in' 'bout a rev - o -
CODA
50
Em D D.S. al Coda G C(add9)
lu - tion Oh, I been And fi - nal - ly the
52
Em D G C(add9)
ta - bles are start - ing to turn Talk - in' 'bout a rev - o -
54
Em D G C(add9)
lu - tion, Yes, fi - nal - ly the


56
Em D G C(add9)
ta - bles are start - ing to turn
Talk - in' 'bout a rev - o -
58
Em D G C(add9)
lu - tion,
Talk - in' 'bout a rev - o -
60
Em D G C(add9)
lu - tion,
Talk - in' 'bout a rev - o -
62
Em D G
lu - tion,

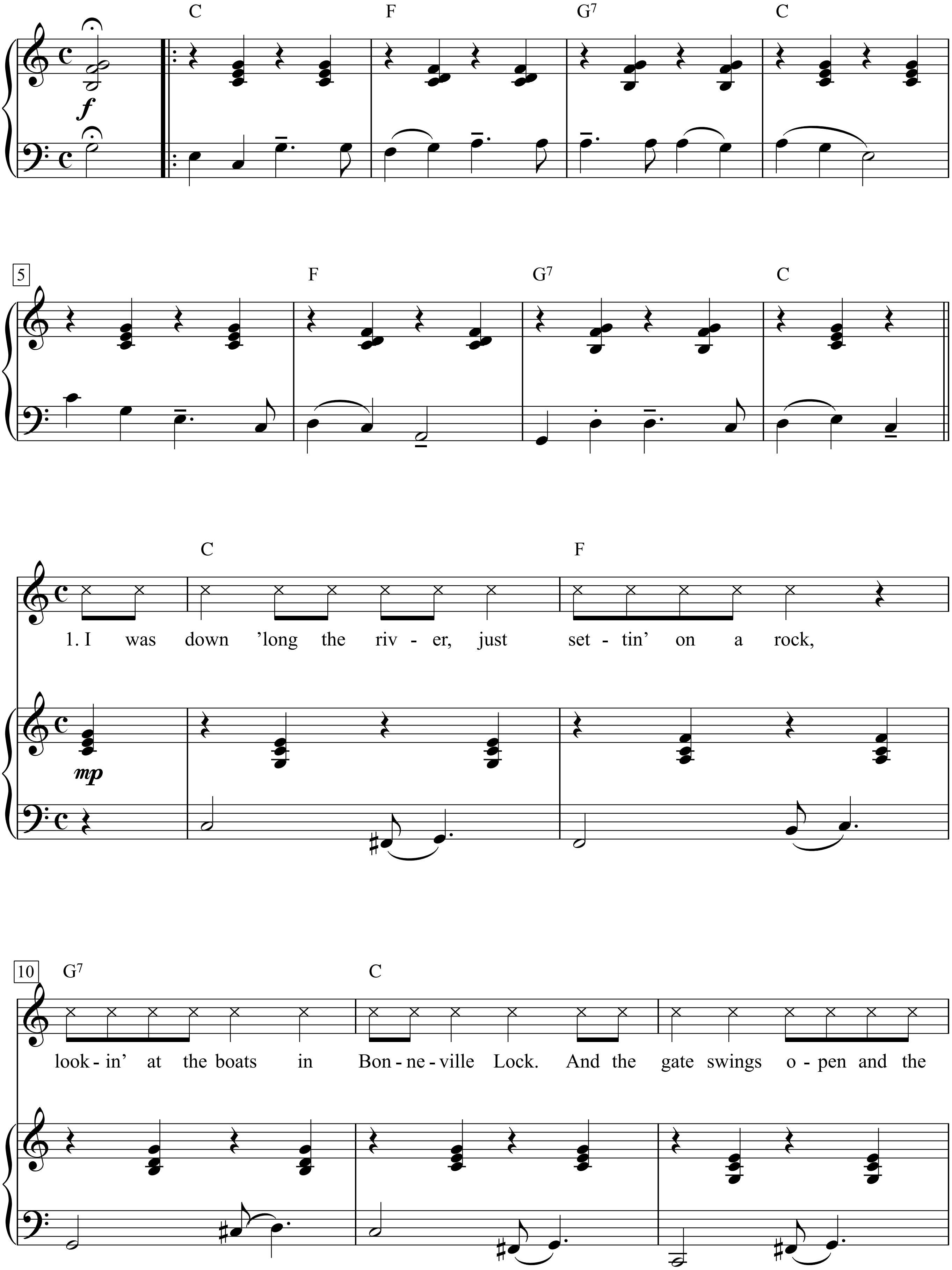
Don’t you know
They’re talkin’ bout a revolution
It sounds like a whisper
Don’t you know
They’re talkin’ bout a revolution
It sounds like a whisper
While they’re standing in the welfare lines
Crying at the doorsteps of those armies of salvation
Wasting time in the unemployment lines
Sitting around waiting for a promotion
Don’t you know
They’re talkin’ bout a revolution
It sounds like a whisper
Poor people gonna rise up
And get their share
Poor people gonna rise up
And take what’s theirs

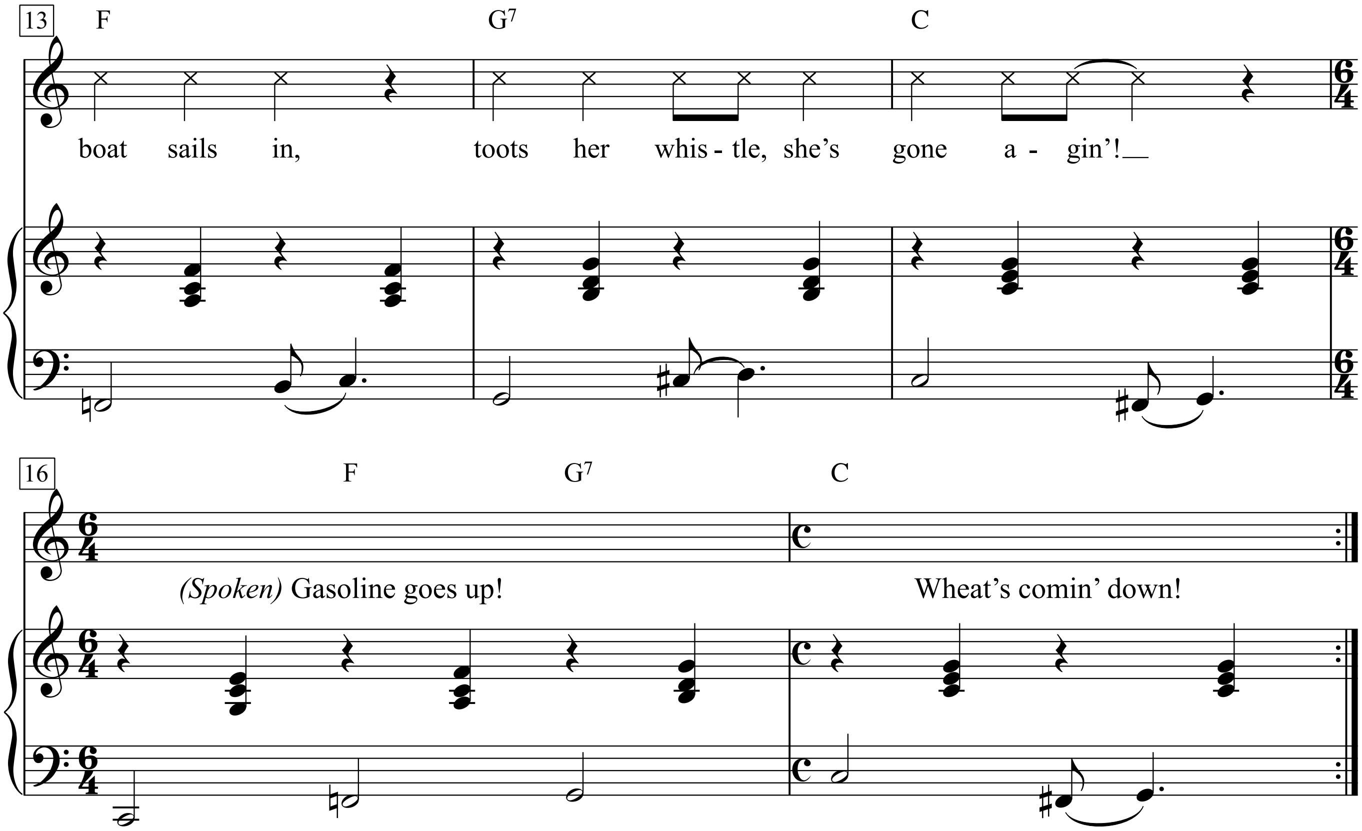
Don’t you know you better run, run, run,
run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run,
run
Oh I said you better run, run, run, run,
run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run
‘cause finally the tables are starting to turn
Talkin’ bout a revolution
Just finally the tables are starting to turn
Talkin’ bout a revolution, oh no
Talkin’ bout a revolution
I’ve been standing in the welfare lines
Crying at the doorsteps of those armies of salvation
Wasting time in the unemployment lines
Sitting around waiting for a promotion
Don’t you know
They’re talkin’ bout a revolution
It sounds like a whisper

Talking Columbia

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie
(Woody Guthrie)

Bright and snappy





1. I was down ’long the river, just settin’ on a rock,
Lookin’ at the boats in Bonneville Lock.
And the gate swings open and the boat sails in,
Toots her whistle, she’s gone agin’!
(Spoken) Gasoline goes up!
Wheat’s comin’ down!

2. Well, I fills up my hat brim, drunk a sweet taste,
Thought ’bout the river goin’ to waste,
Thought ’bout the dust, thought ’bout the sand,
Thought ’bout the people, thought ’bout the land.
Ever’body runnin’ round all over creation,
Just lookin’ for some kind of a little place.

3. Pulled out my pencil, scribbled this song,
I figgered all these salmon fishers can’t be wrong.
Them salmon fish, they’re mighty shrewd,
They got senators, politicians, too!
Just like a President, they run ever’ four years.

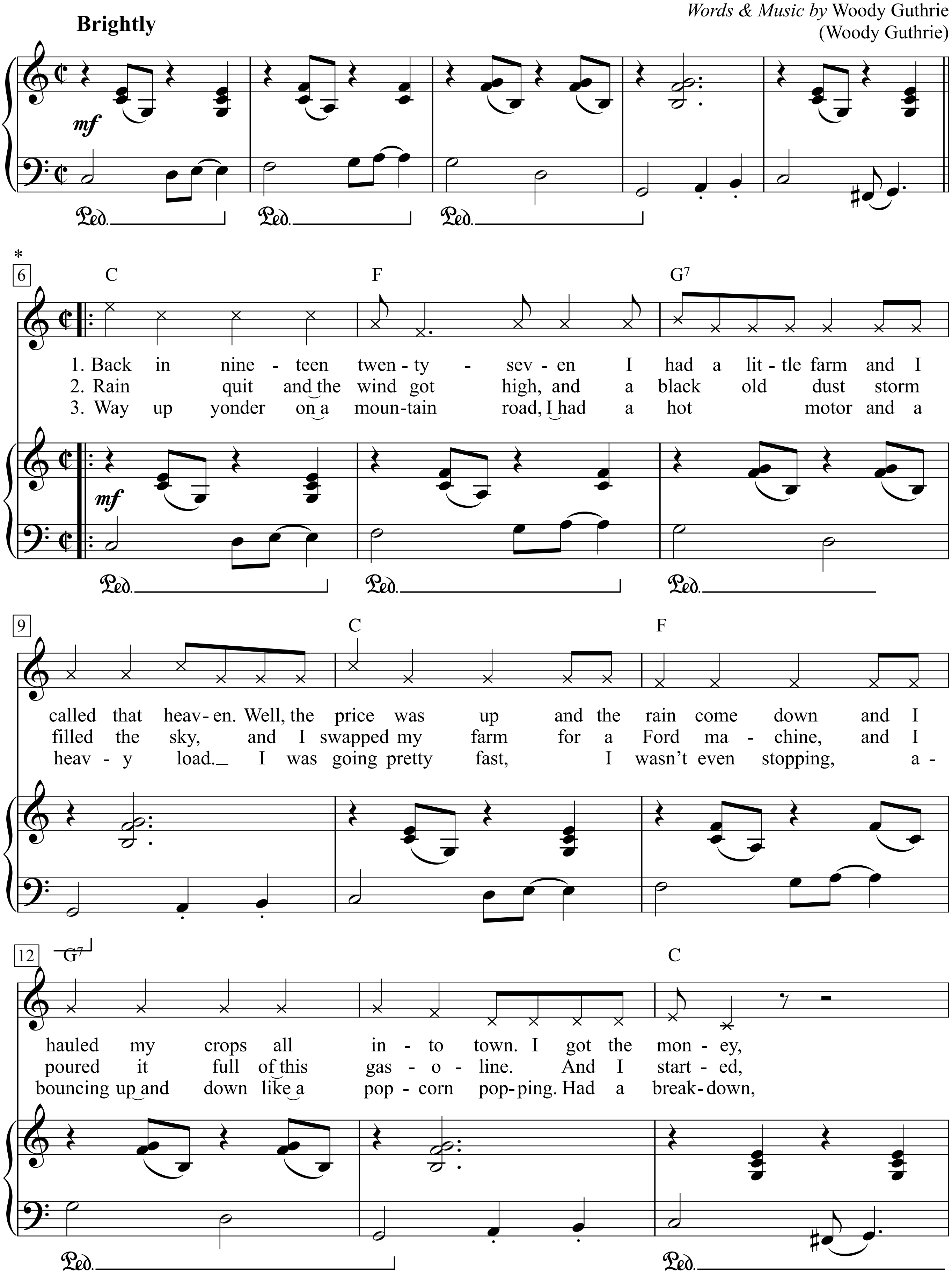
4. Yes, them folks back east are doin’ a lot o’ talkin’,
Some of ’em balkin’ and some of ’em squawkin’
But with all their figgerin’ and all their books,
Well, they just didn’t know them raw Chinooks.
Salmon! that’s a good river!

5. Just watch this river and pretty soon
Ever’body’s goin’ to be changin’ their tune.
The big Grand Coulee and Bonneville Dam
Run a thousand factories for Uncle Sam.
An’ ever’body else in the world
Makin’ ever’thing from sewing machines to fertiliser . .
Atomic bedrooms! . . . Plastic!
Ever’thing’s gonna be made out of plastic!

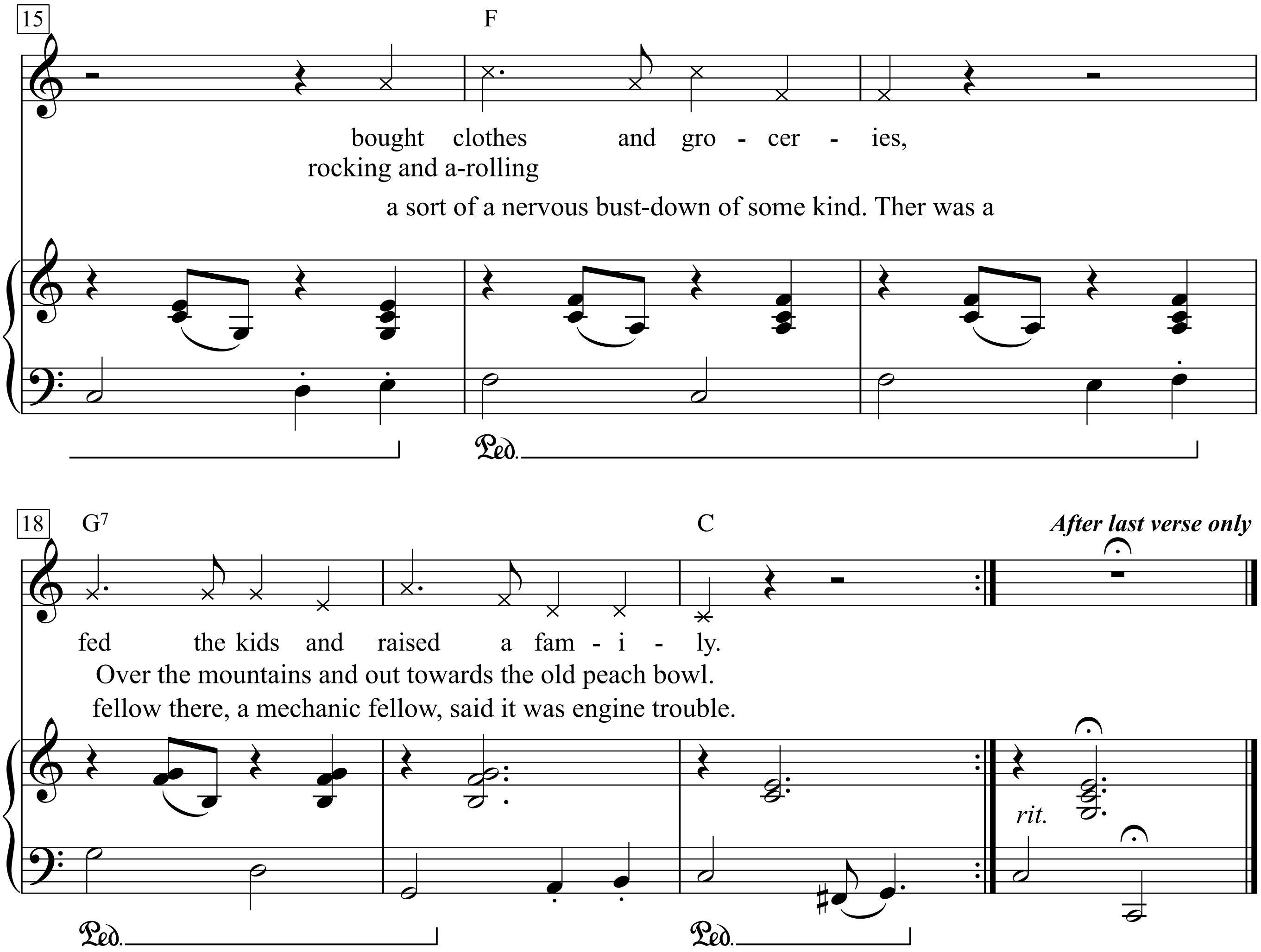
6. Yes, Uncle Sam needs wool, Uncle Sam needs wheat,
Uncle Sam needs houses and stuff to eat,
Uncle Sam needs water and power dams,
Uncle Sam needs people and people needs land.
Don’t like dictators not much, myself,
But I think the whole country ought to be run
By ***e-lec-tri-ci-ty!***

Talking Dust Bowl

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie
(Woody Guthrie)



* *Placing rhythmic symbols on the staff gives a rough approximation of the rise and fall of Woody's speech. The first stanza is merelv a sample: other stanzas are different from it and from each other.*


15
F
bought clothes and gro - cer - ies,
rocking and a-rolling
a sort of a nervous bust-down of some kind. Ther was a
Ped.
18
G7
C
After last verse only
fed the kids and raised a fam - i - ly.
Over the mountains and out towards the old peach bowl.
fellow there, a mechanic fellow, said it was engine trouble.
rit.
Ped.
Ped.

1. Back in nineteen twenty-seven
I had a little farm and I called that heaven.
Well, the price was up and the rain come down
And I hauled my crops all into town.
I got the money, bought clothes and groceries,
Fed the kids and raised a family.

2. Rain quit and the wind got high,
And a black old dust storm filled the sky,
And I swapped my farm for a Ford machine,
And I poured it full of this gasoline.
And I started, rocking and a-rolling
Over the mountains and out towards the old peach bowl.

3. Way up yonder on a mountain road,
I had a hot motor and a heavy load.
I was going pretty fast,
I wasn't even stopping,
A-bouncing up and down like a popcorn popping.
Had a breakdown,
a sort of a nervous bust-down of some kind. Ther was a
fellow there, a mechanic fellow, said it was engine trouble.

4. Way up yonder on a mountain curve,
It was way up yonder in the piney woods,
And I give that rolling Ford a shove,
And I was going to coast as far as I could.
Commenced coasting; picking up speed; (there) was a hairpin turn; I … didn't make it.

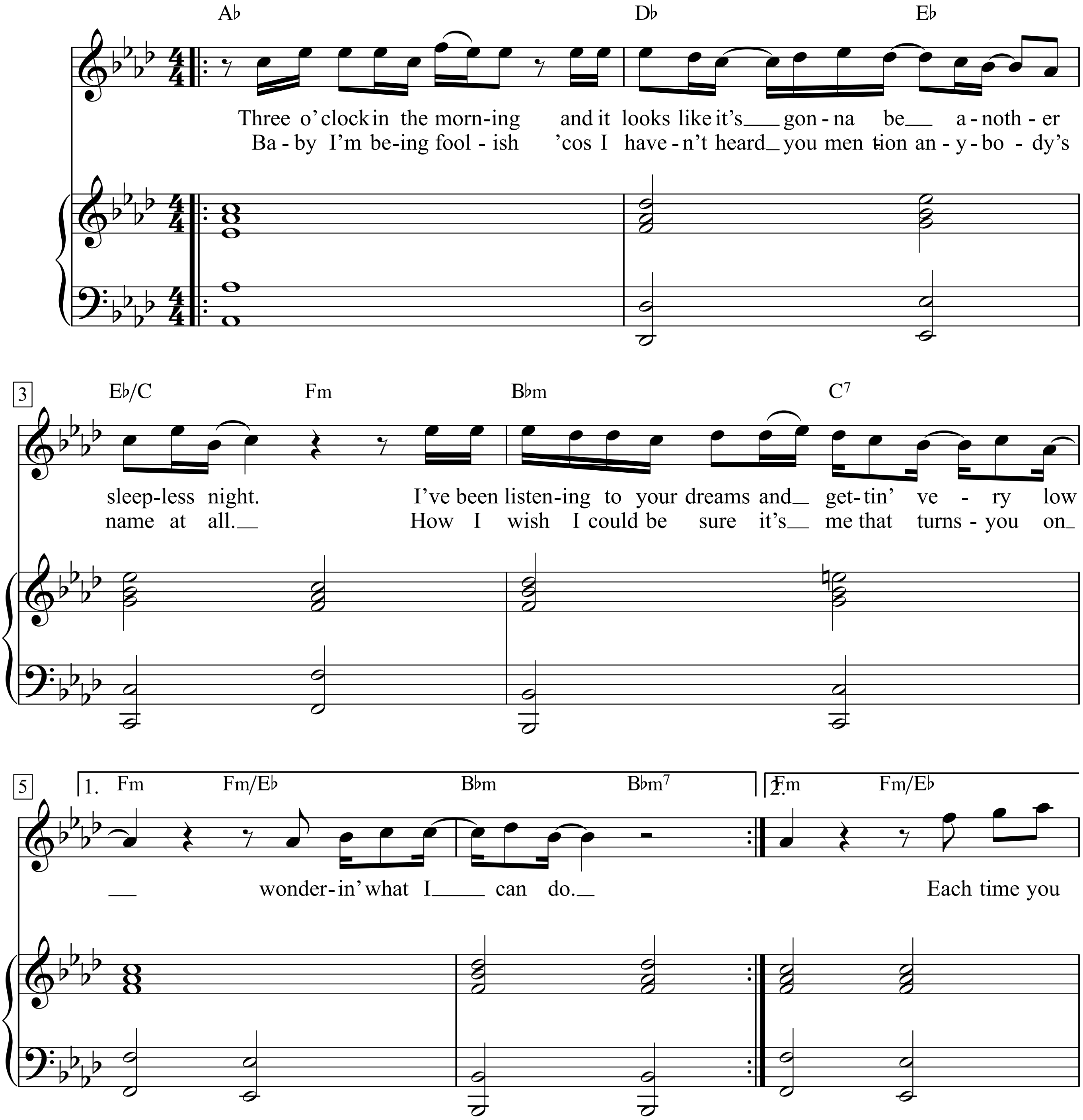
5. Man alive, I'm a-telling you
The fiddles and the guitars really flew.
That Ford took off like a flying squirrel
And it flew halfway around the world.
Scattered wives and childrens all over the side of that mountain.

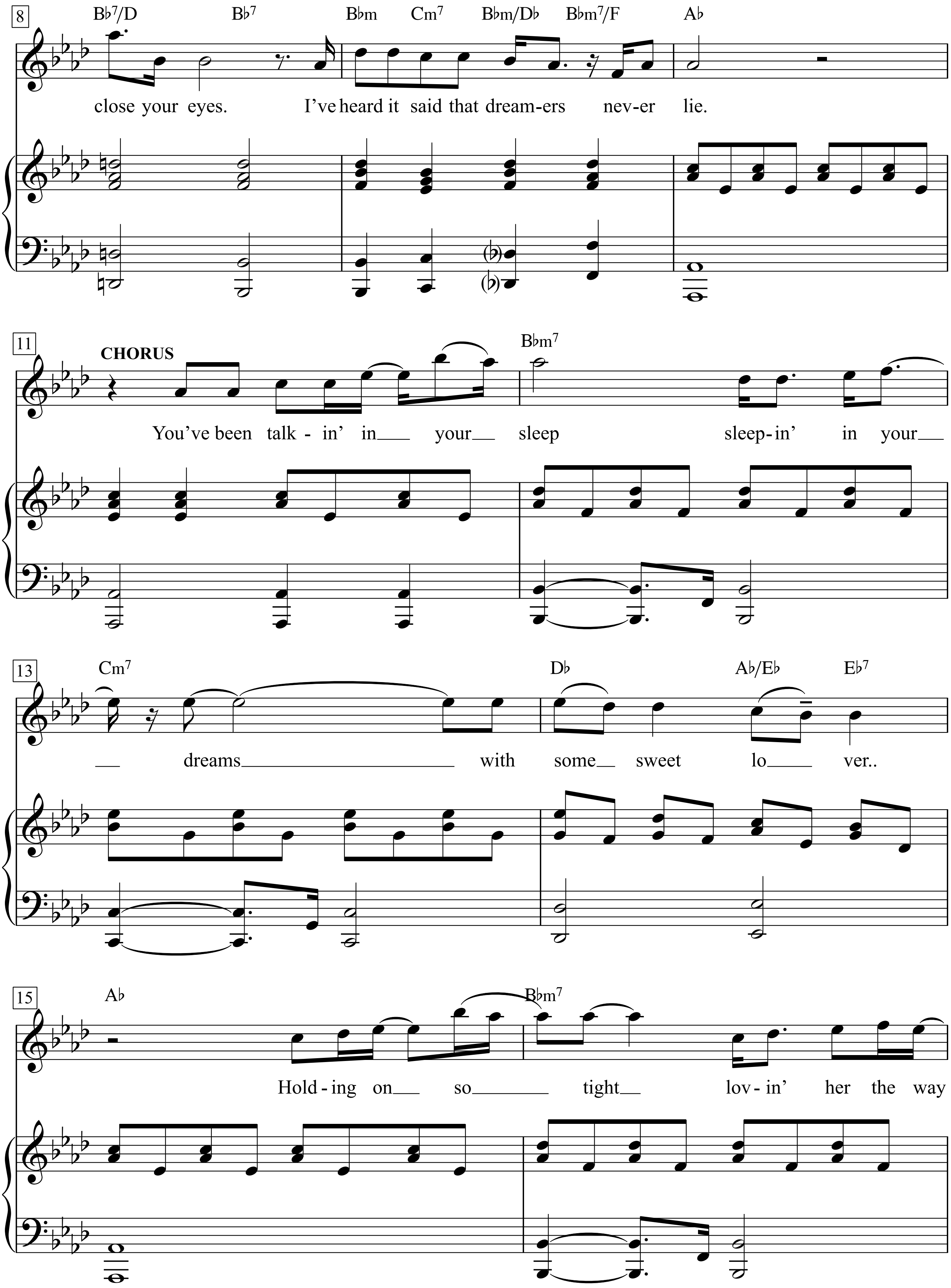
6. We got out to the West Coast broke,
So dad gum hungry I thought I'd croak,
And I bummed up a spud or two,
And my wife fixed up a 'tater stew.
We poured the kids full of it.
Mighty thin stew, though; you could read a magazine right through it.

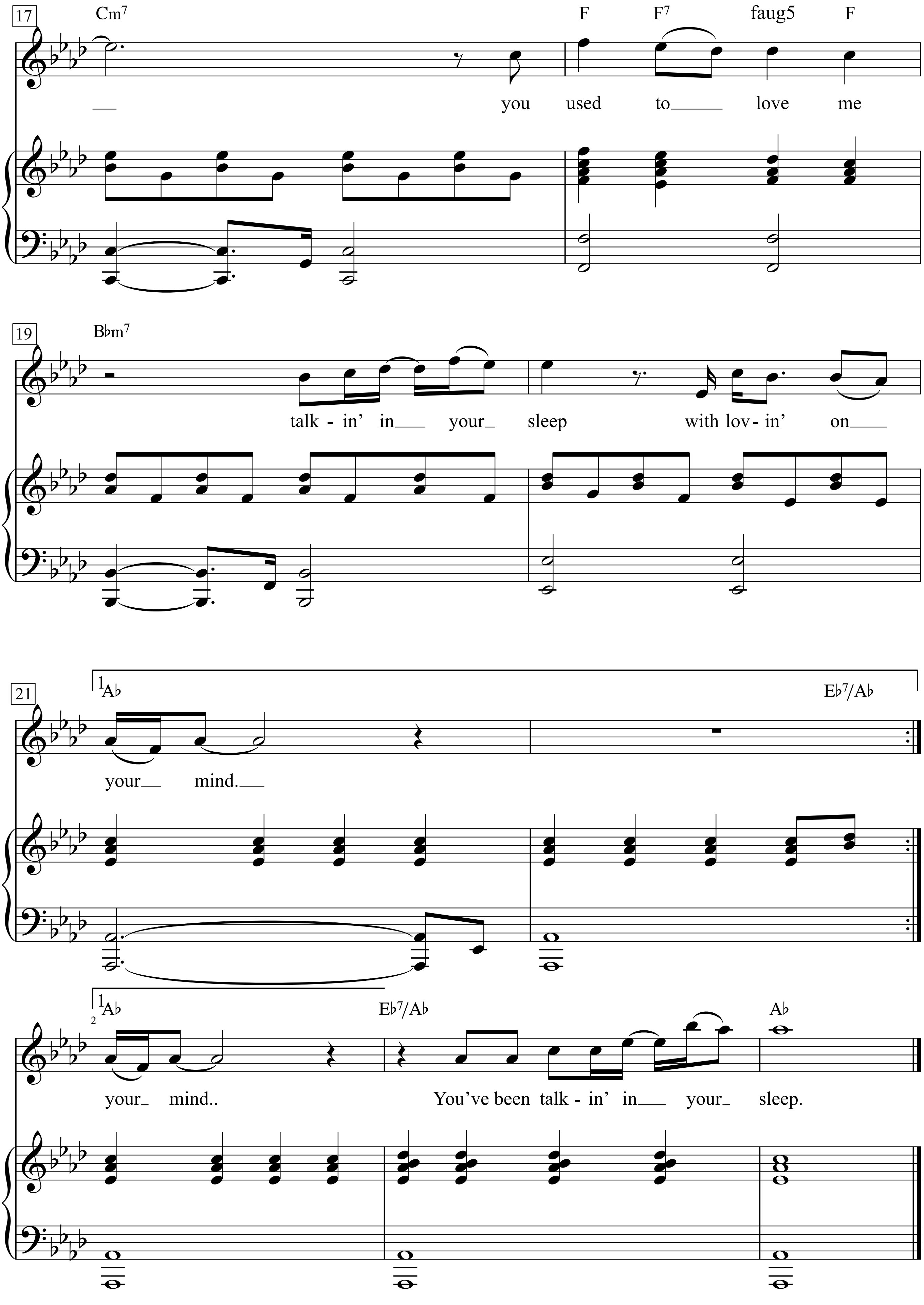
7. Always have figured that if it had been just a little bit thinner
some of these here politicians could have seen through it.

Talking In Your Sleep

Words & Music by Roger Cook & Bobby Wood
(Reba McEntire)

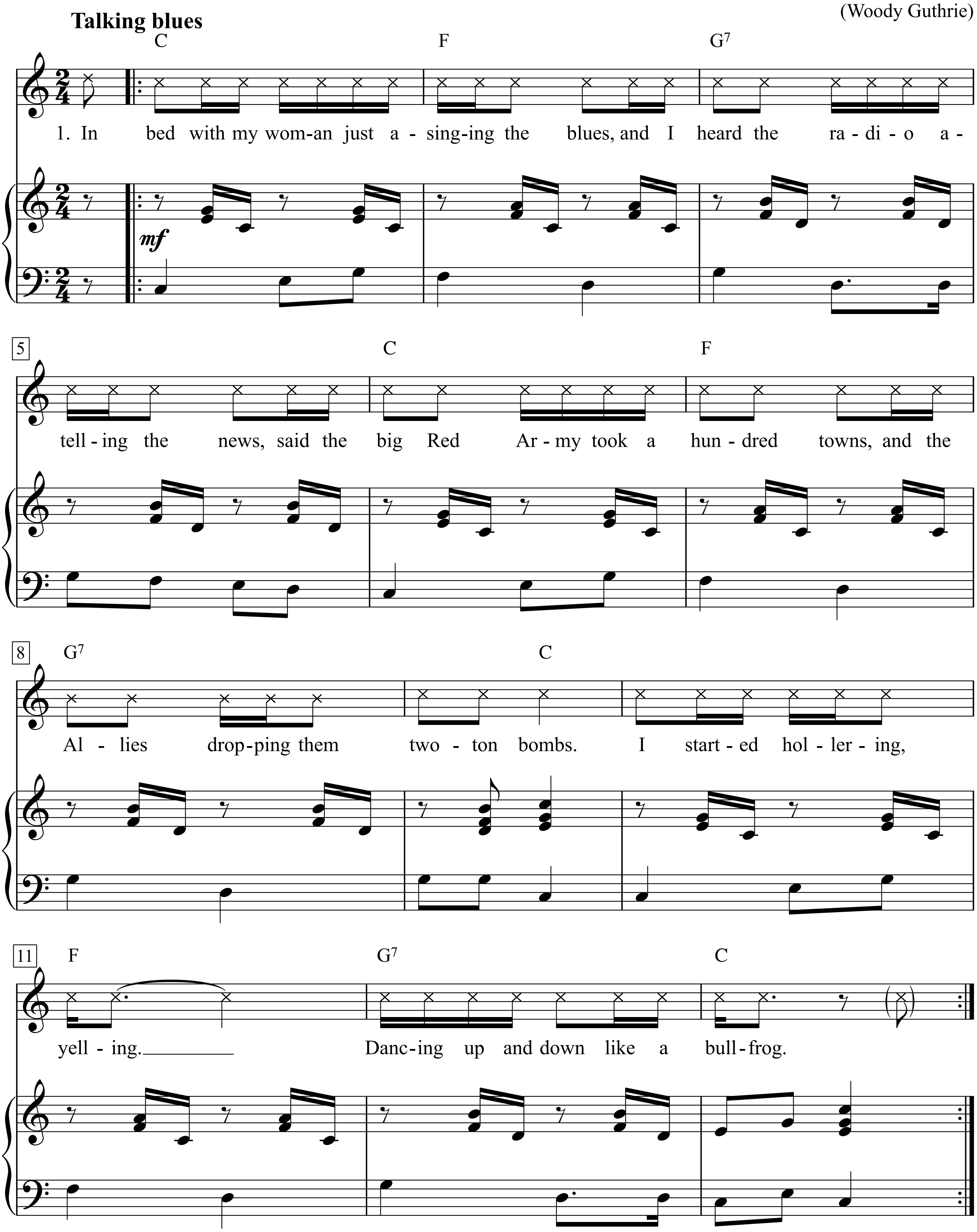



8
B♭7/D B♭7 B♭m Cm7 B♭m/D♭ B♭m7/F A♭
close your eyes. I've heard it said that dream-ers nev-er lie.
11
CHORUS
B♭m7
You've been talk - in' in your sleep sleep-in' in your
13
Cm7 D♭ A♭/E♭ E♭7
dreams with some sweet lo ver..
15
A♭ B♭m7
Hold - ing on so tight lov - in' her the way


17
Cm7
F F7 faug5 F
you used to love me
19
B♭m7
talk - in' in your sleep with lov - in' on
21
1 A♭
E♭7/A♭
your mind.
2 A♭
E♭7/A♭
A♭
your mind..
You've been talk - in' in your sleep.

Talking Sailor
(Talking Merchant Marine)

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie
(Woody Guthrie)



Note: See "Talking Dust Bowl" for pattern.

1. In bed with my woman just a-singing the blues,
And I heard the radio a-telling the news,
Said the big Red Army took a hundred towns,
And the Allies dropping them two-ton bombs.
I started hollering, yelling.
Dancing up and down like a bullfrog

2. Door-bell rung and in come a man,
I signed my name, I got a telegram.
Says, "If you want to take a vacation trip,
Got a dish-washing job on a liberty ship."
Woman a-crying. Me a-flying.
Out the door and down the line.

3. 'Bout two minutes I run ten blocks,
I come to my ship down at the docks.
Walked up the plank and I signed my name,
Blowed the whistle and was gone again.
Right on out and down the stream.
Ships as far as my eye could see.
Pulling away.

4. Ship loaded down with T N.T.
All out across the rolling sea.
I stood on the deck and watched the fishes swim,
I was a-praying them fishes wasn't made of tin.
Sharks. Porpoises.
Jelly beans, rainbow trouts, mud-cats, jew-gars,
All over that water.

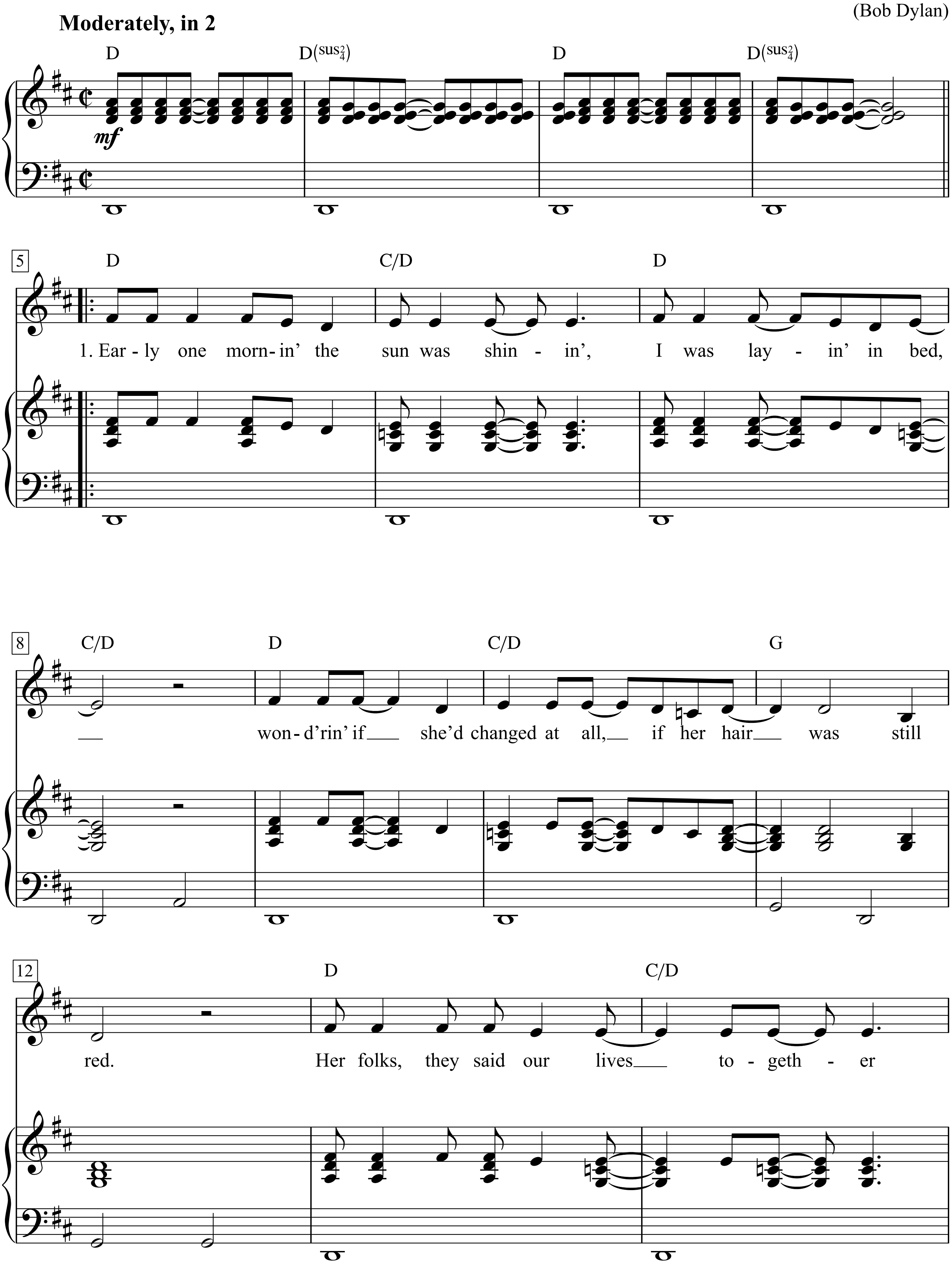
5. This convoy's the biggest I ever did see,
It stretches all the way out across the sea.
The ships blow their whistles and ring their bells,
Gonna blow them Fascists all to Hell.
Win some freedom. Liberty.
Stuff like that.

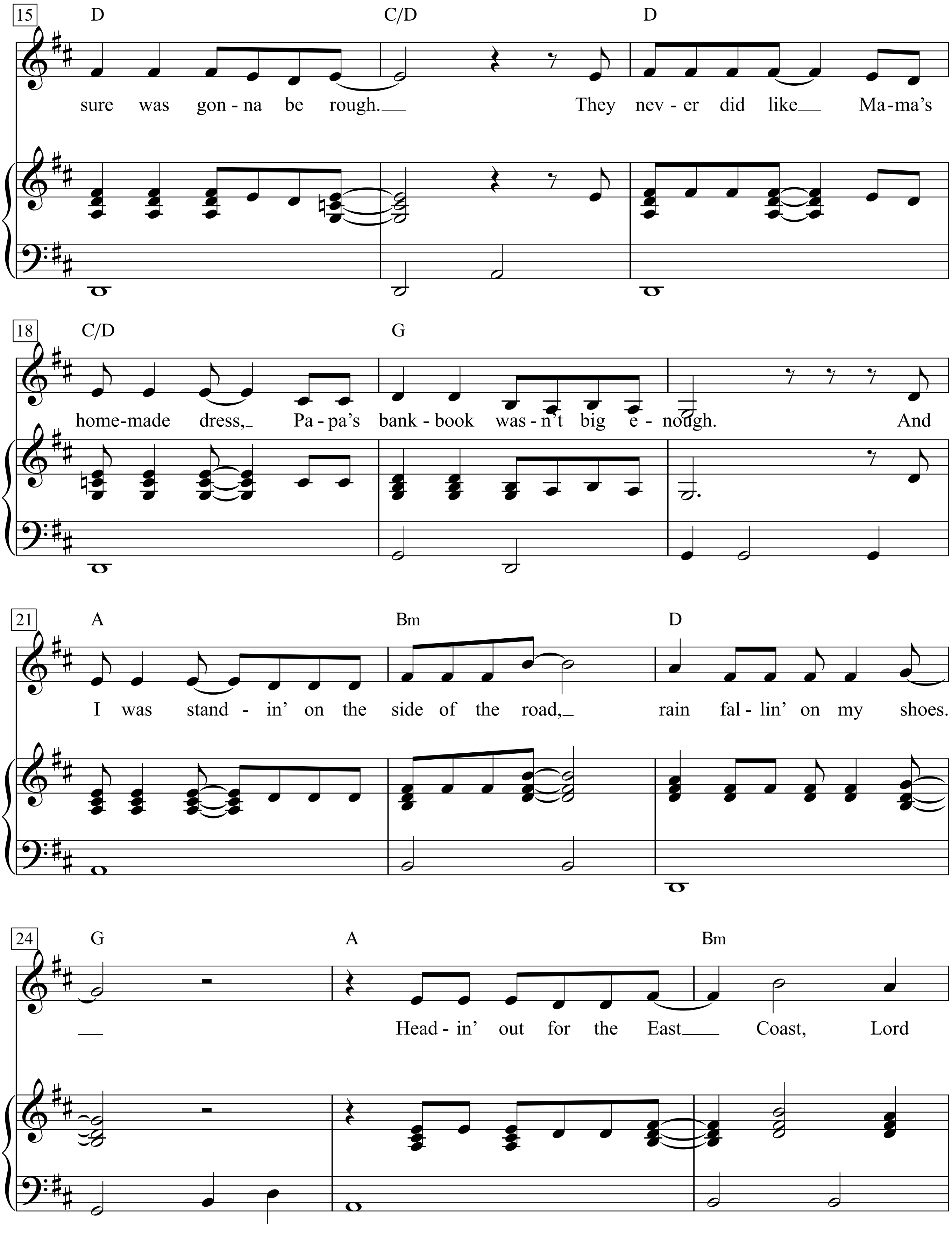
6. Walked to the tail, stood on the stem,
Looking at the big brass screw-blade turn,
Listened to the sound of the engines pound:
Came sixteen feet every time it went round.
Gets closer and closer.
Look out, you Fascists!

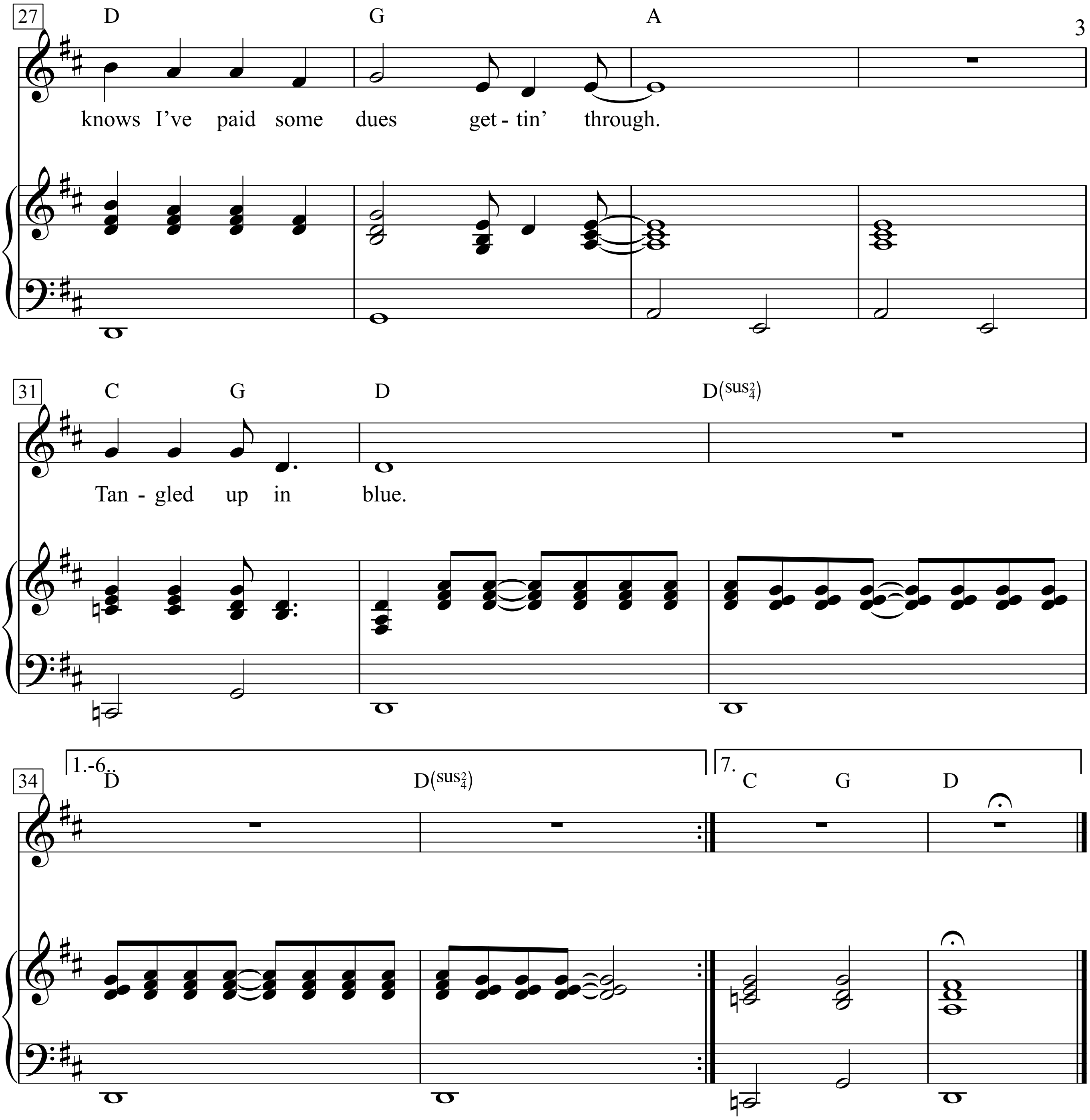
7. I"m just one of the merchant crew,
I belong to the union called the N.M.R.
I'm a union man from head to toe,
I'm U.S.A. and C.I.O.
Fighting out here on the waters.
Win some freedom. On the land.

Tangled Up In Blue

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




15
D
C/D
D
sure was gon - na be rough.
They nev - er did like Ma - ma's
18
C/D
G
home-made dress,
Pa - pa's bank - book was - n't big e - nough.
And
21
A
Bm
D
I was stand - in' on the side of the road,
rain fal - lin' on my shoes.
24
G
A
Bm
Head - in' out for the East Coast,
Lord



1. Early one mornin' the sun was shinin',
I was layin' in bed,
Wond'rin' if she'd changed at all,
If her hair was still red.
Her folks, they said our lives together
Sure was gonna be rough.
They never did like Mama's homemade dress,
Papa's bankbook wasn't big enough.
And I was standin' on the side of the road,
Rain fallin' on my shoes.
Headin' out for the East Coast,
Lord knows I've paid some dues gettin' through.
Tangled up in blue.

2. She was married when we first met,
Soon to be divorced.
I helped her out of a jam, I guess,
But I used a little too much force.
We drove that car as far as we could,
Abandoned it out West.
Split up on a dark sad night,
Both agreeing it was best.
She turned around to look at me,
As I was walkin' away.
I heard her say over my shoulder,
"We'll meet again some day on the avenue."
Tangled up in blue.

3. I had a job in the great north woods,
Working as a cook for a spell.
But I never did like it all that much,
And one day the axe just fell.
So I drifted down to New Orleans,
Where I happened to be employed.
Workin' for a while on a fishin' boat,
Right outside of Delacroix.
But all the while I was alone,
The past was close behind.
I seen a lot of women,
But she never escaped my mind, and I just grew.
Tangled up in blue.

4. She was workin' in a topless place,
And I stopped in for a beer.
I just kept lookin' at the side of her face,
In the spotlight so clear.
And later on as the crowd thinned out,
I's just about to do the same.
She was standing there in back of my chair,
Said to me, "Don't I know your name?"
I muttered somethin' underneath my breath,
She studied the lines on my face.
I must admit I felt a little uneasy,
When she bent down to tie the laces of my shoe.
Tangled up in blue.

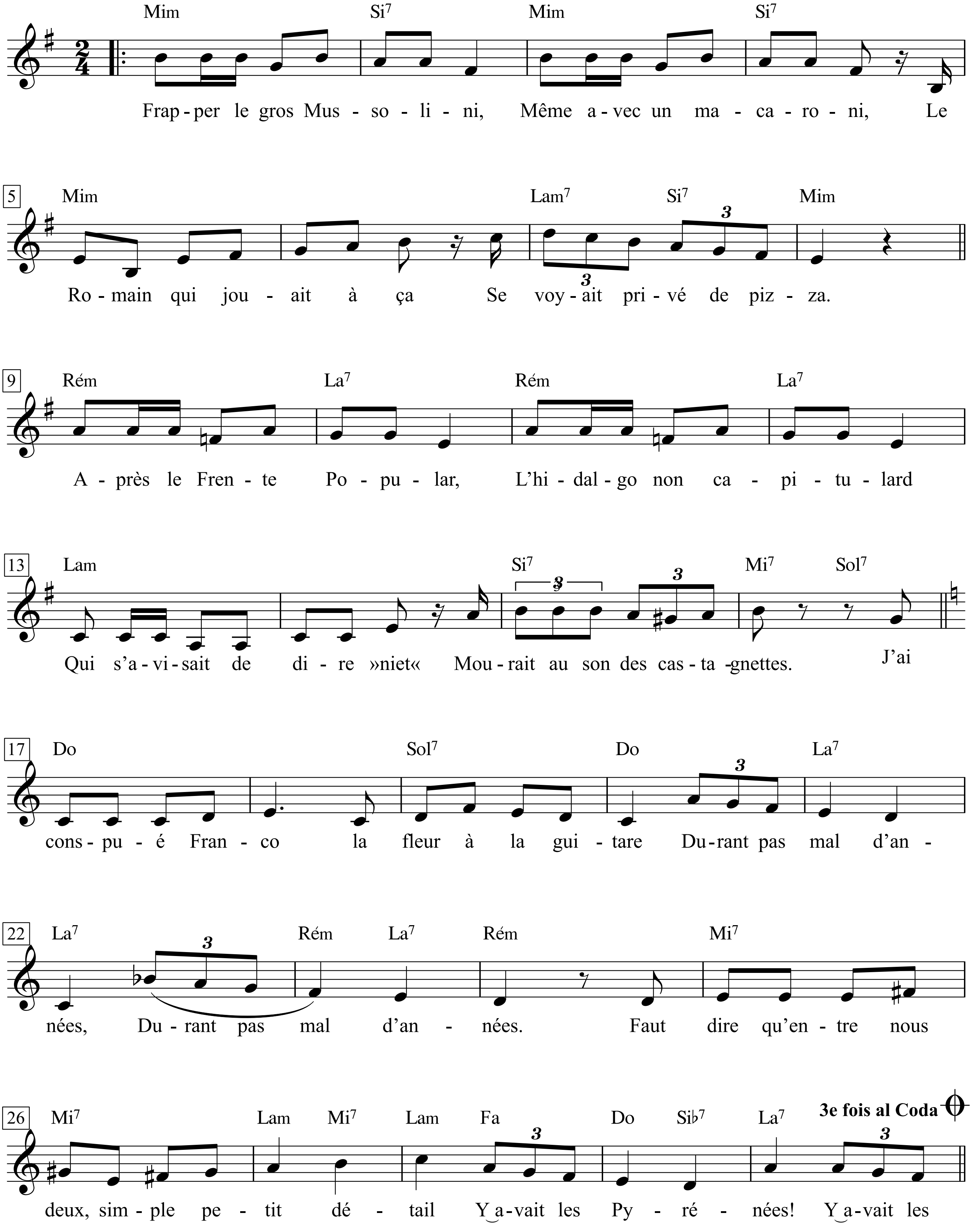
5. She lit a burner on the stove,
And offered me a pipe.
"I thought you'd never say hello," she said,
"You look like the silent type."
Then she opened up a book of poems,
And handed it to me.
Written by an Italian poet
From the thirteenth century.
And every one of them words rang true,
And glowed like burnin' coal.
Pourin' off of every page,
Like it was written in my soul from me to you.
Tangled up in blue.

6. I lived with them on Montague Street,
In a basement down the stairs.
There was music in the cafes at night,
And revolution in the air.
Then he started into dealing with slaves,
And something inside of him died.
She had to sell everything she owned,
And froze up inside.
And when finally the bottom fell out,
I became withdrawn.
The only thing I knew how to do,
Was to keep on keepin' on, like a bird that flew.
Tangled up in blue.

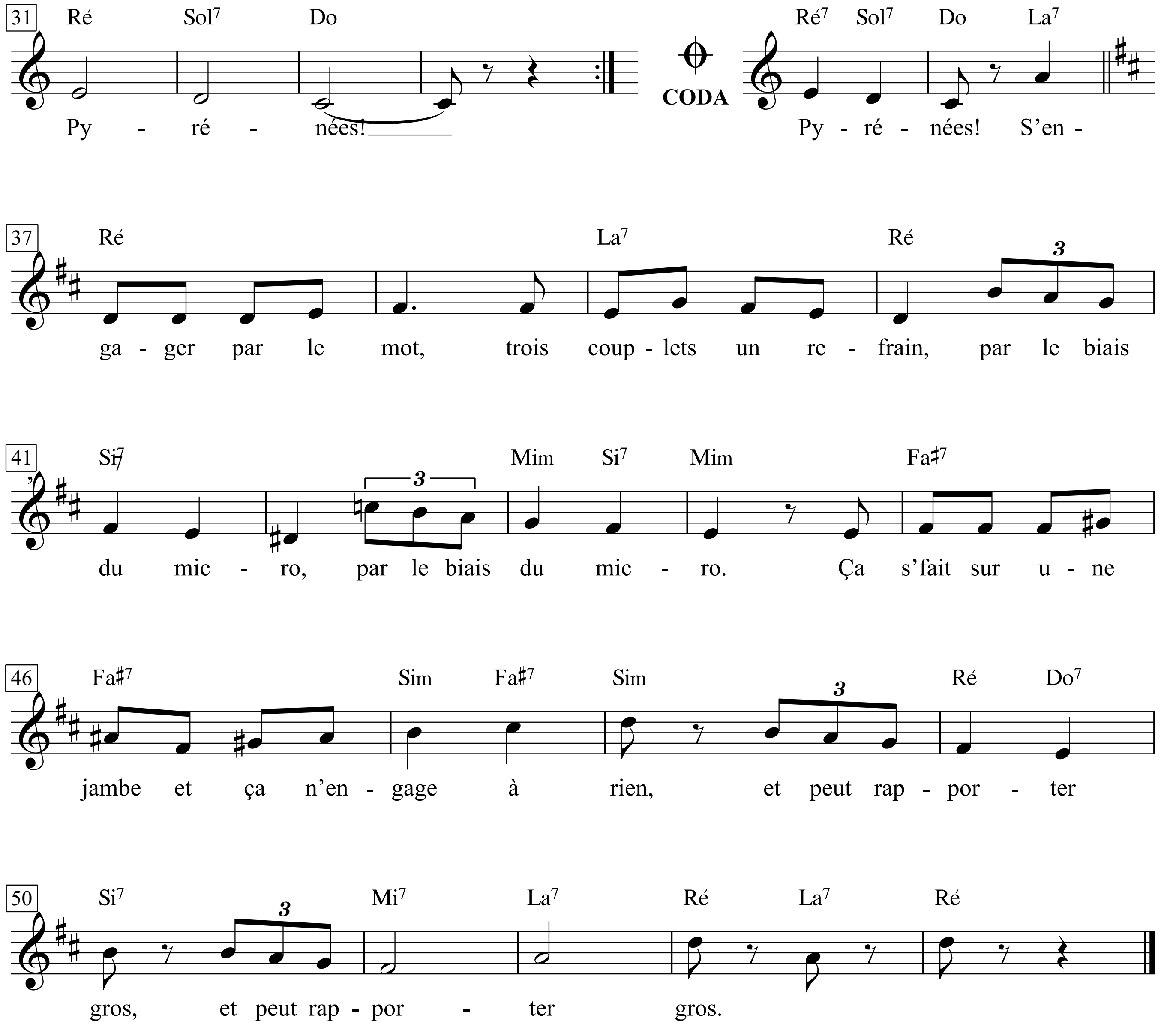
7. So now I'm goin' back again,
I got to get to her somehow.
All the people we used to know,
They're an illusion to me now.
Some are mathematicians,
Some are carpenters' wives.
Don't know how it all got started,
I don't know what they're doin' with their lives.
But me, I'm still on the road,
Headin' for another joint.
We always did feel the same,
We just saw it from a different point
Of view.
Tangled up in blue.

Tant qu'il y a des Pyrénées
(Solange es die Pyrenäen gibt)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I. S.232+233 & II. S.632+633


31
Ré Sol7 Do
Py - ré - nées!
CODA
Ré7 Sol7 Do La7
Py - ré - nées! S'en -
37
Ré La7 Ré
ga - ger par le mot, trois coup - lets un re - frain, par le biais
41
Si7 Mim Si7 Mim Fa♯7
du mic - ro, par le biais du mic - ro. Ça s'fait sur u - ne
46
Fa♯7 Sim Fa♯7 Sim Ré Do7
jambe et ça n'en - gage à rien, et peut rap - por - ter
50
Si7 Mi7 La7 Ré La7 Ré
gros, et peut rap - por - ter gros.

Tant qu'il y a des Pyrénées

Frapper le gros Mussolini,
Même avec un macaroni,
Le Romain qui jouait à ça
Se voyait privé de pizza.
Après le Frente Popular,
L'hidalgo non capitulard
Qui s'avisait de dire »niet«
Mourait au son des castagnettes.

Refrain
J'ai conspué Franco la fleur à la guitare
Durant pas mal d'années; (bis)
Faut dire qu'entre nous deux, simple petit détail
Y avait les Pyrénées! (bis)
S' engager par le mot, trois couplets un refrain,
Par le biais du micro, (bis)
Ça s' fait sur une jambe et ça n'engage à rien,
Et peut rapporter gros, (bis)

Qui crachait sur la croix gammée,
Dans une mine était sommé
De descendre extraire du sel
Pour assaisonner les Bretzels.
Avant que son jour ne décline,
Qui s'élevait contre Staline
Filait manu militari
Aux sports d'hiver en Sibérie. (Au Refrain)

Aux quatre coins du monde encore,
Qui se lève et crie: »Pas d'accord!«
En un tournemain se fait cou-
per le sifflet, tordre le cou.
Dans mon village, on peut à l'heure
Qu'il est, sans risque de malheur,
Brandir son drapeau quel qu'il soit,
Mais jusques à quand? Chi lo sà? (Au Refrain)

Solange es die Pyrenäen gibt

Den dicken Mussolini hauen,
auch nur mit einem Makkaroni,
der Römer, der das machte,
kriegte nie wieder Pizza.
Nach dem Ende des Frente Popular
starb der unverzagte Hidalgo,
der sich aufraffte, »njet« zu sagen,
zum Klang von Kastagnetten.

Refrain
Ich habe Franco geschmäht, mit angelegter Gitarre,
viele Jahre lang; (bis)
aber zugegeben, zwischen uns beiden, lästiges Detail,
lagen die Pyrenäen! (bis)
Sich mit Worten engagieren, drei Strophen ein Refrain,
auf dem Umweg übers Mikro, (bis)
das macht man mit links, das verpflichtet zu nichts
und kann viel einbringen. (bis)

Wer auf das Hakenkreuz spuckte,
wurde in ein Bergwerk geschickt,
um unten Salz abzubauen
zum Würzen der Brezel.
Ehe sein Tag sich neigte,
wer sich da gegen Stalin erhob,
durfte zwangsweise abreisen
zum Wintersport nach Sibirien.

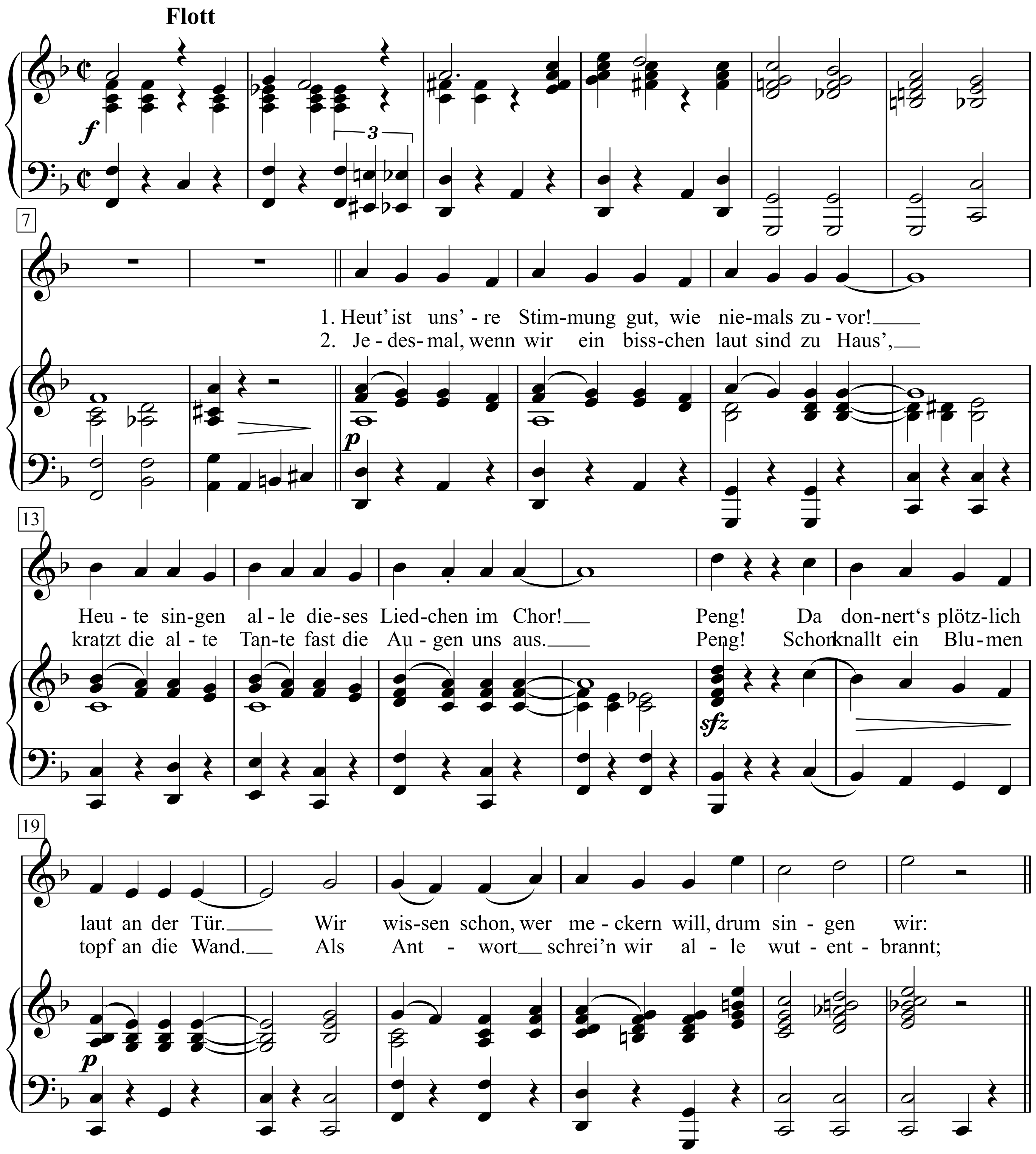
Überall in der Welt, immer noch,
wer aufsteht und ruft: »Nicht einverstanden!«,
dem wird im Handumdrehen die
Puste abgeschnitten, der Hals umgedreht.
In meinem Dorf kann man im Moment,
ohne Böses zu riskieren,
jede beliebige Fahne schwenken,
aber bis wann? Wer weiß?

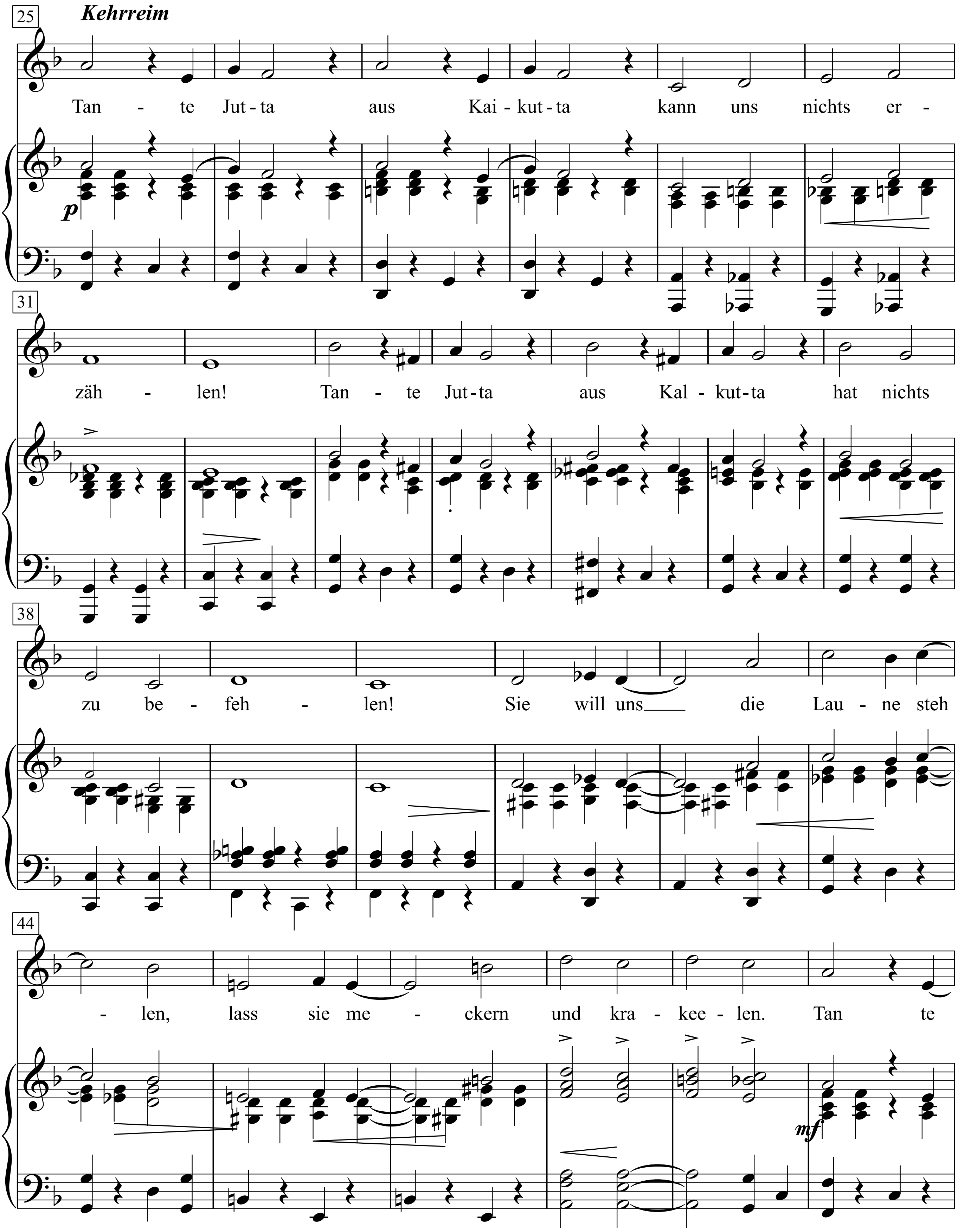
Tante Jutta aus Kalkutta

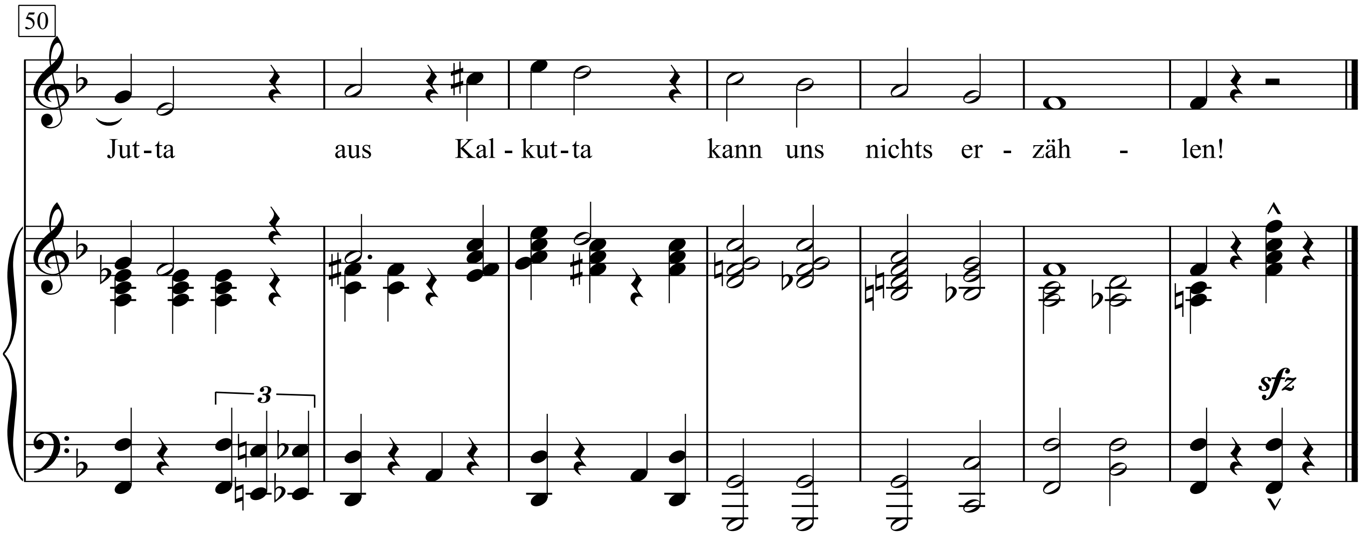
(Film ‘Drei tolle Tage’)

Foxtrot

Text: Railph M. Siegel | *Musik:* Ernst Leene

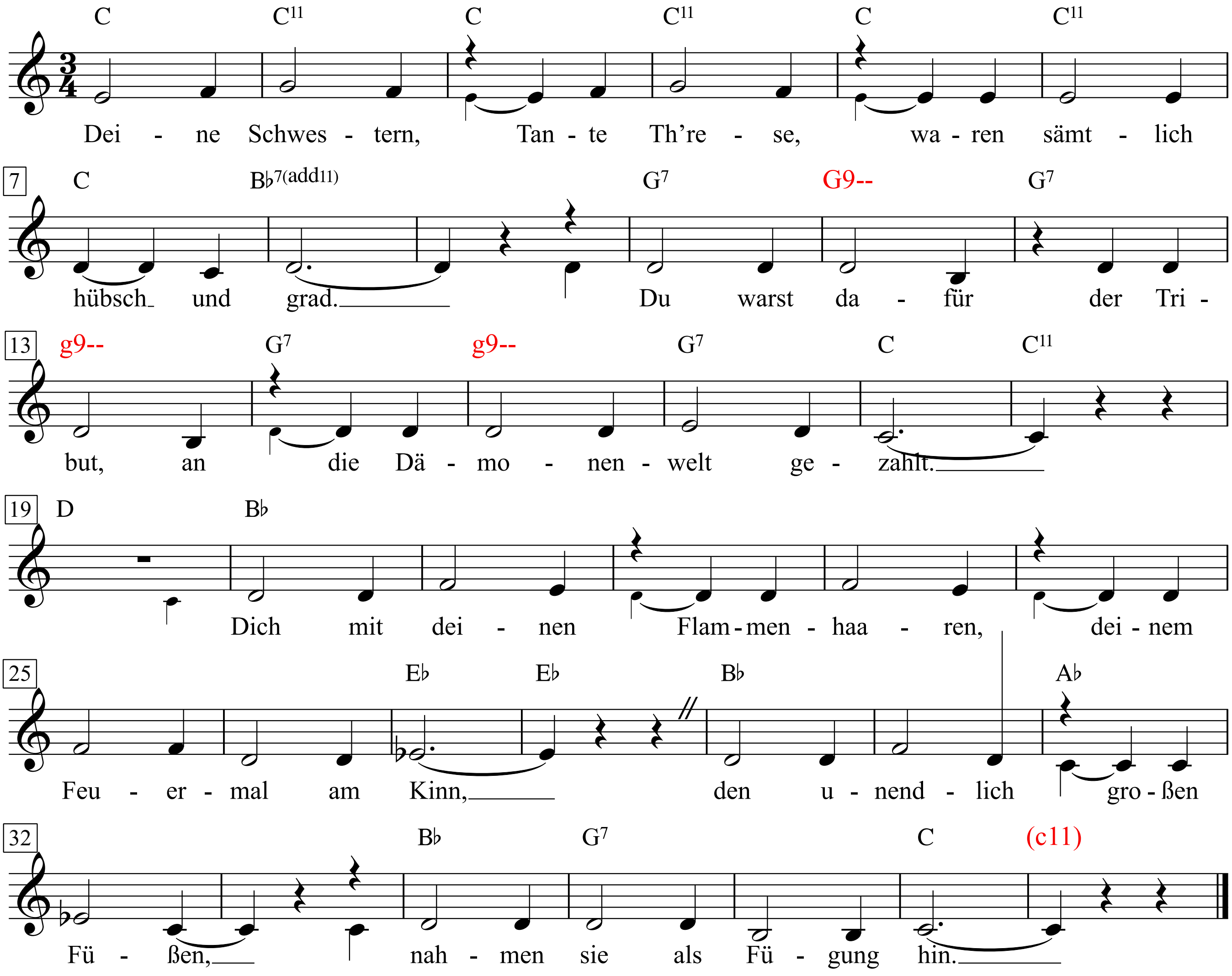



25
Kehrreim
Tan - te Jut - ta aus Kai - kut - ta kann uns nichts er -
p
31
zäh - len! Tan - te Jut - ta aus Kal - kut - ta hat nichts
38
zu be - feh - len! Sie will uns die Lau - ne steh
44
- len, lass sie me - ckern und kra - kee - len. Tan te
mf


50
Jut - ta aus Kal - kut - ta kann uns nichts er - zäh - len!
3
sfz

Tante Th'rese

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



1. Deine Schwestern, Tante Th'rese,
waren sämtlich hübsch und grad.
Du warst dafür der Tribut, an
die Dämonenwelt gezahlt.
Dich mit deinen Flammenhaaren,
deinem Feuermal am Kinn,
den unendlich großen Füßen,
nahmen sie als Fügung hin.

2. Hocktest meistens in der Küche,
hast die Mahlzeiten gemacht.
Und du spültest ihre Schüsseln
während ihrer Hochzeitsnacht.
Du saß't stundenlang an Wiegen,
summtest, horchtest auf den Wind
und warst selig, wenn sie sagten,
diesmal wäre es dein Kind.

3. Man ertrug dich, ließ dich leben,
durftest auch vor Türe gehn.
Selbst den Tick an Fronleichnam
haben sie dir fast verziehn. –
War das ehrlich oder Rache,
wenn du die Gardine nahmst,
sie um Kopf und Schultern legtest,
so zur Prozession rauskamst?

4. Ob man dich auch schlug und einschloss,
spätestens an der Station
in Doktor Stratmanns Blumengarten
knietest du, wenn wir kamen, schon.
Sangst voll Inbrunst Litaneien
oder auch ein Weihnachtslied.
Alle lachten. Doch der Pfarrer
kam zu dir und sang laut mit.

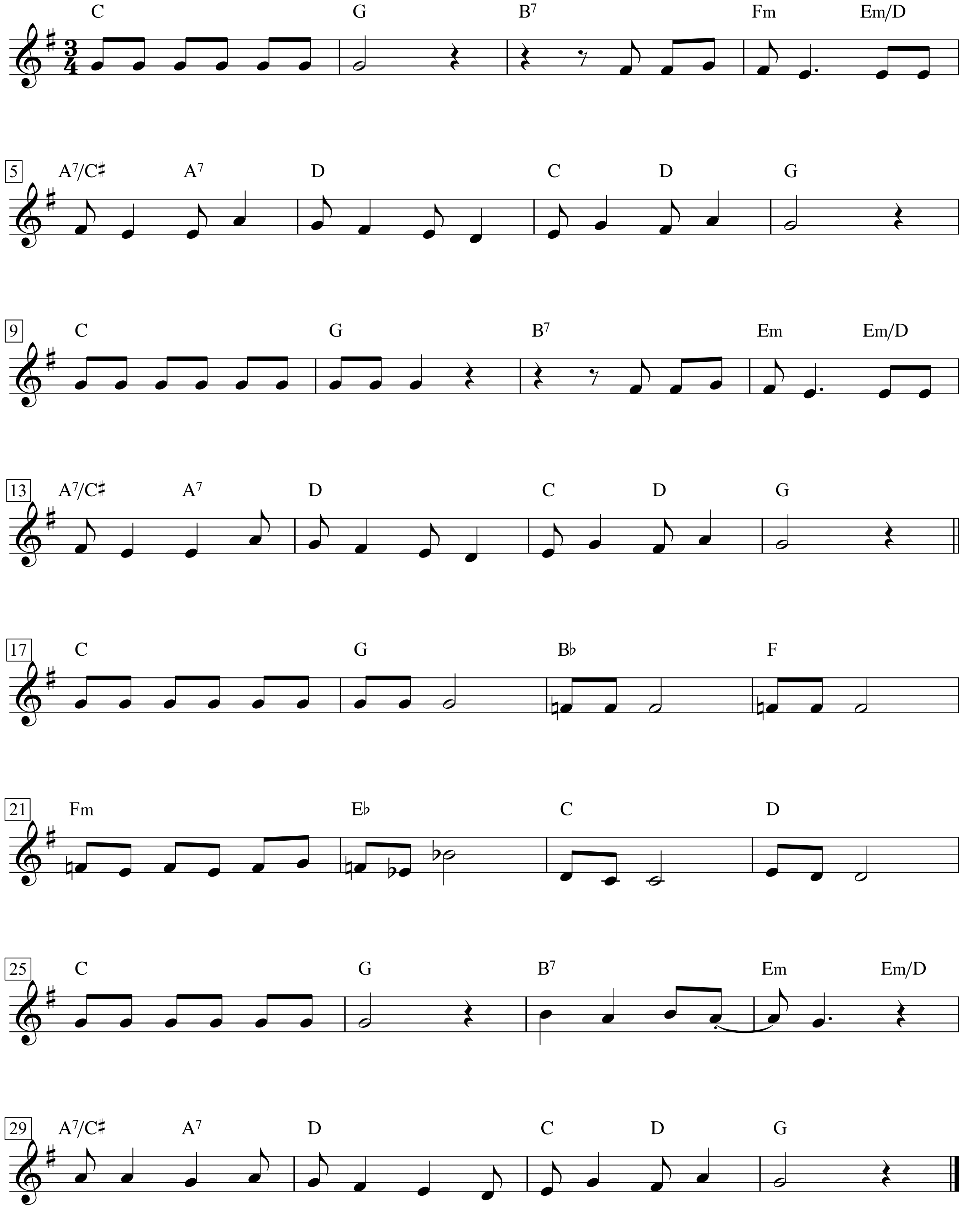
5. Ja, Tant' Th'rese, deine Schwestern
sind nicht mehr auf dieser Welt.
Ihre Kinder, kühl und freundlich,
zahlen jetzt ein Pflegegeld.
Deren Kinder nämlich – heißt es –
hätten vor dir große Angst,
vor dir, die du allen Kindern
nachts die Angst nahmst, wenn du sangst.

6. Auch der Pfarrer ist nicht weise,
so, wie es der alte war.
An Fronleichnam treten leise
dicke Männer zum Altar
in Doktor Stratmanns Blumengarten,
drehen dich ganz sanft herum
und bringen dich in der Gardine
zurück ins Sanatorium.

7. Ja, Tant' Th'rese, ist schon richtig:
Früher, das ist lange her.
Wie du aussiehst – die Gardine –,
das darf heute keiner mehr.
Ja, ja, auch der Schnee ist anders,
nicht so weiß wie früher mal.
Herr, erlöse dich und andre
hier aus diesem Jammertal.

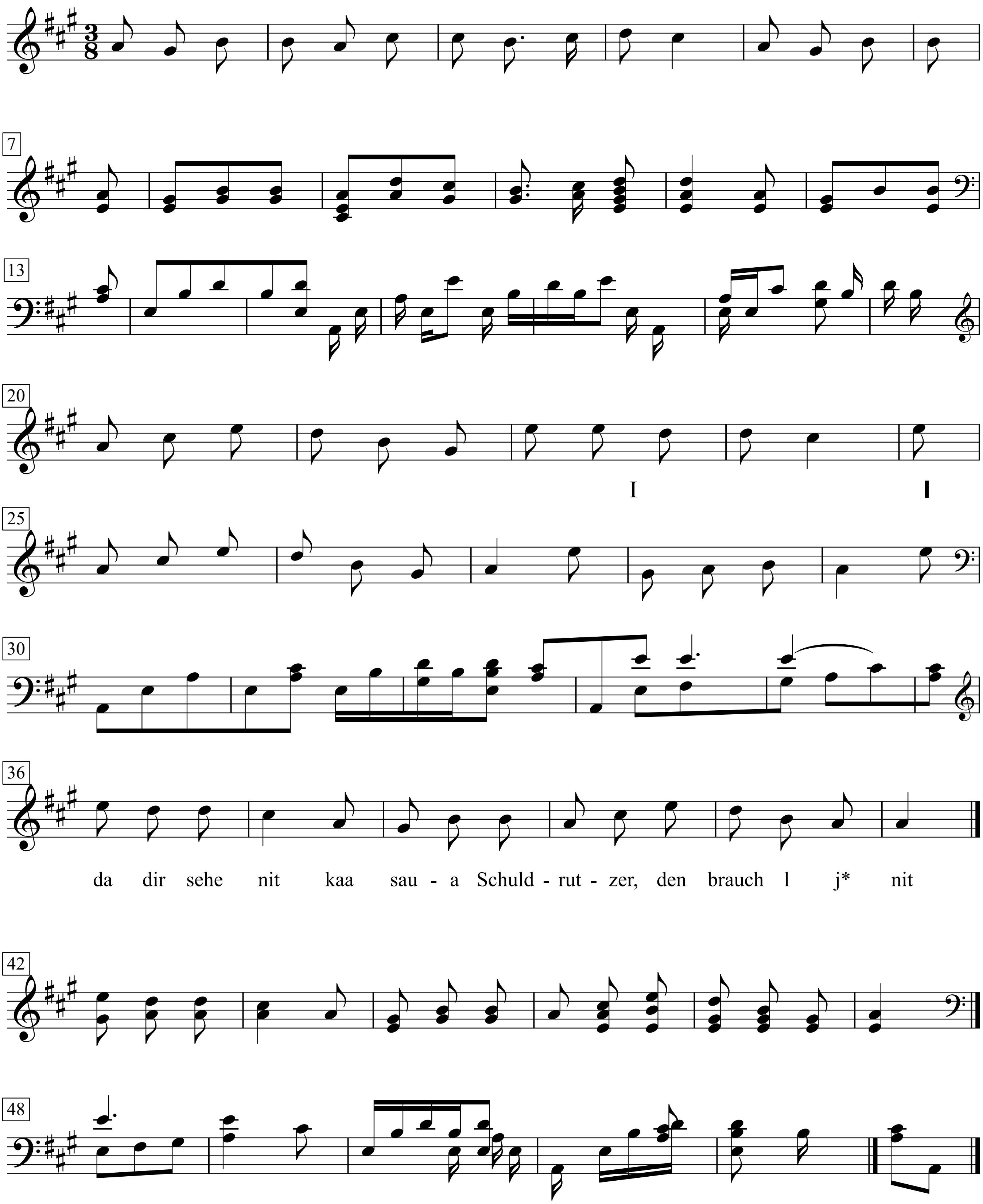
Tanto mar

Text & Musik: Chico Buarque



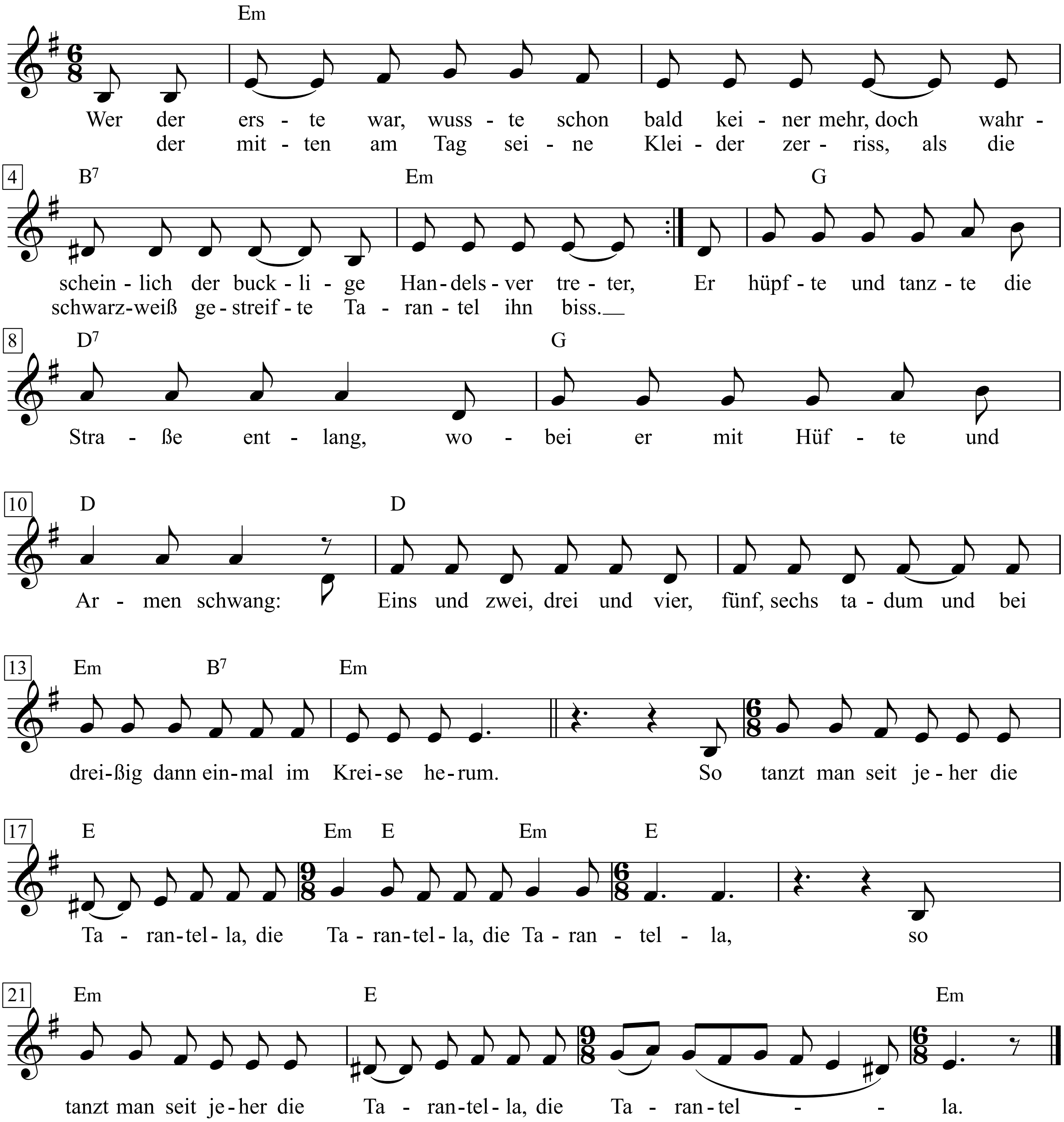
Tanz rüber, tanz nüber

Satz: Theodor Snlzmnnn. 1854-1928
Alter bayrischer Tanz



Tarantella

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



1. Wer der erste war, wusste schon bald keiner mehr,
doch wahrscheinlich der bucklige Handelsvertreter,
der mitten am Tage seine Kleider zerriss, als die schwarz-weiß gestreifte Tarantel ihn biss.
Er hüpfte und tanzte die Straße entlang,
wobei er mit Hüfte und Armen schwang:
Eins und zwei, drei und vier, fünf, sechs tadum
und bei dreißig dann einmal im Kreise herum.
So tanzt man seit jeher die Tarantella, die Tarantella, die Tarantella,
so tanzt man seit jeher die Tarantella, die Tarantella.

2. Der Bucklige biss einer Hausfrau ins Knie,
als sie an der Haustür «Ich kaufe nichts» schrie.
Und die Frau schlug die Zähne in ihren Mann, als er neben ihr lag und zu schnarchen begann.
Und der Mann schlüpfte diesmal am anderen Tag
nicht dem Chef ins Gesäß, sondern schnappte danach.
Und der Chef fuhr mit gläsernem Spinnenblick
seiner Ehefrau, während sie schlief, ins Genick.
Beim Leichenschmaus tanzte man die Tarantella, die Tarantella, die Tarantella,
beim Leichenschmaus tanzte man die Tarantella, die Tarantella.

3. Die Frau verbrannte bis auf ihr Gebiss,
das der Feuerbestatter gleich mitgehen ließ.
Er brach der Prothese die Goldzähne aus und trug sie ins städtische Pfandleihehaus.
Der Pfandleiher, der sie recht schmuddelig fand,
zerschnitt sich beim Säubern an ihnen die Hand.
Und er ließ sich dann abends beim Skatspielen gehn,
da war's um den Finger des Kiebitz geschehn.
Der tanzte besessen die Tarantella, die Tarantella, die Tarantella,
der tanzte besessen die Tarantella, die Tarantella.

4. Und er riss dann am Sonntag beim Meisterschaftsspiel,
als ein Tor geg'n die schwarze Vereinsmannschaft fiel,
dem jubelnden Sportsfreund vom weißen Verein,
der vor Freude hochsprang, ein Stück Fleisch aus dem Bein.
Der fiel dann gleich über den Nebenmann her,
und da wartete keiner der Sportsfreunde mehr.
Ob schwarz oder weiß, wurde bald einerlei
bei der schwarz-weiß gestreiften Tarantelei.
Man tanzte verbissen die Tarantella, die Tarantella, die Tarantella,
man tanzte verbissen die Tarantella, die Tarantella.

5. Von da an fehlt jede vereinzelte Spur,
Historiker, die berichten uns nur:
Ein schwarz-weiß gestreiftes Tarantelinsekt, so groß wie ein Fußballplatz tanzte direkt
zur Stadt hinaus weiter und bis an den Rand
jenes Kraters, der einmal beim Planspiel entstand.
Aber achttausend Klafter, der Sturz währte lang,
und so hörte man lange noch den Gesang:
Jetzt tanzen wir wieder die Tarantella, die Tarantella, die Tarantella,
jetzt tanzen wir wieder die Tarantella, die Tarantella.

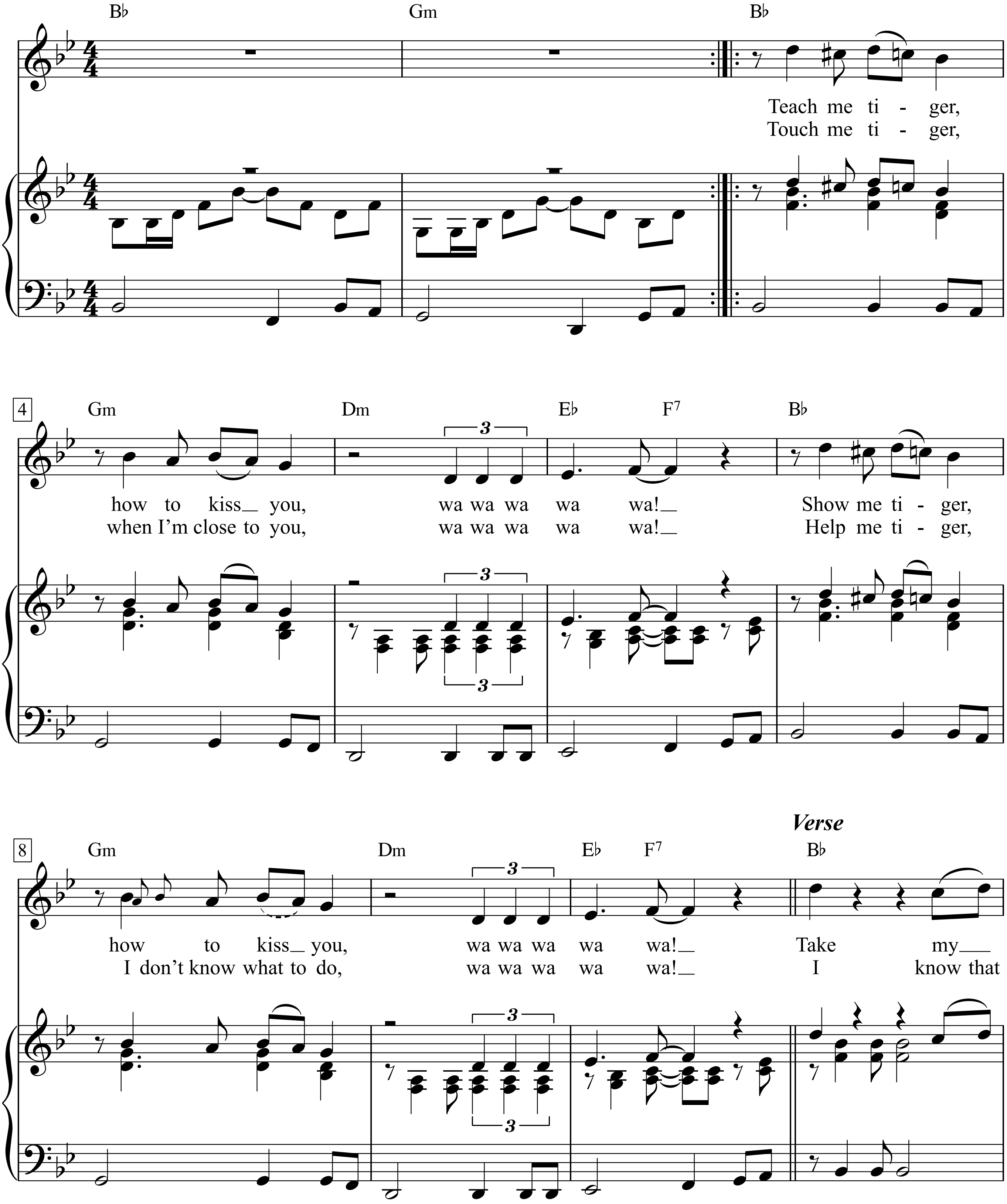
6. Nach zwölf Lichtjahren fand dort ein Hirte im Gras
einen Schneidezahn, der eine Elle maß.
Er schnitzte sich gleich eine Flöte damit, die ihm beim Flöten die Lippen zerschnitt.
Er hüpfte zur Stadt hinein, tanzte und sprang,
wobei er mit Hüfte und Armen schwang:
Eins und zwei, drei und vier, fünf, sechs tadum
und bei dreißig dann einmal im Kreise herum.
So tanzt man seit jeher die Tarantella, die Tarantella, die Tarantella,
so tanzt man seit jeher die Tarantella, die Tarantella.

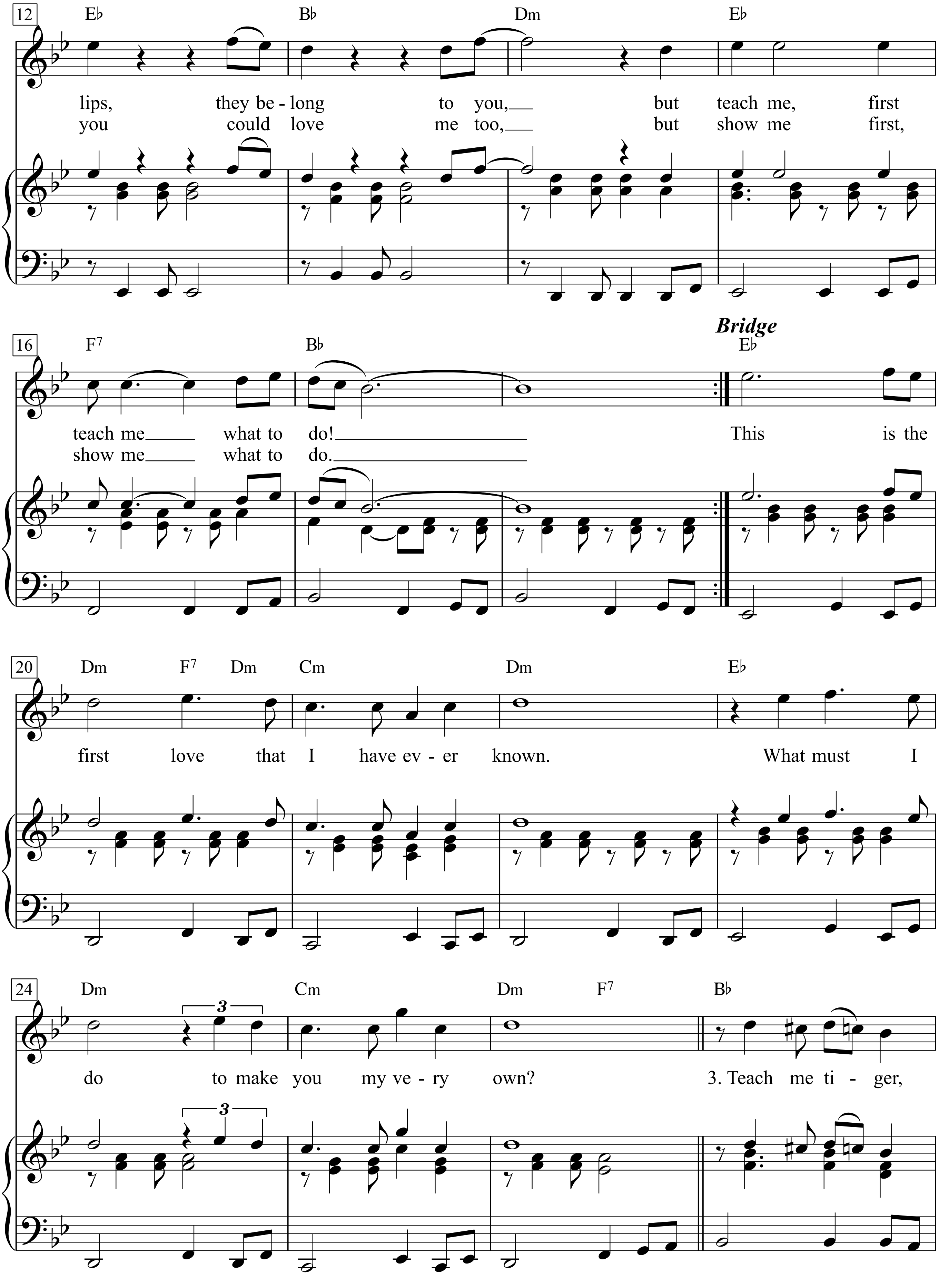
Teach Me Tiger

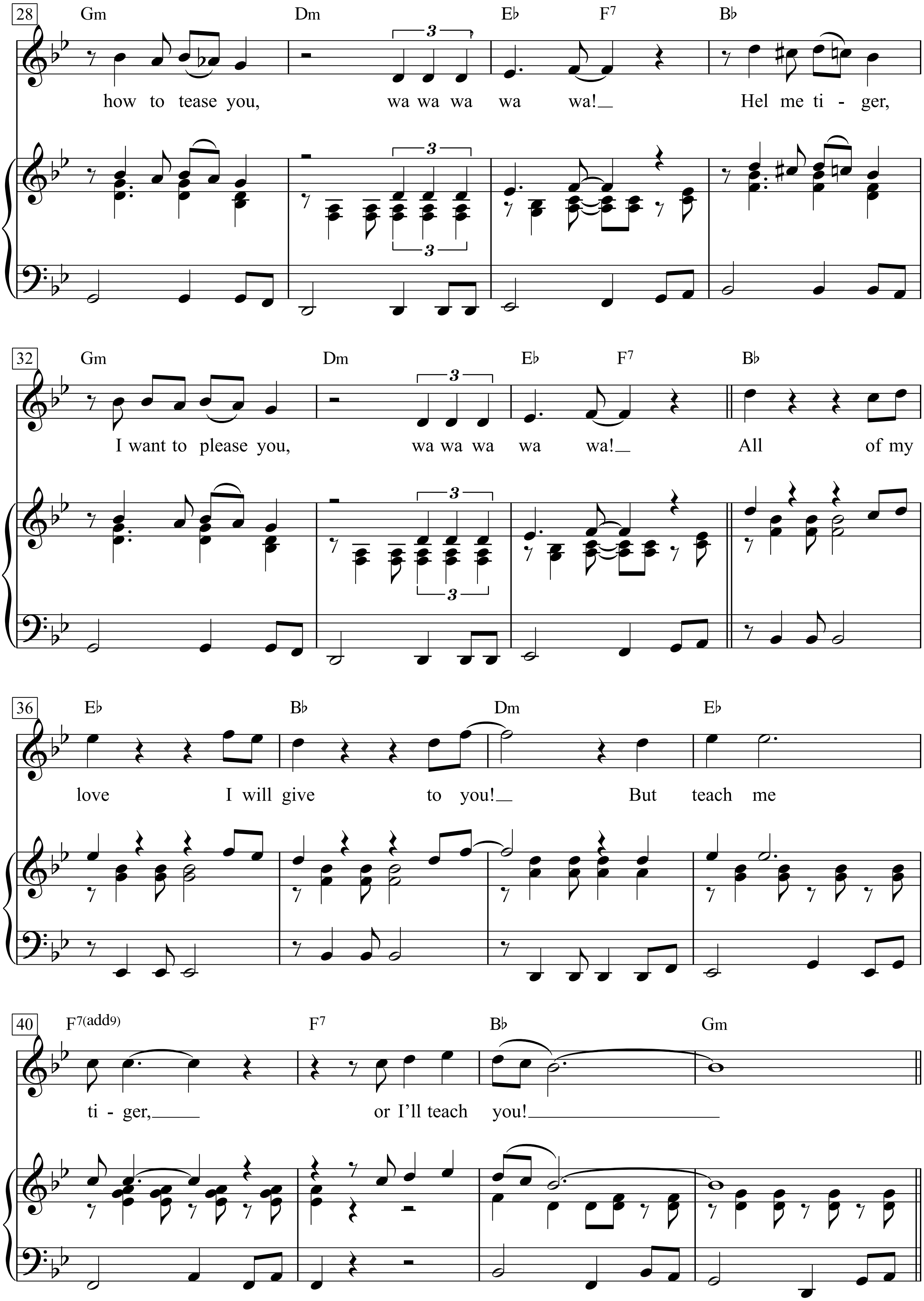
Text & Musik(: Nino Tempo
April Stevens)

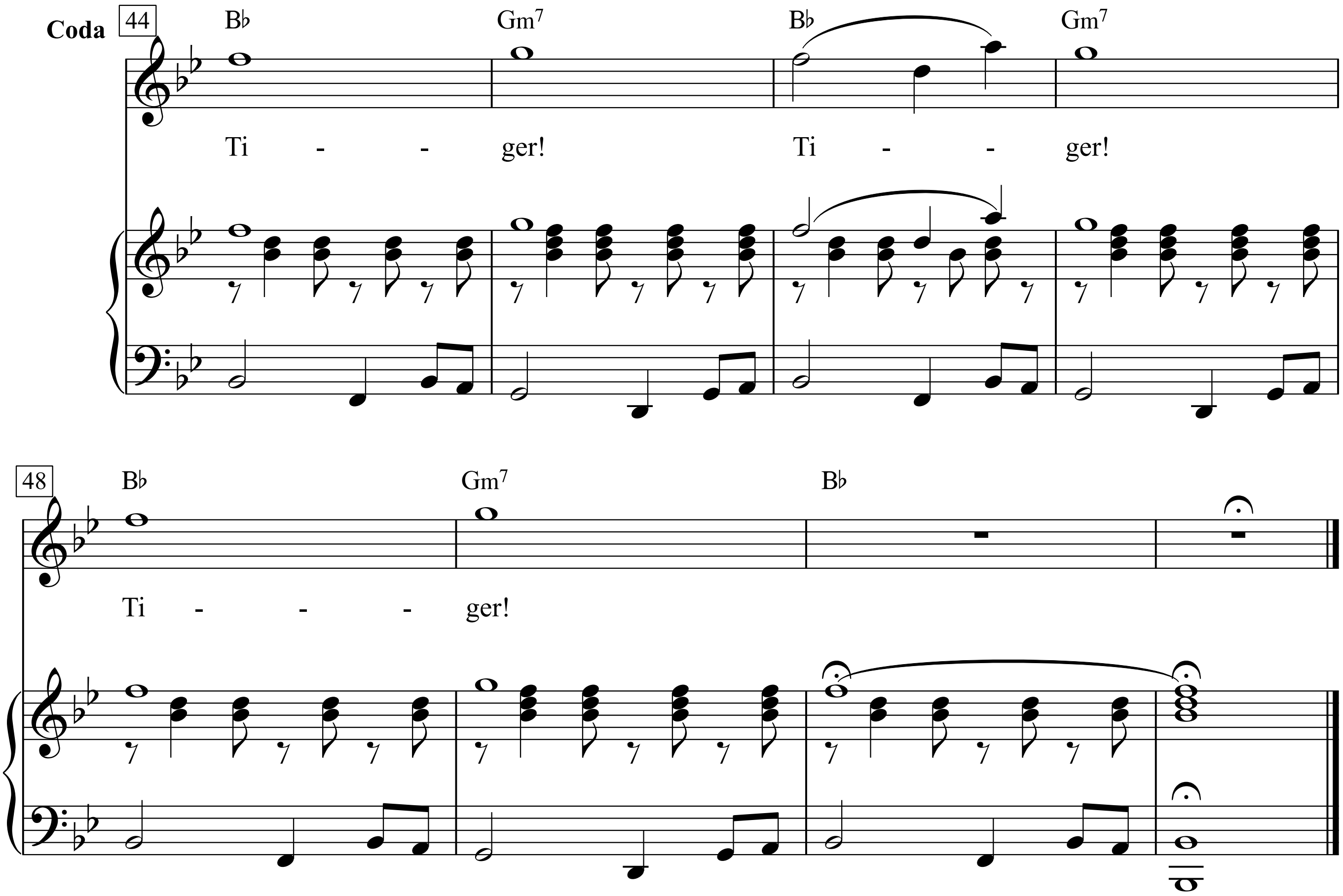
Intro

Moderato ♩ = 116




12
E♭ B♭ Dm E♭
lips, they be - long to you, but teach me, first
you could love me too, but show me first,
16
F7 B♭
Bridge
E♭
teach me what to do! This is the
show me what to do.
20
Dm F7 Dm Cm Dm E♭
first love that I have ev - er known. What must I
24
Dm Cm Dm F7 B♭
do to make you my ve - ry own? 3. Teach me ti - ger,

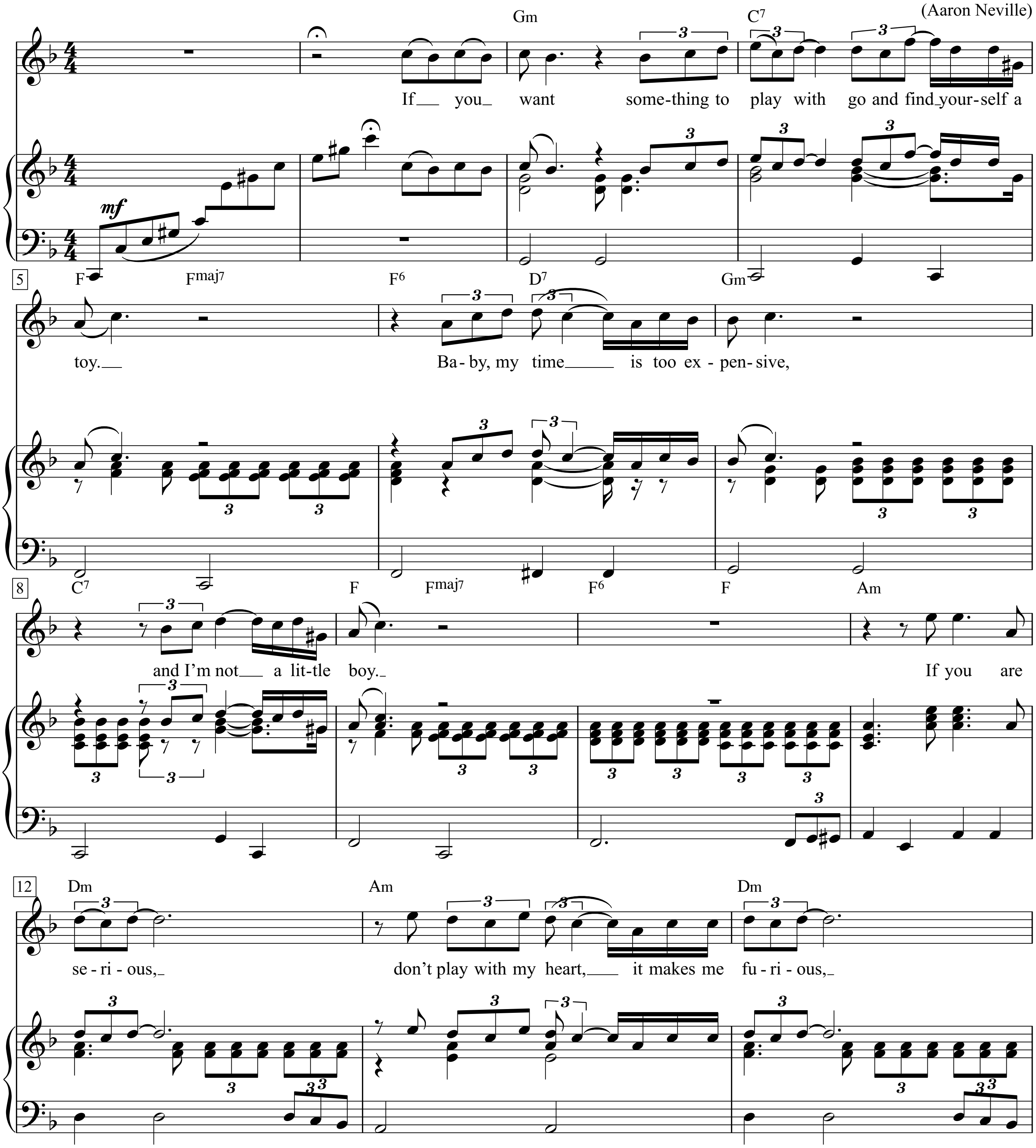

28
Gm Dm E♭ F7 B♭
how to tease you, wa wa wa wa wa!
Hel me ti - ger,
32
Gm Dm E♭ F7 B♭
I want to please you, wa wa wa wa wa!
All of my
36
E♭ B♭ Dm E♭
love I will give to you!
But teach me
40
F7(add9) F7 B♭ Gm
ti - ger, or I'll teach you!

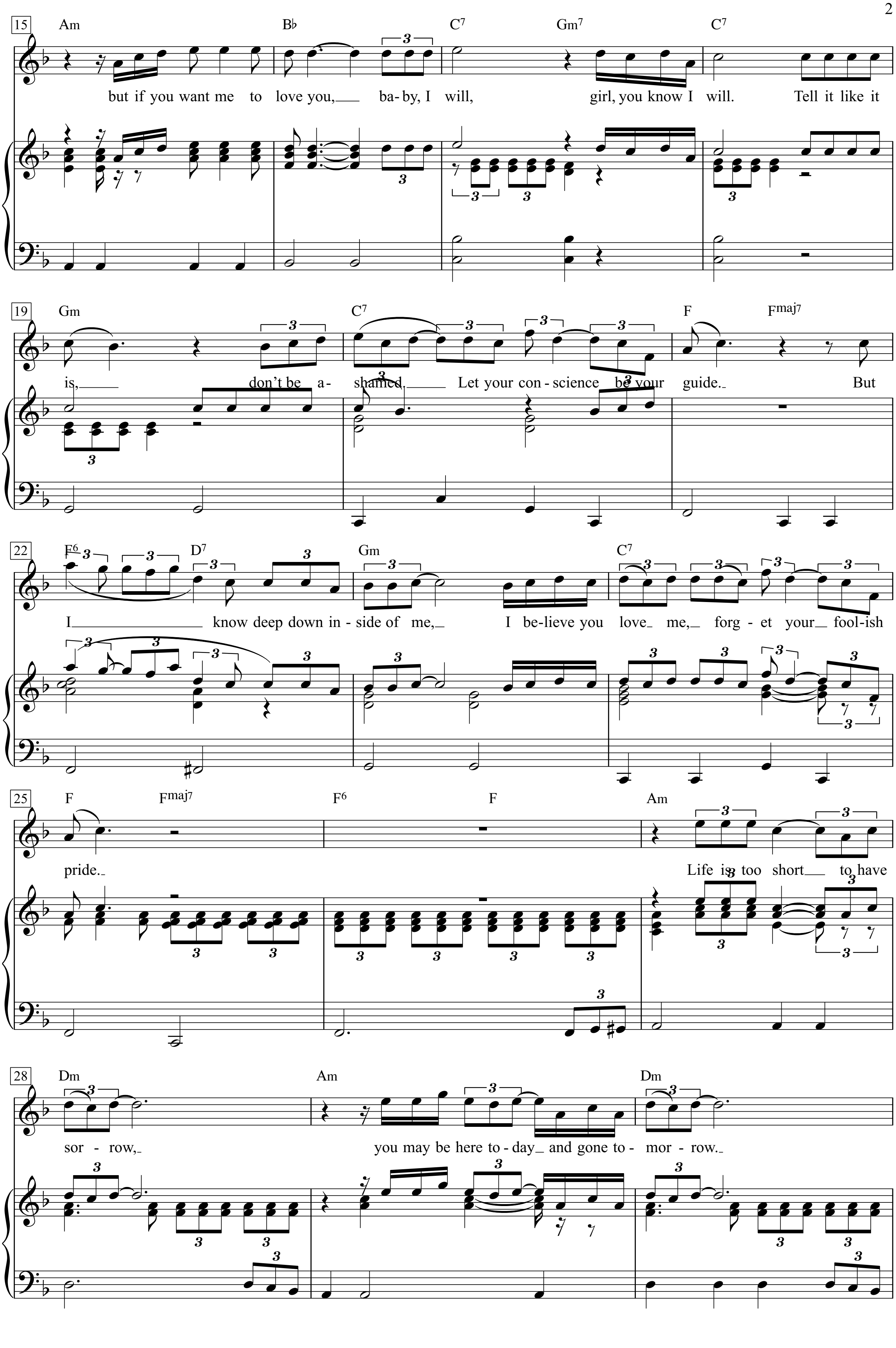

Coda
44
B♭
Gm7
B♭
Gm7
Ti - - ger! Ti - - ger!
48
B♭
Gm7
B♭
Ti - - - ger!

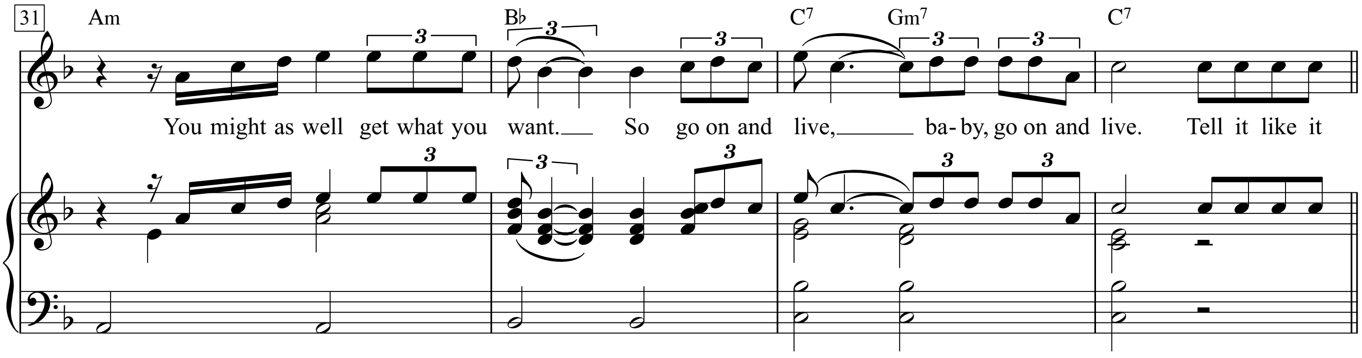
Tell It Like It Is

Words & Music by
George Davis and Lee Diamond
(Aaron Neville)

Slow four




15
Am Bb C7 Gm7 C7
but if you want me to love you, ba-by, I will, girl, you know I will. Tell it like it
19
Gm C7 F Fmaj7
is, don't be a-shamed. Let your con-science be your guide. But
22
F6 D7 Gm C7
I know deep down in-side of me, I be-lieve you love me, forg-et your fool-ish
25
F Fmaj7 F6 F Am
pride. Life is too short to have
28
Dm Am Dm
sor-row, you may be here to-day and gone to-mor-row.

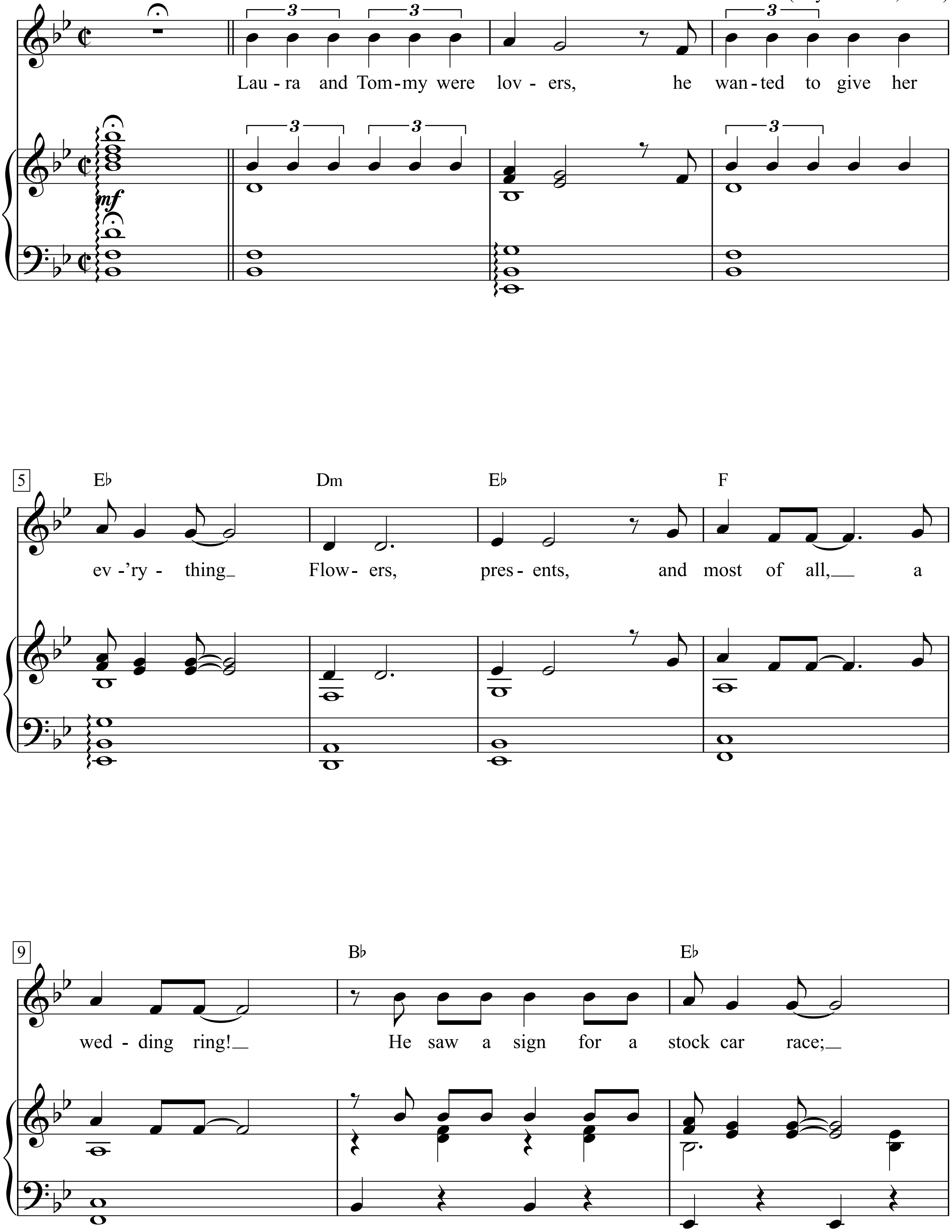

31
Am
B♭
C7
Gm7
C7
You might as well get what you want. So go on and live, ba- by, go on and live. Tell it like it

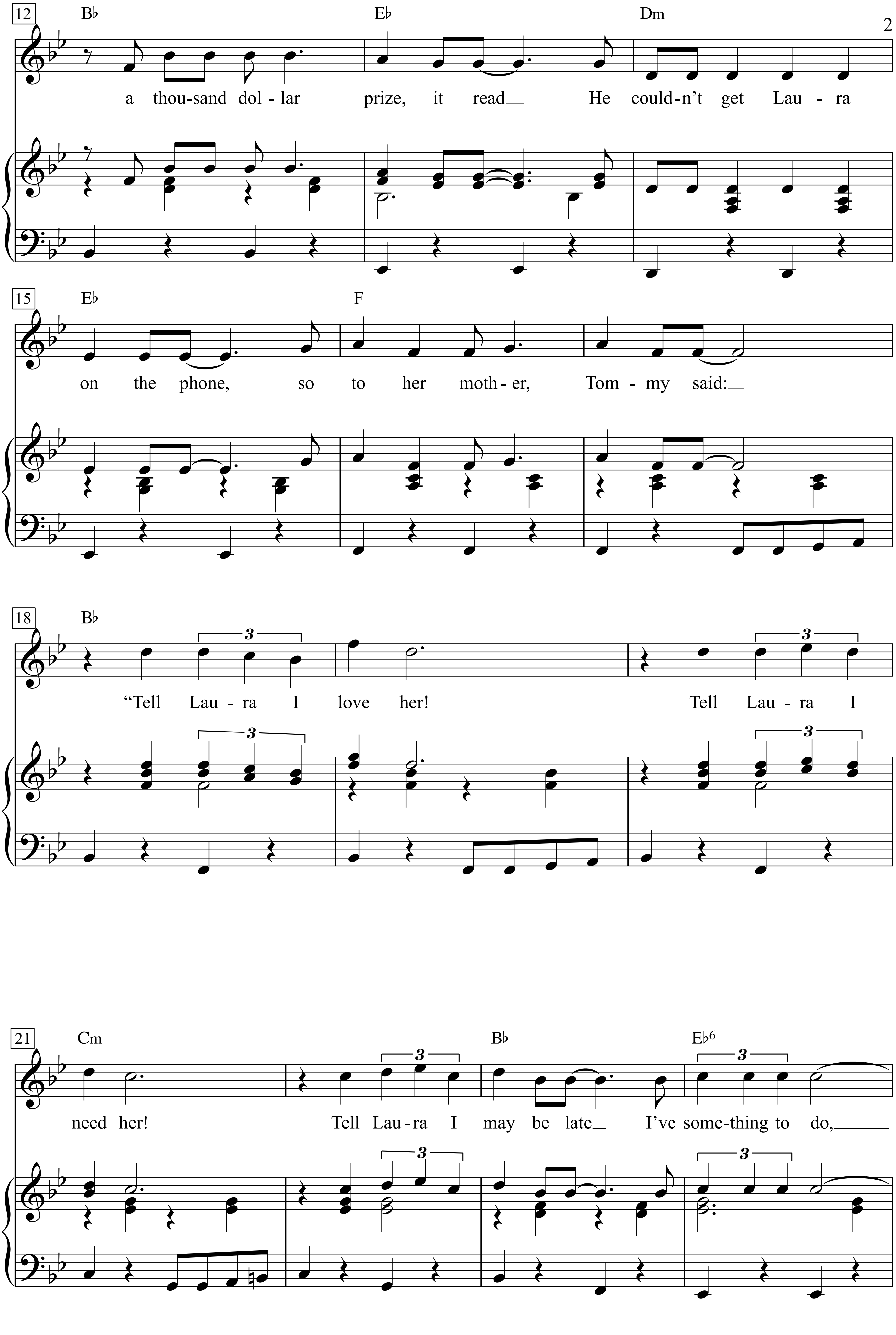
1.
If you want something to play with go and find yourself a toy.
Baby, my time is too expensive, and I’m not a little boy.
If you are serious, don’t play with my heart,
it makes me furious, but if you want me to love you, baby,
I will, girl, you know I will.
Tell it like it is, don’t be ashamed.
Let your conscience be your guide.
But I know deep down inside of me,
I believe you love me, forget your foolish pride.
Life is too short to have sorrow,
you may be here today and gone tomorrow.
You might as well get what you want.
So go on and live, baby, go on and live.
Tell it like it

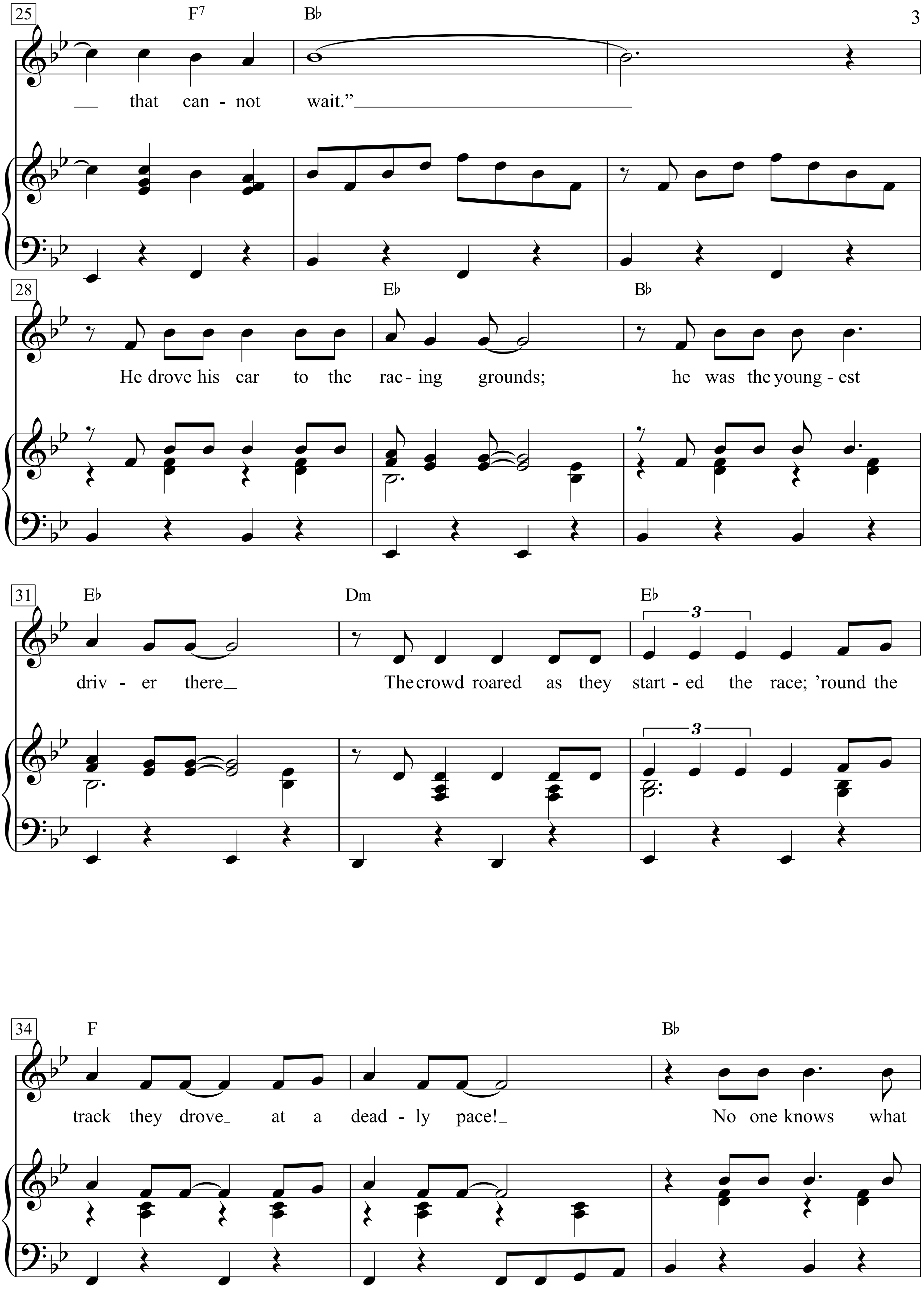
Tell Laura I Love Her

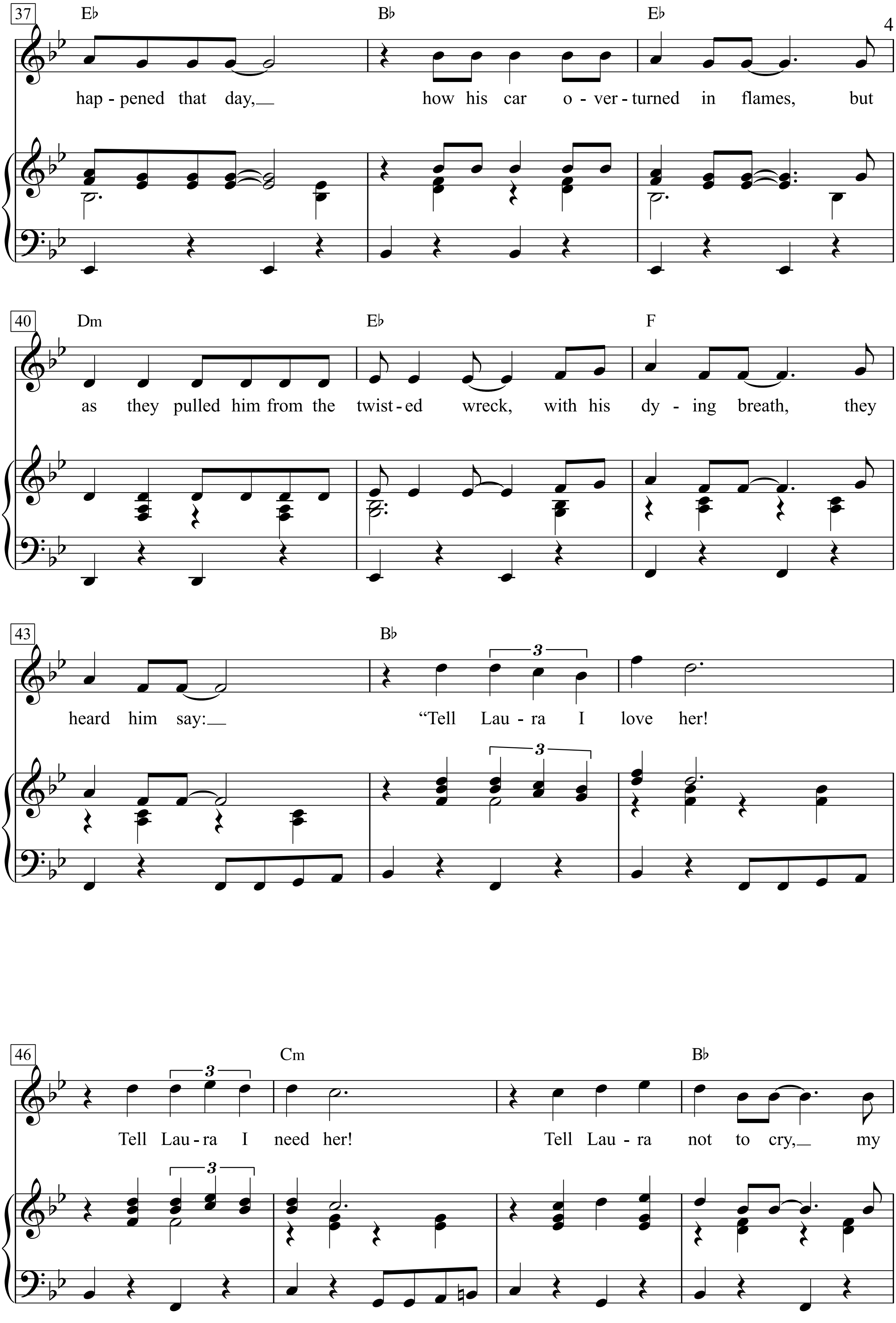
Moderately

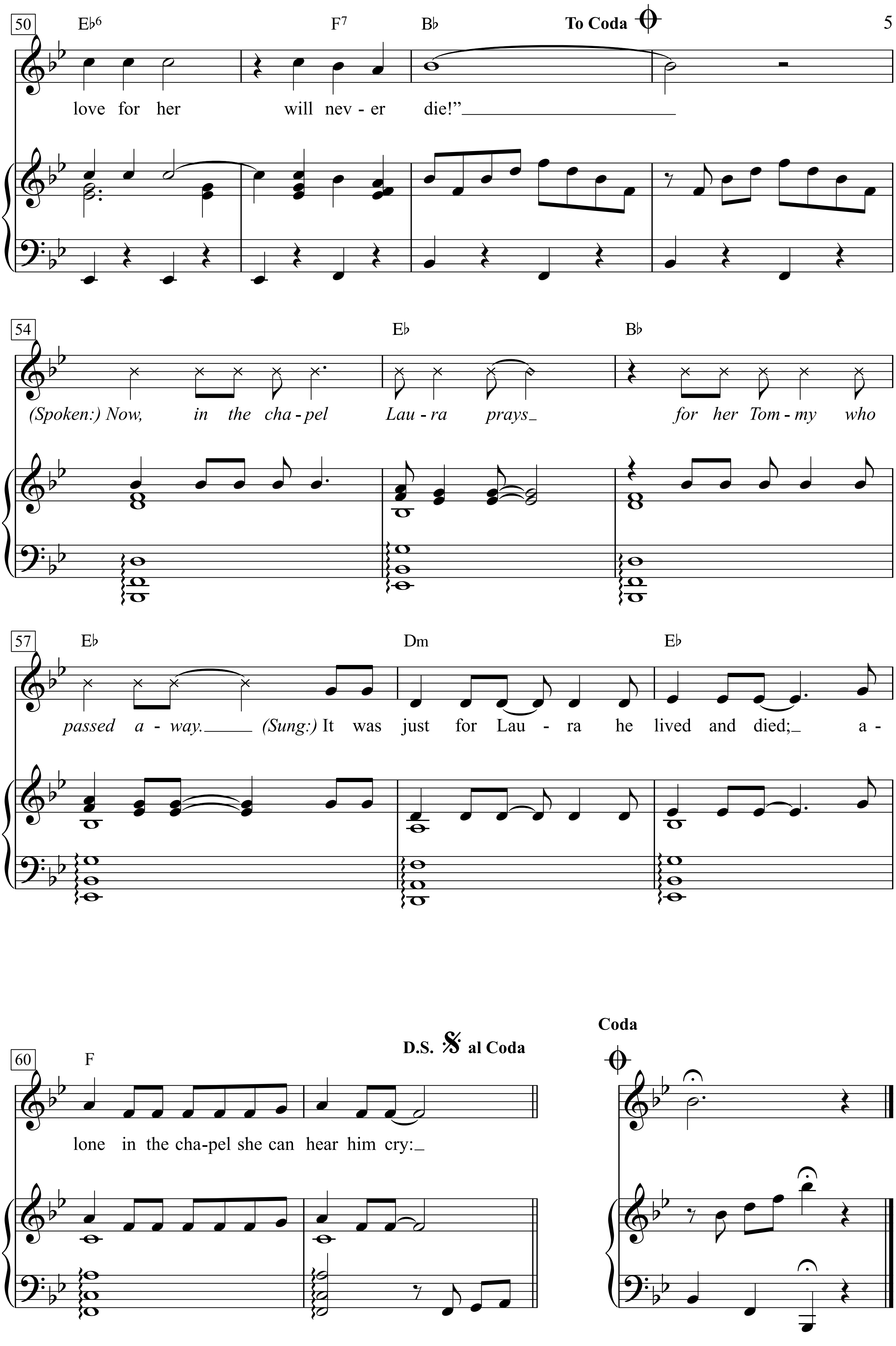
Words & Music: Jeff Barry & Ben Raleigh
(Ray Peterson, 1960)




12
B♭
E♭
Dm
a thou-sand dol - lar prize, it read He could-n't get Lau - ra
15
E♭
F
on the phone, so to her moth - er, Tom - my said:
18
B♭
"Tell Lau - ra I love her! Tell Lau - ra I
21
Cm
B♭
E♭6
need her! Tell Lau-ra I may be late I've some-thing to do,

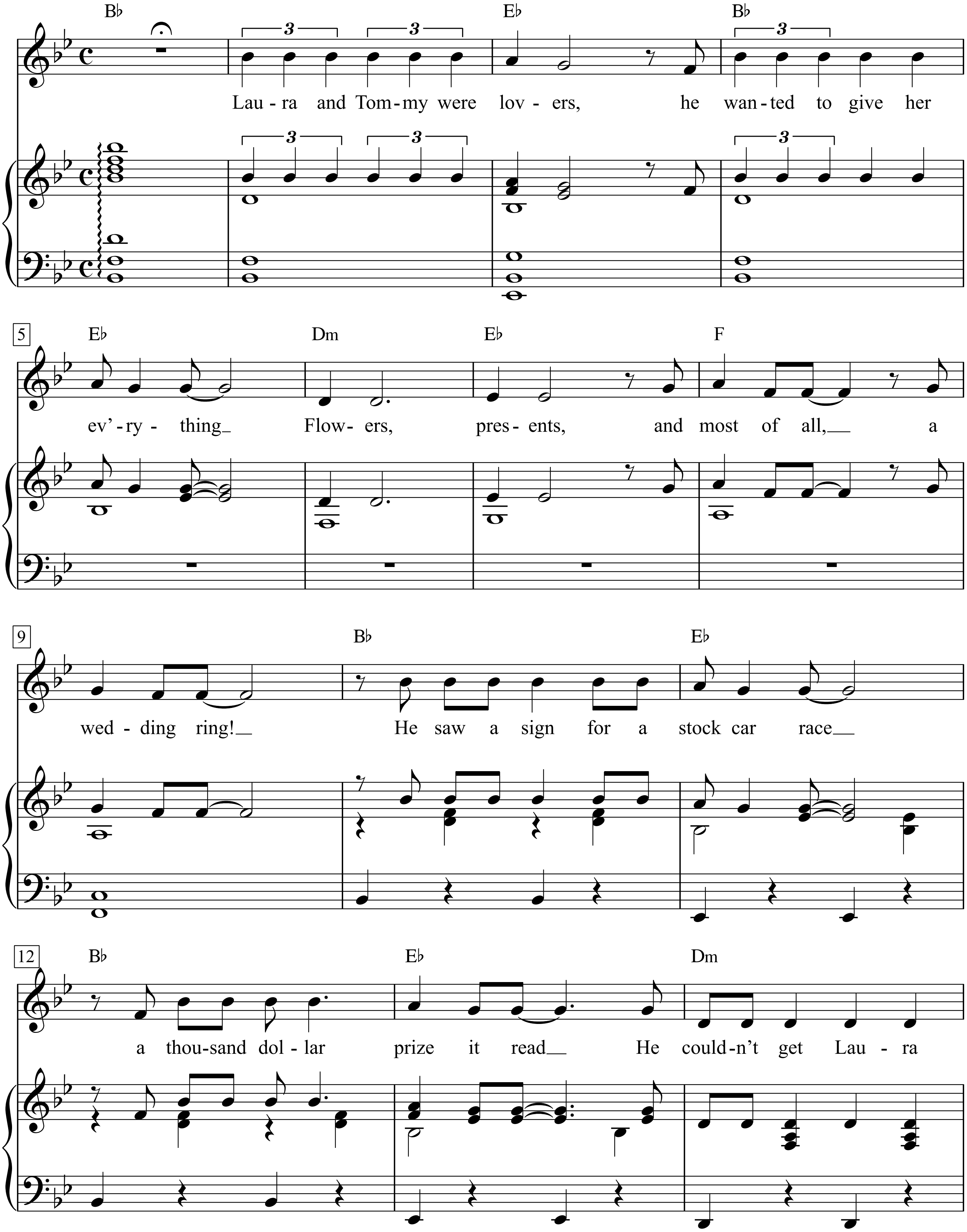

25
F7
Bb
that can - not wait."
28
Eb
Bb
He drove his car to the rac - ing grounds;
he was the young - est
31
Eb
Dm
Eb
3
driv - er there
The crowd roared as they start - ed the race; 'round the
34
F
Bb
track they drove at a dead - ly pace!
No one knows what

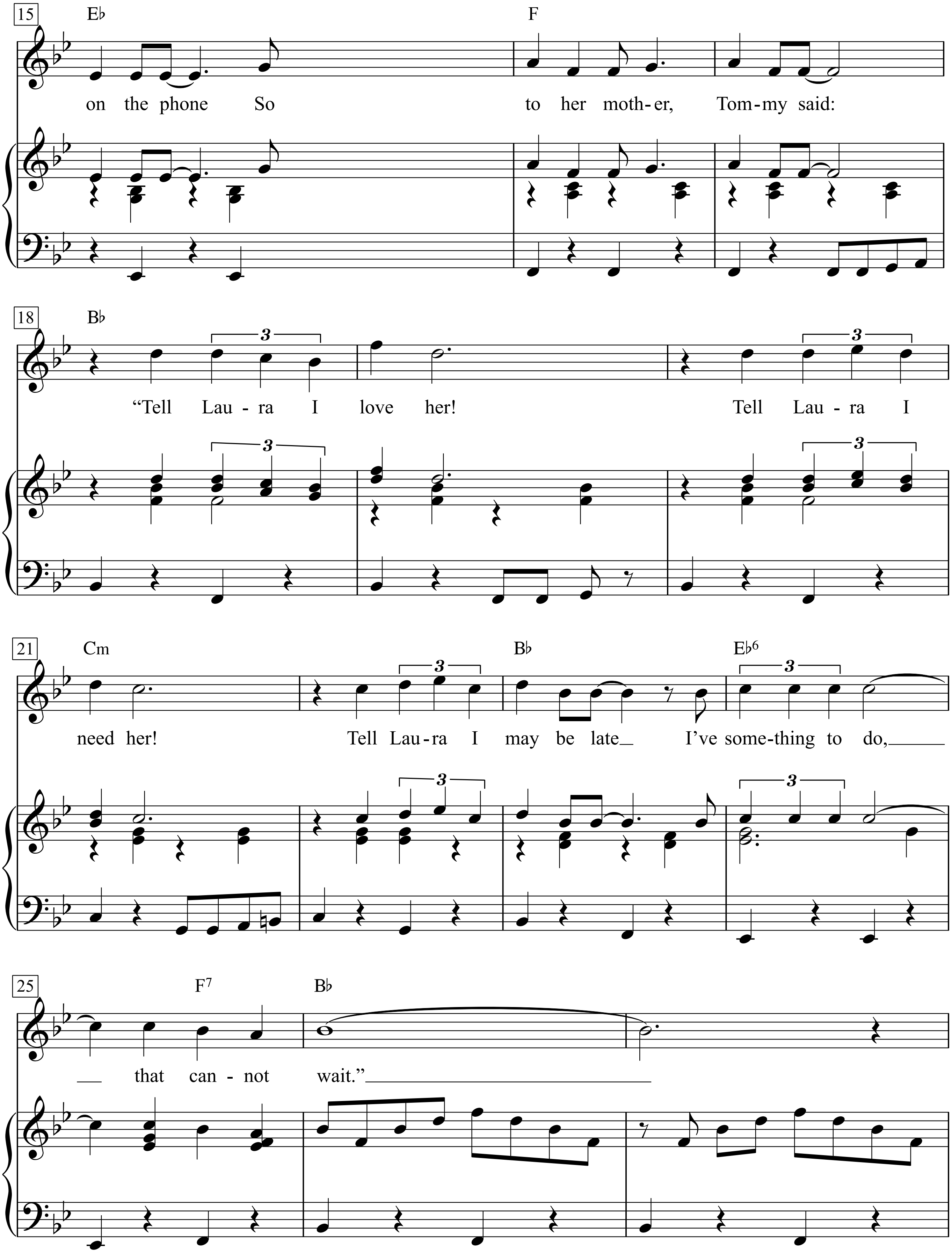

37
E♭
B♭
E♭
hap - pened that day,
how his car o - ver - turned in flames, but
40
Dm
E♭
F
as they pulled him from the twist - ed wreck, with his dy - ing breath, they
43
B♭
heard him say:
"Tell Lau - ra I love her!
3
46
Cm
B♭
Tell Lau - ra I need her!
Tell Lau - ra not to cry, my
3

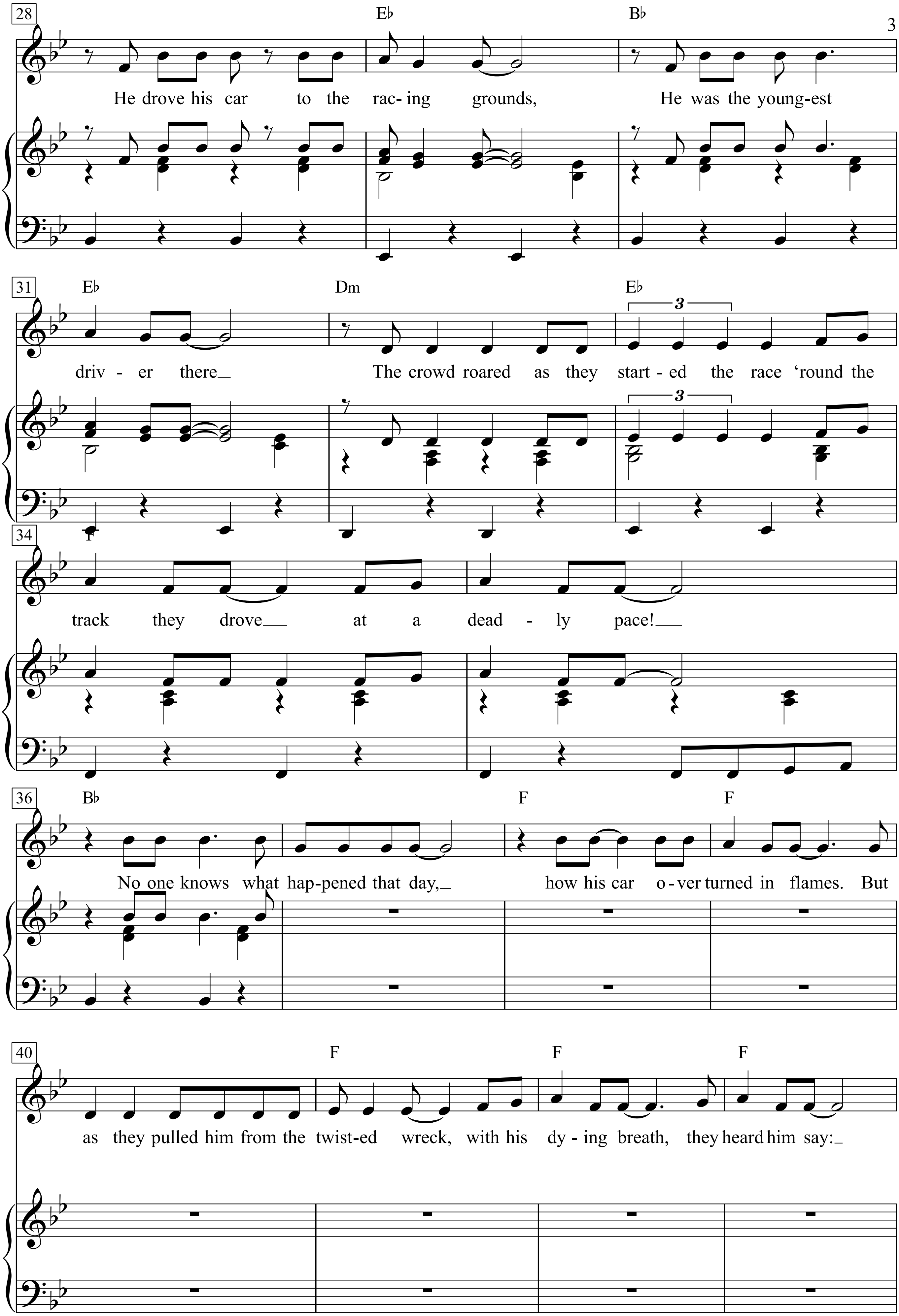

50
E♭6
F7
B♭
To Coda
love for her will nev - er die!”
54
E♭
B♭
(Spoken:) Now, in the cha - pel Lau - ra prays for her Tom - my who
57
E♭
Dm
E♭
passed a - way. (Sung:) It was just for Lau - ra he lived and died; a -
60
F
D.S. al Coda
lone in the cha-pel she can hear him cry:
Coda

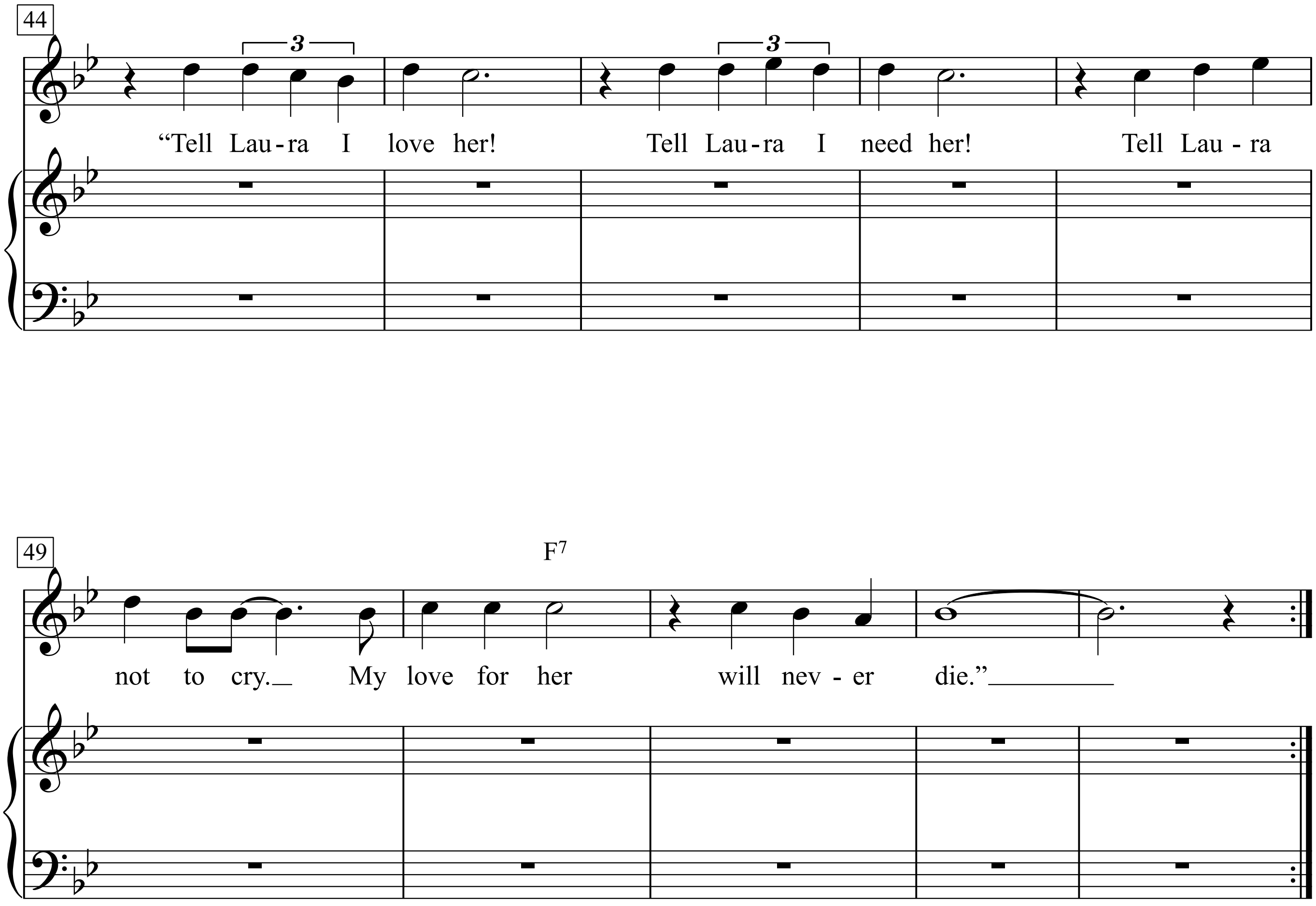
Tell Laura I Love Her

Words & Music: Jeff Barry & Ben Raleigh
(Ray Peterson, 1960)




15
E♭
F
on the phone So to her moth-er, Tom-my said:
18
B♭
"Tell Lau-ra I love her! Tell Lau-ra I
21
Cm
B♭
E♭6
need her! Tell Lau-ra I may be late I've some-thing to do,
25
F7
B♭
that can-not wait."


28
E♭
B♭
He drove his car to the rac- ing grounds, He was the young-est
31
E♭
Dm
E♭
driv - er there_ The crowd roared as they start - ed the race ‘round the
34
F
track they drove_ at a dead - ly pace!_
36
B♭
F
F
No one knows what hap-pened that day,_ how his car o-ver turned in flames. But
40
F
F
F
as they pulled him from the twist-ed wreck, with his dy - ing breath, they heard him say:_


44
3
3
"Tell Lau-ra I love her! Tell Lau-ra I need her! Tell Lau - ra
49
F7
not to cry. My love for her will nev - er die."

Laura and Tommy were lovers,
he wanted to give her ev'rything
Flowers, presents,
and most of all, a wedding ring!

He saw a sign for a stock car race
a thousand dollar prize it read
He couldn't get Laura on the phone
So to her mother, Tommy said:

"Tell Laura I love her!
Tell Laura I need her!
Tell Laura I may be late
I've something to do, that cannot wait."

He drove his car to the racing grounds,
He was the youngest driver there
The crowd roared as they started the race
'round the track they drove at a deadly pace!

No one knows what happened that day
How his car overturned in flames
But as they pulled him from the twisted wreck
With his dying breath, they heard him say:

"Tell Laura I love her
Tell Laura I need her
Tell Laura not to cry
My love for her will never die."

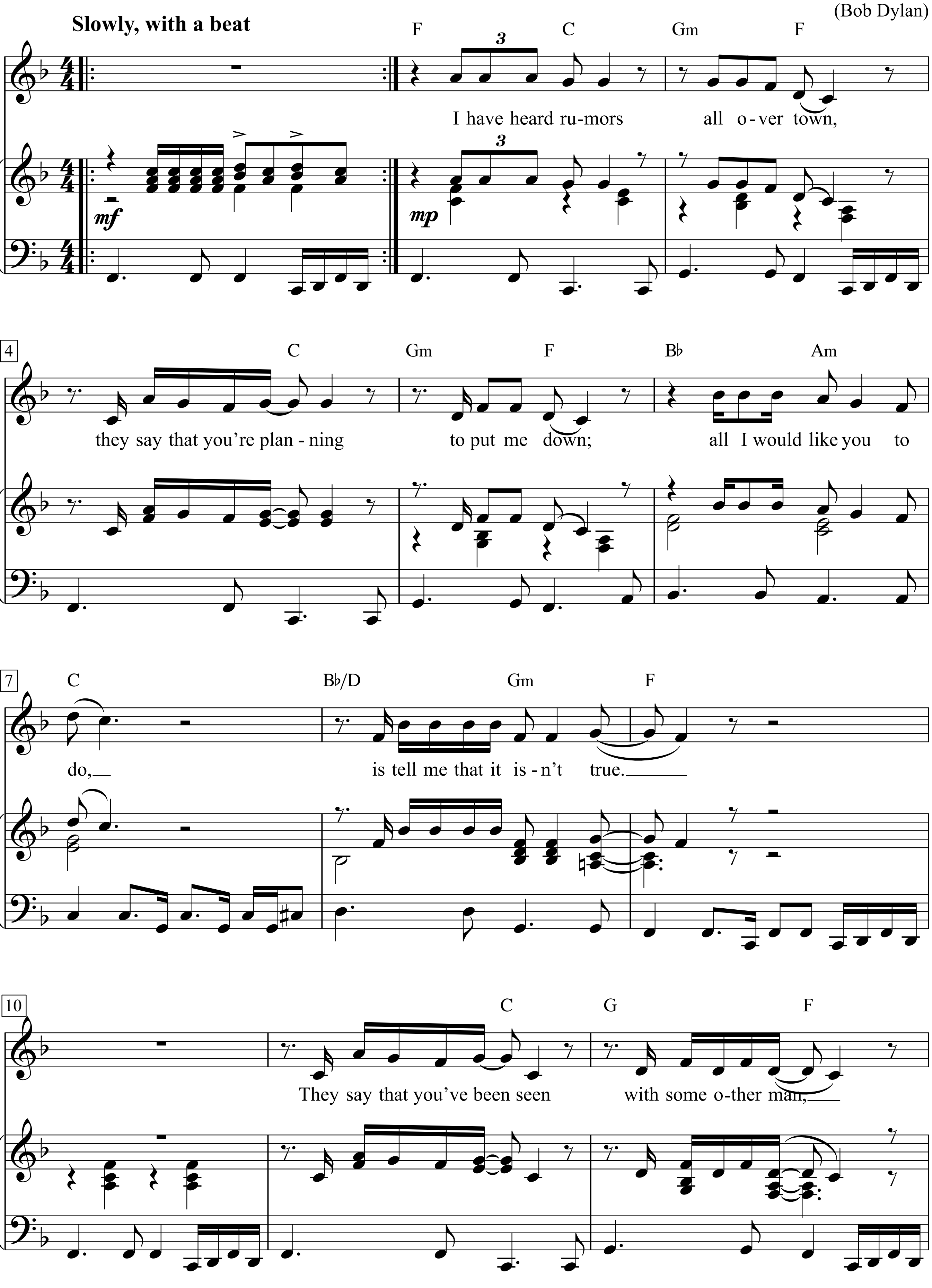
Now in the chapel where Laura prays
For her poor Tommy, who passed away
It was just for Laura he lived and died
Alone in the chapel she can hear him cry:

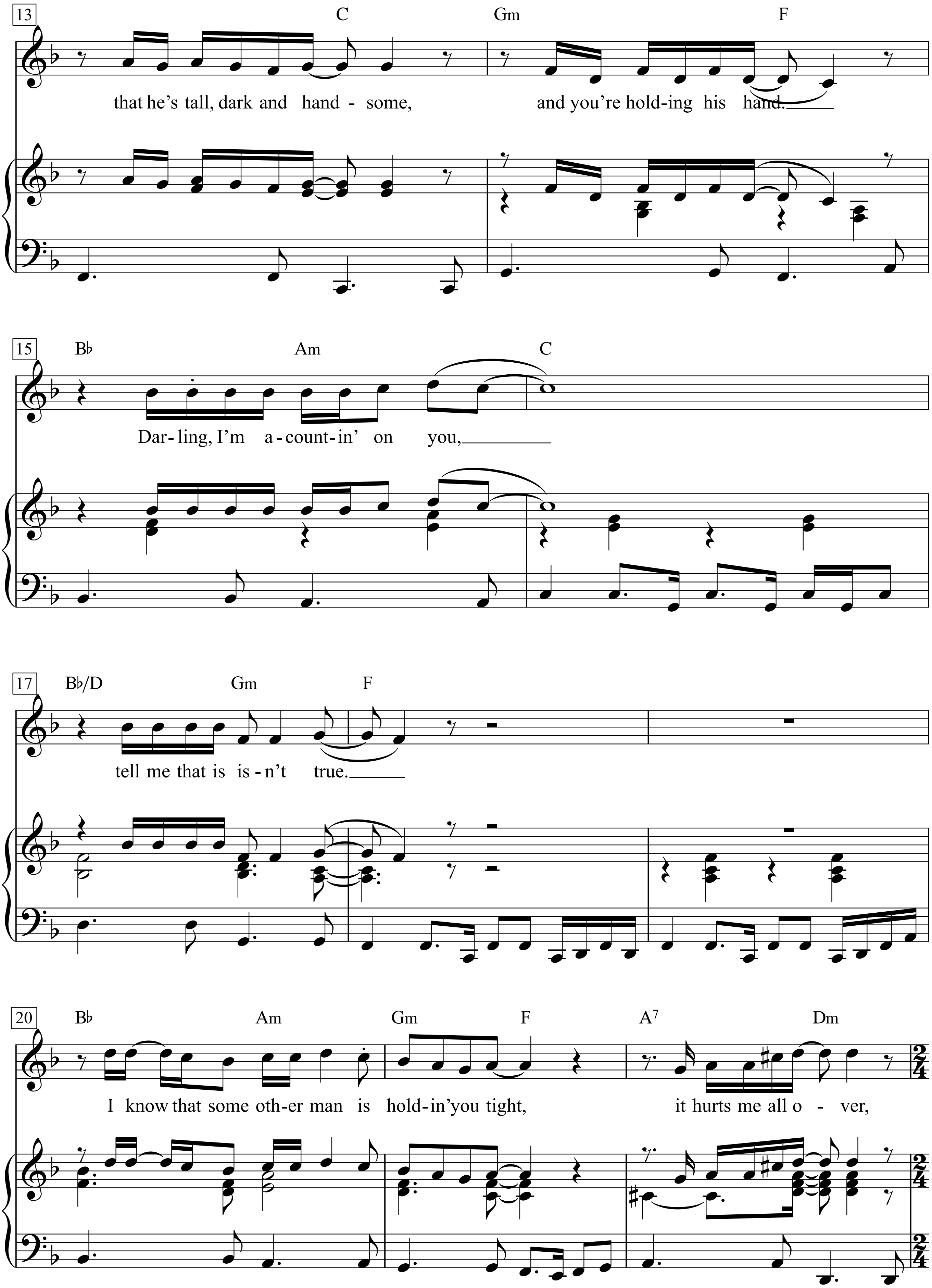
"Tell Laura I love her
Tell Laura I need her
Tell Laura not to cry
My love for her will never die.

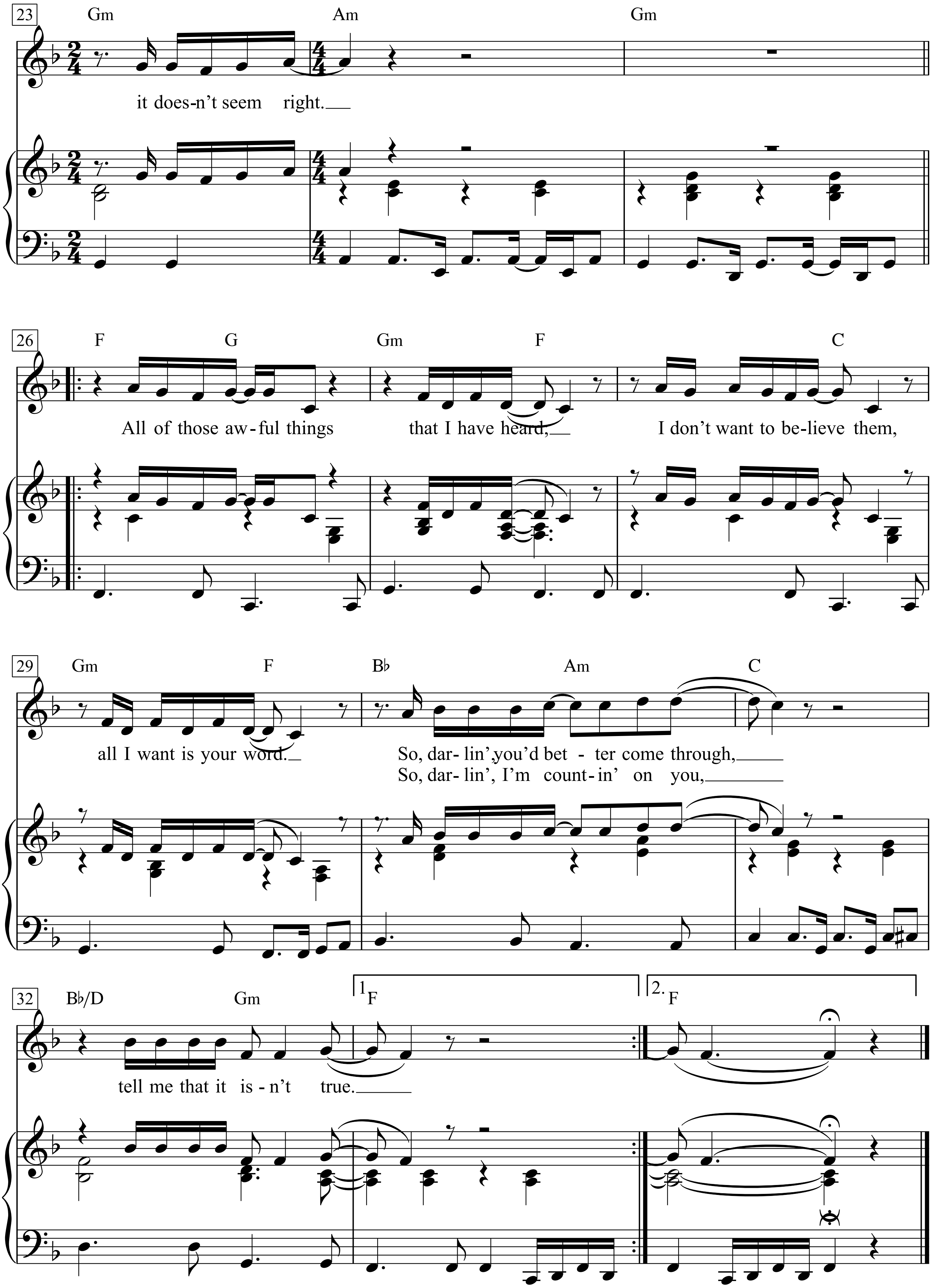
Tell Laura I love her
Tell Laura I need her
Tell Laura not to cry
My love for her will never die."

Tell Me That It Isn't True

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




13
C
Gm
F
that he's tall, dark and hand - some, and you're hold-ing his hand.
15
B♭
Am
C
Dar-ling, I'm a-count-in' on you,
17
B♭/D
Gm
F
tell me that is is-n't true.
20
B♭
Am
Gm
F
A7
Dm
I know that some oth-er man is hold-in'you tight, it hurts me all o - ver,


23
Gm
Am
Gm
it does-n't seem right.
26
F
G
Gm
F
C
All of those aw-ful things
that I have heard,
I don't want to be-lieve them,
29
Gm
F
B♭
Am
C
all I want is your word.
So, dar- lin', you'd bet - ter come through,
So, dar- lin', I'm count-in' on you,
32
B♭/D
Gm
1 F
2. F
tell me that it is - n't true.

I have heard rumors all over town
They say that you’re planning to put me down
All I would like you to do
Is tell me that it isn’t true

They say that you’ve been seen with some other man
That he’s tall, dark and handsome, and you’re holding his hand
Darling, I’m a-countin’ on you
Tell me that is isn’t true

I know that some other man is holdin’ you tight
It hurts me all over, it doesn’t seem right

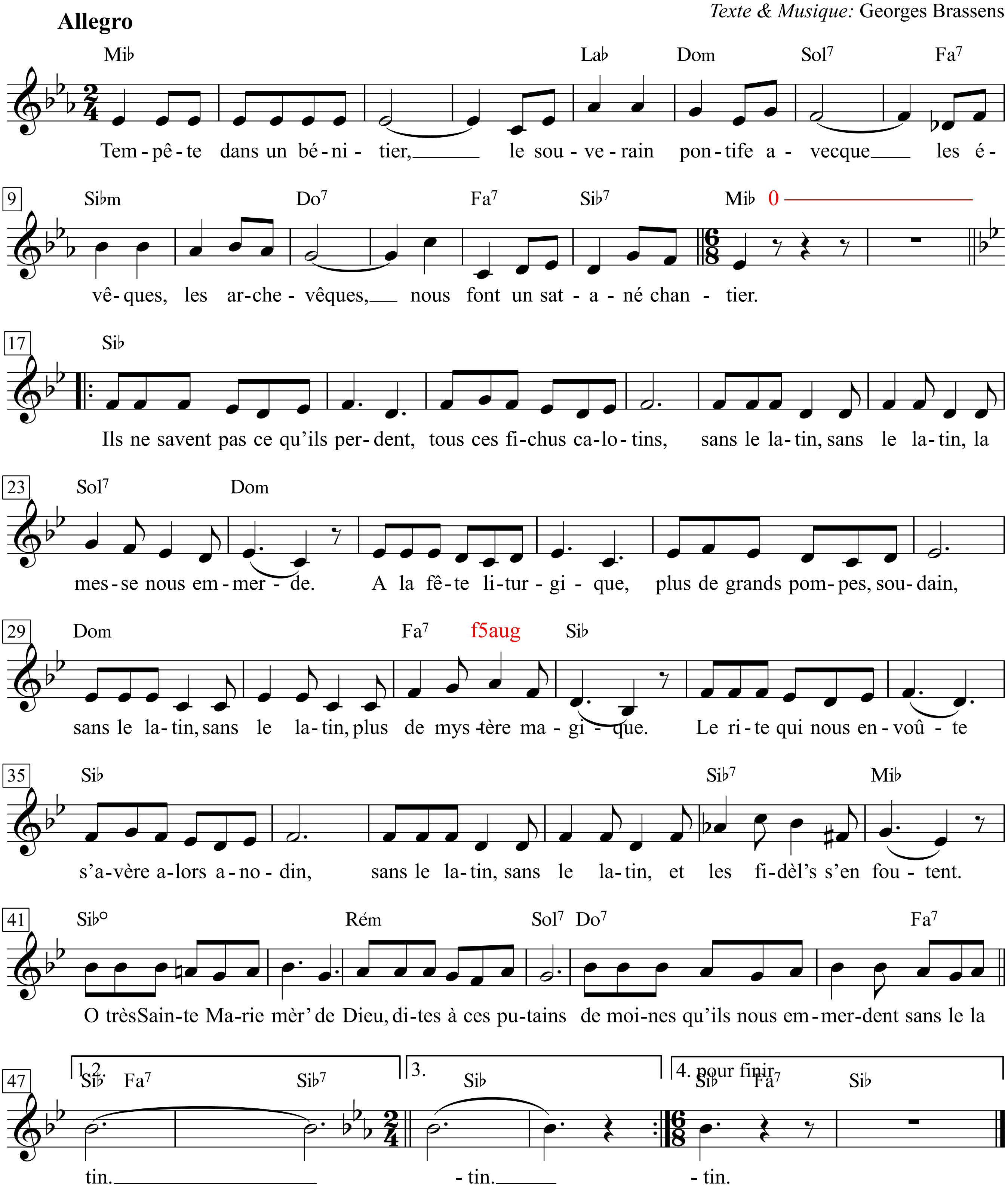
All of those awful things that I have heard
I don’t want to believe them, all I want is your word
So, darlin’, you’d better come through
Tell me that it isn’t true

All of those awful things that I have heard
I don’t want to believe them, all I want is your word
So, darlin’, I’m countin’ on you
Tell me that it isn’t true.

Tempête dans un bénitier

(Sturm im Weihwasserkessel)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I. S.181 & II. S.486-489

1. Tempête dans un bénitier,
Le souverain pontife avecque
Les évêques, les archevêques,
Nous font un satané chantier.

2. Ils ne savent pas ce qu'ils perdent,
Tous ces fichus calotins,
Sans le latin, sans le latin,
La messe nous emmerde.
A la fête liturgique,
Plus de grands pompes, soudain,
Sans le latin, sans le latin,
Plus de mystère magique.
Le rite qui nous envoûte
S'avère alors anodin,
Sans le latin, sans le latin,
Et les fidèl's s'en foutent.
O très Sainte Marie mèr' de
Dieu, dites à ces putains
De moines qu'ils nous emmerdent
Sans le latin.

3. Je ne suis pas le seul, morbleu!
Depuis que ces règles sévissent,
A ne plus me rendre à l'office
Dominical que quand il pleut.

4. Ils ne savent pas ce qu'ils perdent
Tous ces fichus calotins,
Sans le latin, sans le latin,
La messe nous emmerde.
En renonçant à l'occulte,
Faudra qu'ils fassent tintin,
Sans le latin, sans le latin,
Pour le denier du culte.
A la saison printanière
Suisse, bedeau, sacristain,
Sans le latin, sans le latin
F'ront l'églis' buissonnière,
O très Sainte Marie mèr' de
Dieu, dites à ces putains
De moines qu'ils nous emmerdent
Sans le latin.

5. Ces oiseaux sont des enragés,
Ces corbeaux qui scient, rognent, tranchent
La saine et bonne vieille branche
De la croix où ils sont perchés.

6. Ils ne savent pas ce qu'ils perdent,
Tous ces fichus calotins,
Sans le latin, sans le latin,
La messe nous emmerde.
Le vin du sacré calice
Se change en eau de boudin,
Sans le latin, sans le latin
Et ses vertus faiblissent.
A Lourdes, Sète ou bien Parme,
Comme à Quimper Corentin,
Le presbytère sans le latin
A perdu de son charme.
O très Sainte Marie mèr' de
Dieu, dites à ces putains
De moines qu'ils nous emmerdent
Sans le latin.

1. Sturm im Weihwasserkessel -
der Pontifex maximus mit
den Bischöfen und Erzbischöfen
bringt uns in ein teuflisches Chaos.

2. Sie wissen nicht, was sie aufgeben,
all diese verdammten Popen,
ohne Latein, ohne Latein
ist die Messe für den Arsch.
Bei der liturgischen Feier
plötzlich kein großer Pomp mehr;
ohne Latein, ohne Latein,
nichts mehr mit magischem Mysterium.
Der Ritus, der uns verzaubert,
erweist sich jetzt als wirkungslos
ohne Latein, ohne Latein,
und die Gläubigen scheißen drauf.
O sehr heilige Maria Mutter
Gottes, sag diesen Huren-
mönchen, dass sie uns bescheißen
ohne Latein.

3. Ich bin, verdammt, nicht der einzige,
seit diese Regeln wüten,
der nicht mehr in die Sonntags-
messe geht, außer wenn's regnet.

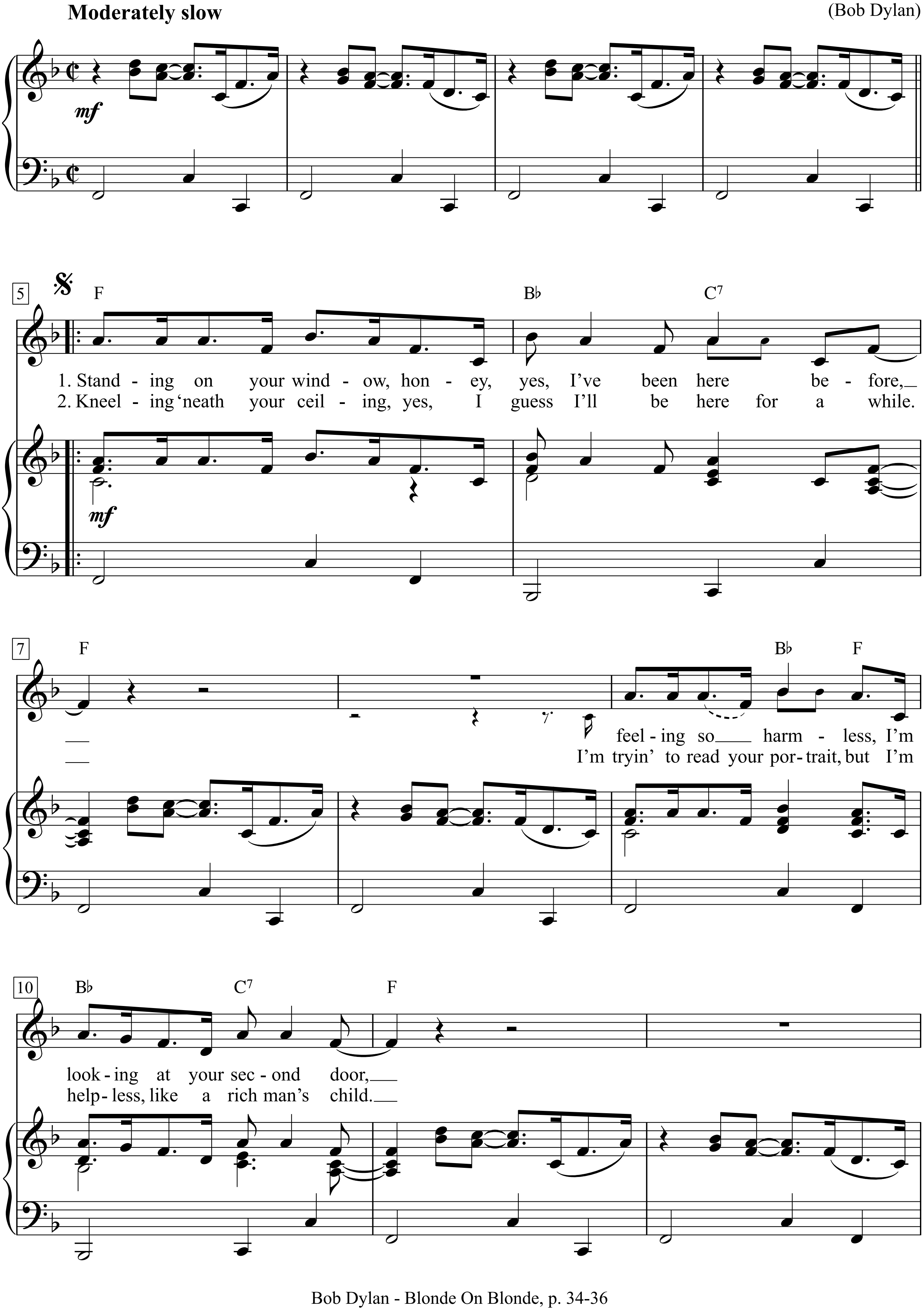
4. Sie wissen nicht, was sie aufgeben,
all diese verdammten Popen.
Ohne Latein, ohne Latein
ist die Messe für den Arsch.
Wenn sie aufs Okkulte verzichten,
werden sie in die Röhre kucken
ohne Latein, ohne Latein,
was Kirchengeld angeht.
Im Frühjahr werden
Schweizer, Küster, Sakristan
ohne Latein, ohne Latein
die Kirche schwänzen.
O sehr heilige Maria Mutter
Gottes, sag diesen Huren-
mönchen, dass sie uns bescheißen
ohne Latein.

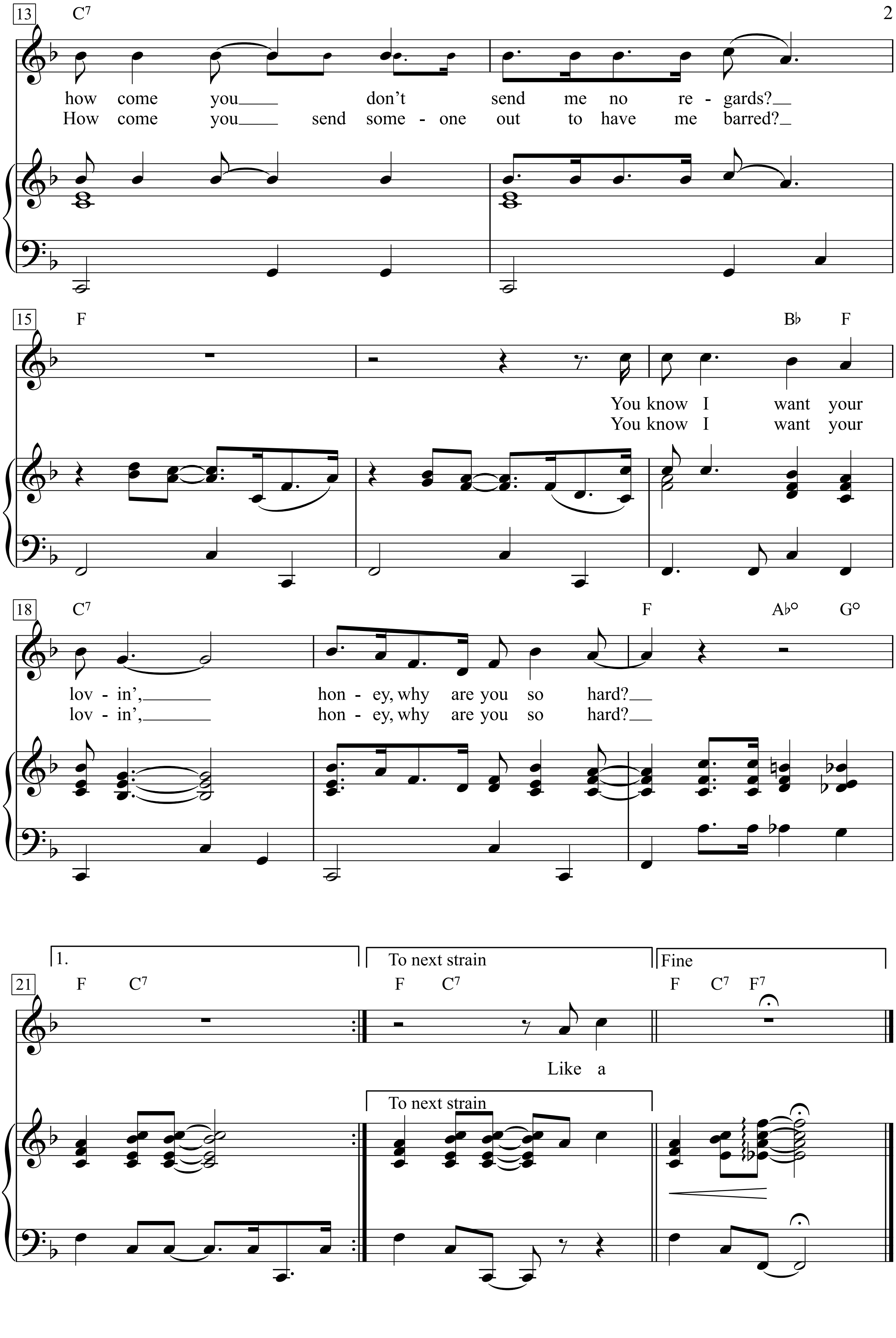
5. Diese Vögel sind tollwütig,
diese Raben, die sägen, stutzen, schneiden
den gesunden guten alten Ast
des Kreuzes, auf dem sie hocken.

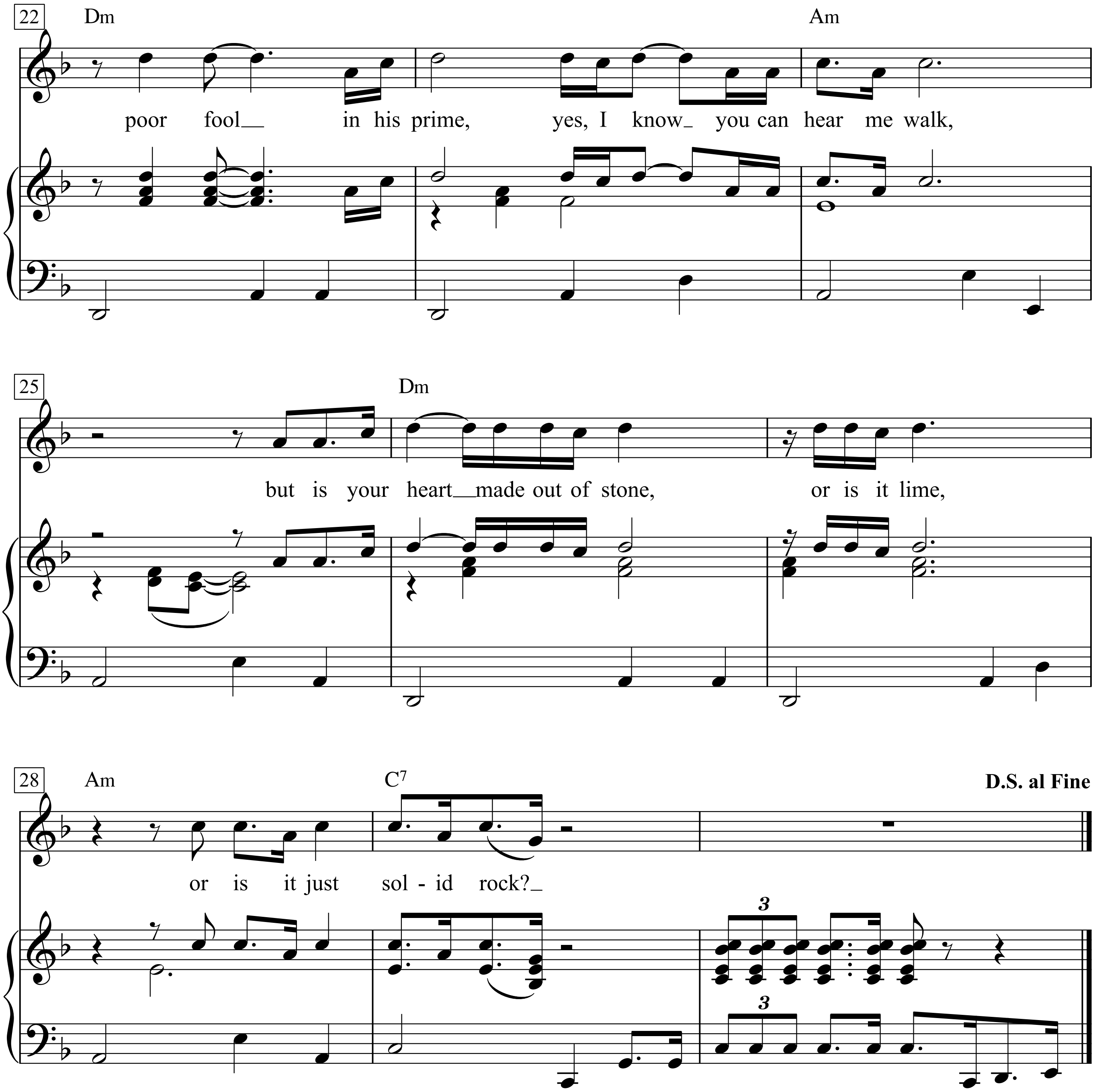
6. Sie wissen nicht, was sie aufgeben,
all diese verdammten Popen.
Ohne Latein, ohne Latein
ist die Messe für den Arsch.
Der Wein des heiligen Kelchs
wird zu Spülwasser
ohne Latein, ohne Latein,
und seine Tugend schwindet.
In Lourdes, Sète oder Parma
wie in Quimper Corentin
hat das Pfarrhaus ohne Latein
seinen Charme verloren.
O sehr heilige Maria Mutter
Gottes, sag diesen Huren-
mönchen, dass sie uns bescheißen
ohne Latein.

Temporary Like Achilles

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




13
C7
how come you___ don't send me no re - gards?__
How come you___ send some - one out to have me barred?__
15
F
Bb F
You know I want your
You know I want your
18
C7
F Ab° G°
lov - in',______ hon - ey, why are you so hard?__
lov - in',______ hon - ey, why are you so hard?__
1.
To next strain
Fine
21
F C7
F C7
F C7 F7
Like a
To next strain


22
Dm
Am
poor fool in his prime, yes, I know you can hear me walk,
25
Dm
but is your heart made out of stone, or is it lime,
28
Am
C7
D.S. al Fine
or is it just sol - id rock?
3
3

1. Standing on your window, honey,
Yes, I've been here before,
Feeling so harmless,
I'm looking at your second door,
How come you don't send me no regards?
You know I want your lovin',
Honey, why are you so hard?

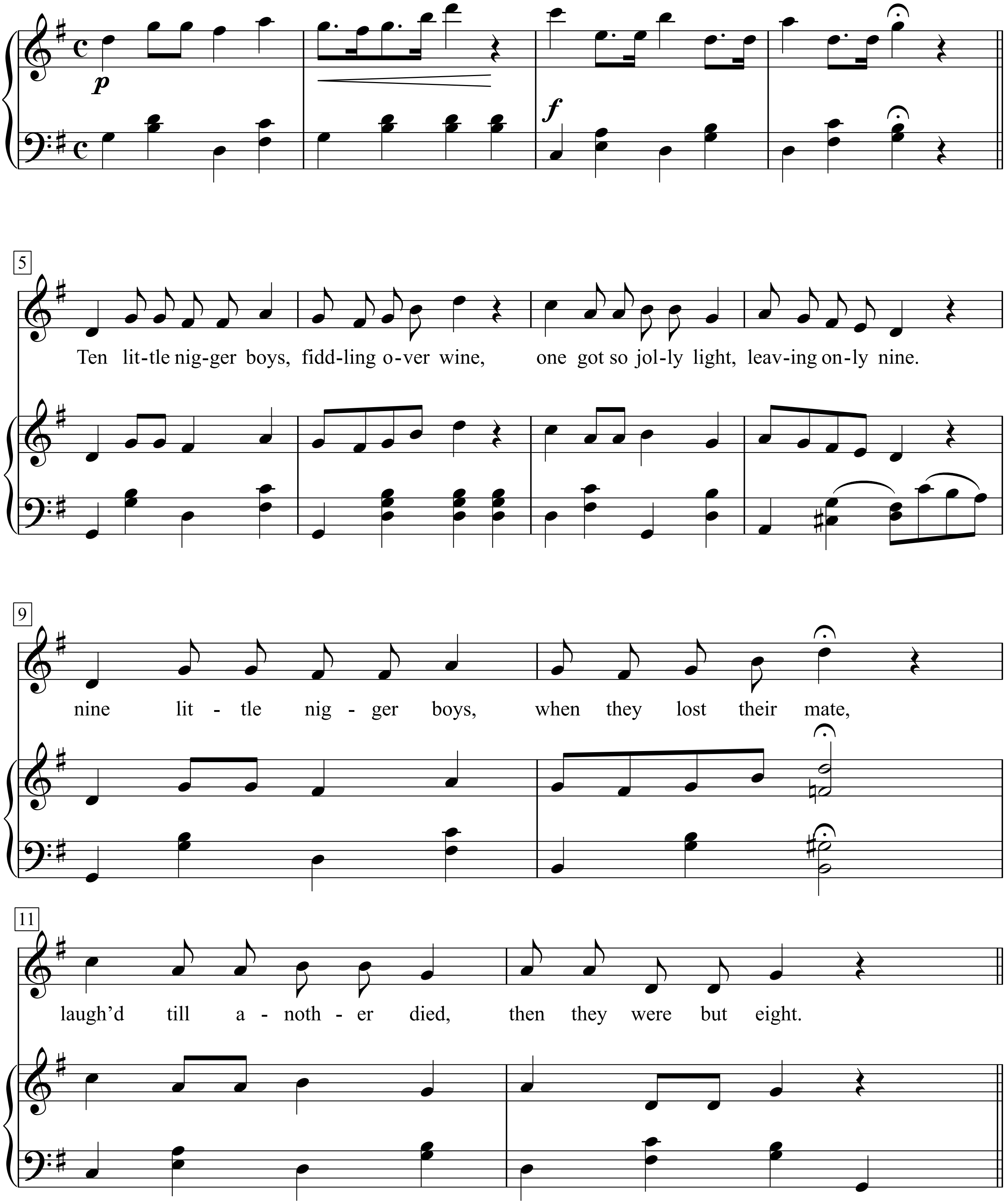
2. Kneeling 'neath your ceiling, yes,
I guess I'll be here for a while.
I'm tryin' to read your portrait,
But I'm helpless, like a rich man's child.
How come you send someone out to have me barred?
You know I want your lovin',
Honey, why are you so hard?

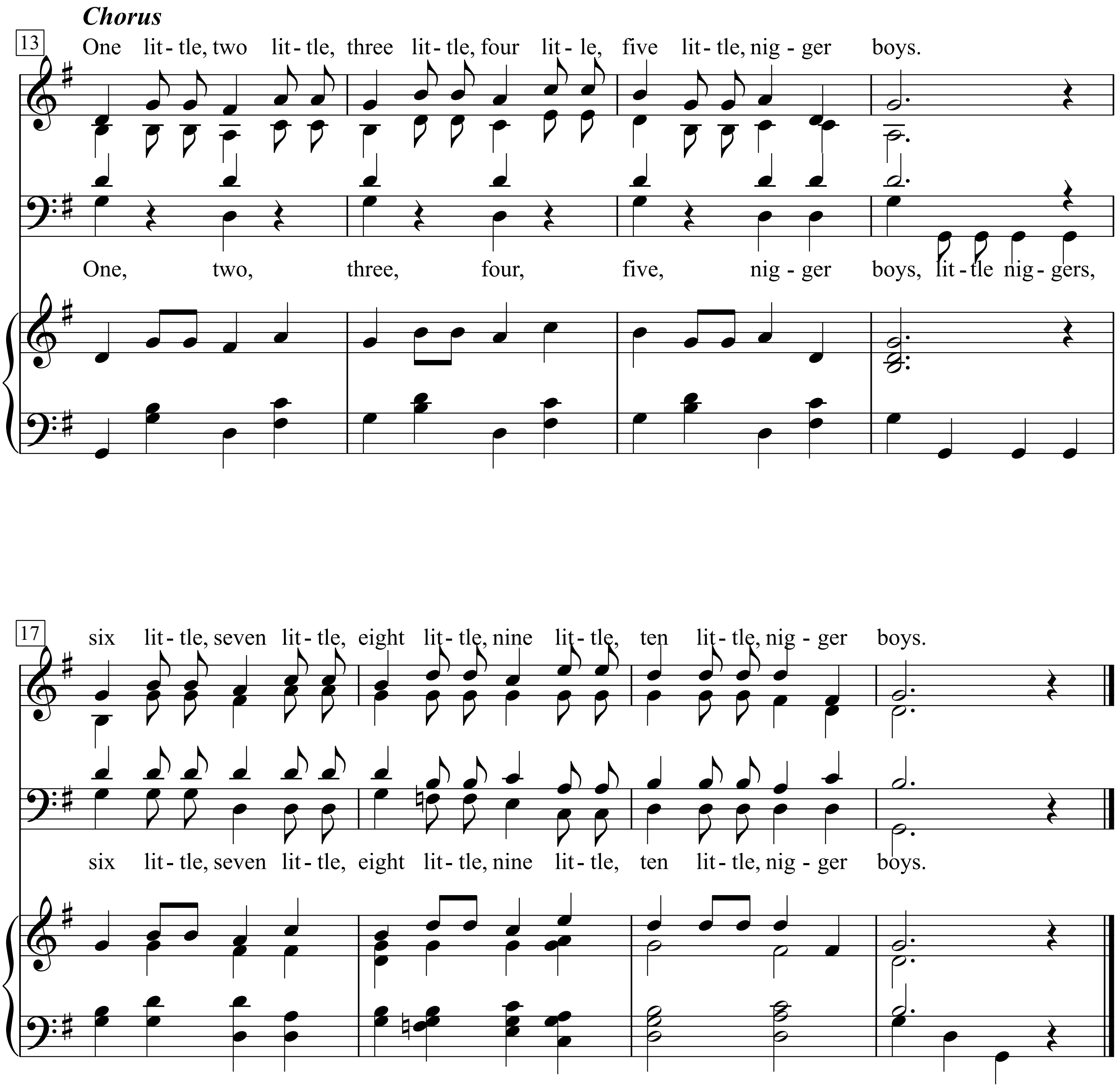
Like a poor fool in his prime, yes,
I know you can hear me walk,
But is your heart made out of stone,
Or is it lime, or is it just solid rock?

3. Well, I lean into your hallway
Lean against your velvet door
I watch upon your scorpion
Who crawls across your circus floor
Just what do you think you have to guard?
You know I want your lovin'
Honey, but you're so hard.

4. Achilles is in your alley-way
He don't want me here, he does brag
He's pointing to the sky
And he's hungry, like a man in drag
How come you get someone like him to be your guard?
You know I want your lovin'
Honey, but you're so hard.

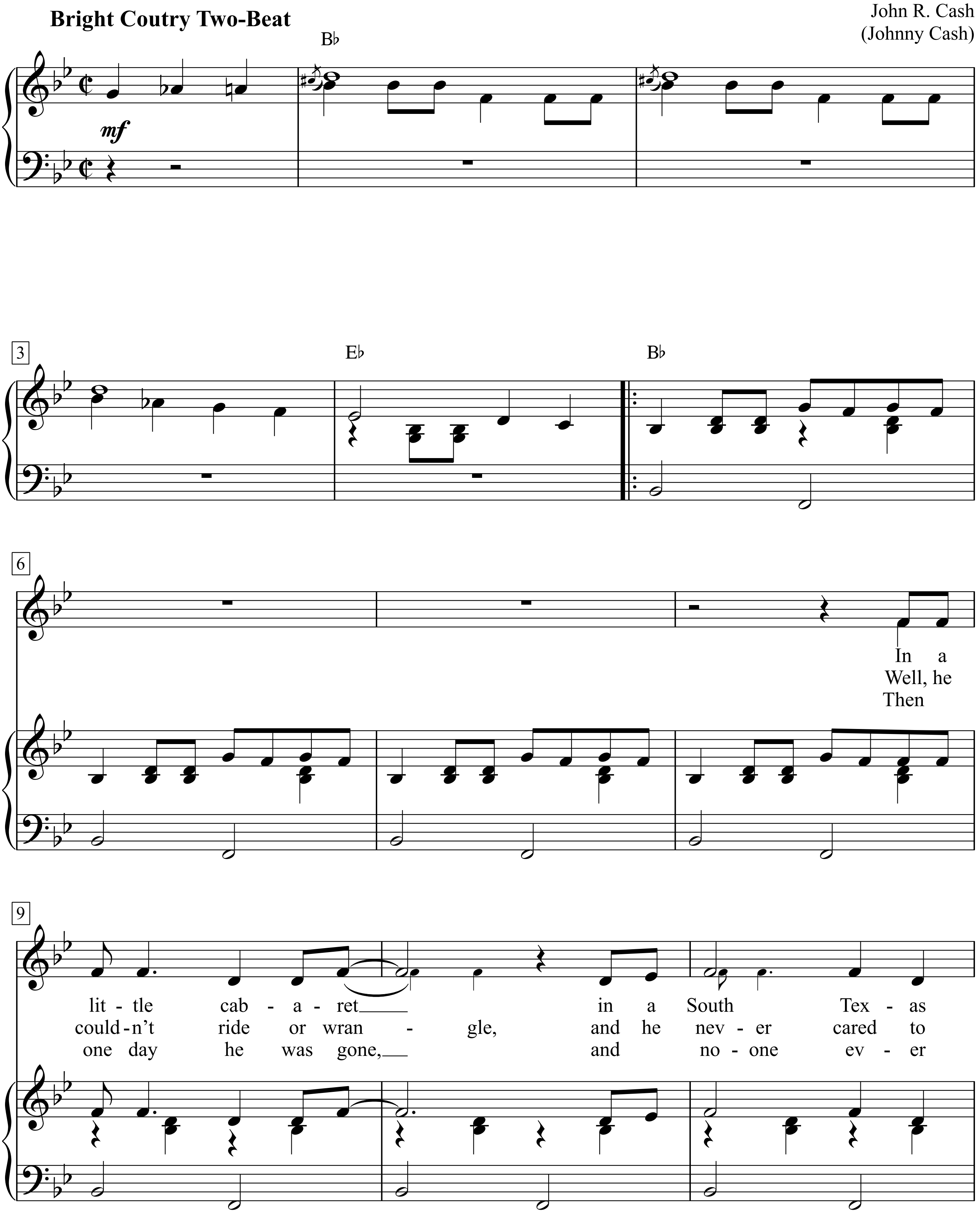
Ten Little Nigger Boys

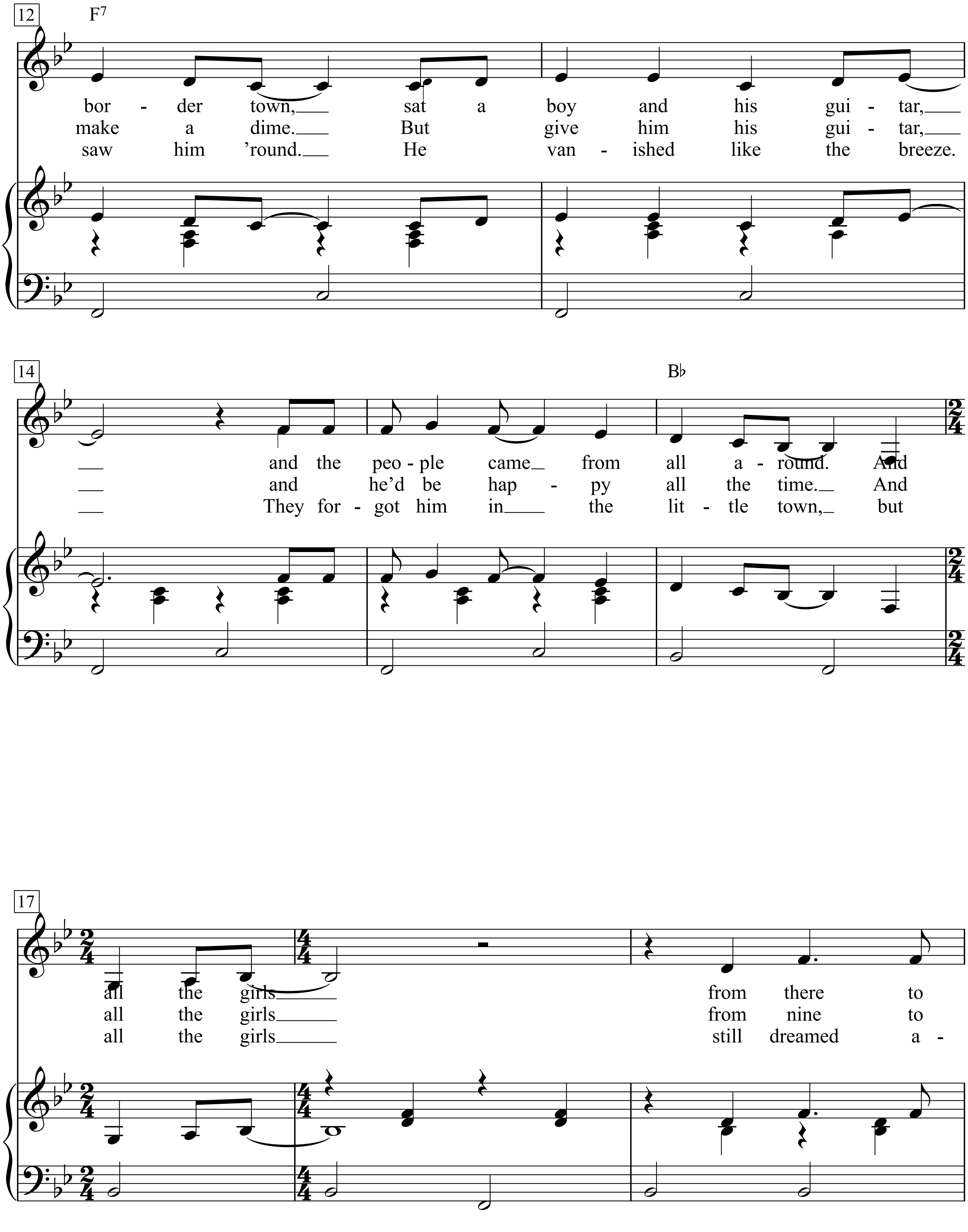


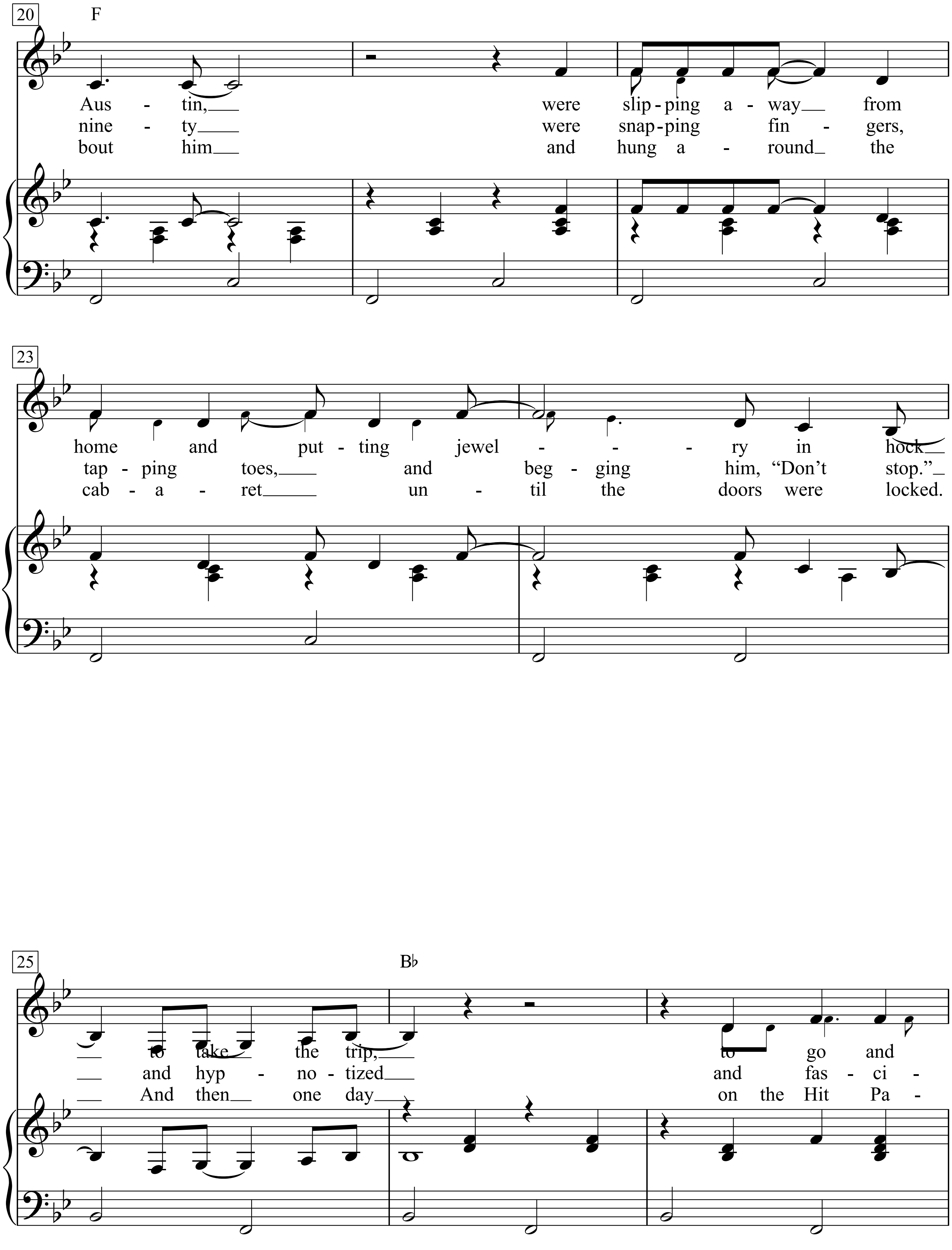

Chorus
13
One lit - tle, two lit - tle, three lit - tle, four lit - le, five lit - tle, nig - ger boys.
One, two, three, four, five, nig - ger boys, lit - tle nig - gers,
17
six lit - tle, seven lit - tle, eight lit - tle, nine lit - tle, ten lit - tle, nig - ger boys.
six lit - tle, seven lit - tle, eight lit - tle, nine lit - tle, ten lit - tle, nig - ger boys.

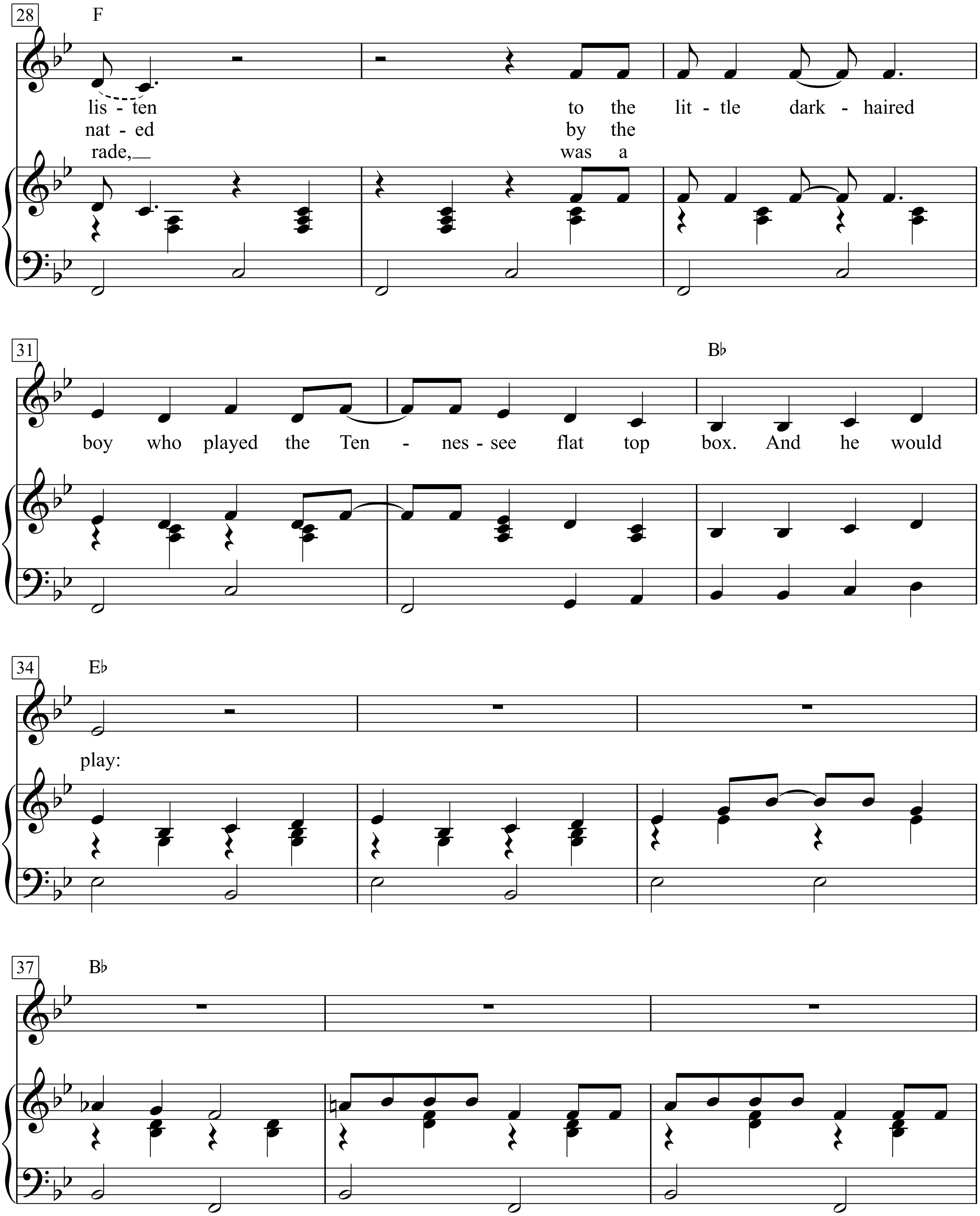
Tennessee Flat Top Box

Words & Music by
John R. Cash
(Johnny Cash)

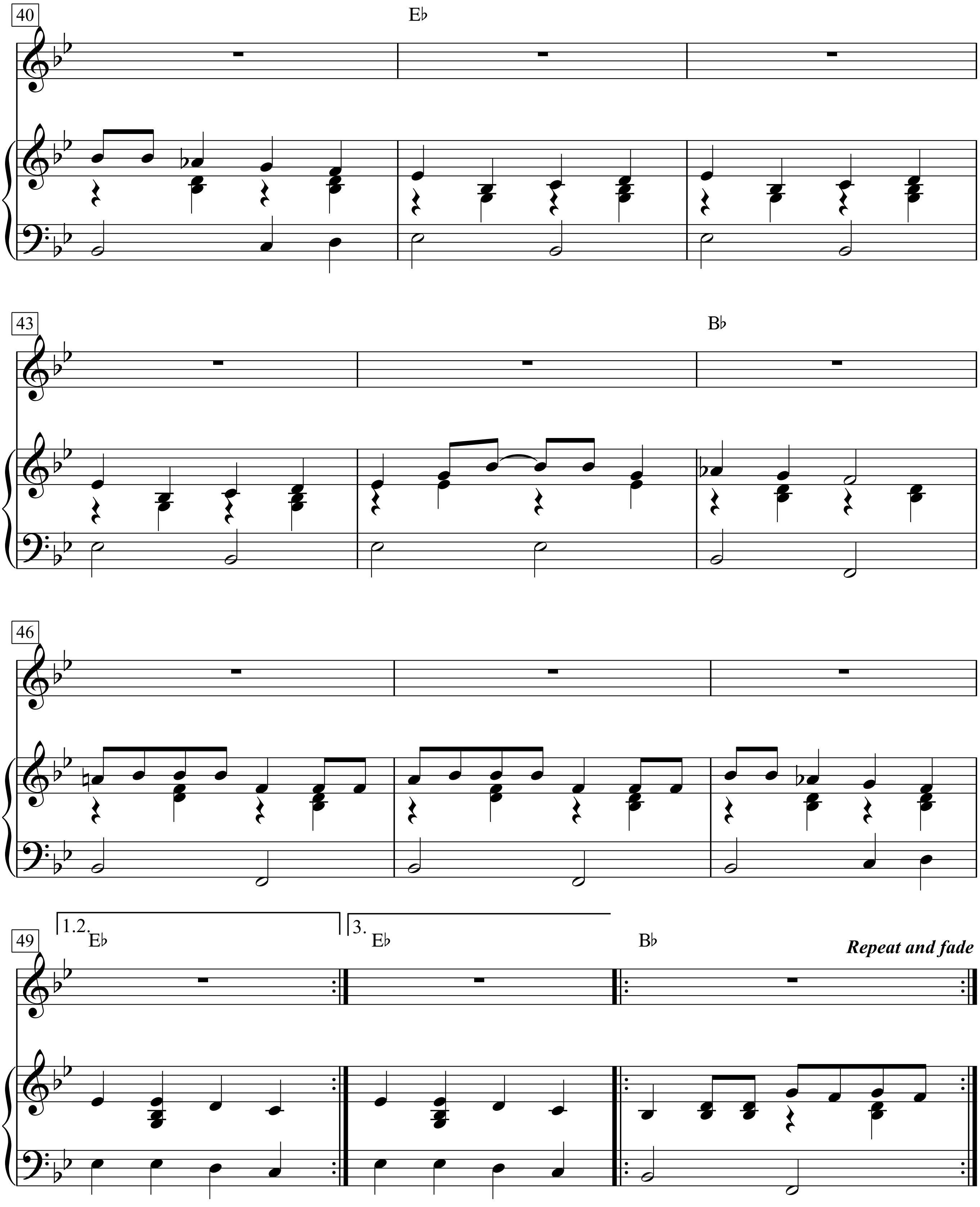



12
F7
bor - der town, sat a boy and his gui - tar,
make a dime. But give him his gui - tar,
saw him 'round. He van - ished like the breeze.
14
B♭
and the peo - ple came from all a - round. And
and he'd be hap - py all the time. And
They for - got him in the lit - tle town, but
17
all the girls from there to
all the girls from nine to
all the girls still dreamed a -


20
F
Aus - tin, were slip - ping a - way from
nine - ty were snap - ping fin - gers,
bout him and hung a - round the
23
home and put - ting jewel - - - ry in hock
tap - ping toes, and beg - ging him, "Don't stop."
cab - a - ret un - til the doors were locked.
25
B♭
to take the trip, to go and
and hyp - no - tized and fas - ci -
And then one day on the Hit Pa -



28
F
lis - ten
to the
lit - tle
dark - haired
nat - ed
by the
rade,
was a
31
B♭
boy
who
played
the
Ten - nes - see
flat
top
box.
And
he
would
34
E♭
play:
37
B♭


40
E♭
43
B♭
46
49
1.2.
E♭
3.
E♭
B♭
Repeat and fade

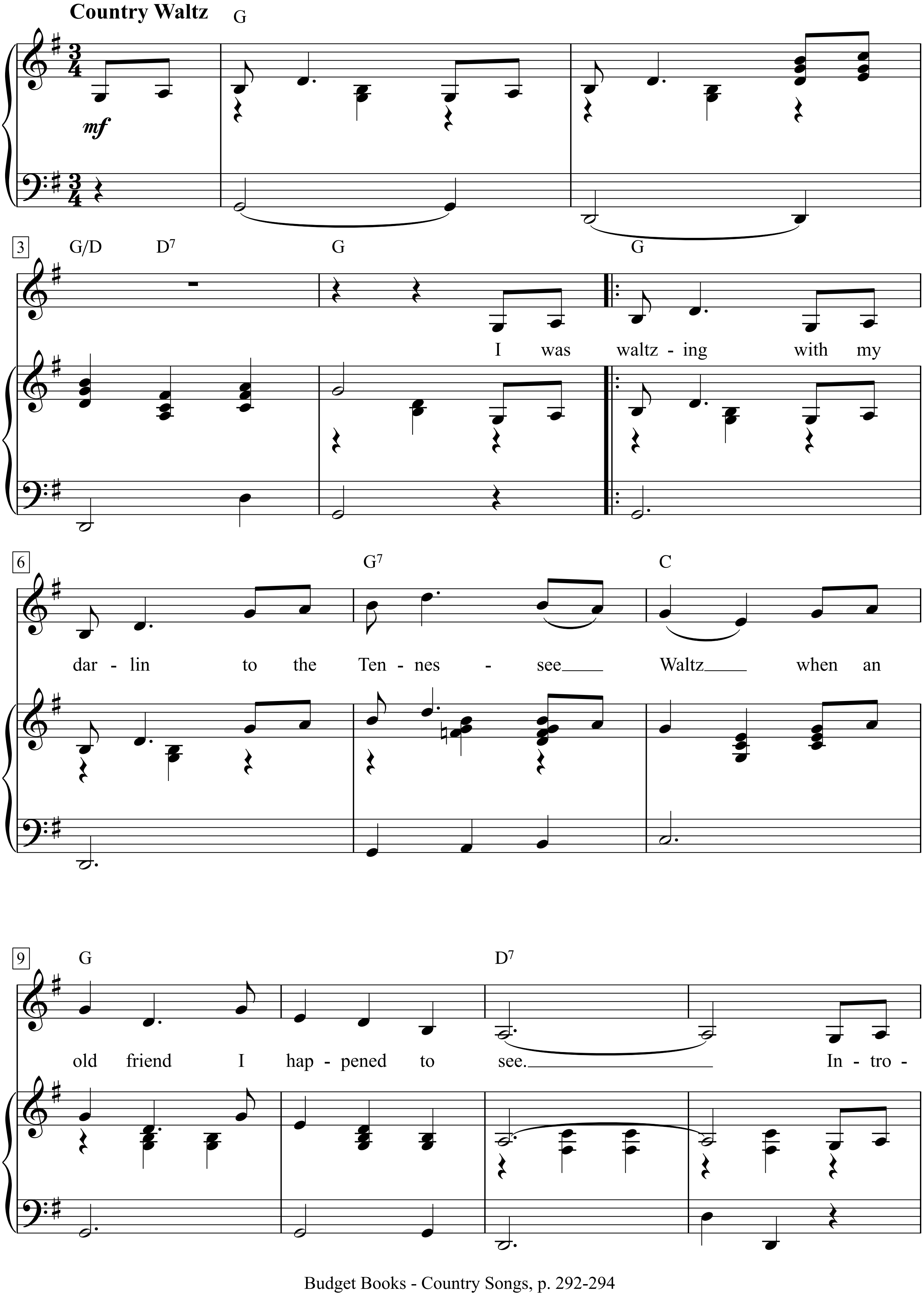
1. In a little cabaret in a South Texas border town,
sat a boy and his guitar, and the people came from all around.
And all the girls from there to Austin,
were slipping away from home
and putting jewelry in hock to take the trip, to go and listen
to the little dark-haired boy who played the Tennessee flat top box.
And he would play:

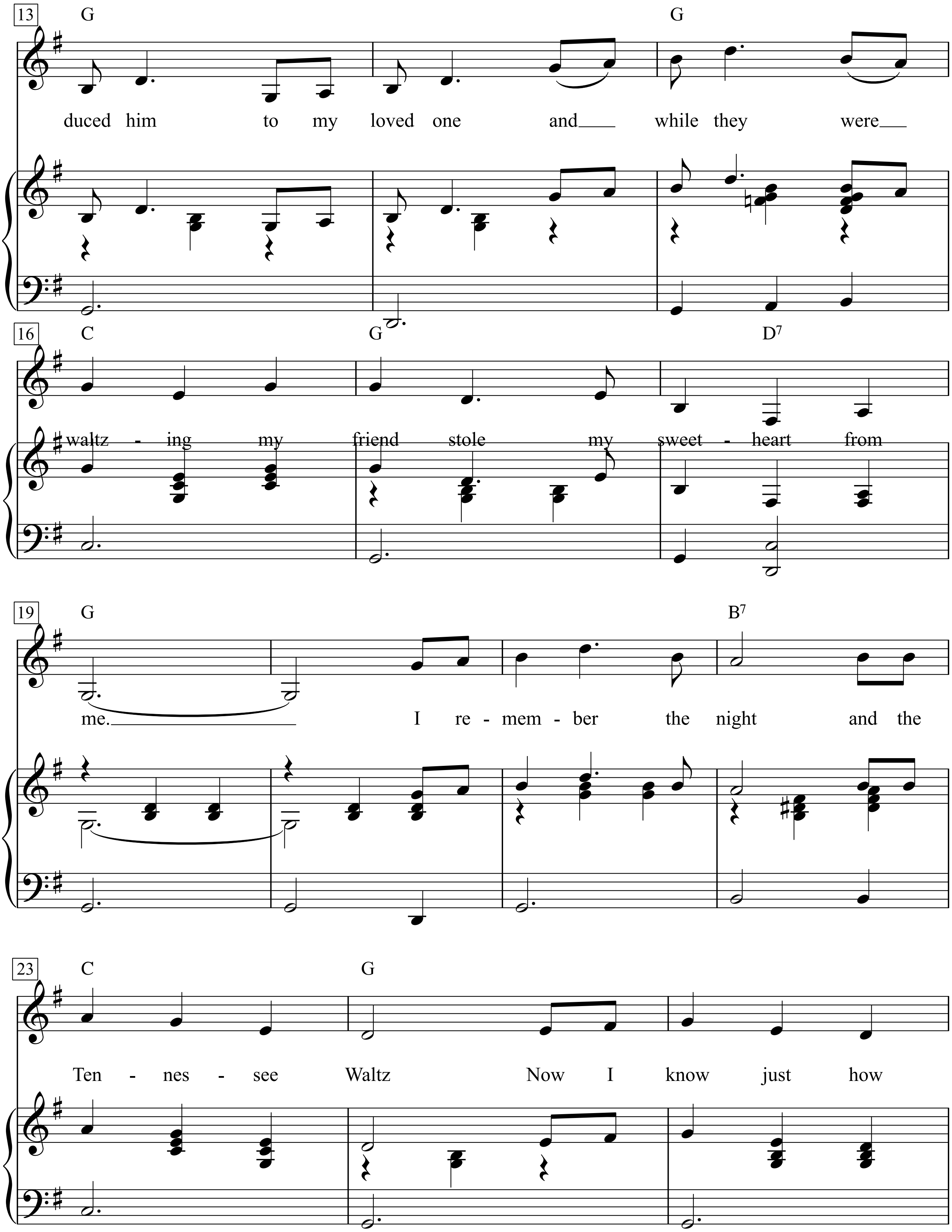
2. Well, he couldn’t ride or wrangle, and he never cared to make a dime.
But give him his guitar, and he’d be happy all the time.
And all the girls from nine to ninety were snapping fingers,
tapping toes, and begging him, "Don’t stop."
and hypnotized and fascinated by the little dark-haired boy
who played the Tennessee flat top box.
And he would play:

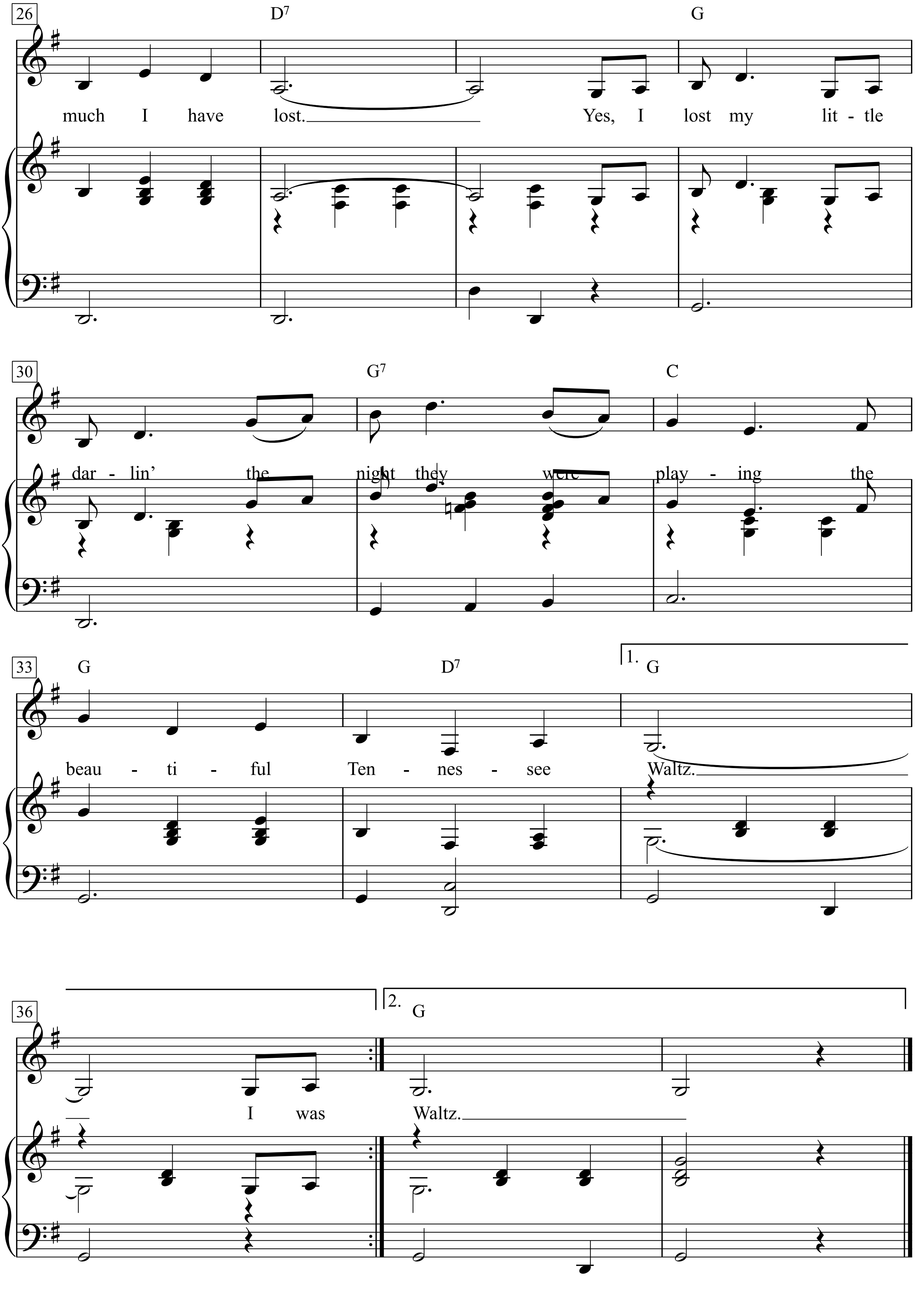
3. Then one day he was gone, and no-one ever saw him ‘round.
He vanished like the breeze.
They forgot him in the little town,
but all the girls still dreamed about him
and hung around the cabaret until the doors were locked.
And then one day on the Hit Parade, was a little dark-haired boy
who played the Tennessee flat top box.
And he would play:

Tennessee Waltz

Words & Music by
Redd Stewart and Pee Wee King




13
G
G
duced him to my loved one and while they were
16
C
G
D7
waltz - ing my friend stole my sweet - heart from
19
G
B7
me. I re - mem - ber the night and the
23
C
G
Ten - nes - see Waltz Now I know just how


26
D7
G
much I have lost.
Yes, I lost my lit - tle
30
G7
C
dar - lin' the night they were play - ing the
33
G
D7
1. G
beau - ti - ful Ten - nes - see Waltz.
36
2. G
I was Waltz.

Version Emmylou Harris:

I was dancin' with my darlin' to the Tennessee Waltz
When an old friend I happened to see.
I introduced him to my darlin' and while they were dancin'
My friend stole my sweetheart from me.

I remember the night and the Tennessee Waltz
Now I know just how much I have lost
Yes, I lost my little darlin' the night they were playin'
That beautiful Tennessee Waltz

Now I wonder how a dance like the Tennessee Waltz
Could have broken my heart so complete
Well I couldn't blame my darlin', and who could help fallin'
In love with my darlin' so sweet

Well it must be the fault of the Tennessee Waltz
Wish I'd known just how much it would cost
But I didn't see it comin', it's all over but the cryin'
Blame it all on the Tennessee Waltz

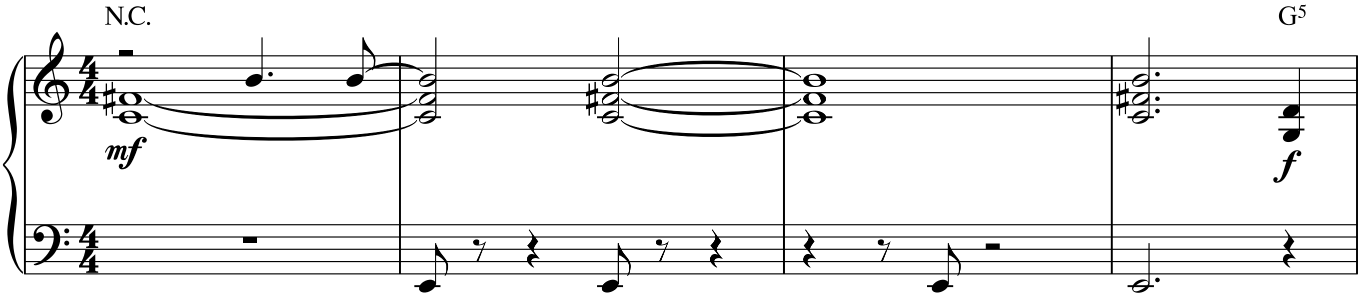
She goes dancin' with the darkness to the Tennessee Waltz
And I feel like I'm falling apart
And it's stronger than drink and it's deeper than sorrow
This darkness she left in my heart

I remember the night and the Tennessee Waltz
Cause I know just how much I have lost
Yes I lost my little darlin' the night they were playin'
That beautiful Tennessee Waltz

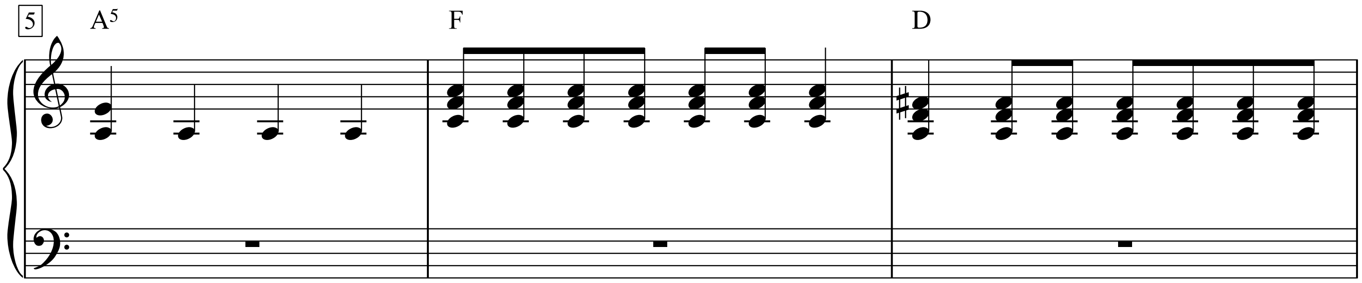
Territorial Pissings

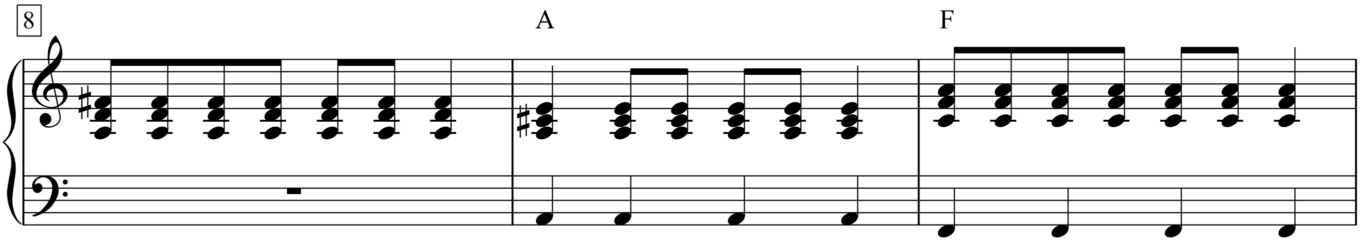
Words & Music by
Kurt Cobain and Chet Powers
(Nirvana)

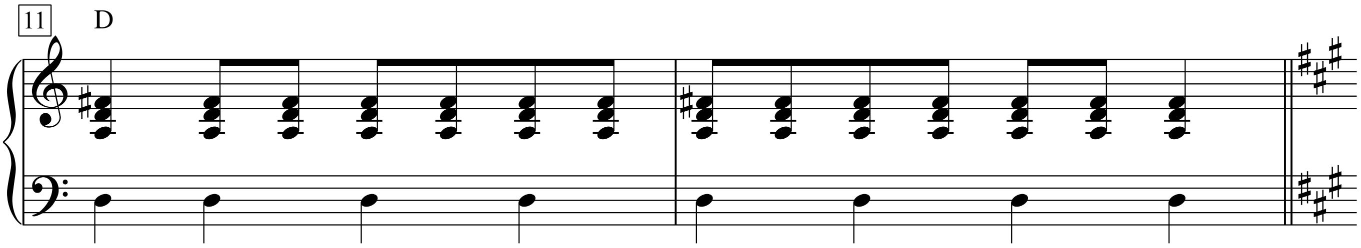
Moderate fast Rock

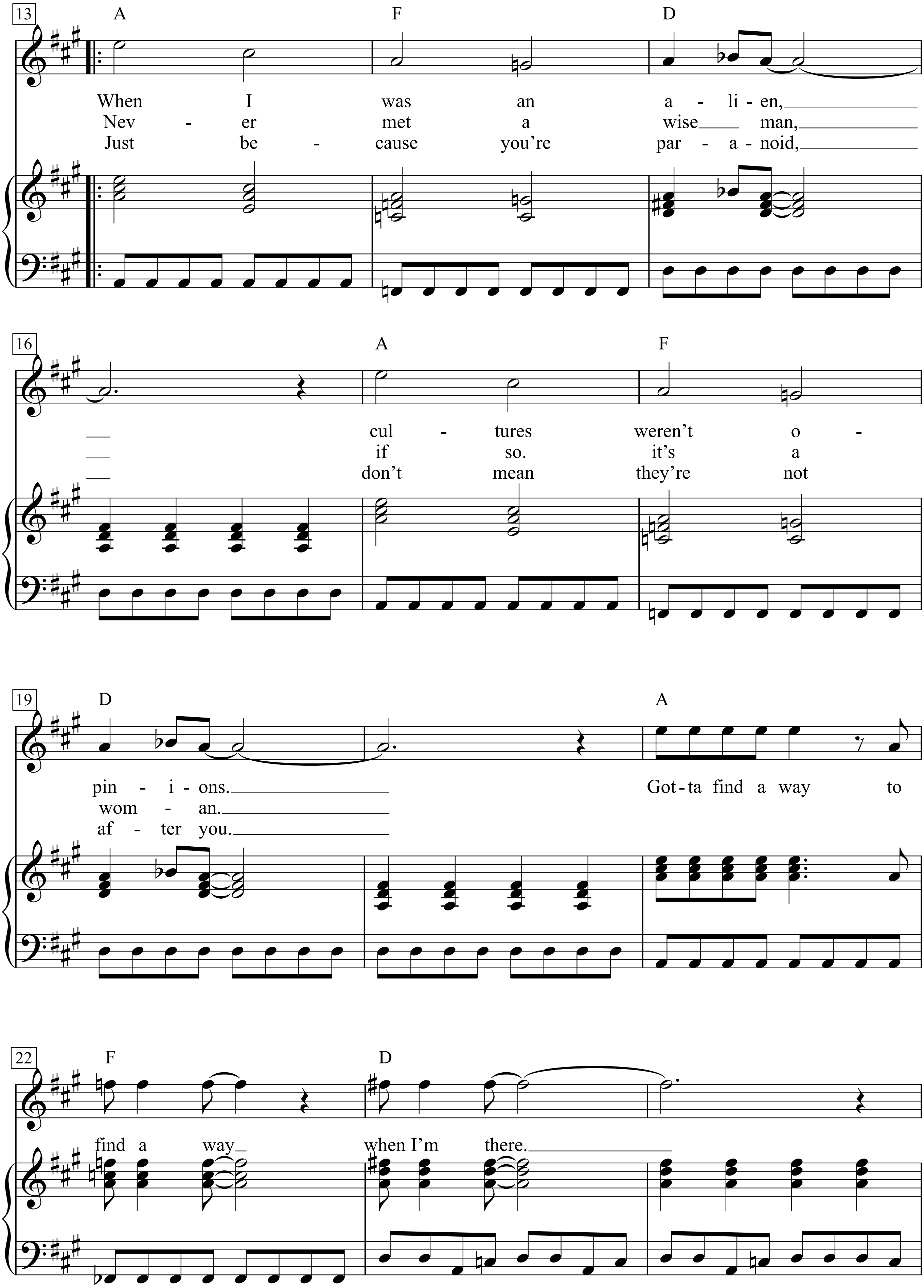


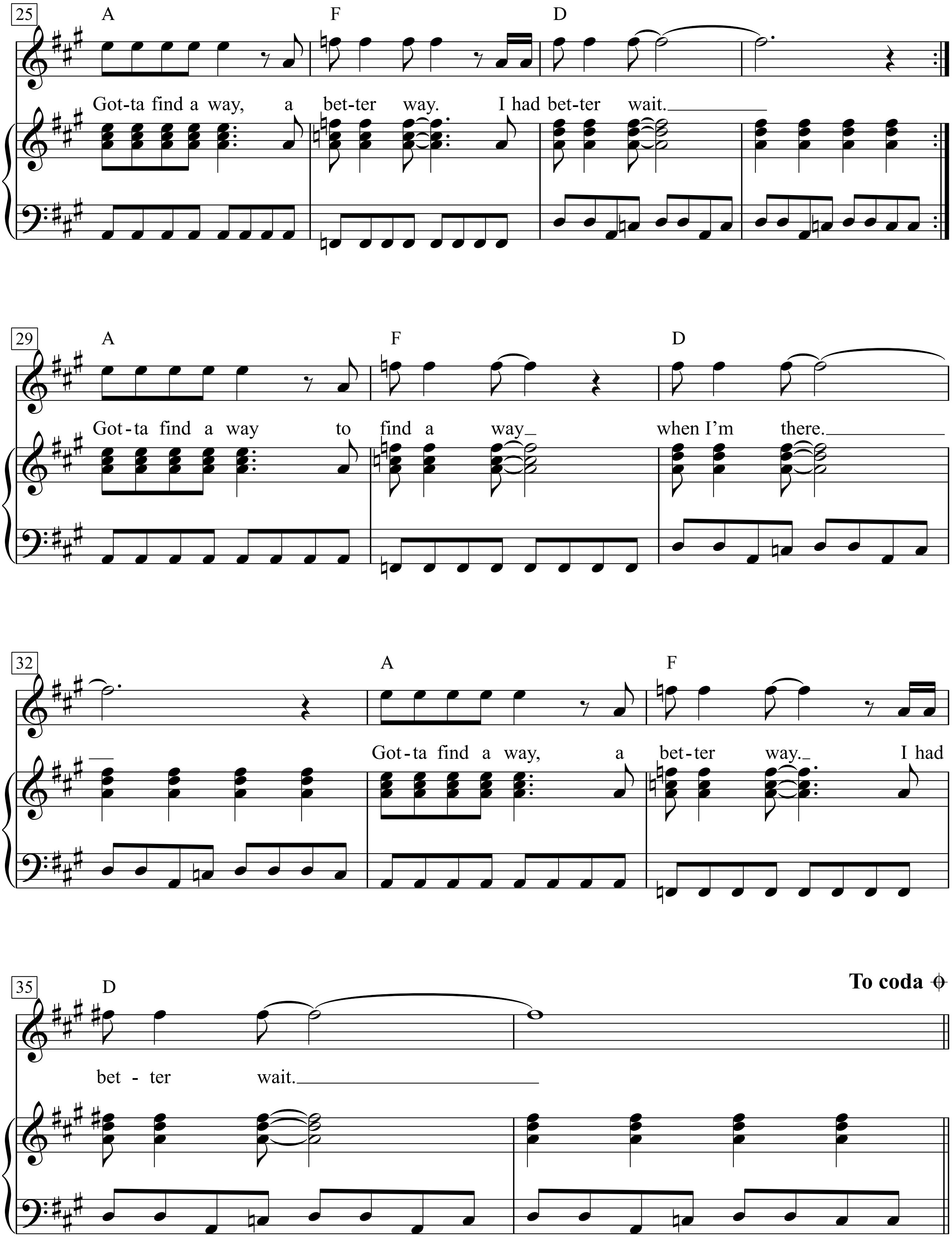
Faster

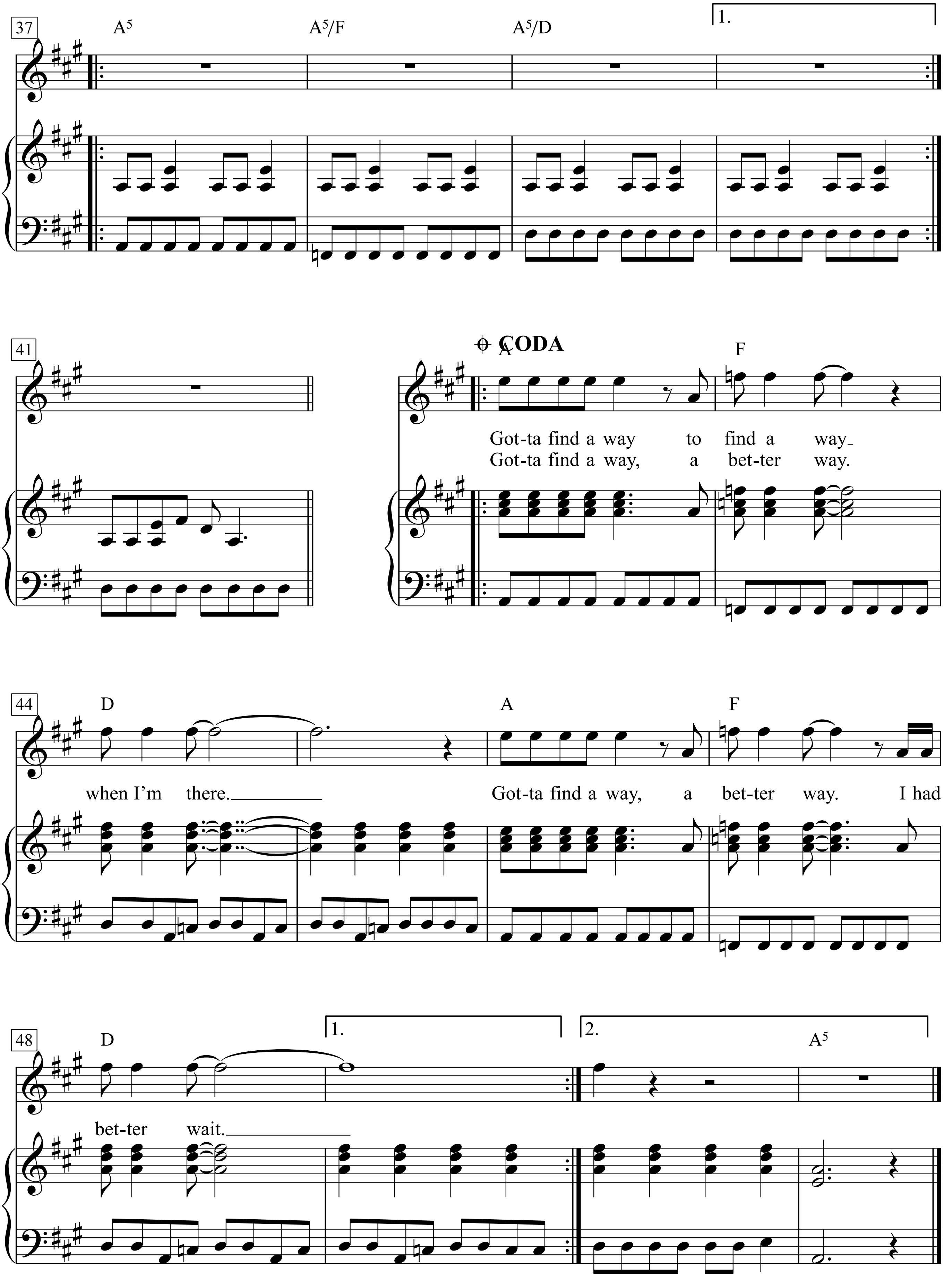







13
A
F
D
When I was an a - li - en,
Nev - er met a wise man,
Just be - cause you're par - a - noid,
16
A
F
cul - tures weren't o -
if so. it's a
don't mean they're not
19
D
A
pin - i - ons.
wom - an.
af - ter you.
Got - ta find a way to
22
F
D
find a way when I'm there.

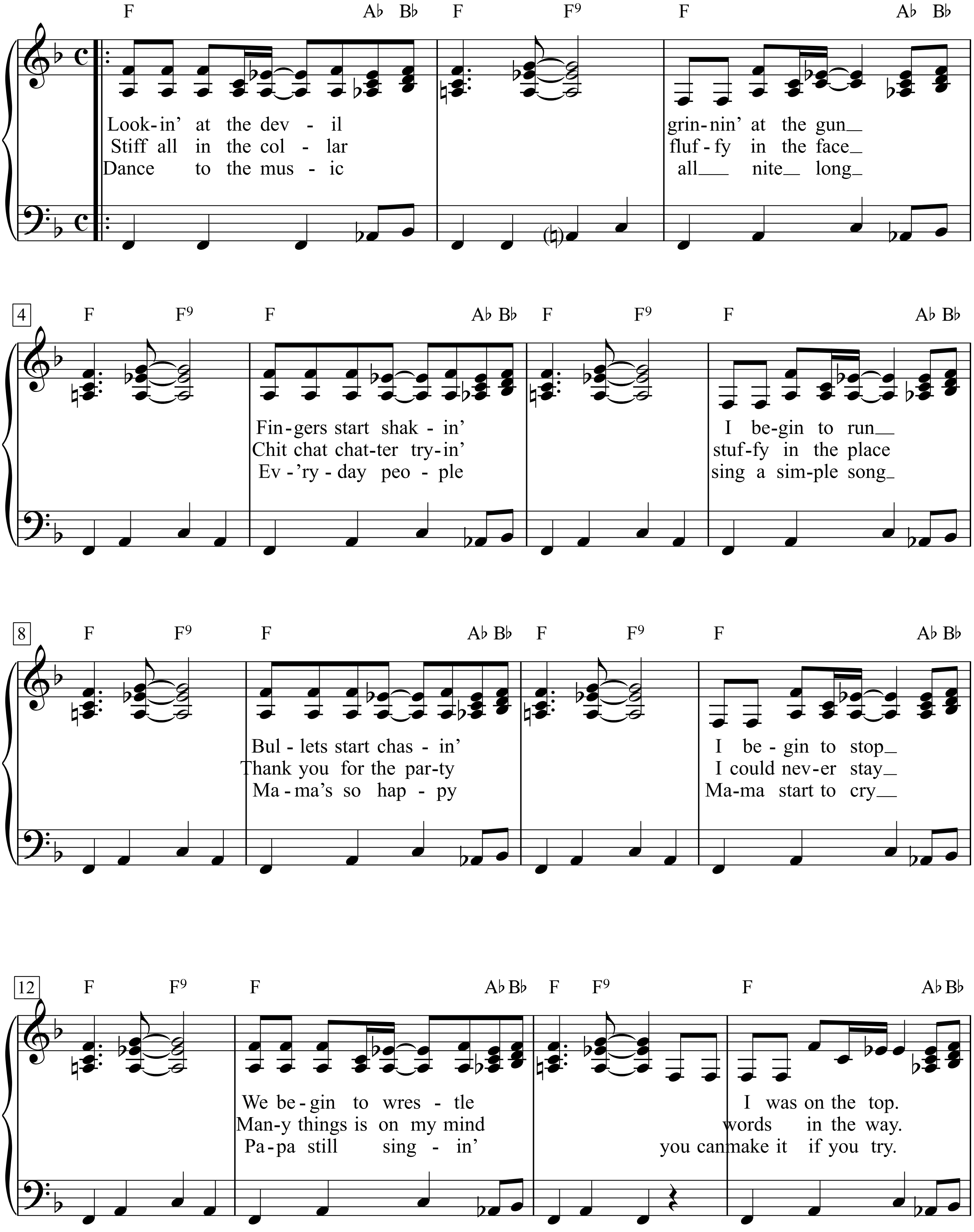

25
A
F
D
Got-ta find a way, a bet-ter way. I had bet-ter wait.
29
A
F
D
Got-ta find a way to find a way when I'm there.
32
A
F
Got-ta find a way, a bet-ter way. I had
35
D
To coda
bet - ter wait.

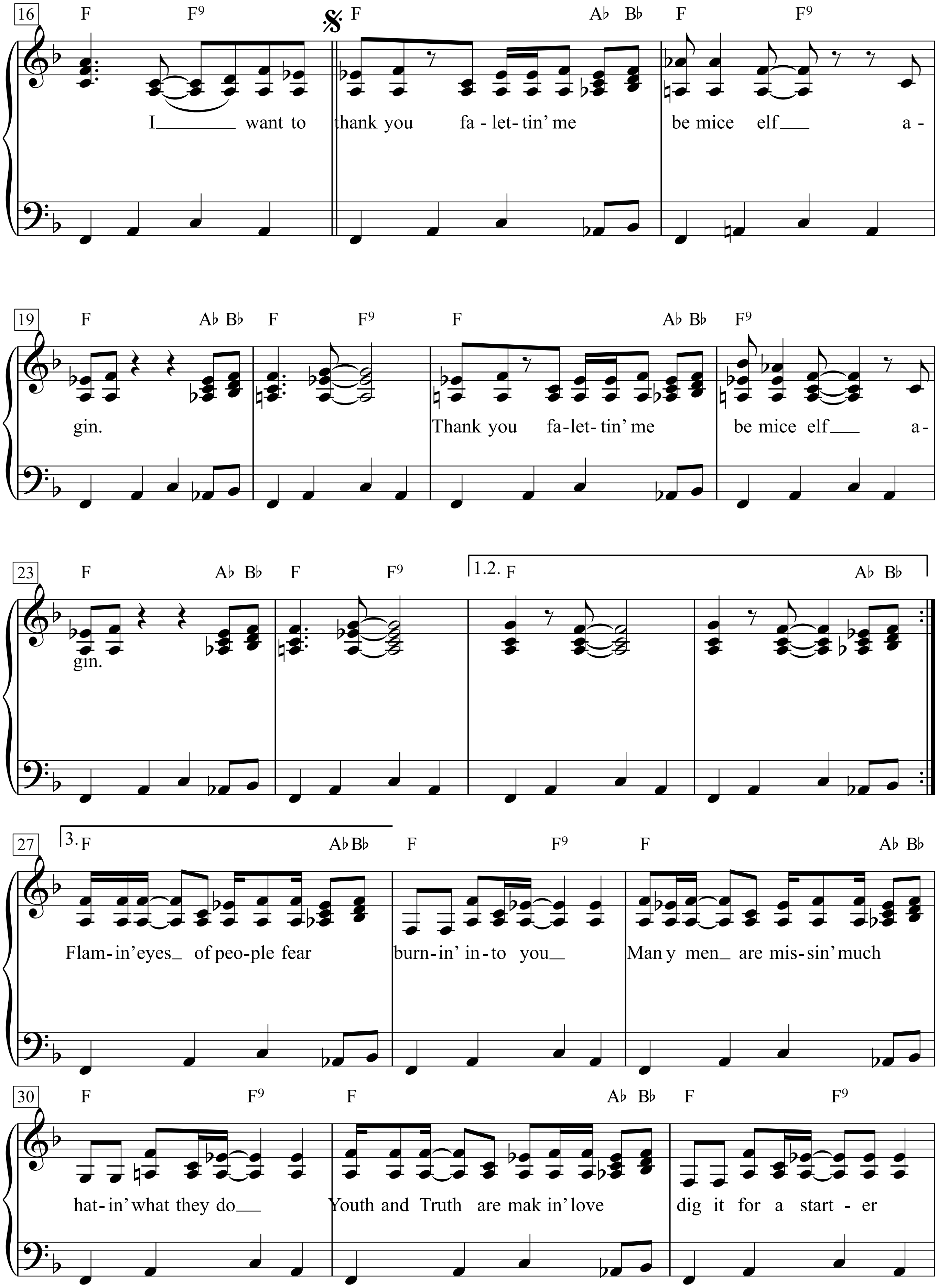

37
A5
A5/F
A5/D
1.
41
CODA
A
F
Got-ta find a way to find a way
Got-ta find a way, a bet-ter way.
44
D
A
F
when I'm there.
Got-ta find a way, a bet-ter way. I had
48
D
1.
2.
A5
bet-ter wait.

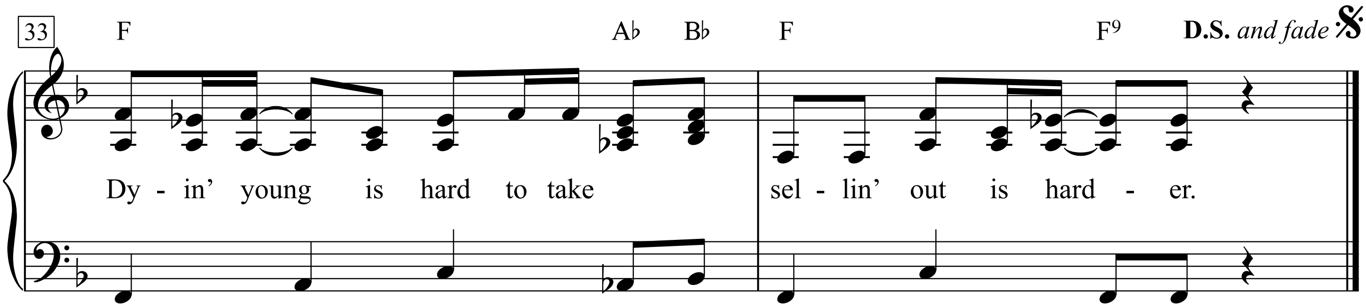
Thank You

(Falletin Me Be Mice Elf Agin)

Words & Music by Sylvester Stewart
(Sly & The Family Stone)




16
F F9 F A♭ B♭ F F9
I want to thank you fa - let- tin' me be mice elf a -
19
F A♭ B♭ F F9 F A♭ B♭ F9
gin. Thank you fa-let- tin' me be mice elf a-
23
F A♭ B♭ F F9
1.2. F A♭ B♭
gin.
27
3. F A♭B♭ F F9 F A♭ B♭
Flam-in' eyes of peo-ple fear burn-in' in-to you Man y men are mis-sin' much
30
F F9 F A♭ B♭ F F9
hat-in' what they do Youth and Truth are mak in' love dig it for a start - er



Lookin' at the devil grinnin' at the gun
Fingers start shakin'
I begin to run
Bullets start chasin'
I begin to stop
We begin to wrestle
I was on the top.
I want to thank you falettin' me be mice elf agin.
Thank you falettin' me be mice elf agin.
Flamin' eyes of people fear burnin' into you
Many men are missin' much hatin' what they do
Youth and Truth are makin' love dig it for a starter
Dyin' young is hard to take sellin' out is harder.

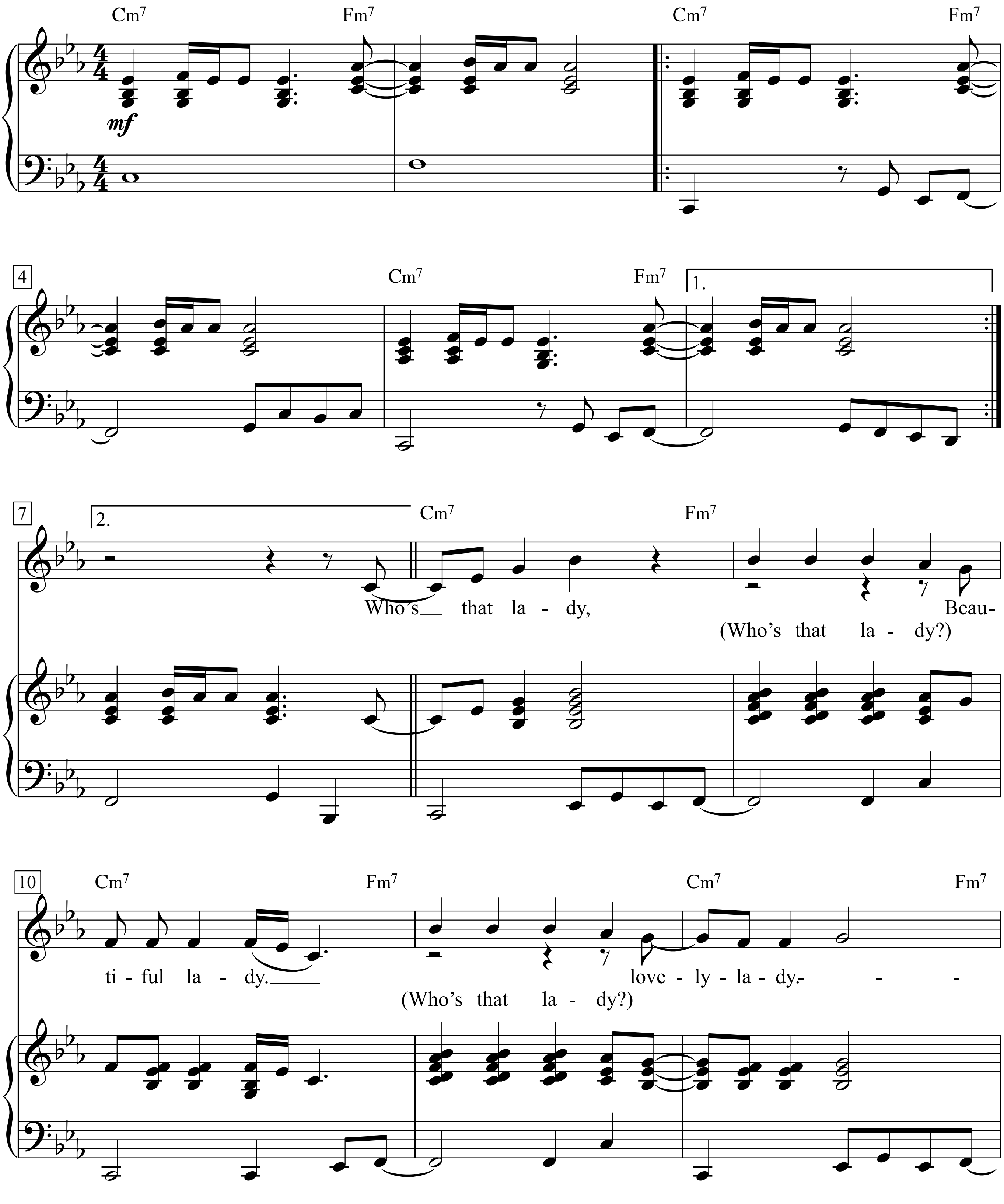
Stiff all in the collar fluffy in the face
Chit chat chatter tryin' stuffy in the place
Thank you for the party I could never stay
Many things is on my mind words in the way.

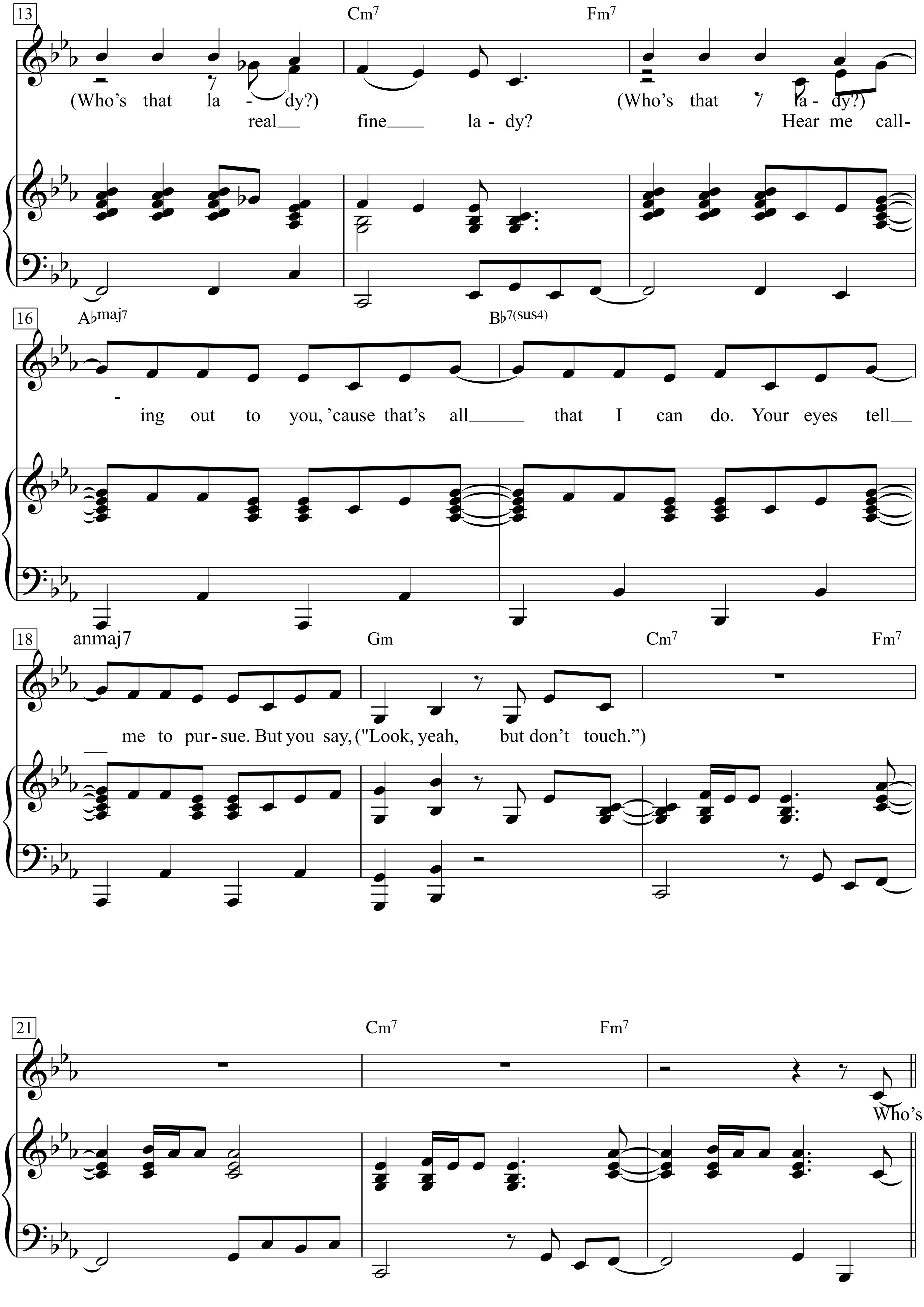
Dance to the music all nite long
Ev'ryday people sing a simple song
Mama's so happy Mama start to cry
Papa still singin' you can make it if you try.

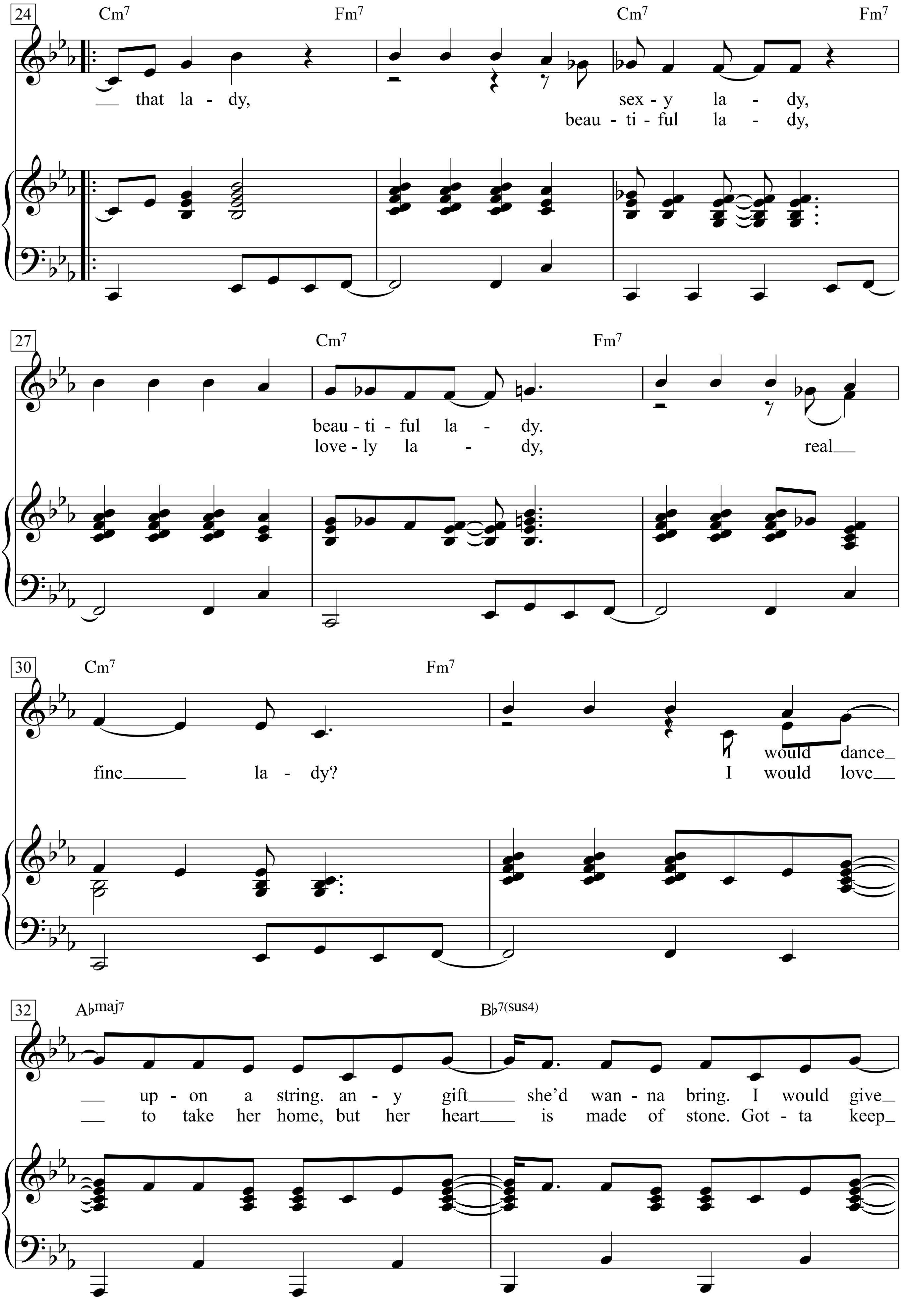
That Lady

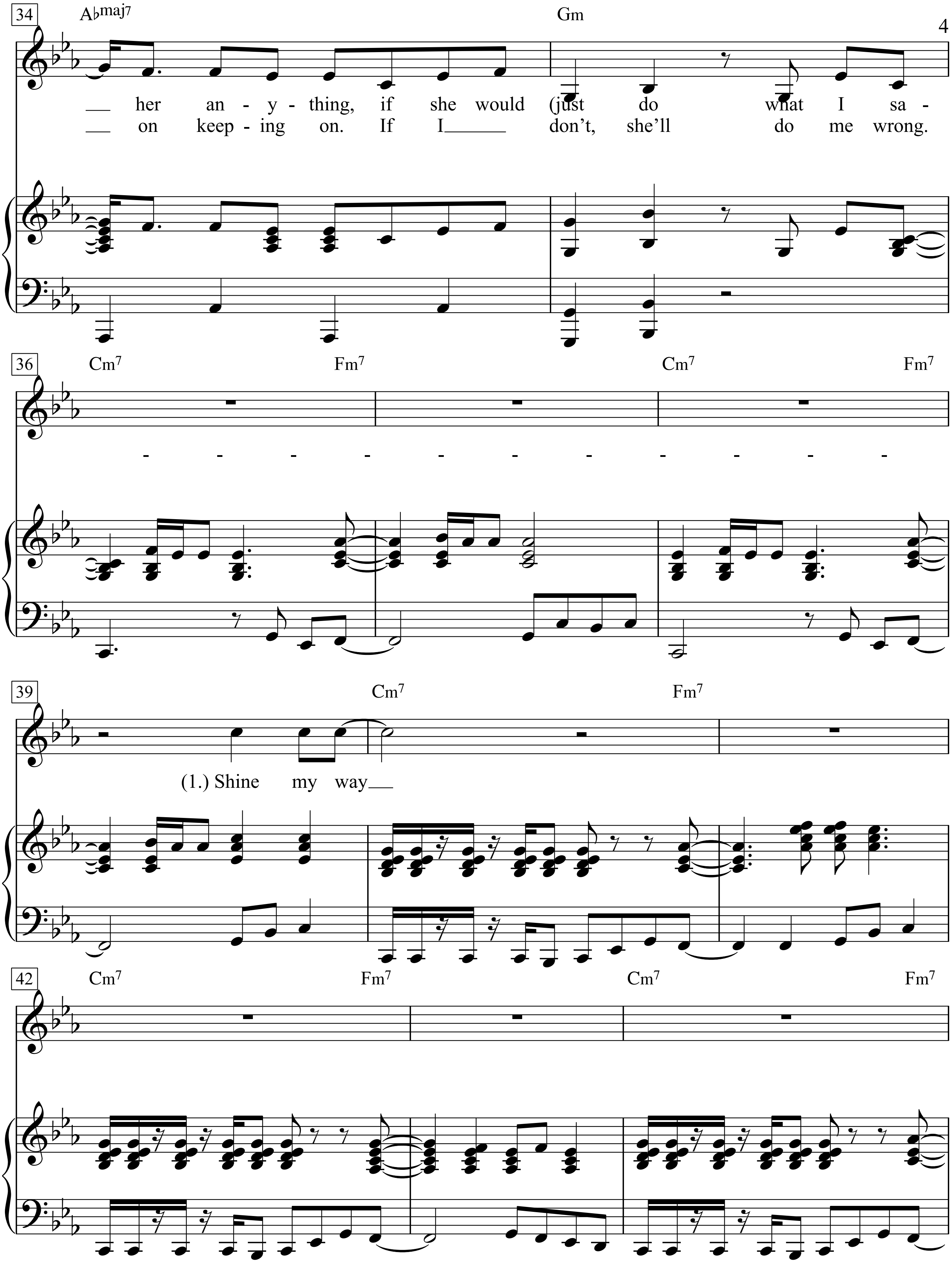
Words & Music by
Ernie Isley, Marvin Isley, O'Kelly Isley,
Ronald Isley, Rudolph Isley and Chris Jasper
(The Isley Brothers)

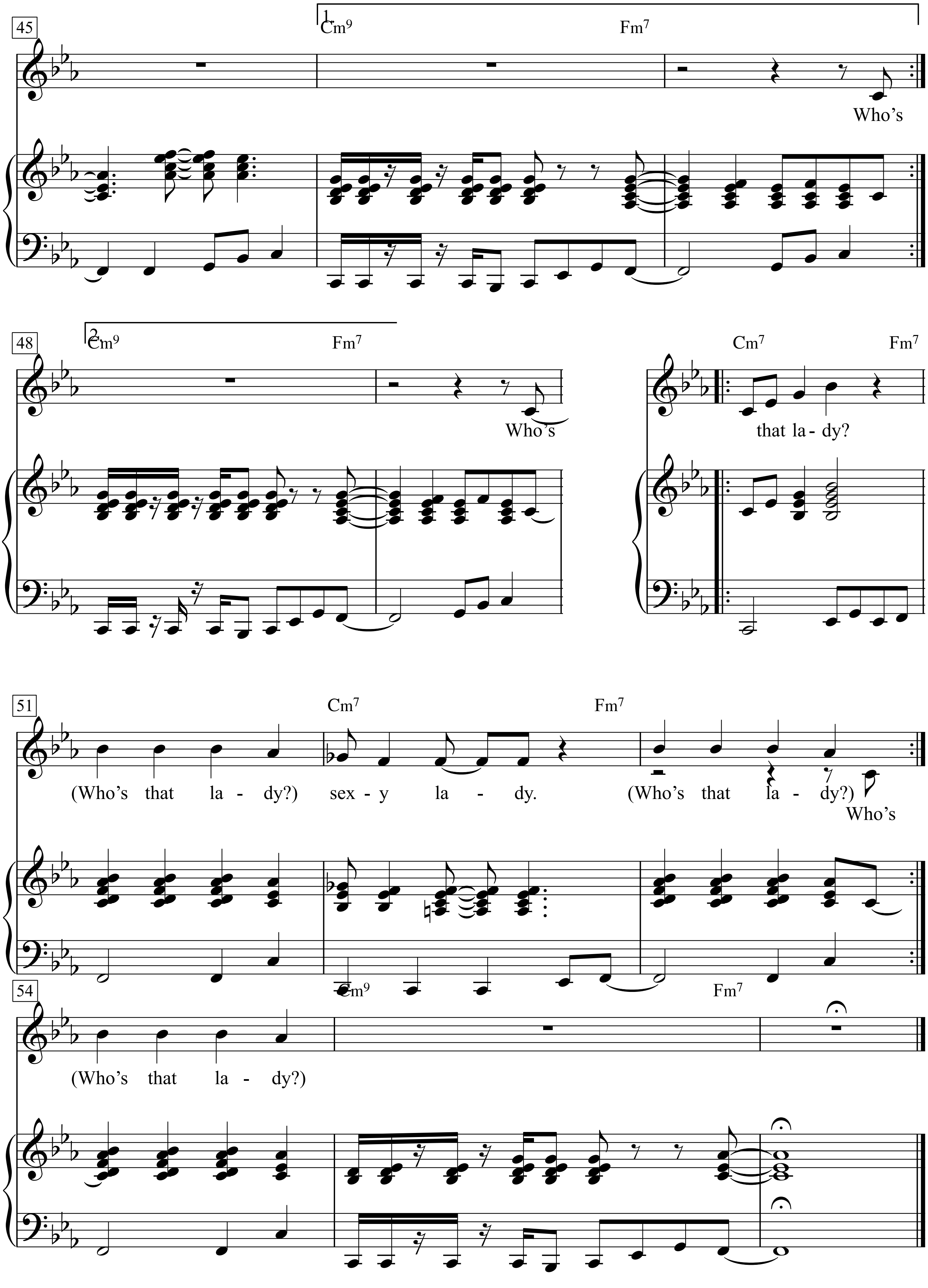
Moderately fast




13
Cm7
Fm7
(Who's that la - dy?)
(Who's that la - dy?)
real fine la - dy? Hear me call-
16
A♭maj7
B♭7(sus4)
ing out to you, 'cause that's all that I can do. Your eyes tell
18
anmaj7
Gm
Cm7
Fm7
me to pur- sue. But you say, ("Look, yeah, but don't touch.")
21
Cm7
Fm7
Who's


24
Cm7
Fm7
Cm7
Fm7
that la - dy,
sex - y la - dy,
beau - ti - ful la - dy,
27
Cm7
Fm7
beau - ti - ful la - dy.
love - ly la - dy, real
30
Cm7
Fm7
I would dance
fine la - dy?
I would love
32
A♭maj7
B♭7(sus4)
up - on a string. an - y gift she'd wan - na bring. I would give
to take her home, but her heart is made of stone. Got - ta keep

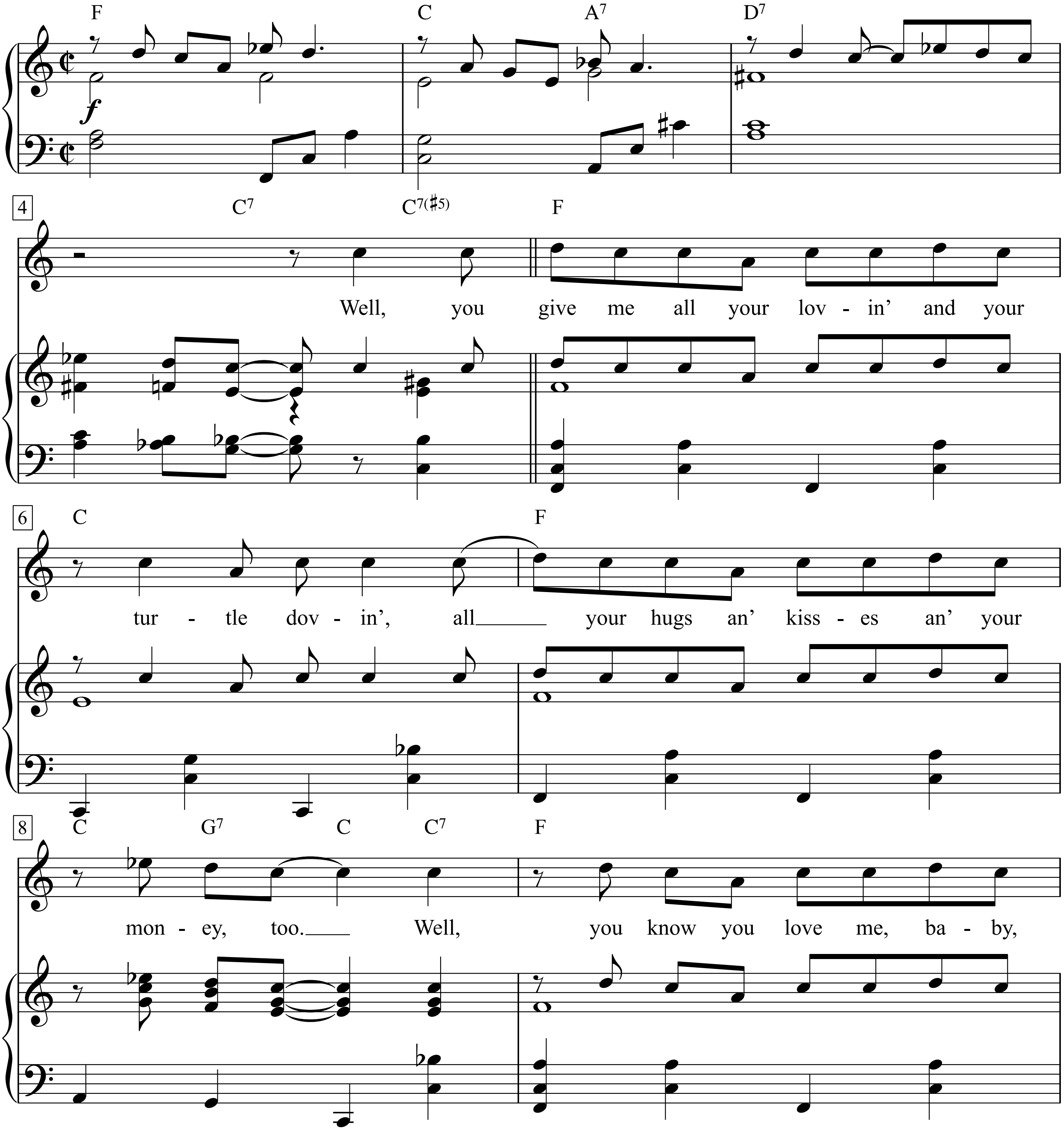

34
A♭maj7
Gm
__ her an - y - thing, if she would (just do what I sa -
__ on keep - ing on. If I___ don't, she'll do me wrong.
36
Cm7
Fm7
Cm7
Fm7
39
Cm7
Fm7
(1.) Shine my way__
42
Cm7
Fm7
Cm7
Fm7

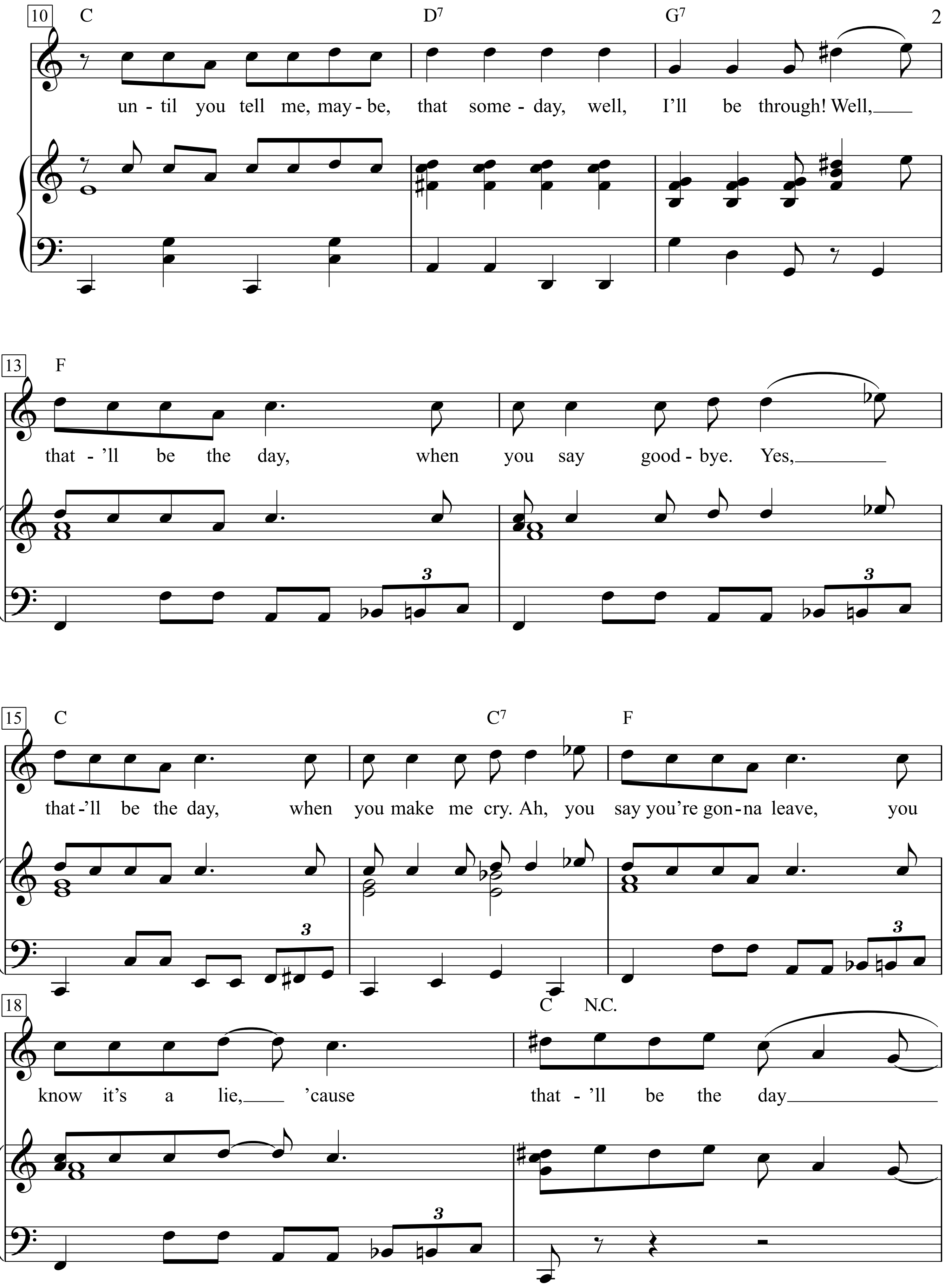

45
1.
Cm9
Fm7
Who's
48
2.
Cm9
Fm7
Who's
Cm7
Fm7
that la - dy?
51
Cm7
Fm7
(Who's that la - dy?) sex - y la - dy. (Who's that la - dy?) Who's
54
Cm9
Fm7
(Who's that la - dy?)

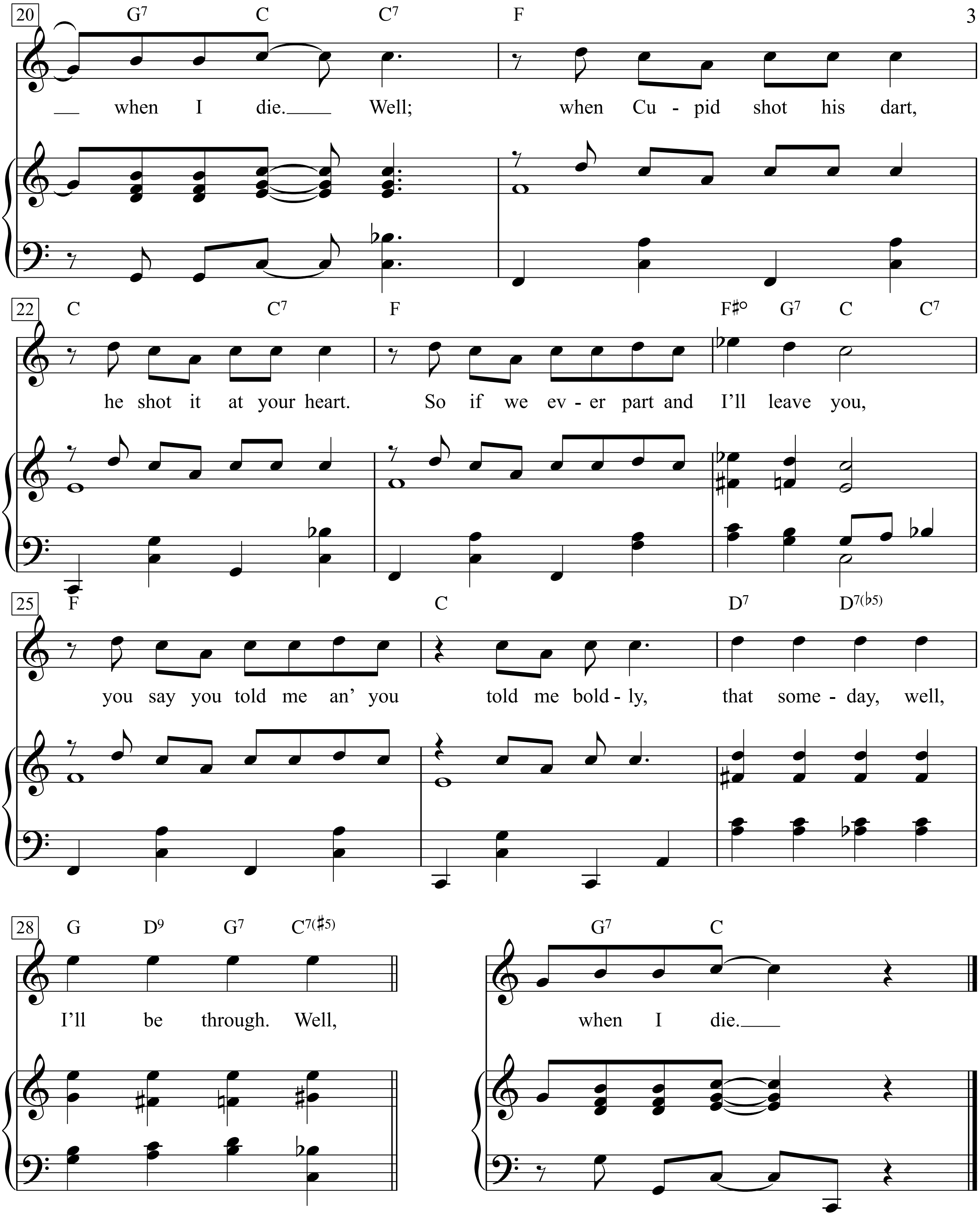
That'll Be the Day

Words & Music by
Buddy Holly, Norman Petty and Jerry Allison
(Buddy Holly and The Crickets)

Moderately



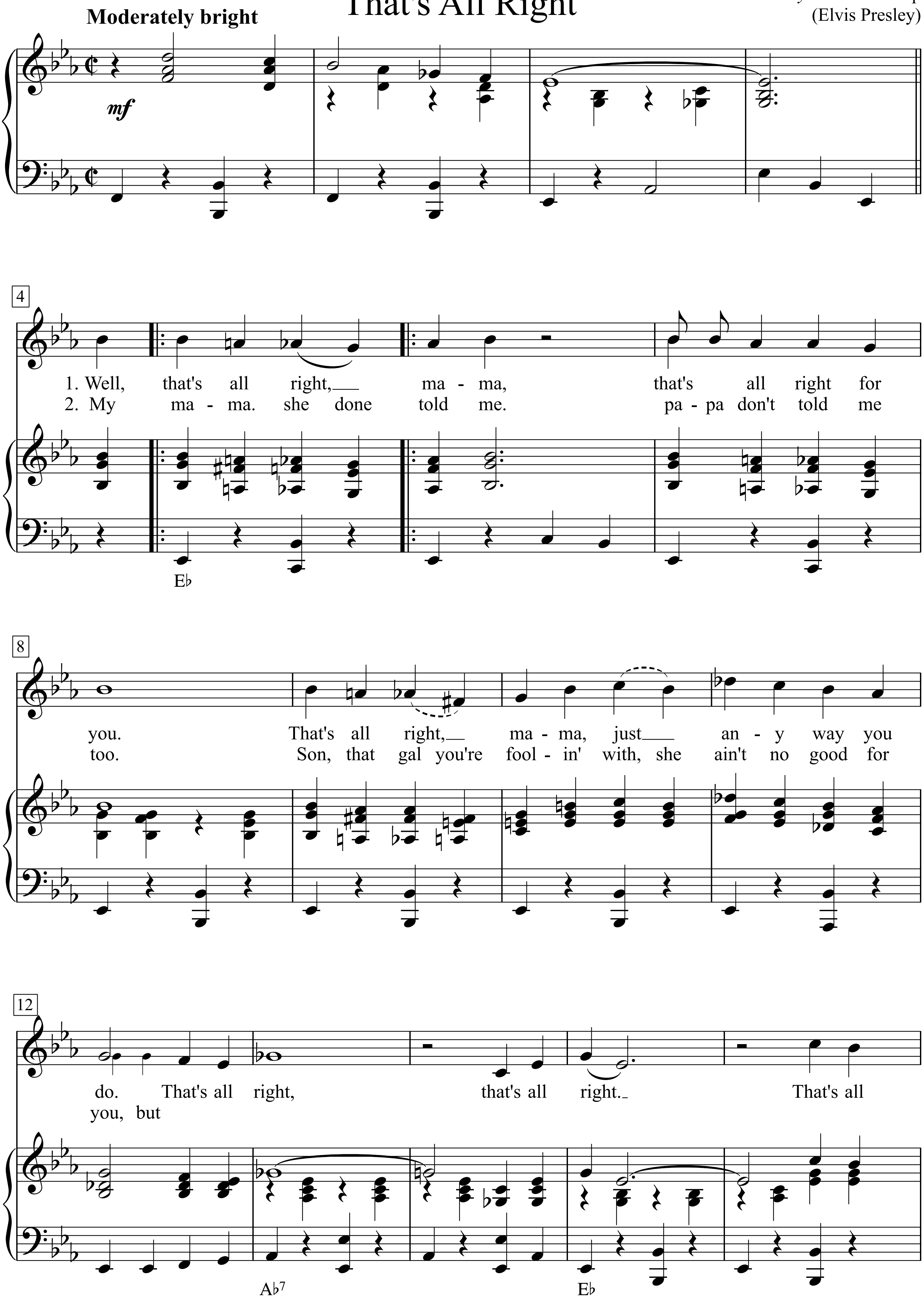

10
C
D7
G7
un - til you tell me, may - be, that some - day, well, I'll be through! Well,
13
F
that - 'll be the day, when you say good - bye. Yes,
3
15
C
C7
F
that - 'll be the day, when you make me cry. Ah, you say you're gon - na leave, you
18
C N.C.
know it's a lie, 'cause that - 'll be the day

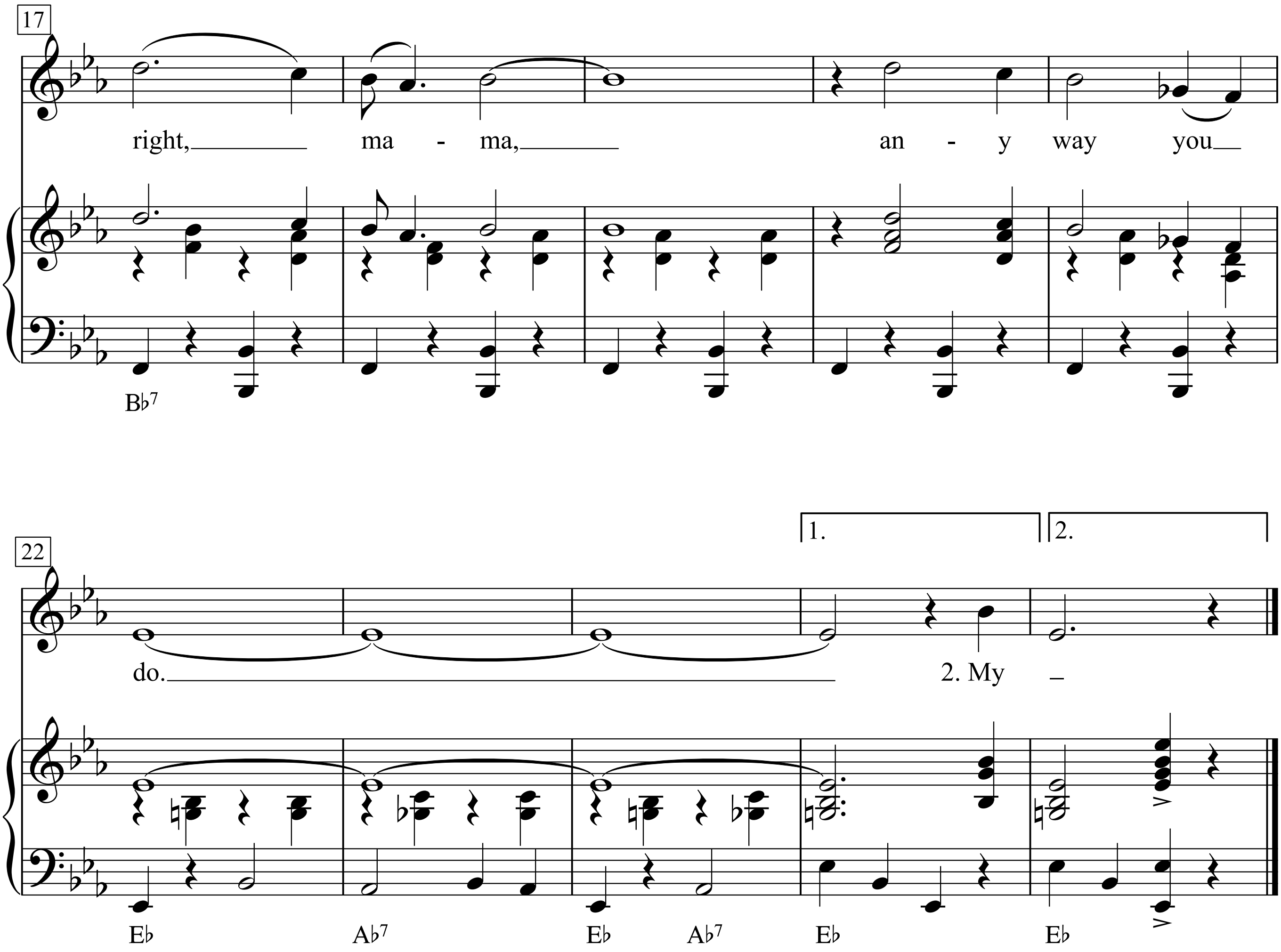

20
G7 C C7 F
when I die. Well; when Cu - pid shot his dart,
22
C C7 F F♯° G7 C C7
he shot it at your heart. So if we ev - er part and I'll leave you,
25
F C D7 D7(♭5)
you say you told me an' you told me bold - ly, that some - day, well,
28
G D9 G7 C7(♯5) G7 C
I'll be through. Well, when I die.

1.
Well, you give me all your lovin' and your turtle dovin',
all your hugs an' kisses an' your money, too.
Well, you know you love me, baby,
until you tell me, maybe, that someday, well,
I'll be through!
Well, that'll be the day, when you say goodbye.
Yes, that'll be the day, when you make me cry.
Ah, you say you're gonna leave, you know it's a lie,
'cause that'll be the day when I die.
Well; when Cupid shot his dart, he shot it at your heart.
So if we ever part and I'll leave you,
you say you told me an' you told me boldly,
that someday, well, I'll be through.
Well, when I die.

That's All Right

Words & Music by Arthur Crudup
(Elvis Presley)

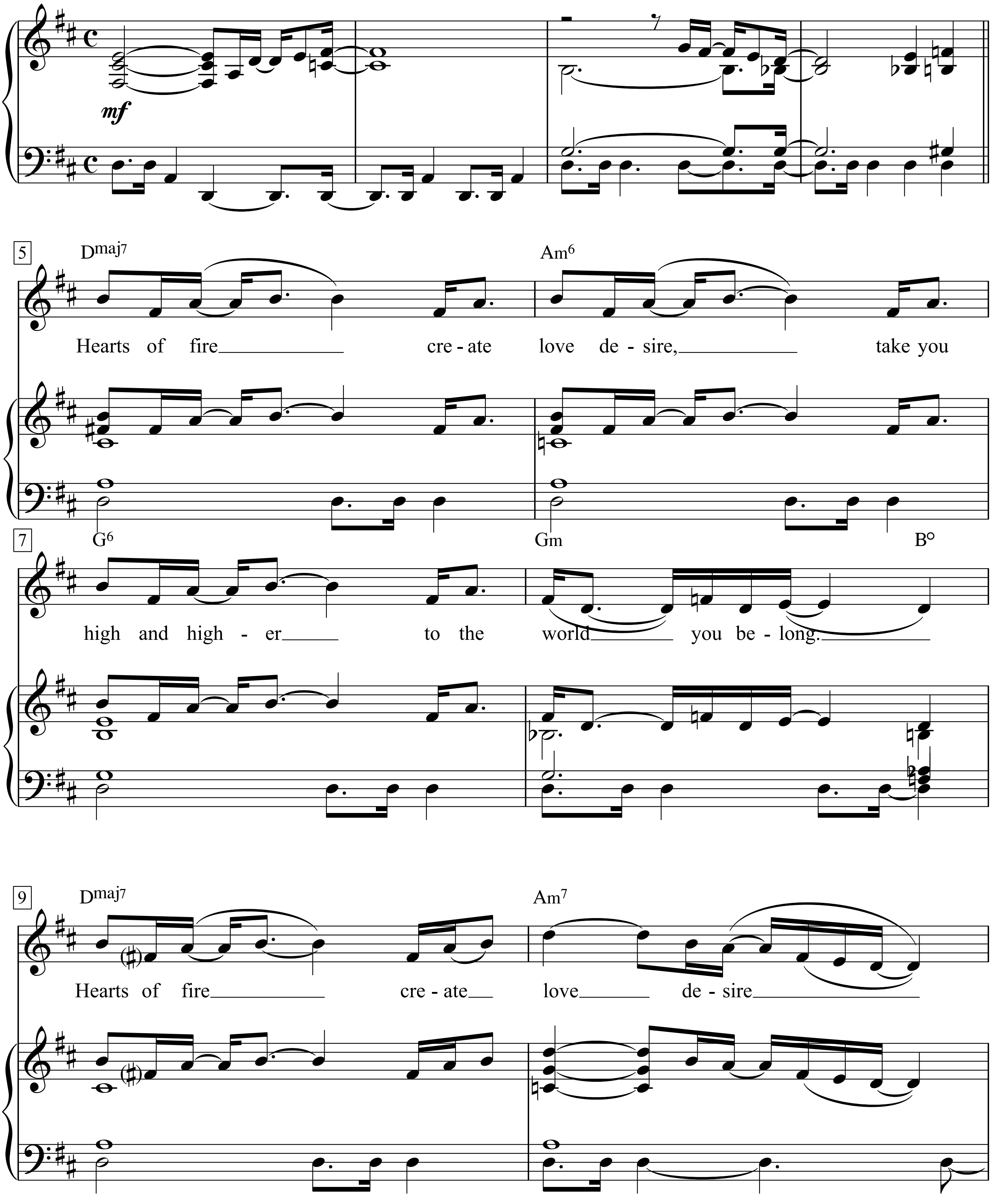


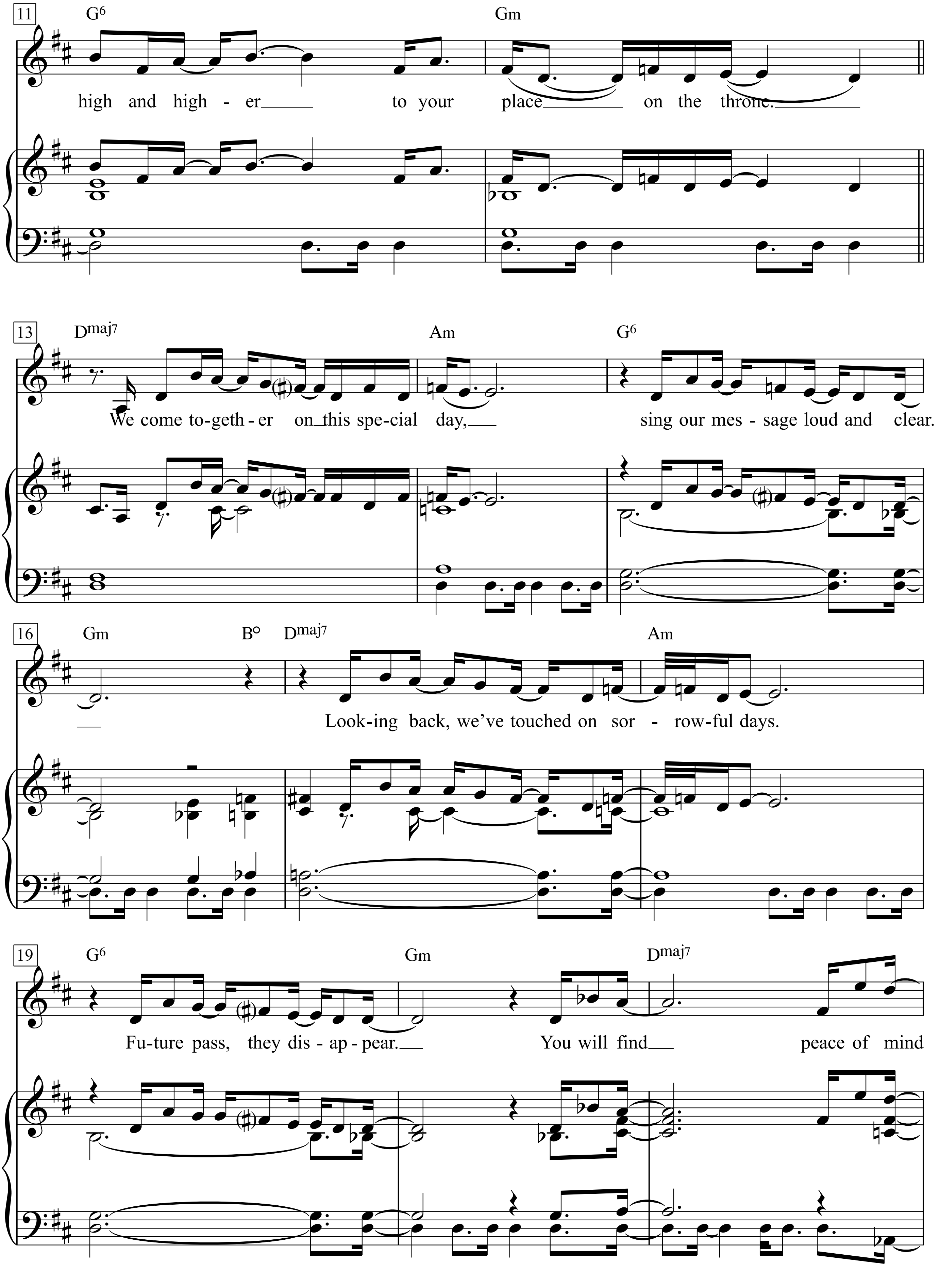

17
right, ma - ma, an - y way you
B♭7
22
1.
2.
do. 2. My
E♭ A♭7 E♭ A♭7 E♭ E♭

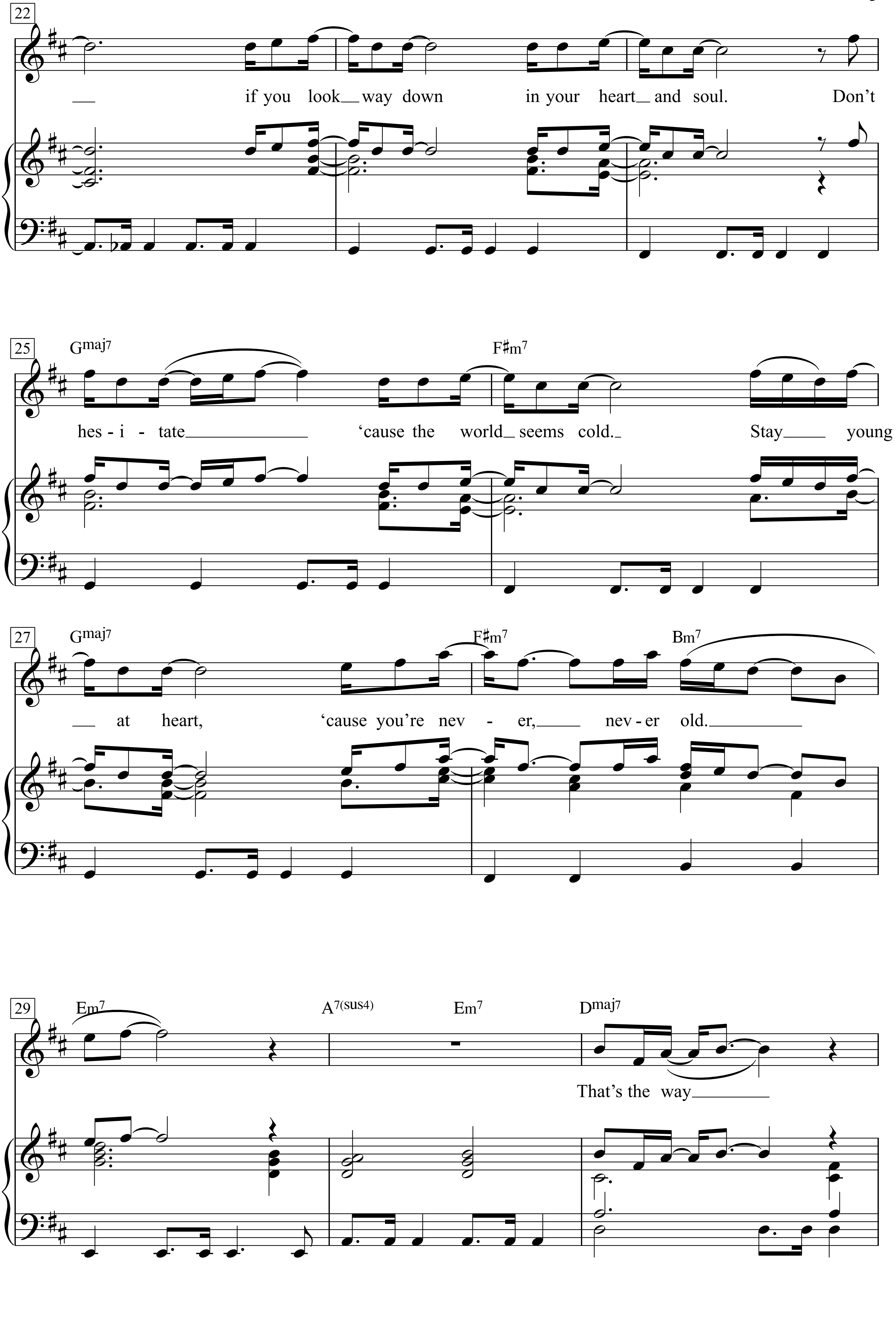
That's the Way of the World

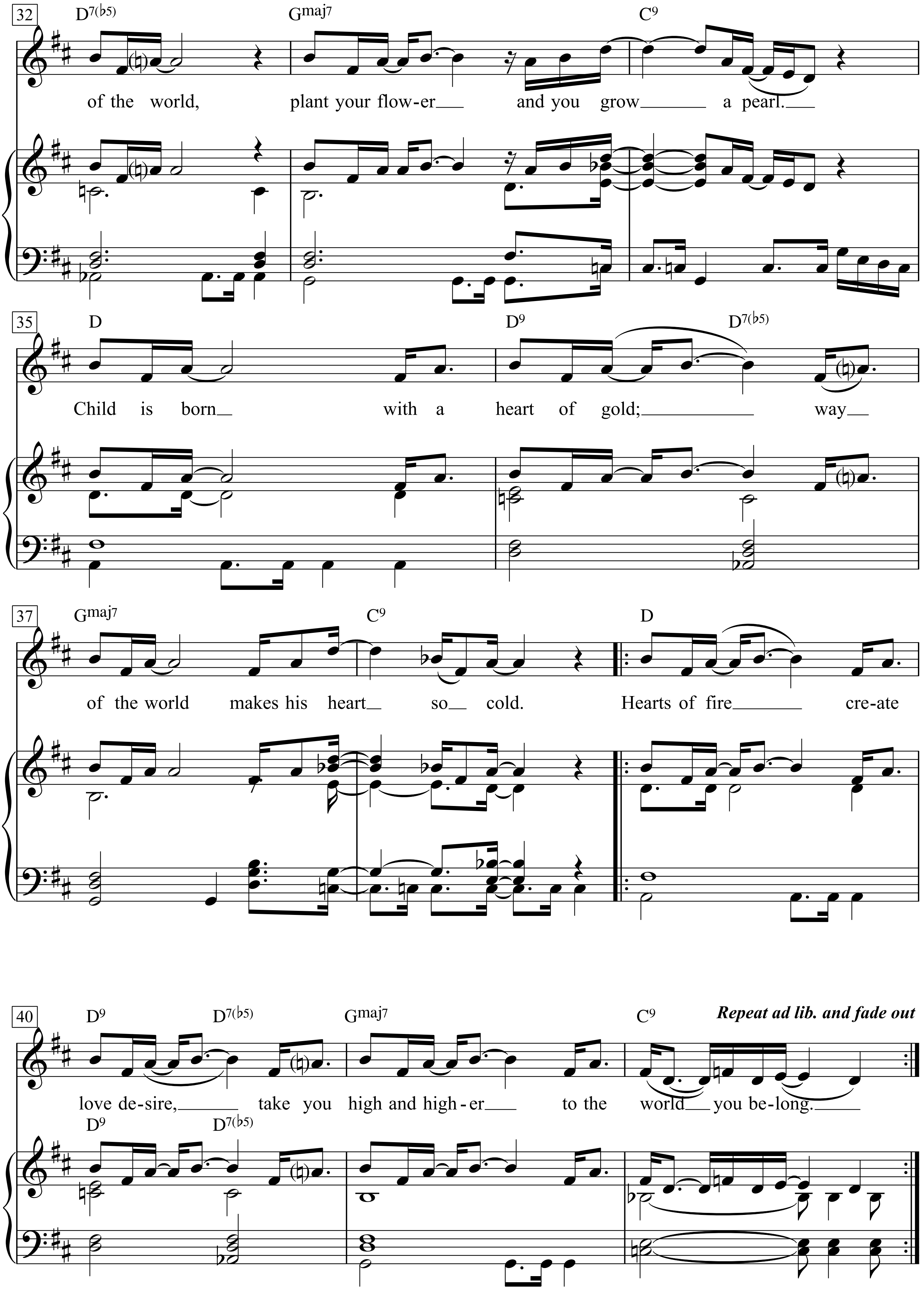
Words & Music by
Maurice White, Verdine White and Charles Stepney
(Earth, Wind and Fire

Moderately




11
G6
Gm
high and high - er to your place on the throne.
13
Dmaj7
Am
G6
We come to-geth - er on this spe-cial day,
sing our mes - sage loud and clear.
16
Gm
B°
Dmaj7
Am
Look-ing back, we've touched on sor - row-ful days.
19
G6
Gm
Dmaj7
Fu-ture pass, they dis - ap - pear.
You will find peace of mind


22
if you look way down in your heart and soul. Don't
25
Gmaj7
F♯m7
hes - i - tate 'cause the world seems cold. Stay young
27
Gmaj7
F♯m7
Bm7
at heart, 'cause you're nev - er, nev - er old.
29
Em7
A7(sus4)
Em7
Dmaj7
That's the way

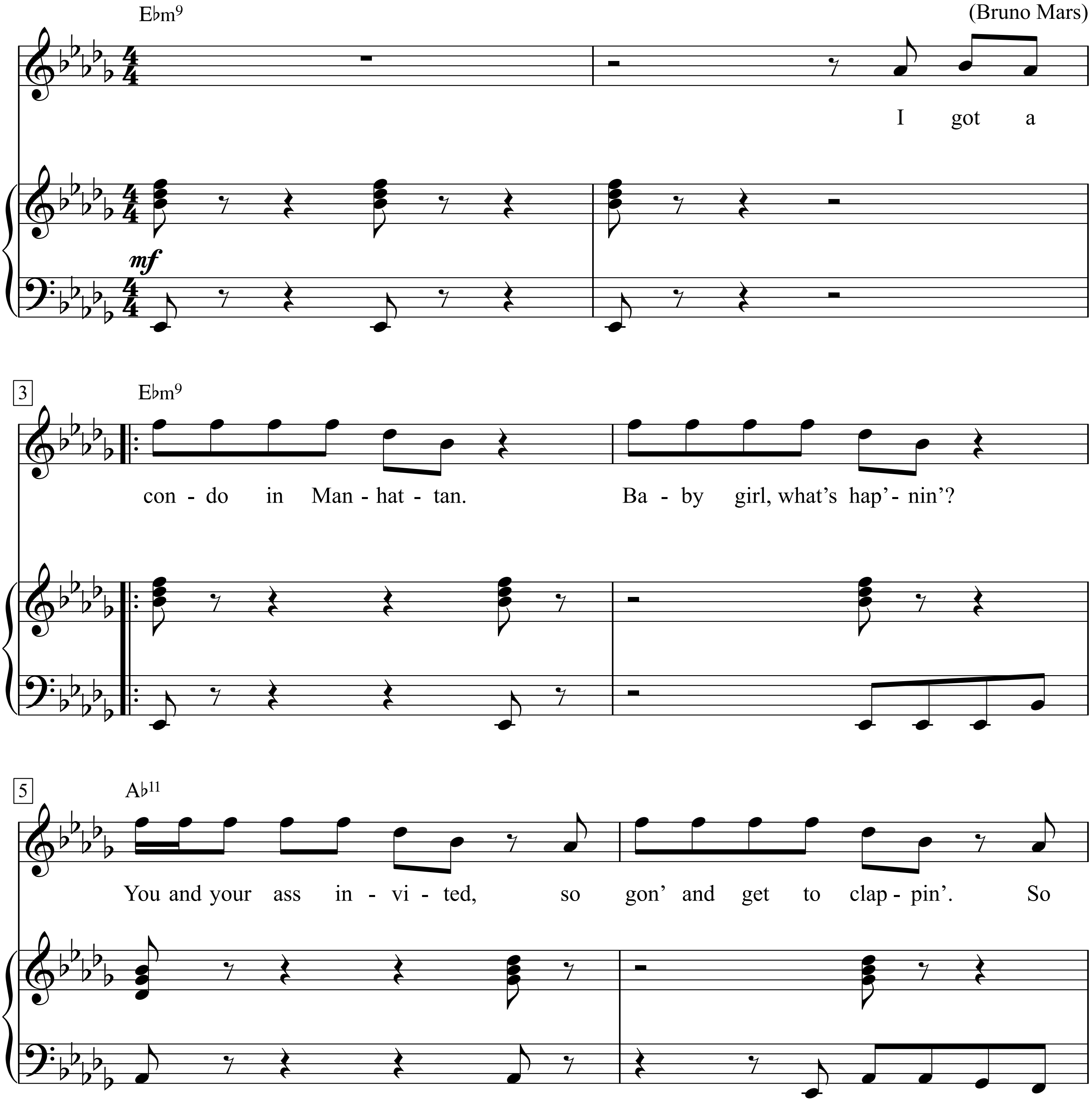

32
D7(♭5)
Gmaj7
C9
of the world, plant your flow-er and you grow a pearl.
35
D
D9
D7(♭5)
Child is born with a heart of gold; way
37
Gmaj7
C9
D
of the world makes his heart so cold. Hearts of fire cre-ate
40
D9
D7(♭5)
Gmaj7
C9
Repeat ad lib. and fade out
love de-sire, take you high and high-er to the world you be-long.
D9
D7(♭5)

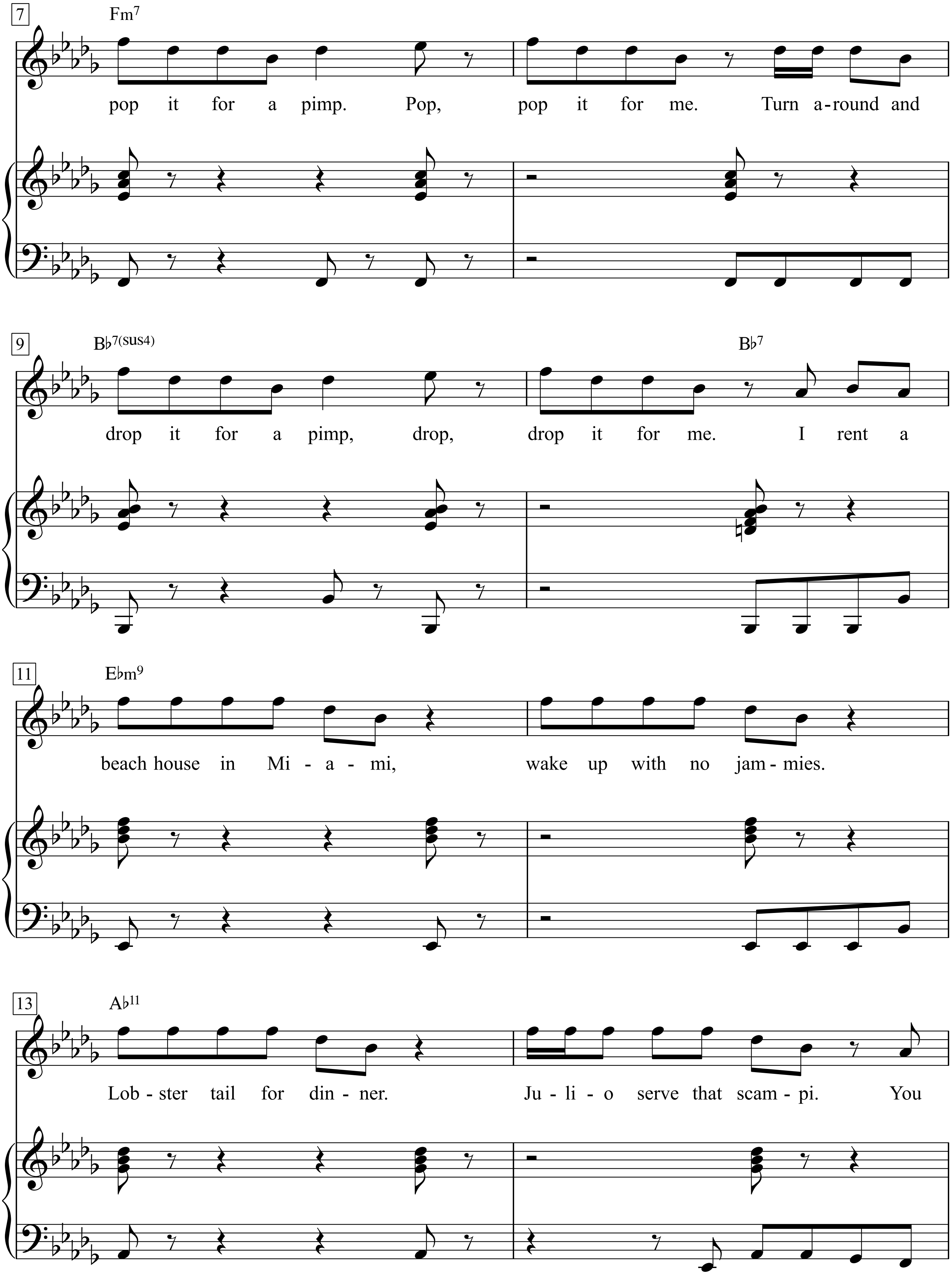
Hearts of fire create love desire, take you high and higher
to the world you belong.
Hearts of fire create love desire high and higher
to your place on the throne.
We come together on this special day,
sing our message loud and clear.
Looking back, we've touched on sorrowful days.
Future pass, they disappear.
You will find peace of mind if you look way
down in your heart and soul.
Don't hesitate 'cause the world seems cold.
Stay young at heart, 'cause you're never, never old.
That's the way of the world,
plant your flower and you grow a pearl.
Child is born with a heart of gold;
way of the world makes his heart so cold.
Hearts of fire create love desire,
take you high and higher to the world you belong.

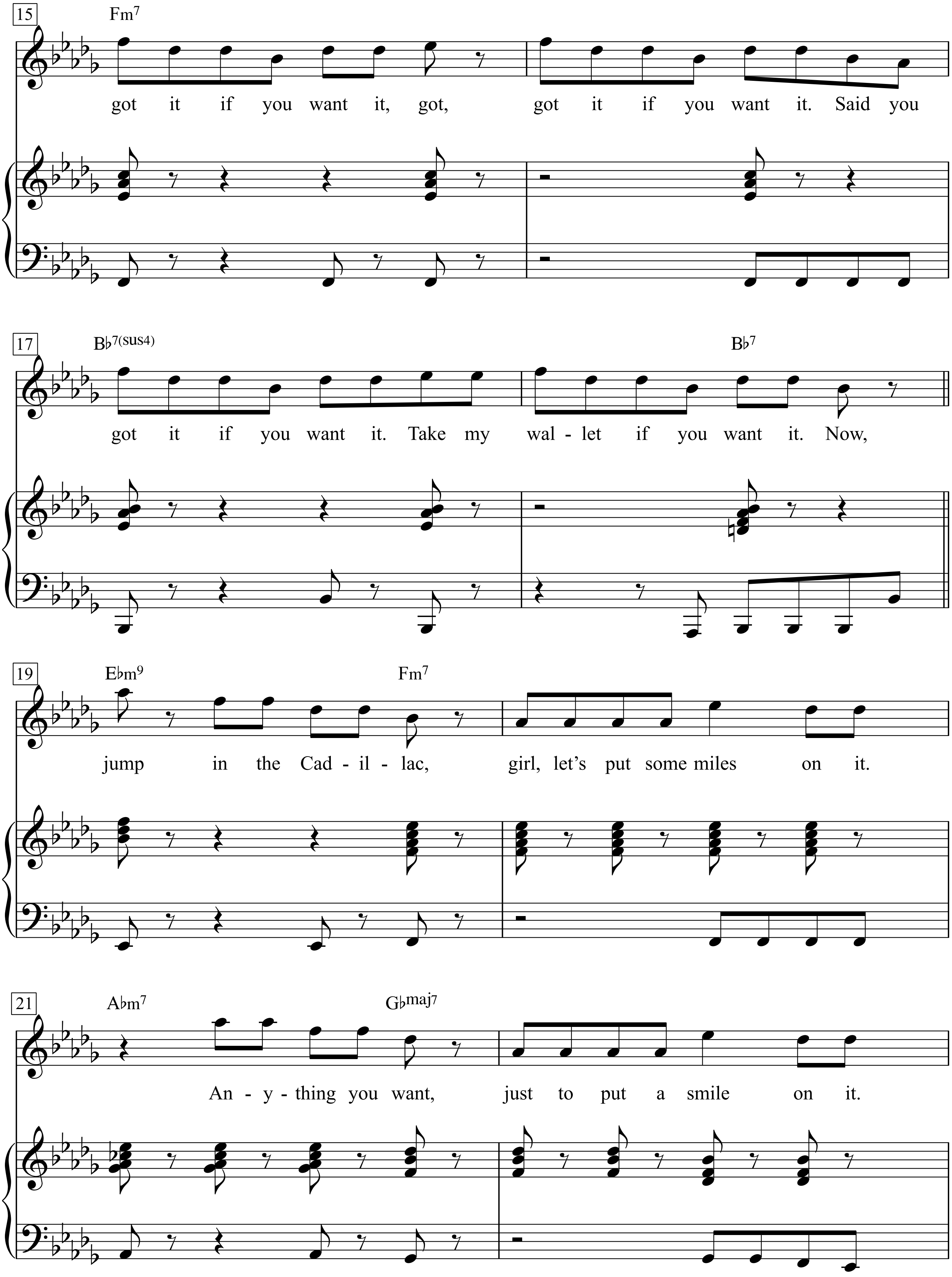
That's What I Like

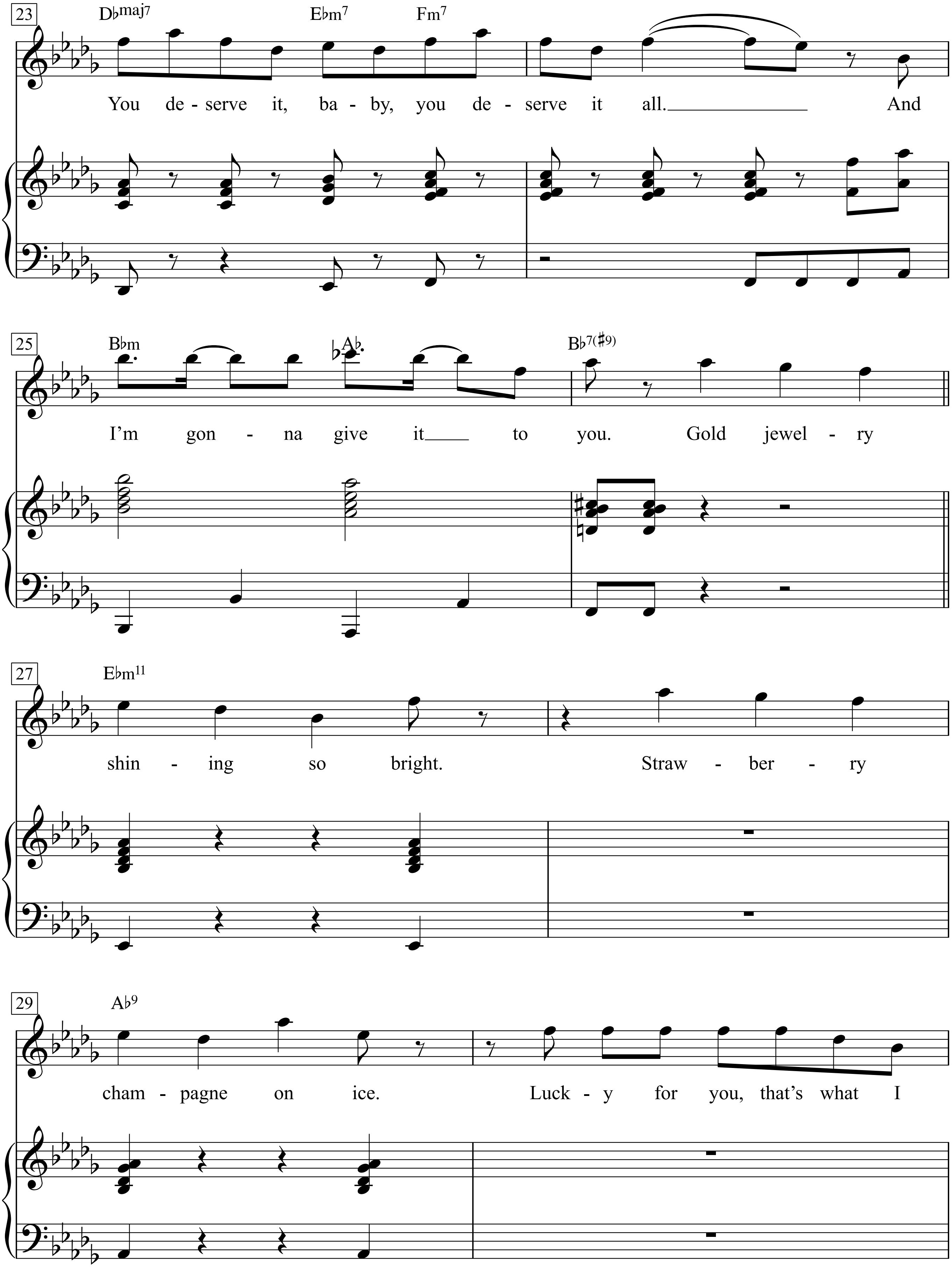
Words & Music by
Bruno Mars, Philip Lawrence,
James Fauntleroy II, Ray Charles McCullough II,
Christopher Brody Brown, Peter Hernandez,
Jeremy Reeves, Jonathan Yip and Ray Romulus
(Bruno Mars)

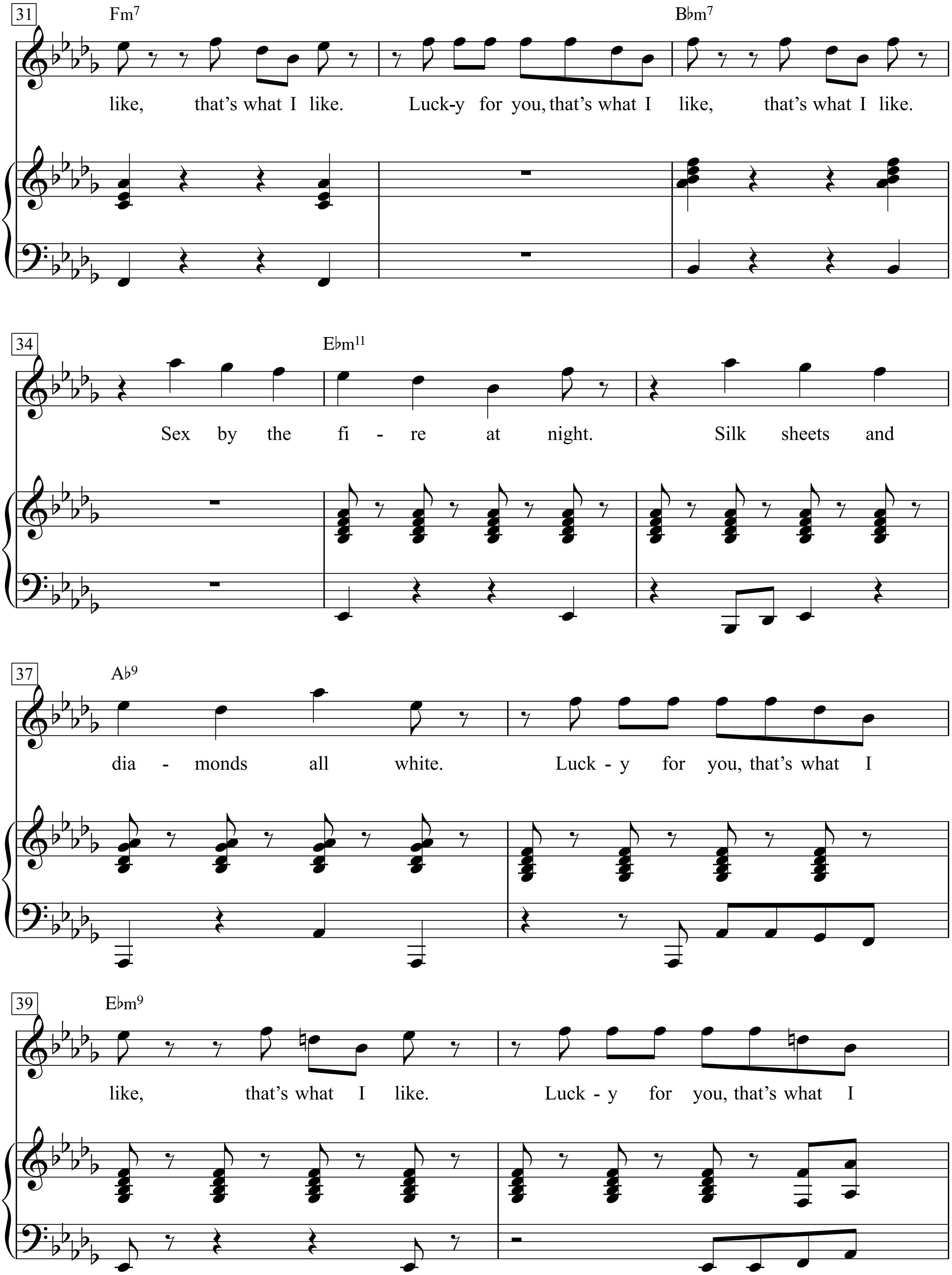
Moderately ♩ = 126

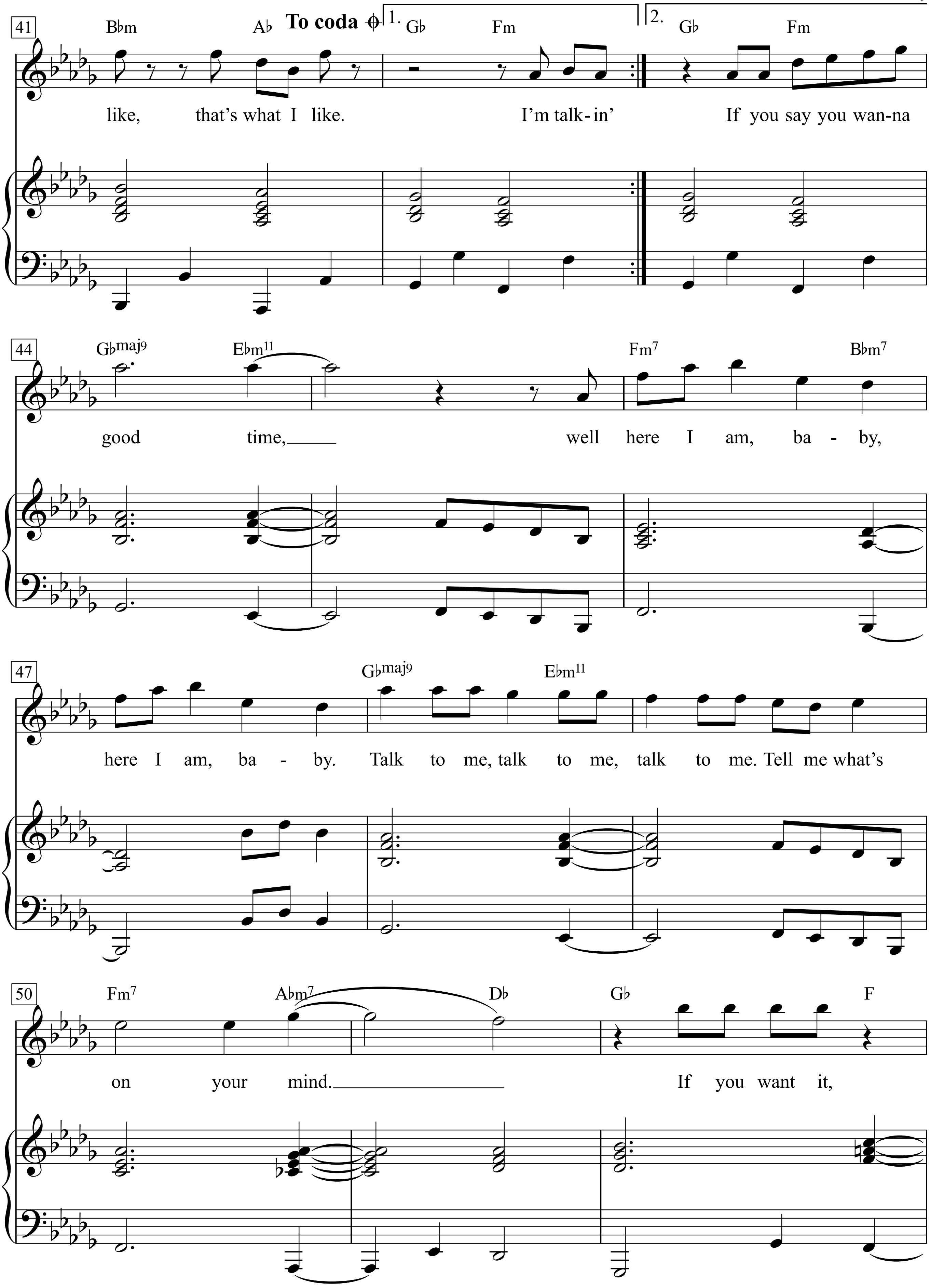


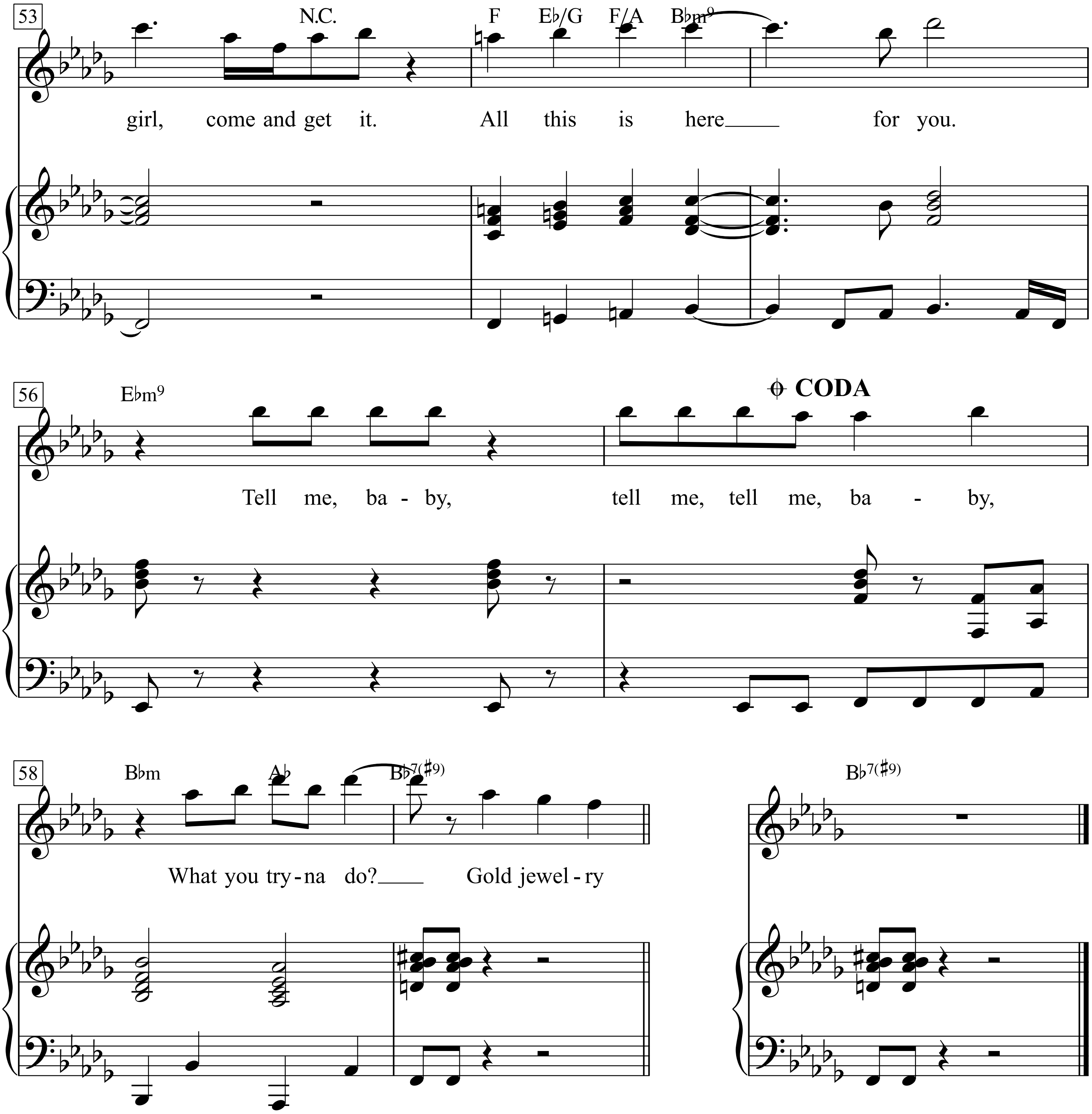

7
Fm7
pop it for a pimp. Pop, pop it for me. Turn a-round and
9
B♭7(sus4)
B♭7
drop it for a pimp, drop, drop it for me. I rent a
11
E♭m9
beach house in Mi - a - mi, wake up with no jam - mies.
13
A♭11
Lob - ster tail for din - ner. Ju - li - o serve that scam - pi. You


15
Fm7
got it if you want it, got, got it if you want it. Said you
17
B♭7(sus4)
B♭7
got it if you want it. Take my wal - let if you want it. Now,
19
E♭m9
Fm7
jump in the Cad - il - lac, girl, let's put some miles on it.
21
A♭m7
G♭maj7
An - y - thing you want, just to put a smile on it.


23
D♭maj7
E♭m7
Fm7
You de - serve it, ba - by, you de - serve it all. And
25
B♭m
A♭
B♭7(♯9)
I'm gon - na give it to you. Gold jewel - ry
27
E♭m11
shin - ing so bright. Straw - ber - ry
29
A♭9
cham - pagne on ice. Luck - y for you, that's what I


31
Fm7
Bbm7
like, that's what I like. Luck-y for you, that's what I like, that's what I like.
34
Ebm11
Sex by the fi - re at night. Silk sheets and
37
Ab9
dia - monds all white. Luck - y for you, that's what I
39
Ebm9
like, that's what I like. Luck - y for you, that's what I

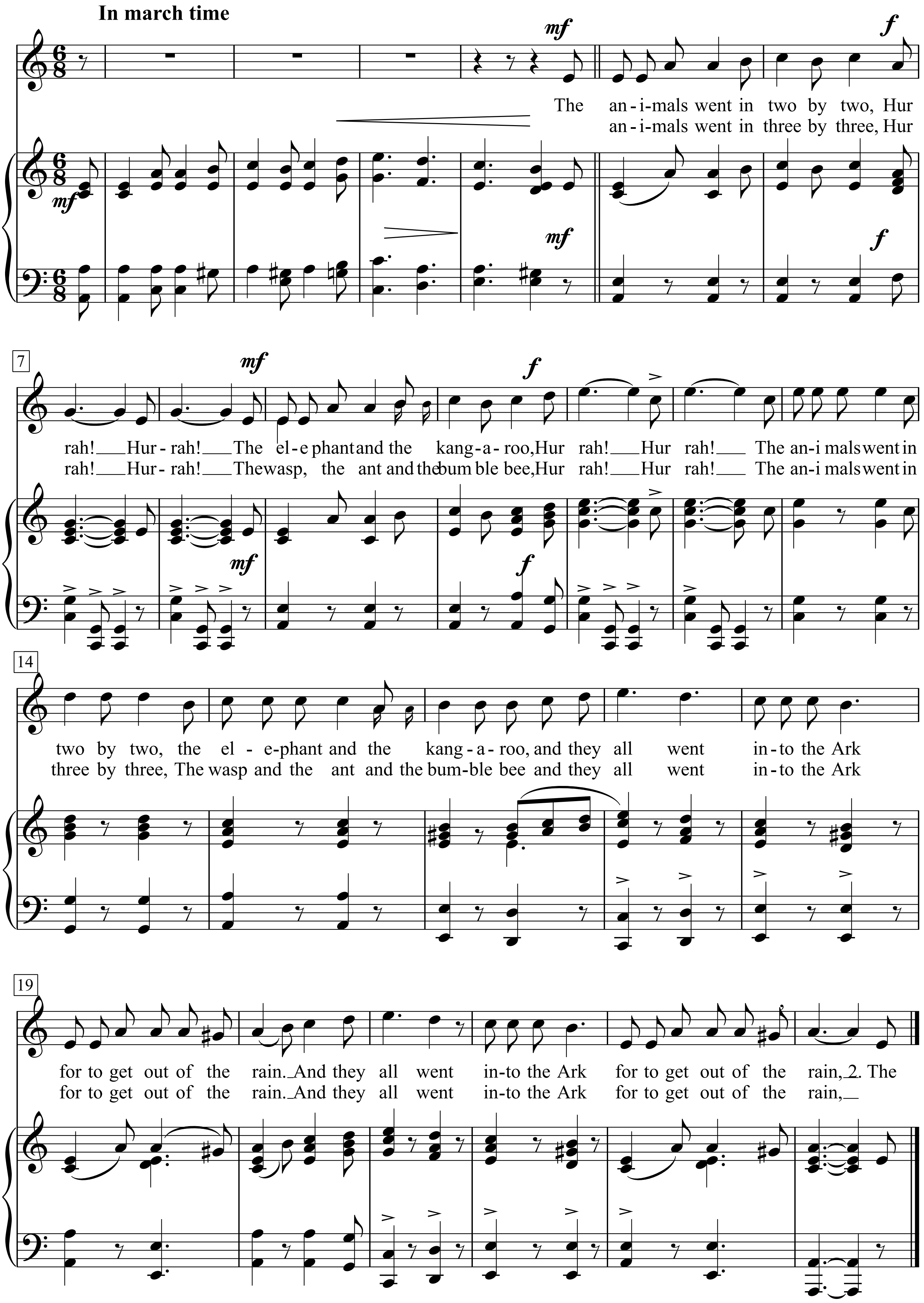

41
B♭m
A♭
To coda
1.
G♭
Fm
2.
G♭
Fm
like, that's what I like. I'm talk-in' If you say you wan-na
44
G♭maj9
E♭m11
Fm7
B♭m7
good time, well here I am, ba - by,
47
G♭maj9
E♭m11
here I am, ba - by. Talk to me, talk to me, talk to me. Tell me what's
50
Fm7
A♭m7
D♭
G♭
F
on your mind. If you want it,


53
N.C.
F Eb/G F/A Bbm9
girl, come and get it. All this is here for you.
56
Ebm9
CODA
Tell me, ba-by, tell me, tell me, ba - by,
58
Bbm Ab Bb7(#9)
What you try-na do? Gold jewel-ry
Bb7(#9)

I’m talkin’ trips to Puerto Rico
Say the word and we go
You can be my freaka
Girl, I’ll be afleeko, mamacita
I will never make a promise that I can’t keep
I promise that your smile ain’t gon’ never leave
Shopping sprees in Paris
Everything 24 carats
Take a look in that mirror
Now tell me who’s the fairest
Is it you? (Is it you?) Is it me? (Is it me?)
Say it’s us (Say it’s us) and I’ll agree, baby

The animals went in two by two

American Tune



1. The animals went in two by two,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The elephant and the kangaroo,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The animals went in two by two,
the elephant and the kangaroo,
|: and they all went into the Ark
for to get out of the rain. :|

2. The animals went in three by three …
The wasp, the ant and the bumble bee,

3. The animals went in four by four …
The great hippopotamus stuck in the door …

4. The animals went in five by five …
By eating (hugging) each other they kept alive …

5. The animals went in six by six …
They turned (left) out the monkey because of his tricks …

6. The animals went in seven by seven …
The little pig thought he was going to heaven …

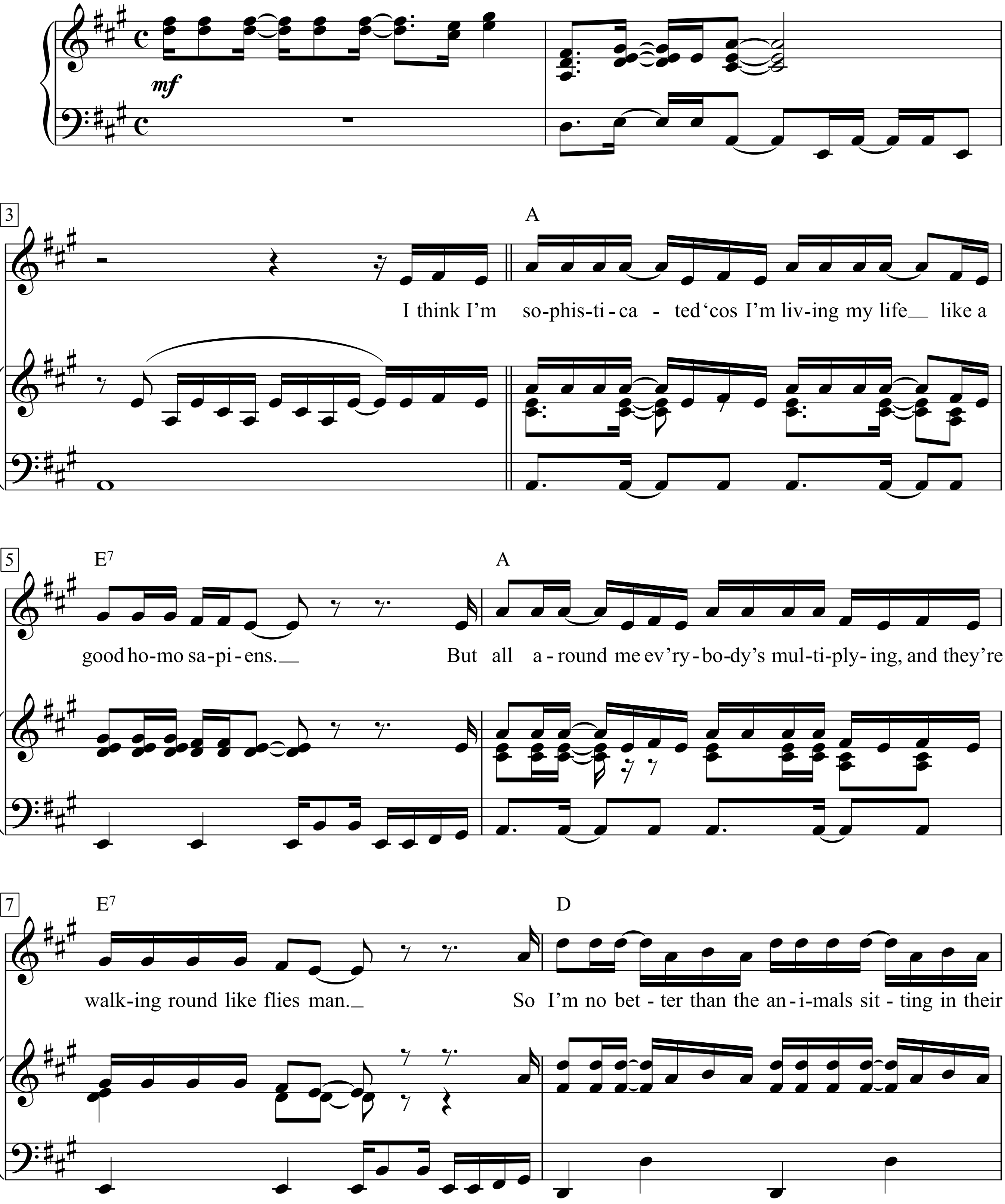
7. The animals went in eight by eight …
The turtle thought he was coming late …

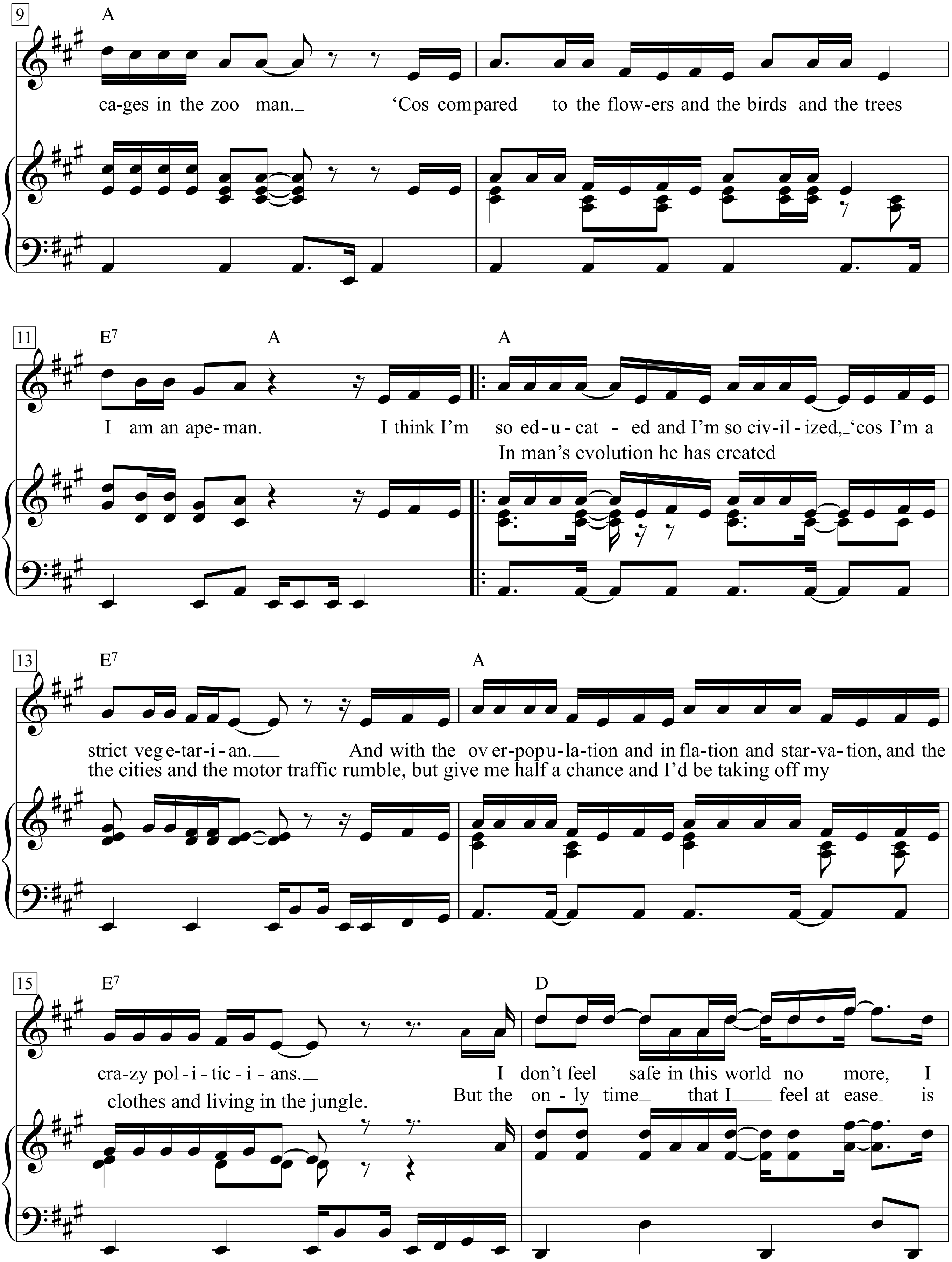
8. The animals went in nine by nine …
Marching up in a long straight line …

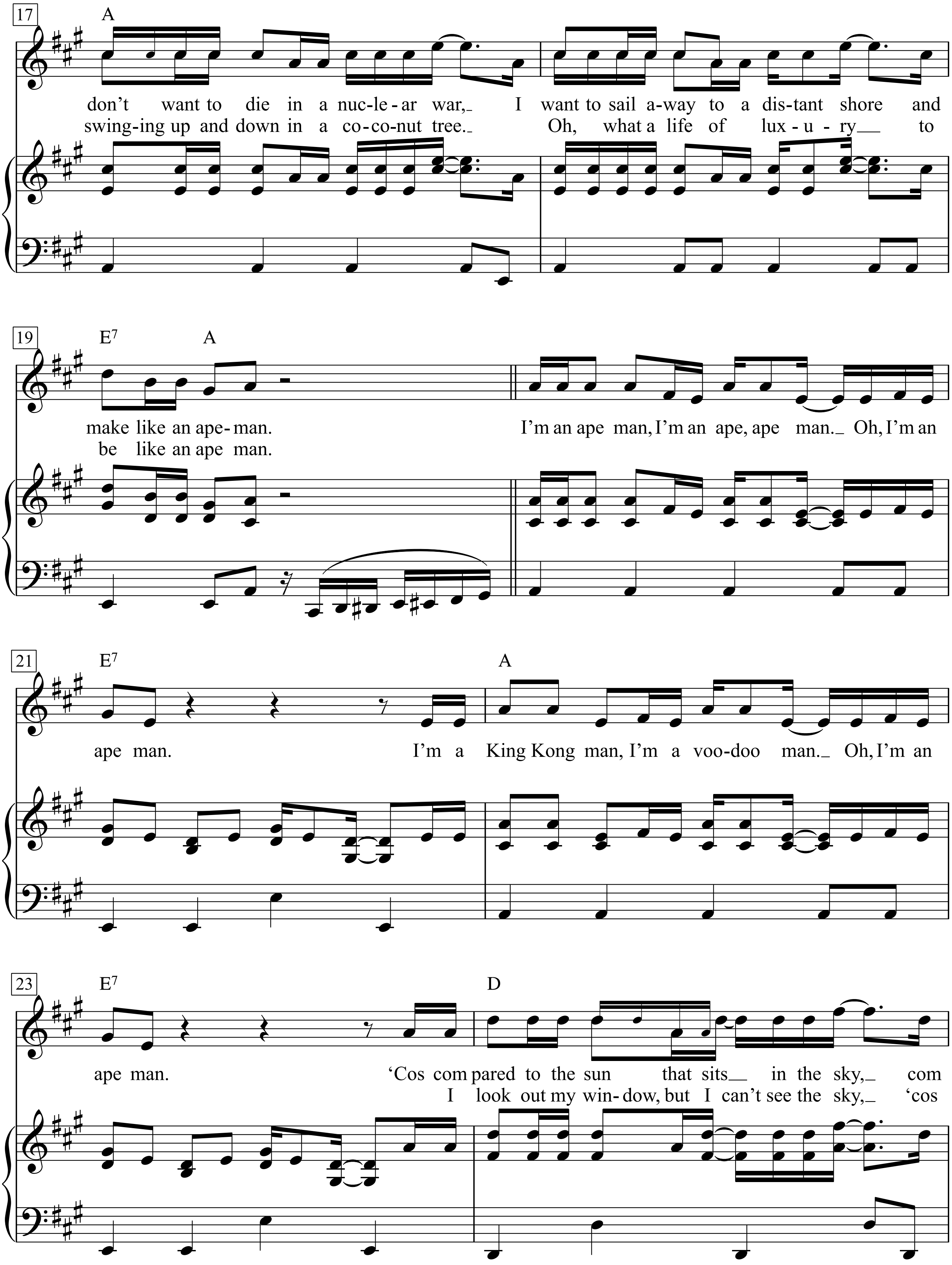
9. The animals went in ten by ten …
The last one in was the little red hen …

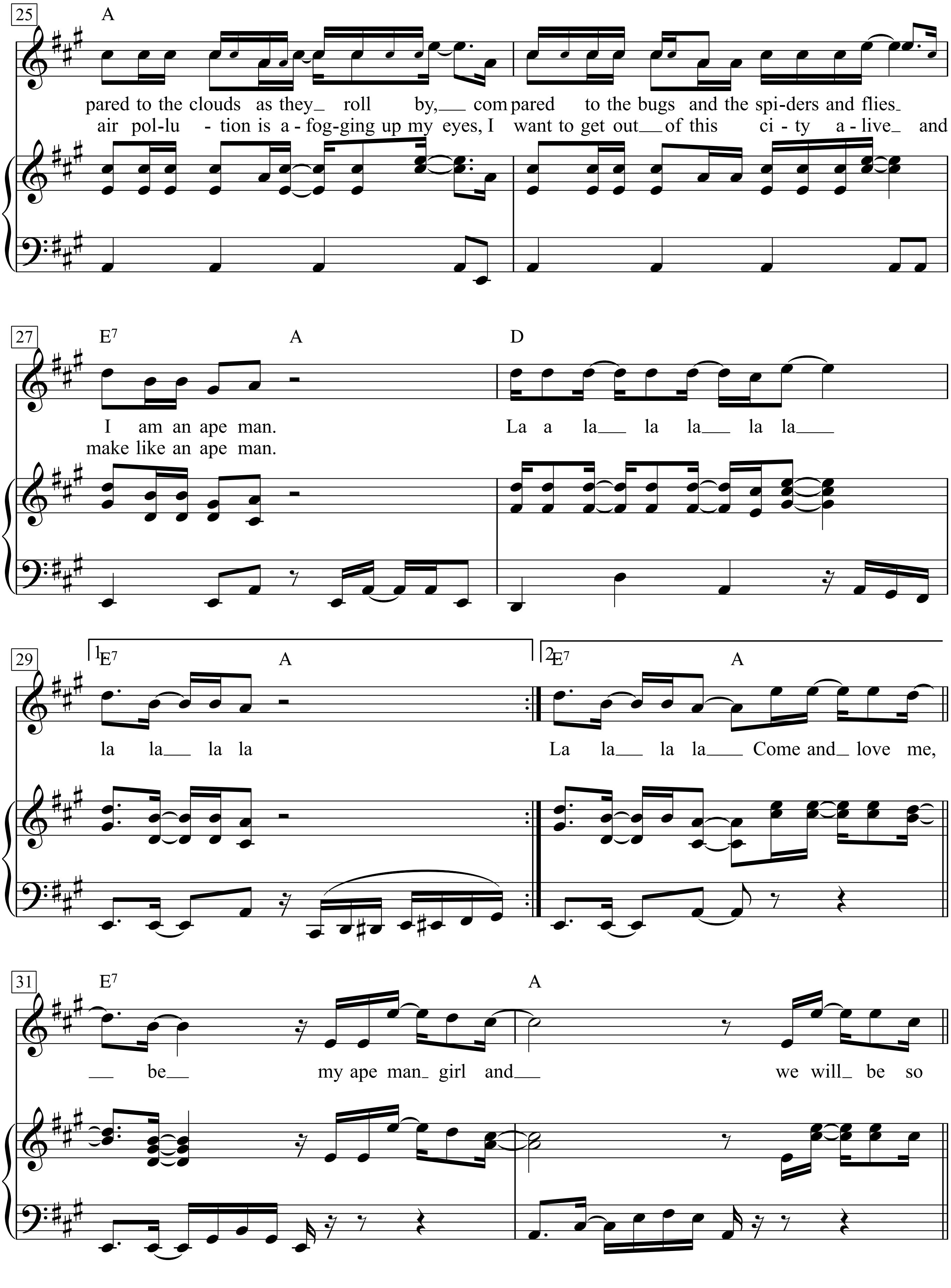
The Apeman

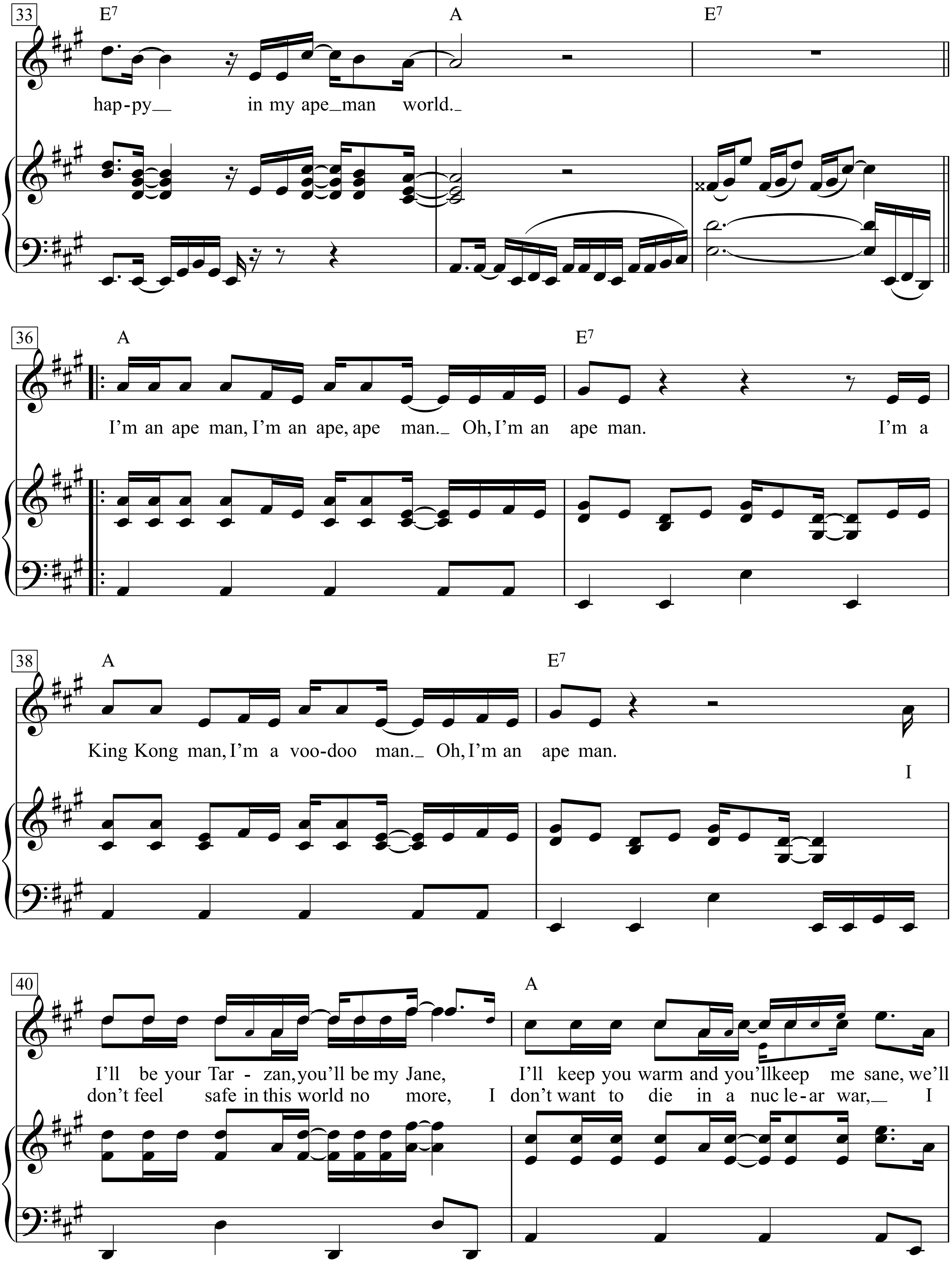
Words & Music by Ray Davies
(The Kinks)

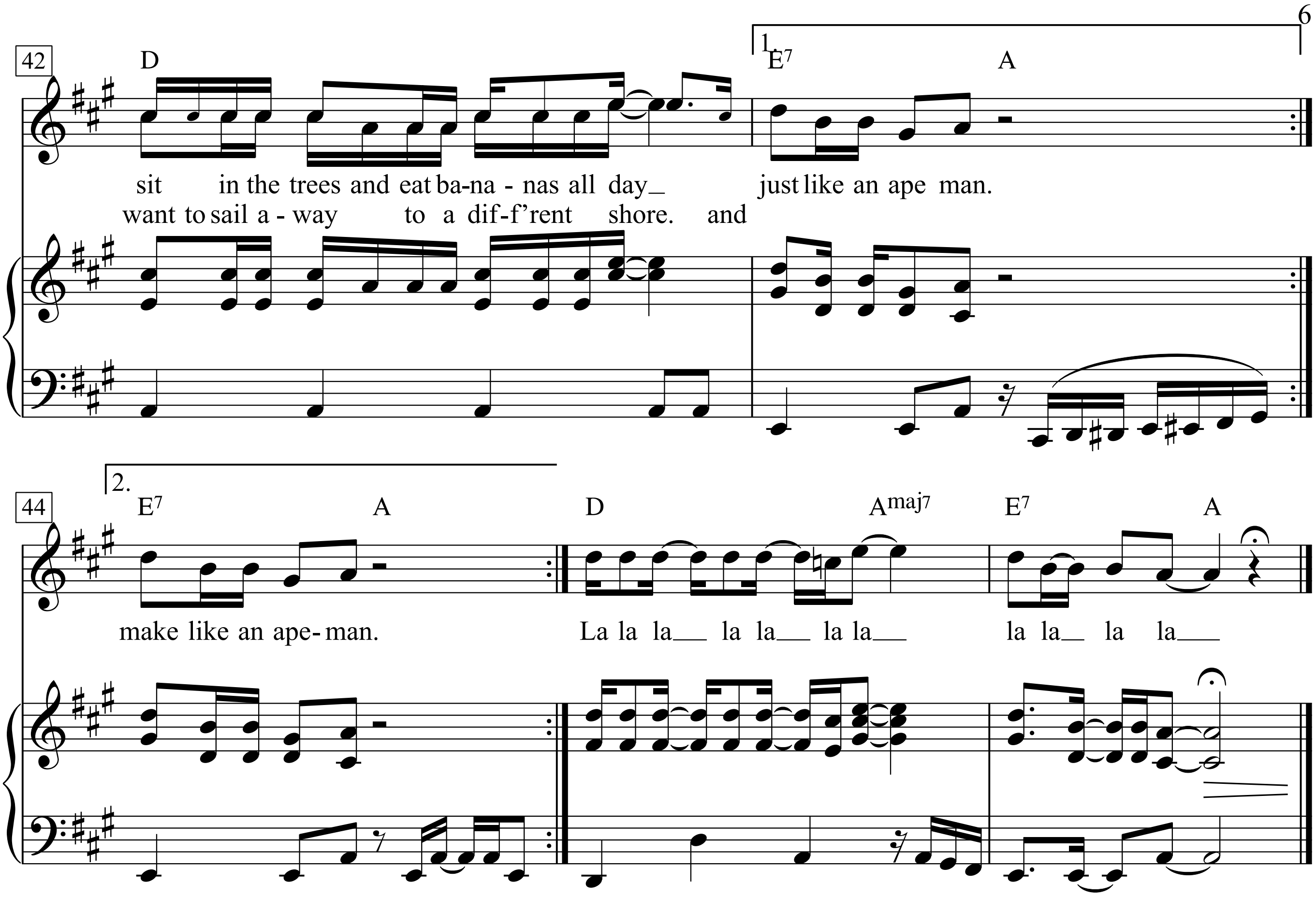



9
A
ca-ges in the zoo man._ ‘Cos compared to the flow-ers and the birds and the trees
11
E7
A
A
I am an ape-man. I think I’m so ed-u-cat - ed and I’m so civ-il - ized,_‘cos I’m a
In man’s evolution he has created
13
E7
A
strict veg e-tar-i - an.__ And with the ov er-popu-la-tion and in fla-tion and star-va-tion, and the
the cities and the motor traffic rumble, but give me half a chance and I’d be taking off my
15
E7
D
cra-zy pol - i - tic - i - ans.__ I don’t feel safe in this world no more, I
clothes and living in the jungle. But the on - ly time_ that I___ feel at ease_ is


17
A
don't want to die in a nuc-le-ar war,_ I want to sail a-way to a dis-tant shore and
swing-ing up and down in a co-co-nut tree._ Oh, what a life of lux-u-ry__ to
19
E7
A
make like an ape-man. I'm an ape man, I'm an ape, ape man._ Oh, I'm an
be like an ape man.
21
E7
A
ape man. I'm a King Kong man, I'm a voo-doo man._ Oh, I'm an
23
E7
D
ape man. 'Cos com pared to the sun that sits__ in the sky,_ com
I look out my win-dow, but I can't see the sky,_ 'cos


25
A
pared to the clouds as they roll by, com pared to the bugs and the spi-ders and flies
air pol-lu - tion is a - fog-ging up my eyes, I want to get out of this ci - ty a - live and
27
E7
A
D
I am an ape man. La a la la la la la
make like an ape man.
29
1.E7
A
2.E7
A
la la la la
La la la la Come and love me,
31
E7
A
be my ape man girl and we will be so

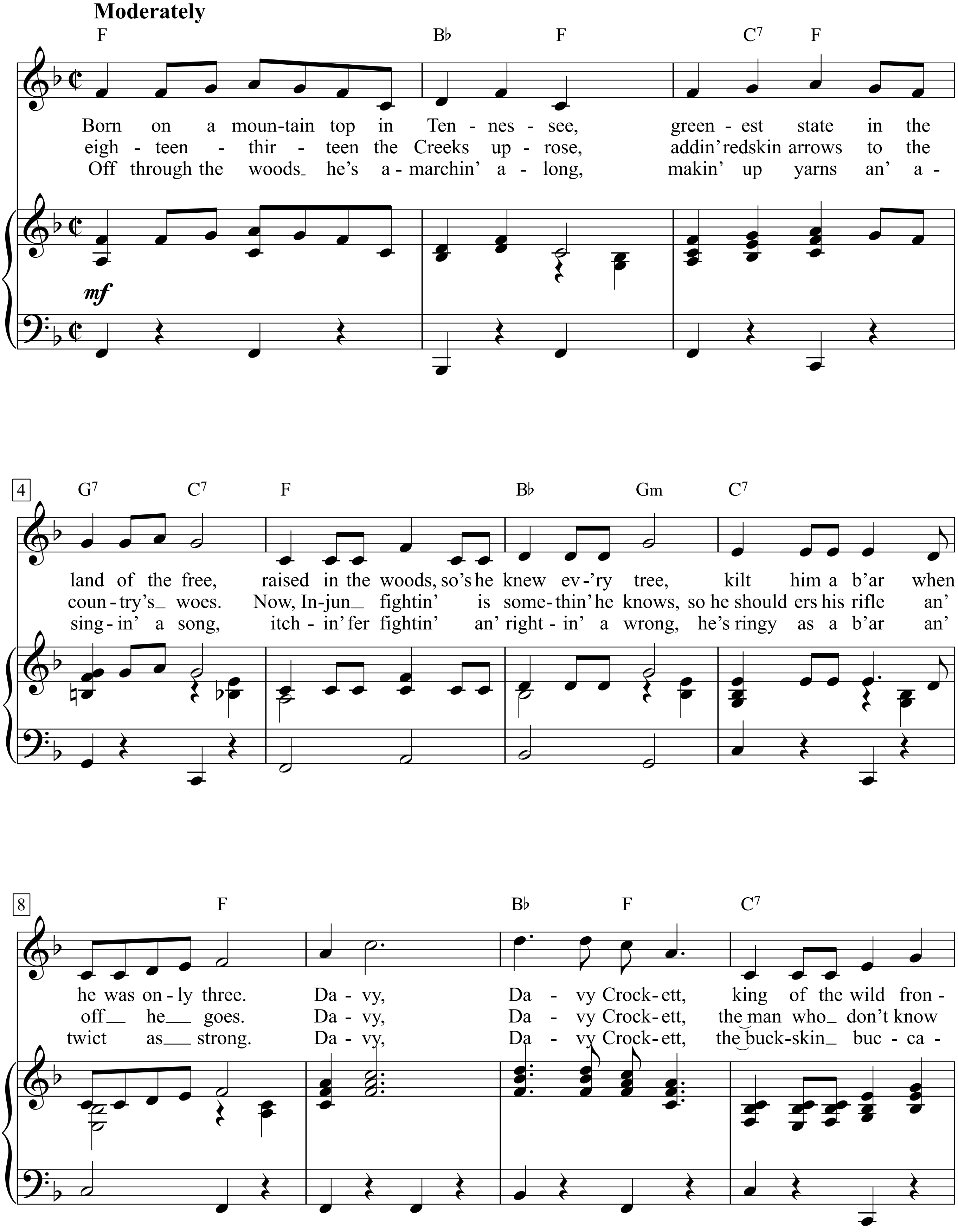

33
E7
A
E7
hap-py in my ape man world.
36
A
E7
I'm an ape man, I'm an ape, ape man. Oh, I'm an ape man. I'm a
38
A
E7
King Kong man, I'm a voo-doo man. Oh, I'm an ape man.
I
40
A
I'll be your Tar - zan, you'll be my Jane, I'll keep you warm and you'll keep me sane, we'll
don't feel safe in this world no more, I don't want to die in a nuc le-ar war, I

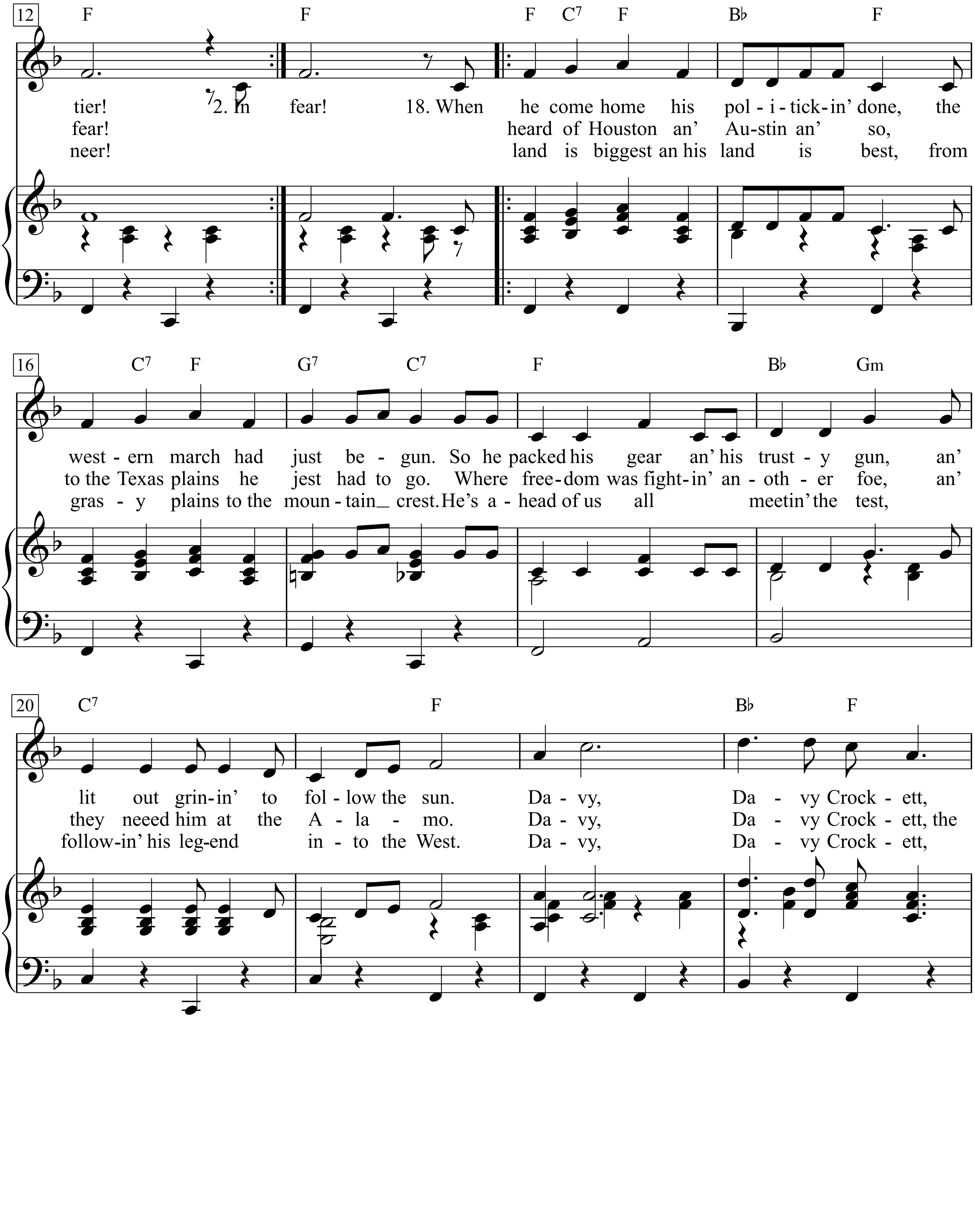

42
D
1.
E7
A
sit in the trees and eat ba-na - nas all day
just like an ape man.
want to sail a - way to a dif-f'rent shore. and
44
2.
E7
A
D
Amaj7
E7
A
make like an ape- man.
La la la la la la la
la la la la

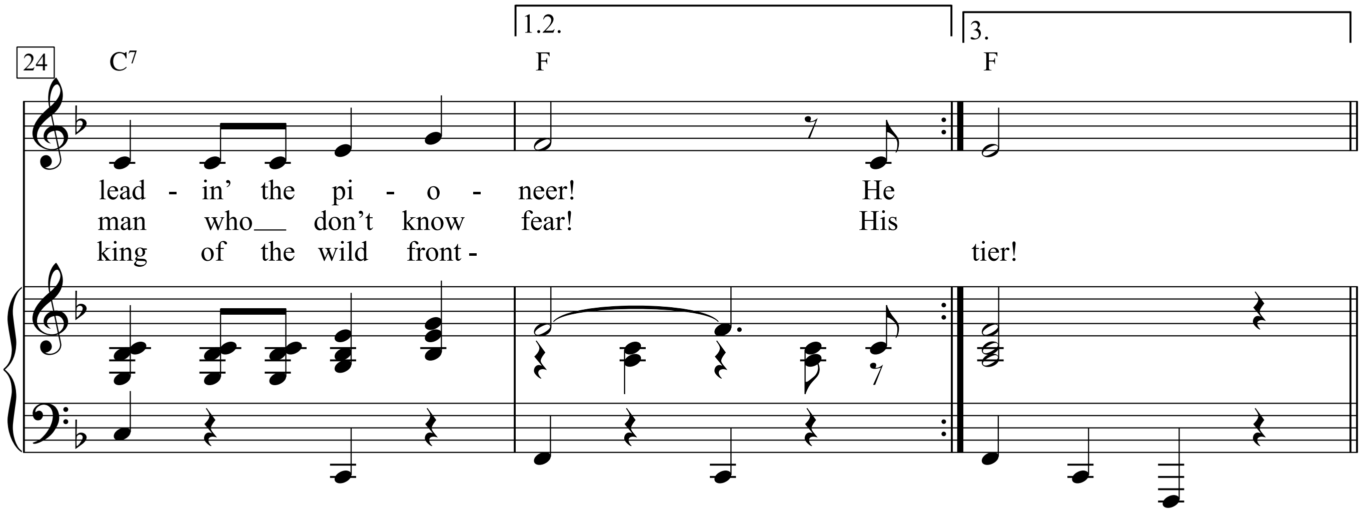
The Ballad of Davy Crockett

Words by Tom Blackburn

Music by George Bruns




12
F F F C7 F B♭ F
tier! 2. In fear! 18. When he come home his pol - i - tick - in' done, the
fear! heard of Houston an' Au - stin an' so,
neer! land is biggest an his land is best, from
16
C7 F G7 C7 F B♭ Gm
west - ern march had just be - gun. So he packed his gear an' his trust - y gun, an'
to the Texas plains he jest had to go. Where free - dom was fight - in' an - oth - er foe, an'
gras - y plains to the moun - tain_ crest. He's a - head of us all meetin' the test,
20
C7 F B♭ F
lit out grin - in' to fol - low the sun. Da - vy, Da - vy Crock - ett,
they neeed him at the A - la - mo. Da - vy, Da - vy Crock - ett, the
follow - in' his leg - end in - to the West. Da - vy, Da - vy Crock - ett,


1.2.
3.
24
C7
F
F
lead - in' the pi - o - neer! He
man who__ don't know fear! His
king of the wild front - tier!

Zwei Strophen zuviel!!!!!

1. Born on a mountain top in Tennessee,
greenest state in the land of the free
Raised in the woods so's he knew ev'ry tree,
kilt him a b'ar when he was only three

Davy, Davy Crockett, king of the wild frontier!

2. In eighteen thirteen the Creeks uprose,
addin' redskin arrows to the country's woes
Now, Injun fightin' is somethin' he knows,
so he shoulders his rifle an' off he goes.

Davy, Davy Crockett, the man who don't know fear!

3. Off through the woods he's a marchin' along,
makin' up yarns an' a singin' a song
Itchin' fer fightin' an' rightin' a wrong,
he's ringy as a b'ar an' twic't as strong.

Davy, Davy Crockett, the buckskin buccaneer!

4. Andy Jackson is our gen'ral's name,
his reg'lar soldiers we'll put to shame
Them redskin varmints us Volunteers'll tame,
'cause we got the guns with the sure-fire aim

Davy, Davy Crockett, the champion of us all!

5. Headed back to war from the ol' home place,
but Red Stick was leadin' a merry chase
Fightin' an' burnin' at a devil's pace,
south to the swamps on the Florida Trace

Davy, Davy Crockett, trackin' the redskins down!

6. Fought single-handed through the Injun War,
till the Creeks was whipped an' peace was in store
An' while he was handlin' this risky chore,
made hisself a legend for evermore.

Davy, Davy Crockett, king of the wild frontier!

7. He give his word an' he give his hand,
that his Injun friends could keep their land
An' the rest of his life he took the stand,
that justice was due every redskin band

Davy, Davy Crockett, holdin' his promise dear!

8. Home fer the winter with his family,
happy as squirrels in the ol' gum tree
Bein' the father he wanted to be,
close to his boys as the pod an' the pea.

Davy, Davy Crockett, holdin' his young'uns dear!

9. But the ice went out an' the warm winds came,
an' the meltin' snow showed tracks of game
An' the flowers of Spring filled the woods with flame,
an' all of a sudden life got too tame.

Davy, Davy Crockett, headin' on West again!

10. Off through the woods we're ridin' along,
makin' up yarns an' singin' a song
He's ringy as a b'ar an' twict as strong,
an' knows he's right 'cause he ain' often wrong.

Davy, Davy Crockett, the man who don't know fear!

11. Lookin' fer a place where the air smells clean,
where the trees is tall an' the grass is green
Where the fish is fat in an untouched stream,
an' the teemin' woods is a hunter's dream.

Davy, Davy Crockett, lookin' fer Paradise!

12. Now he's lost his love an' his grief was gall,
in his heart he wanted to leave it all
An' lose himself in the forests tall,
but he answered instead his country's call.

Davy, Davy Crockett, beginnin' his campaign!

13. Needin' his help they didn't vote blind,
They put in Davy 'cause he was their kind
Sent up to Nashville the best they could find,
a fightin' spirit an' a thinkin' mind.

Davy, Davy Crockett, choice of the whole frontier!

14. The votes were counted an' he won hands down,
so they sent him off to Washin'ton town
With his best dress suit still his buckskins brown,
a livin' legend of growin' renown

Davy, Davy Crockett, the Canebrake Congressman!

15. He went off to Congress an' served a spell,
fixin' up the Govern'ments an' laws as well
Took over Washin'ton so we heered tell,
an' patched up the crack in the Liberty Bell.

Davy, Davy Crockett, seein' his duty clear!

16. Him an' his jokes travelled all through the land,
an' his speeches made him friends to beat the band
His politickin' was their favorite brand,
an' everyone wanted to shake his hand

Davy, Davy Crockett, helpin' his legend grow!

17. He knew when he spoke he sounded the knell,
of his hopes for White House an’ fame as well
But he spoke out strong so hist’ry books tell,
an’ patched up the crack in the Liberty Bell.

Davy, Davy Crockett, seein’ his duty clear!

18. When he come home his politickin’ done,
the western march had just begun
So he packed his gear an’ his trusty gun,
an’ lit out grinnin’ to follow the sun

Davy, Davy Crockett, leadin’ the pioneer!

19. He heard of Houston an’ Austin so,
to the Texas plains he jest had to go
Where freedom was fightin’ another foe,
an’ they needed him at the Alamo.

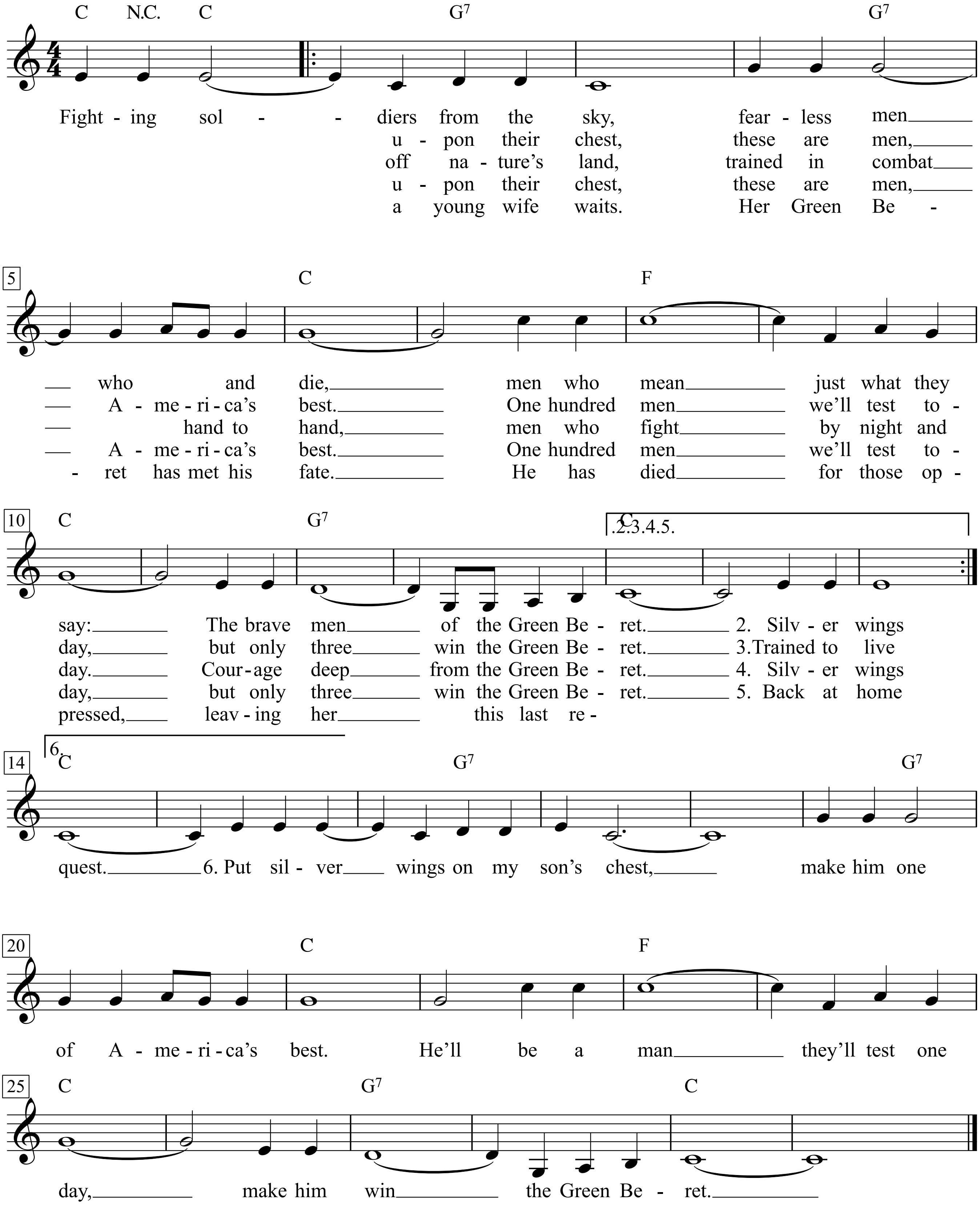
Davy, Davy Crockett, the man who don’t know fear!

20. His land is biggest an’ his land is best,
from grassy plains to the mountain crest
He’s ahead of us all meetin’ the test,
followin’ his legend into the West

Davy, Davy Crockett, king of the wild frontier!

The Ballad of the Green Berets

Worsds & Music by Robin Moore
(Barry Sadler)



1. Fighting soldiers from the sky,
fearless men who jump and die,
men who mean just what they say:
The brave men of the Green Beret.

2. Silver wings upon their chest,
these are men, America's best.
One hundred men we'll test today,
but only three win the Green Beret.

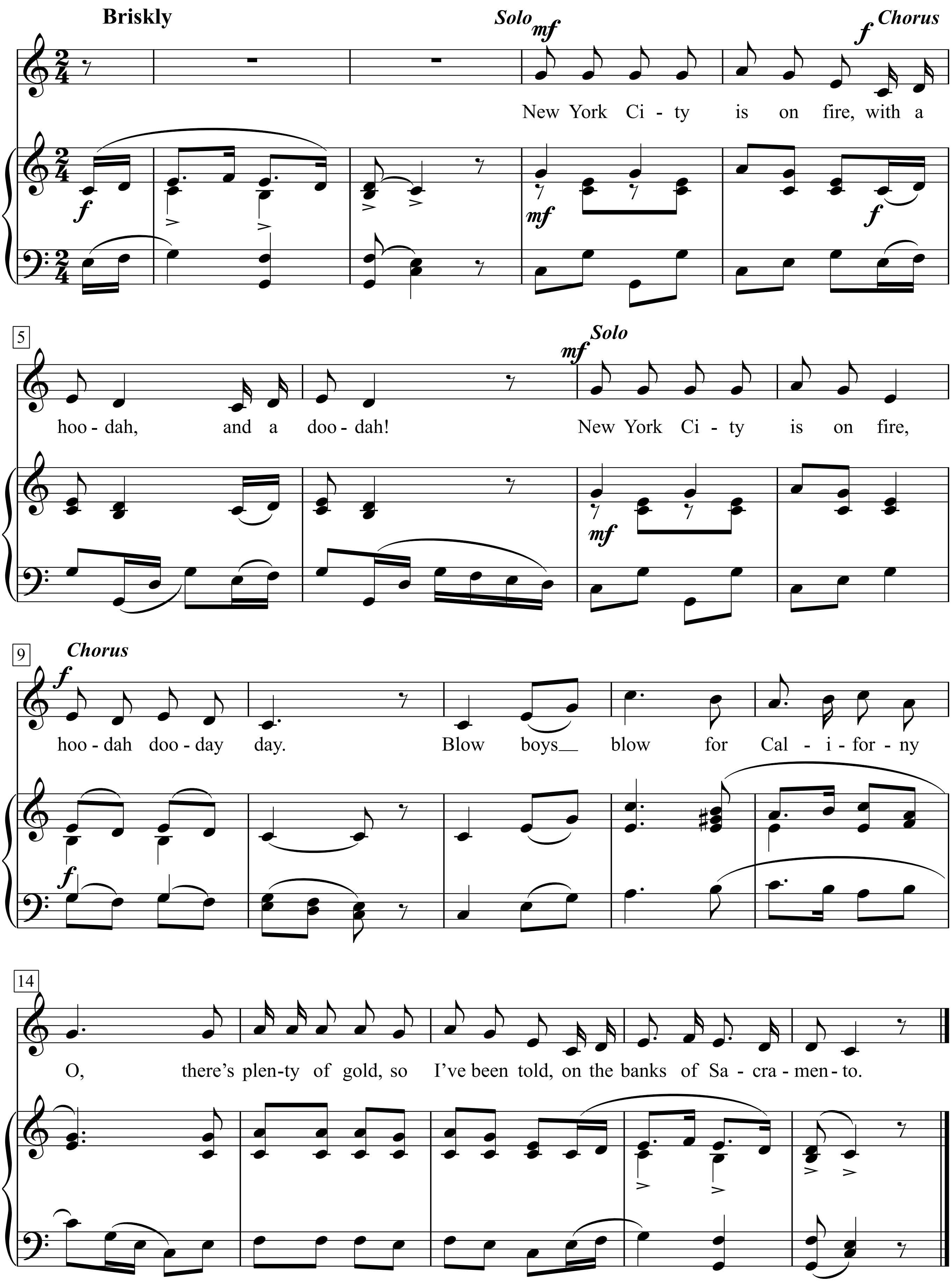
3. Trained to live off nature's land,
trained in combat hand to hand,
men who fight by night and day.
Courage deep from the Green Beret.

4. Silver wings upon their chest,
these are men, America's best.
One hundred men we'll test today,
but only three win the Green Beret.

5. Back at home a young wife waits.
Her Green Beret has met his fate.
He has died for those oppressed,
leaving her this last request.

6. Put silver wings on my son's chest,
make him one of America's best.
He'll be a man they'll test one day,
make him win the Green Beret.

The Banks of Sacramento



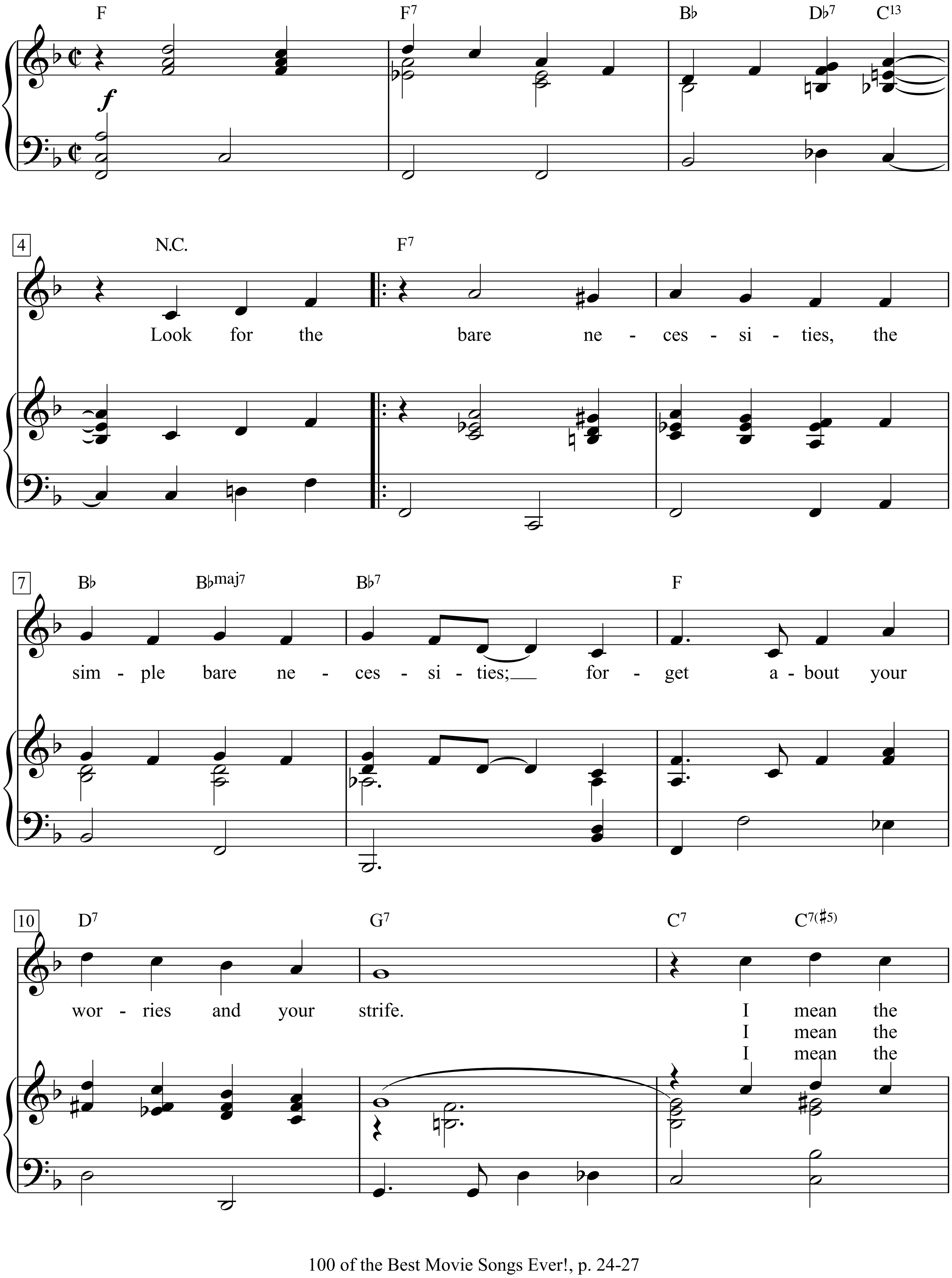
New York City is on fire,
With a hoodah, and a doodah!
New York City is on fire
Hoo-dah doo-day day.

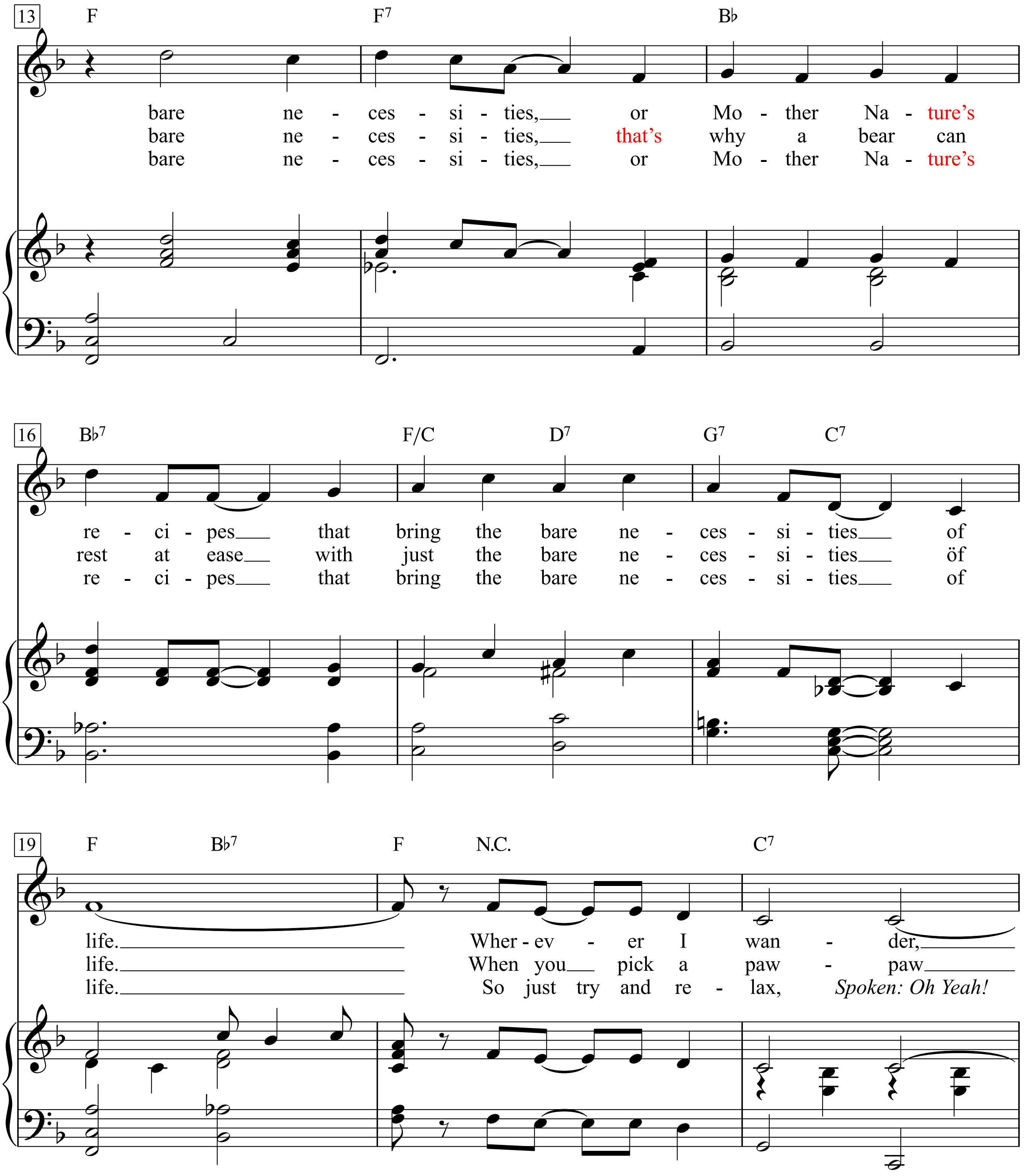
Blow boys blow for Californy O,
There’s plen-ty of gold, so I’ve been told,
On the banks of Sacramento.

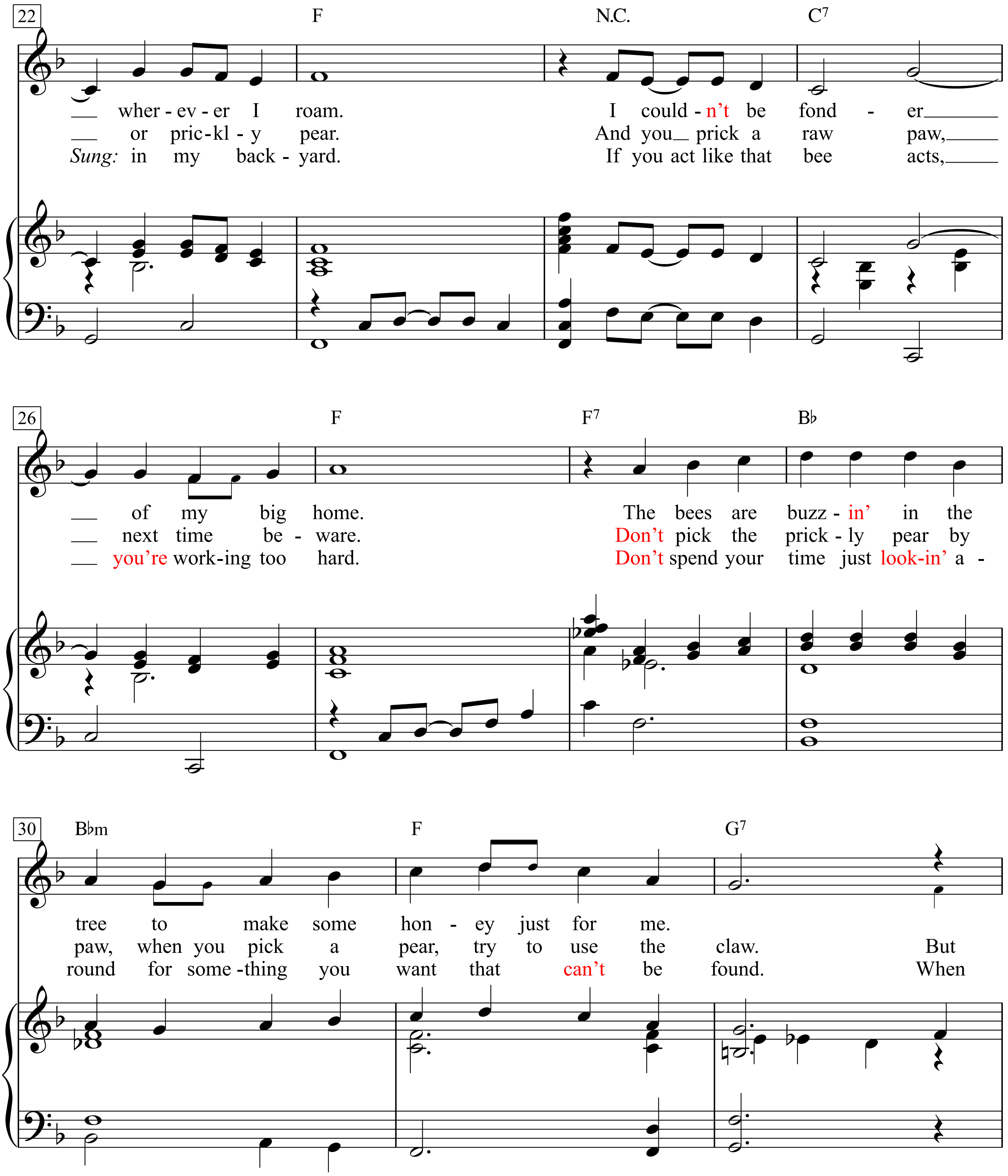
The Bare Necessities

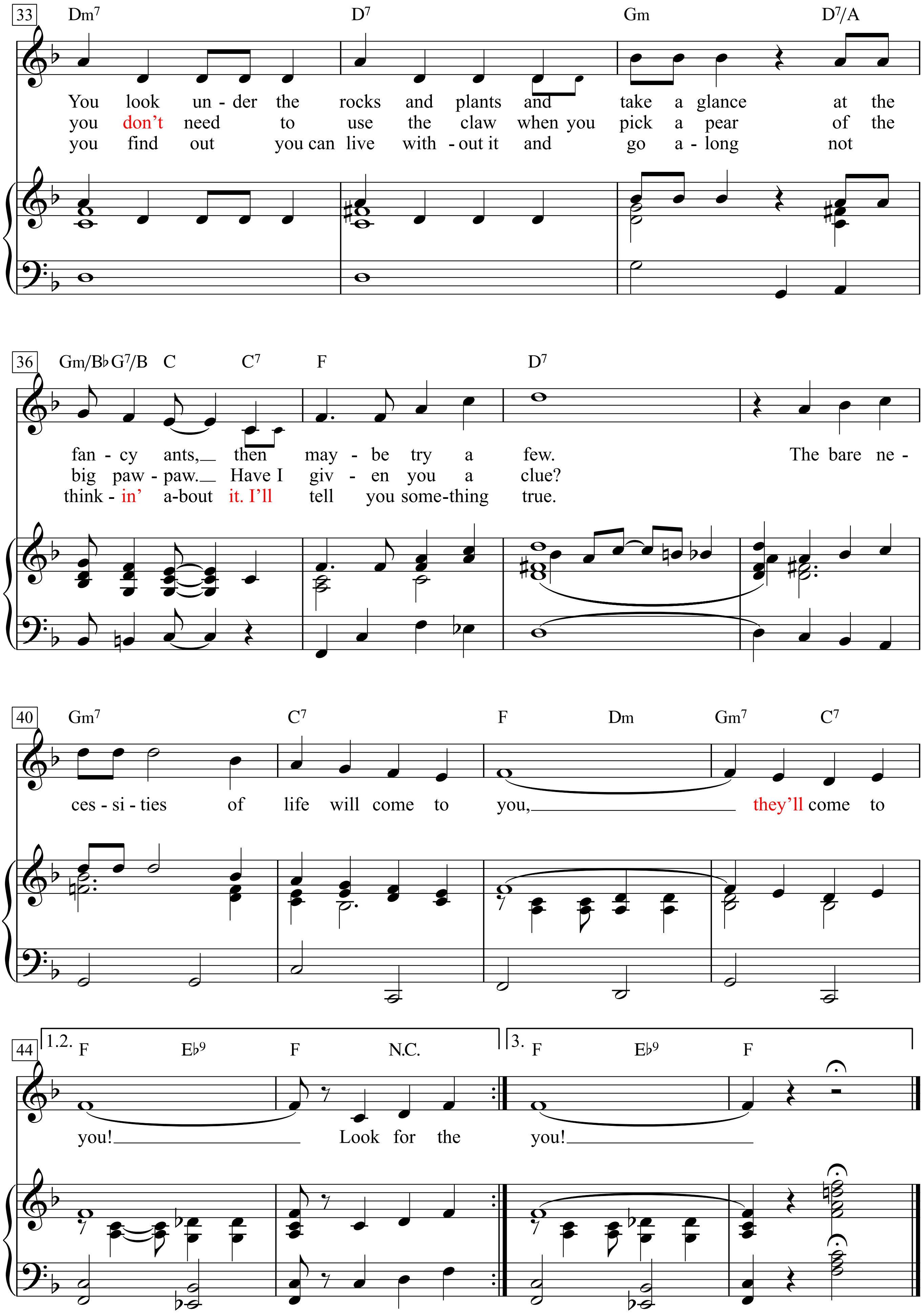
Brightly

Words & Music by
Terry Gilkyson




13
F F7 B♭
bare ne - ces - si - ties,___ or Mo - ther Na - ture's
bare ne - ces - si - ties,___ that's why a bear can
bare ne - ces - si - ties,___ or Mo - ther Na - ture's
16
B♭7 F/C D7 G7 C7
re - ci - pes___ that bring the bare ne - ces - si - ties___ of
rest at ease___ with just the bare ne - ces - si - ties___ öf
re - ci - pes___ that bring the bare ne - ces - si - ties___ of
19
F B♭7 F N.C. C7
life.___ Wher - ev - er I wan - der,___
life.___ When you___ pick a paw - paw___
life.___ So just try and re - lax, Spoken: Oh Yeah!

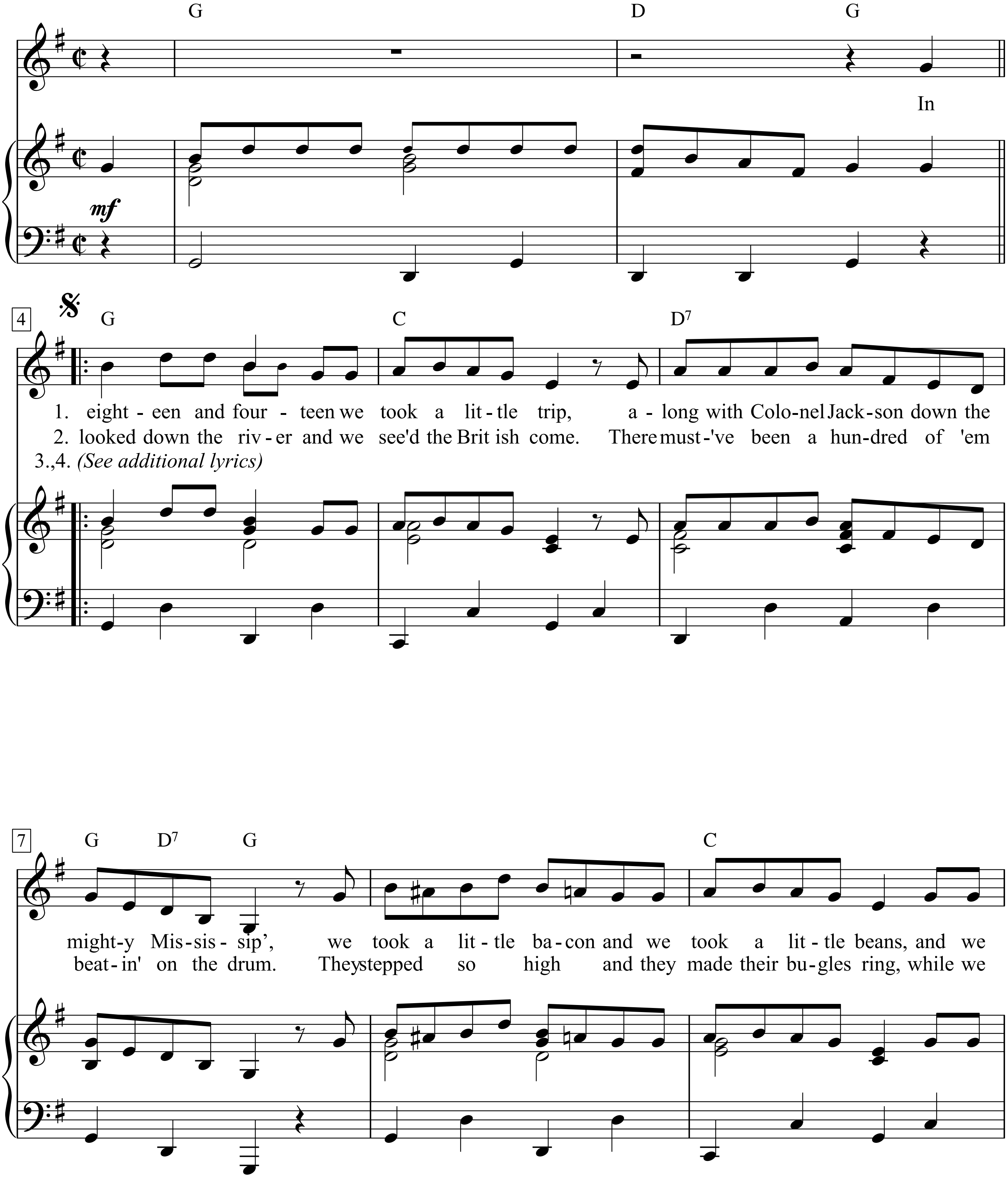

22
F
N.C.
C7
wher - ev - er I roam. I could - n't be fond - er
or pric - kl - y pear. And you prick a raw paw,
Sung: in my back - yard. If you act like that bee acts,
26
F
F7
B♭
of my big home. The bees are buzz - in' in the
next time be - ware. Don't pick the prick - ly pear by
you're work-ing too hard. Don't spend your time just look-in' a -
30
B♭m
F
G7
tree to make some hon - ey just for me.
paw, when you pick a pear, try to use the claw. But
round for some -thing you want that can't be found. When

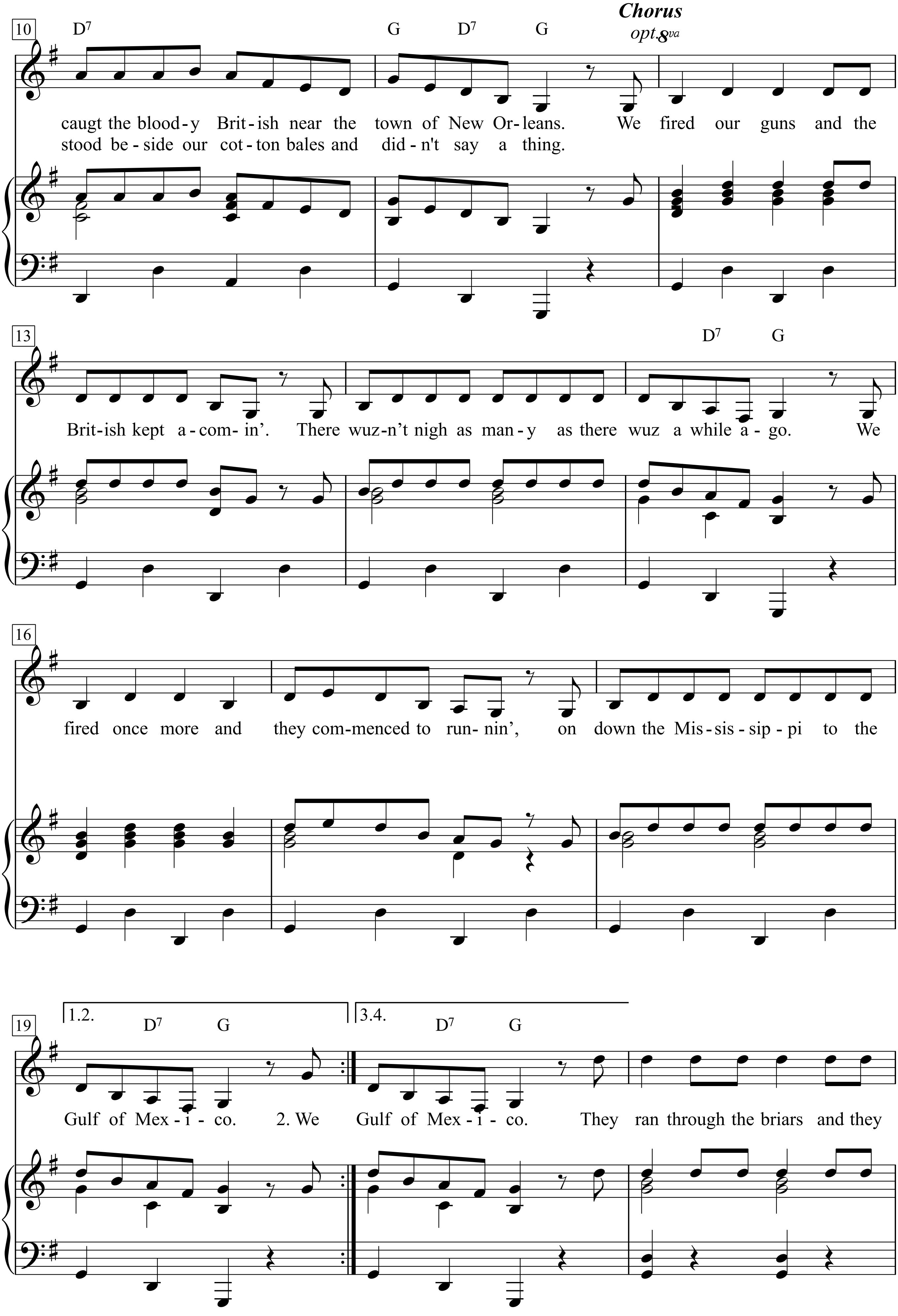

33
Dm7 D7 Gm D7/A
You look un - der the rocks and plants and take a glance at the
you don't need to use the claw when you pick a pear of the
you find out you can live with - out it and go a - long not
36
Gm/B♭ G7/B C C7 F D7
fan - cy ants, then may - be try a few. The bare ne -
big paw - paw. Have I giv - en you a clue?
think - in' a-bout it. I'll tell you some-thing true.
40
Gm7 C7 F Dm Gm7 C7
ces - si - ties of life will come to you, they'll come to
44
1.2. F E♭9 F N.C. 3. F E♭9 F
you! Look for the you!

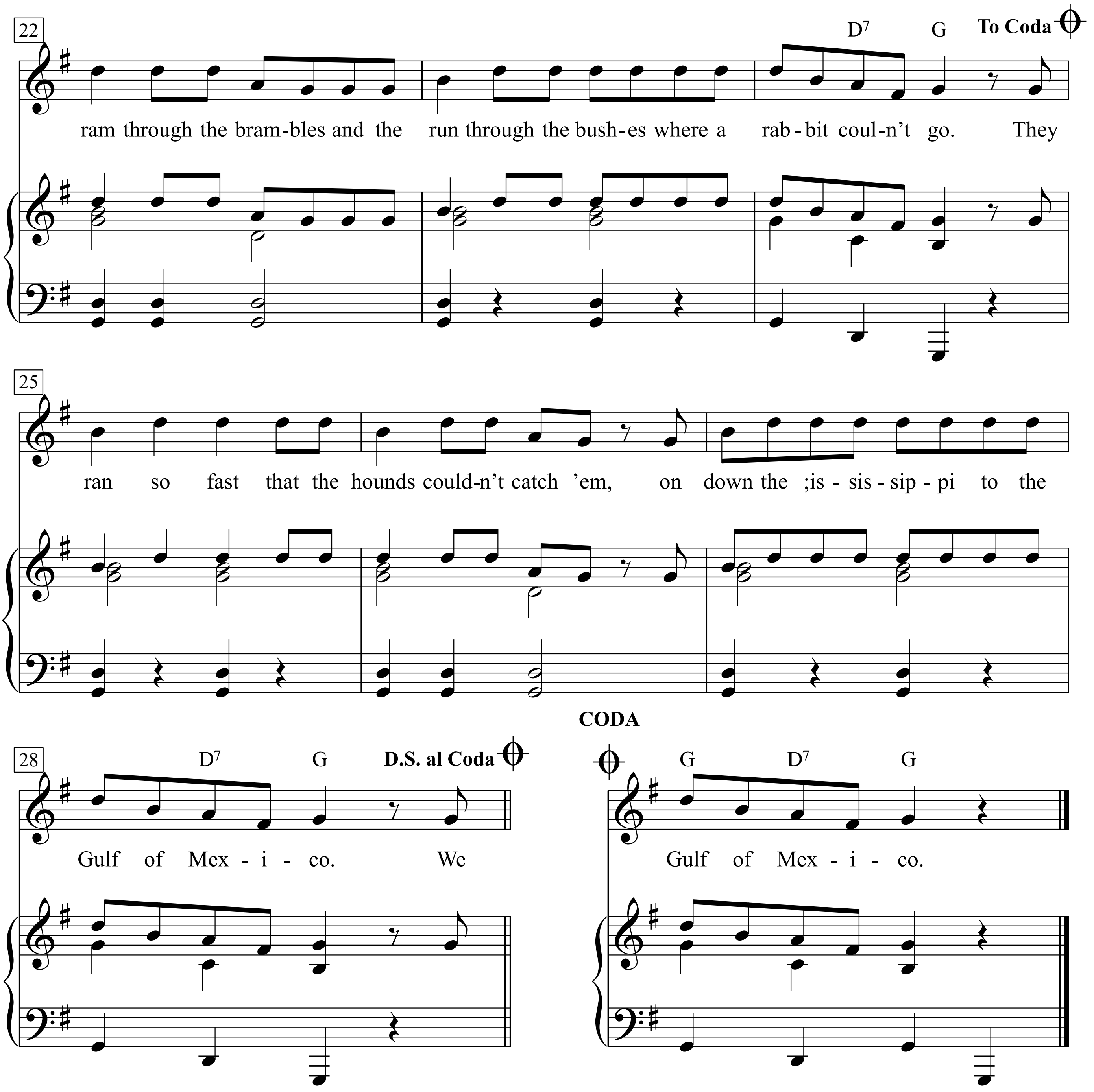
The Battle of New Orleans

Words & Music by Jimmy Driftwood
(Johnny Horton)

Moderately, like a march

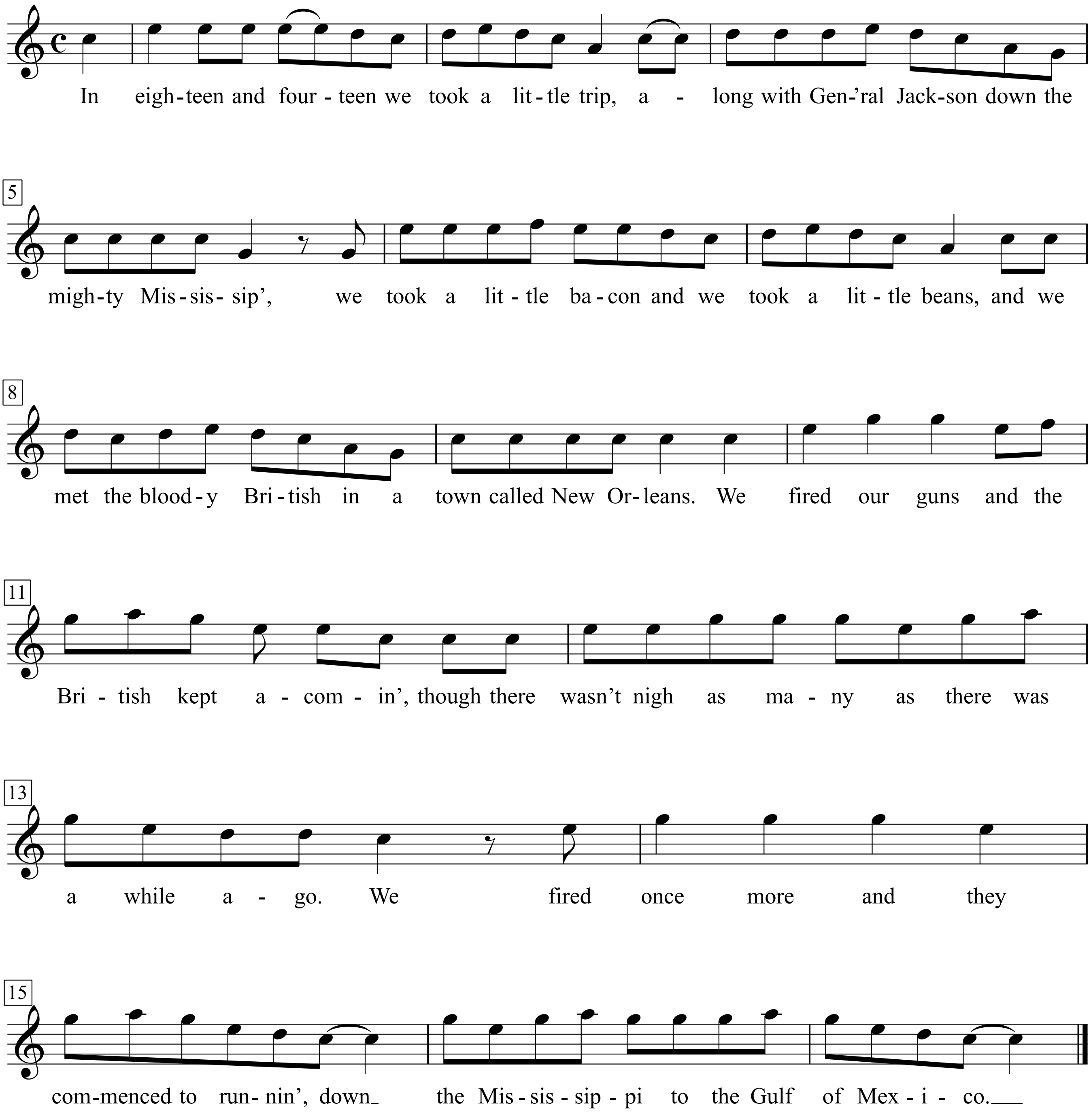



Chorus
opt.8va
10
D7 G D7 G
caugt the blood-y Brit-ish near the town of New Or-leans. We fired our guns and the
stood be-side our cot-ton bales and did-n't say a thing.
13
D7 G
Brit-ish kept a-com-in'. There wuz-n't nigh as man-y as there wuz a while a-go. We
16
fired once more and they com-menced to run-nin', on down the Mis-sis-sip-pi to the
19
1.2. D7 G
Gulf of Mex-i-co. 2. We
3.4. D7 G
Gulf of Mex-i-co. They ran through the briars and they


22
D7 G To Coda
ram through the bram-bles and the run through the bush-es where a rab-bit coul-n't go. They
25
ran so fast that the hounds could-n't catch 'em, on down the ;is-sis-sip-pi to the
CODA
28
D7 G D.S. al Coda
Gulf of Mex-i-co. We
G D7 G
Gulf of Mex-i-co.

The Battle of New Orleans

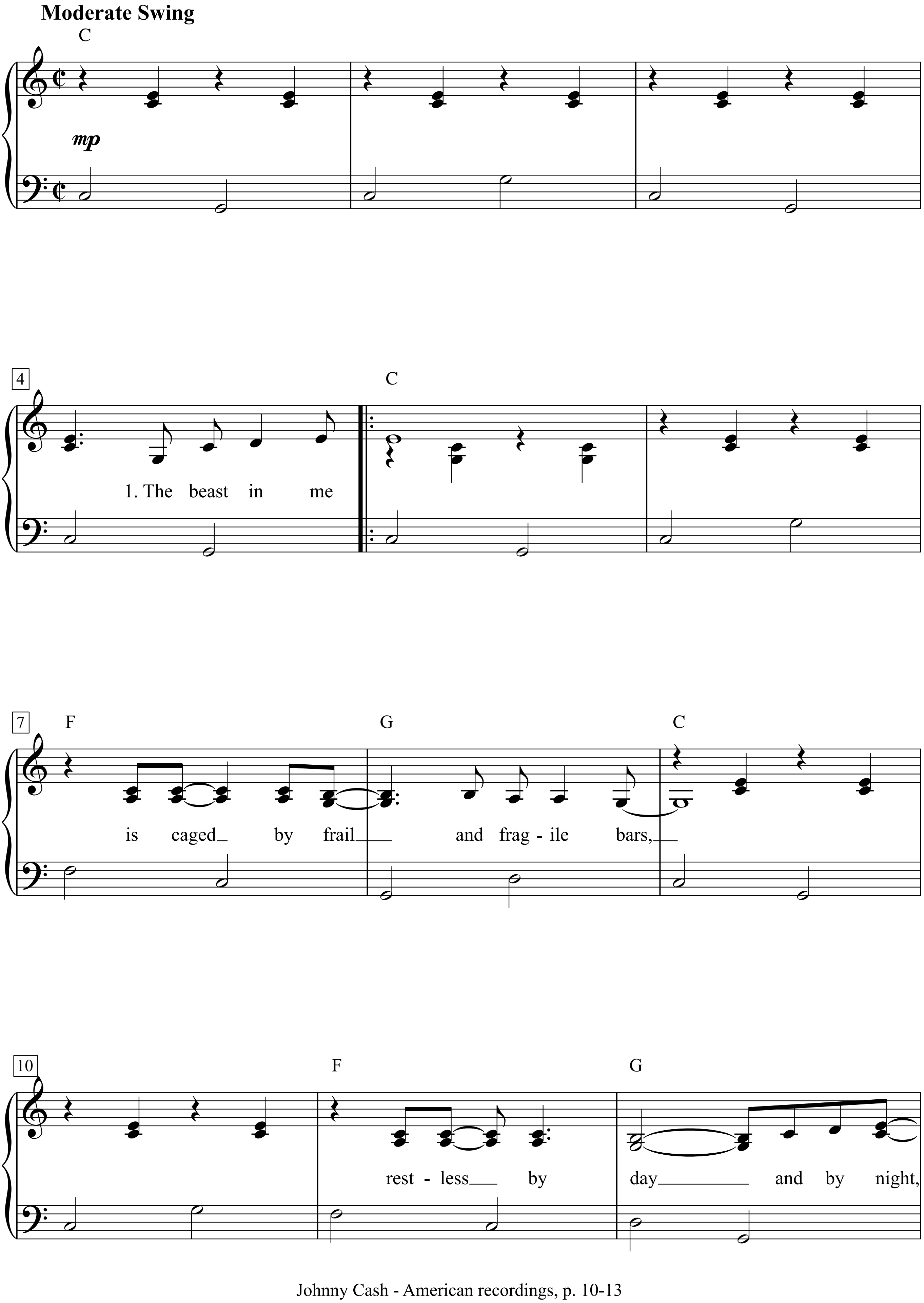
Johnny Horton

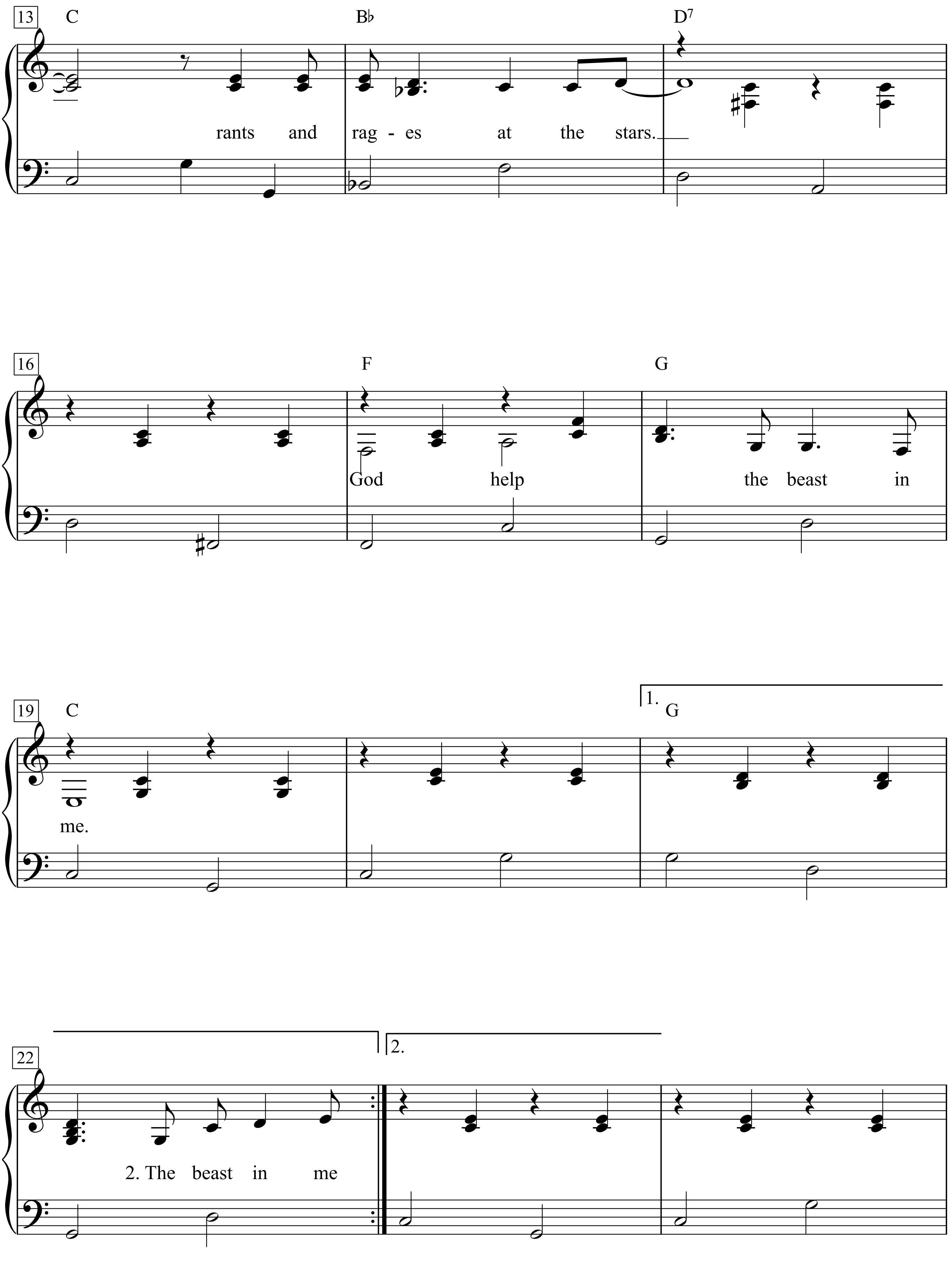


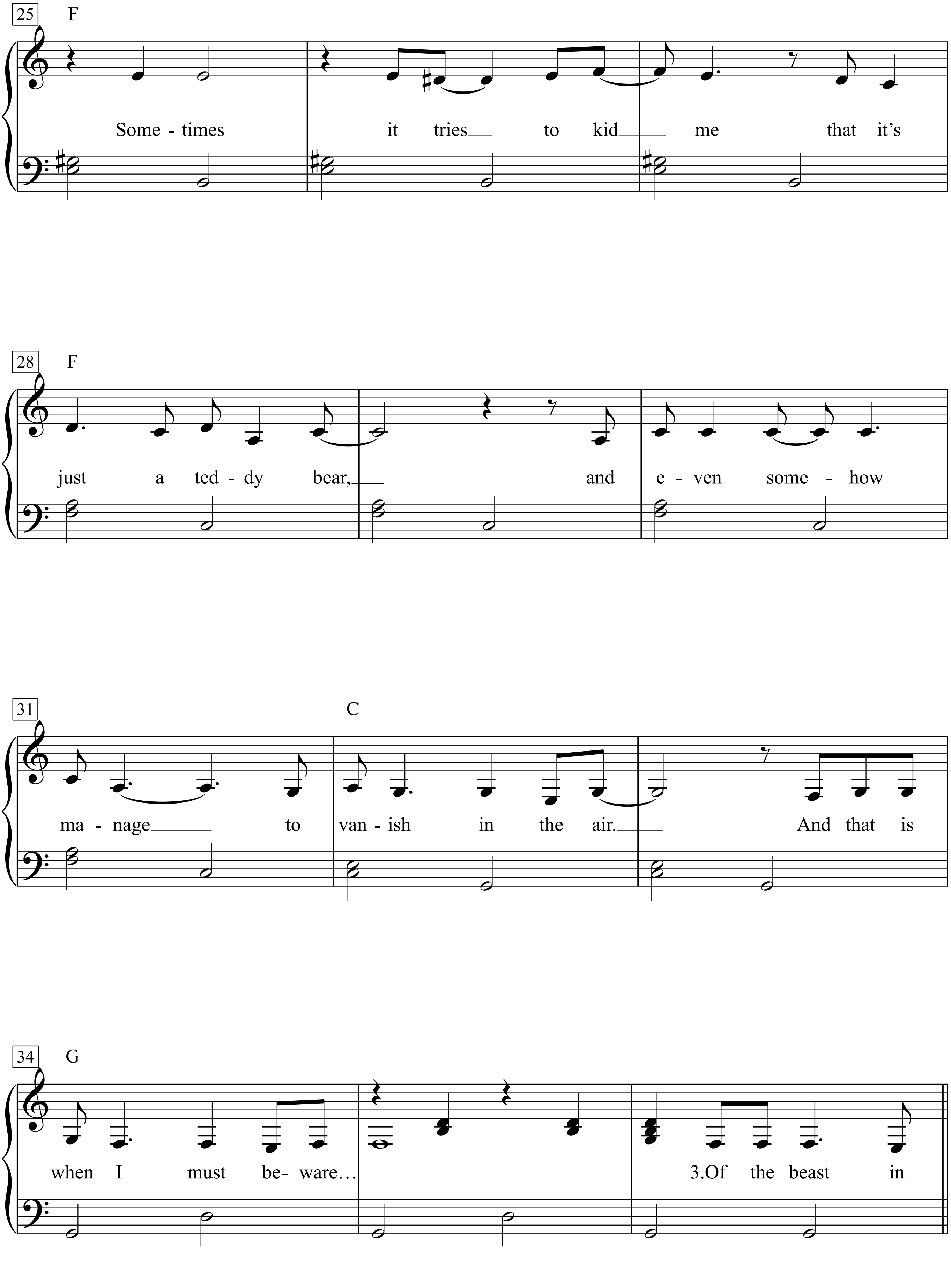
1.
In eighteen and four-teen we took a little trip,
along with Gen’ral Jackson down the mighty Mississip’,
we took a little bacon and we took a little beans,
and we met the bloody British in a town called New Orleans.
We fired our guns and the British kept a-comin’,
though there wasn’t nigh as many as there was a while ago.
We fired once more and they commenced to runnin’,
down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

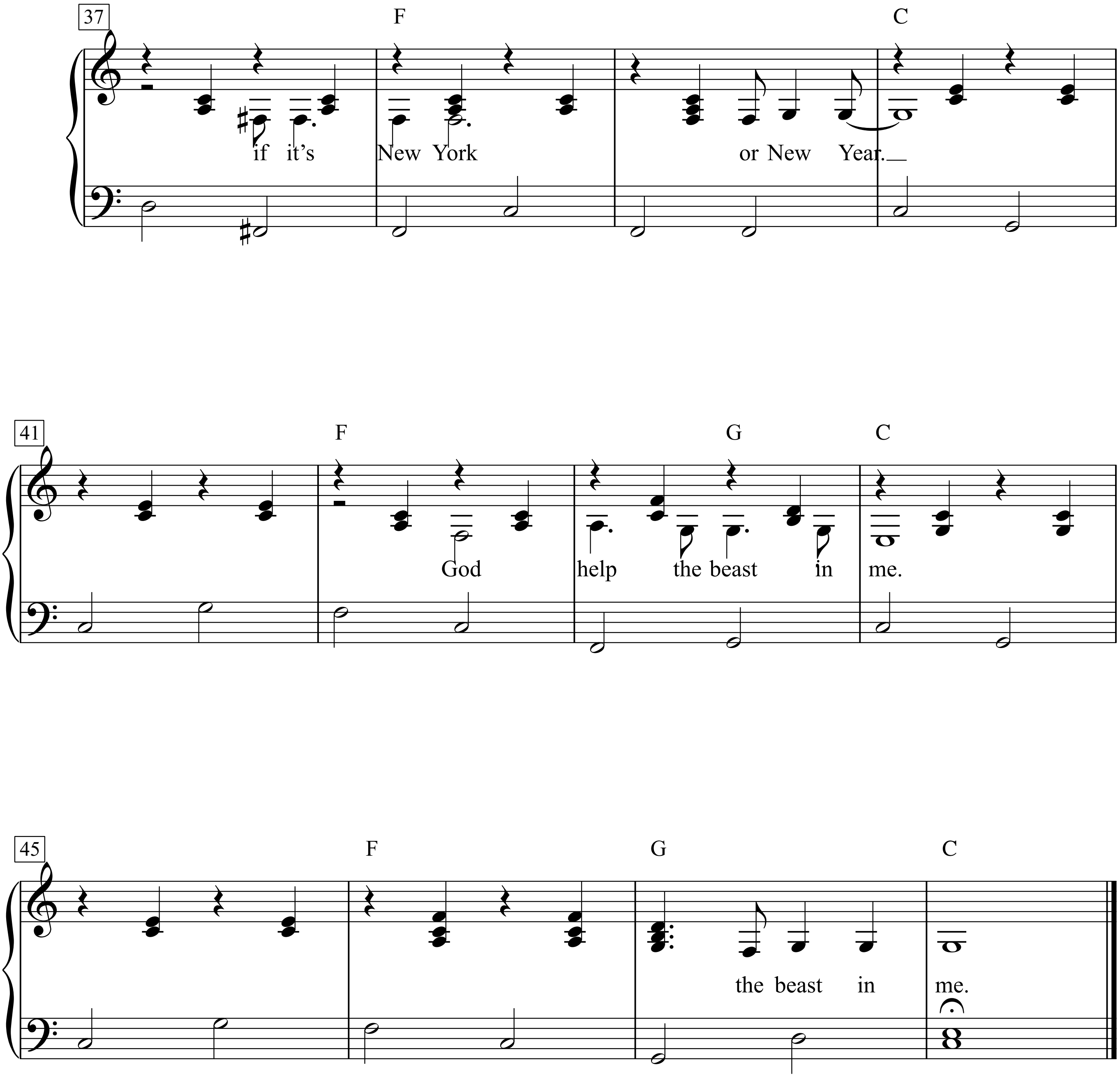
The Beast in Me

Words & Music by Nick Lowe




13
C
B♭
D7
rants and rag - es at the stars.
16
F
G
God help the beast in
19
C
1.
G
me.
22
2. The beast in me
2.

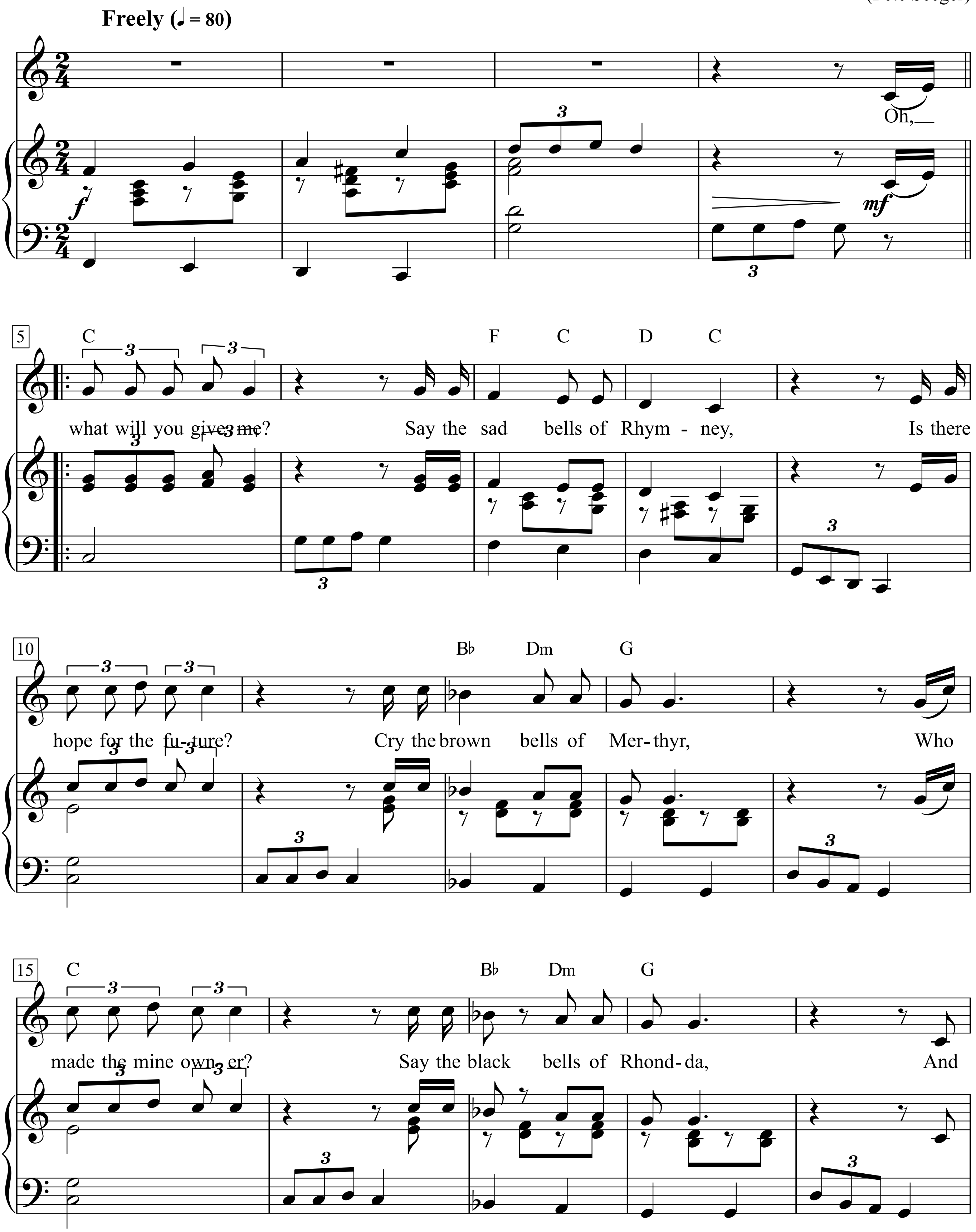

25
F
Some - times it tries to kid me that it's
28
F
just a ted - dy bear, and e - ven some - how
31
C
ma - nage to van - ish in the air. And that is
34
G
when I must be- ware…
3.Of the beast in

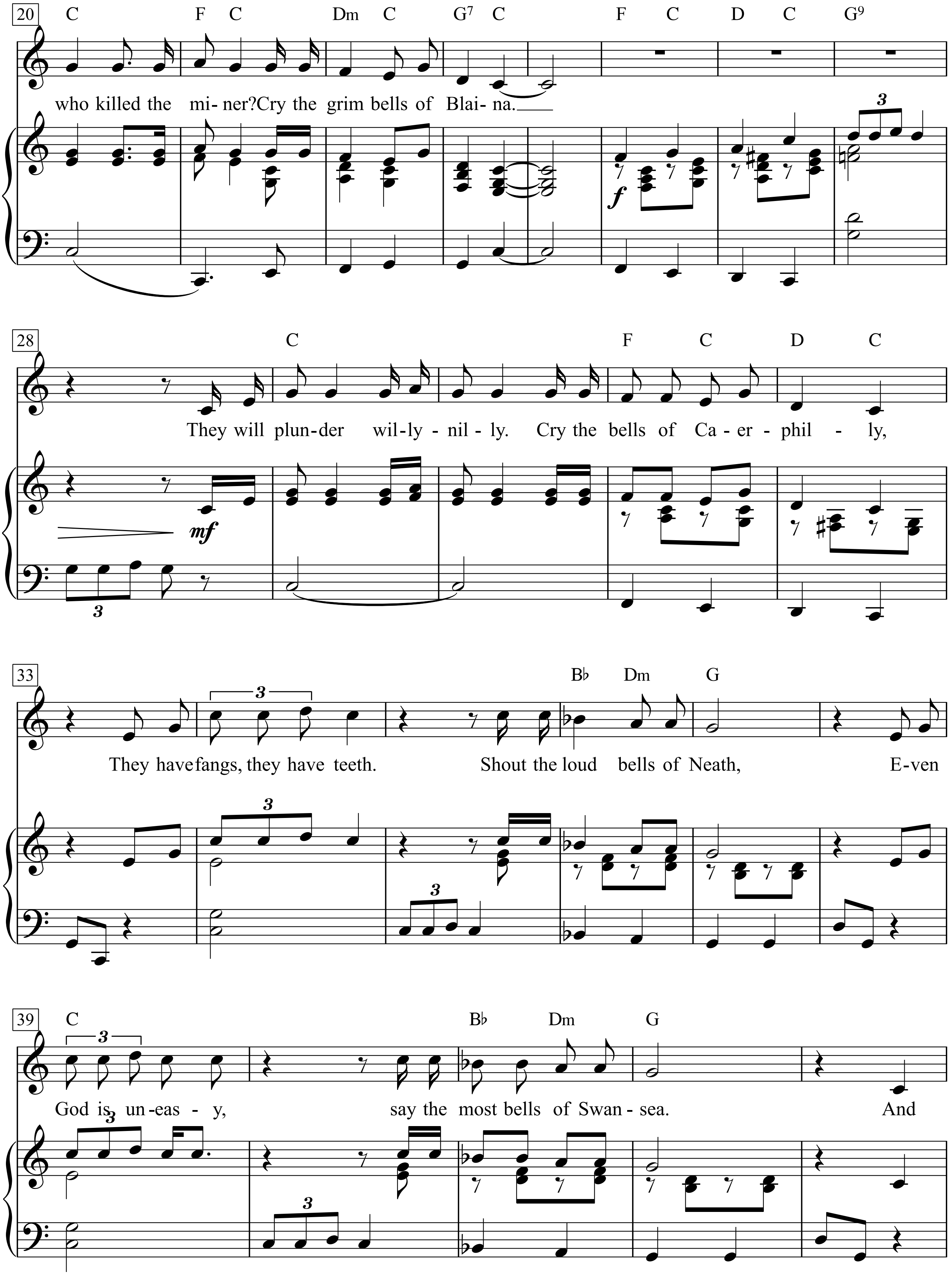

37
F
C
if it's New York or New Year.
41
F
G
C
God help the beast in me.
45
F
G
C
the beast in me.

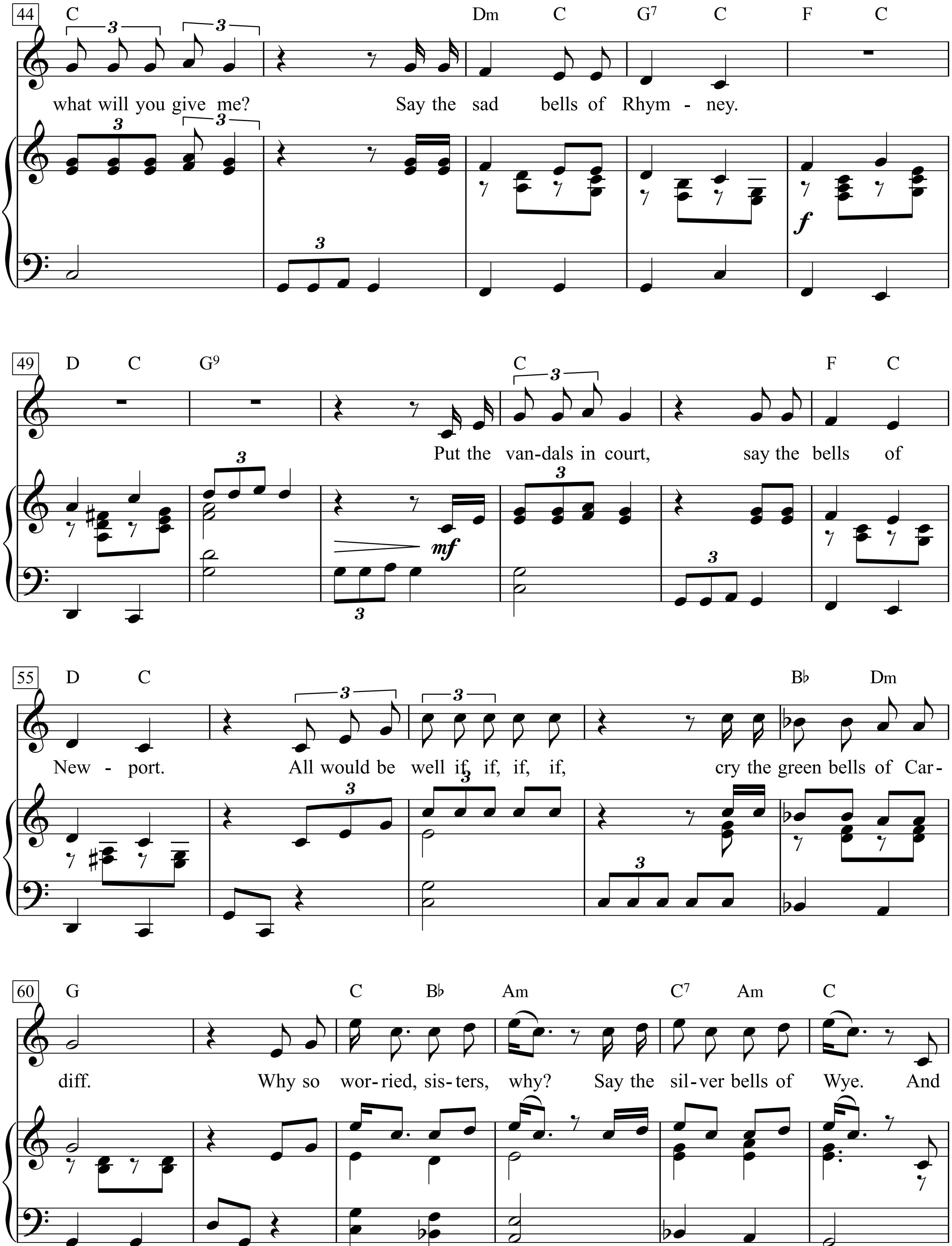
The Bells of Rhymney

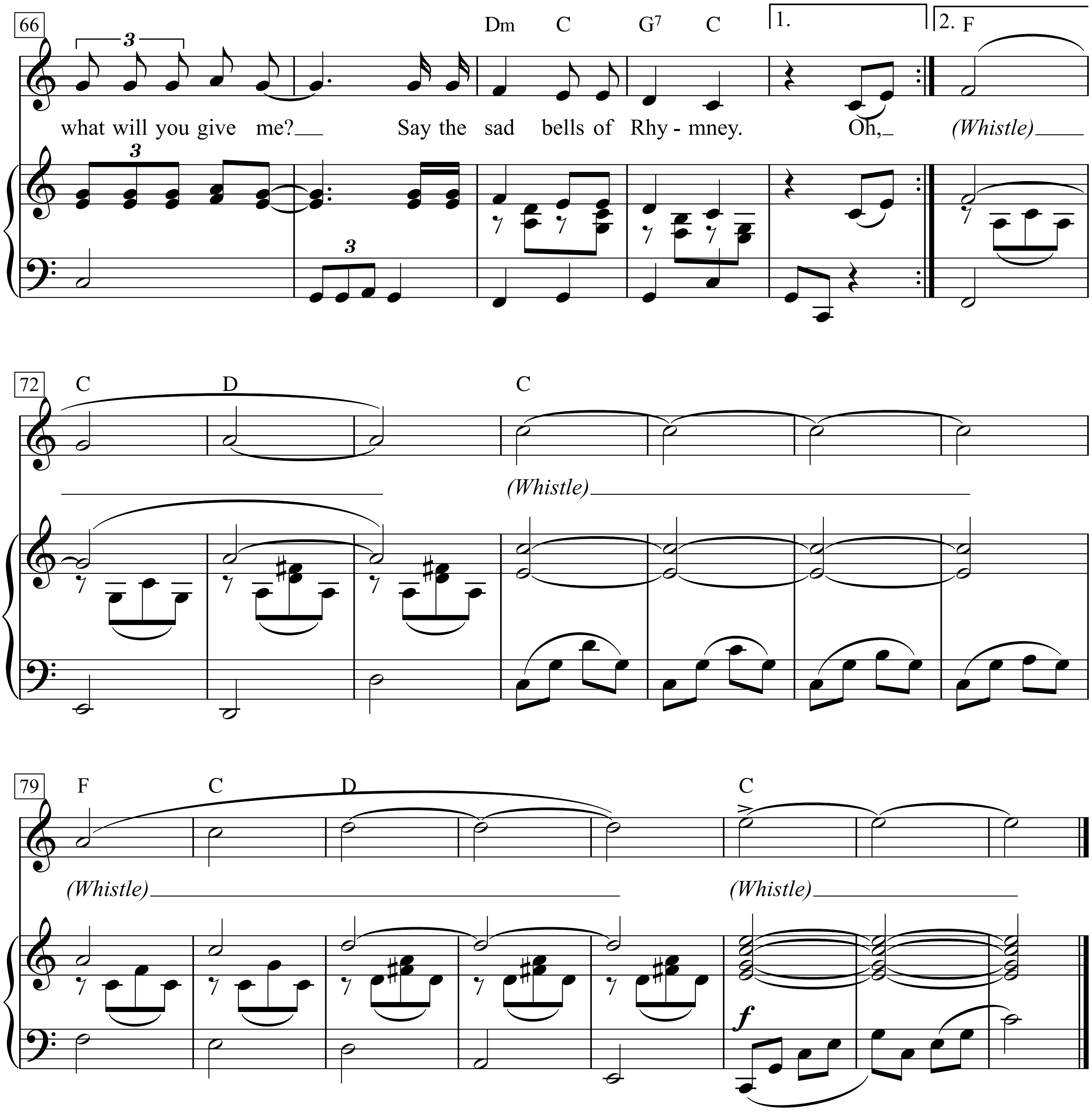
Words by Idris Davies

Music by Pete Seeger
(Pete Seeger)




20
C F C Dm C G7 C F C D C G9
who killed the mi-ner? Cry the grim bells of Blai-na.
f
28
C F C D C
They will plun-der wil-ly-nil-ly. Cry the bells of Ca-er-phil-ly,
mf
33
B♭ Dm G
They have fangs, they have teeth. Shout the loud bells of Neath, E-ven
39
C B♭ Dm G
God is un-eas-y, say the most bells of Swan-sea. And


44
C Dm C G7 C F C
what will you give me? Say the sad bells of Rhym - ney.
f
49
D C G9 C F C
Put the van-dals in court, say the bells of
mf
55
D C Bb Dm
New - port. All would be well if, if, if, if, cry the green bells of Car-
60
G C Bb Am C7 Am C
diff. Why so wor-ried, sis-ters, why? Say the sil-ver bells of Wye. And

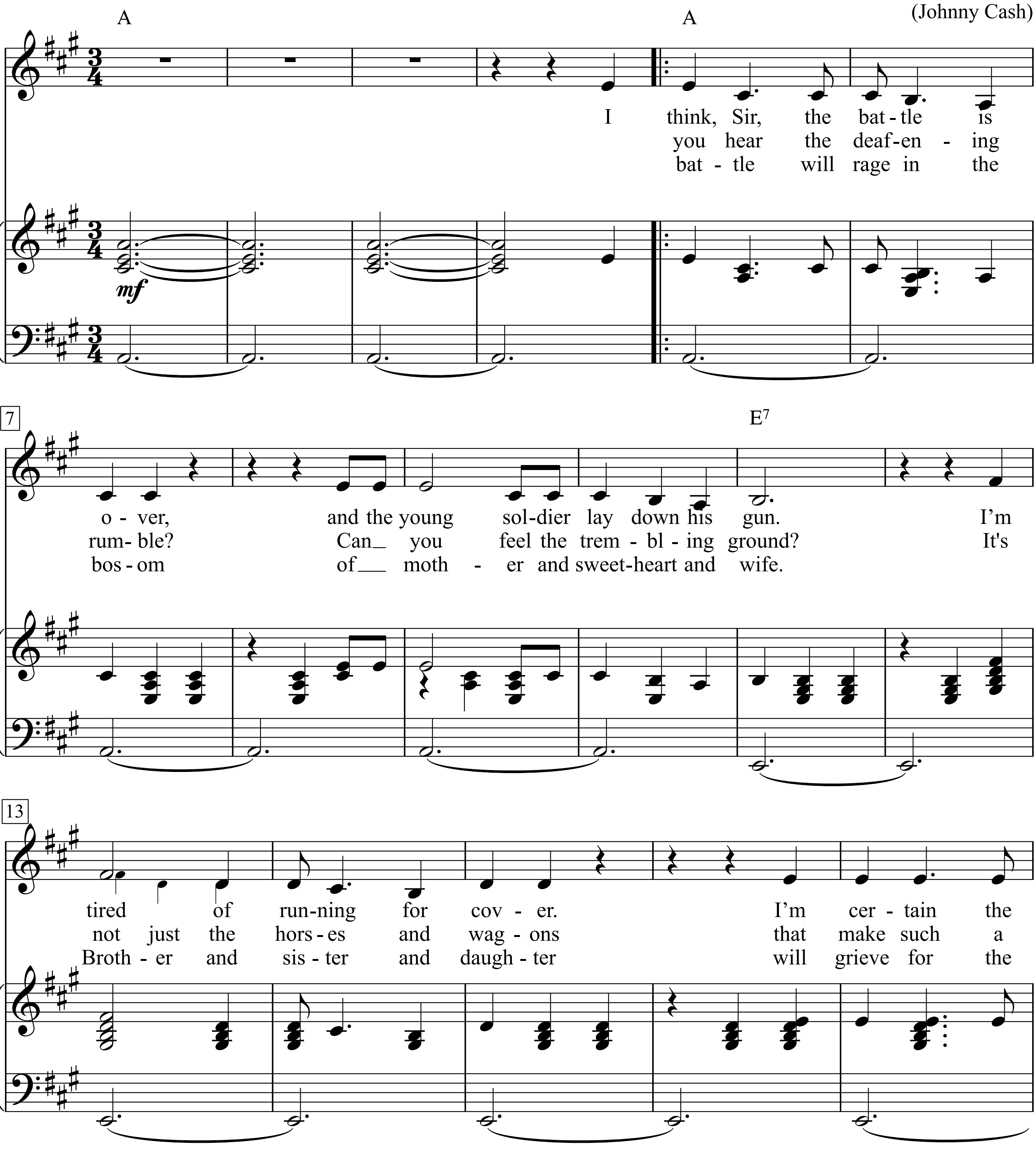

66
Dm C G7 C
1.
2. F
what will you give me? Say the sad bells of Rhy - mney. Oh, (Whistle)
3
72
C D C
(Whistle)
79
F C D C
(Whistle)
(Whistle)
f

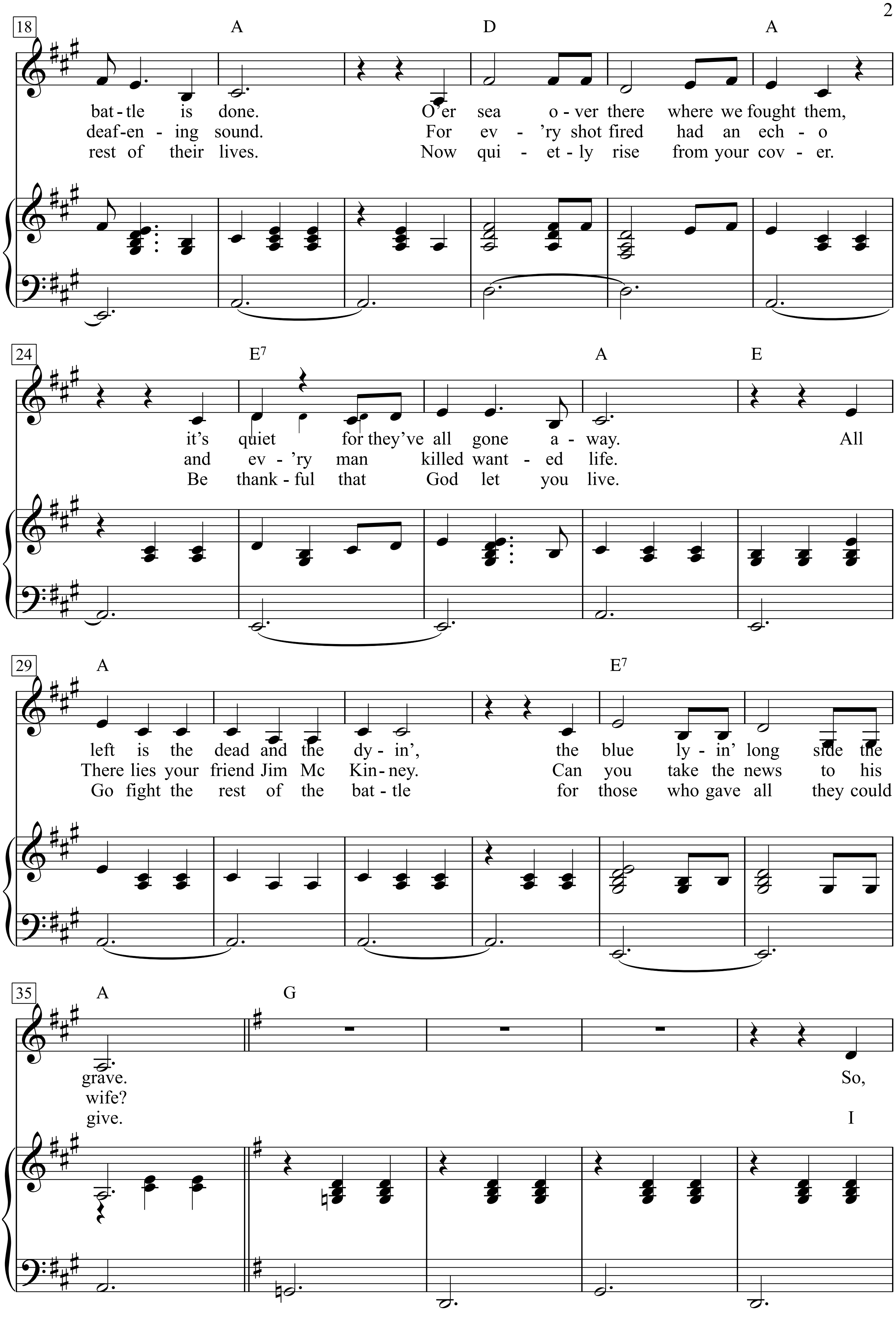
Oh, what will you give me?
Say the sad bells of Rhymney,
Is there hope for the future?
Cry the brown bells of Merthyr,
Who made the mine owner?
Say the black bells of Rhondda,
And who killed the miner?
Cry the grim bells of Blaina.
They will plunder willynilly.
Cry the bells of Caerphilly,
They have fangs, they have teeth.
Shout the loud bells of Neath,
Even God is uneasy,
say the most bells of Swansea.
And what will you give me?
Say the sad bells of Rhymney.
Put the vandals in court,
say the bells of Newport.
All would be well if, if, if, if,
cry the green bells of Cardiff.
Why so worried, sisters, why?
Say the silver bells of Wye.
And what will you give me?
Say the sad bells of Rhymney.
(Whistle) (Whistle) (Whistle) (Whistle)

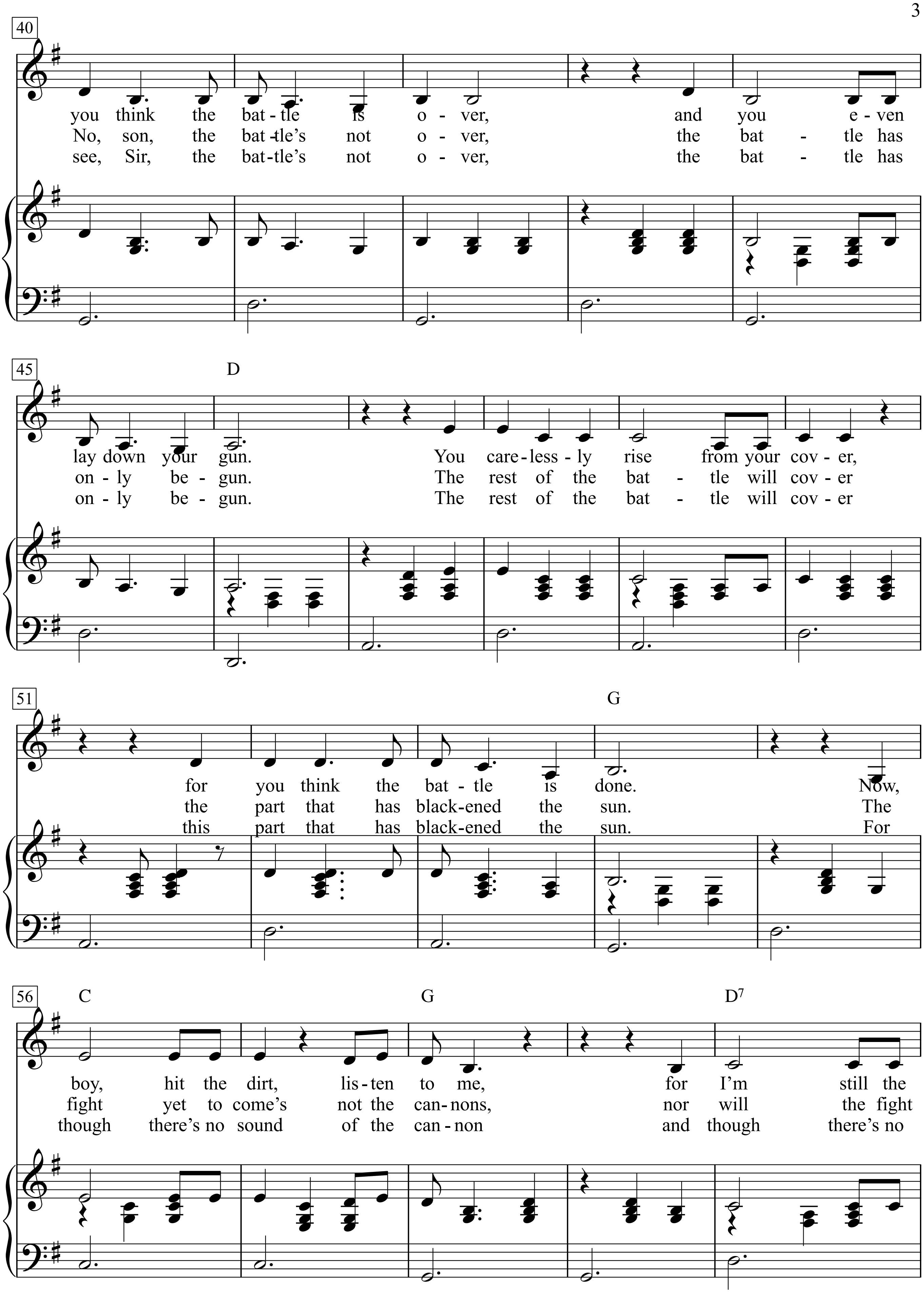
The Big Battle

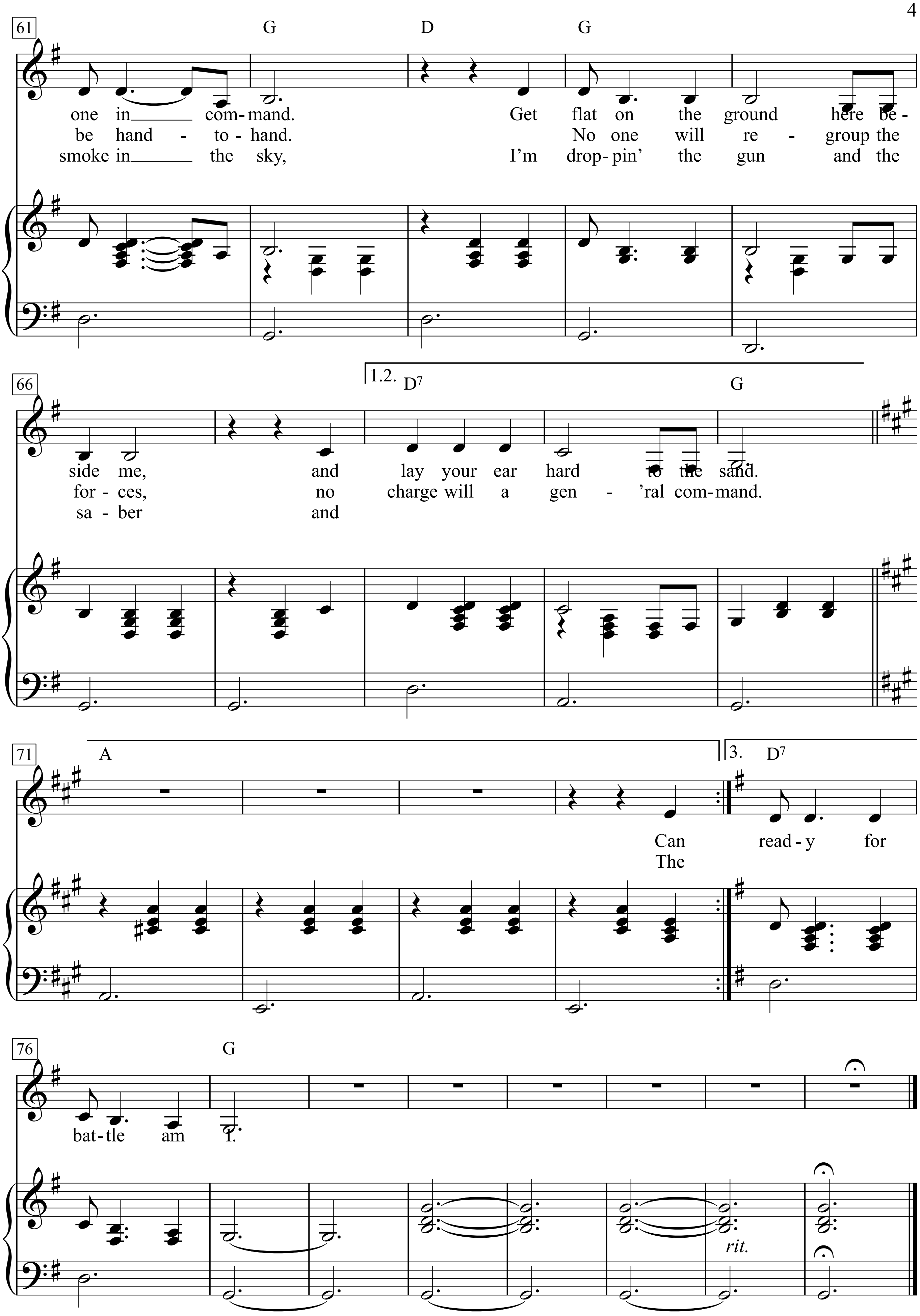
Moderately

Words & Music by
John R. Cash
(Johnny Cash)




18
A
D
A
bat - tle is done. O'er sea o - ver there where we fought them,
deaf - en - ing sound. For ev - 'ry shot fired had an ech - o
rest of their lives. Now qui - et - ly rise from your cov - er.
24
E7
A
E
it's quiet for they've all gone a - way. All
and ev - 'ry man killed want - ed life.
Be thank - ful that God let you live.
29
A
E7
left is the dead and the dy - in', the blue ly - in' long side the
There lies your friend Jim Mc Kin - ney. Can you take the news to his
Go fight the rest of the bat - tle for those who gave all they could
35
A
G
grave. So,
wife?
give. I


40
you think the bat - tle is o - ver, and you e - ven
No, son, the bat -tle's not o - ver, the bat - tle has
see, Sir, the bat-tle's not o - ver, the bat - tle has
45
D
lay down your gun. You care-less - ly rise from your cov - er,
on - ly be - gun. The rest of the bat - tle will cov - er
on - ly be - gun. The rest of the bat - tle will cov - er
51
G
for you think the bat - tle is done. Now,
the part that has black-ened the sun. The
this part that has black-ened the sun. For
56
C
G
D7
boy, hit the dirt, lis - ten to me, for I'm still the
fight yet to come's not the can- nons, nor will the fight
though there's no sound of the can - non and though there's no


61
G D G
one in com-mand. Get flat on the ground here be-
be hand - to-hand. No one will re - group the
smoke in the sky, I'm drop-pin' the gun and the
66
1.2. D7 G
side me, and lay your ear hard to the sand.
for-ces, no charge will a gen - 'ral com-mand.
sa-ber and
71
A
3. D7
Can read-y for
The
76
G
bat-tle am I.
rit.

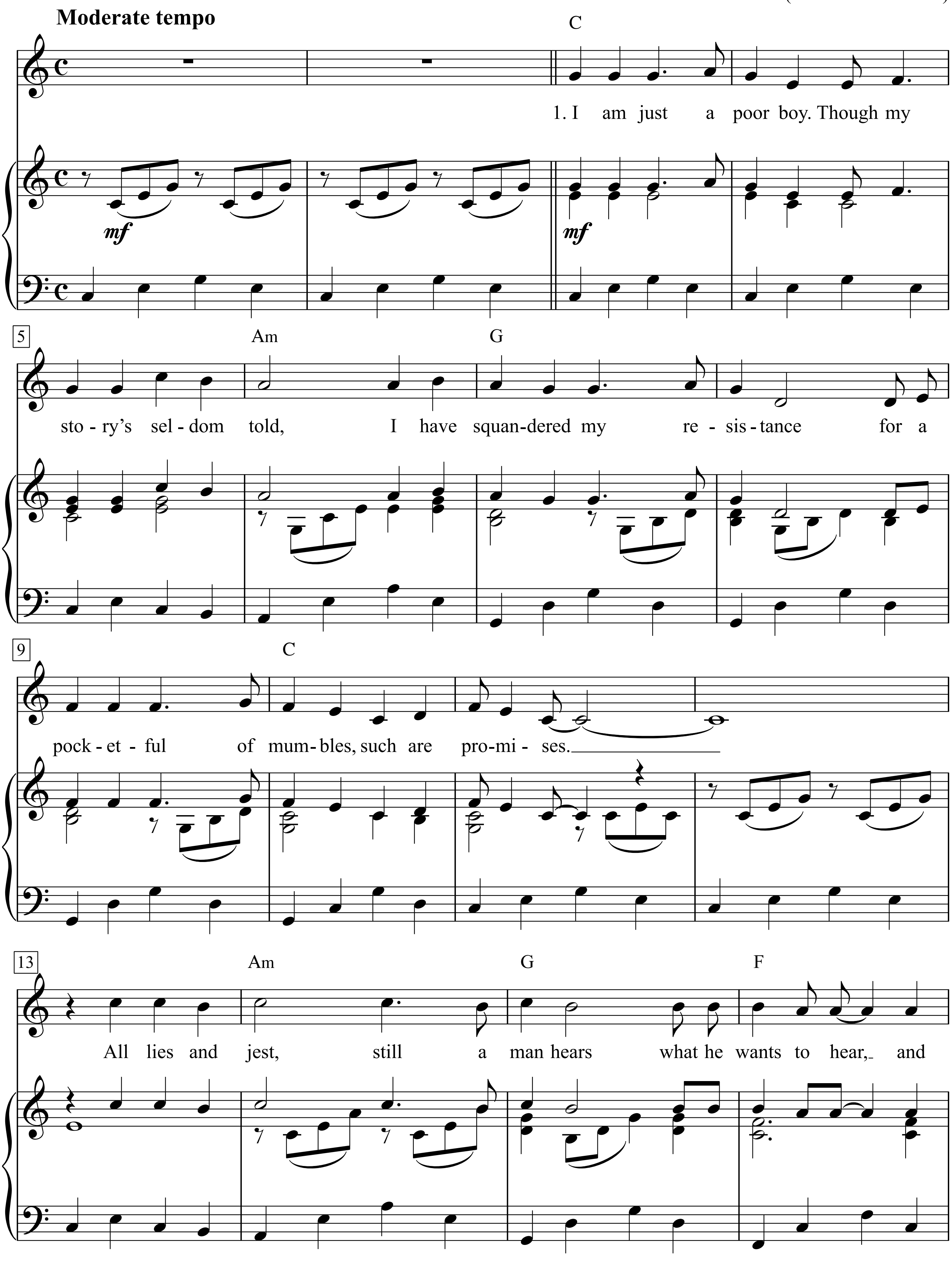
1. I think, Sir, the battle is over, and the young soldier lay down his gun.
I'm tired of running for cover.
I'm certain the battle is done.
O'er sea over there where we fought them,
it's quiet for they've all gone away.
All left is the dead and the dyin', the blue lyin' long side the grave.
So, you think the battle is over, and you even lay down your gun.
You carelessly rise from your cover, for you think the battle is done.
Now, boy, hit the dirt, listen to me, for I'm still the one in command.
Get flat on the ground here beside me, and lay your ear hard to the sand.

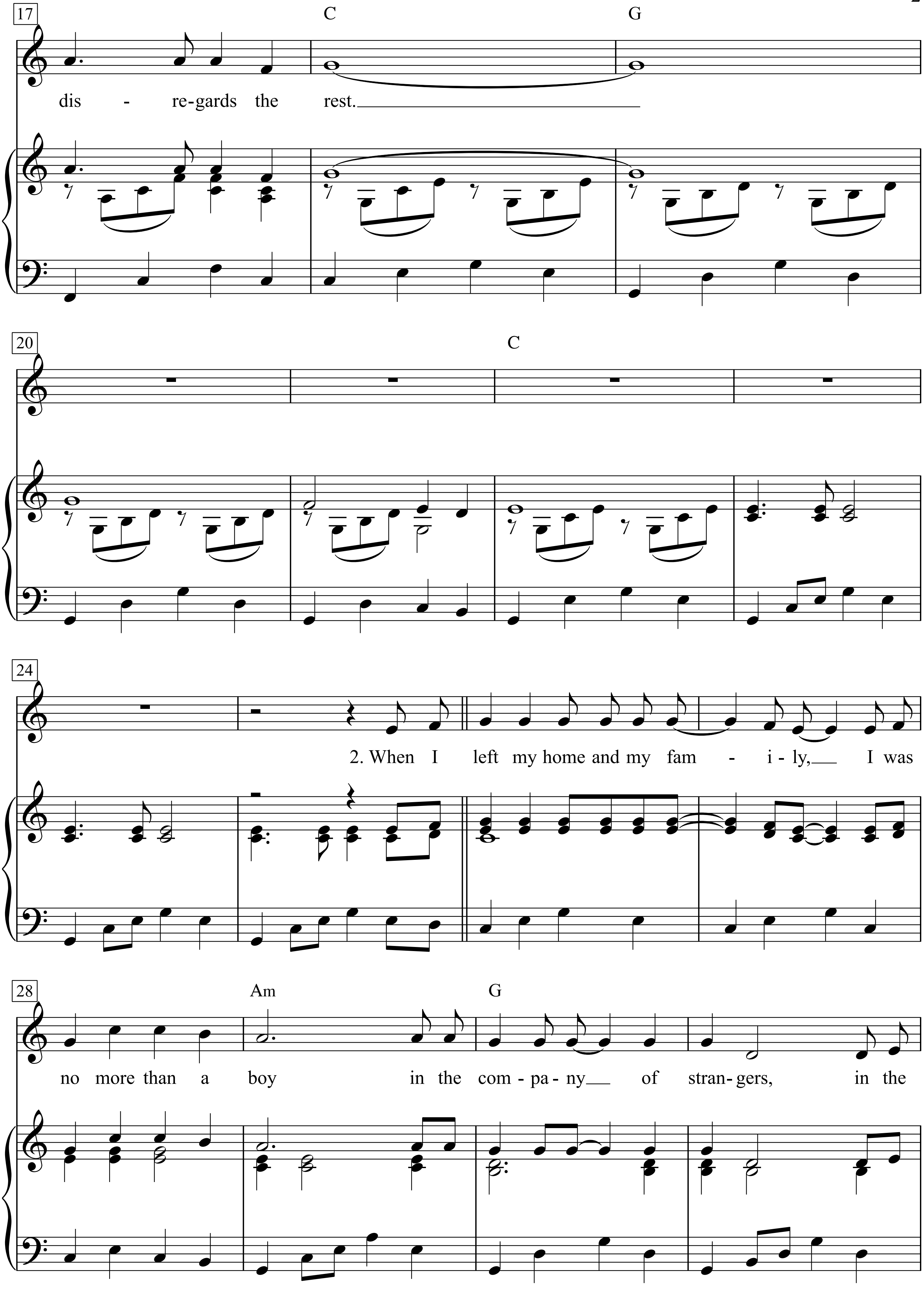
2. Can you hear the deafening rumble?
Can you feel the trembling ground?
It's not just the horses and wagons that make such a deafening sound.
For ev'ry shot fired had an echo and ev'ry man killed wanted life.
There lies your friend Jim Mc Kinney.
Can you take the news to his wife?
No, son, the battle's not over, the battle has only begun.
The rest of the battle will cover the part that has blackened the sun.
The fight yet to come's not the cannons, nor will the fight be hand-to-hand.
No one will regroup the forces, no charge will a gen'ral command.

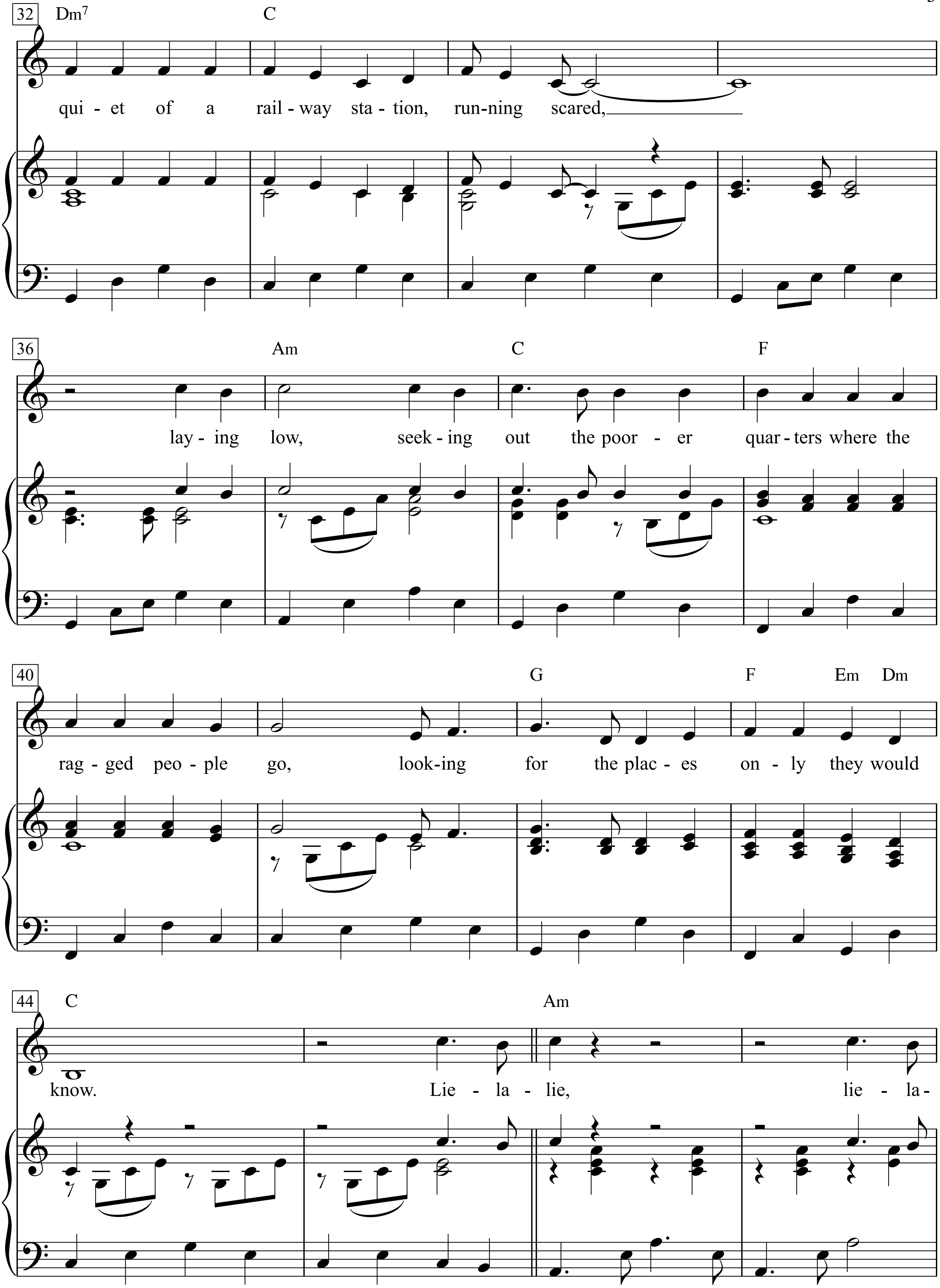
3. The battle will rage in the bosom of mother and sweetheart and wife.
Brother and sister and daughter will grieve for the rest of their lives.
Now quietly rise from your cover.
Be thankful that God let you live.
Go fight the rest of the battle for those who gave all they could give.
I see, Sir, the battle's not over, the battle has only begun.
The rest of the battle will cover this part that has blackened the sun.
For though there's no sound of the cannon
and though there's no smoke in the sky,
I'm droppin' the gun and the saber and ready for battle am I.

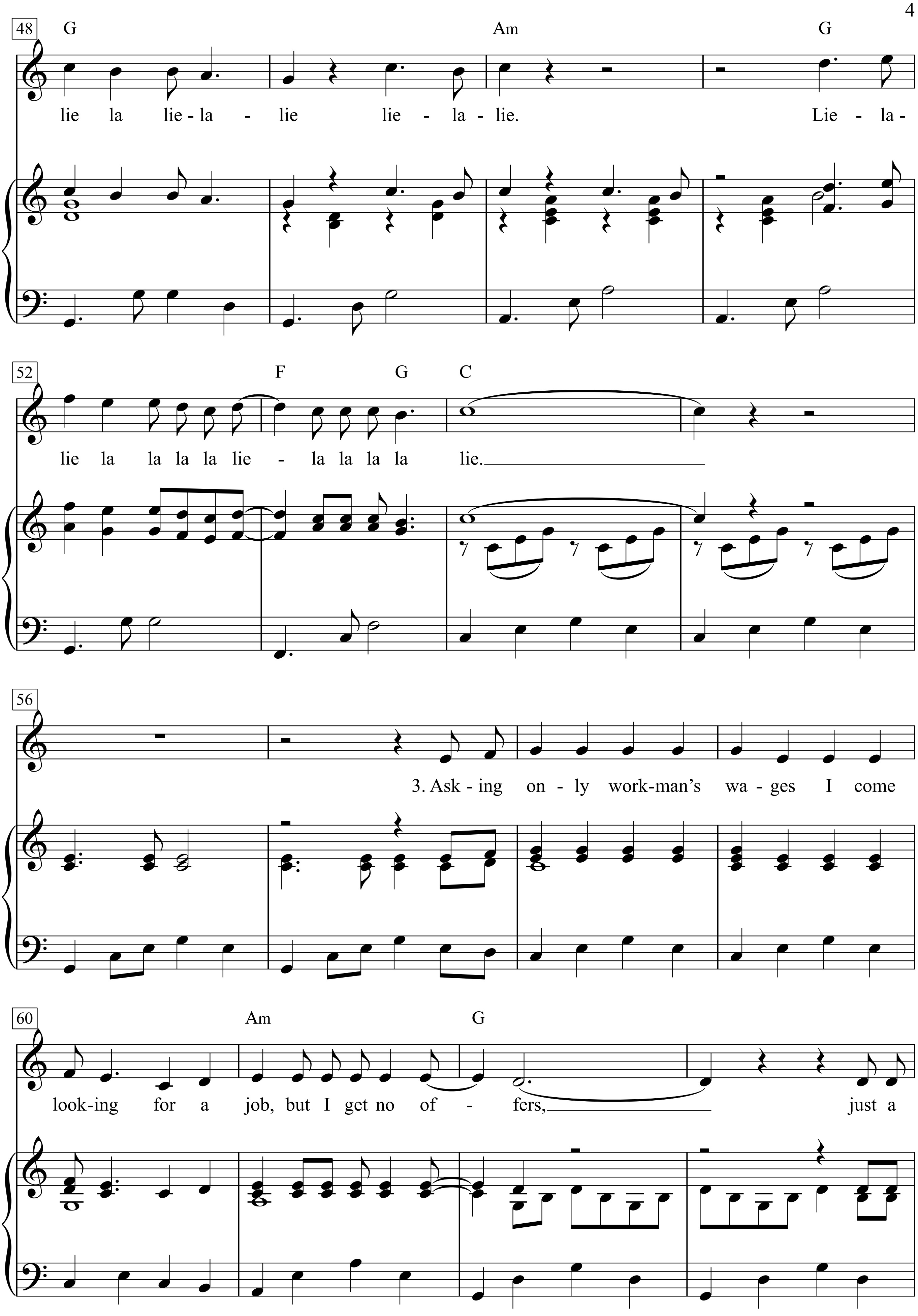
The Boxer

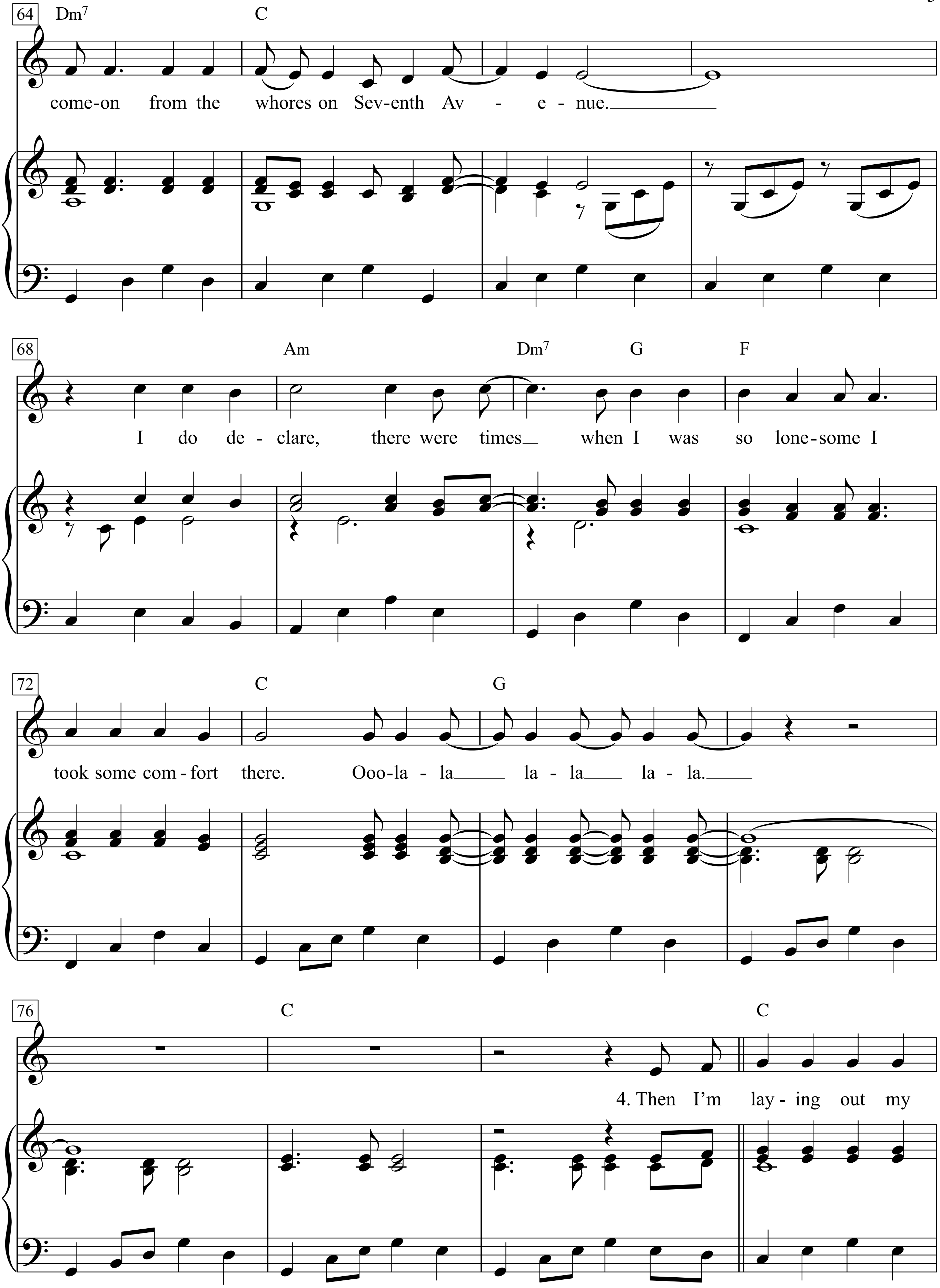
Words & Music: Paul Simon
(Simon & Garfunkel)

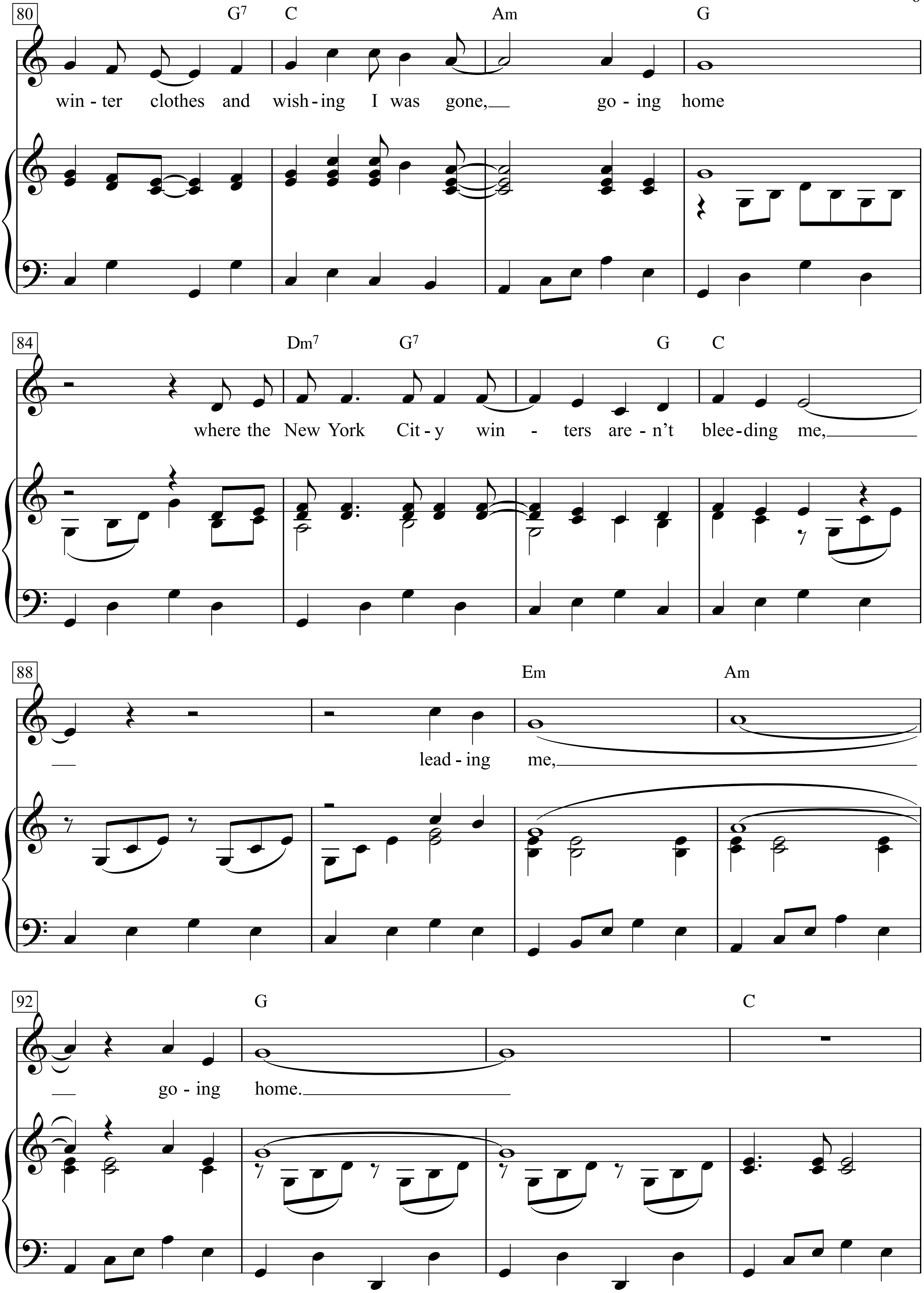


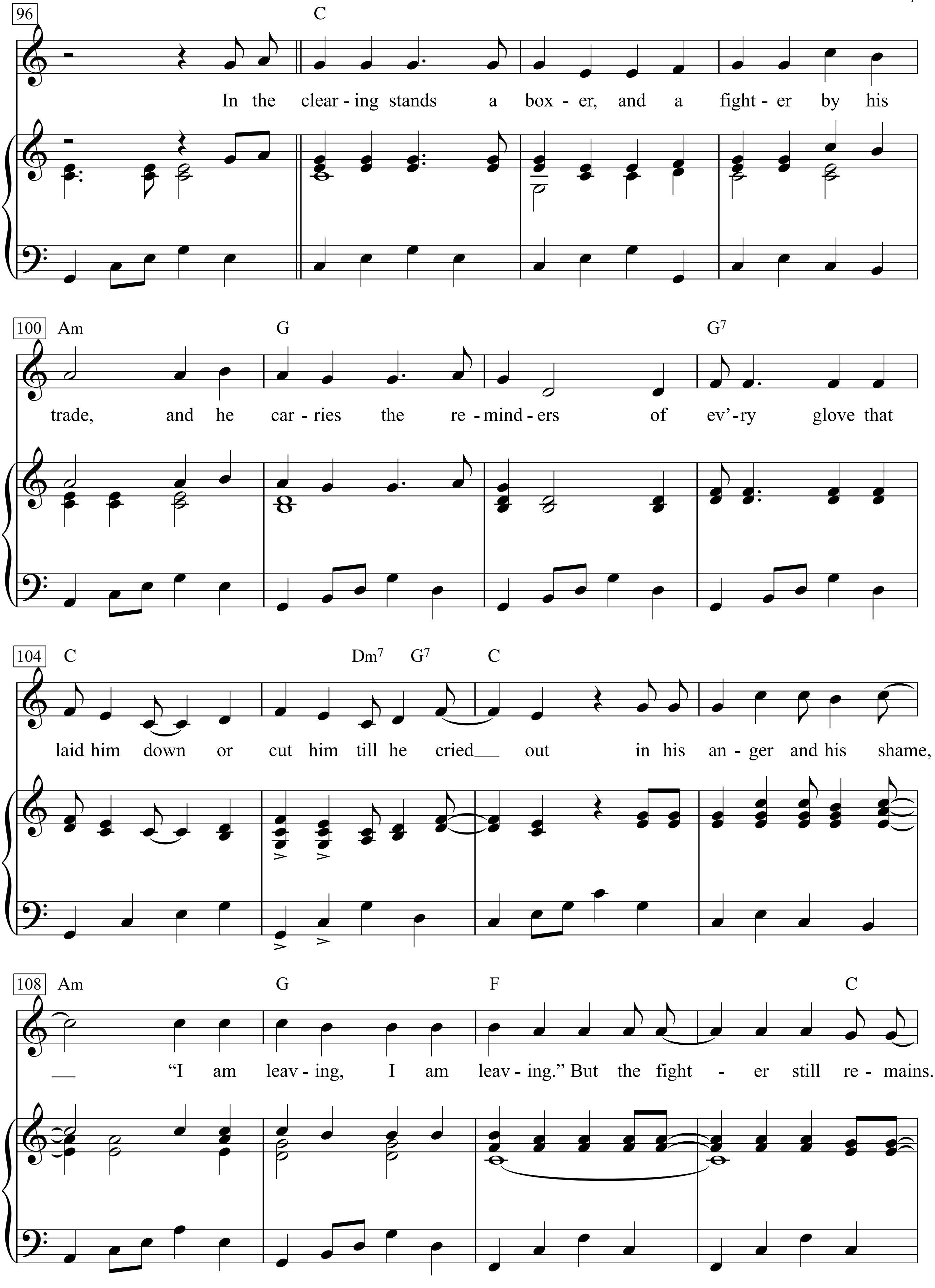

17
C
G
dis - re-gards the rest.
20
C
24
2. When I left my home and my fam - i - ly, I was
28
Am
G
no more than a boy in the com - pa - ny of stran - gers, in the

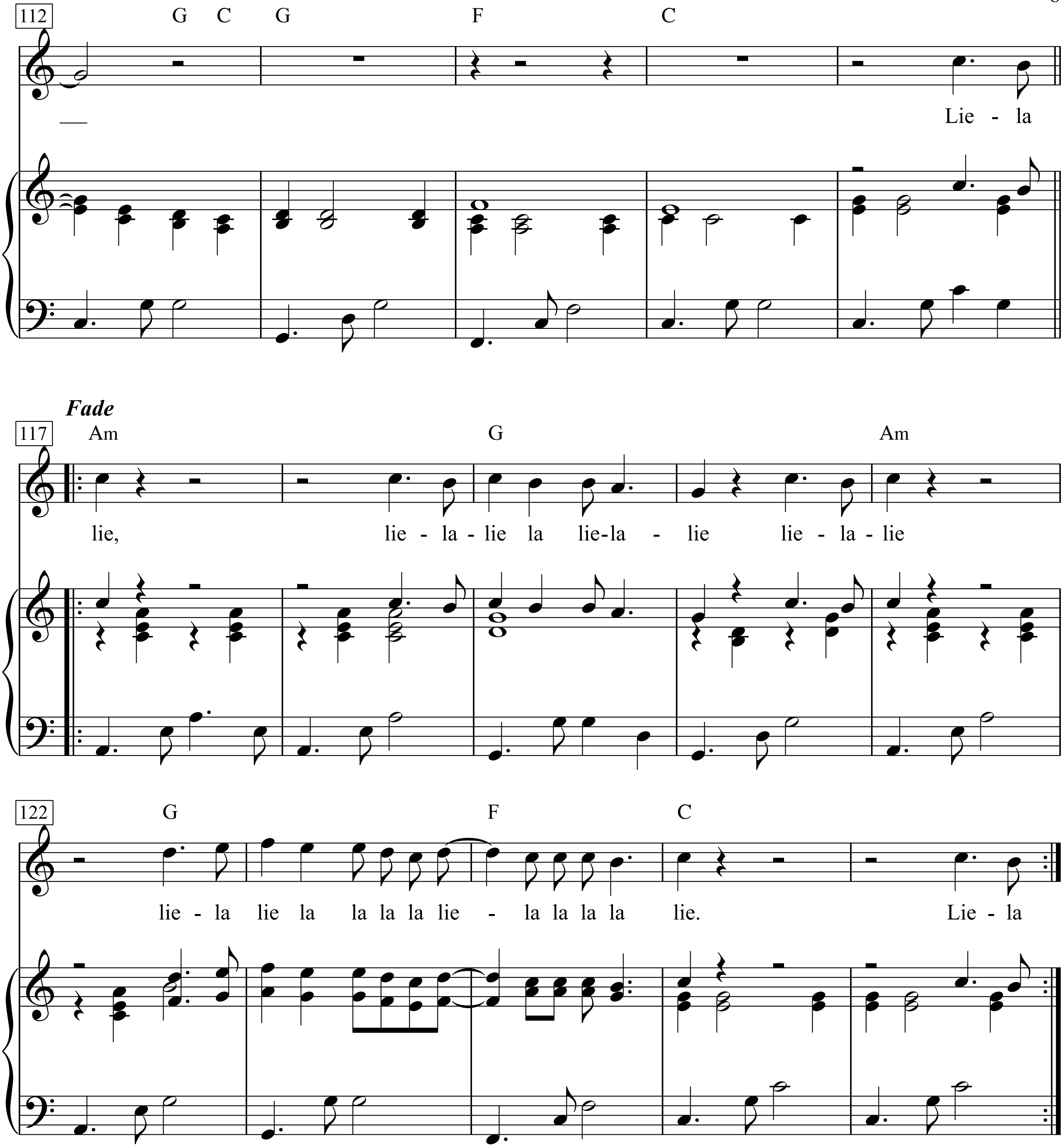

32
Dm7
C
qui - et of a rail - way sta - tion, run-ning scared,
36
Am
C
F
lay - ing low, seek - ing out the poor - er quar - ters where the
40
G
F
Em
Dm
rag - ged peo - ple go, look-ing for the plac - es on - ly they would
44
C
Am
know. Lie - la - lie, lie - la-


48
G
Am
G
lie la lie - la - lie lie - la - lie.
Lie - la -
52
F
G
C
lie la la la la lie - la la la la lie.
56
3. Ask - ing on - ly work-man's wa - ges I come
60
Am
G
look-ing for a job, but I get no of - fers,
just a


64
Dm7
C
come-on from the whores on Sev-enth Av - e - nue.
68
Am
Dm7
G
F
I do de - clare, there were times when I was so lone-some I
72
C
G
took some com - fort there. Ooo-la - la la - la la - la.
76
C
C
4. Then I'm lay - ing out my


80
G7 C Am G
win - ter clothes and wish - ing I was gone, go - ing home
84
Dm7 G7 G C
where the New York Cit - y win - ters are - n't blee - ding me,
88
Em Am
lead - ing me,
92
G C
go - ing home.


96
C
In the clear - ing stands a box - er, and a fight - er by his
100
Am G G7
trade, and he car - ries the re - mind - ers of ev'-ry glove that
104
C Dm7 G7 C
laid him down or cut him till he cried out in his an - ger and his shame,
108
Am G F C
"I am leav - ing, I am leav - ing." But the fight - er still re - mains.


112
G C G F C
Lie - la
Fade
117
Am G Am
lie, lie - la - lie la lie-la - lie lie - la - lie
122
G F C
lie - la lie la la la la lie - la la la la lie. Lie - la

1. I am just a poor boy.
Though my story's seldom told,
I have squandered my resistance
for a pocketful of mumbles, such are promises.
All lies and jest,
still a man hears what he wants to hear,
and disregards the rest.

2. When I left my home and my family,
I was no more than a boy
in the company of strangers,
in the quiet of a railway station,
running scared, laying low,
seeking out the poorer quarters
where the ragged people go,
looking for the places only they would know.
Lielalie, Lielalie la liela lie lielalie Lielalie la la la la Liela la la la lie.

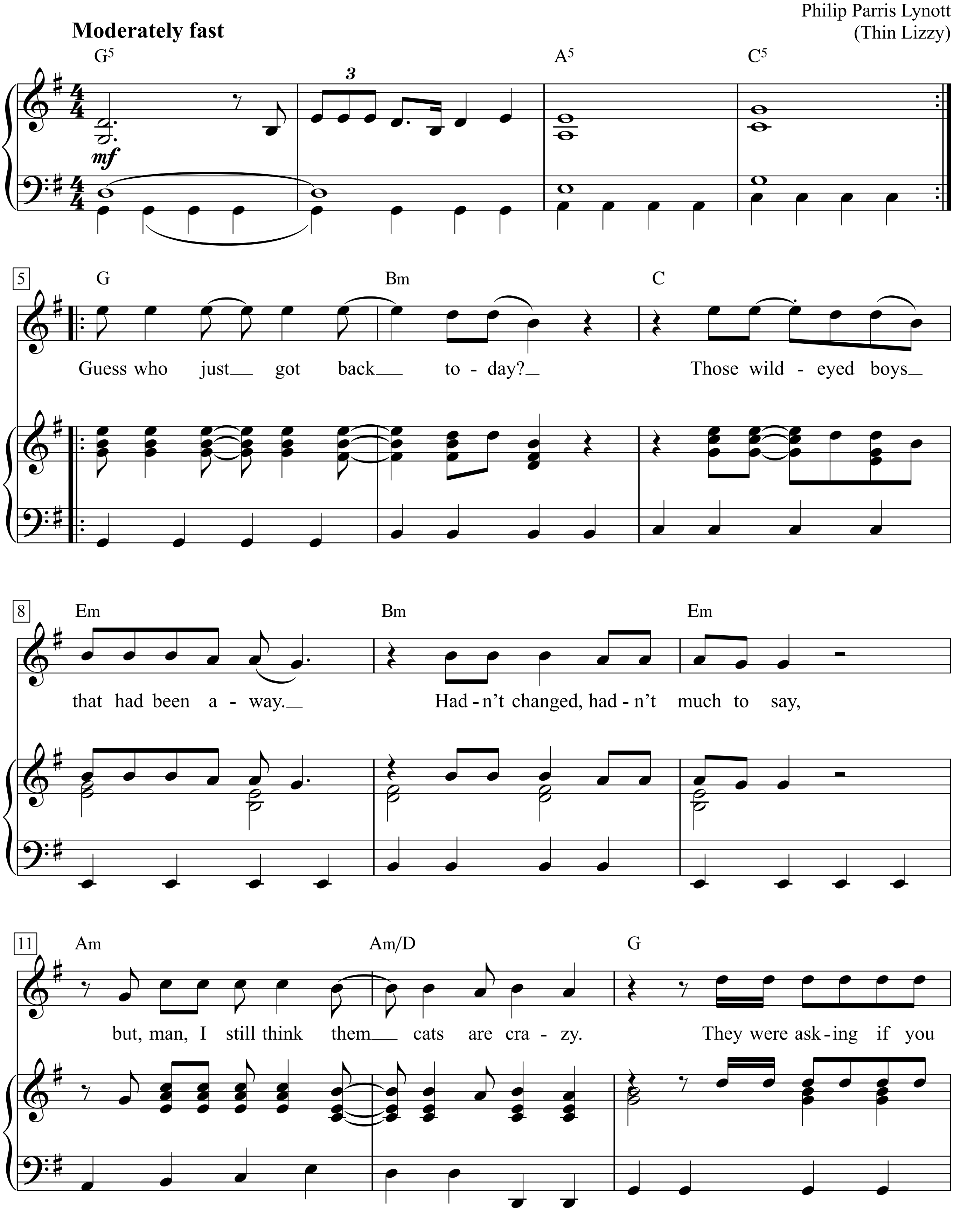
Asking only workman's wages
I come looking for a job,
but I get no offers, just a comeon from the whores on Seventh Avenue.
I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome I took some comfort there.
Ooolala lala lala.

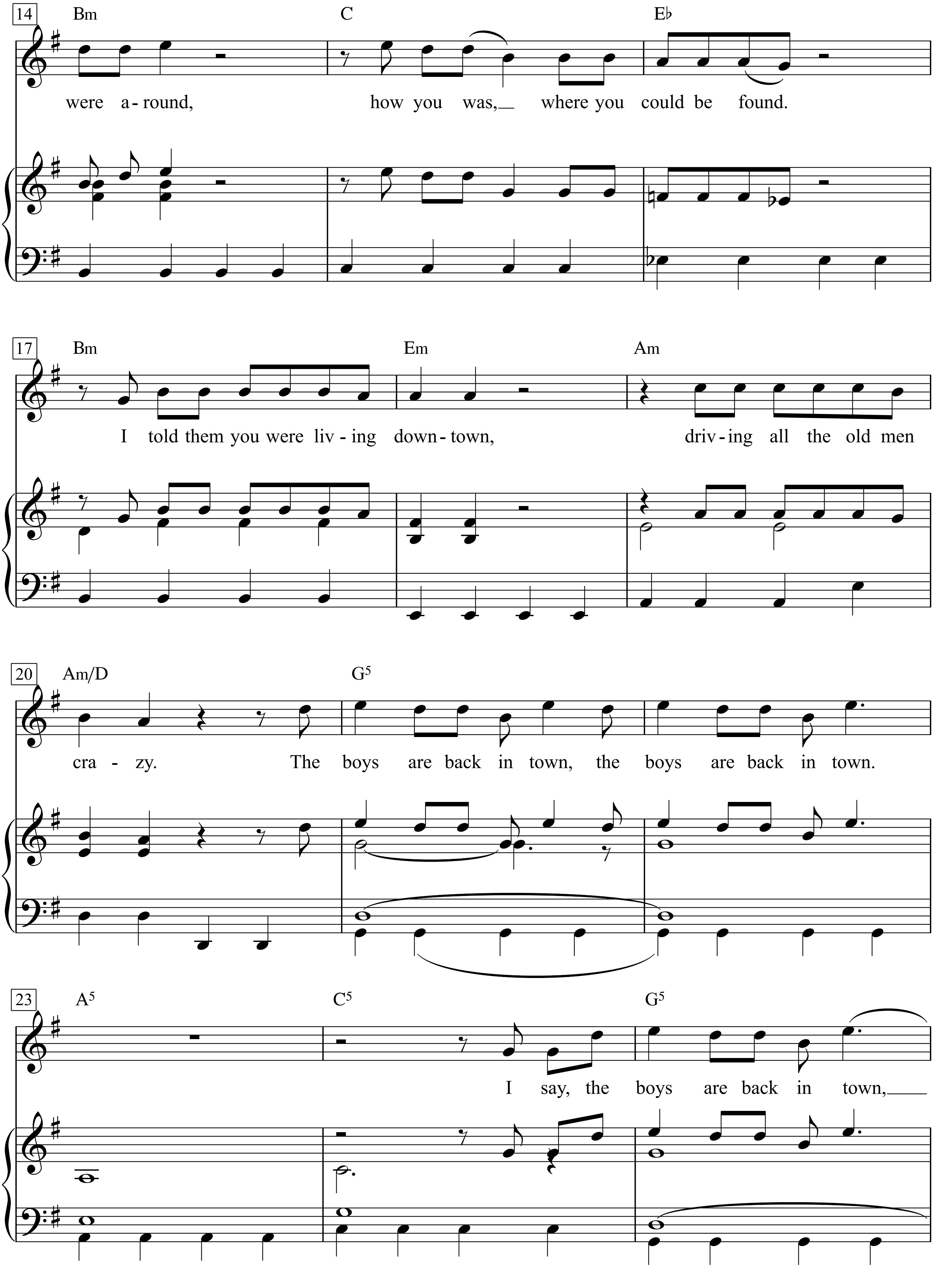
3. Then I'm laying out my winter clothes
and wishing I was gone,
going home where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me,
leading me, going home.

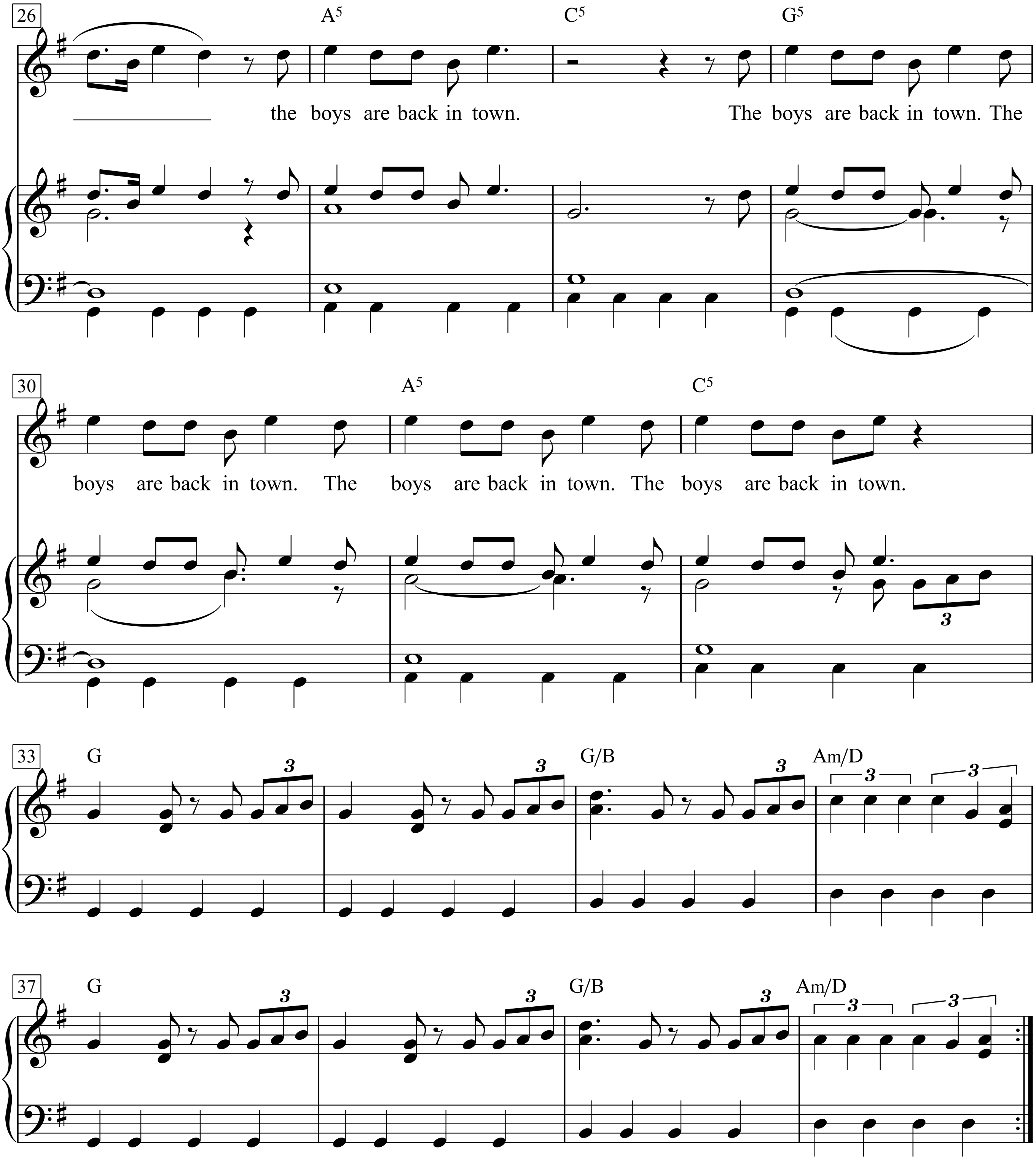
4. In the clearing stands a boxer,
and a fighter by his trade,
and he carries the reminders of ev'ry glove
that laid him down or cut him till he cried
out in his anger and his shame,
"I am leaving, I am leaving."
But the fighter still remains.
Liela lie, lielalie la lielalie lielalie liela lie la la la la liela la la la lie.
Liela

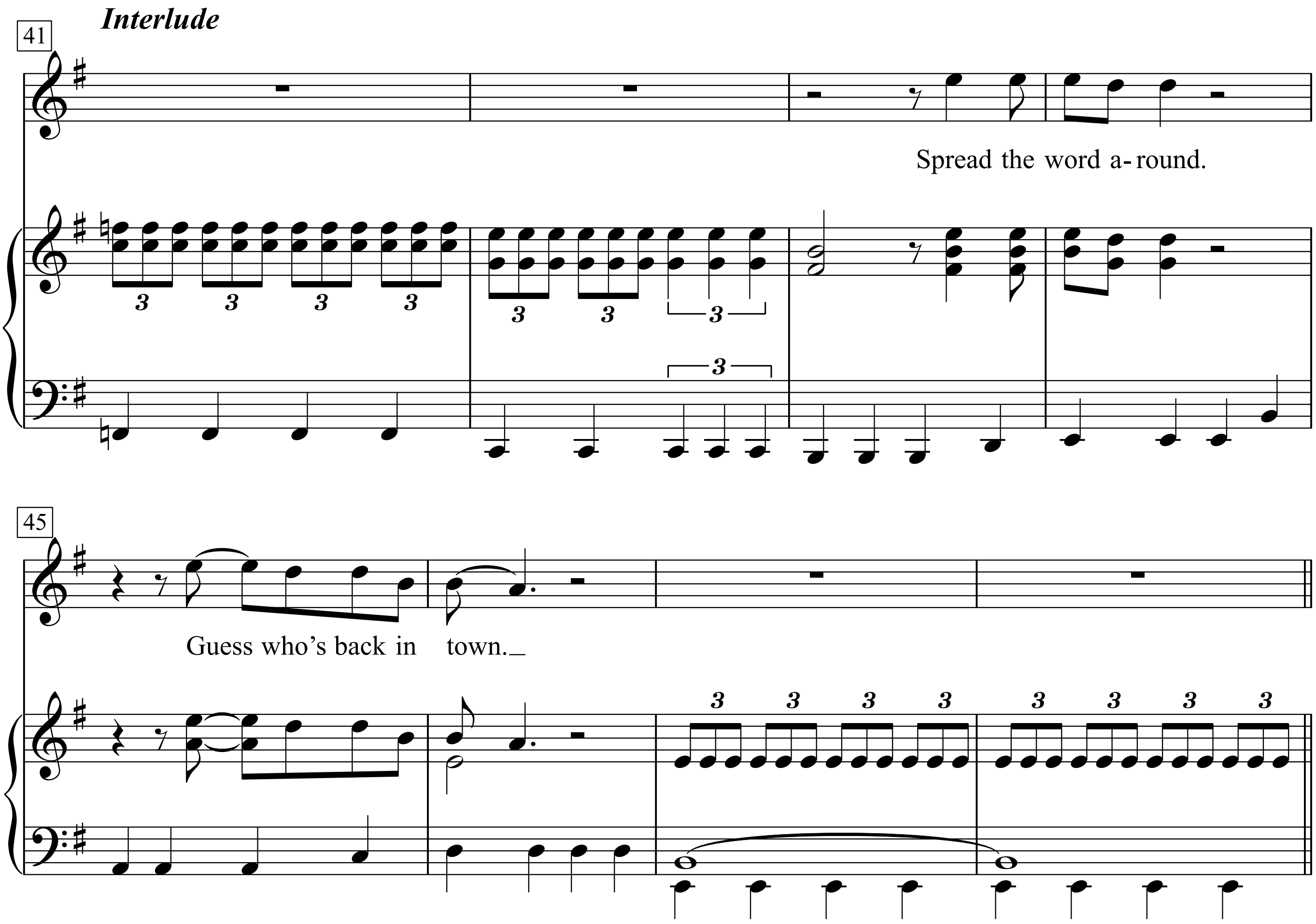
The Boys Are Back In Town

Words & Music by
Philip Parris Lynott
(Thin Lizzy)




14
Bm
C
E♭
were a-round, how you was,__ where you could be found.
17
Bm
Em
Am
I told them you were liv-ing down-town, driv-ing all the old men
20
Am/D
G5
cra - zy. The boys are back in town, the boys are back in town.
23
A5
C5
G5
I say, the boys are back in town,___

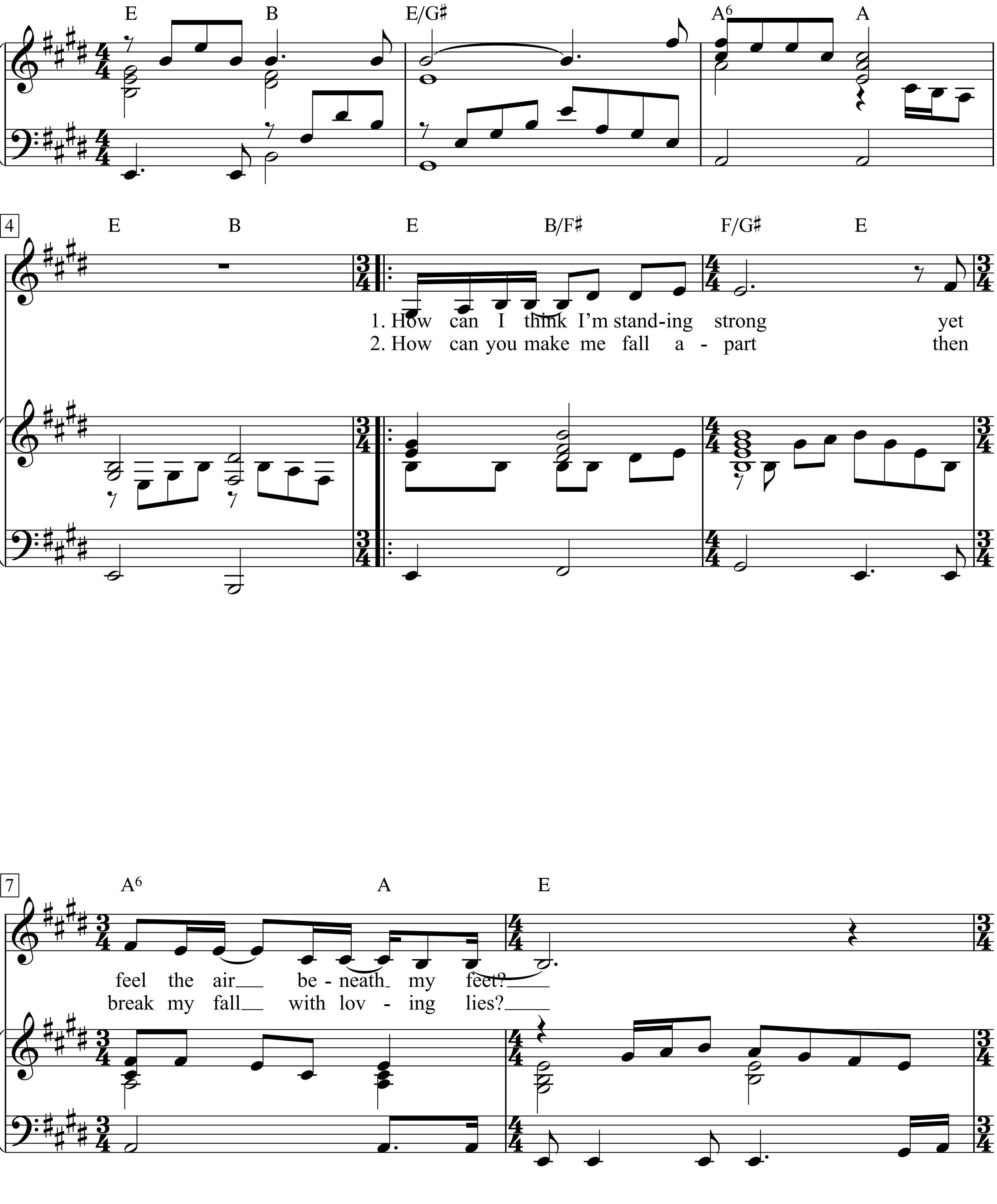

26
A5
C5
G5
the boys are back in town.
The boys are back in town. The
30
A5
C5
boys are back in town. The boys are back in town. The boys are back in town.
33
G
G/B
Am/D
37
G
G/B
Am/D

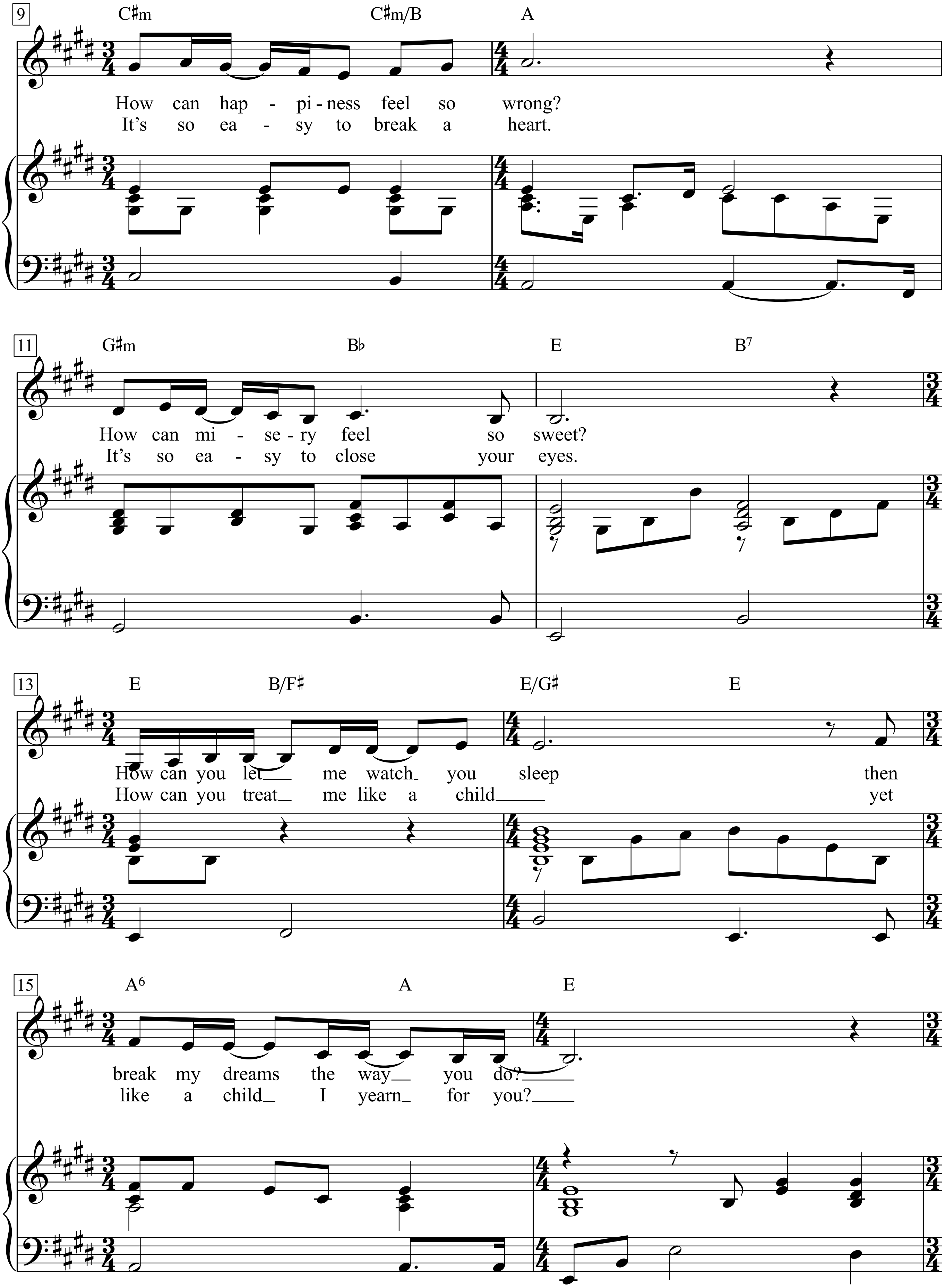

Interlude
41
Spread the word a- round.
45
Guess who's back in town.

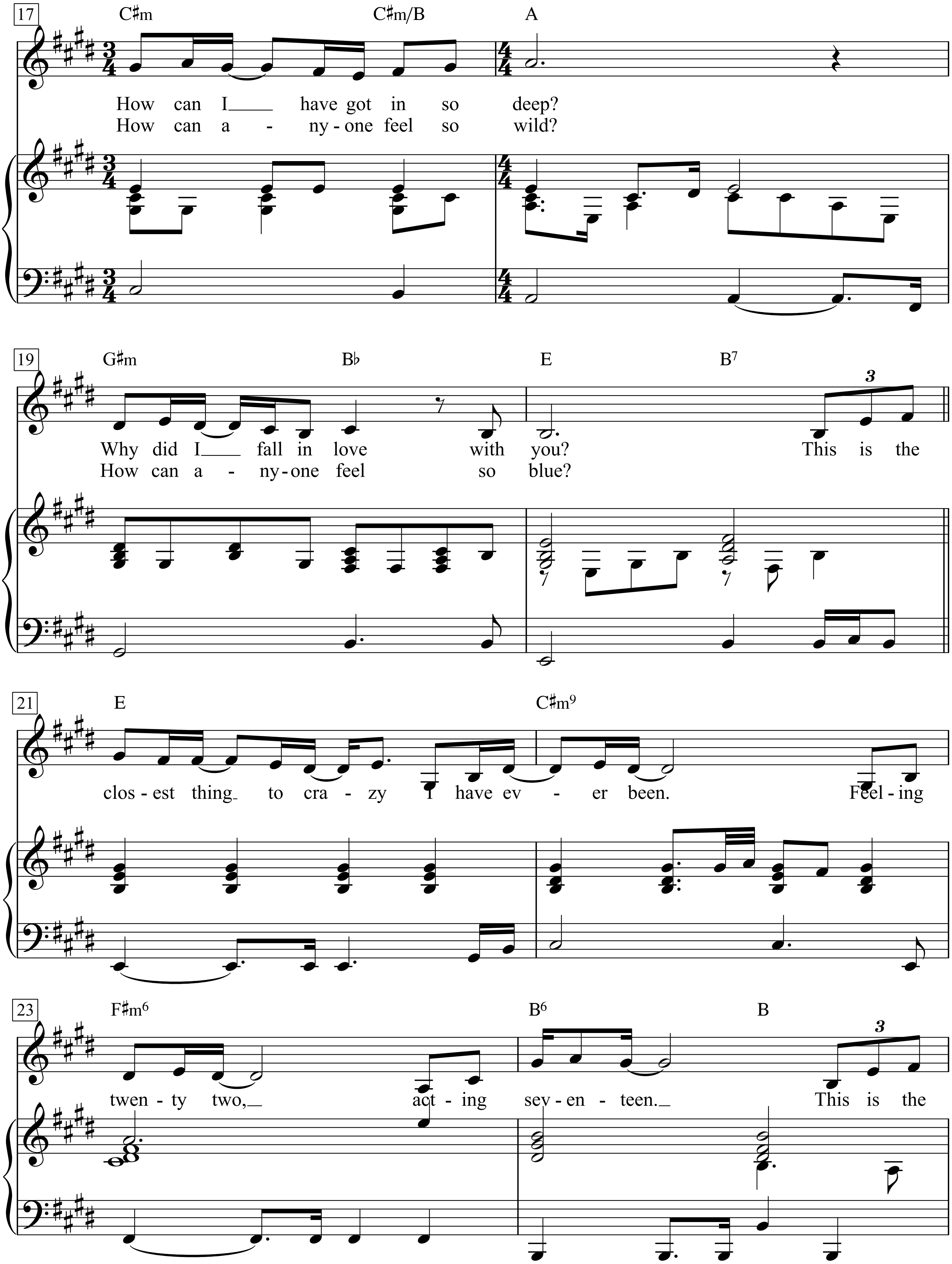
1.
Guess who just got back today?
Those wildeyed boys that had been away.
Hadn’t changed, hadn’t much to say, but, man,
I still think them cats are crazy.
They were asking if you were around,
how you was, where you could be found.
I told them you were living downtown,
driving all the old men crazy.
The boys are back in town,
the boys are back in town.
I say, the boys are back in town,
the boys are back in town.
The boys are back in town.
The boys are back in town.
The boys are back in town.
The boys are back in town.
Spread the word around.
Guess who’s back in town.

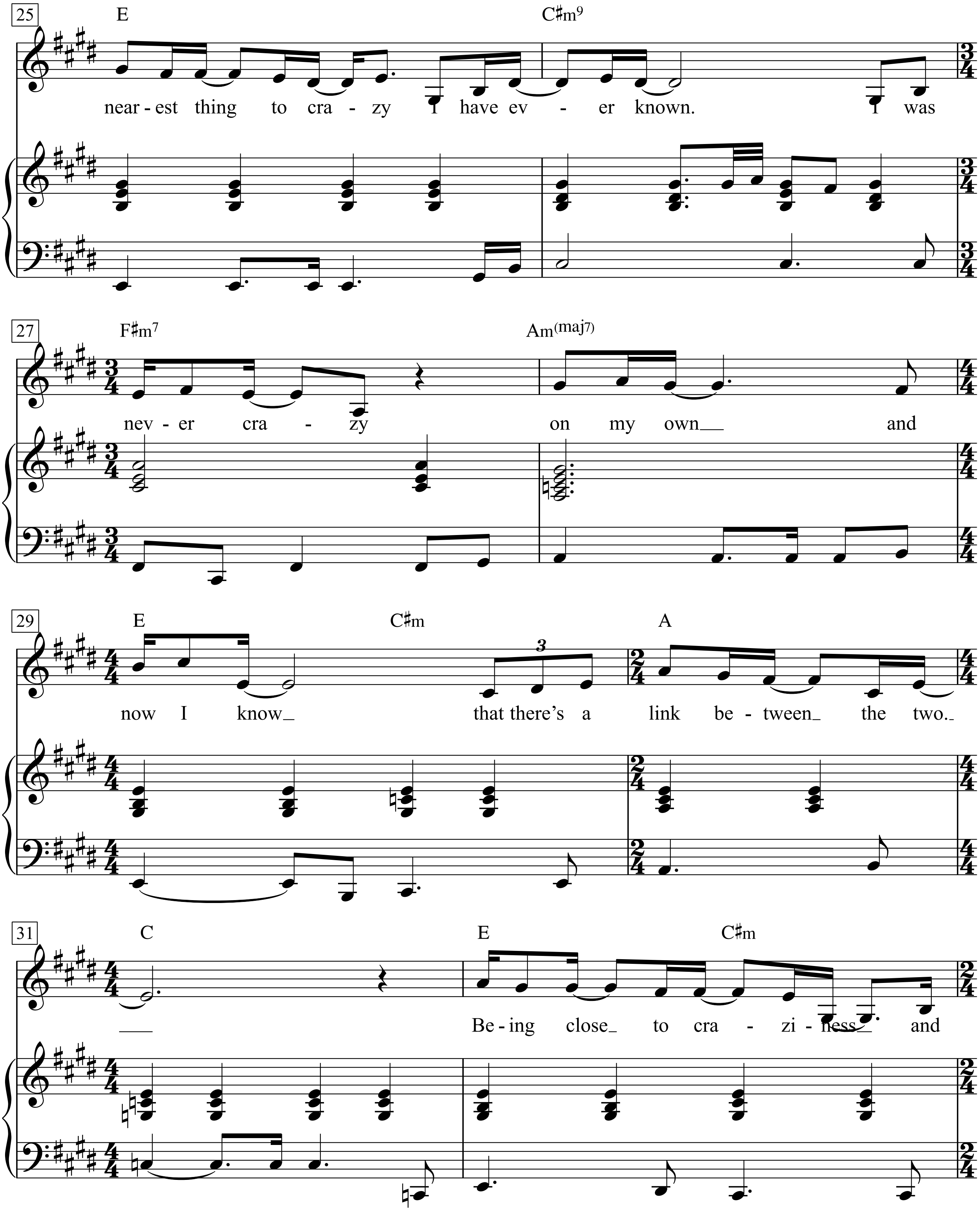
The Closest Thing To Crazy

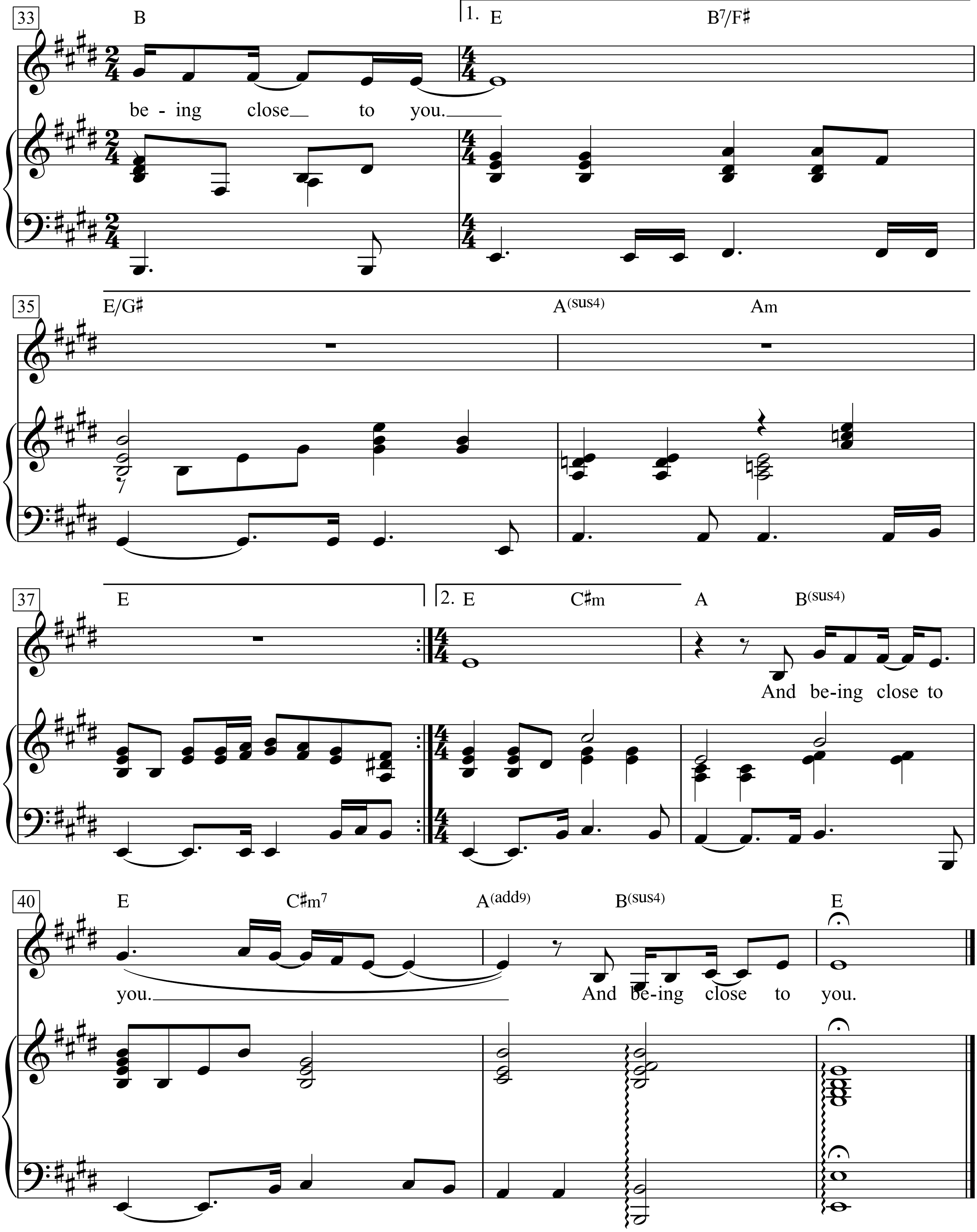
Words & Music by Mike Batt
(Katie Melua)




9
C♯m C♯m/B A
How can hap - pi - ness feel so wrong?
It's so ea - sy to break a heart.
11
G♯m B♭ E B7
How can mi - se - ry feel so sweet?
It's so ea - sy to close your eyes.
13
E B/F♯ E/G♯ E
How can you let me watch you sleep then
How can you treat me like a child yet
15
A6 A E
break my dreams the way you do?
like a child I yearn for you?


17
C♯m
C♯m/B
A
How can I have got in so deep?
How can a - ny - one feel so wild?
19
G♯m
B♭
E
B7
Why did I fall in love with you? This is the
How can a - ny - one feel so blue?
21
E
C♯m9
clos - est thing to cra - zy I have ev - er been. Feel - ing
23
F♯m6
B6
B
twen - ty two, act - ing sev - en - teen. This is the


25
E
C♯m9
near - est thing to cra - zy I have ev - er known. I was
27
F♯m7
Am(maj7)
nev - er cra - zy on my own and
29
E
C♯m
A
now I know that there's a link be - tween the two.
31
C
E
C♯m
Be - ing close to cra - zi - ness and

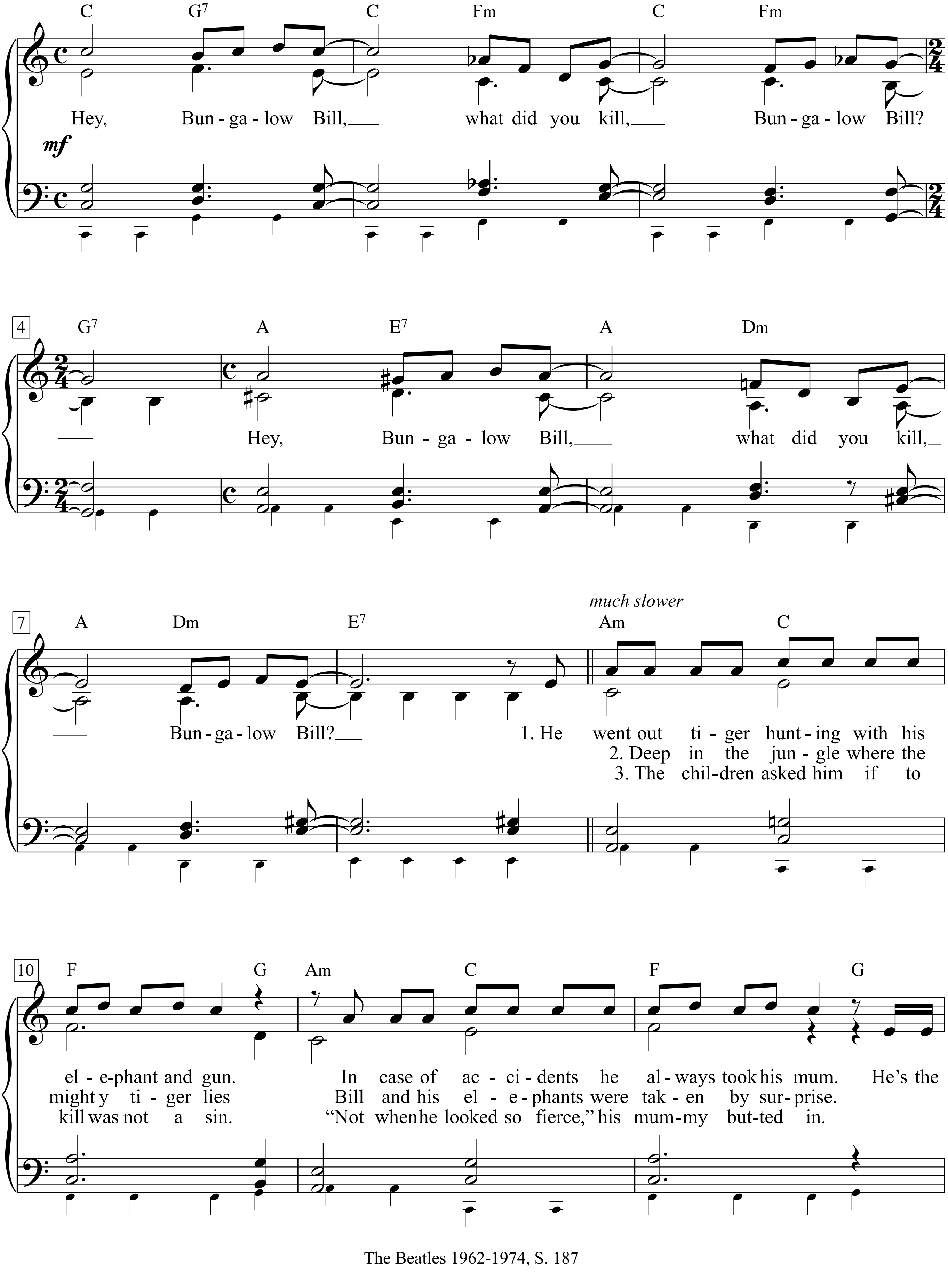

33
B
1. E
B7/F♯
be - ing close to you.
35
E/G♯
A(sus4)
Am
37
E
2. E
C♯m
A
B(sus4)
And be-ing close to
40
E
C♯m7
A(add9)
B(sus4)
E
you.
And be-ing close to you.

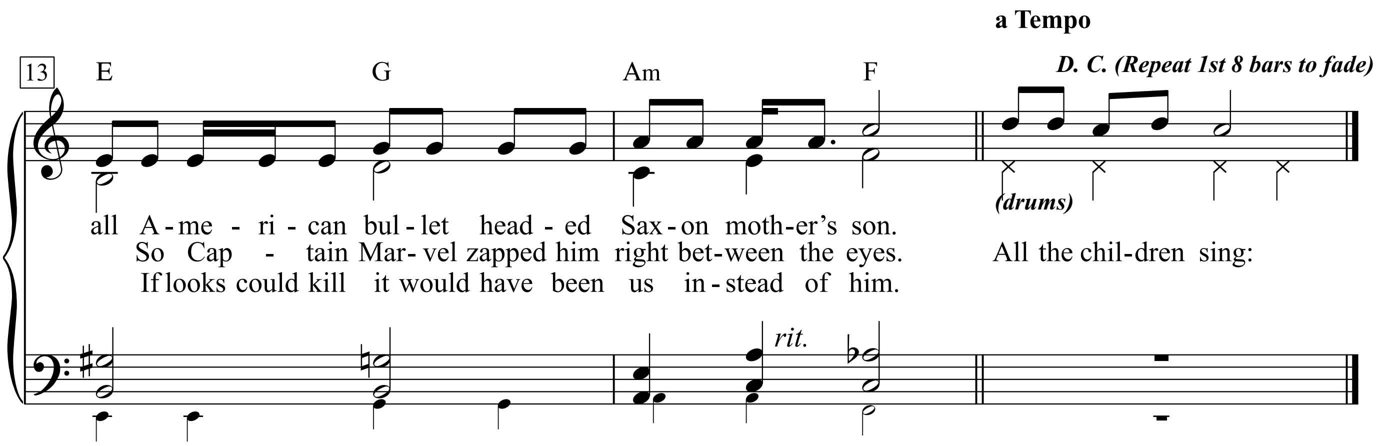
The Continuing Story Of Bungalow Bill

(Organ: Registration No. 4)

Moderately fast

Words & Music:
John Lennon & Paul McCartney





Hey, Bungalow Bill,
what did you kill, Bungalow Bill?
Hey, Bungalow Bill,
what did you kill, Bungalow Bill?

1. He went out tiger hunting with his elephant and gun.
In case of accidents he always took his mom.
He’s the all - American bullet - headed Saxon mother’s son.
All the children sing
Hey, Bungalow Bill,
what did you kill, Bungalow Bill?
Hey, Bungalow Bill,
what did you kill, Bungalow Bill?

2. Deep in the jungle where the mighty tiger lies
Bill and his elephants were taken by surprise.
So Captain Marvel zapped him right between the eyes. Zap!
All the children sing
Hey, Bungalow Bill,
what did you kill, Bungalow Bill?
Hey, Bungalow Bill,
what did you kill, Bungalow Bill?

3. The children asked him if to kill was not a sin.
“Not when he looked so fierce,” his mummy butted in.
If looks could kill it would have been us instead of him.
All the children sing
Hey, Bungalow Bill,
what did you kill, Bungalow Bill?
Hey, Bungalow Bill,
what did you kill, Bungalow Bill?

Der Fortsetzungsroman von Bungalow Bill

He, Bungalow Bill,
du tötest so still, Bungalow Bill.
He, Bungalow Bill,
du tötest so still, Bungalow Bill.

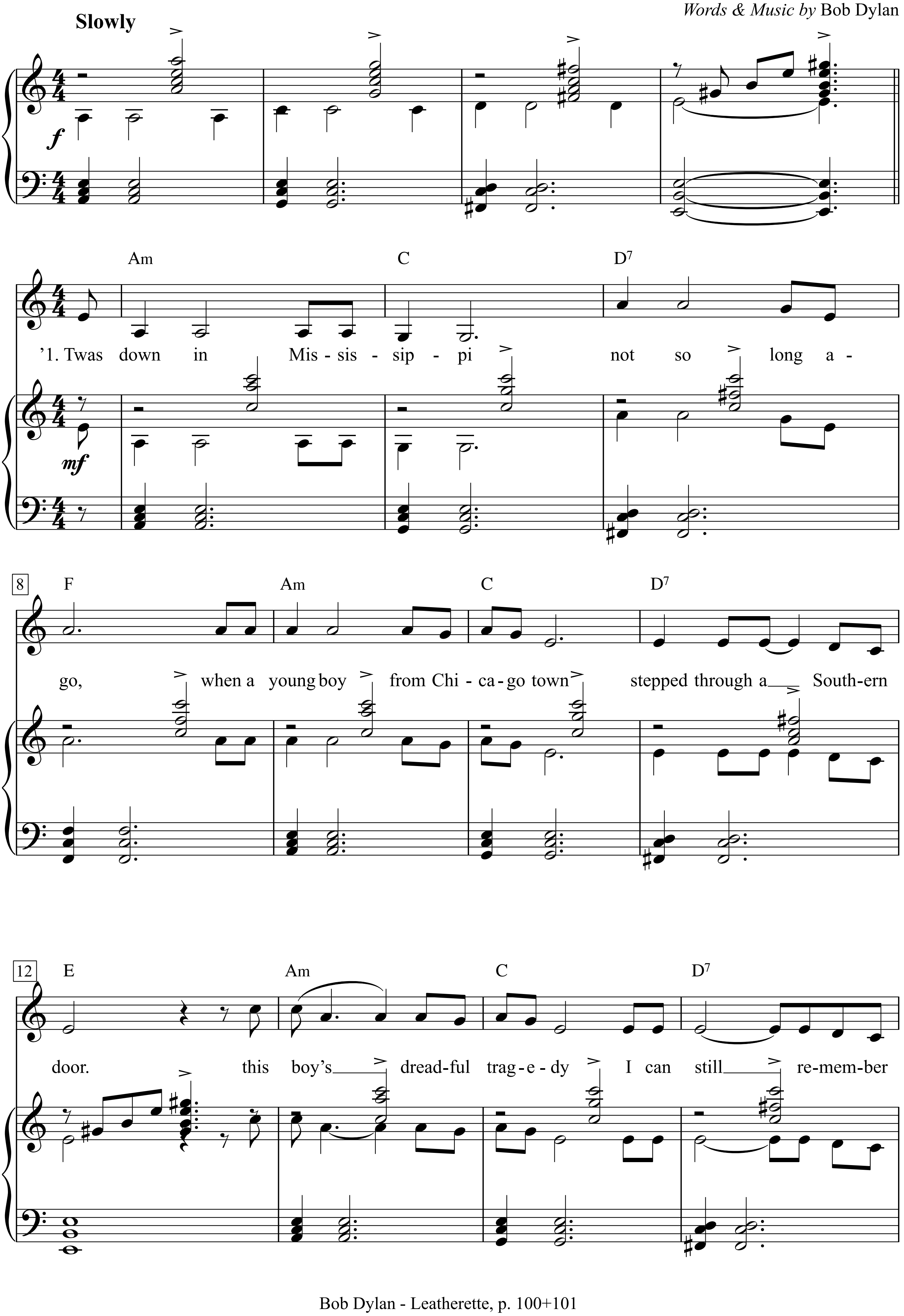
1. Er ging auf Tigerjagd mit seinen Elefanten und den Flinten.
Für Zwischenfälle war die Mammi mit;
Er ist das unverfälschte am’rikan’sche Knallkopfsachsenmuttersöhnchen.
Alle Kinder stimmen ein:
He, Bungalow Bill,
du tötest so still, Bungalow Bill.
He, Bungalow Bill,
du tötest so still, Bungalow Bill.

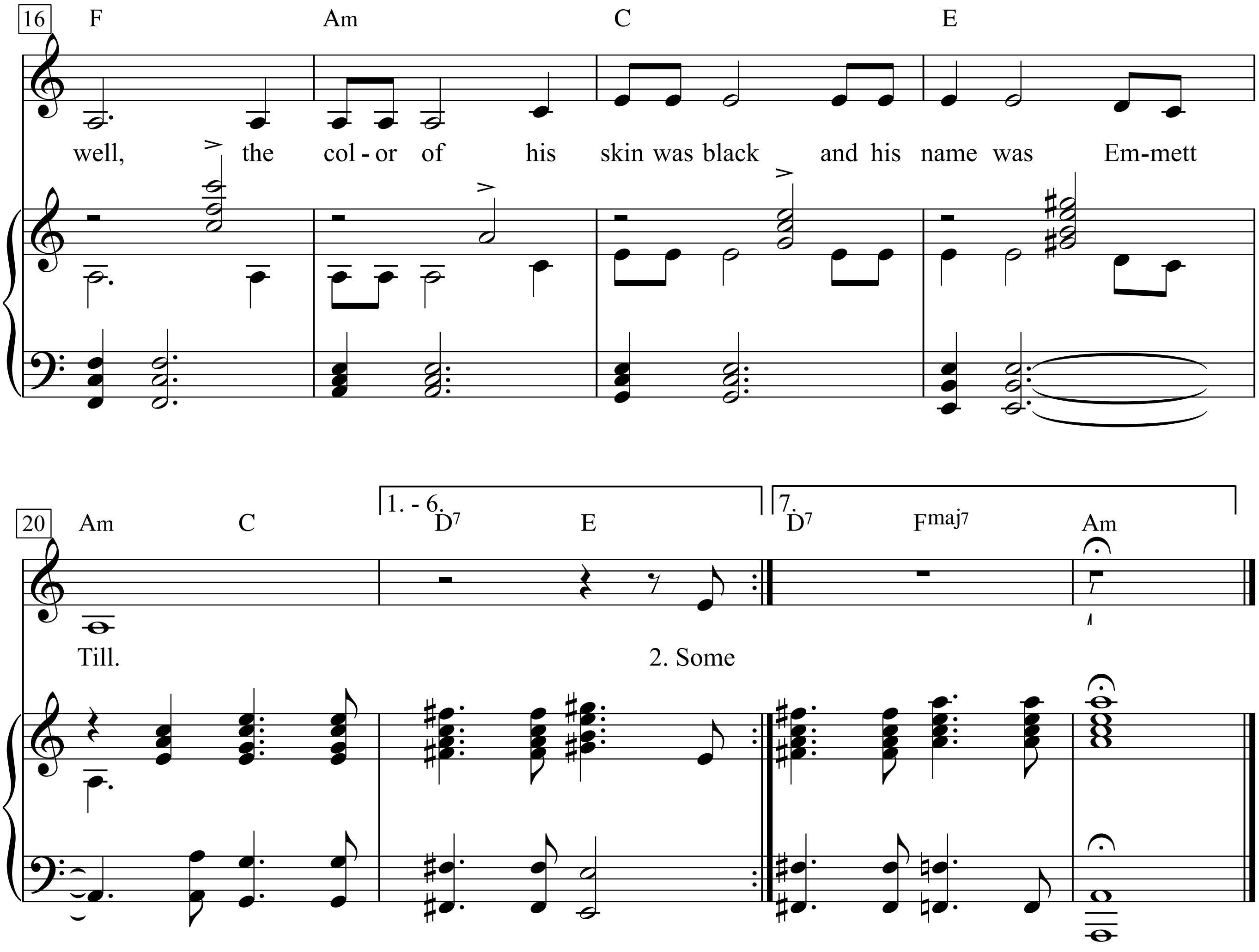
2. So tief im Dschungel, wo der wilde Tiger brüllt und haust,
wurden Bill und Elefanten überrascht und arg zerzaust.
Und Hauptmann Wunderlich knallte ihm eins zwischen die Augen.
Alle Kinder stimmen ein:
He, Bungalow Bill,
du tötest so still, Bungalow Bill.
He, Bungalow Bill,
du tötest so still, Bungalow Bill.

3. Die Kinder wollten wissen: Ist denn Töten keine Sünde nicht ?
Wenn er so grimmig blickt, dann nicht, seine Mutter spricht.
Wenn Blicke töten könnten! Es hätt’ uns erwischt, nicht ihn.
Alle Kinder stimmen ein:
He, Bungalow Bill,
du tötest so still, Bungalow Bill.
He, Bungalow Bill,
du tötest so still, Bungalow Bill.

The Death of Emmett Till

Words & Music by Bob Dylan




16
F
Am
C
E
well, the col - or of his skin was black and his name was Em-mett
20
Am
C
1. - 6.
D7
E
7.
D7
Fmaj7
Am
Till.
2. Some

1. ‘Twas down in Mississippi not so long ago,
when a young boy from Chicago town stepped through a Southern door.
This boy‘s dreadful tragedy I can still remember well,
The color of his skin was black and his name was Emmett Till.

2. Some men they dragged him to a barn and there they beat him up,
They said they had a reason, but I can’t remember what.
They tortured him and did some things too evil to repeat;
There were screaming sounds inside the barn, there was laughing sounds out on the street.

3. Then they rolled his body down a gulf amidst a bloody red rain
And they threw him in the waters wide to cease his screaming pain.
The reason that they killed him there and I’m sure it ain’t no lie
Was just for the fun of killin’ him and to watch him slowly die.

4. And then to stop the United States of yelling for a trial
Two brothers they confessed that they had killed poor Emmett Till.
But on the jury there were men who helped the brothers commit this awful crime
And so this trial was a mockery, but nobody seemed to mind.

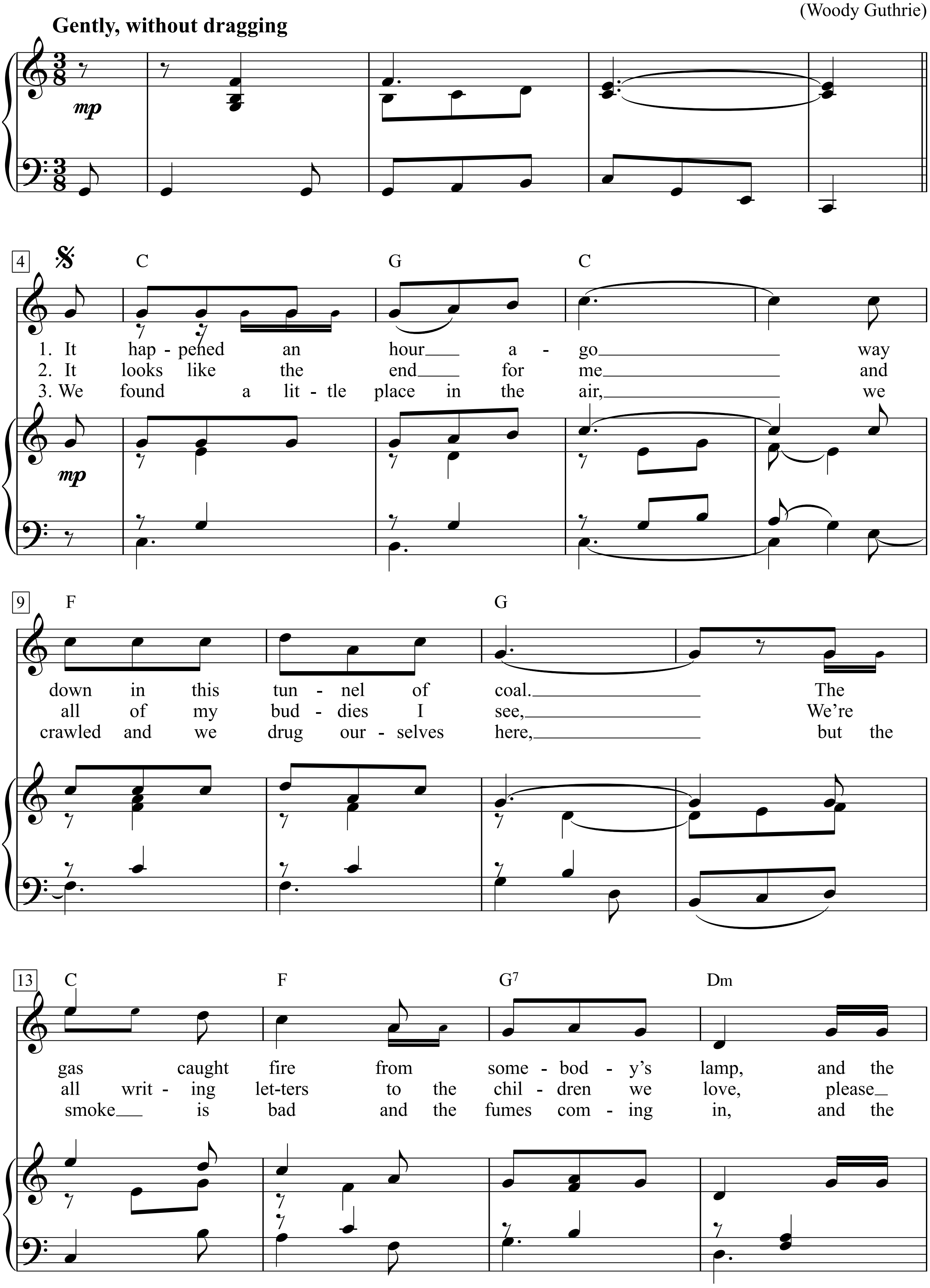
5. I saw the morning papers but I could not bear to see
The smiling brothers walkin’ down the courthouse stairs.
For the jury found them innocent and the brothers they went free
While Emmett’s body floats the foam of a Jim Crow Southern sea.

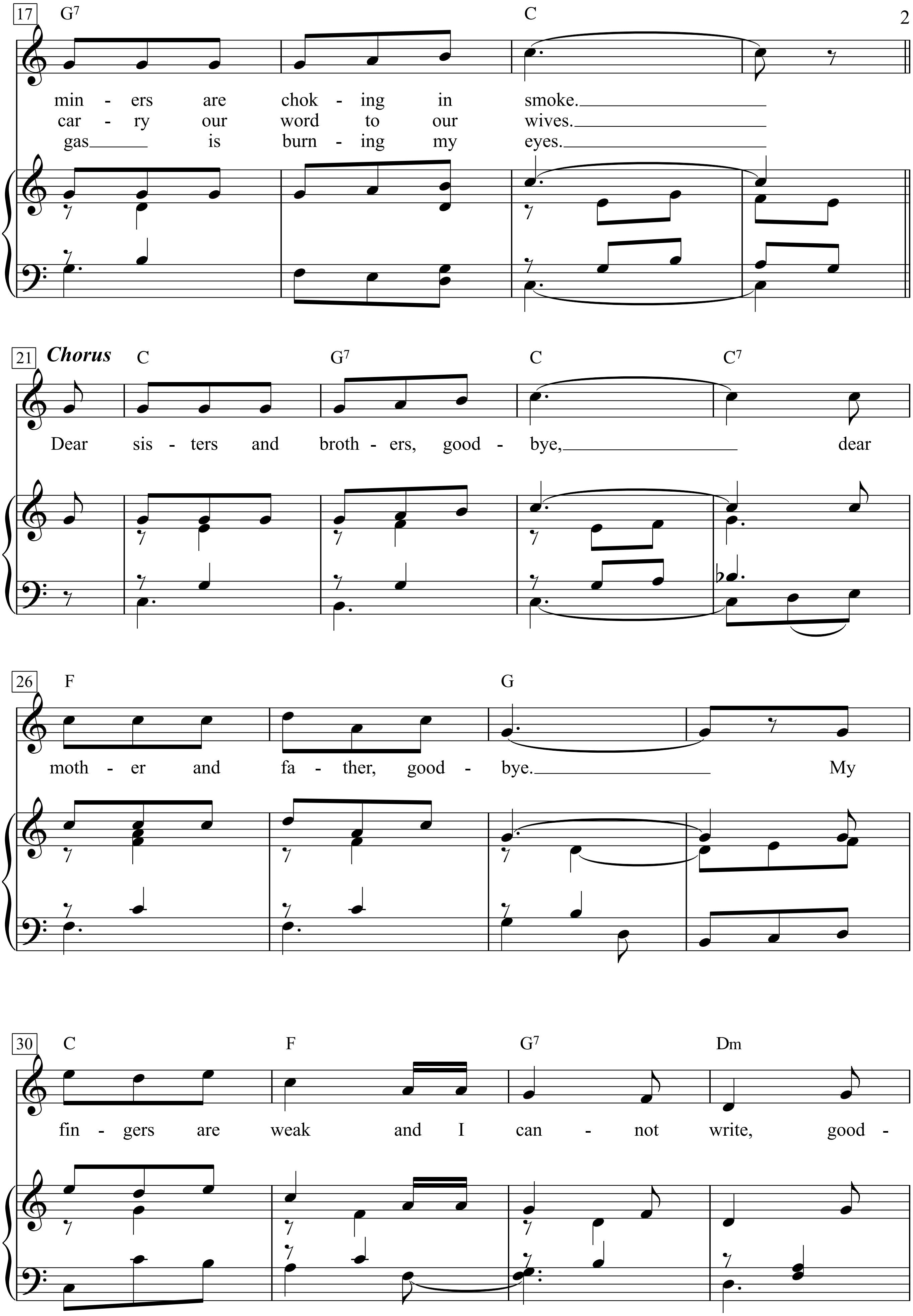
6. If you can’t speak out against this kind of thing, a crime that’s so unjust
Your eyes are filled with dead men’s dirt, your mind is filled with dust.
Your arms and legs they must be in shackles and chains and your blood it must refuse to flow
For you to let this human race fall down so God-awful low!

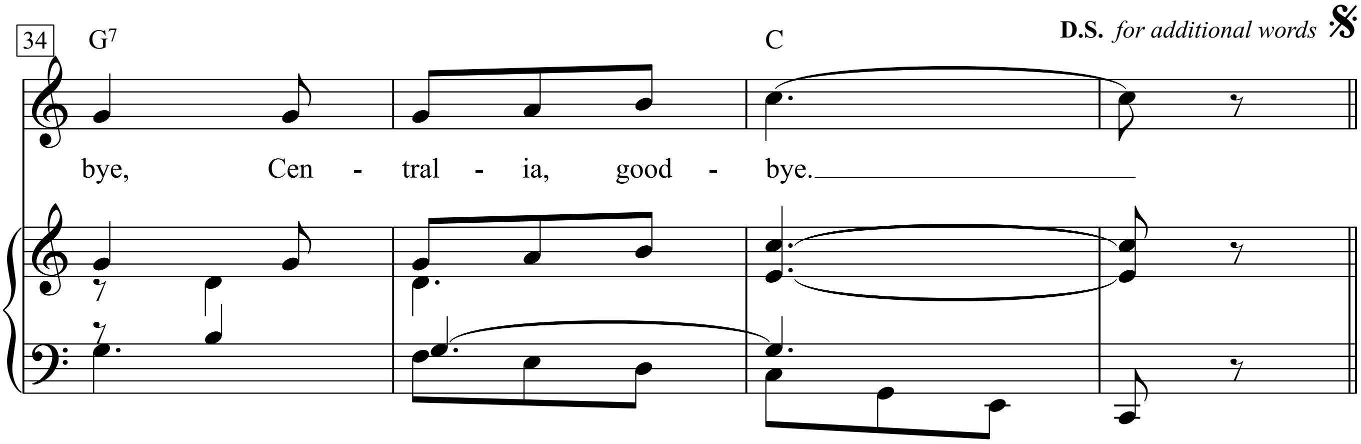
7. This song is just a reminder to remind your fellow man
That this kind of thing still lives today in that ghost-robed Klu Klux Klan.
But if all of us folks that thinks alike, if we gave all we could give
We could make this great land of ours a greater place to live.

The Dying Miner

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie
(Woody Guthrie)




17
G7 C
min - ers are chok - ing in smoke.
car - ry our word to our wives.
gas is burn - ing my eyes.
21 Chorus
C G7 C C7
Dear sis - ters and broth - ers, good - bye, dear
26
F G
moth - er and fa - ther, good - bye. My
30
C F G7 Dm
fin - gers are weak and I can - not write, good -



1. It happened an hour ago
Way down in this tunnel of coal.
The gas caught fire from somebody's lamp,
And the miners are choking in smoke.
Chorus:
Dear sisters and brothers, goodbye,
Dear mother and father, goodbye.
My fingers are weak and I cannot write,
Goodbye, Centralia, goodbye.

2. It looks like the end for me
And all of my buddies I see,
We're all writing letters to the children we love,
Please carry our word to our wives.
Chorus:

3. We found a little place in the air
We crawled and we drug ourselves here,
But the smoke is bad and the fumes coming in,
And the gas is burning my eyes.
Chorus:

4. Forgive me for things I done wrong
I love you lots more than you know
When the night whistle blows and
I don't come home
Do all that you can to help Mom.
Chorus:

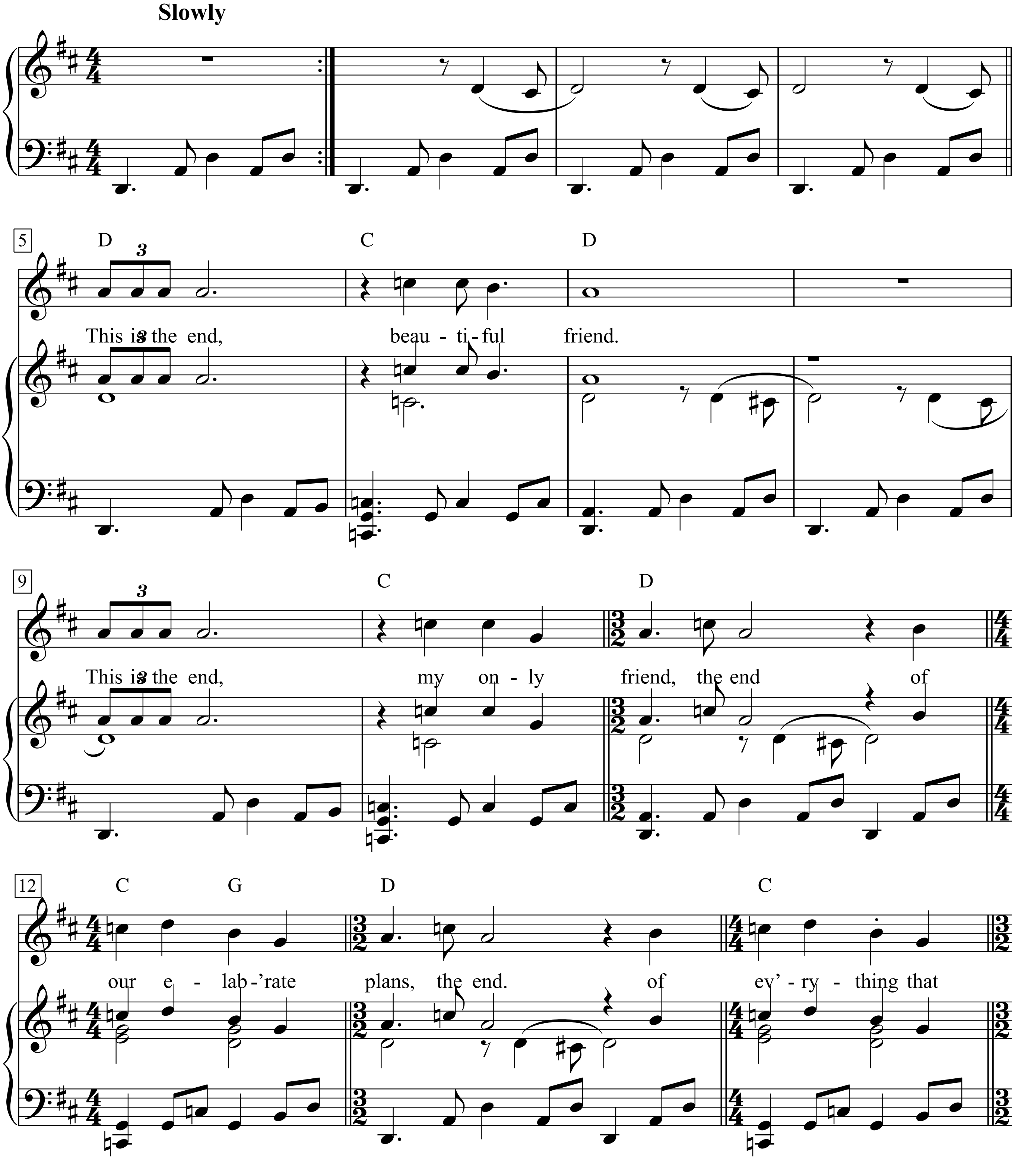
5. I can hear the moans and the groans
Of more than a hundred good men
Just work and fight and try to see
That this never happens again.
Chorus:

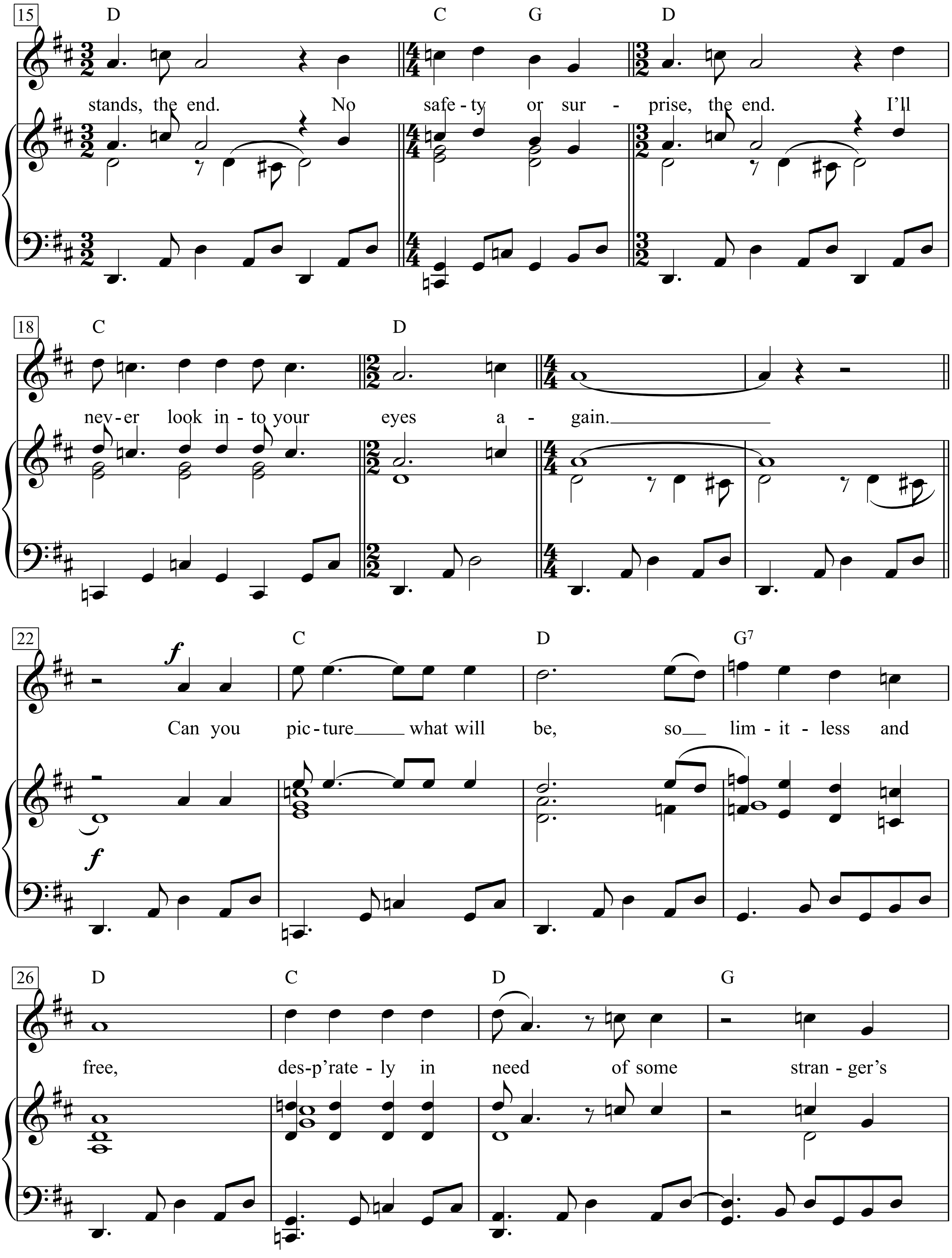
6. My eyes are blinded with fumes
But it sounds like the men are all gone
Except Joe Ballantini, Fred Gutzier,
And Joy
Trapped down in this hell hole of fire.
Chorus:

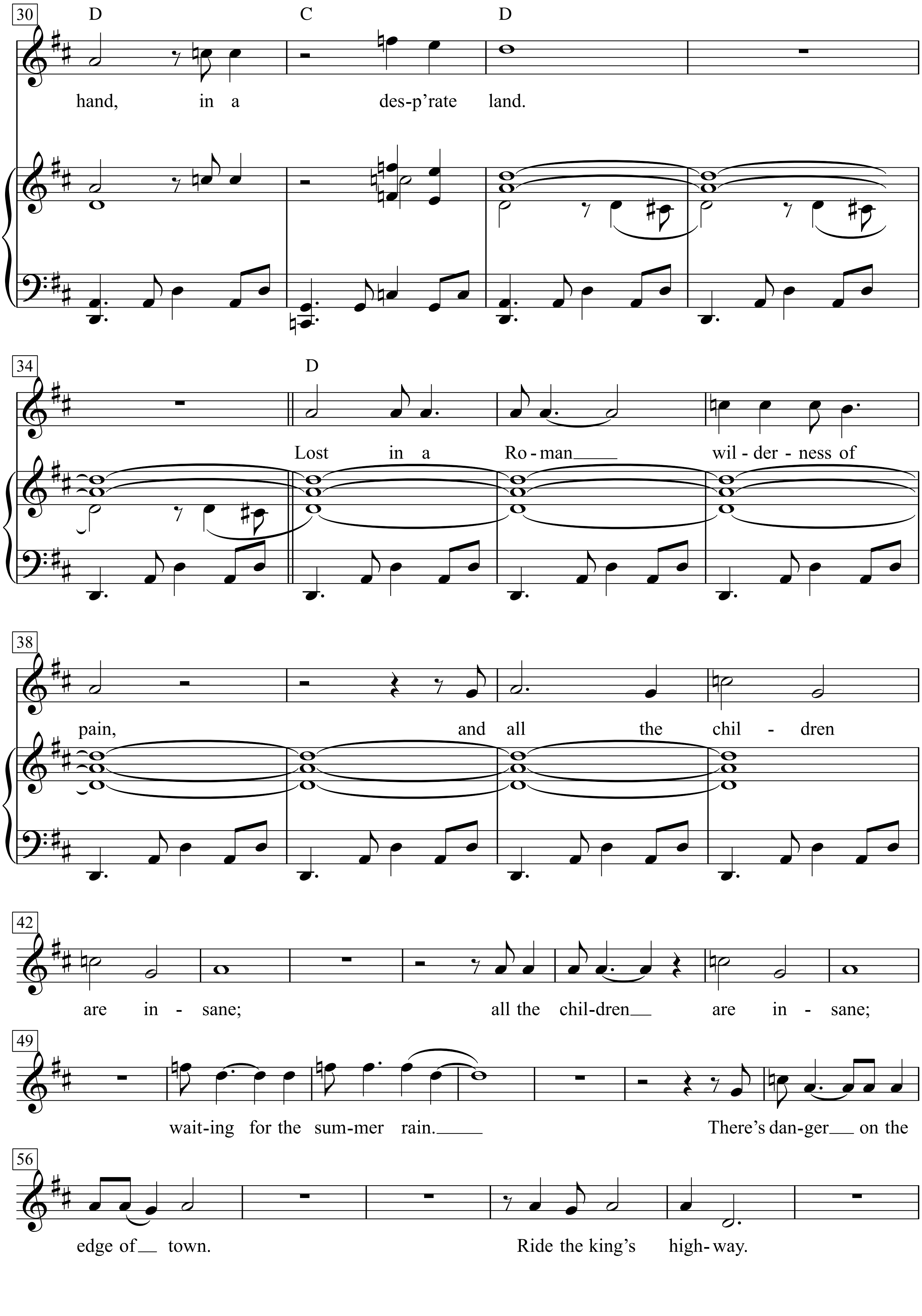
7. Please name our new baby Joe
So he'll grow up like big Joe
He'll work and he'll fight to fix up
The mines
So fires can't kill daddies no more.
Chorus:

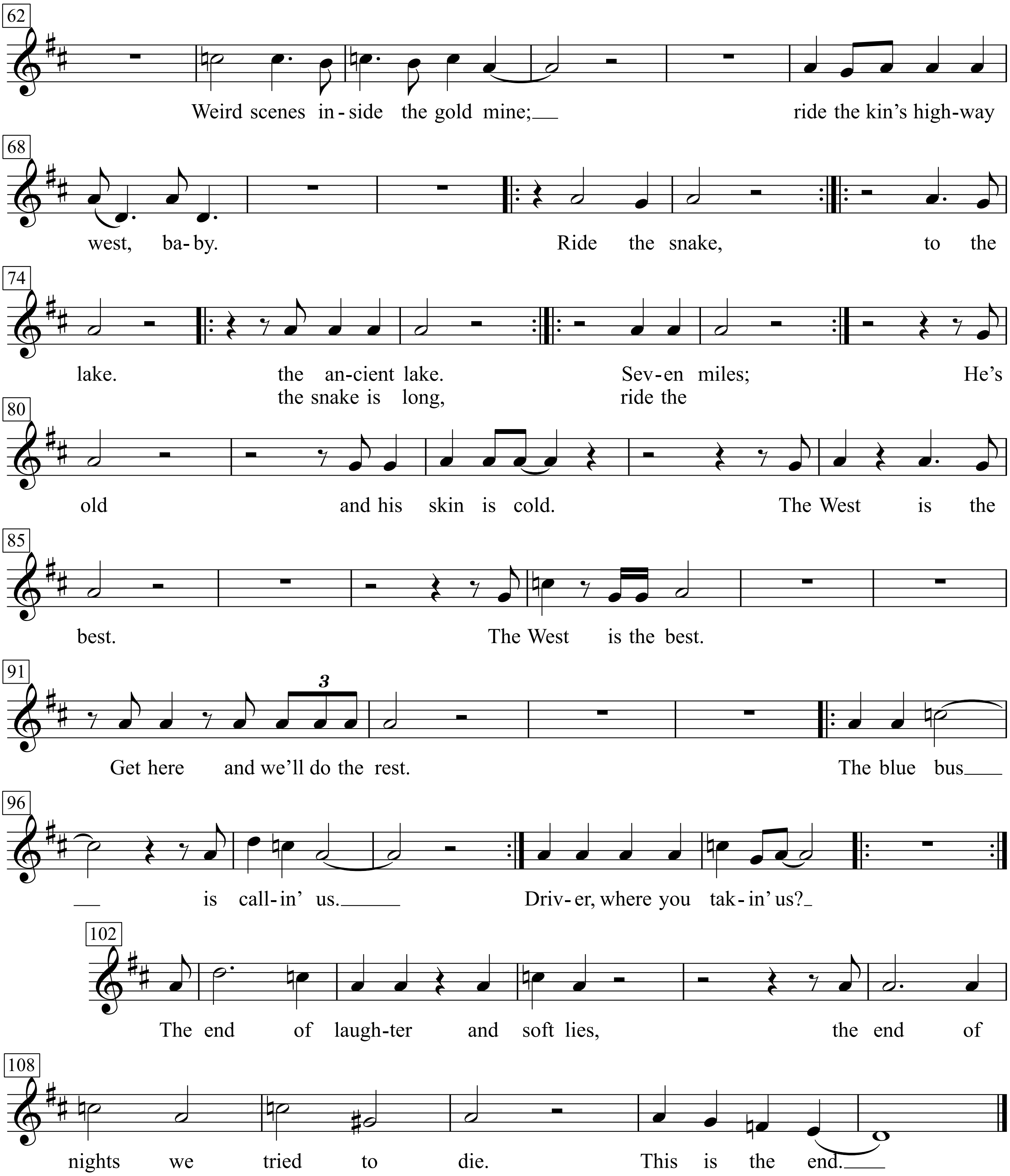
The End

(The Doors)




15
D C G D
stands, the end. No safe-ty or sur - prise, the end. I'll
18
C D
nev-er look in-to your eyes a - gain.
22
f
C D G7
Can you pic-ture what will be, so lim - it - less and
f
26
D C D G
free, des-p'rate - ly in need of some stran - ger's


30
D
C
D
hand, in a des-p'rate land.
34
D
Lost in a Ro-man wil-der-ness of
38
pain, and all the chil - dren
42
are in - sane; all the chil-dren are in - sane;
49
wait-ing for the sum-mer rain.
There's dan-ger on the
56
edge of town.
Ride the king's high-way.

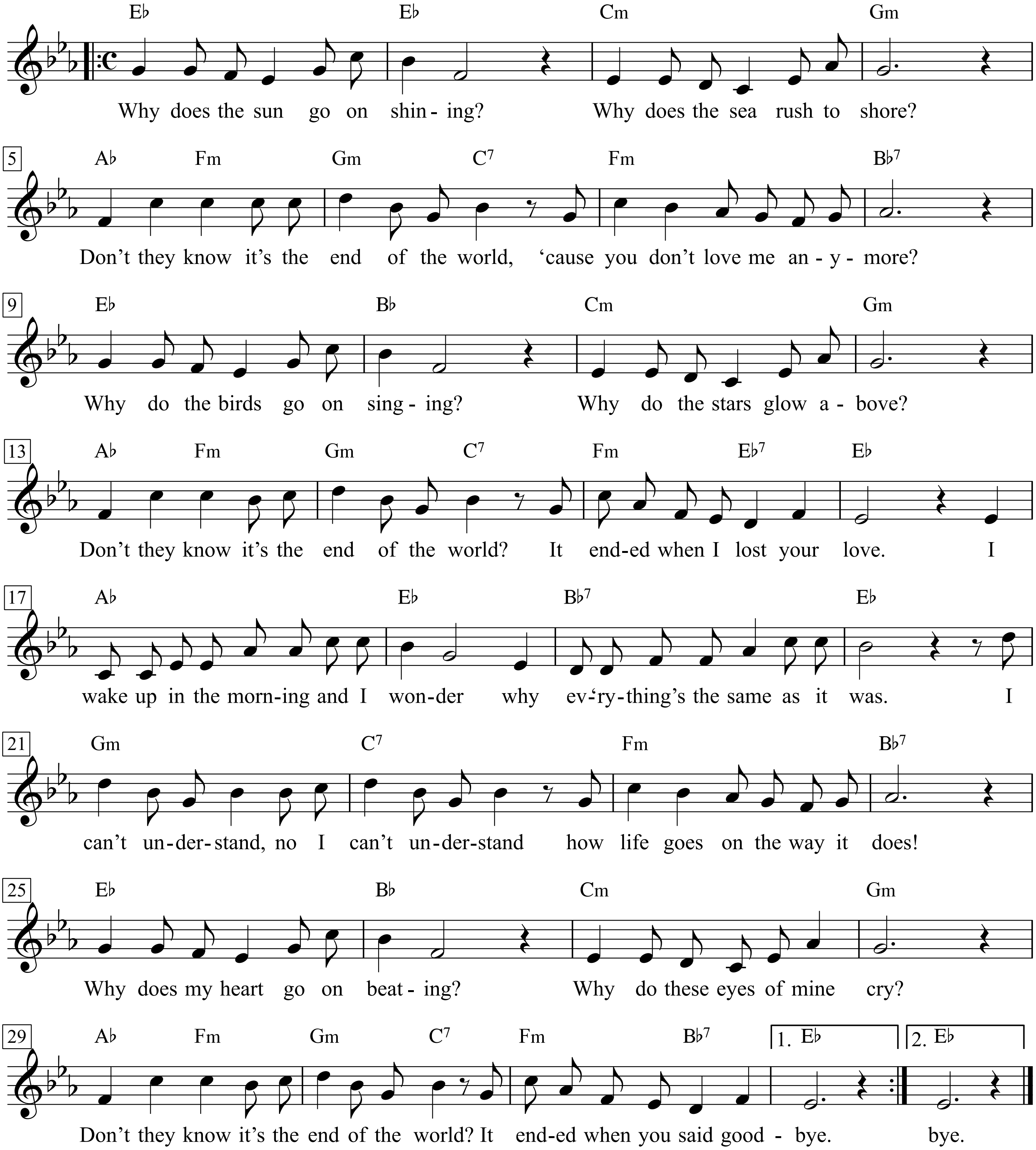

62
Weird scenes in-side the gold mine;
ride the kin's high-way
68
west, ba-by.
Ride the snake,
to the
74
lake.
the an-cient lake.
the snake is long,
Sev-en miles;
ride the
He's
80
old
and his skin is cold.
The West is the
85
best.
The West is the best.
91
3
Get here and we'll do the rest.
The blue bus
96
is call-in' us.
Driv-er, where you tak-in' us?
102
The end of laugh-ter and soft lies,
the end of
108
nights we tried to die.
This is the end.

1.
This is the end, beautiful friend.
This is the end, my only friend,
the end of our elab'rate plans,
the end. of ev'rything that stands, the end.
No safety or surprise, the end.
I'll never look into your eyes again.
Can you picture what will be,
so limitless and free,
desp'rately in need of some stranger's hand,
in a desp'rate land.
Lost in a Roman wilderness of pain,
and all the children are insane;
all the children are insane;
waiting for the summer rain.
There's danger on the edge of town.
Ride the king's highway.
Weird scenes inside the gold mine;
ride the kin's highway west, baby.
Ride the snake, to the lake, the ancient lake.
Seven miles;
He's old and his skin is cold.
The West is the best.
The West is the best.
Get here and we'll do the rest.
The blue bus is callin' us.
Driver, where you takin' us?
The end of laughter and soft lies,
the end of nights we tried to die.
This is the end.

2. the snake is long, ride the

The End Of the World

Arthur Kent, Sylvia Dee
(Skeeter Davis, 1962)



3. I wake up in the morning and I wonder
why ev'rything's the same as it was.
I can't understand, no I can't understand
how life goes on the way it does!

4. Why does my heart go on beating?
Why do these eyes of mine cry?
Don't they know it's the end of the world?
It ended when you said goodbye.

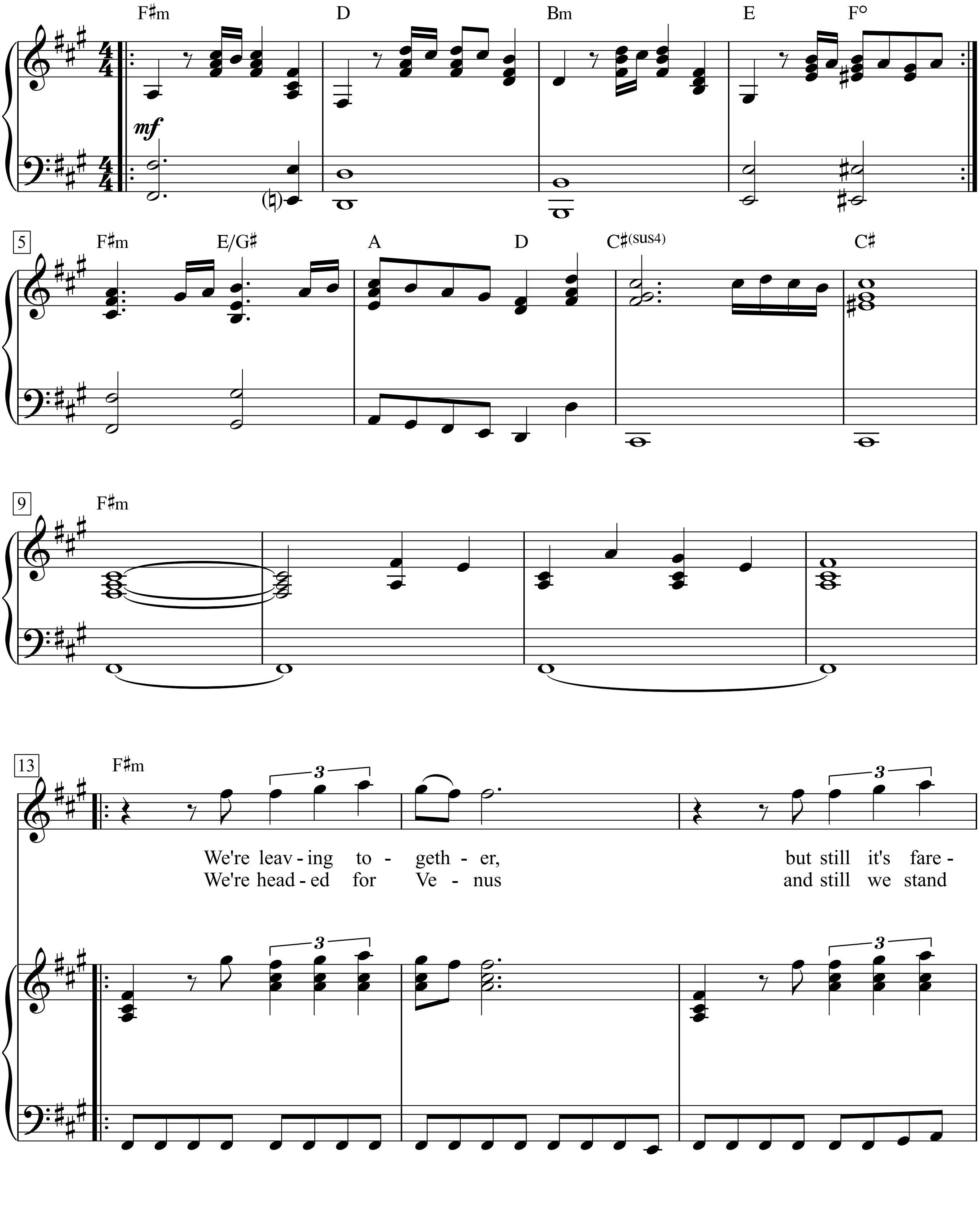
3. I wake up in the morning and I wonder
why ev'rything's the same as it was.
I can't understand, no I can't understand
how life goes on the way it does!

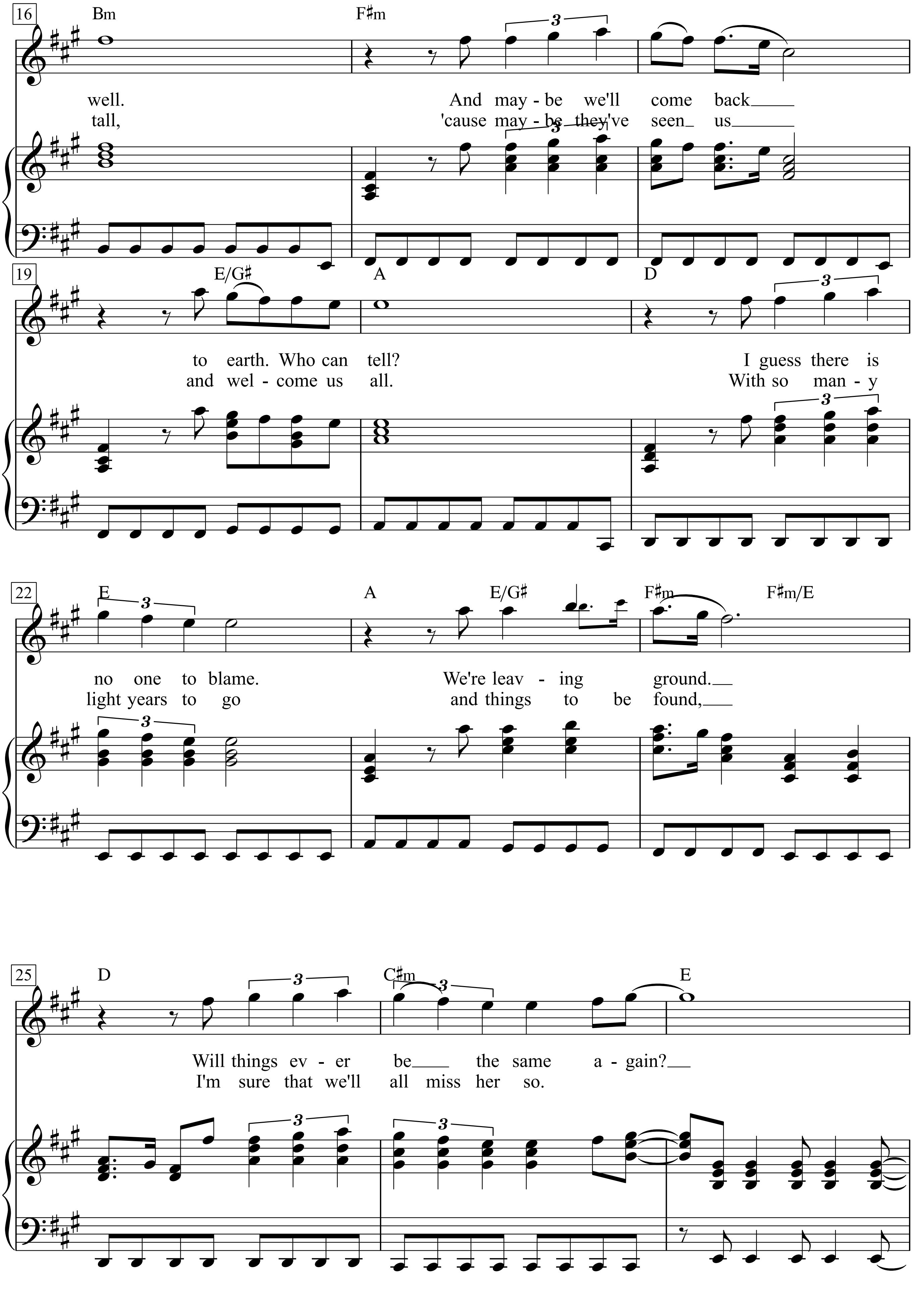
4. Why does my heart go on beating?
Why do these eyes of mine cry?
Don't they know it's the end of the world?
It ended when you said goodbye.

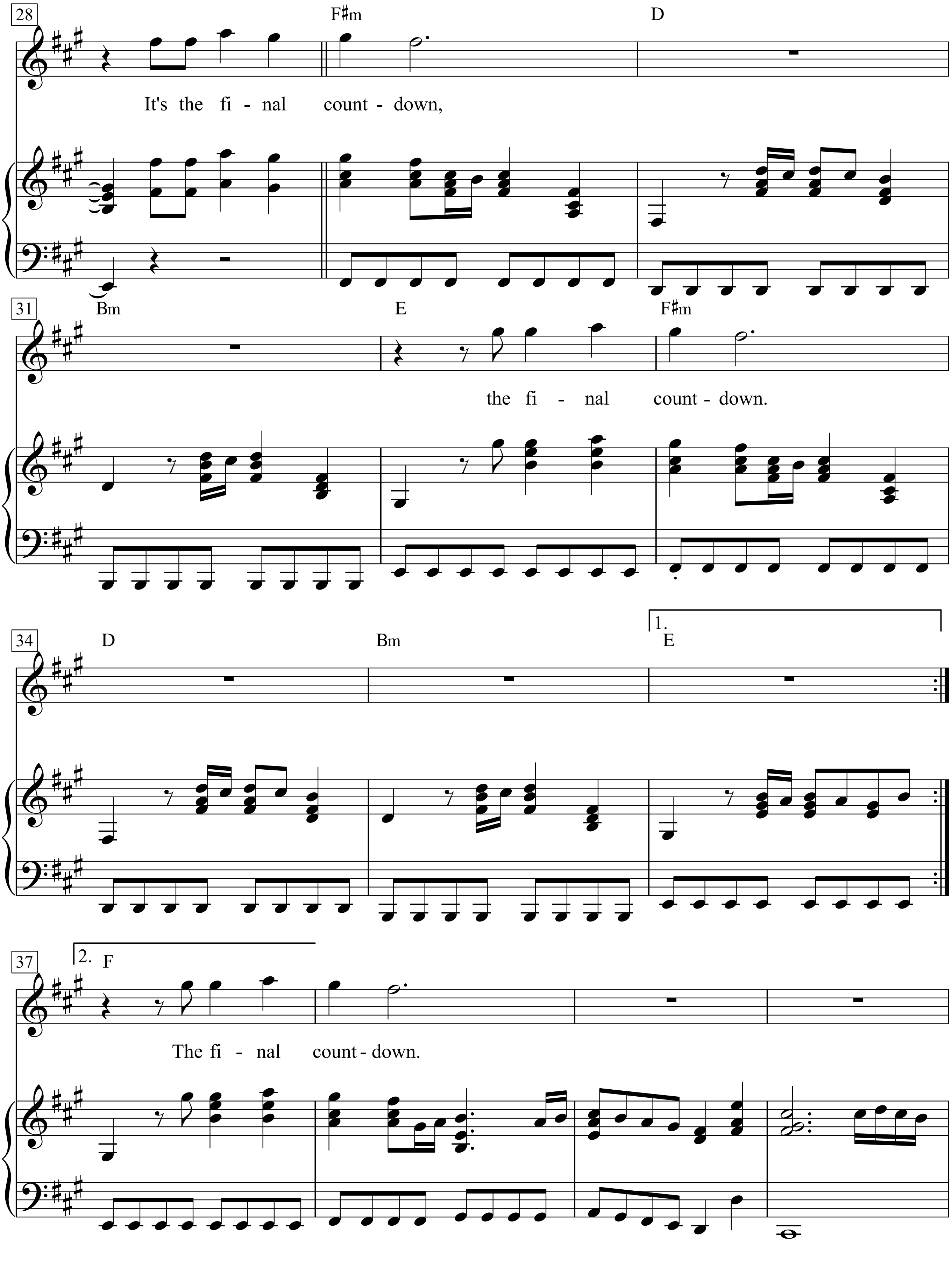
The Final Countdown

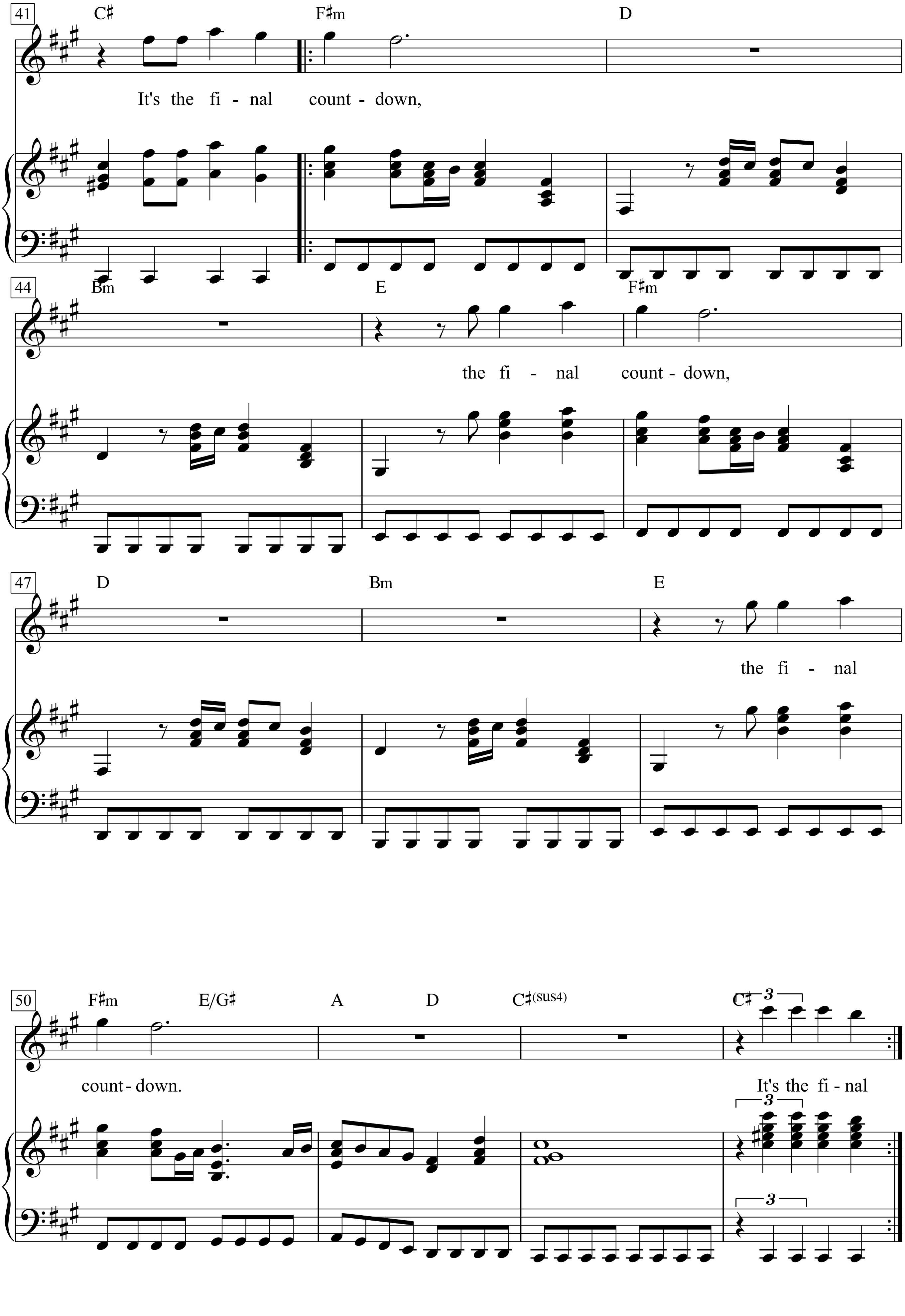
Moderately

Words & Music by Joey Tempest
(Europe)



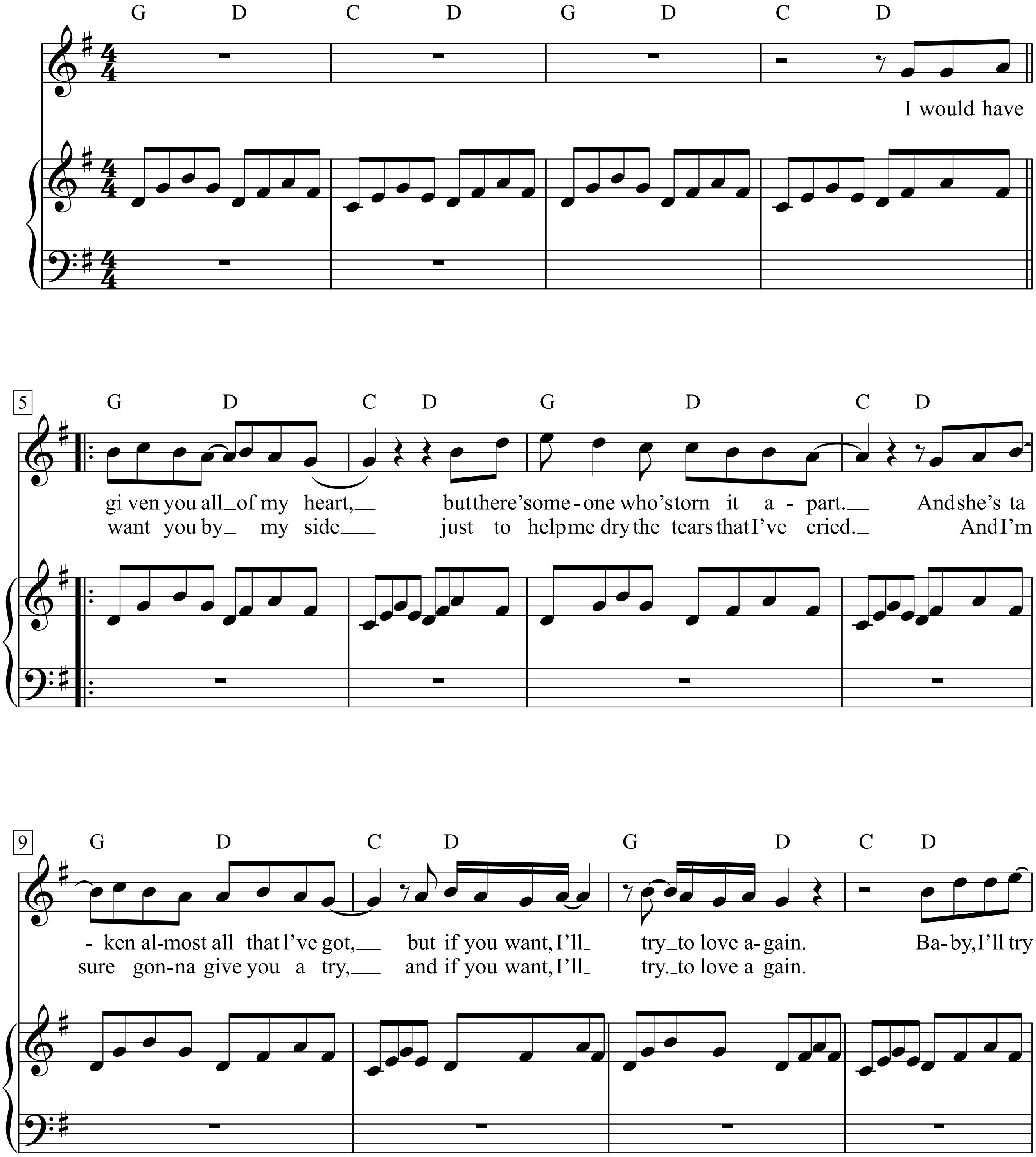

16
Bm
F♯m
3
well.
tall,
And may - be we'll come back
'cause may - be they've seen us
19
E/G♯
A
D
3
to earth. Who can tell?
and wel - come us all.
I guess there is
With so man - y
22
E
A
E/G♯
F♯m
F♯m/E
3
no one to blame.
light years to go
We're leav - ing ground.
and things to be found,
25
D
C♯m
E
3
Will things ev - er be the same a - gain?
I'm sure that we'll all miss her so.

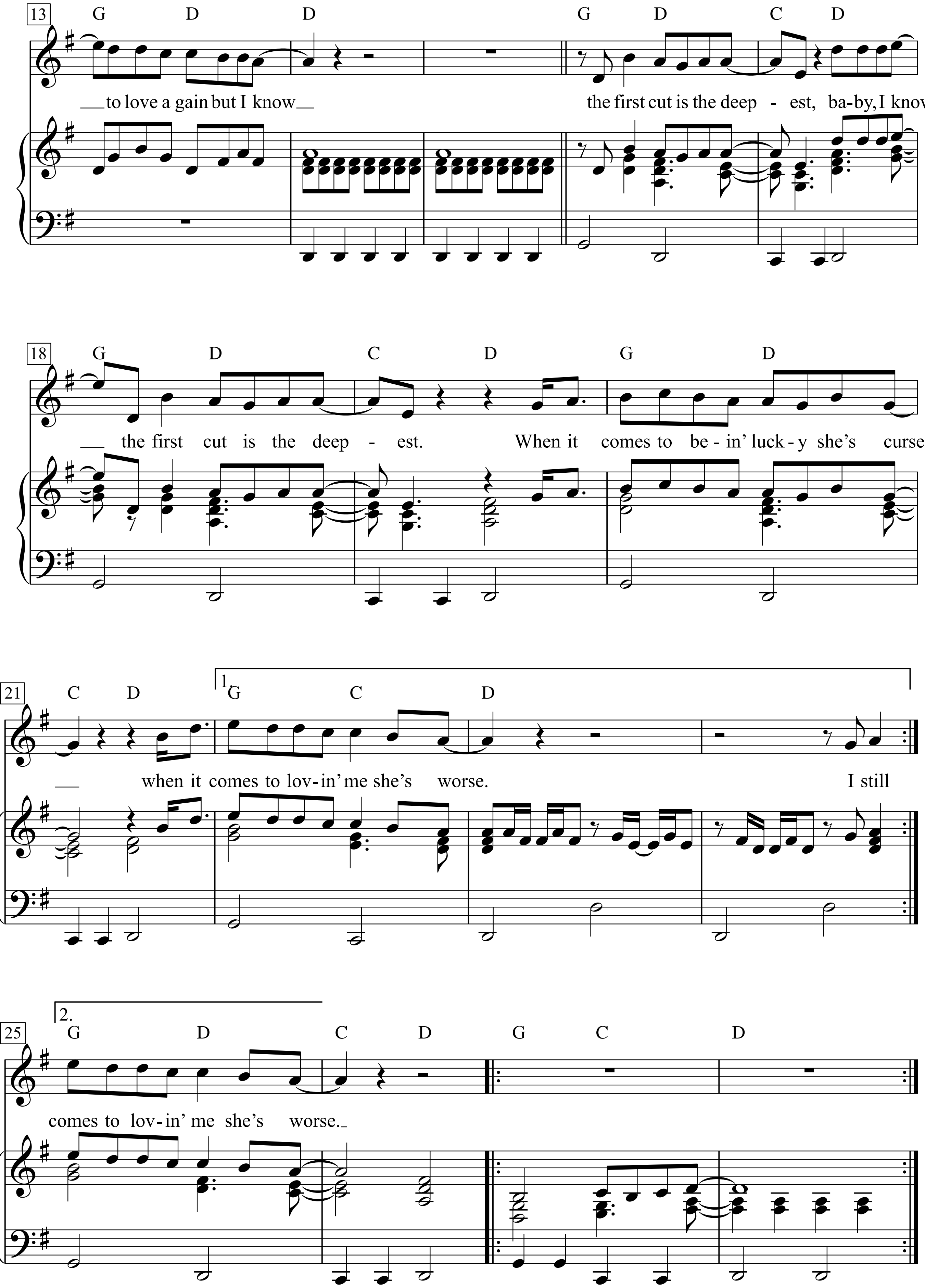

28
F♯m
D
It's the fi - nal count - down,
31
Bm
E
F♯m
the fi - nal count - down.
34
D
Bm
1.
E
37
2.
F
The fi - nal count - down.


41
C♯
F♯m
D
It's the fi - nal count - down,
44
Bm
E
F♯m
the fi - nal count - down,
47
D
Bm
E
the fi - nal
50
F♯m
E/G♯
A
D
C♯(sus4)
C♯
3
count - down.
It's the fi - nal

The First Cut Is The Deepest

Words & Music by Cat Stevens
(Cat Stevens)

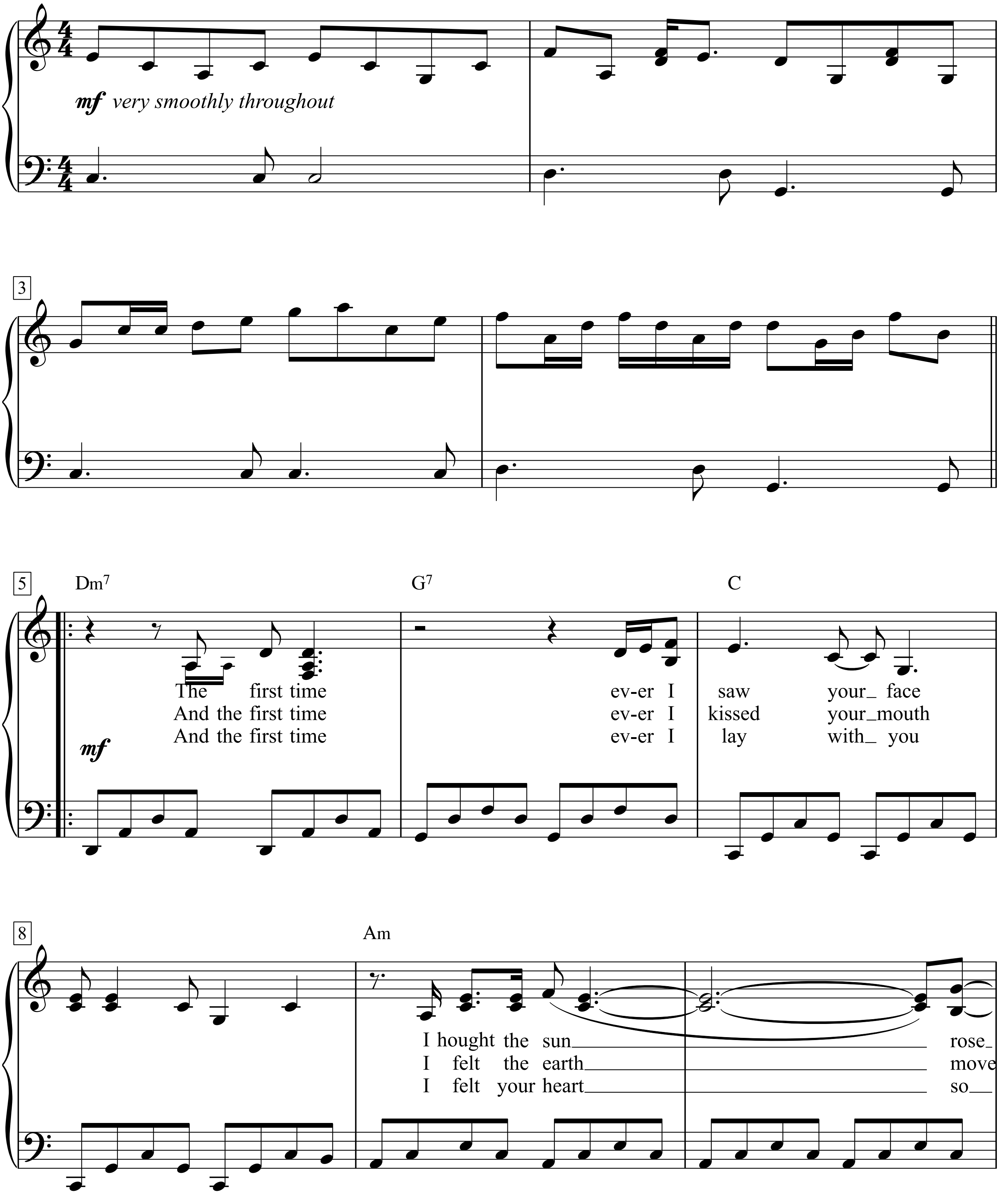


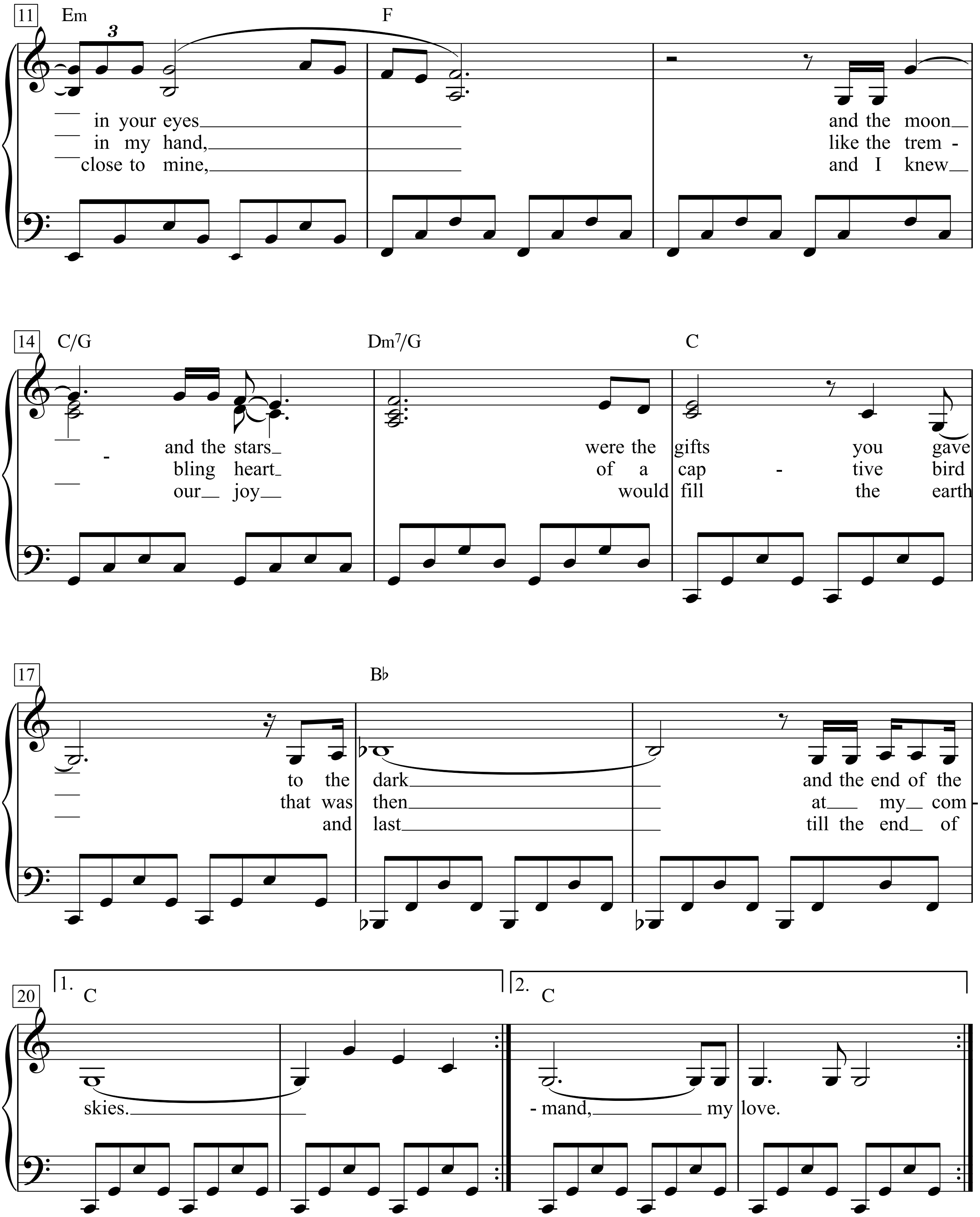

13
G D D G D C D
__to love a gain but I know__
the first cut is the deep - est, ba-by, I know
18
G D C D G D
__ the first cut is the deep - est.
When it comes to be - in' luck - y she's cursed,
21
C D
1.
G C D
__ when it comes to lov-in' me she's worse.
I still
25
2.
G D C D G C D
comes to lov-in' me she's worse._

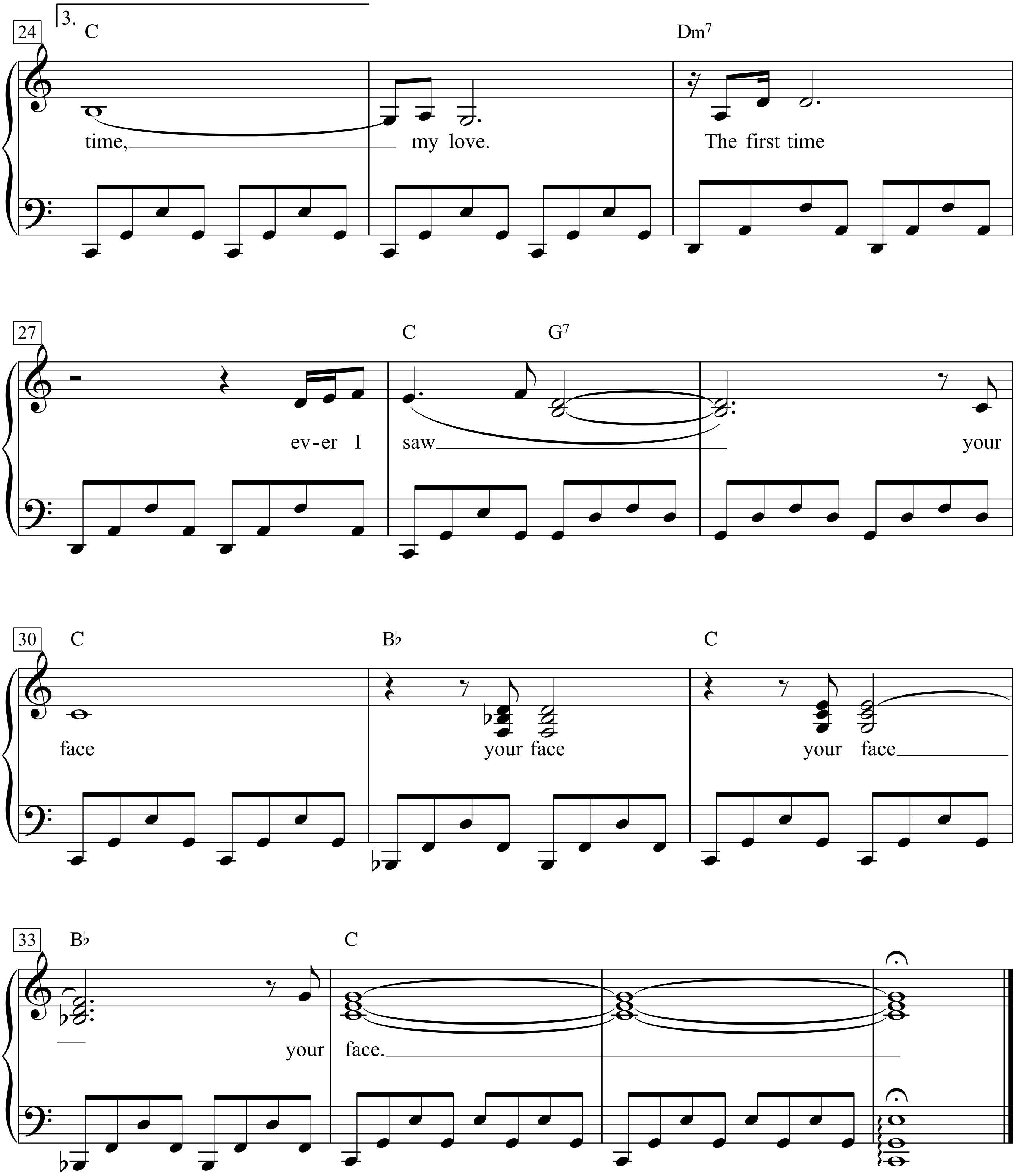
The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face

Words & Music by
Ewan MacColl
(Peggy Seeger; Roberta Flack)

Slowly




11
Em
F
in your eyes
in my hand,
close to mine,
and the moon
like the trem -
and I knew
14
C/G
Dm7/G
C
and the stars
were the gifts you gave
bling heart
of a cap - tive bird
our joy
would fill the earth
17
B♭
to the dark
and the end of the
that was then
at my com -
and last
till the end of
20
1.
C
skies.
2.
C
- mand, my love.


24
3.
C
Dm7
time, my love. The first time
27
C G7
ev-er I saw your
30
C
B♭
C
face your face your face
33
B♭
C
your face.

1. The first time ever I saw your face
I thought the sun rose in your eyes
and the moon and the stars were the gifts
you gave to the dark and the end of the skies.

2. And the first time ever I kissed your mouth
I felt the earth move in my hand,
like the trembling heart of a captive bird
that was then at my command my love.

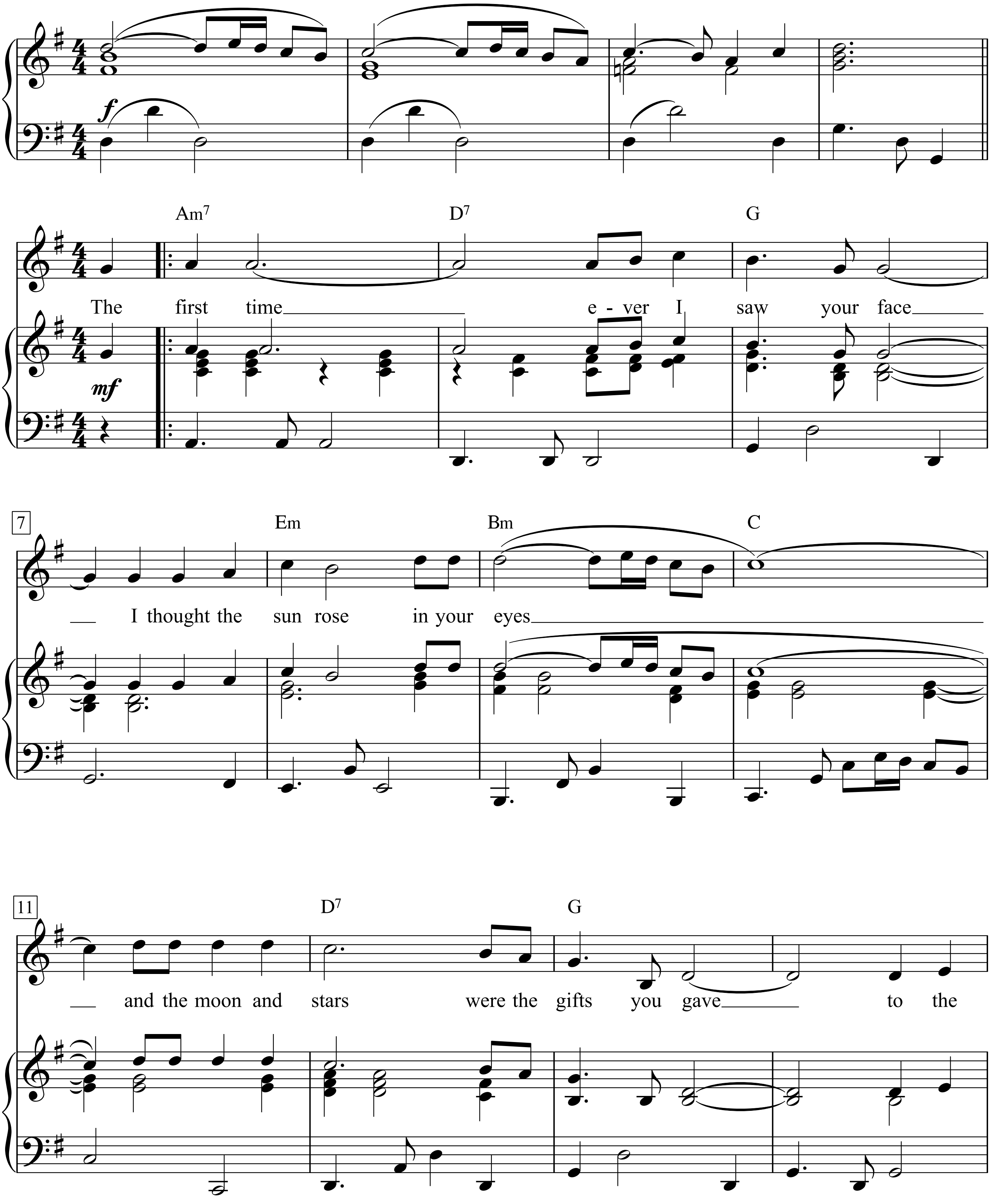
3. And the first time ever I lay with you
I felt your heart so close to mine,
and I knew our joy would fill the earth
and last till the end of time, my love.

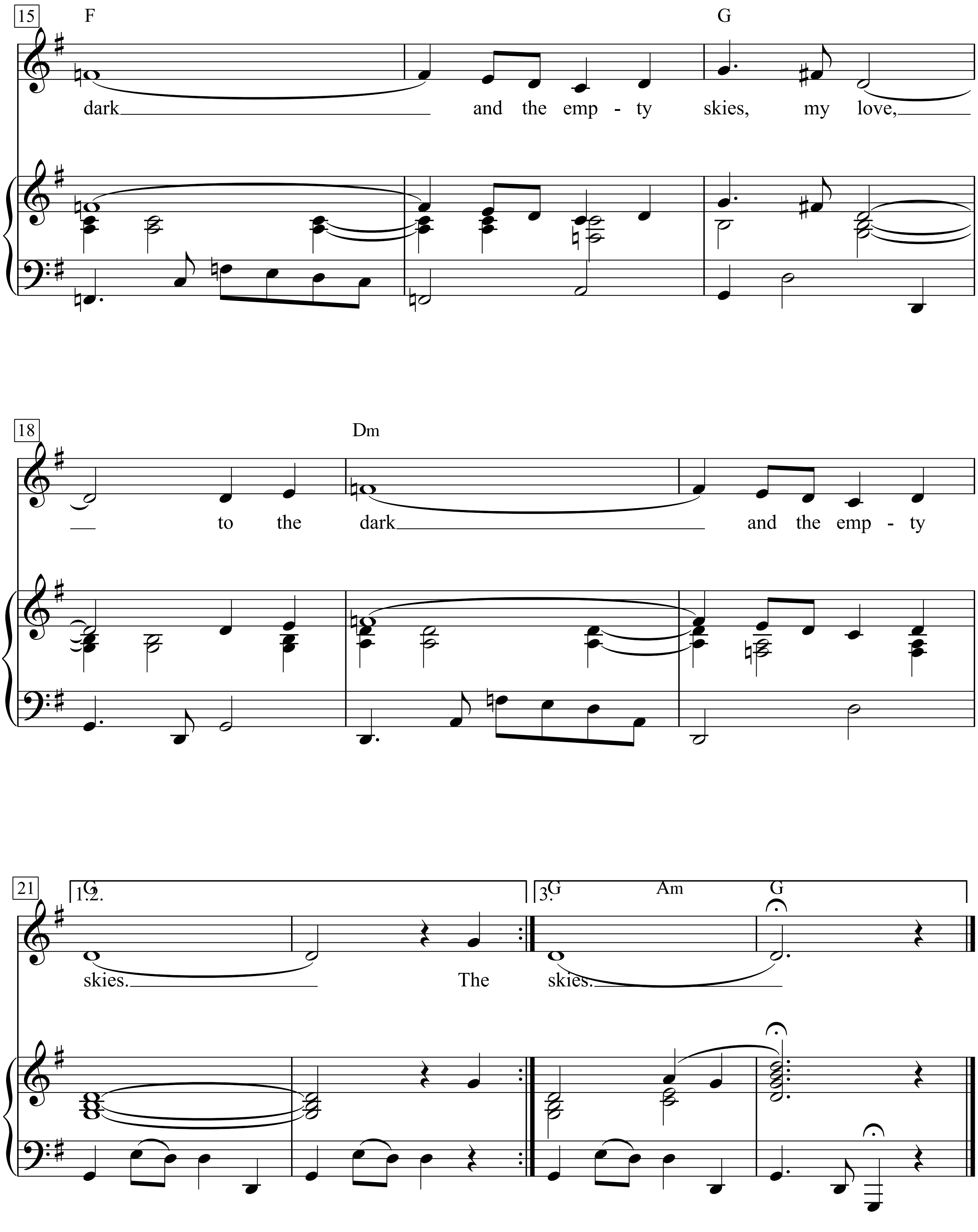
The first time ever I saw your face
your face your face your face.

The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face

Words & Music by Ewab MacCall
(Roberta Flack)

Slowly




15
F
G
dark and the emp - ty skies, my love,
18
Dm
to the dark and the emp - ty
21
1.2.
G
skies. The
3.
G
Am
G
skies.

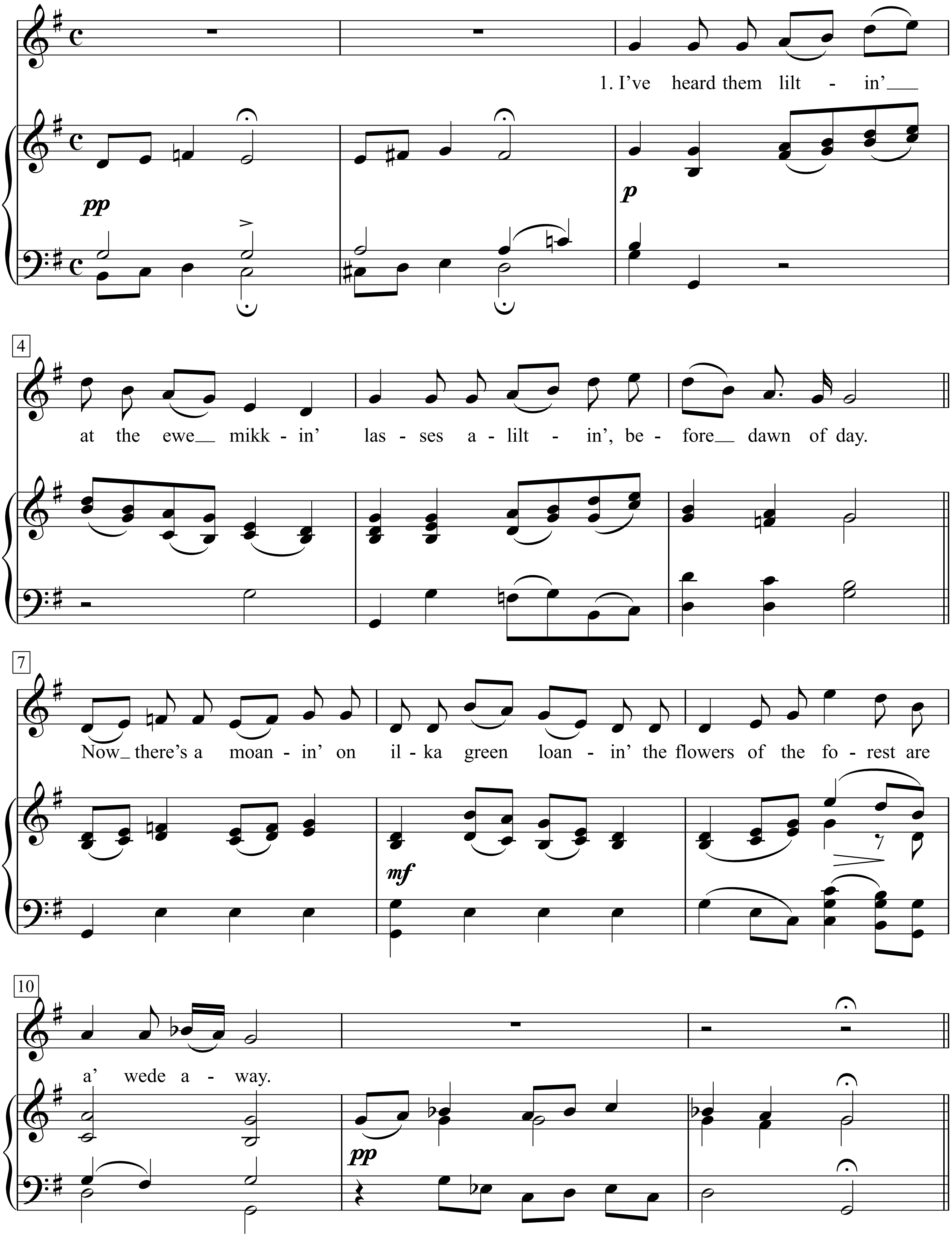
1. The first time ever I saw your face
I thought the sun rose in your eyes
and the moon and stars were the gifts
you gave to the dark and the empty skies, my love,
to the dark and the empty skies.

2. The first time ever I kissed your mouth,
I felt the earth move in my hand,
like the trembling heart of a captive bird
that was then at my command.

3. The first time ever I lay with you
and felt your heart so close to mine,
I thought our joy would fill the earth
and last till the end of time.

The Flowers of the Forest

Old Anthem
Arranged by G. F. Ceaham



1. I've heard them liltin' at the ewe milkin'
lasses a-liltin', before dawn of day.
Now there's a moanin' on ilka green loanin'
the flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

2. At bughts in the mornin', nae blithe lads are scornin',
Lasses are lanely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but sighin' and sabbin';
Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her away.

3. At e'en in the gloamin', nae swankies are roamin'
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk maid sits drearie, lamentin' her dearie,
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

4. In har'st at the shearin', nae youths now are jeerin',
Bandsters are runkled, and lyart, or grey;
At fair or at preachin', nae wooin' nae flcechin',
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

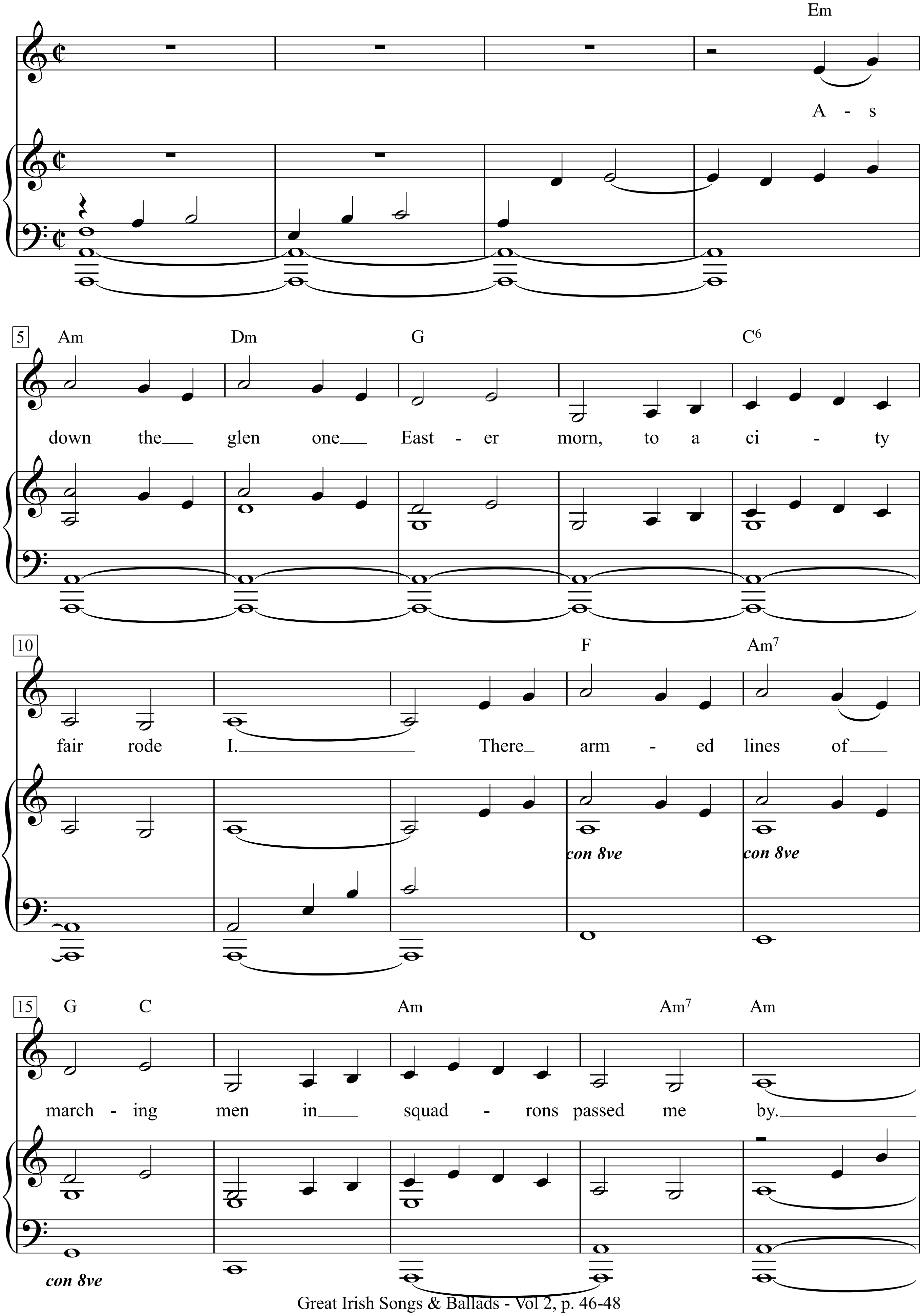
5. Dool for the order sent our lads to the Border,
The English for ance by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest that fought aye the foremost,
The prime of our land lie cauld in the clay.

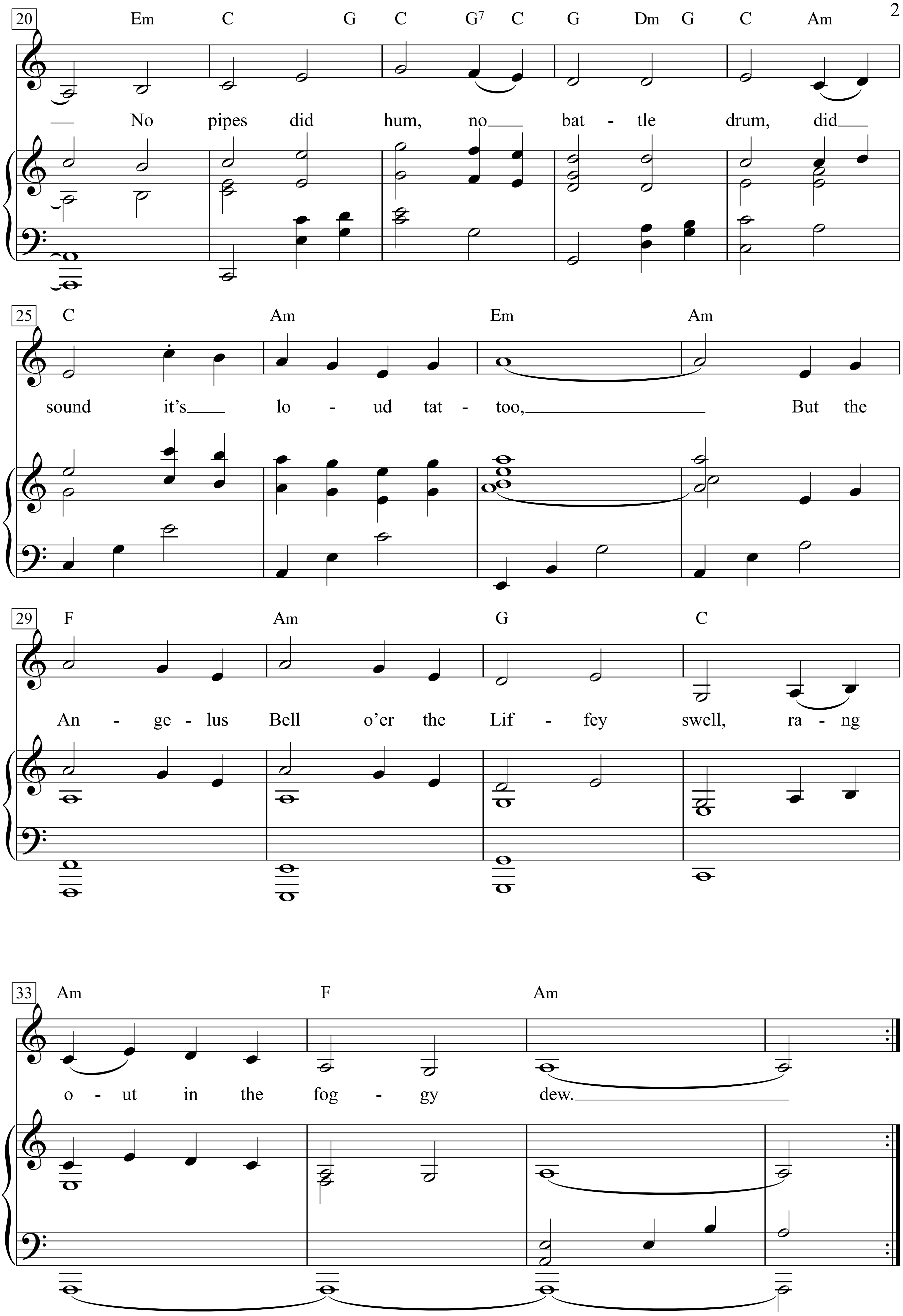
6. We'll hae nae mair liltin' at the ewe milkin',
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighin' and moanin' on ilka green loanin',
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

"The stowers or the forest." The earliest known copy of this fine melody is that, in tablature, in the Skene MS., preserved in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh; and which appears to have been written in the earlier part of the seventeenth century. The copy above printed, (by permission,) is from the translation of the Skene MS. made for the late Mr. William Dauney, Advocate, by the Editor of this work, and which appeared in Mr. Ilauney's Ancient Scottish Melodies. The old ballad, a lament for the disastrous field of Flodden, has been lost, with the exception of a line or two, incorporated in Miss Elliot's verses. Its place has been well supplied by the two lyrics which we give in this work, adapted to the ancient and the modern versions of the air. The earliest of these, that beginning "I've seen the smiling," (see pp. 4, 5,) was written by Miss Alison Rutherford, daughter of Robert Rutherford, Esq., of Fernylee, in Selkirkshire, who was afterwards married to Mr. Cockburn, son of the then Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland. The second in point of time was that which we have given above. It was written by Miss Jane Elliot, sister of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, and was published anonymously about 1755. "From its close and happy imitation of ancient manners, it was by many considered as a genuine production of some old but long-forgotten minstrel. It did not however escape the eagle eye of Burns. 'This fine ballad,' says he, 'is even a more palpable imitation than Hardiknute. The *manners* are indeed old, but the *language* is of yesterday. Its author must very soon be discovered.' "—*Retiqucs.* It was so; and to Mr. Ramsay of Ochtertyre, Sir Walter Scott, Bart., and the Rev. Dr. Somerville of Jedburgh, we are indebted for the discovery. See Blackwood's edition of Johnson's Musical Museum, in 1839, vol. i., Illustrations, p. 64 *et seq.,* and p.122 *et seq.** Also Dauney's Ancient Scottish Melodies p. 152 of Dissertation, *et passim.*

The Foggy Dew

Easter Rebellion Song




20
Em C G C G7 C G Dm G C Am
— No pipes did hum, no___ bat - tle drum, did___
25
C Am Em Am
sound it's___ lo - ud tat - too,___ But the
29
F Am G C
An - ge - lus Bell o'er the Lif - fey swell, ra - ng
33
Am F Am
o - ut in the fog - gy dew.___

1. As down the glen one Easter morn, to a city fair rode I.
There armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by.
No pipes did hum, no battle drum, did sound it's loud tattoo,
But the Angelus Bell o'er the Liffey swell, rang out in the foggy dew.

2. Right proudly high in Dublin Town they flung out the flag of war
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Suvla or Sud El Bar;
And from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came hurrying through
While Britannia's huns with their great big guns, sailed in through the Foggy Dew.

3. O, the night fell black and the rifles' crack made "Perfidious Abion" reel
'Mid the leaden rail, seven tongues of flame did shine o'er the lines of steel;
By each shining blade, a prayer was said that to Ireland her sons be true
And when morning broke still the war flag shook out its fold in the Foggy Dew.

4. 'Twas England bade our Wild Geese go that small nations might be free
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves or the fringe of the Great North Sea
O, had they died by Pearse's side, or had fought with Cathal Brugha
Their names we'd keep where the Fenians sleep, 'neath the shroud of the Foggy Dew.

5. But the bravest fell, and the requiem bell rang mournfully and clear
For those who died that watertide in the springtime of the year
While the world did gaze, with deep amaze, at those fearless men, but few
Who bore the fight that Freedom's light might shine through the Foggy Dew.

6. Ah, back through the glen I rode again, and my heart with grief was sore
For I parted then with valiant men whom I never shall see more
But to and fro in my dreams I go and I'd kneel and pray for you
For slavery fled, O glorious dead, when you fell in the Foggy Dew.

Easter Rebellion Song

1. As down the glen one Easter morn to a City fair rode I,
There armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by.
No pipes did hum, no battle-drum did sound its dread tattoo,
But the Angelus Bell, o'er the Liffey's swell, rang out in the foggy dew.

2. Right proudly high over Dublin Town they hung out the flag of war,
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Suvla or Sud-El-Bar.
And from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came hurrying through.
While Britannia's sons, with their great guns, sailed in by the foggy dew.

3. The bravest fell, and the sullen bell rang mournfully and clear,
For those who died that Eastertide in the springing of the year;
And the world did gaze with deep amaze on those fearless men - but few,
Who bore the fight that Freedom's light might shine through the foggy dew.

4. 'Twas England bade our „Wild Geese" go that small nations might be free,
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves and the fringe of the grey North Sea;
Oh, had they died by Pearse's side or fought with DeValera too,
Their place we'd keep, where the Fenians sleep, neath the hills of the
foggy dew.

5. Back to the glen I rode again, and my heart with grief was sore,
For 1 parted then with valiant men I never would see more;
But to and fro in my dreams I go, and I kneel and pray for you,
For slavery fled, oh, Rebel dead, when you fell in the foggy dew.

Easter Rebellion Song

1. Als ich das Tal hinab an einem Ostermorgen zu einer schönen Stadt ritt, kamen Kolonnen von Soldaten an mir vorbei. Keine Pfeife wurde geblasen, keine Trommel geschlagen, aber das Angelus-Läuten drang über die Liffey durch den nebligen Morgen.

2. Hoch über Dublin wehte die Kriegsflagge. Besser wir sterben unter irischem Himmel als auf den Schlachtfeldern des Weltkriegs in Suvla oder Sud-El-Bar für die Briten. Und von der Ebene des königlichen Meath eilten die Männer herbei, während die Briten ein Schiff mit großen Kanonen durch den nebligen Morgen herauffahren ließen.

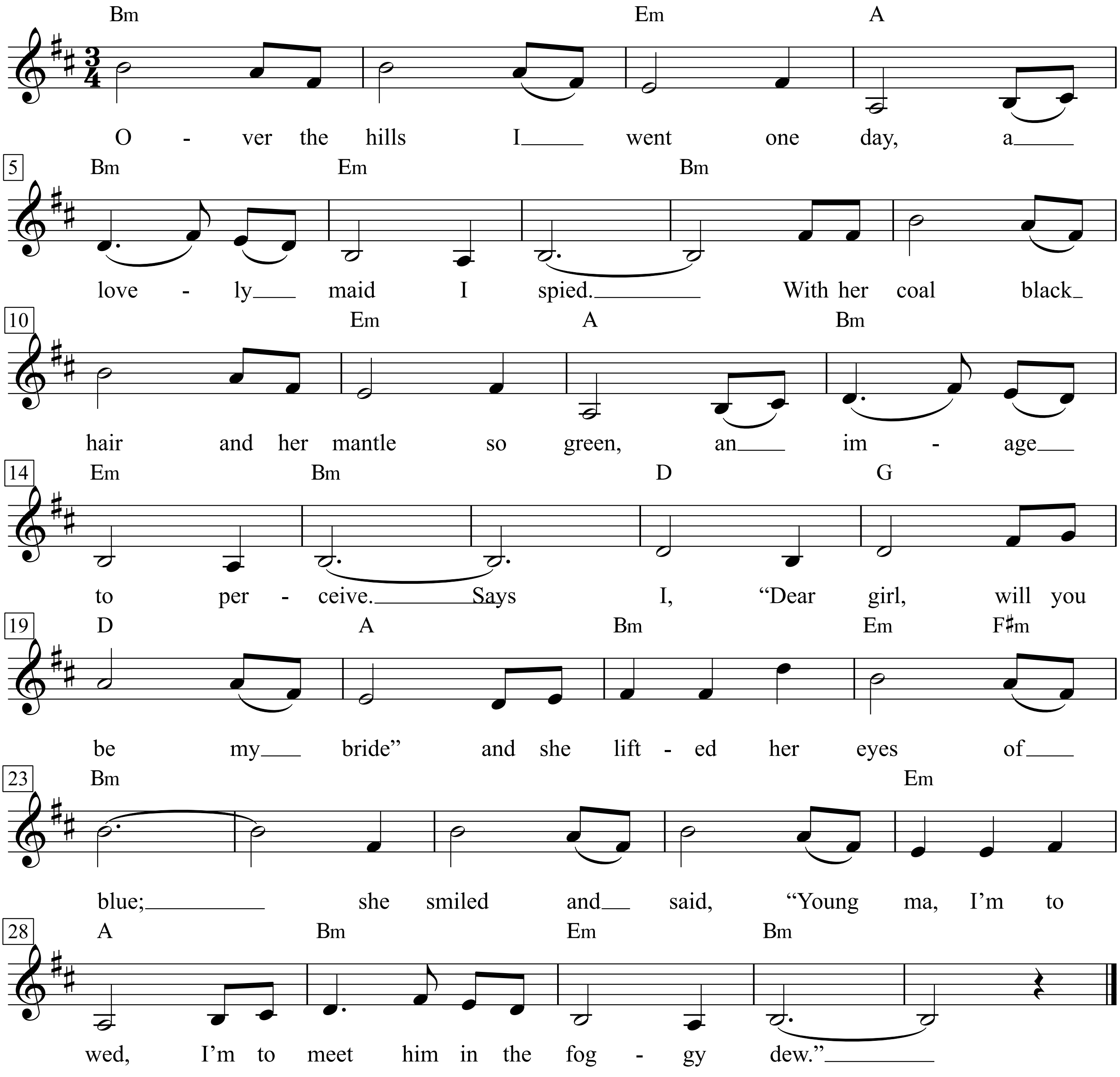
3. Die Tapfersten fielen, und die Glocke klang klar und kummervoll, für jene, die zur Osterzeit in diesem Frühling hatten ihr Leben lassen müssen. Und die Welt blickte voller Staunen auf diese furchtlosen Männer. - Doch eswaren wenige, die dafür kämpften, daß das Licht der Freiheit durch den nebligen
Morgen scheinen sollte.

4. England hieß unsere ‚Wild-Gänse' ins Ausland zu gehen, für die Freiheit der kleinen Nationen mitzukämpfen. Sie liegen einsam in fremder Erde begraben. Ach, wäre es ihnen doch vergönnt gewesen, Seite an Seite mit Pearse und De Valera zu kämpfen. Wir hätten sie dort begraben, wo die Fenier schlafen, unter den Hügeln, auf denen im Morgennebel Tau liegt.

5. Als ich wieder heimritt, war mir das Herz schwer. Ich nahm Abschied von tapferen Männern, von denen ich wußte, daß ich sie nie mehr sehen würde. Aber hin und wieder in meinen Träumen knie ich nieder und bete für dich, toter Rebell, der die Sklaverei vertrieb und fiel an einem nebligen Morgen.

Irische Lieder und Balladen - rororo 2954, p. 54

The Foggy Dew



Over the hills I went one day, a lovely maid I spied.
With her coal black hair and her mantle so green,
an image to perceive.
Says I, "Dear girl, will you be my bride"
and she lifted her eyes of blue;
she smiled and said, "Young man, I'm to wed,
I'm to meet him in the foggy dew."

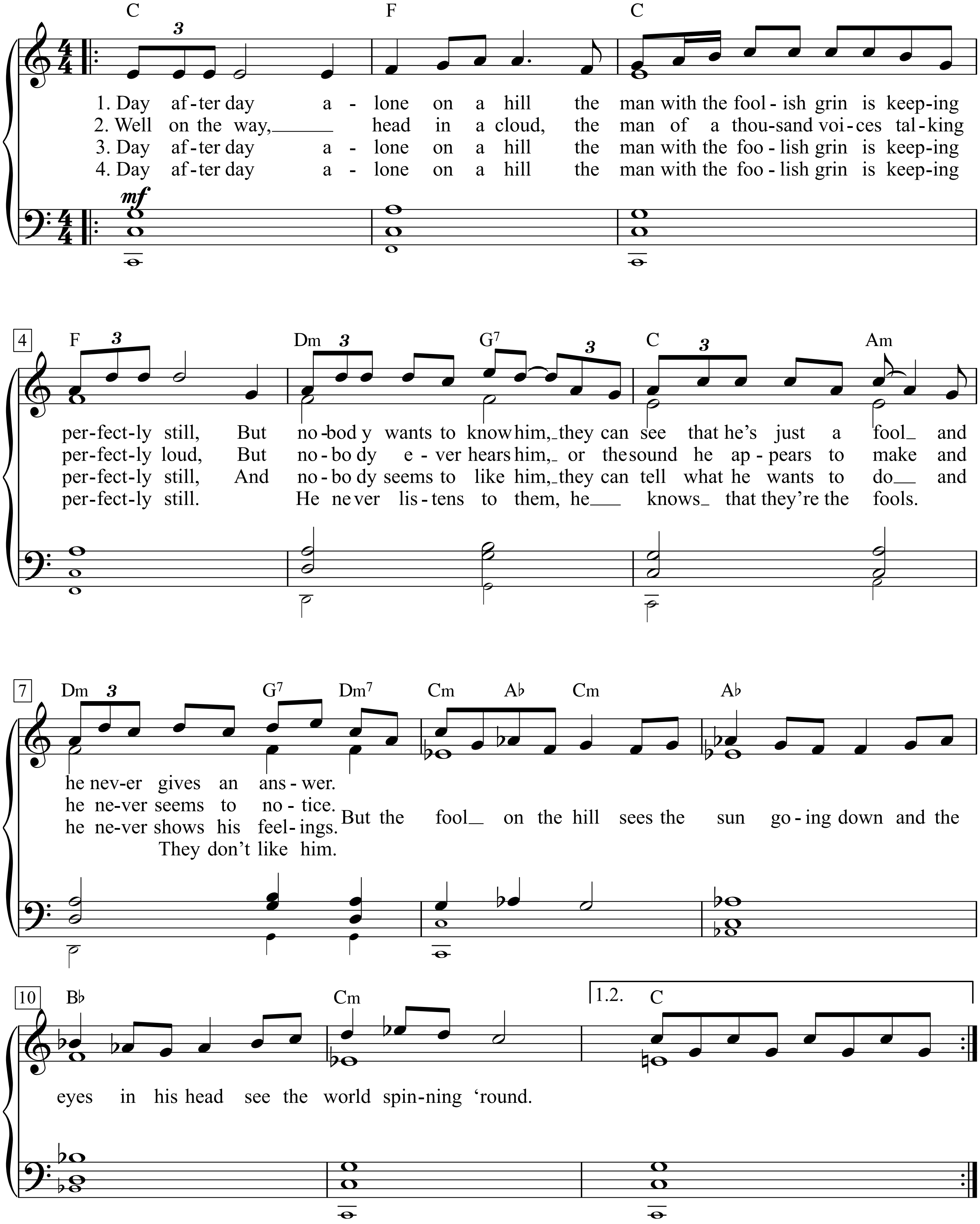
Als ich eines Tages über die Hügel ging,
sah ich ein hübsches Mädchen.
Mit ihrem kohlschwarzen Haar
und ihrem grünen Mantel beeindruckte sie mich sehr.
Ich sagte: „Liebes Mädchen, willst du meine Braut sein",
und sie schlug ihre blauen Augen auf, lächelte und sagte:
„Junger Mann, ich werde heiraten;
ich treffe ihn am nebligen Morgen."

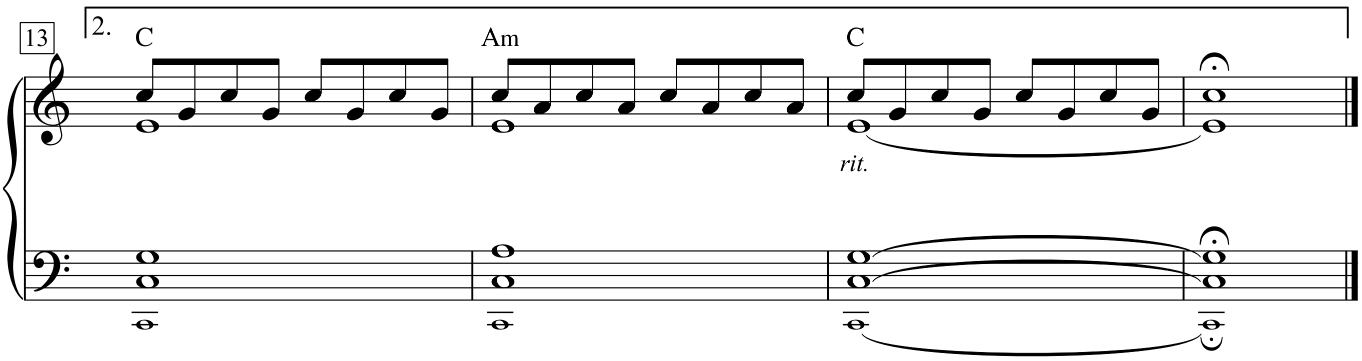
The Fool On The Hill

(For Organ: Registration No. 3)

Words & Music:
John Lennon & Paul McCartney

Slowly





Day after day, alone on a hill,
the man with the foolish grin is keeping perfectly still.
But nobody wants to know him,
they can see that he’s just a fool.
And he never gives an answer,
But the fool on the hill
sees the sun going down,
And the eyes in his head
see the world spinning ‘round.

Well on the way, head in a cloud,
the man of a thousand voices talking perfectly loud.
But nobody ever hears him,
or the sound he appears to make.
And he never seems to notice,
But the fool on the hill
sees the sun going down,
And the eyes in his head
see the world spinning ‘round.

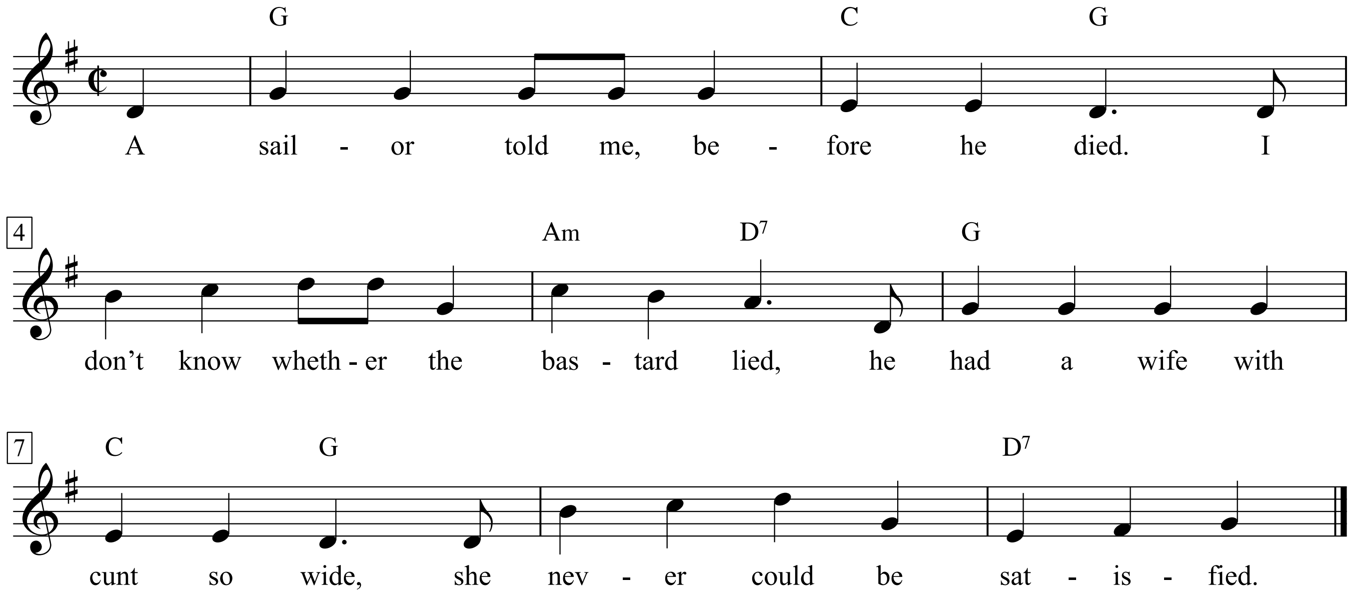
Nobody seems to like him,
They can tell what he wants to do,
And he never shows his feelings,
But the fool on the hill
sees the sun going down,
And the eyes in his head
see the world spinning ‘round.

He never listens to them,
He knows that they’re the fools,
They don’t like him.
But the fool on the hill
sees the sun going down,
And the eyes in his head
see the world spinning ‘round.

Der Narr auf dem Hügel

Tage und Tag’, allein auf dem Hügel
Der Mann mit dem dümmlichen Grinsen
Schweigt wie ein Siegel
Doch niemand möcht’ ihn kennen
Sie sehn ja, er ist nur ein Narr
Und er schweigt stets, wenn man ihn fragt.
Doch der Narr auf dem Hügel sieht die Sonne niedergehn
Und die Augen in seinem Kopf sehn die Welt sich drehn.
Rüstigen Schritts, Kopf in Wolkenhaut
Der Mann mit den tausend Stimmer
Spricht prächtig laut
Doch niemand da, der ihn je hört
Oder den Klang, den er scheinbar hervorbringt
Und offensichtlich merkt er’s nie.
Doch der Narr auf dem Hügel sieht
Die Sonne niedergehn
Und die Augen in seinem Kopf sehn die Welt sich drehn.
Und niemand scheint ihn zu mögen
Sie wissen zu sagen, was er im Sinn hat
Und niemals zeigt er seine Gefühle.
Doch der Narr auf dem Hügel sieht
Die Sonne niedergehn
Und die Augen in seinem Kopf sehn Welt sich drehn.
Er hört nie auf sie.
Er weiß, dass sie Narren sind.
Sie können ihn nicht leiden.
Doch der Narr auf dem Hügel sieht die Sonne niedergehn
Und die Augen in seinem Kopf sehn die Welt sich drehn.

The Fucking Machine



1. A sailor told me, before he died.
I don't know whether the bastard lied,
he had a wife with cunt so wide,
she never could be satisfied.

C C G
2. So he invented a big fucking wheel,
Am D7
Attached to it a big prick of steel.
G C G
Two balls of brass were filled with cream,
D7 G
And the whole fucking thing was run by steam.

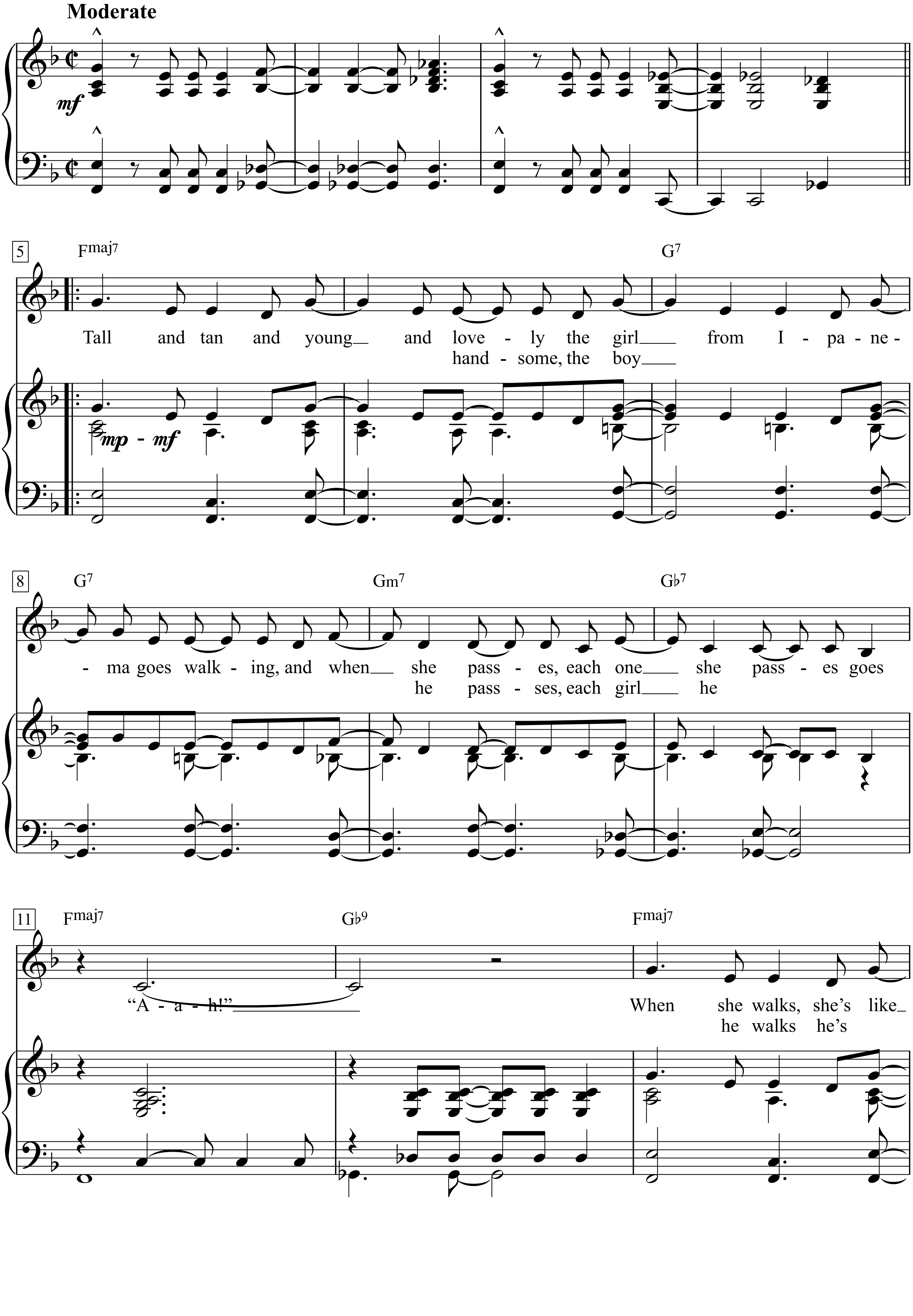
G C G
3. 'Round and 'round went the big fucking wheel,
Am D7
In and out went the prick of steel.
G C G
Until at last his wife she cried,
D7 G
3. "Enough, enough. I'm satisfied."

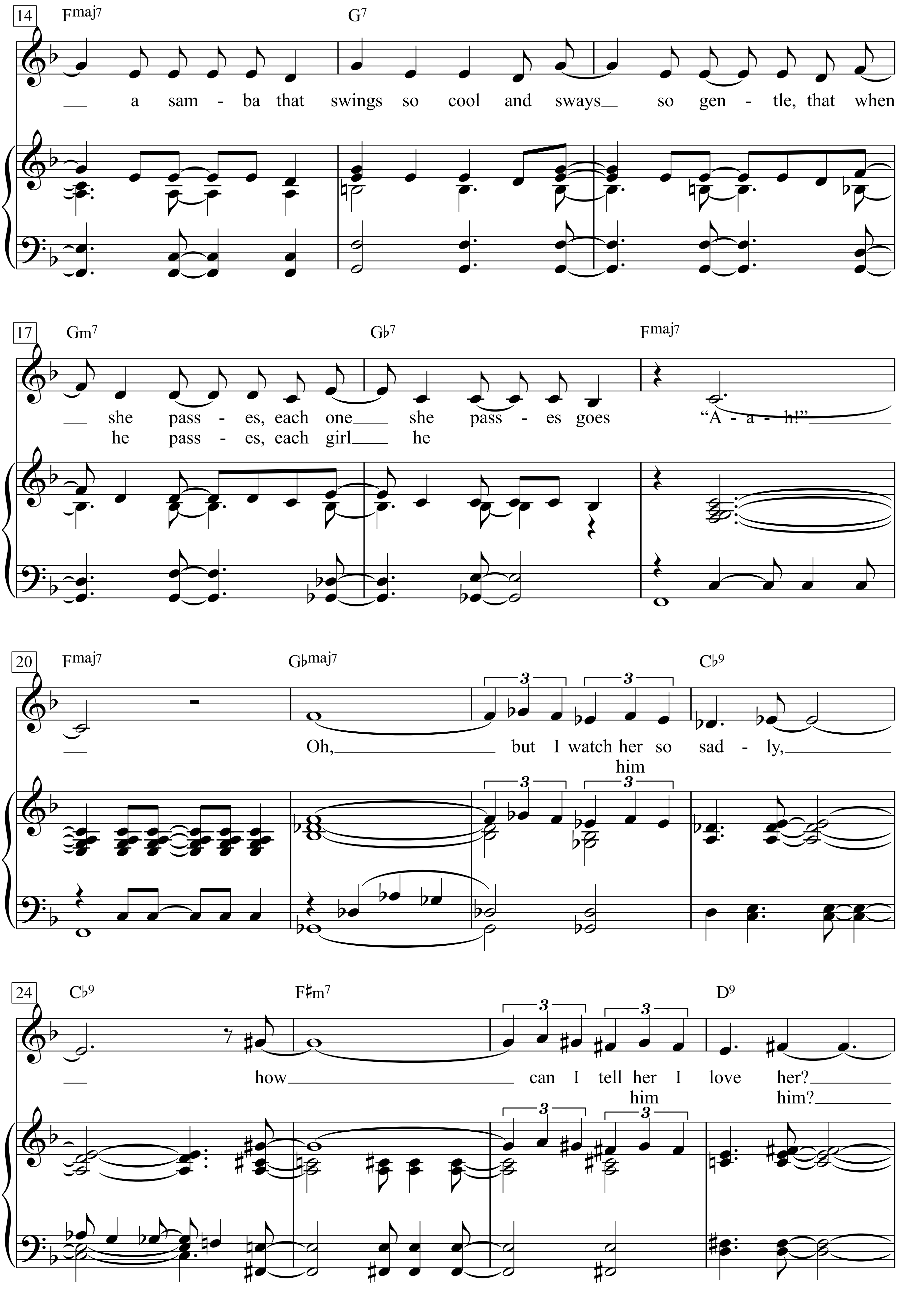
G C G
4. But now we come to the bitter bit:
Am D7
There was no way of stopping it.
G C G
The poor girl was ripped from twat to tit,
D7 G
And the whole fucking issue went up in shit.

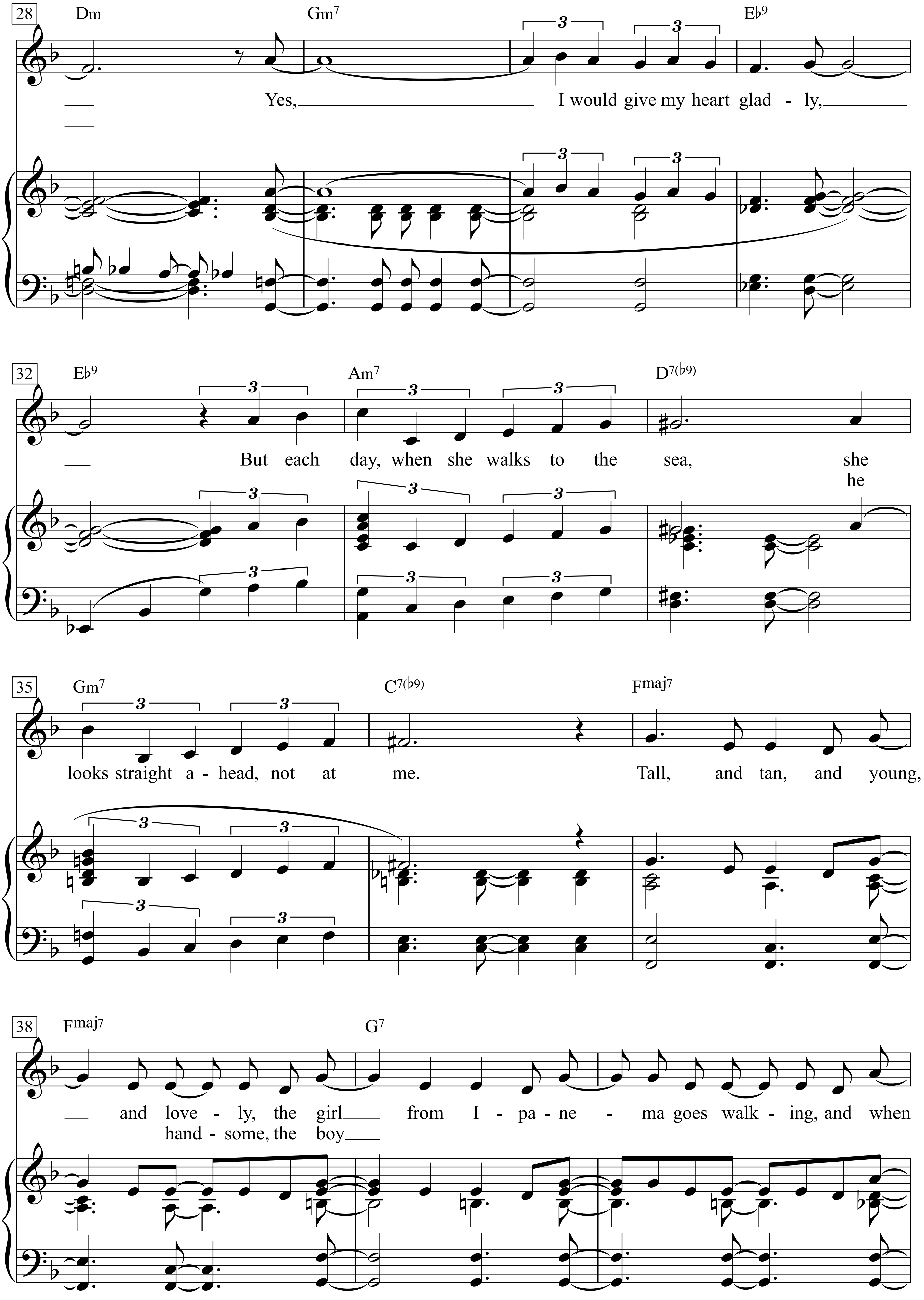
The Girl From Ipanema

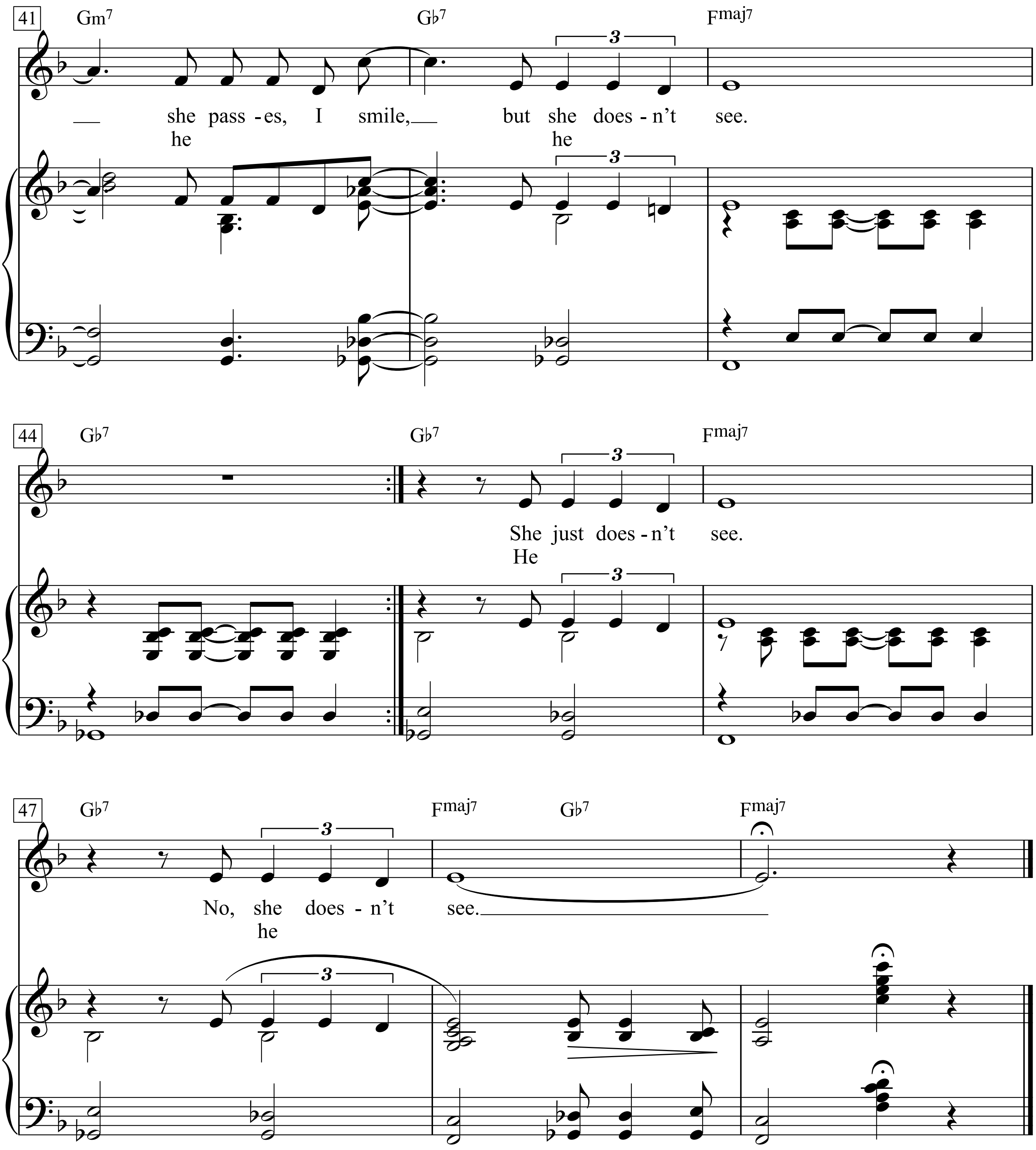
Original Words by Vinicius de Moraes
English Words by Norman Gimbel

Music by Antonio Carlos Jobim




14
Fmaj7
G7
a sam - ba that swings so cool and sways so gen - tle, that when
17
Gm7
G♭7
Fmaj7
she pass - es, each one she pass - es goes "A - a - h!"
he pass - es, each girl he
20
Fmaj7
G♭maj7
C♭9
Oh, but I watch her so sad - ly,
him
24
C♭9
F♯m7
D9
how can I tell her I love her?
him him?


28
Dm
Gm7
Eb9
Yes, I would give my heart glad - ly,
32
Eb9
Am7
D7(b9)
But each day, when she walks to the sea, she
he
35
Gm7
C7(b9)
Fmaj7
looks straight a - head, not at me. Tall, and tan, and young,
38
Fmaj7
G7
and love - ly, the girl from I - pa - ne - ma goes walk - ing, and when
hand - some, the boy

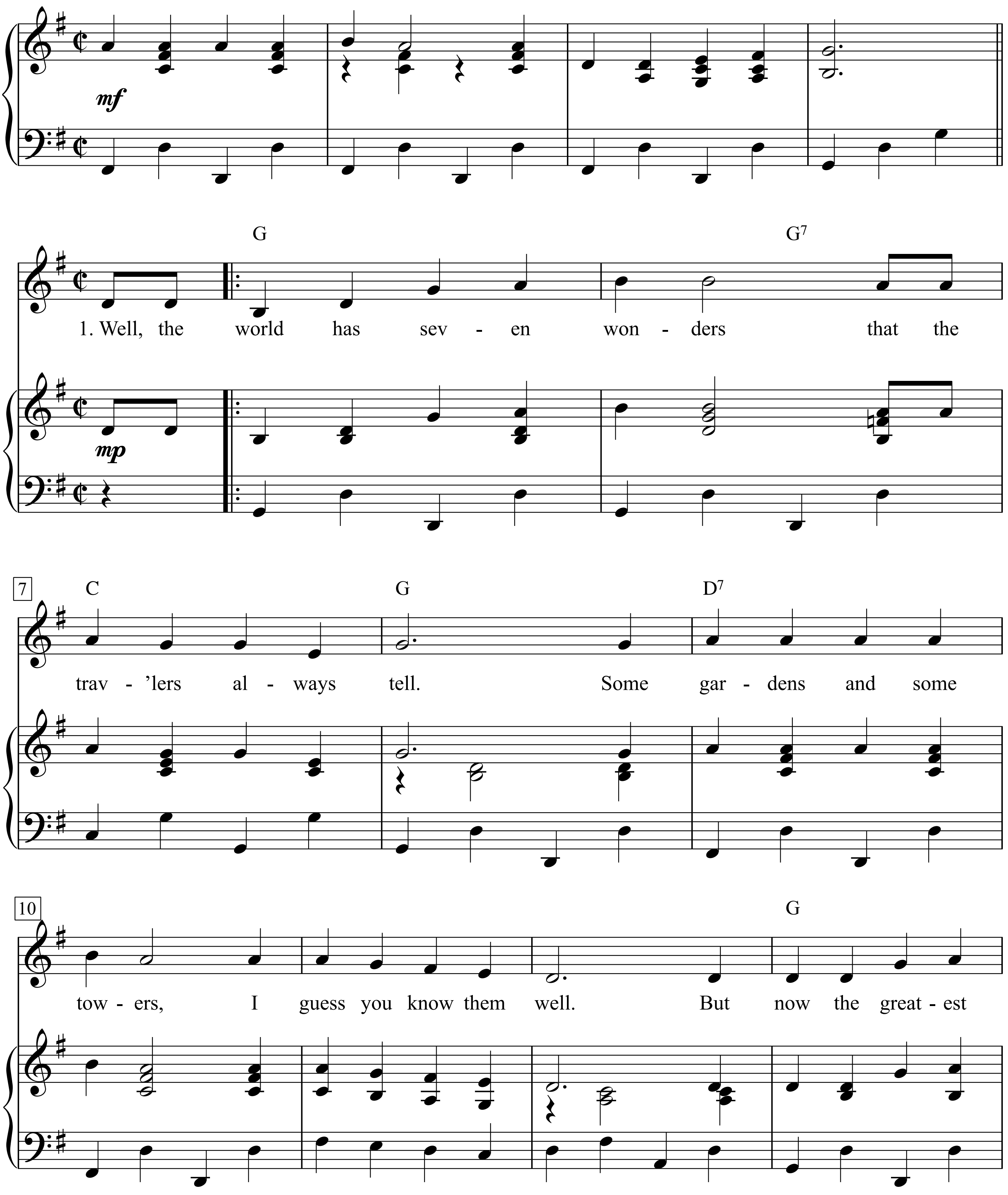

41
Gm7
Gb7
Fmaj7
— she pass - es, I smile, — but she does - n't see.
he
he
44
Gb7
Gb7
Fmaj7
She just does - n't see.
He
47
Gb7
Fmaj7
Gb7
Fmaj7
No, she does - n't see.
he

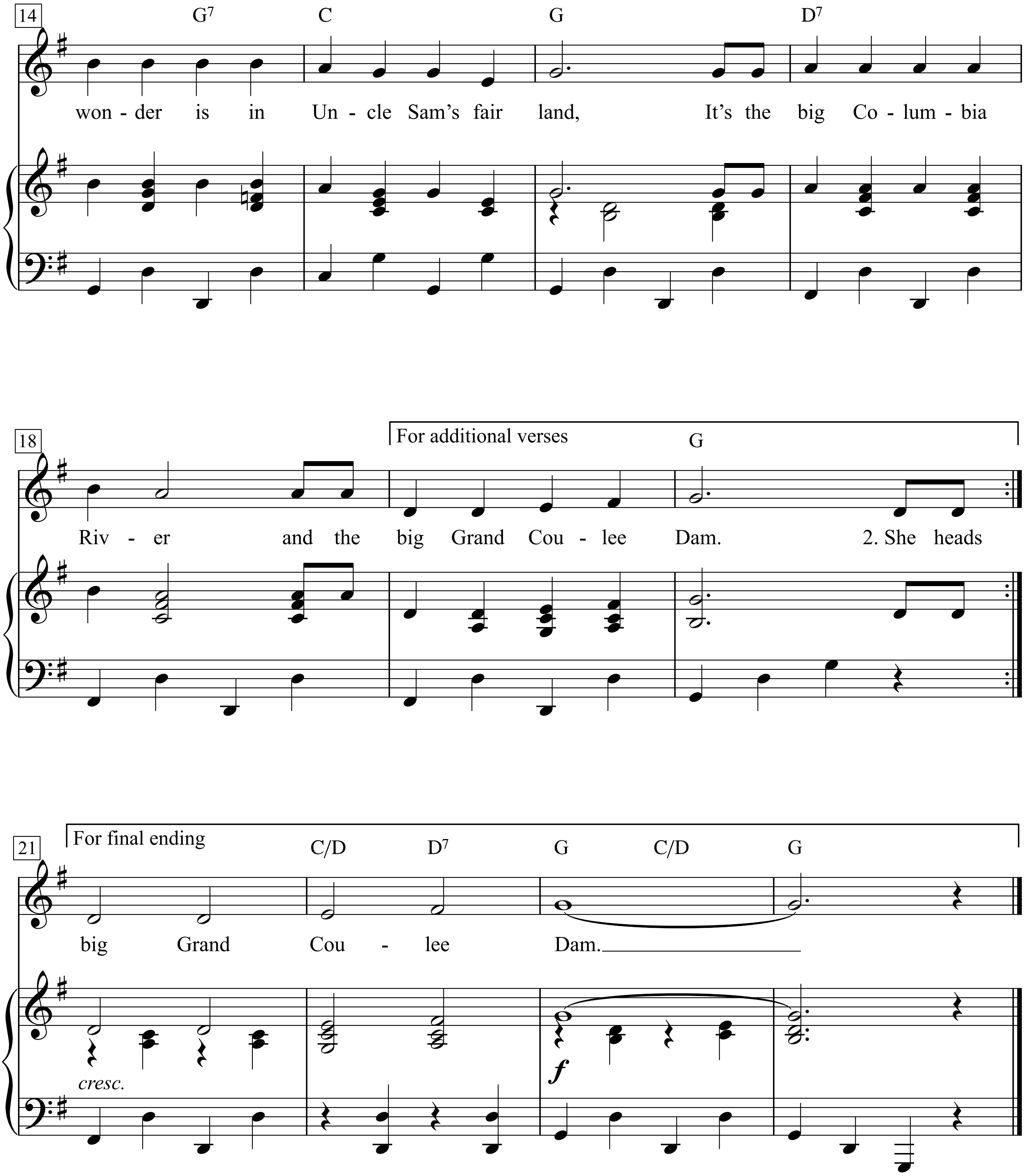
The Grand Coulee Dam

C

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie
(Melody based on a traditionell theme)
(Woody Guthrie)

Rollicking along




14
G7 C G D7
won - der is in Un - cle Sam's fair land, It's the big Co - lum - bia
18
For additional verses
G
Riv - er and the big Grand Cou - lee Dam. 2. She heads
21
For final ending
C/D D7 G C/D G
big Grand Cou - lee Dam.
cresc.
f

1.Well, the world has seven wonders that the trav'lers always tell.
Some gardens and some towers, I guess you know them well.
But now the greatest wonder is in Uncle Sam's fair land,
It's the big Columbia River and the big Grand Coulee Dam.

2. She heads up the Canadian Rockies where the rippling waters glide,
Comes a-roaring down the canyon to meet the salty tide,
Of the wide Pacific Ocean where the sun sets in the West
And the big Grand Coulee country in the land I love the best.

3. At the Umatilla Rapids, at the Priest and at Cascades,
Mighty men have carved a history of their sacrifices made,
In the foaming, pounding waters of the big Shelilo Falls,
It's the big Grand Coulee country that I love best of all.

4. She heads down the granite canyon and she bends across the lea,
Like a dancing, prancing stallion down her seaway to the sea;
Cast your eye upon the greatest thing yet built by human hands,
On the King Columbia River, it's the big Grand Coulee Dam.

5. In the misty crystal glitter of that wild and windward spray,
Men have fought the pounding waters and met a watery grave,
Well, she tore their boats to splinters but she gave men dreams to dream
Of the day the Coulee Dam would cross that wild and wasted stream.

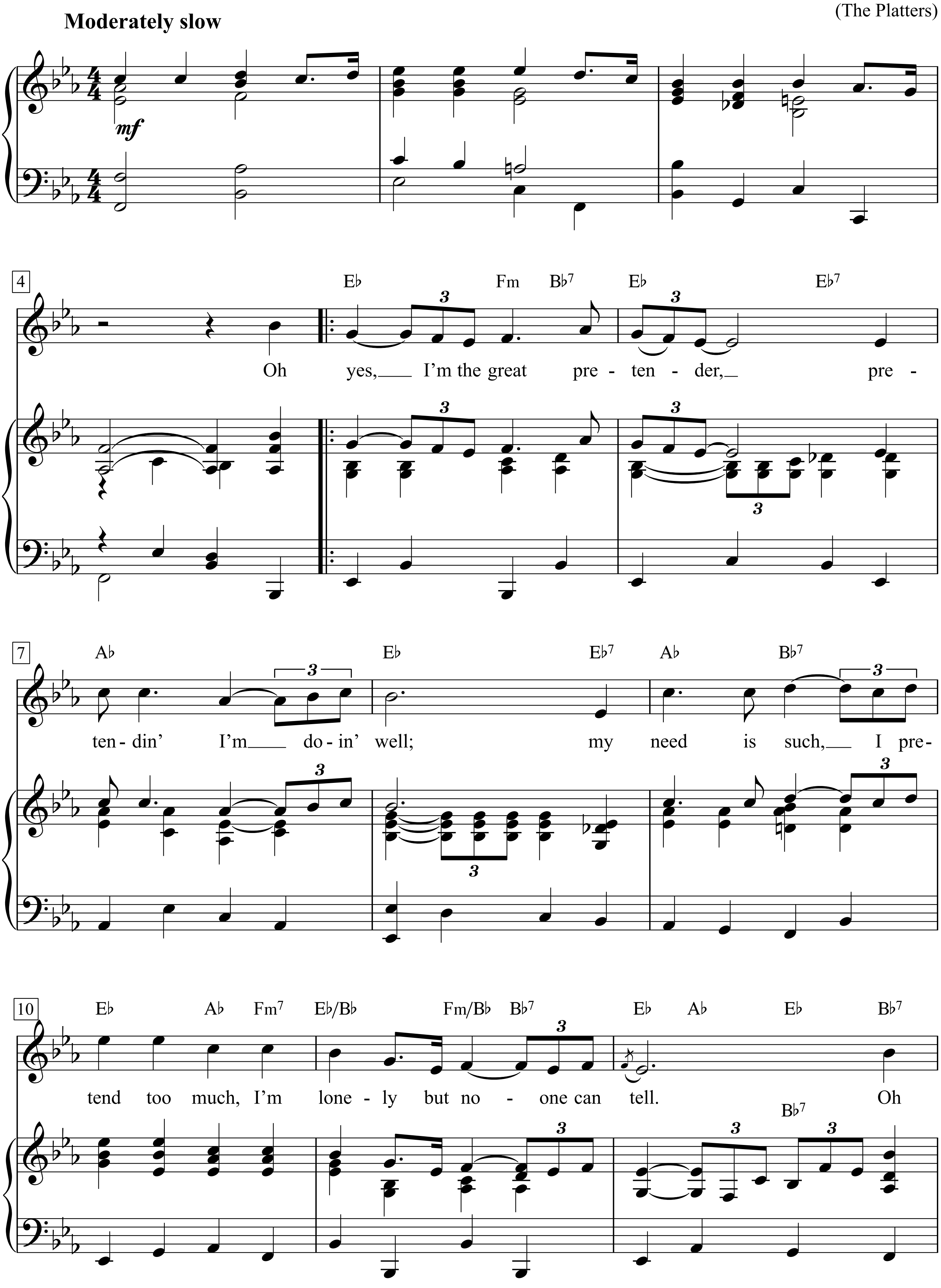
6. At Bonneville on the river there's a green and beautiful sight,
See the Bonneville Dam a-rising in the sun so clear and white,
While the leaping salmon play along the ladder and the rocks,
There's a streamboat load of gasoline a-whistling in the locks.

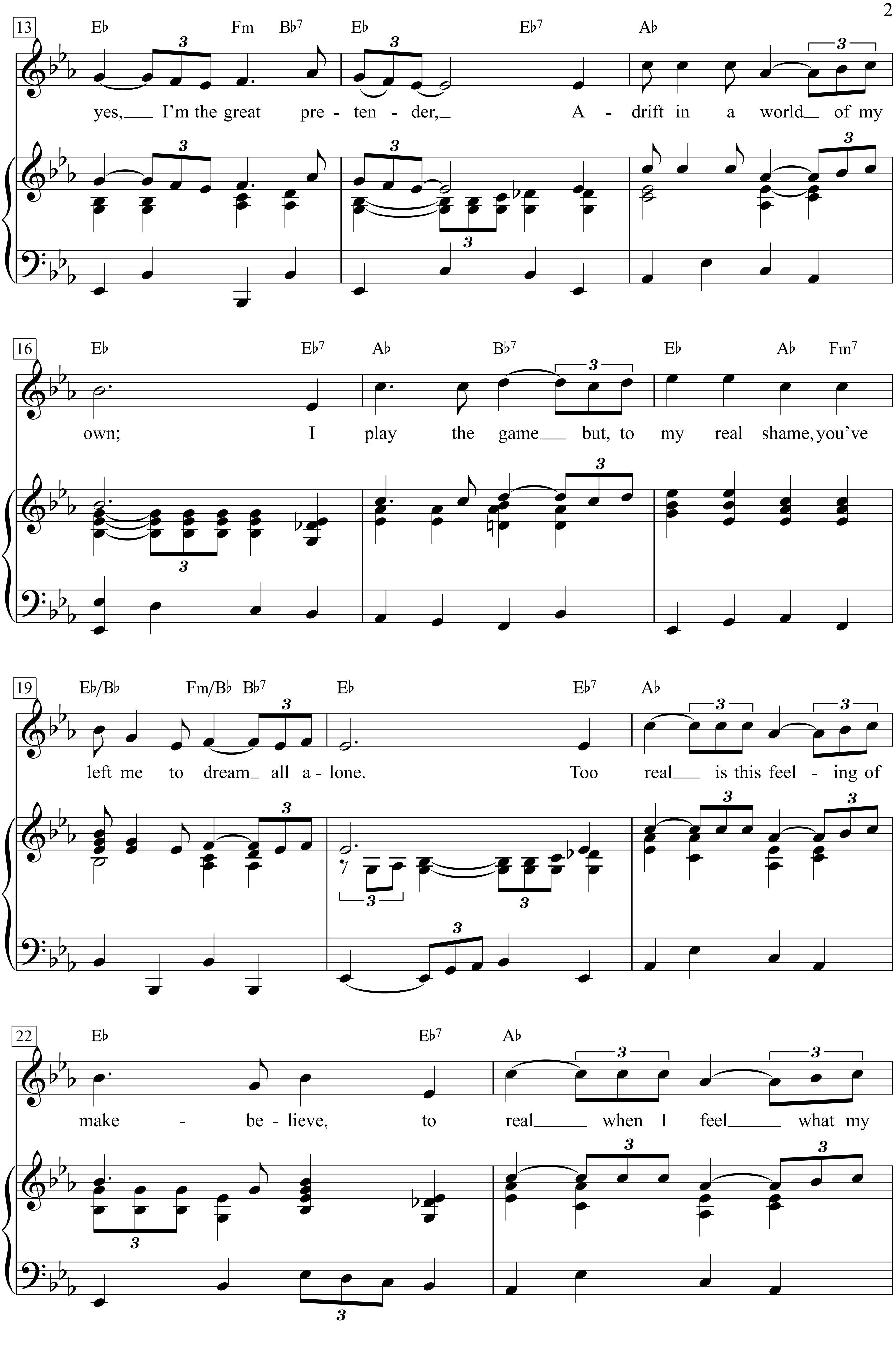
7. Uncle Sam took up the challenge in the year of 'thirty-three,
For the farmer and the factory and all of you and me,
He said, "Roll along, Columbia, you can ramble to the sea,
But river, while you're rambling, you can do some work for me."

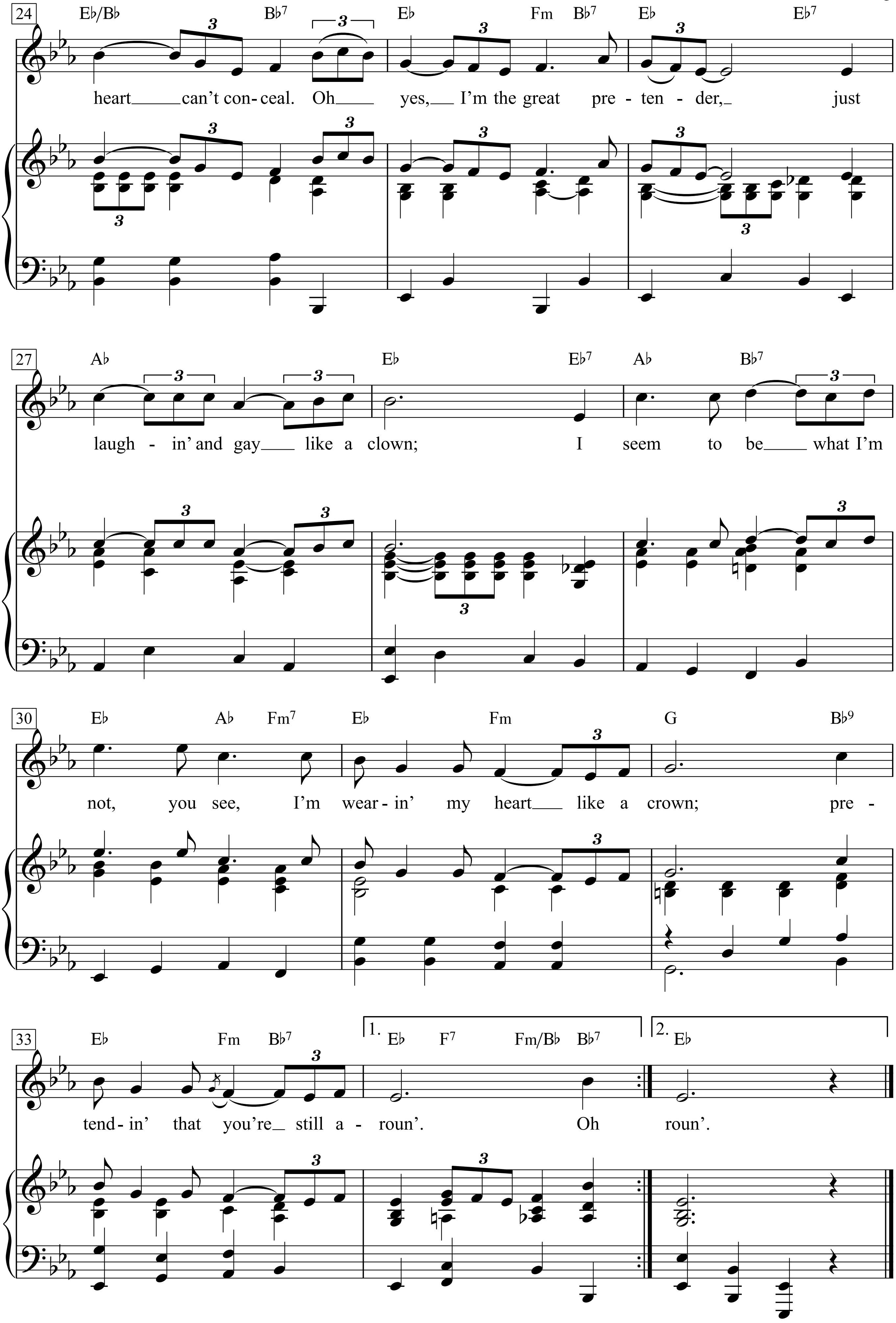
8. Now in Washington and Oregon you can hear the factories hum,
Making chrome and making manganese and light aluminum,
And there roars the flying fortress now to fight for Uncle Sam,
Spawned upon the King Columbia by the big Grand Coulee Dam.

The Great Pretender

Words & Music by Buck Ram
(The Platters)




13
E♭ Fm B♭7 E♭ E♭7 A♭
yes, I'm the great pre - ten - der, A - drift in a world of my
16
E♭ E♭7 A♭ B♭7 E♭ A♭ Fm7
own; I play the game but, to my real shame, you've
19
E♭/B♭ Fm/B♭ B♭7 E♭ E♭7 A♭
left me to dream all a - lone. Too real is this feel - ing of
22
E♭ E♭7 A♭
make - be - lieve, to real when I feel what my


24
E♭/B♭ B♭7 E♭ Fm B♭7 E♭ E♭7
heart can't con- ceal. Oh yes, I'm the great pre - ten - der, just
27
A♭ E♭ E♭7 A♭ B♭7
laugh - in' and gay like a clown; I seem to be what I'm
30
E♭ A♭ Fm7 E♭ Fm G B♭9
not, you see, I'm wear - in' my heart like a crown; pre -
33
E♭ Fm B♭7 1. E♭ F7 Fm/B♭ B♭7 2. E♭
tend - in' that you're still a - roun'. Oh roun'.

Oh yes, I’m the great pretender,
pretendin’ I’m doin’ well;
my need is such,
I pretend too much,
I’m lonely but no one can tell.

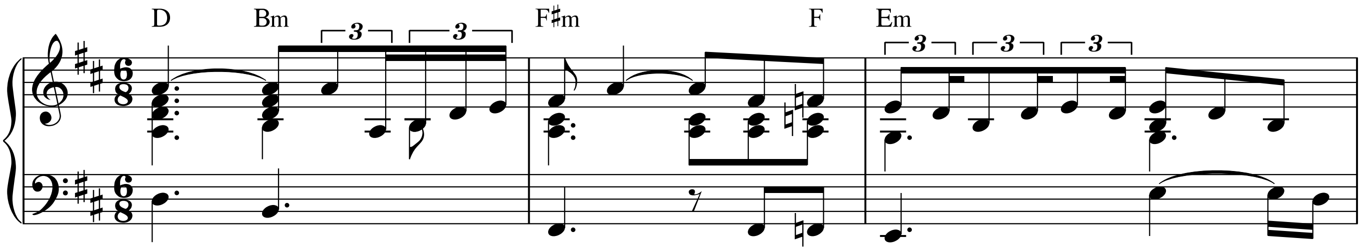
Oh yes, I’m the great pretender,
Adrift in a world of my own;
I play the game
but, to my real shame,
you’ve left me to dream all alone.

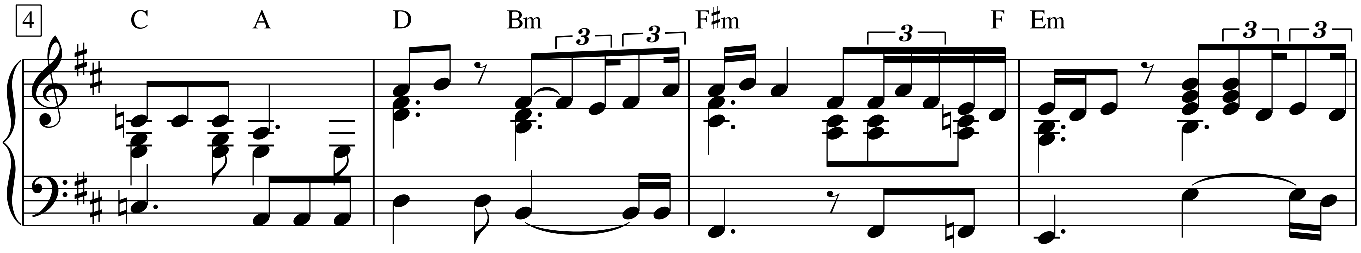
Too real is this feeling of make-believe,
too real when I feel
what my heart can’t conceal.

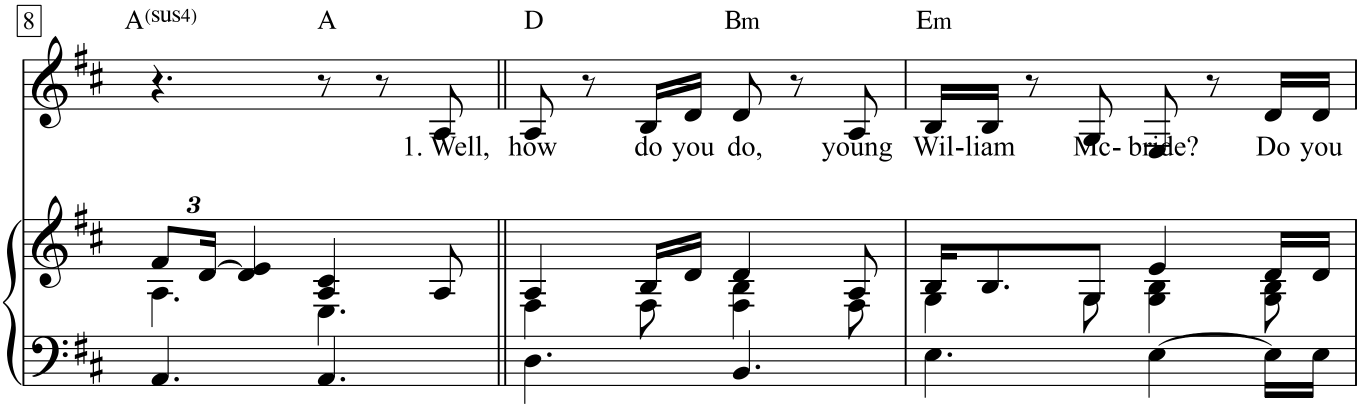
Oh yes, I’m the great pretender,
just laughin’ and gay like a clown;
I seem to be what I’m not, you see,
I’m wearin’ my heart like a crown;
pretendin’ that you’re still aroun’.

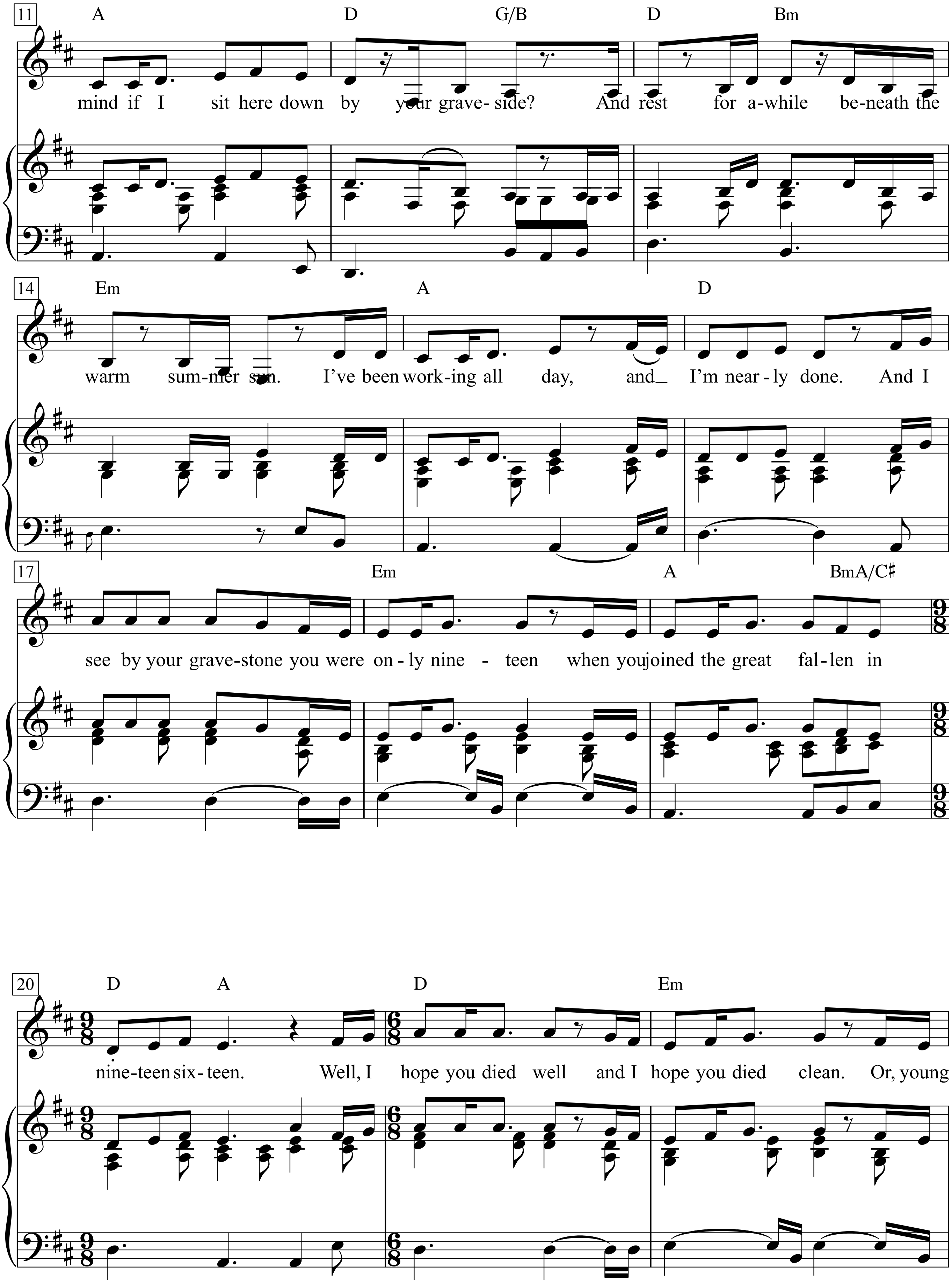
The Green Fields of France

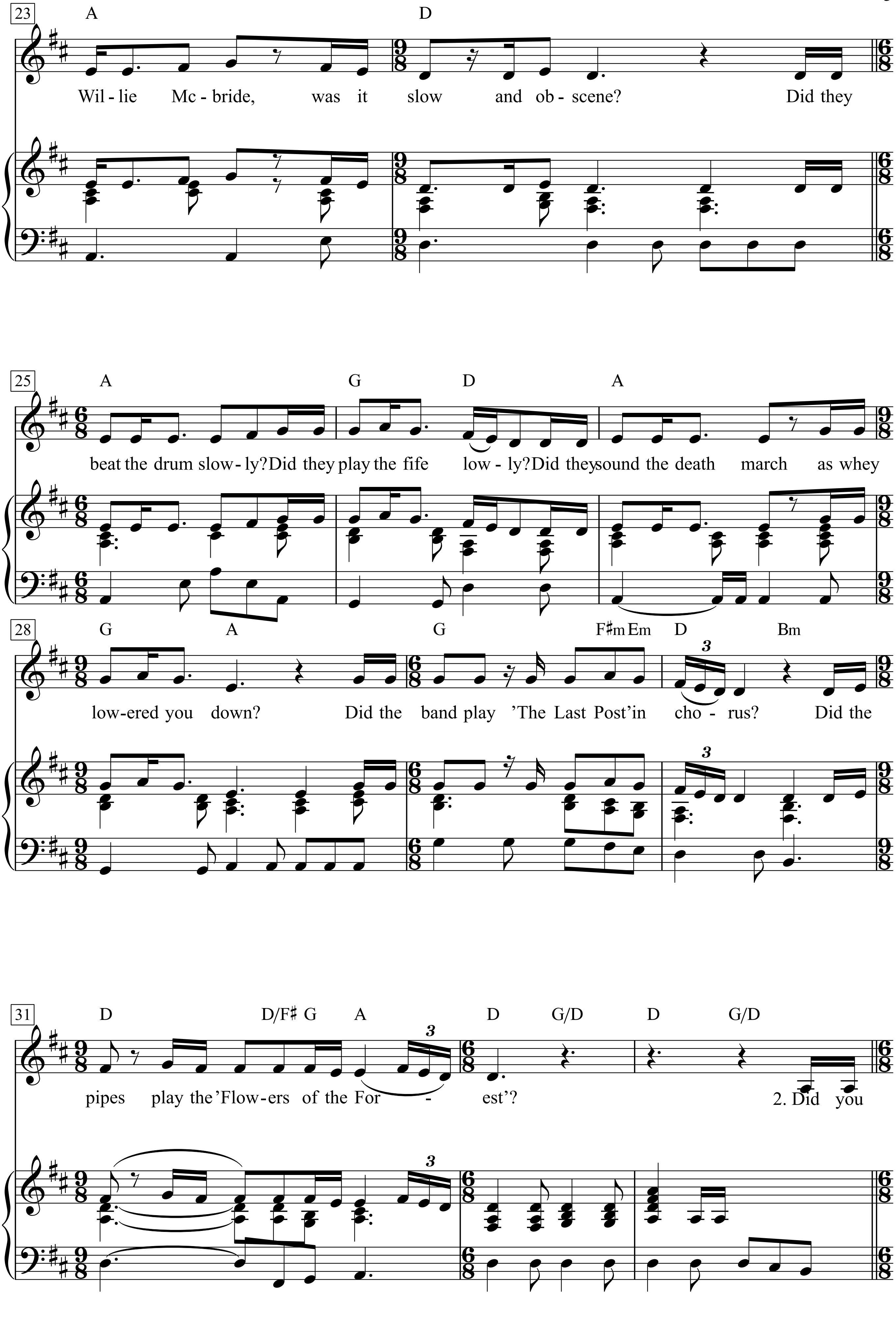
Words & Music by Eric Bogle
(Jeff Beck)

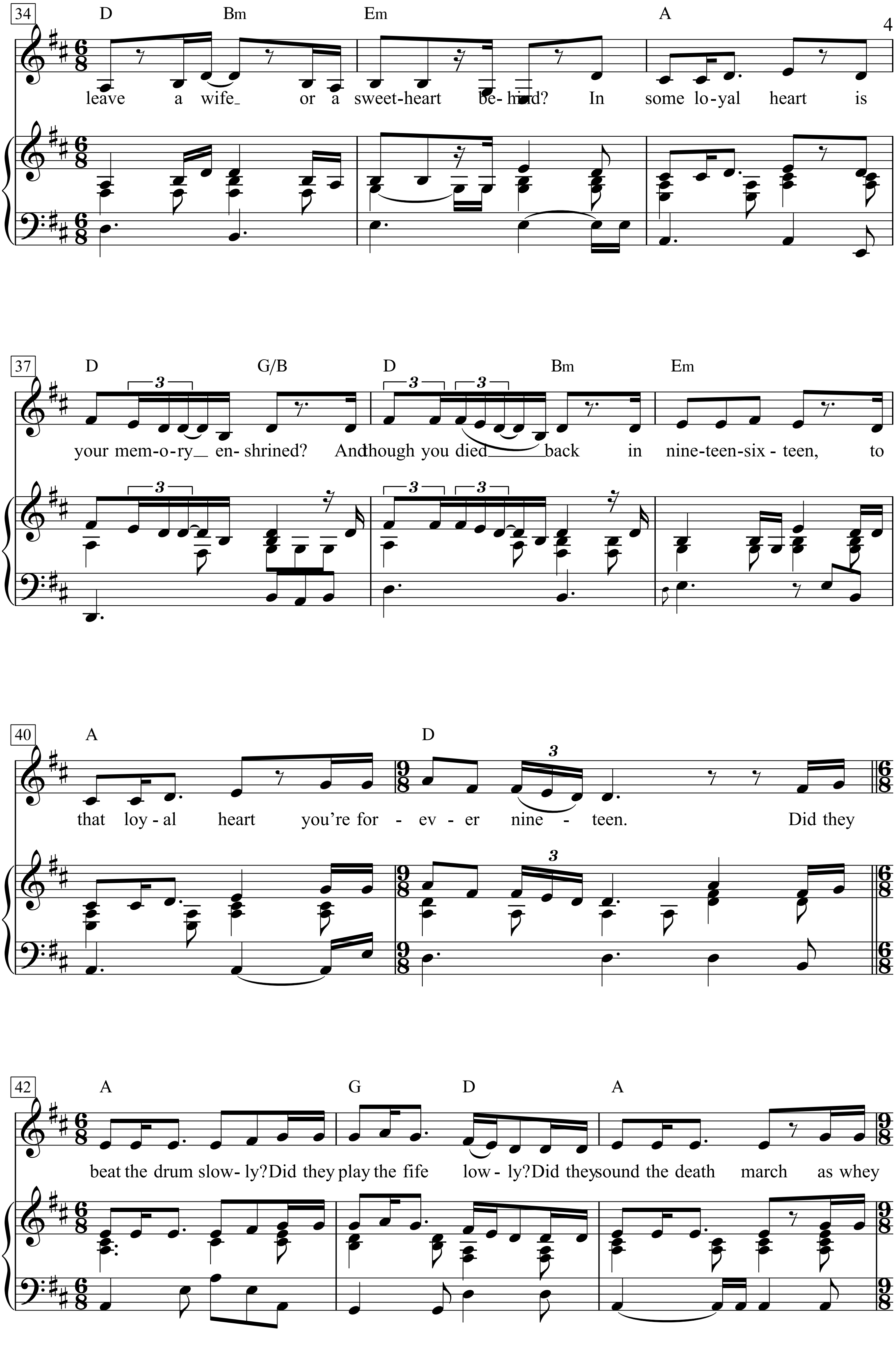


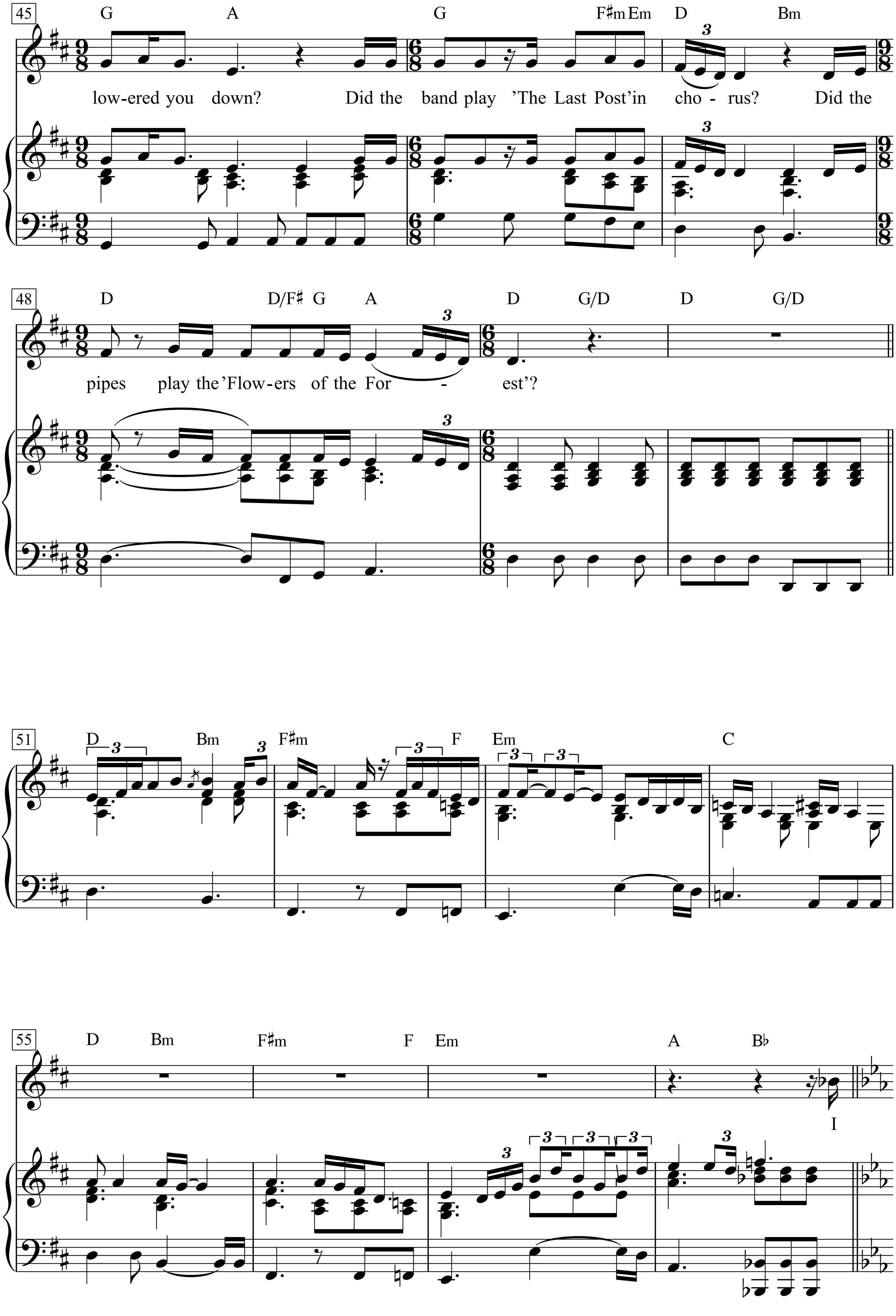


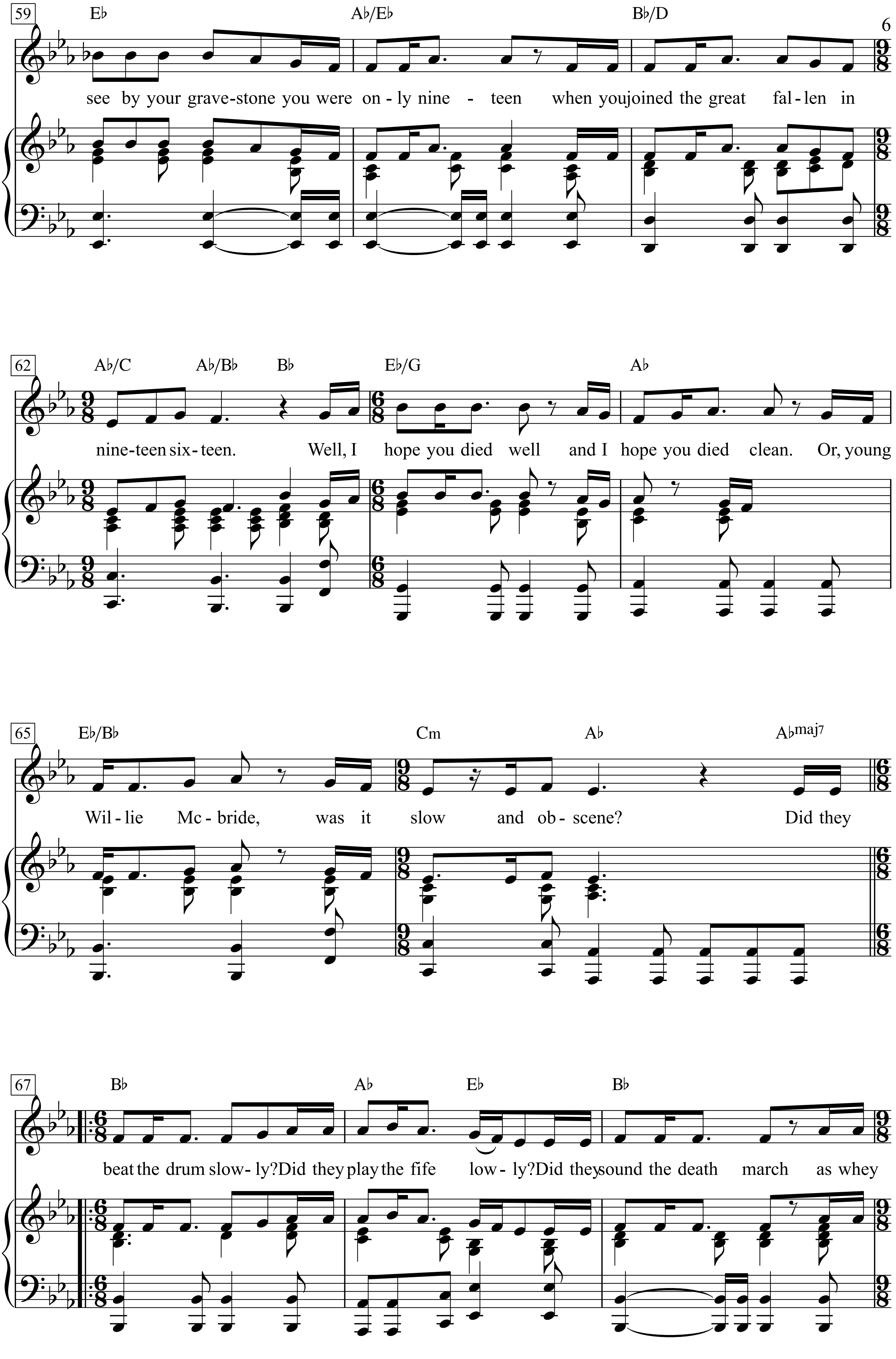


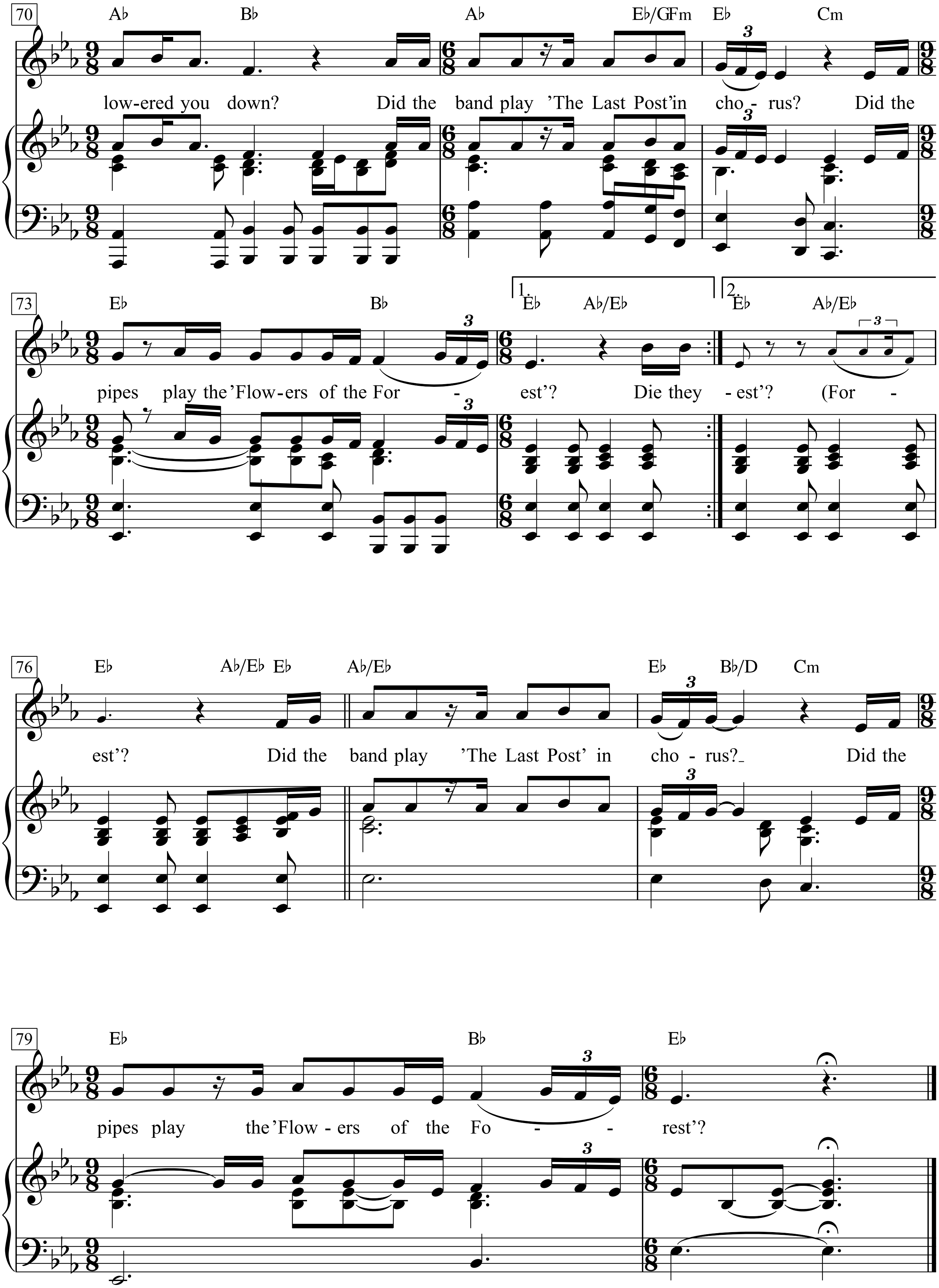

11
A D G/B D Bm
mind if I sit here down by your grave- side? And rest for a-while be-neath the
14
Em A D
warm sum-mer sun. I've been work-ing all day, and_ I'm near - ly done. And I
17
Em A BmA/C♯
see by your grave-stone you were on - ly nine - teen when you joined the great fal-len in
20
D A D Em
nine-teen six- teen. Well, I hope you died well and I hope you died clean. Or, young


23
A
D
Wil - lie Mc - bride, was it slow and ob - scene? Did they
25
A
G
D
A
beat the drum slow - ly? Did they play the fife low - ly? Did they sound the death march as whey
28
G
A
G
F♯m Em
D
Bm
low - ered you down? Did the band play 'The Last Post' in cho - rus? Did the
31
D
D/F♯ G
A
D
G/D
D
G/D
pipes play the 'Flow - ers of the For - est'?
2. Did you


34
D Bm Em A
leave a wife or a sweet-heart be-hind? In some lo-yal heart is
37
D G/B D Bm Em
your mem-o-ry en-shrined? And though you died back in nine-teen-six-teen, to
40
A D
that loy-al heart you're for-ev-er nine-teen. Did they
42
A G D A
beat the drum slow-ly? Did they play the fife low-ly? Did they sound the death march as whey


45
G A G F♯m Em D Bm
low-ered you down? Did the band play 'The Last Post'in cho - rus? Did the
48
D D/F♯ G A D G/D D G/D
pipes play the'Flow-ers of the For - est'?
51
D Bm F♯m F Em C
55
D Bm F♯m F Em A B♭
I


59
E♭
A♭/E♭
B♭/D
see by your grave-stone you were on - ly nine - teen when you joined the great fal - len in
62
A♭/C
A♭/B♭
B♭
E♭/G
A♭
nine-teen six - teen. Well, I hope you died well and I hope you died clean. Or, young
65
E♭/B♭
Cm
A♭
A♭maj7
Wil - lie Mc - bride, was it slow and ob - scene? Did they
67
B♭
A♭
E♭
B♭
beat the drum slow - ly? Did they play the fife low - ly? Did they sound the death march as whey


70
A♭ B♭ A♭ E♭/G Fm E♭ Cm
low-ered you down? Did the band play 'The Last Post'in cho - rus? Did the
73
E♭ B♭ 1. E♭ A♭/E♭ 2. E♭ A♭/E♭
pipes play the 'Flow-ers of the For - est'? Die they - est'? (For -
76
E♭ A♭/E♭ E♭ A♭/E♭ E♭ B♭/D Cm
est'? Did the band play 'The Last Post' in cho - rus? Did the
79
E♭ B♭ E♭
pipes play the 'Flow - ers of the Fo - rest'?

1.Well, how do you do, young William Mcbride?
Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside?
And rest for a-while beneath the warm summer sun.
I've been working all day, and I'm nearly done.
And I see by your gravestone you were only nineteen
when you joined the great fallen in nine-teen-six-teen.
Well, I hope you died well and I hope you died clean.
Or, young Willie Mcbride, was it slow and obscene?

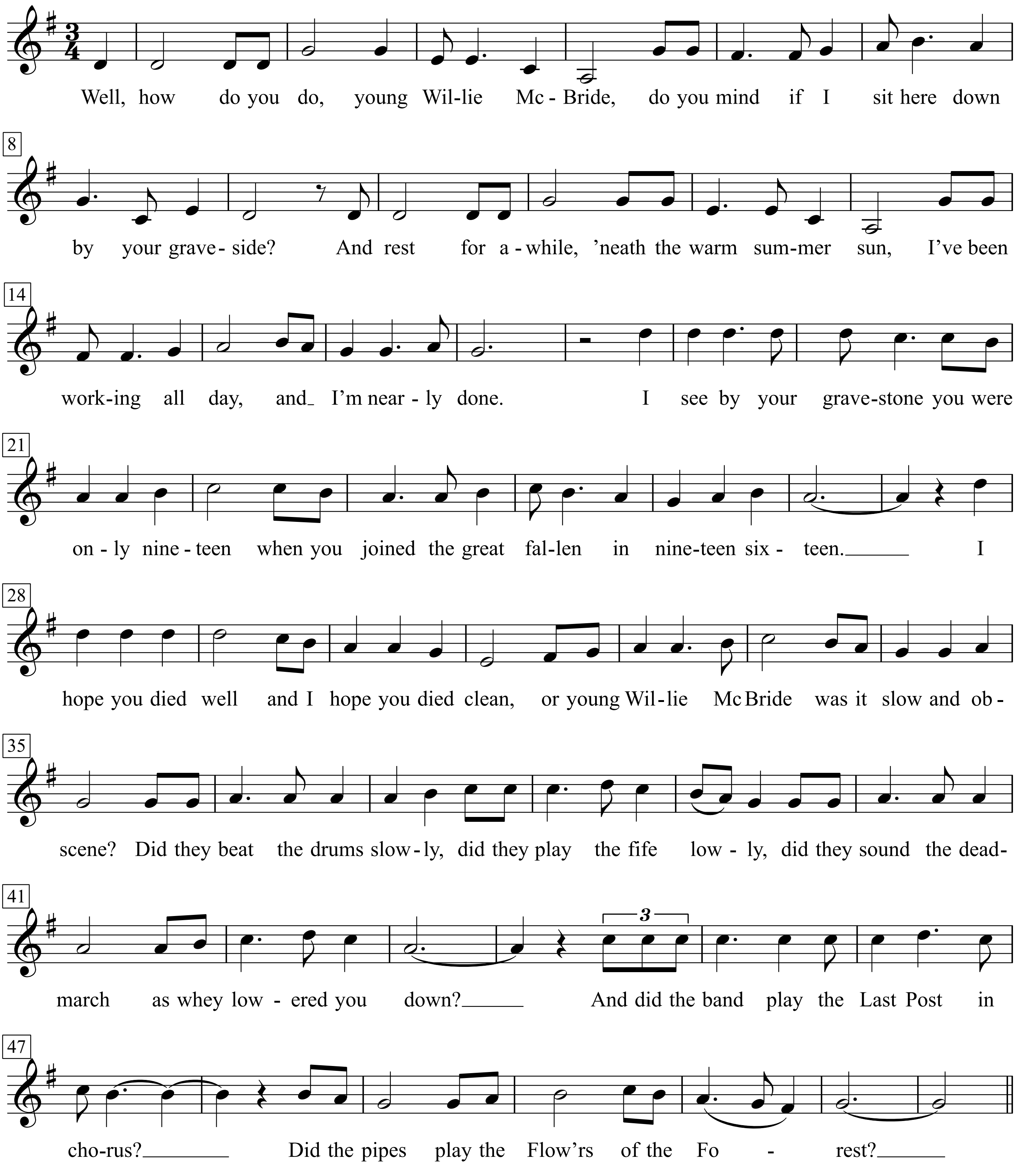
Did they beat the drum slowly?
Did they play the fife lowly?
Did they sound the death march as whey lowered you down?
Did the band play 'The Last Post' in chorus?
Did the pipes play the 'Flowers of the Forest'?

2. Did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind?
In some loyal heart is your memory enshrined?
And though you died back in nine-teen-six-teen,
to that loyal heart you're forever nineteen.

Did they beat the drum slowly?
Did they play the fife lowly?
Did they sound the death march as whey lowered you down?
Did the band play 'The Last Post' in chorus?
Did the pipes play the 'Flowers of the Forest'?
I see by your gravestone you were only nineteen
when you joined the great fallen in nineteensixteen.
Well, I hope you died well and I hope you died clean.
Or, young Willie Mcbride, was it slow and obscene?
Did they beat the drum slowly?
Did they play the fife lowly?
Did they sound the death march as whey lowered you down?
Did the band play 'The Last Post' in chorus?
Did the pipes play the 'Flowers of the Forest'?
Die they - est'? (Forest'?
Did the band play 'The Last Post' in chorus?
Did the pipes play the 'Flowers of the Forest'?

The Green Fields of France

Text & Music by Eric Bogle
(John McDermott)



1. Well, how do you do, young Willie McBride,
do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside?
And rest for awhile, 'neath the warm summer sun,
I've been working all day, and I'm nearly done.
I see by your gravestone you were only nineteen
when you joined the great fallen in nineteen sixteen.
I hope you died well and I hope you died clean,
or young Willie McBride was it slow and obscene?

Did they beat the drums slowly, did they play the fife lowly,
did they sound the dead-march as whey lowered you down?
And did the band play the Last Post in chorus?
Did the pipes play the Flow'rs of the Forest?

2. And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind
In some loyal heart is your memory enshrined?
And, though you died back in 1916,
To that loyal heart are you always 19?
Or are you a stranger without even a name,
Forever enshrined behind some glass pane,
In an old photograph, tom and tattered and stained,
And fading to yellow in a brown leather frame?

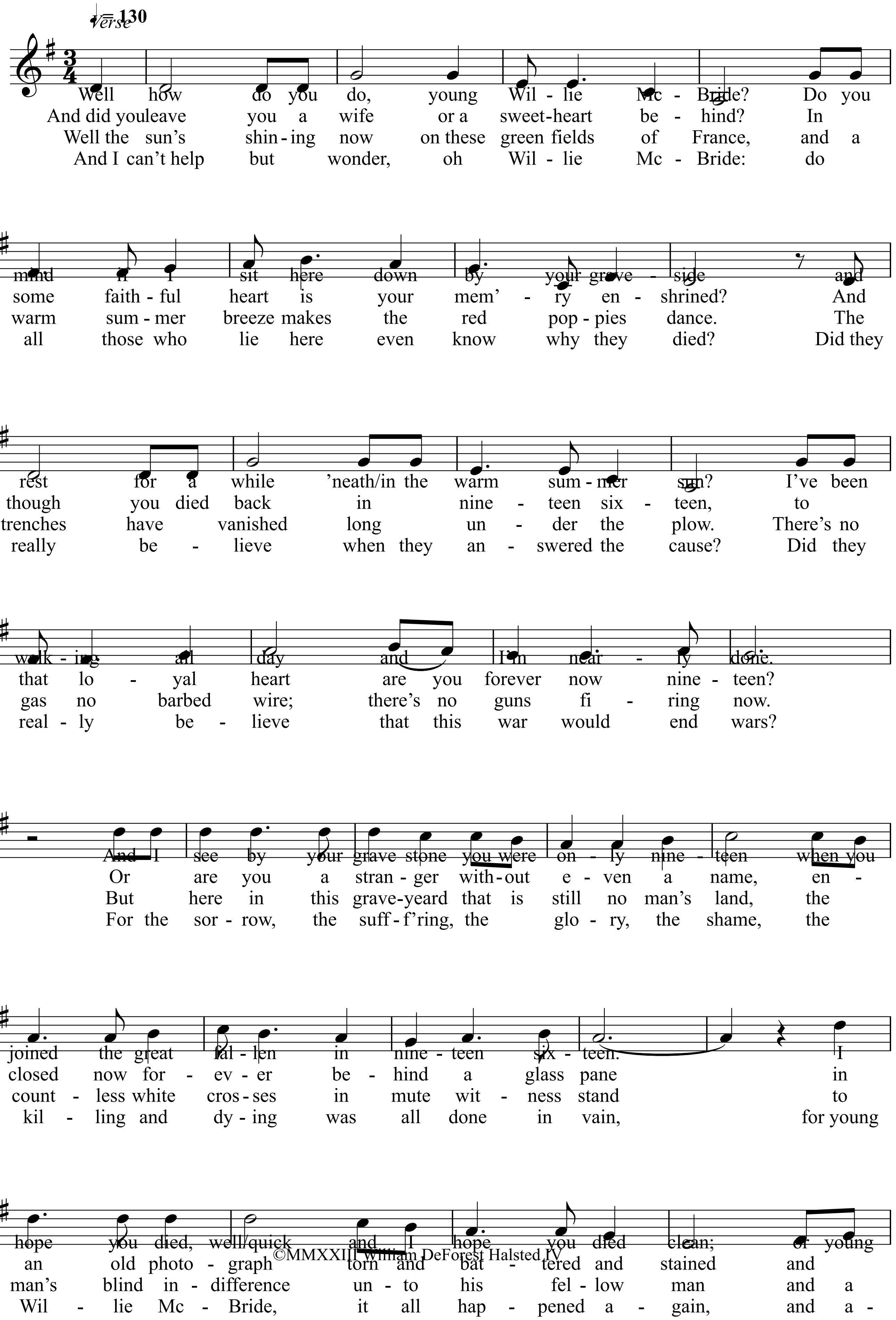
3. The sun's shining down on these green fields of France,
The warm wind blows gently, and the red poppies dance.
The trenches have vanished long under the plow;
No gas and no barbed wire, no guns firing now.
But here in this graveyard that's still No Man's Land
The countless white crosses in mute witness stand
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man.
And a whole generation who were butchered and damned.

4. And I can't help but wonder, no Willie McBride,
Do all those who lie here know why they died?
Did you really believe them when they told you "The Cause?"
Did you really believe that this war would end wars?
Well the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame
The killing, the dying, it was all done in vain,
For Willie McBride, it all happened again,
And again. and again. and again. and again.

The Green Fields of France

No Man's Land

Eric Bogle



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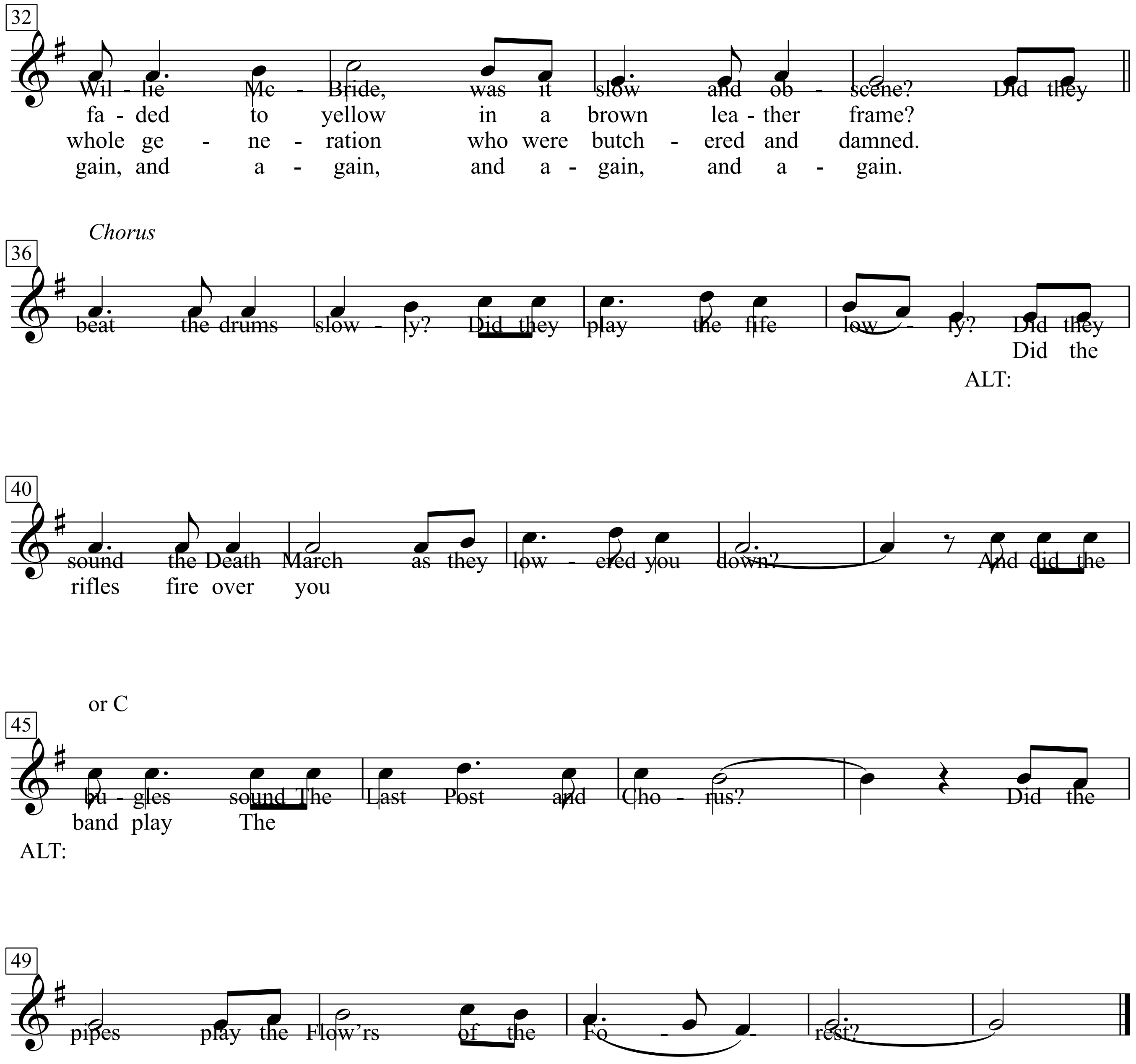
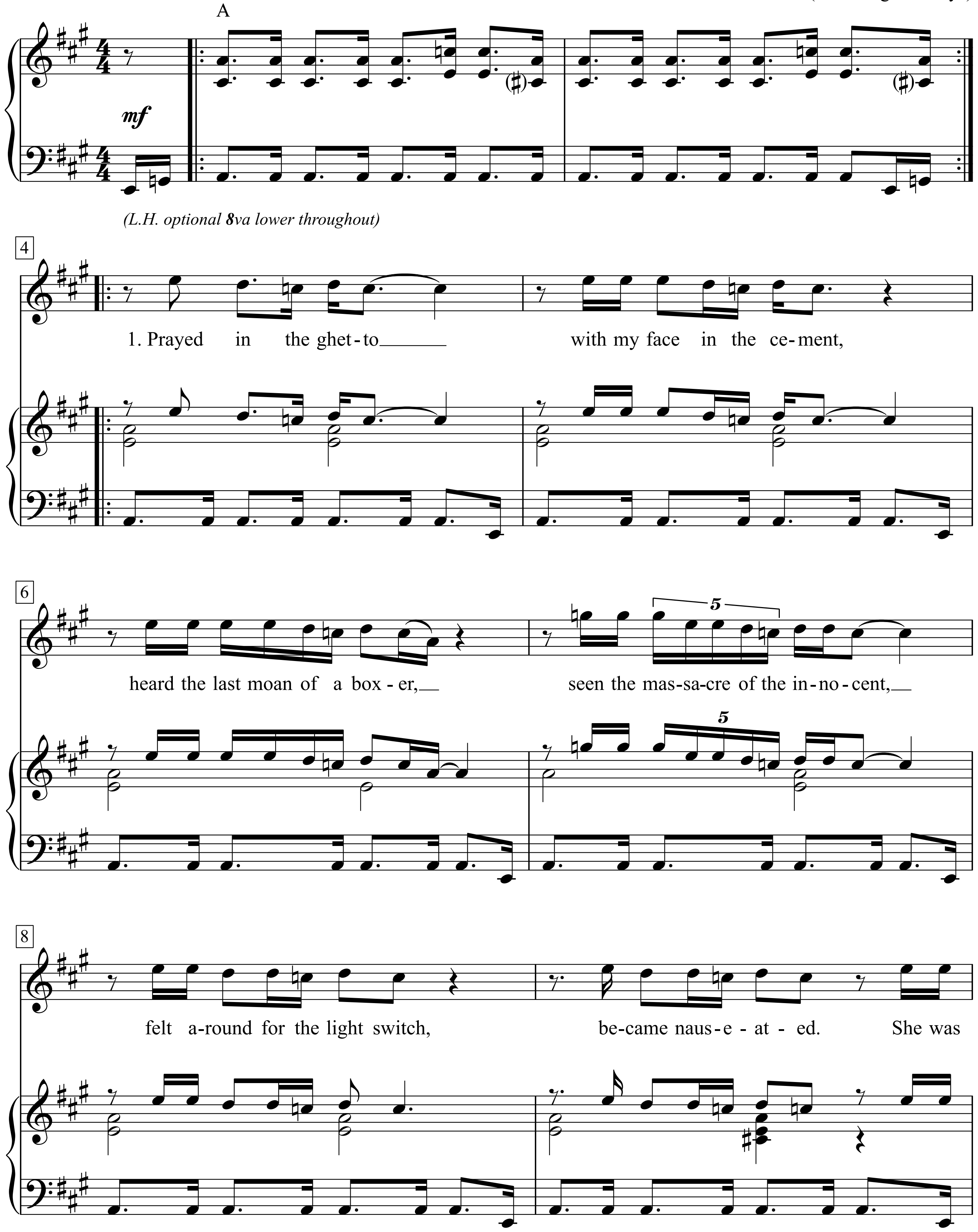
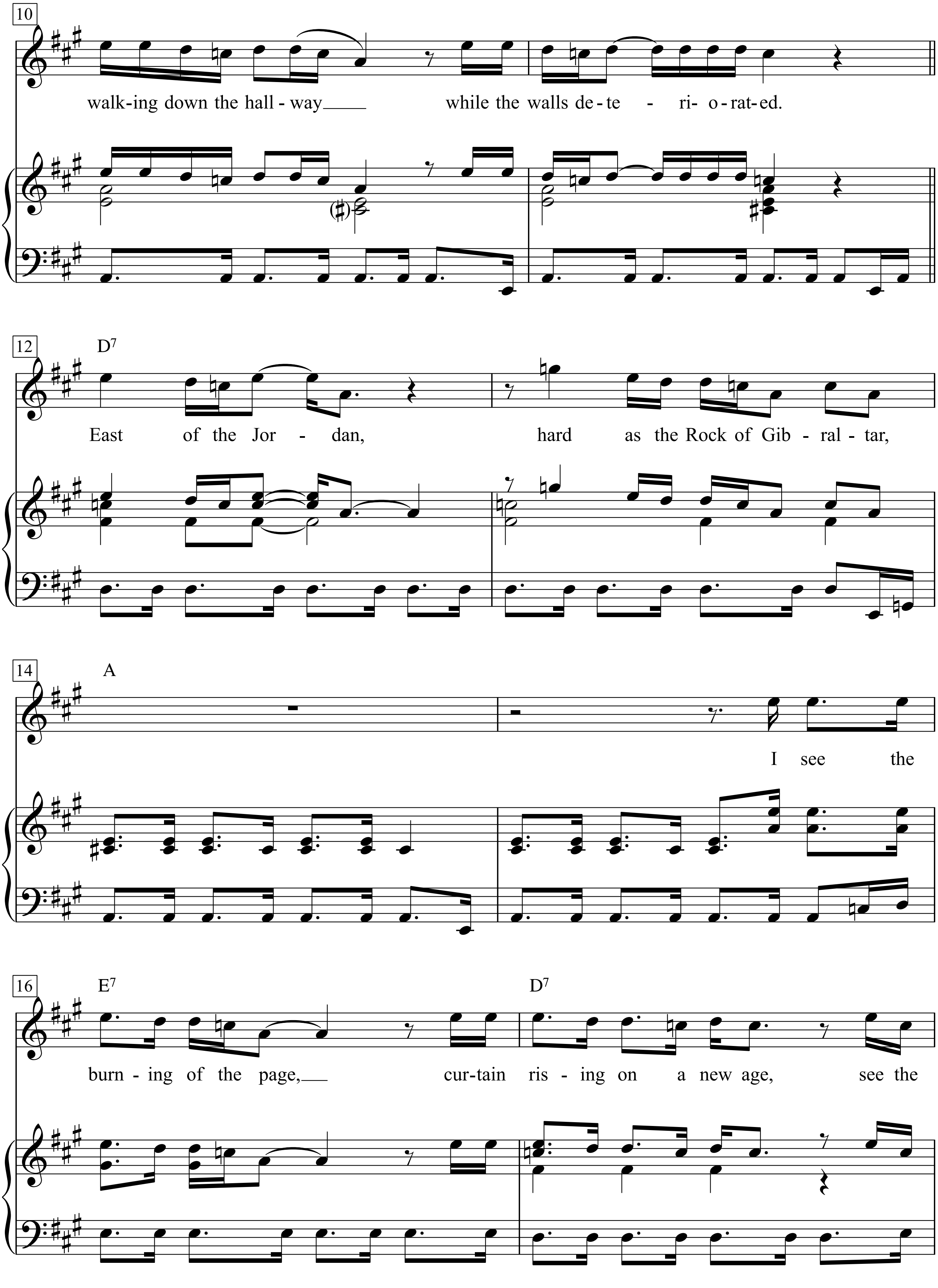

32
Wil - lie Mc - Bride, was it slow and ob - scene? Did they
fa - ded to yellow in a brown lea - ther frame?
whole ge - ne - ration who were butch - ered and damned.
gain, and a - gain, and a - gain, and a - gain.
Chorus
36
beat the drums slow - ly? Did they play the fife low - ly? Did they
Did the
ALT:
40
sound the Death March as they low - ered you down? And did the
rifles fire over you
or C
45
bu - gles sound The Last Post and Cho - rus? Did the
band play The
ALT:
49
pipes play the Flow'rs of the Fo - rest?

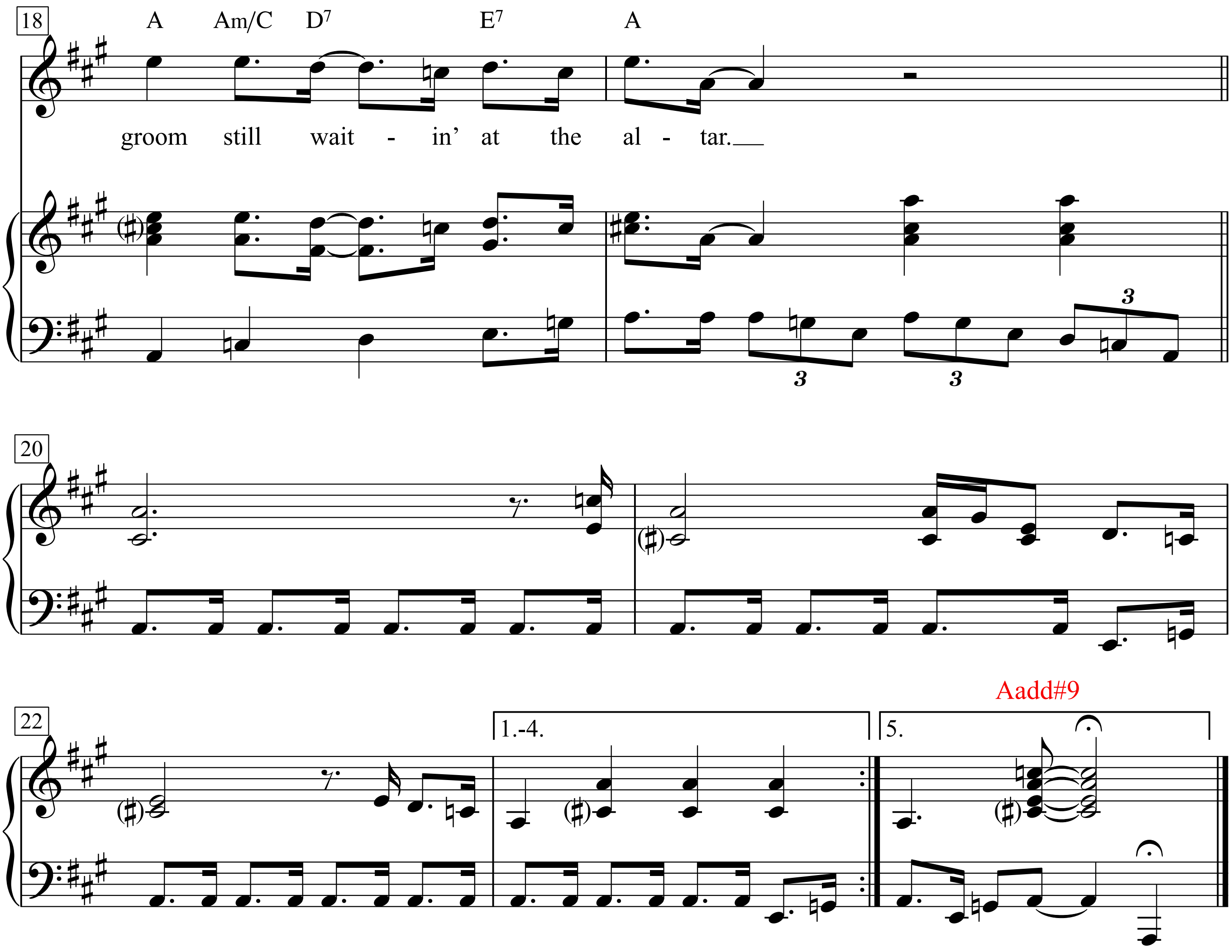
The Groom's Still Waiting At The Altar

Moderately slow funky blues

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Traveling Wilburys)




10
walk-ing down the hall-way___ while the walls de-te - ri- o-rat-ed.
12
D7
East of the Jor - dan, hard as the Rock of Gib - ral - tar,
14
A
I see the
16
E7
D7
burn - ing of the page,___ cur-tain ris - ing on a new age, see the


18
A Am/C D7 E7 A
groom still wait - in' at the al - tar.
20
22
1.-4.
5.
Aadd#9

1. Prayed in the ghetto with my face in the cement
Heard the last moan of a boxer, seen the massacre of the innocent
Felt around for the light switch, became nauseated
She was walking down the hallway while the walls deteriorated

???East of the Jordan, ???hard as the Rock of Gibraltar
I see the burning of the page
Curtain rising on a new age
See the groom still wait in' at the altar

2. Try to be pure at heart, they arrest you for robbery
Mistake your shyness for aloofness, your silence for snobbery
Got the message this morning, the one that was sent to me
About the madness of becomin' what one was never meant to be

West of the Jordan, east of the Rock of Gibraltar
I see the burning of the stage
Curtain risin' on a new age
See the groom still waitin' at the altar

3. Don't know what I can say about Claudette that wouldn't come back to haunt me
Finally had to her give up 'bout the time she began to want me
But I know God has mercy on them who are slandered and humiliated
I'd a-done anything for that woman if she didn't made me feel so obligated

West of the Jordan, west of the Rock of Gibraltar
I see the burning of the cage
Curtain risin' on a new stage
See the groom still waitin' at the altar

4. Put your hand on my head, baby, do I have a temperature?
I see people who are supposed to know better standin' around like furniture
There's a wall between you, and what you want and you got to leap it
Tonight you got the power to take it, tomorrow you won't have the power to keep it

West of the Jordan, east of the Rock of Gibraltar
I see the burning of the stage
Curtain risin' on a new age
See the groom still waitin' at the altar.

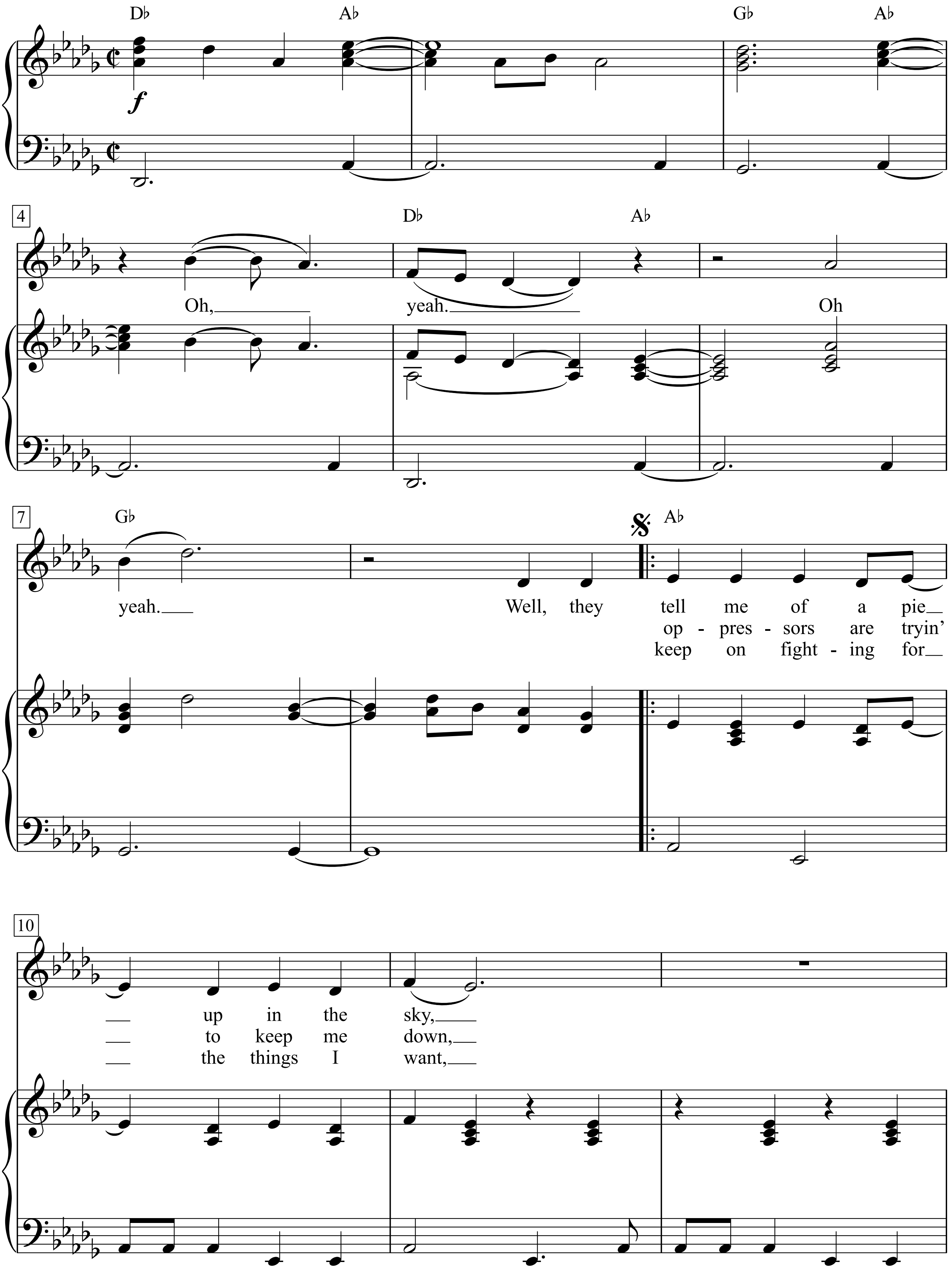
5. Cities on fire, phones out of order
They're killing nuns and soldiers, there's fighting on the border
What can I say about Claudette? Ain't seen her since January
She could be respectably married or running a whorehouse in Buenos Aires

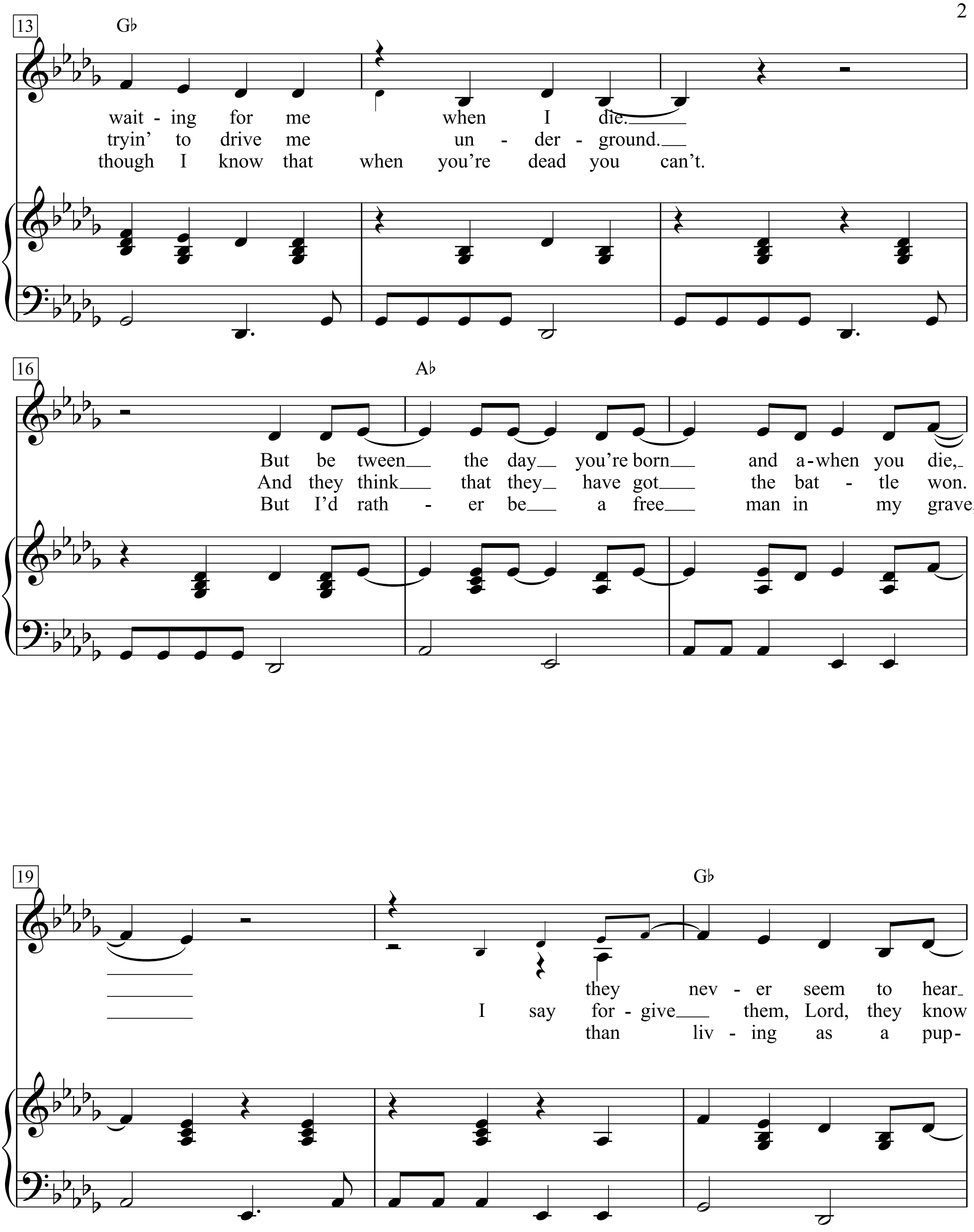
West of the Jordan, west of the Rock of Gibraltar
I see the burning of the stage
Curtain risin' on a new age
See the groom still waitin' at the altar

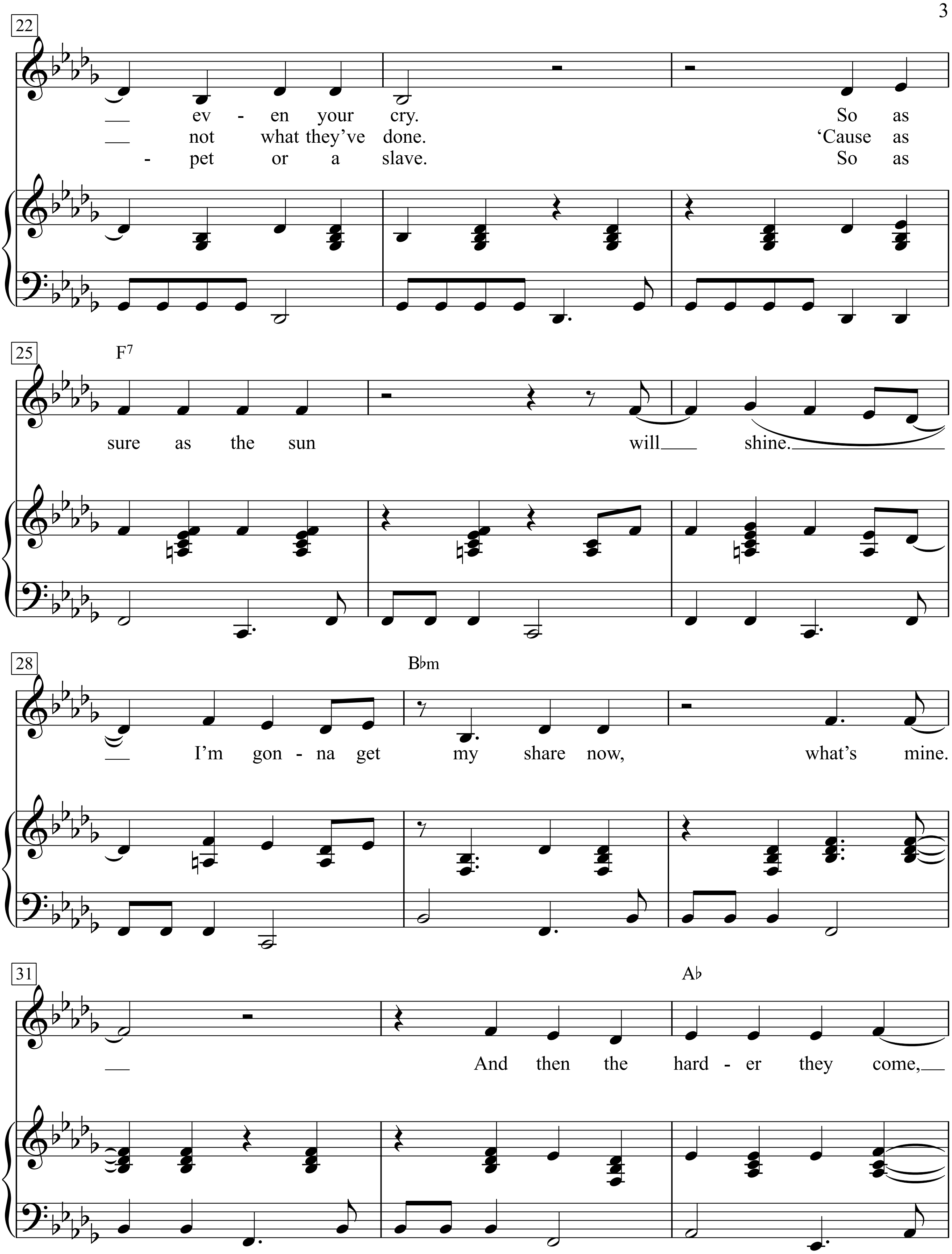
The Harder They Come

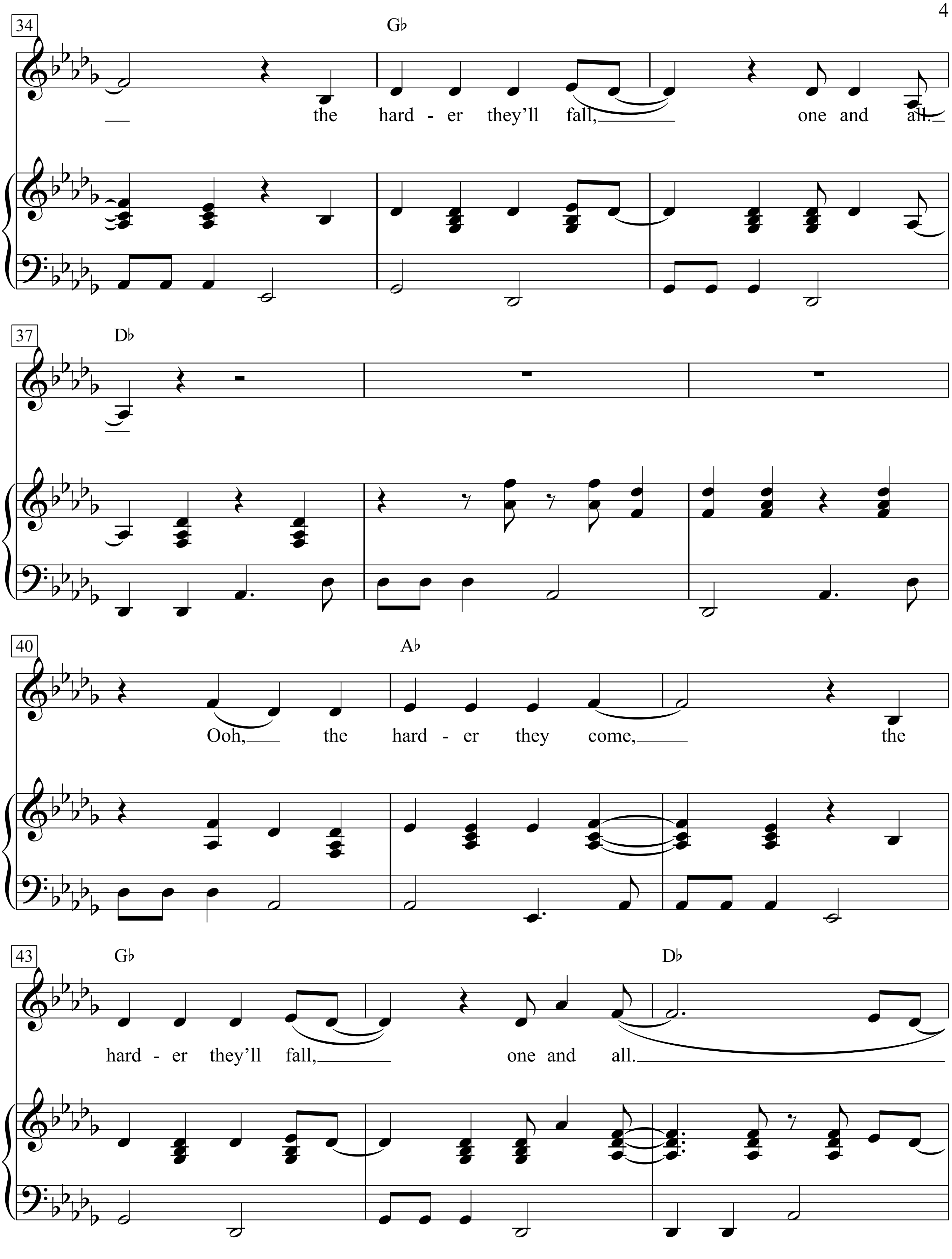
Words & Music by Jimmy Cliff
(Jimmy Cliff)

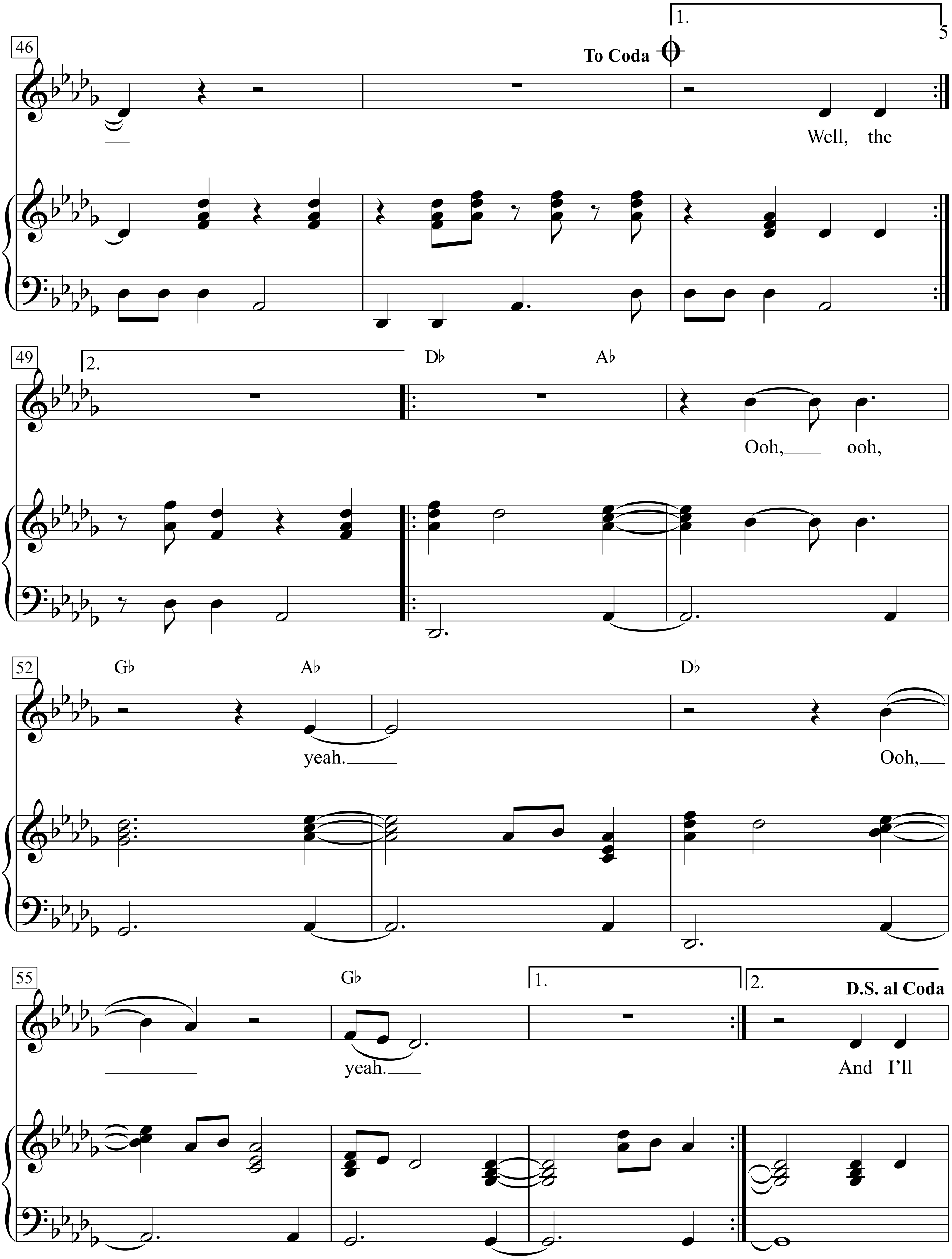
Lively

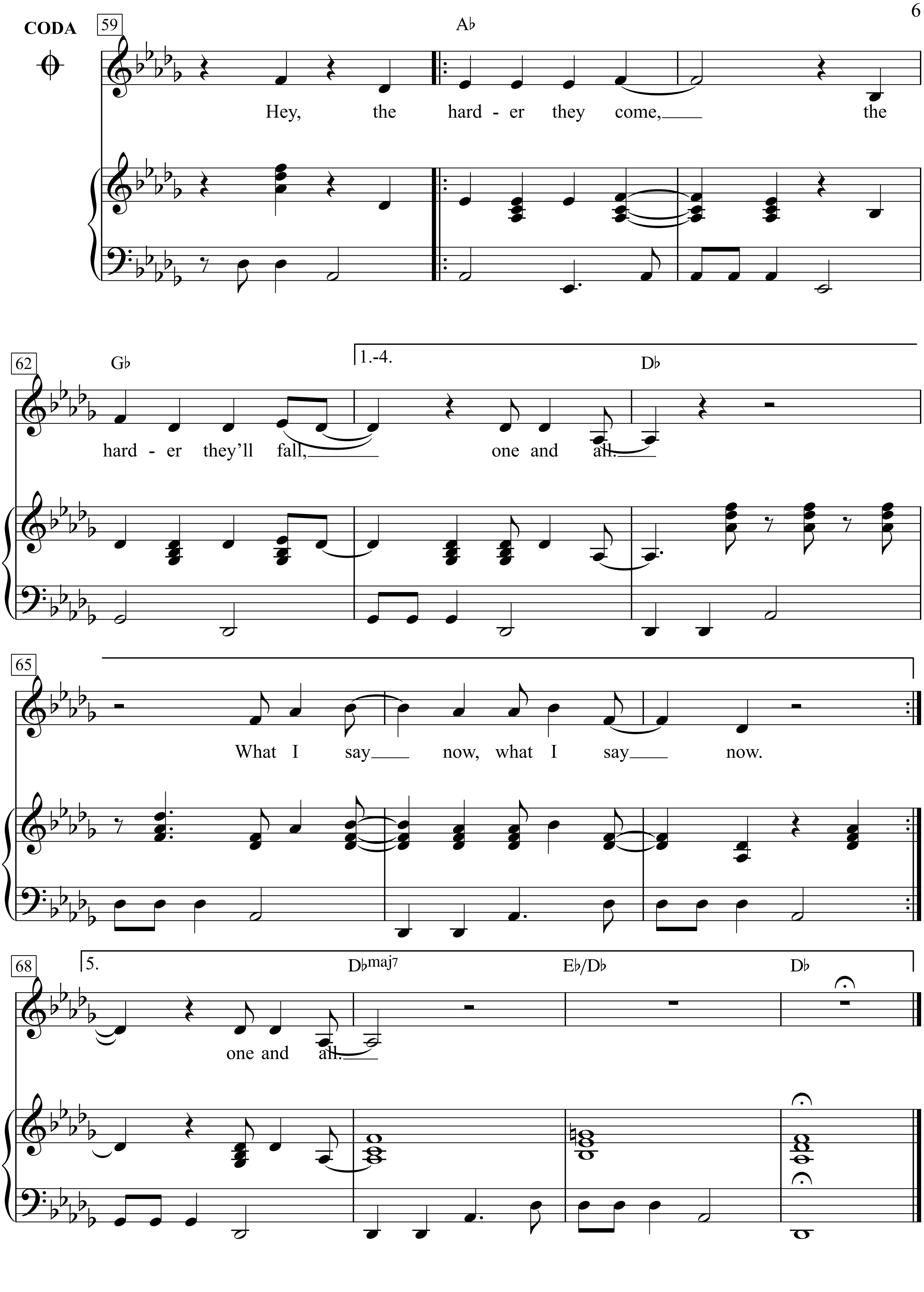



13
G♭
wait - ing for me when I die.
tryin' to drive me un - der - ground.
though I know that when you're dead you can't.
16
A♭
But be tween the day you're born and a-when you die,
And they think that they have got the bat - tle won.
But I'd rath - er be a free man in my grave,
19
G♭
they nev - er seem to hear
I say for - give them, Lord, they know
than liv - ing as a pup-


22
— ev - en your cry. So as
— not what they've done. 'Cause as
- pet or a slave. So as
25
F7
sure as the sun will — shine. —
28
B♭m
— I'm gon - na get my share now, what's mine.
31
A♭
— And then the hard - er they come, —


34
G♭
the hard - er they'll fall, one and all.
37
D♭
40
A♭
Ooh, the hard - er they come, the
43
G♭
D♭
hard - er they'll fall, one and all.


46
1.
To Coda
Well, the
49
2.
D♭
A♭
Ooh, ooh,
52
G♭
A♭
D♭
yeah.
Ooh,
55
G♭
1.
2.
D.S. al Coda
yeah.
And I'll


CODA
59
A♭
Hey, the hard - er they come, the
62
G♭
1.-4.
D♭
hard - er they'll fall, one and all.
65
What I say now, what I say now.
68
5.
D♭maj7
E♭/D♭
D♭
one and all.

Oh, yeah. Oh yeah.
Well, they tell me of a pie up in the sky,
waiting for me when I die.
But between the day you're born and a-when you die,
they never seem to hear even your cry.
So as sure as the sun will shine.
I'm gonna get my share now, what's mine.
And then the harder they come,
the harder they'll fall, one and all.
Ooh, the harder they come,
the harder they'll fall, one and all.
Well, the

Ooh, ooh, yeah.
Ooh, yeah.
And I'll

Hey, the harder they come,
the harder they'll fall, one and all.
What I say now, what I say now.

one and all.

2. oppressors are tryin' to keep me down,
tryin' to drive me underground.
And they think that they have got the battle won.
I say forgive them,
Lord, they know not what they've done.
'Cause as

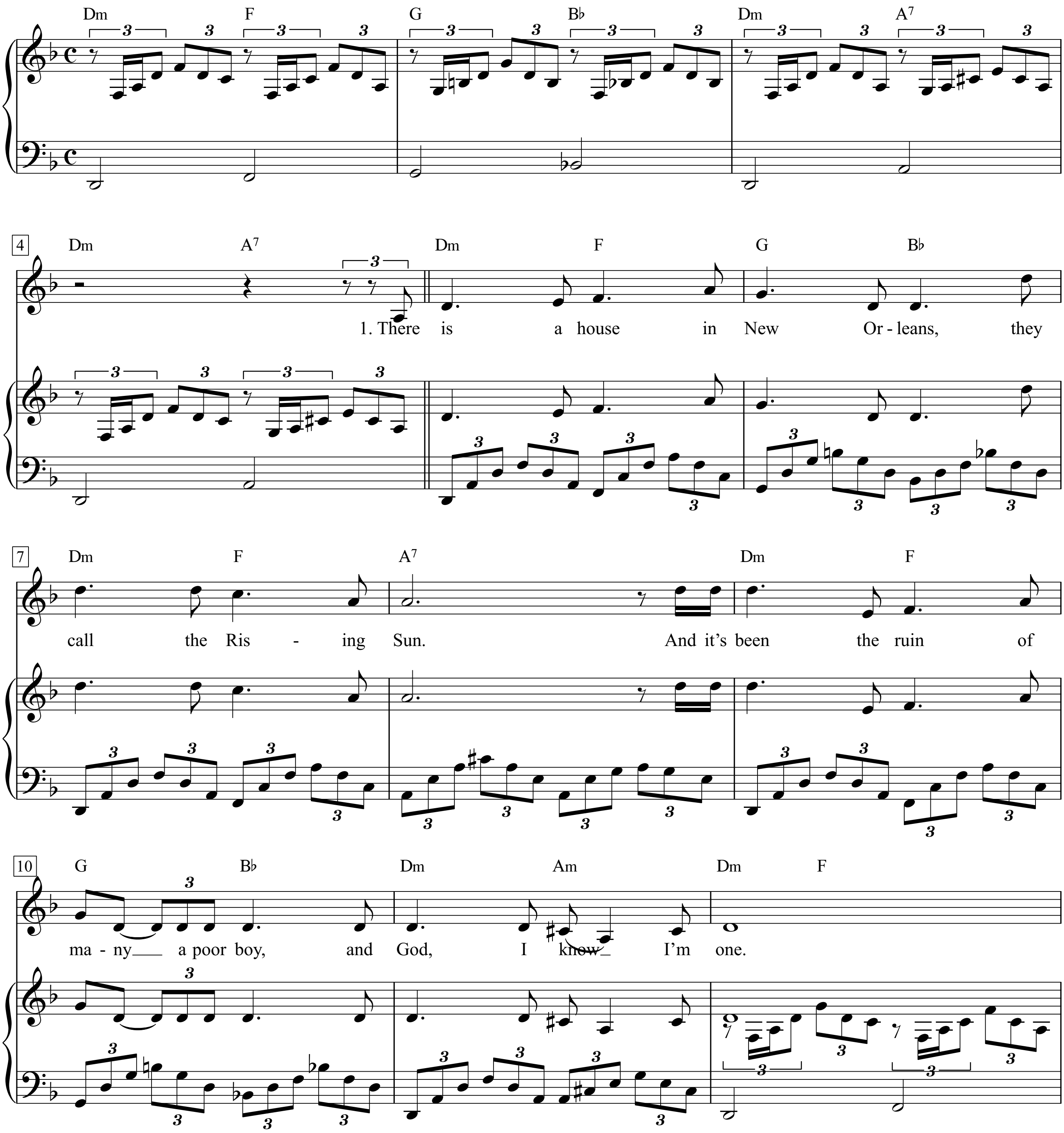
3. keep on fighting for the things I want,
though I know that when you're dead you can't.
But I'd rather be a free man in my grave,
than living as a puppet or a slave.

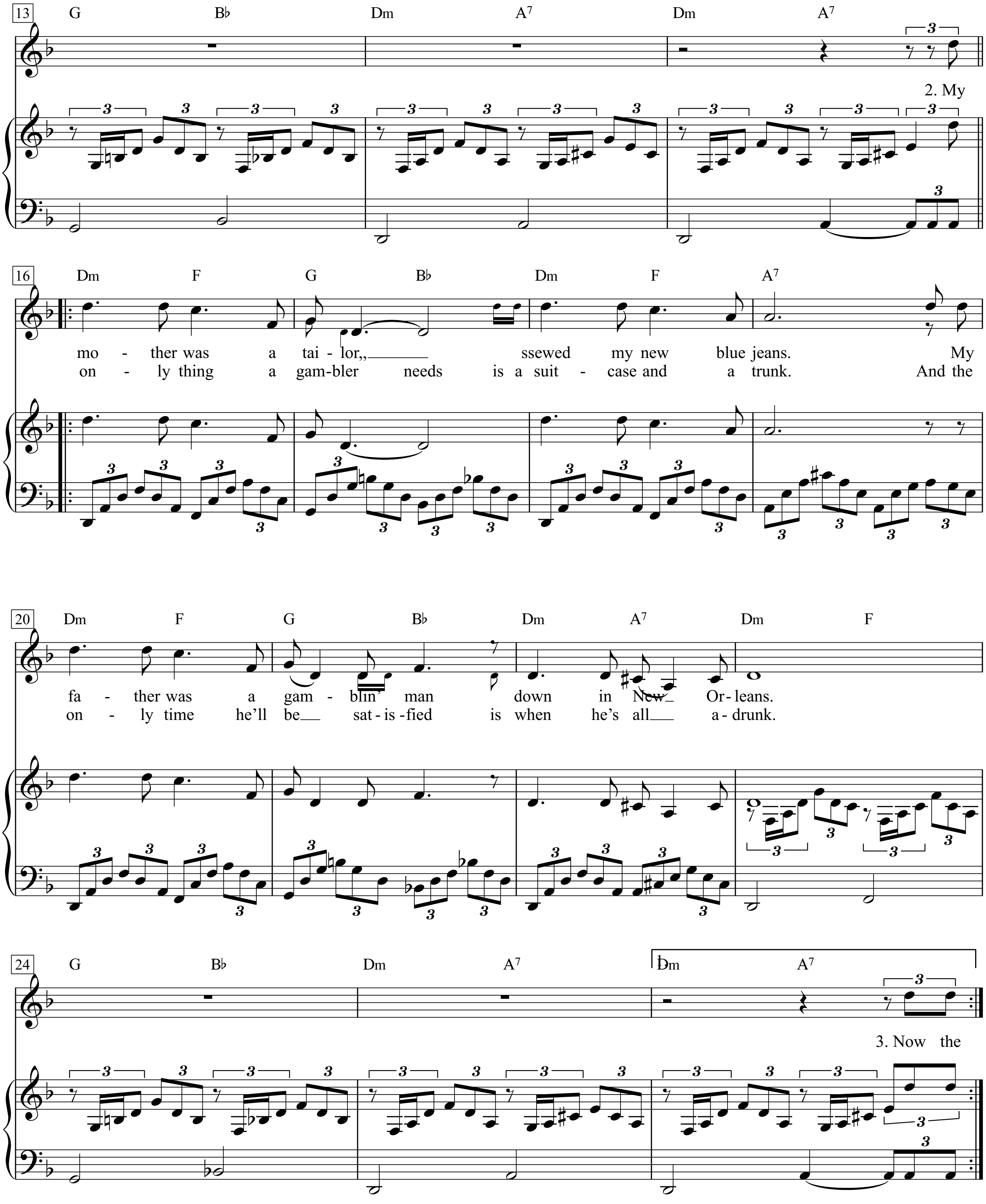
So as

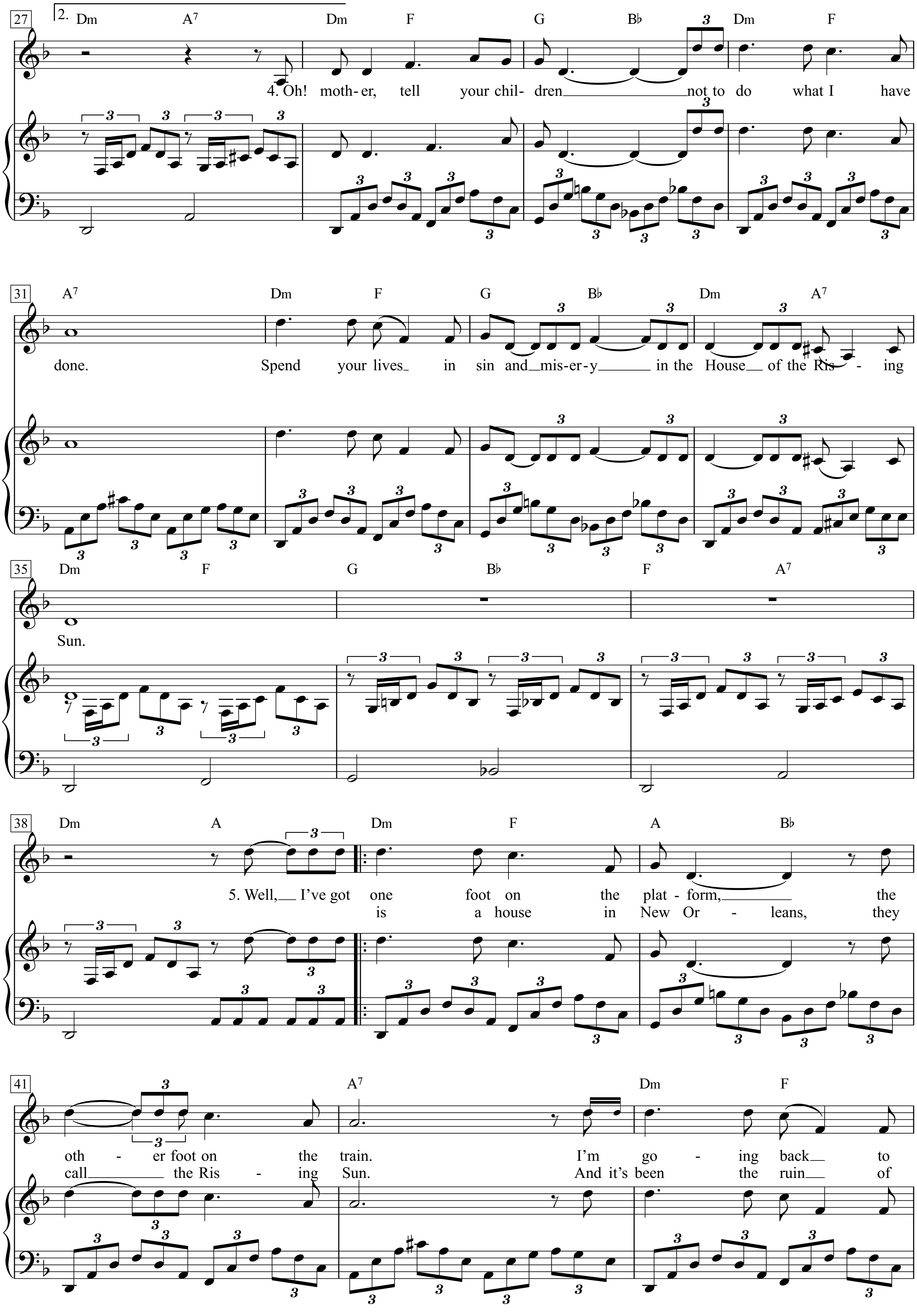
The House of the Rising Sun

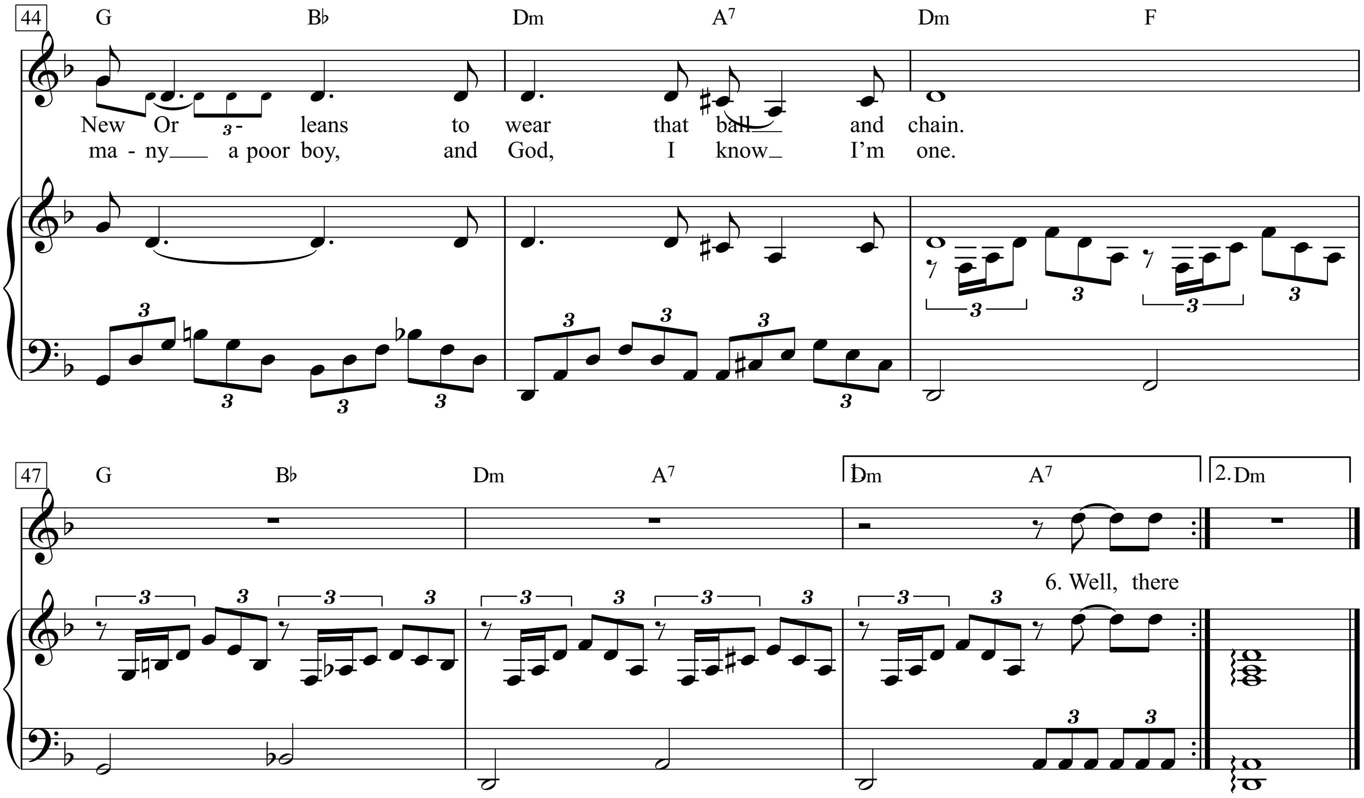
Arranged by Alan Price
(The Animals)

Slow beat tempo

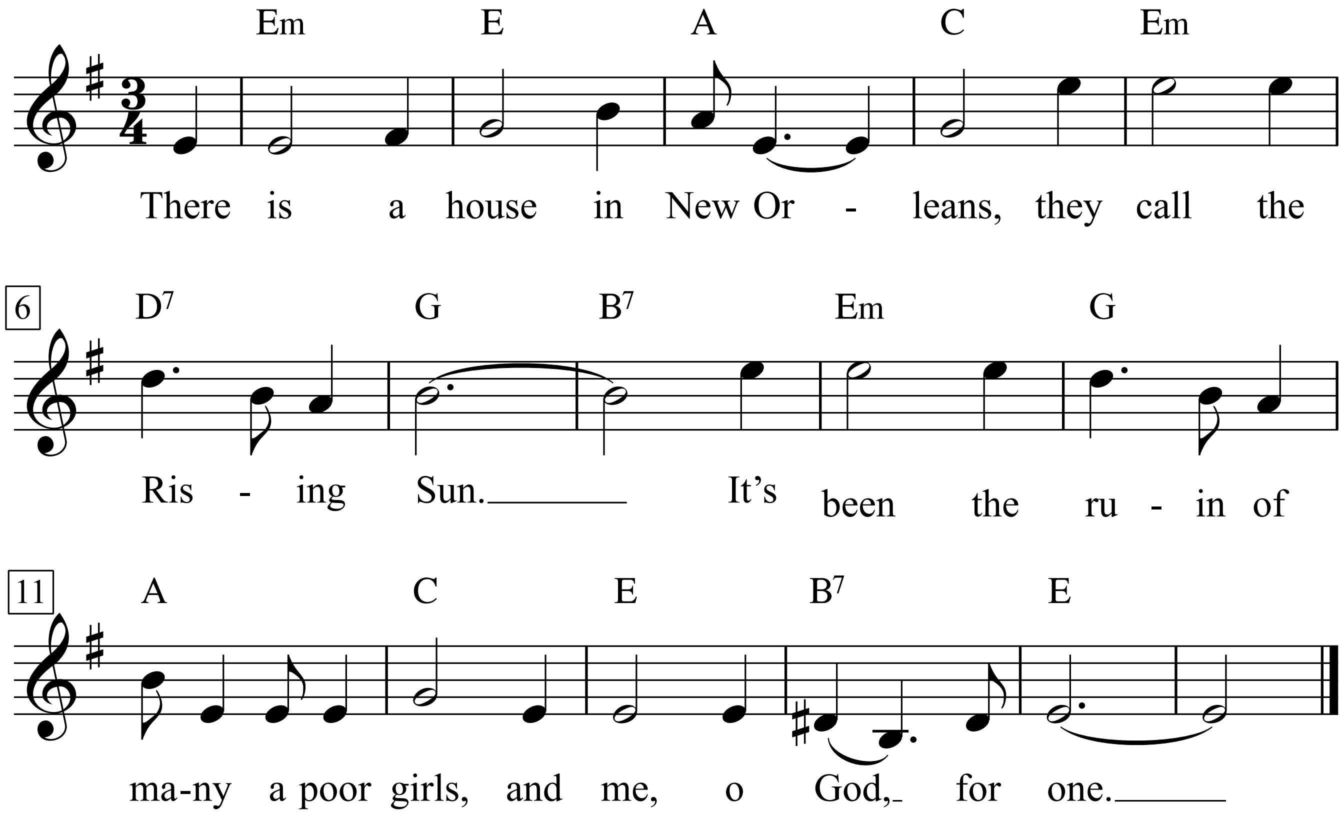



13
G B♭ Dm A7 Dm A7
2. My
16
Dm F G B♭ Dm F A7
mo - ther was a tai - lor,, ssewed my new blue jeans. My
on - ly thing a gam-bler needs is a suit - case and a trunk. And the
20
Dm F G B♭ Dm A7 Dm F
fa - ther was a gam - blin' man down in New Or- leans.
on - ly time he'll be sat - is -fied is when he's all a - drunk.
24
G B♭ Dm A7 Dm A7
3. Now the


27
2.
Dm A7 Dm F G B♭ Dm F
4. Oh! moth-er, tell your chil- dren not to do what I have
31
A7 Dm F G B♭ Dm A7
done. Spend your lives in sin and mis-er-y in the House of the Ris - ing
35
Dm F G B♭ F A7
Sun.
38
Dm A Dm F A B♭
5. Well, I've got one foot on the plat - form, the
is a house in New Or - leans, they
41
A7 Dm F
oth - er foot on the train. I'm go - ing back to
call the Ris - ing Sun. And it's been the ruin of


44
G
B♭
Dm
A7
Dm
F
New Or - leans to wear that ball and chain.
ma - ny a poor boy, and God, I know I'm one.
47
G
B♭
Dm
A7
1. Dm
A7
2. Dm
6. Well, there

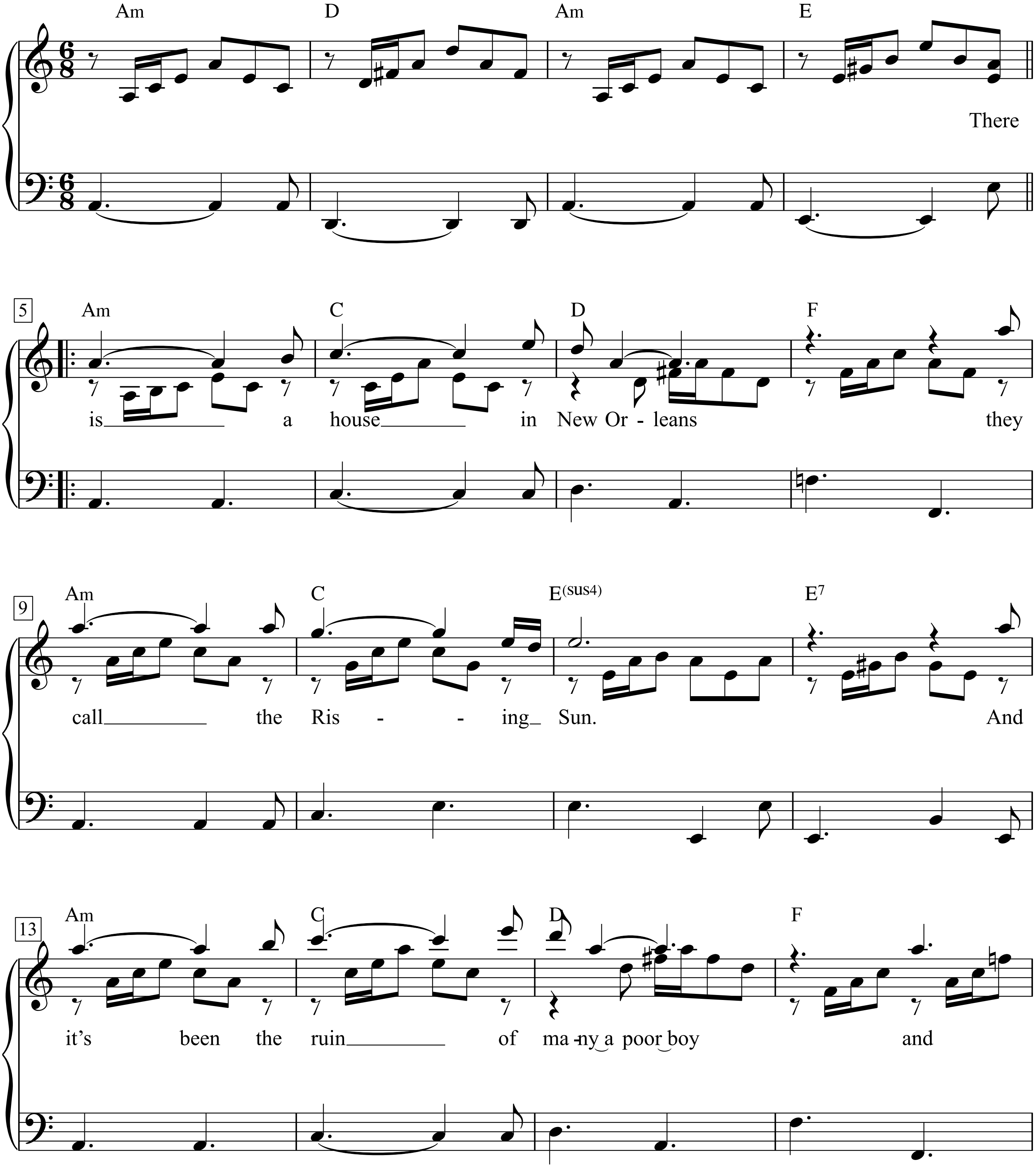
The House of the Rising Sun

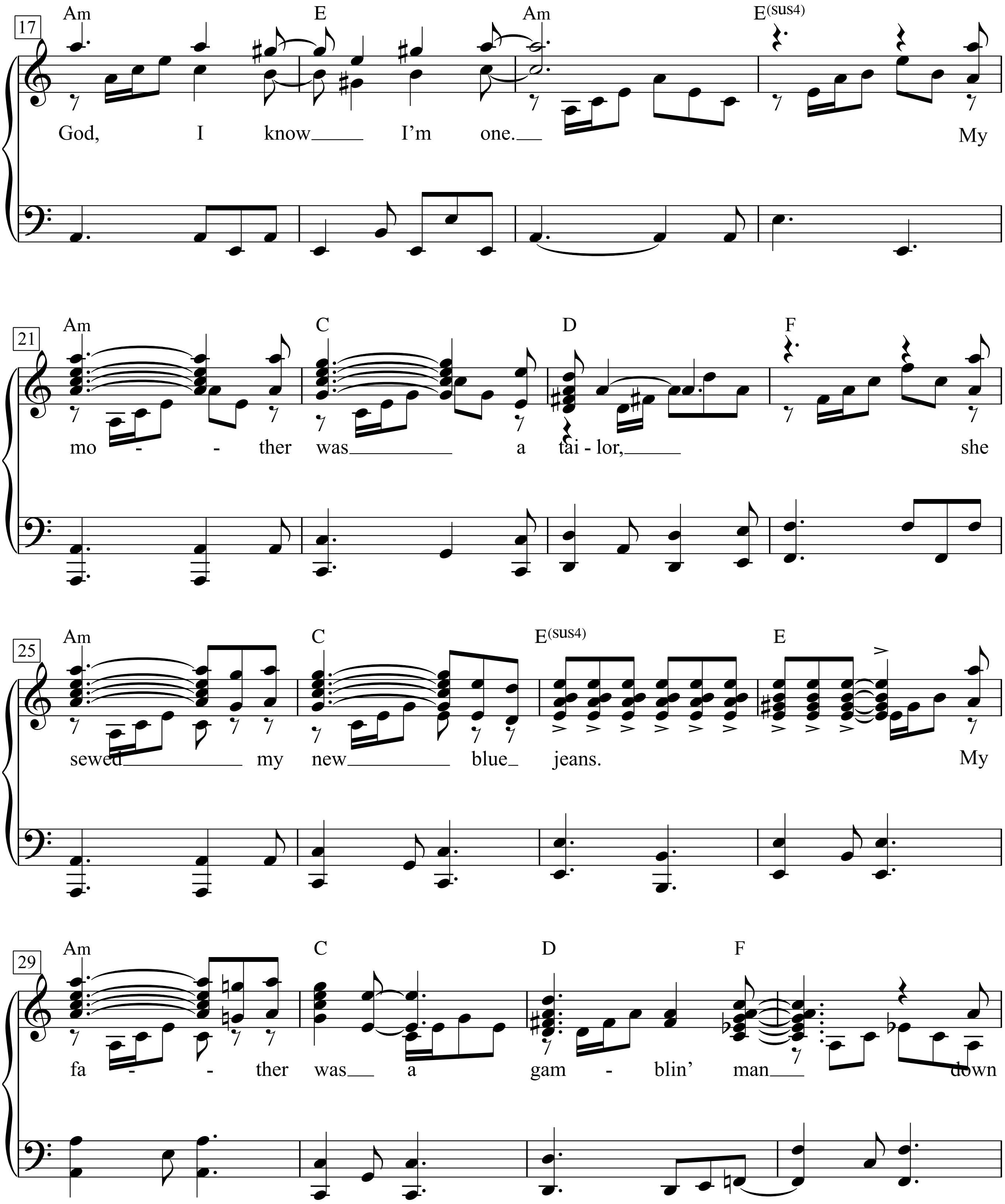


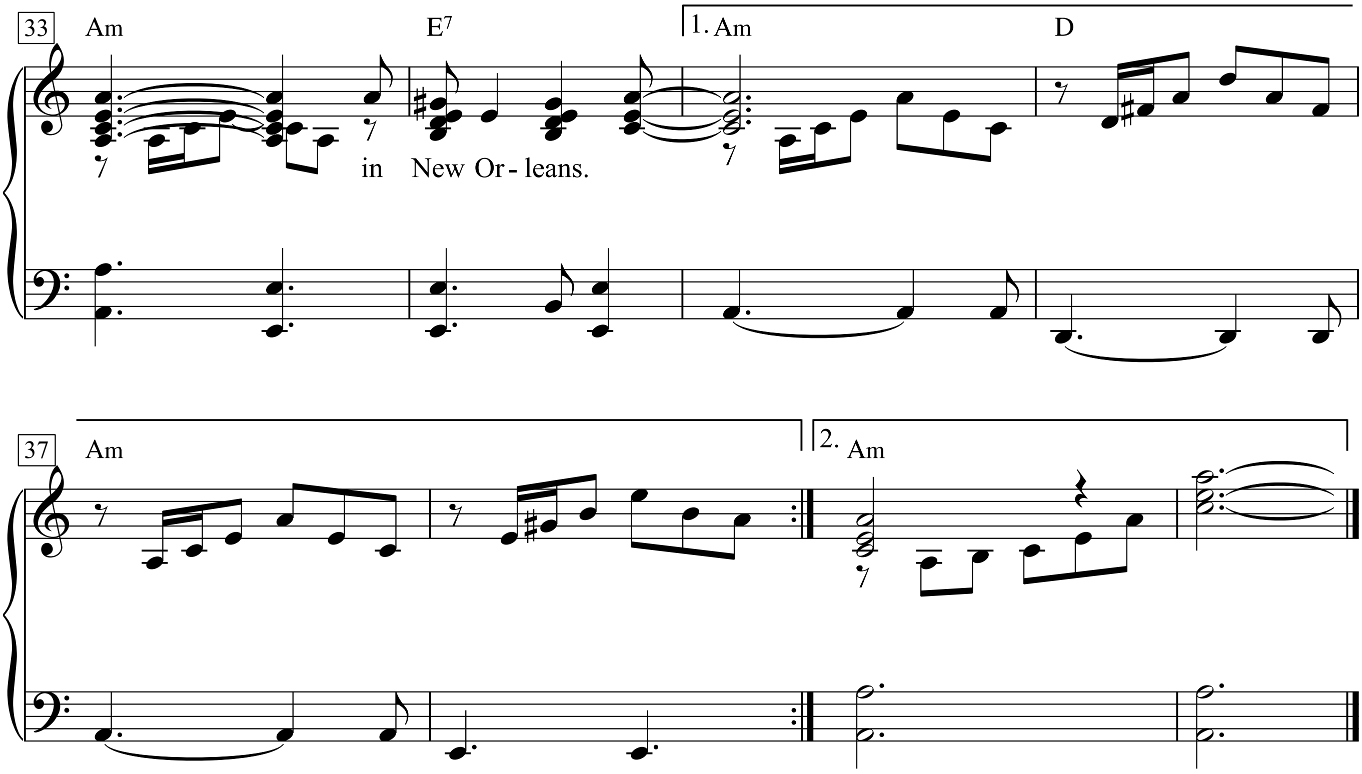
Student für Europa 1, 112

The House of the Rising Sun

The Animals




17
Am
E
Am
E(sus4)
God, I know I'm one. My
21
Am
C
D
F
mo - ther was a tai - lor, she
25
Am
C
E(sus4)
E
sewed my new blue jeans. My
29
Am
C
D
F
fa - ther was a gam - blin' man down



There is a house in New Orleans
they call the Rising Sun.
And it’s been the ruin of many a poor boy
and God, I know I’m one.

My mother was a tailor
She sewed my new blue jeans
My father was a gamblin’ man
Down in New Orleans

Now the only thing a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk
And the only time he’s satisfied
Is when he’s on a drunk

[Organ Solo]

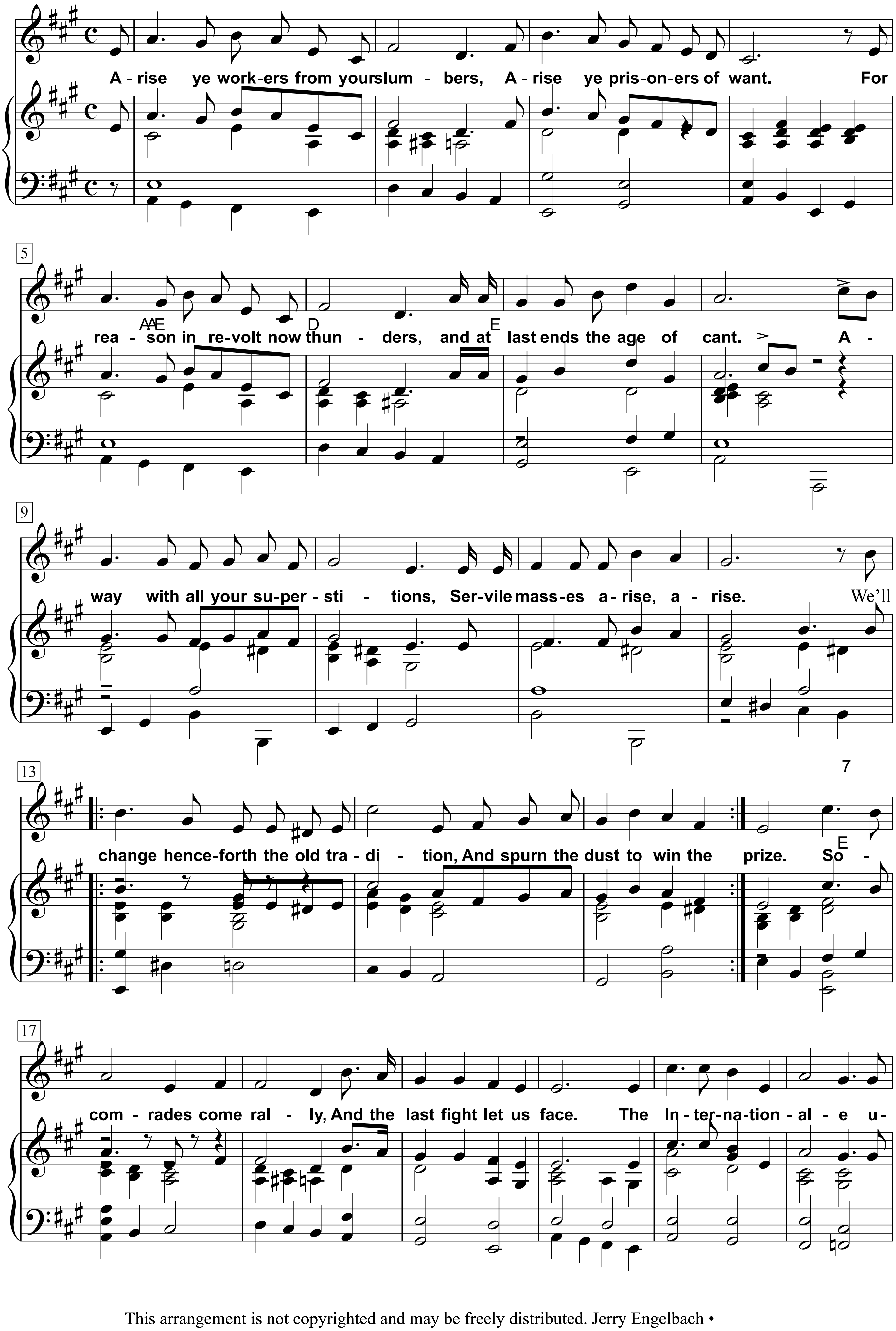
Oh mother, tell your children
Not to do what I have done
Spend your lives in sin and misery
In the House of the Rising Sun

Well, I got one foot on the platform
The other foot on the train
I’m goin’ back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chain

Well, there is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun
And it’s been the ruin of many a poor boy
And God, I know I’m one

Words by Eugene Pottier (1 871)

Music by Pierre Degeyter (1888)
Arranged by Jerry Engelbach, 2001



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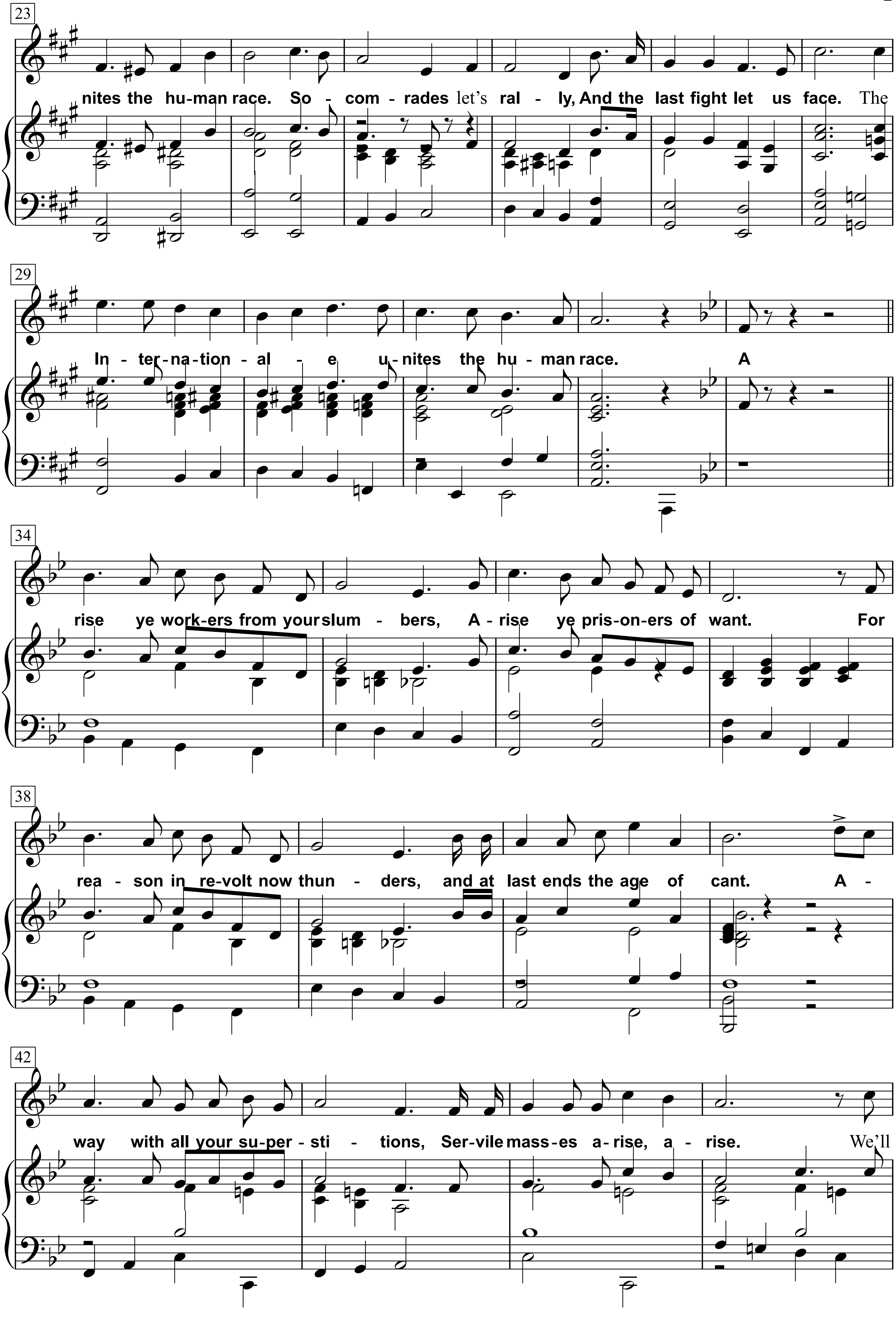
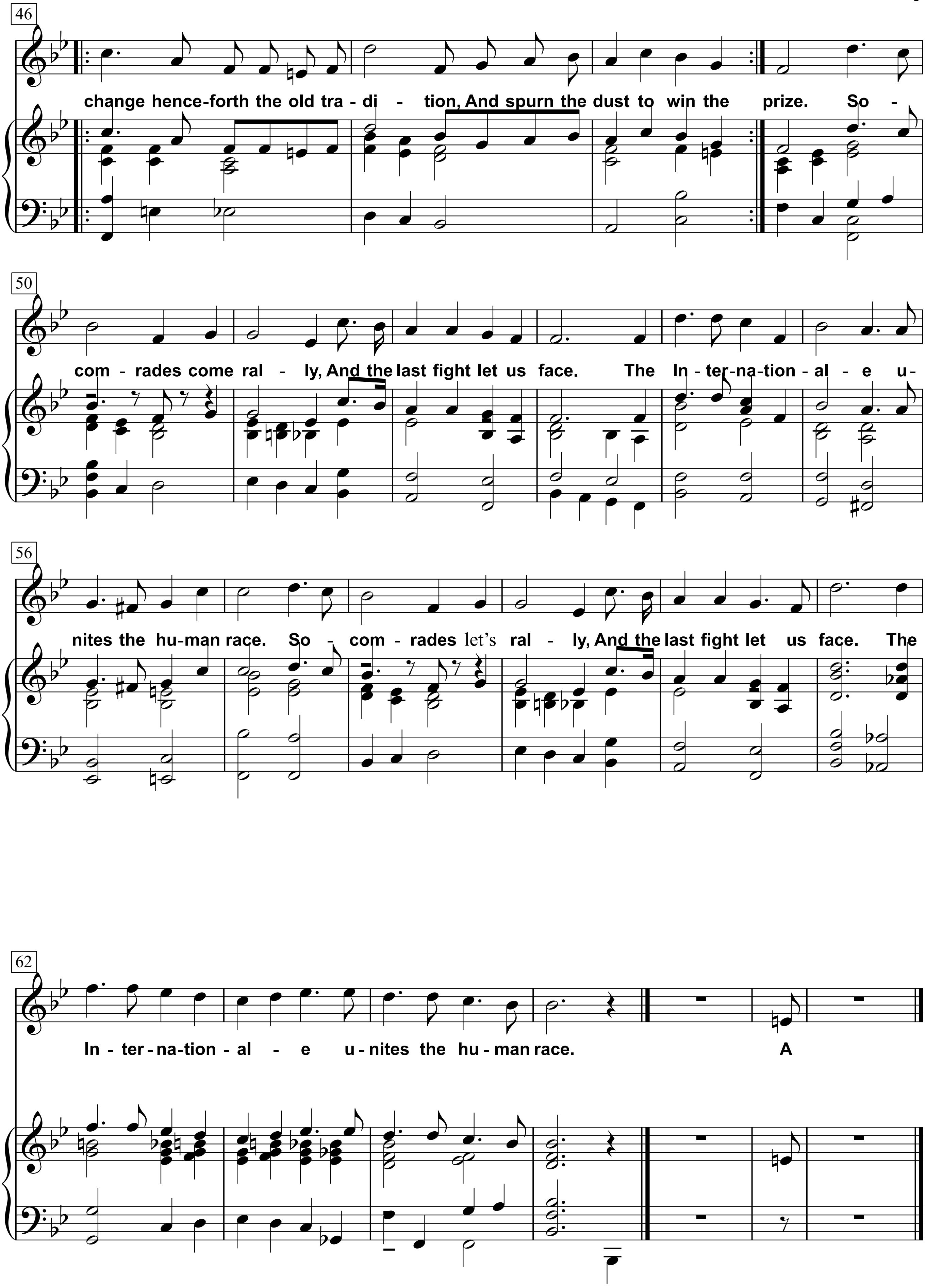
129 Fort Greene Place, Brooklyn, NY 11217 • 718-694-0822 • music@jerryengelbach.com •
www.music.jerryengelbach.com

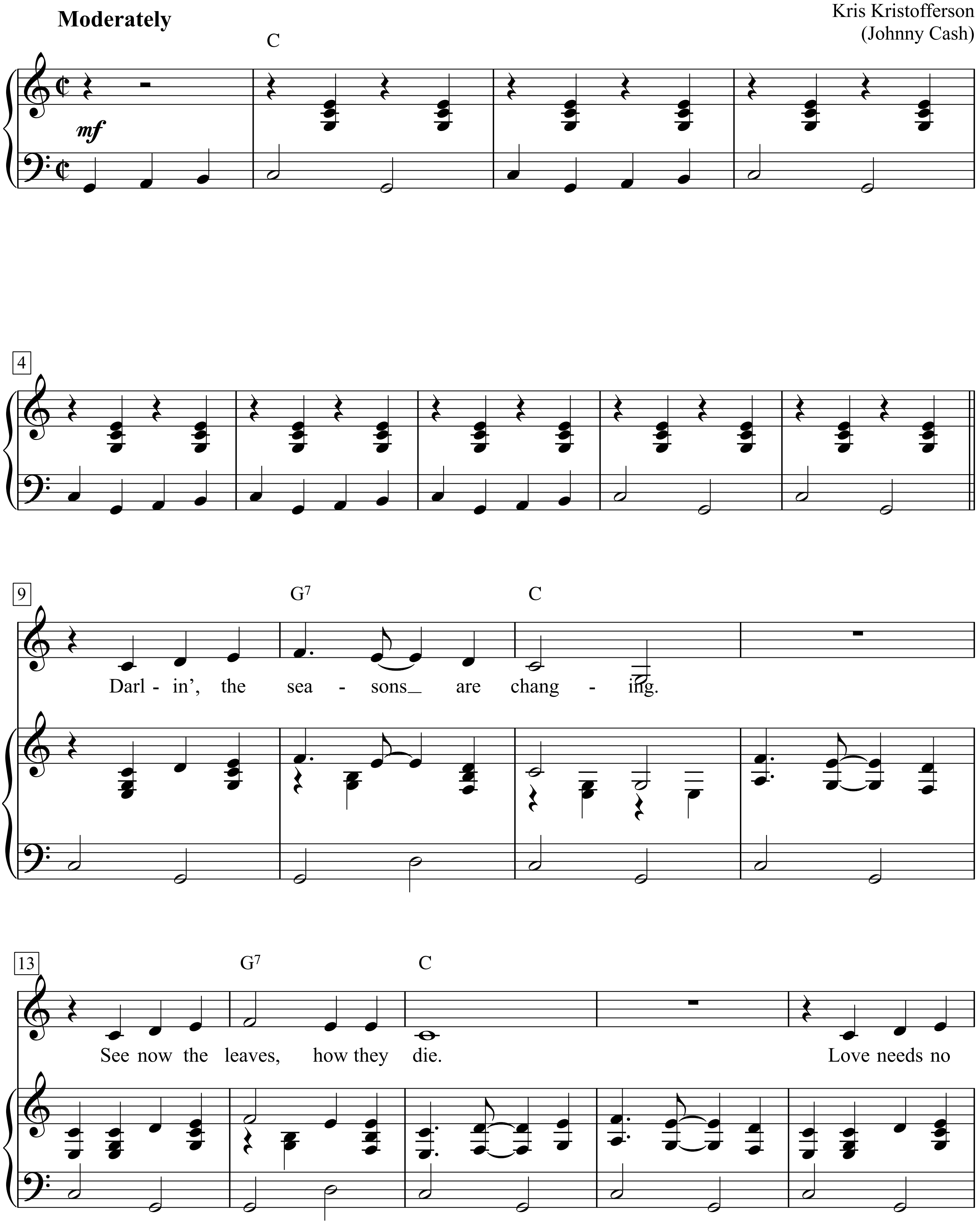
A

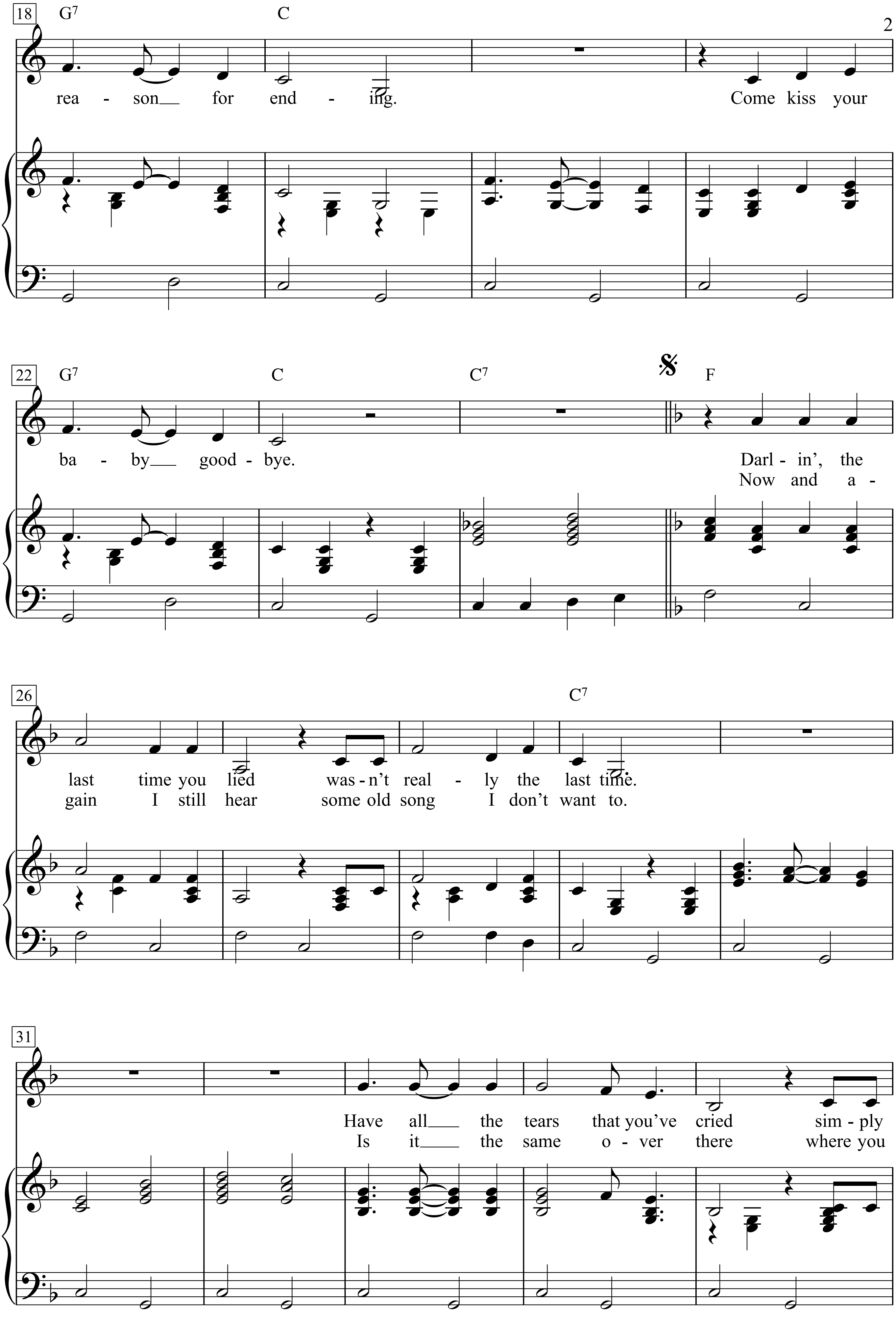

23
nites the hu-man race. So - com - rades let's ral - ly, And the last fight let us face. The
29
In - ter-na-tion - al - e u-nites the hu-man race. A
34
rise ye work-ers from your slum - bers, A - rise ye pris-on-ers of want. For
38
rea - son in re-volt now thun - ders, and at last ends the age of cant. A -
42
way with all your su-per - sti - tions, Ser-vile mass-es a-rise, a - rise. We'll

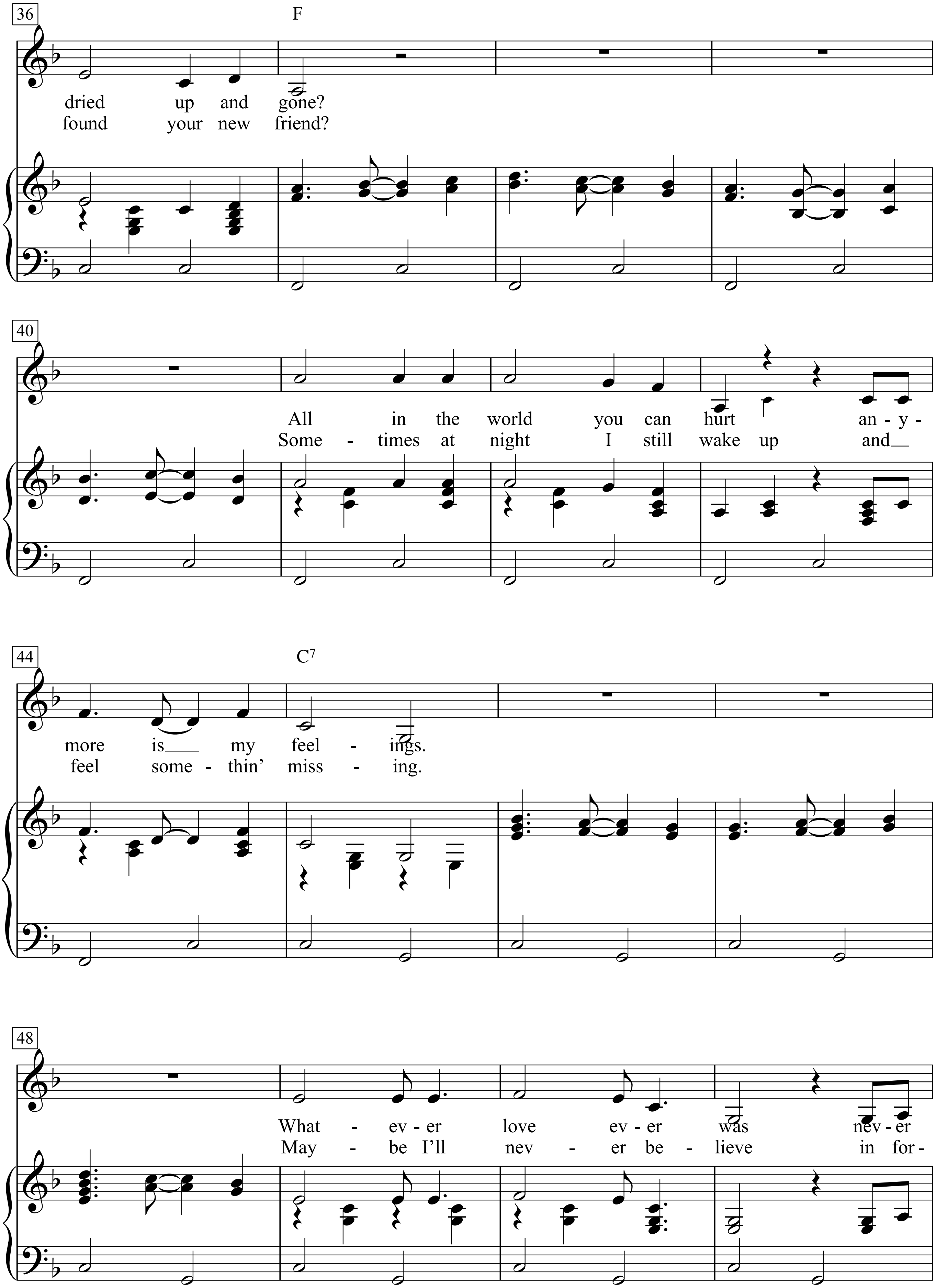

46
change hence-forth the old tra - di - tion, And spurn the dust to win the prize. So -
50
com - rades come ral - ly, And the last fight let us face. The In - ter-na-tion - al - e u-
56
nites the hu-man race. So - com - rades let's ral - ly, And the last fight let us face. The
62
In - ter - na-tion - al - e u - nites the hu - man race. A

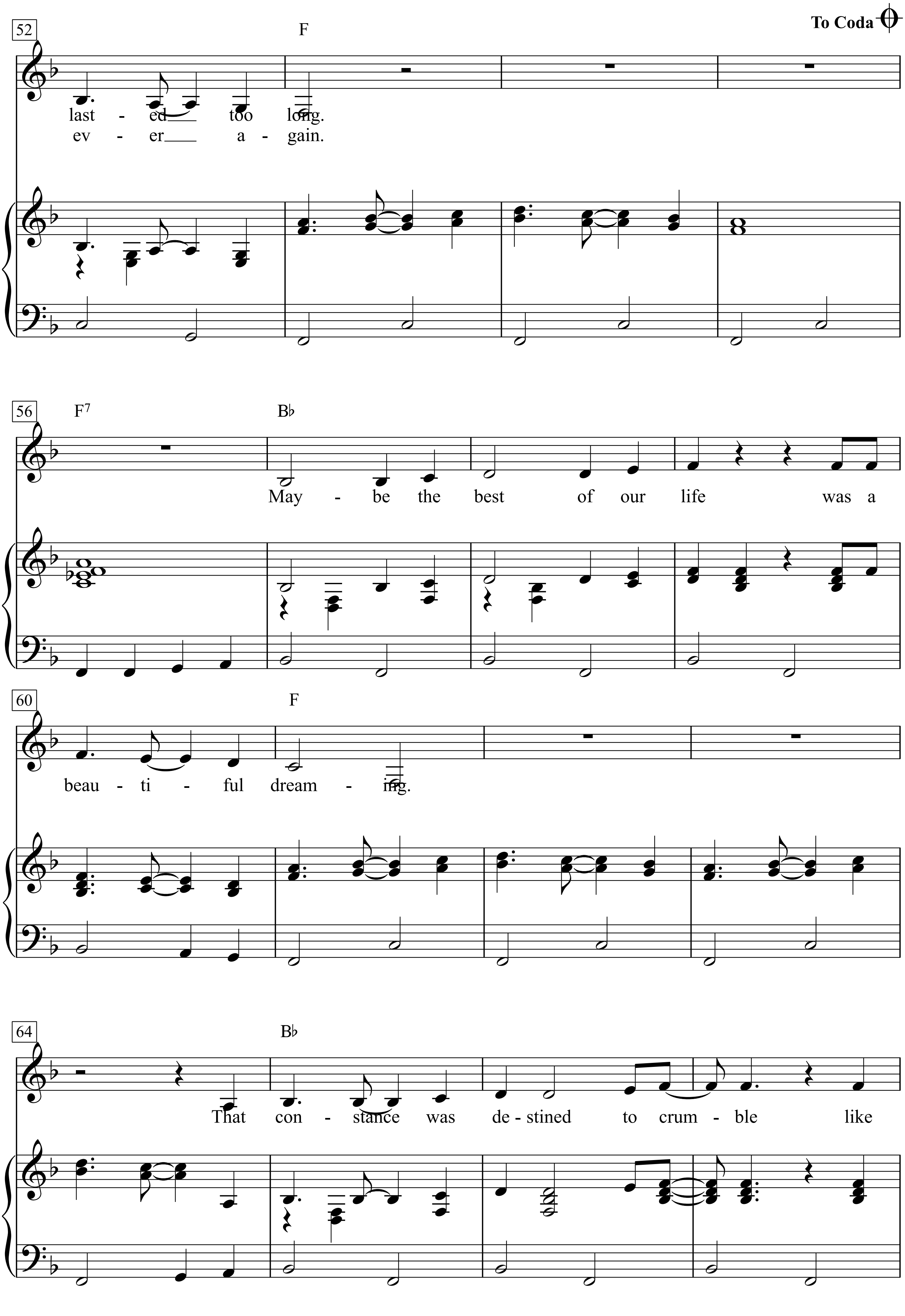
The Last Time

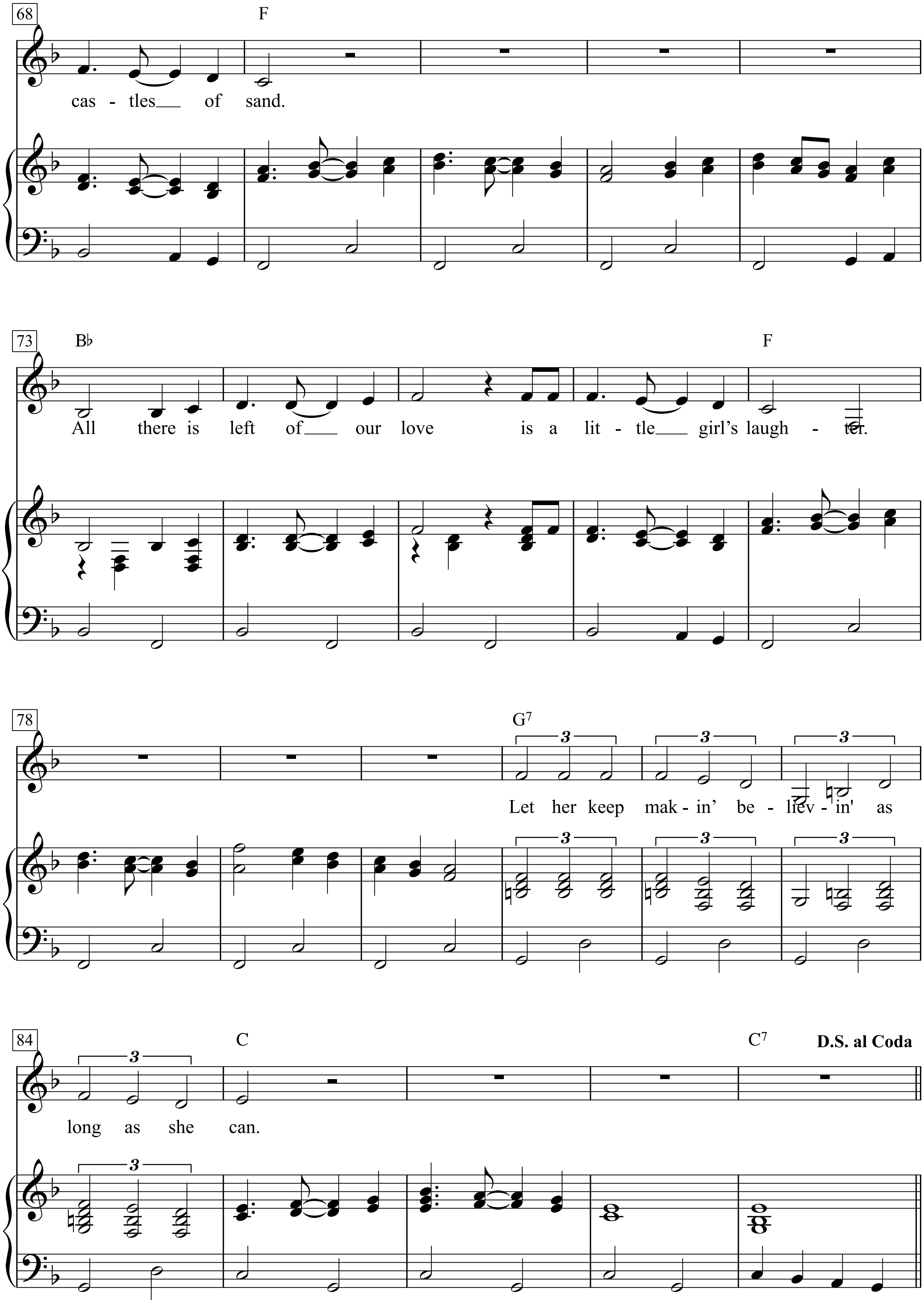
Word & Music by
Kris Kristofferson
(Johnny Cash)

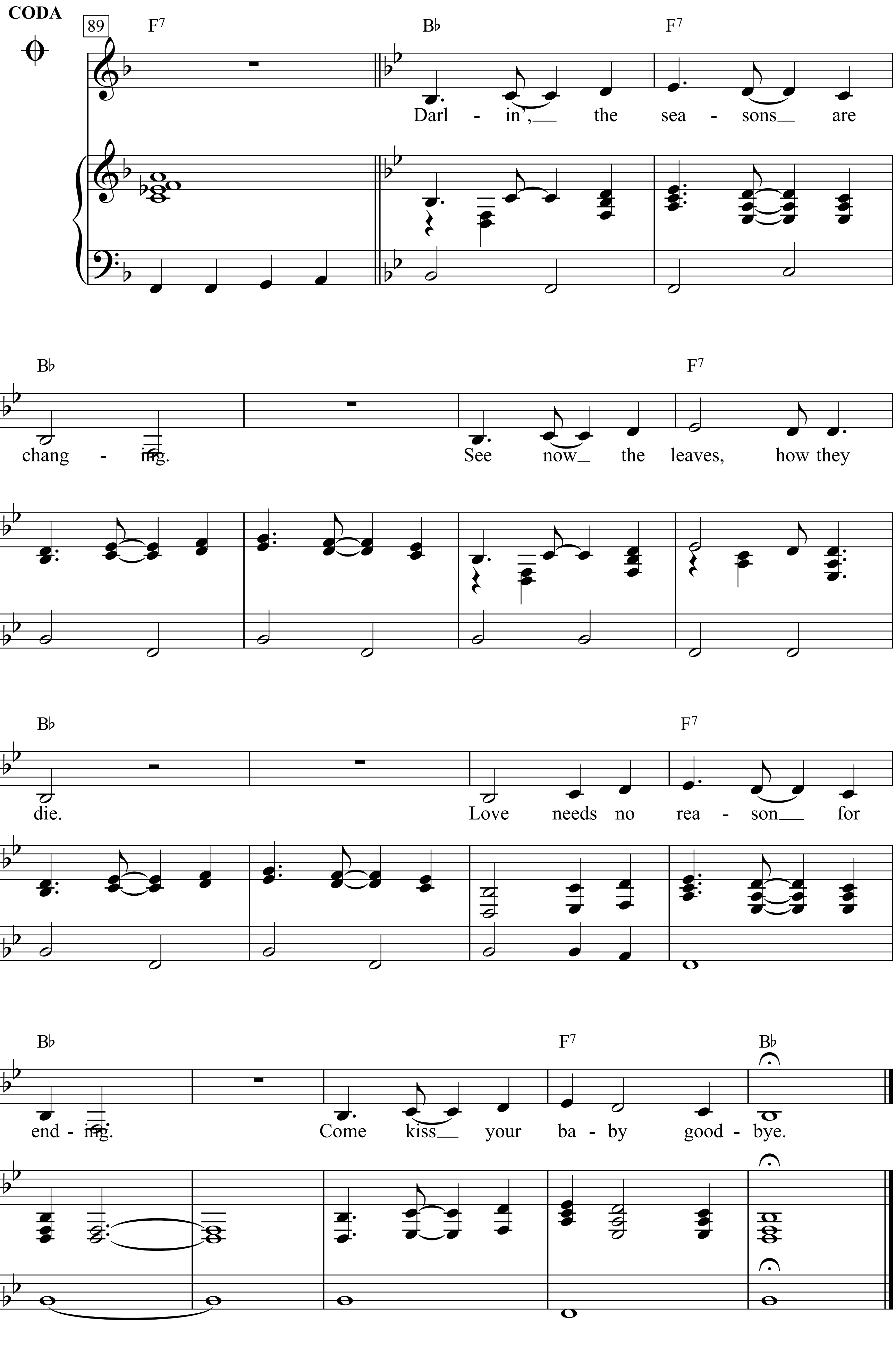



18
G7 C
rea - son for end - ing. Come kiss your
22
G7 C C7 F
ba - by good - bye. Darl - in', the
Now and a -
26
C7
last time you lied was - n't real - ly the last time.
gain I still hear some old song I don't want to.
31
Have all the tears that you've cried sim - ply
Is it the same o - ver there where you


36
F
dried up and gone?
found your new friend?
40
All in the world you can hurt an - y -
Some - times at night I still wake up and
44
C7
more is my feel - ings.
feel some - thin' miss - ing.
48
What - ev - er love ev - er was nev - er
May - be I'll nev - er be - lieve in for -


To Coda
52
F
last - ed too long.
ev - er a - gain.
56
F7
B♭
May - be the best of our life was a
60
F
beau - ti - ful dream - ing.
64
B♭
That con - stance was de - stined to crum - ble like


68
F
cas - tles of sand.
73
B♭
F
All there is left of our love is a lit - tle girl's laugh - ter.
78
G7
3
Let her keep mak - in' be - liev - in' as
84
C
C7
D.S. al Coda
long as she can.

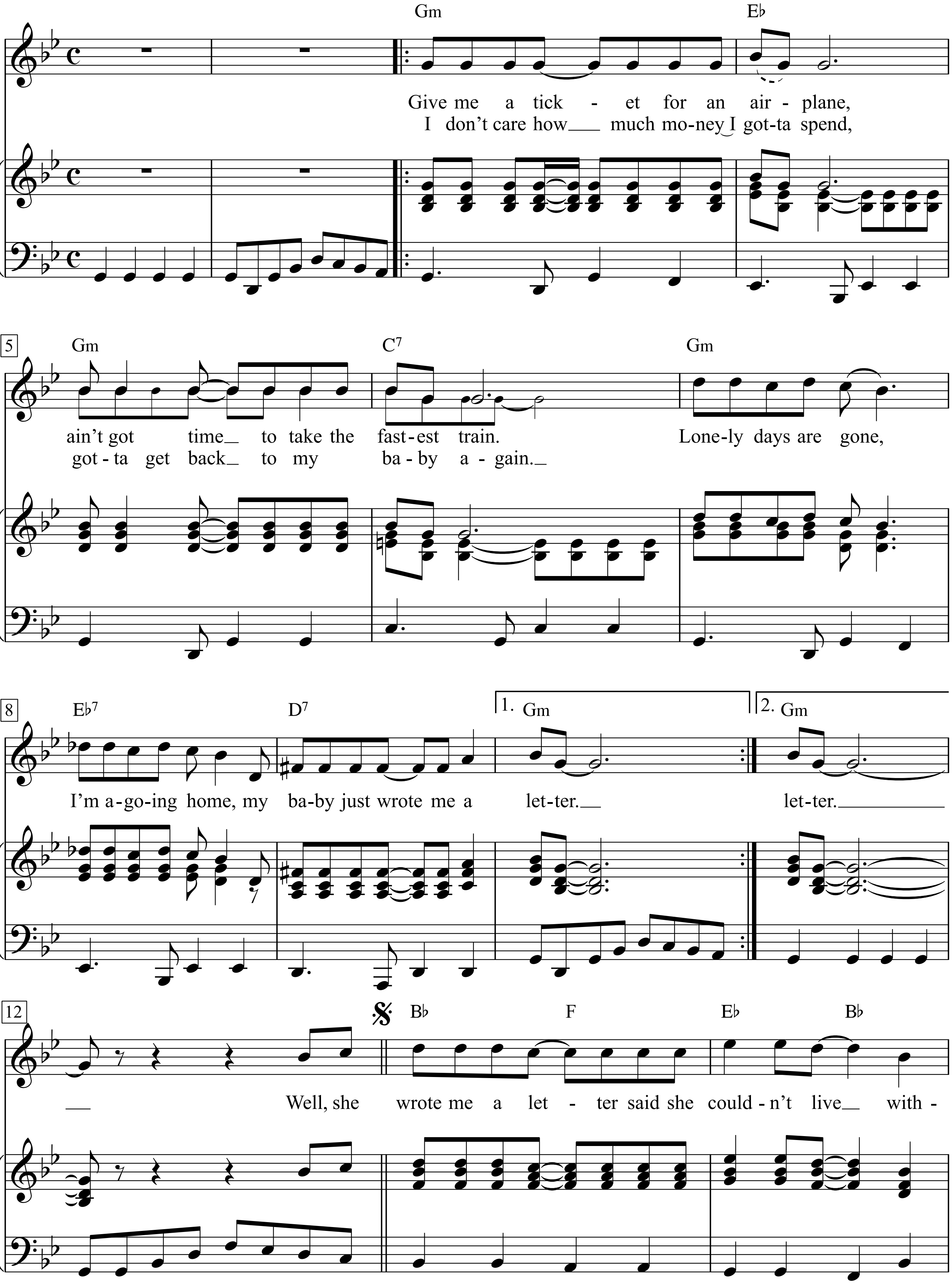

CODA
89
F7
B♭
F7
Darl - in',__ the sea - sons__ are
92
B♭
F7
chang - ing.
See now__ the leaves, how they
96
B♭
F7
die.
Love needs no rea - son__ for
100
B♭
F7
B♭
end - ing.
Come kiss__ your ba - by good - bye.

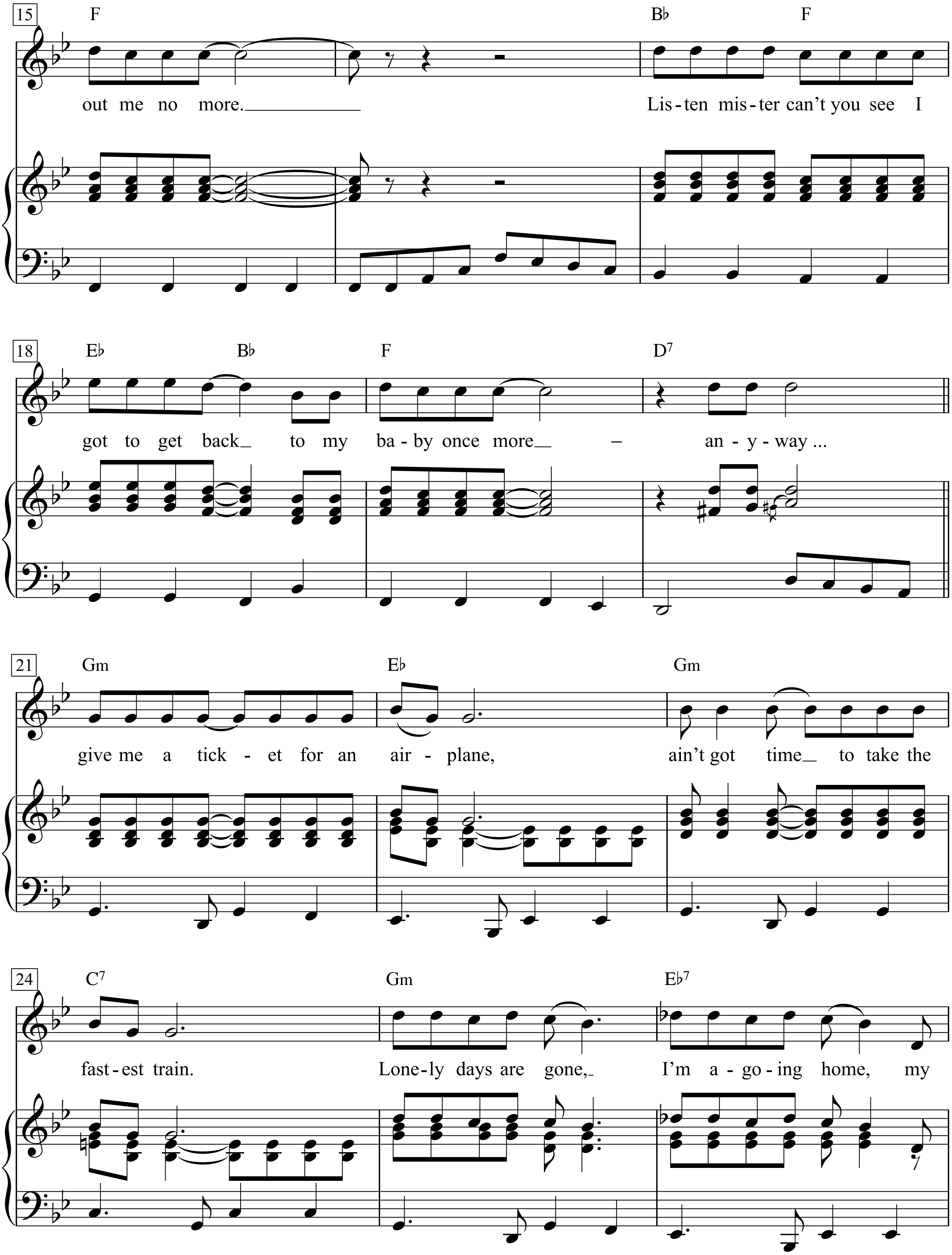
1. Darlin', the seasons are changing.
See now the leaves, how they die.
Love needs no reason for ending.
Come kiss your baby goodbye.
Darlin', the last time you lied wasn't really the last time.
Have all the tears that you've cried simply dried up and gone?
All in the world you can hurt anymore is my feelings.
Whatever love ever was never lasted too long.
Maybe the best of our life was a beautiful dreaming.
That constance was destined to crumble like castles of sand.
All there is left of our love is a little girl's laughter.
Let her keep makin' believin' as long as she can.
Darlin', the seasons are changing.
See now the leaves, how they die.
Love needs no reason for ending.
Come kiss your baby goodbye.

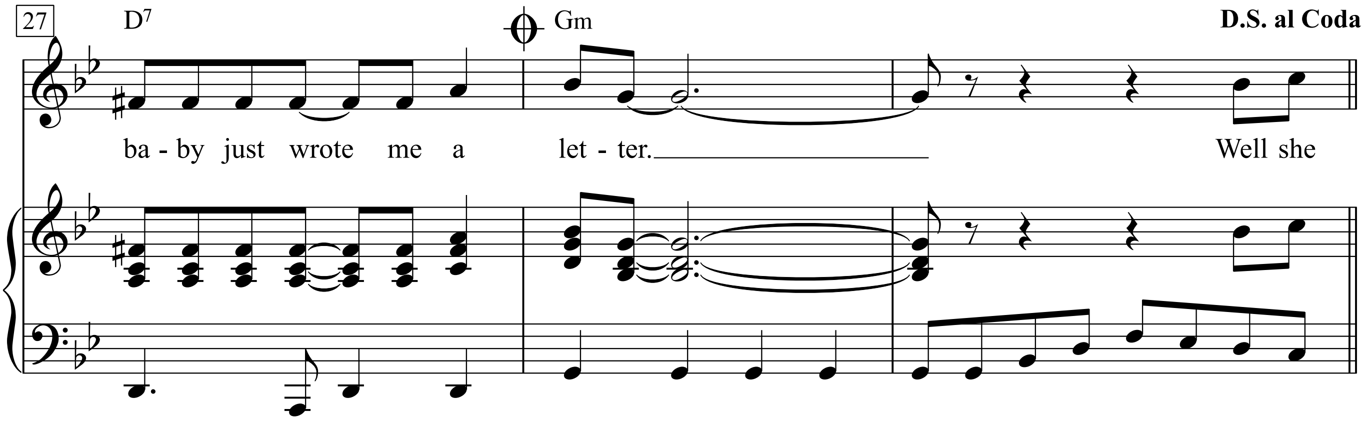
2. Now and again I still hear some old song I don't want to.
Is it the same over there where you found your new friend?
Sometimes at night I still wake up and feel somethin' missing.
Maybe I'll never believe in forever again.

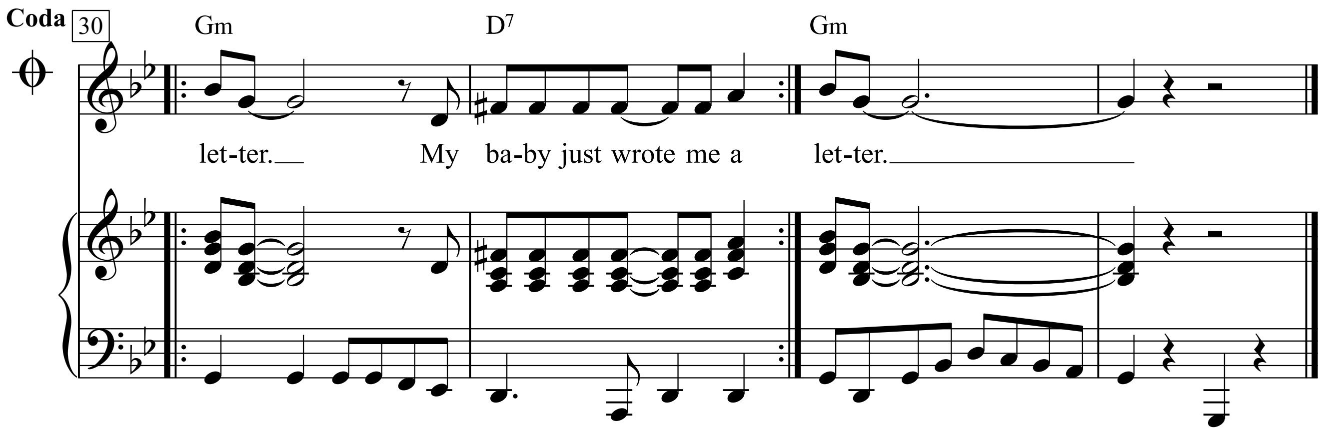
The Letter

Words & Music by
Wayne Carson
(Box Tops; Joe Cocker)




15
F
Bb
F
out me no more.
Lis-ten mis-ter can't you see I
18
Eb
Bb
F
D7
got to get back to my ba-by once more – an-y-way ...
21
Gm
Eb
Gm
give me a tick-et for an air-plane, ain't got time to take the
24
C7
Gm
Eb7
fast-est train. Lone-ly days are gone, I'm a-go-ing home, my





Give me a ticket for an airplane,
ain't got time to take the fastest train.
Lonely days are gone,
I'm a-going home, my baby just wrote me a letter.

I don't care how much money I gotta spend,
gotta get back to my baby again.
Lonely days are gone,
I'm a-going home, my baby just wrote me a letter.

Well, she wrote me a letter
said she couldn't live without me no more.
Listen mister can't you see
I got to get back to my baby once more – anyway ...

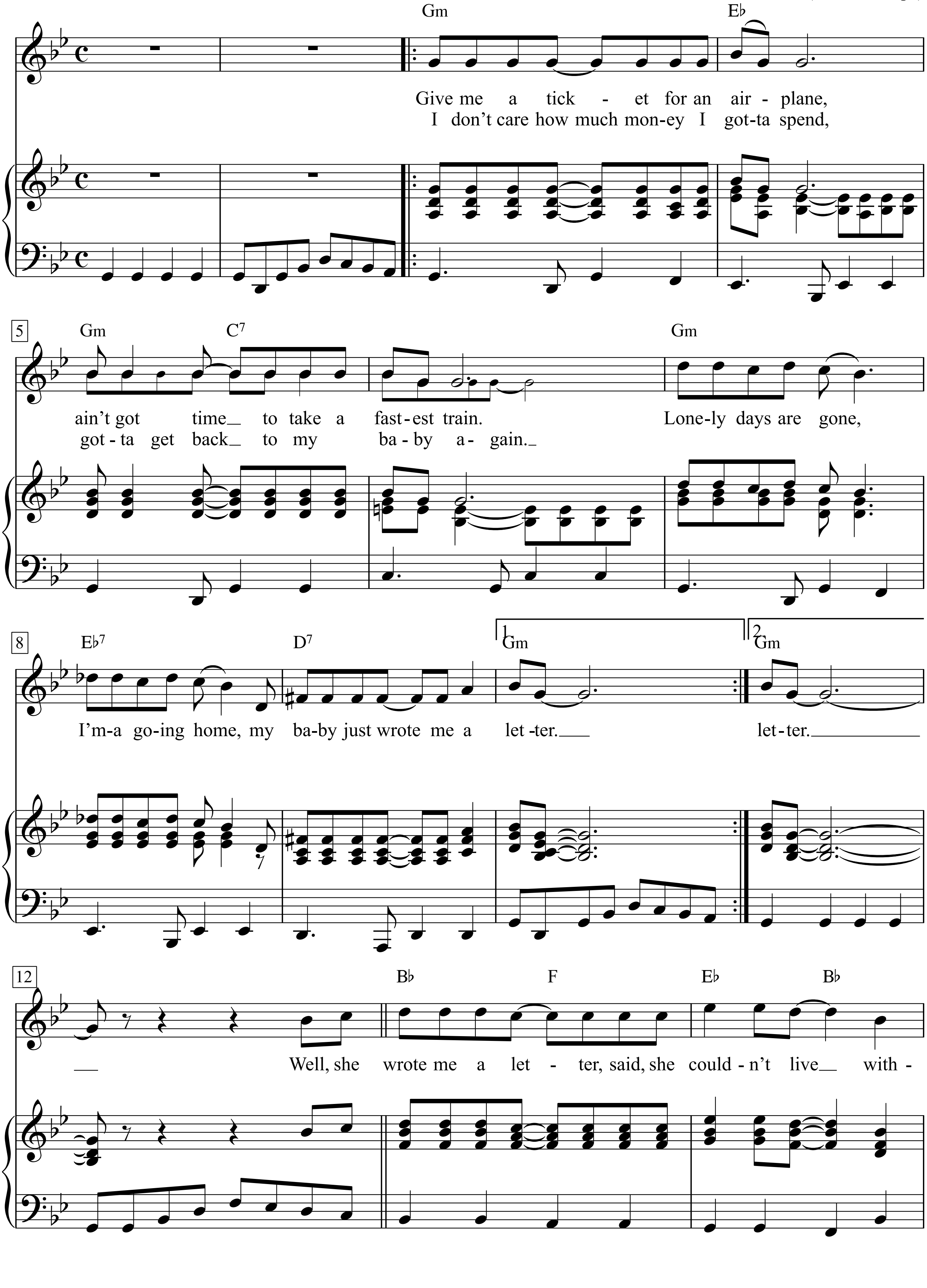
give me a ticket for an airplane,
ain't got time to take the fastest train.
Lonely days are gone,
I'm a-going home, my baby just wrote me a letter.

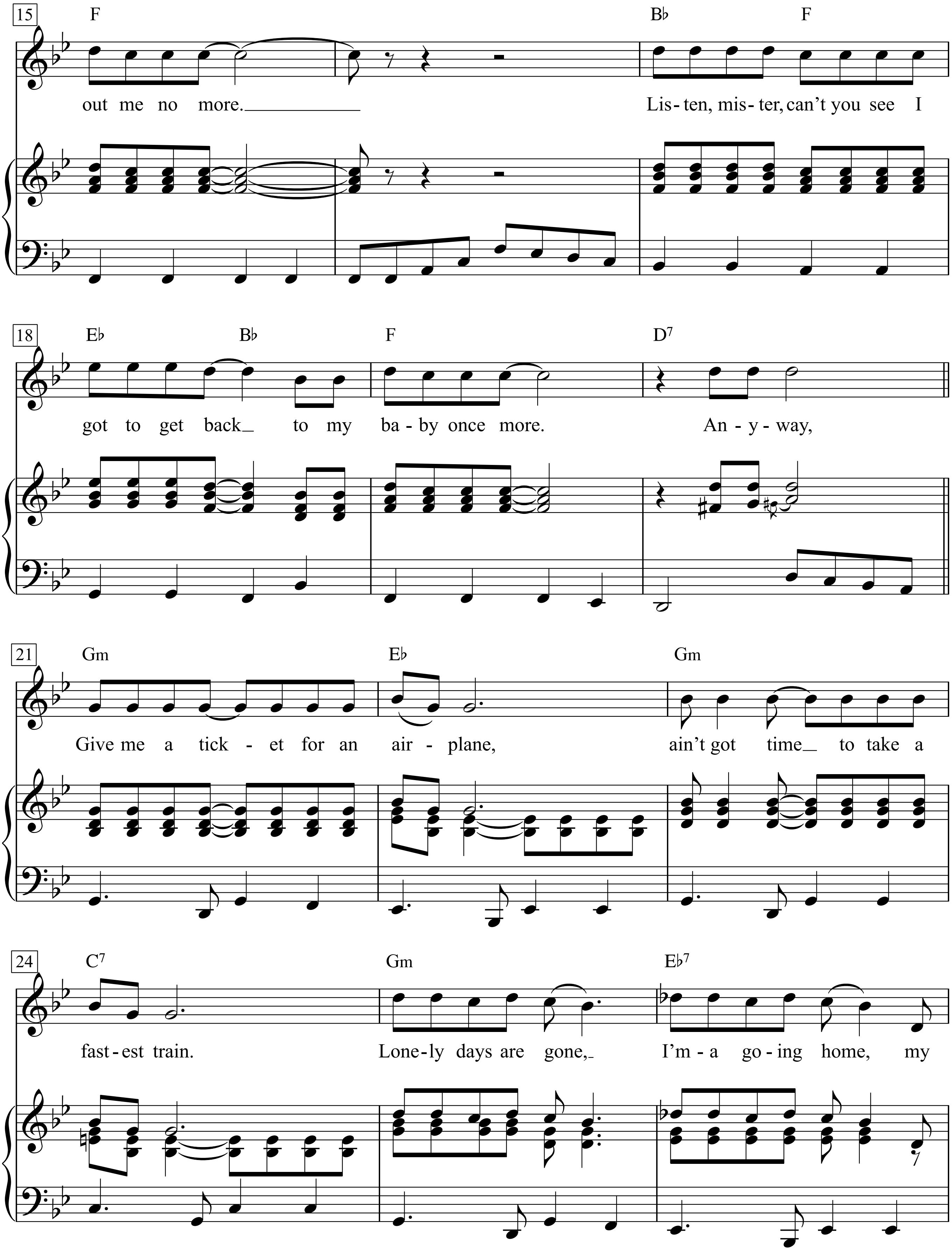
Well she wrote me a letter
said she couldn't live without me no more.
Listen mister can't you see
I got to get back to my baby once more – anyway ...

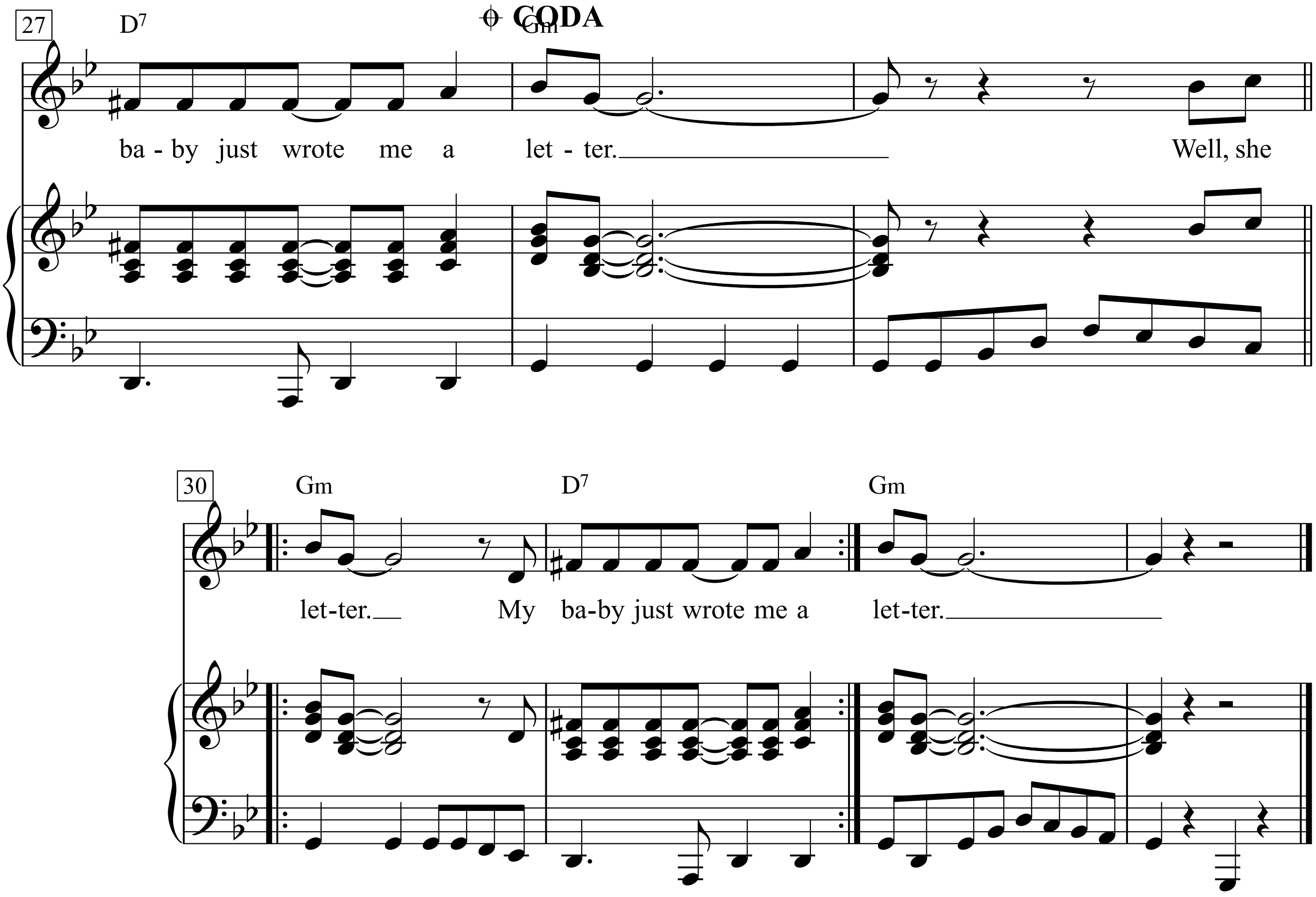
give me a ticket for an airplane,
ain't got time to take the fastest train.
Lonely days are gone,
I'm a-going home, my baby just wrote me a letter.

The Letter

Words & Music by Wayne Carson
(The Box Tops)



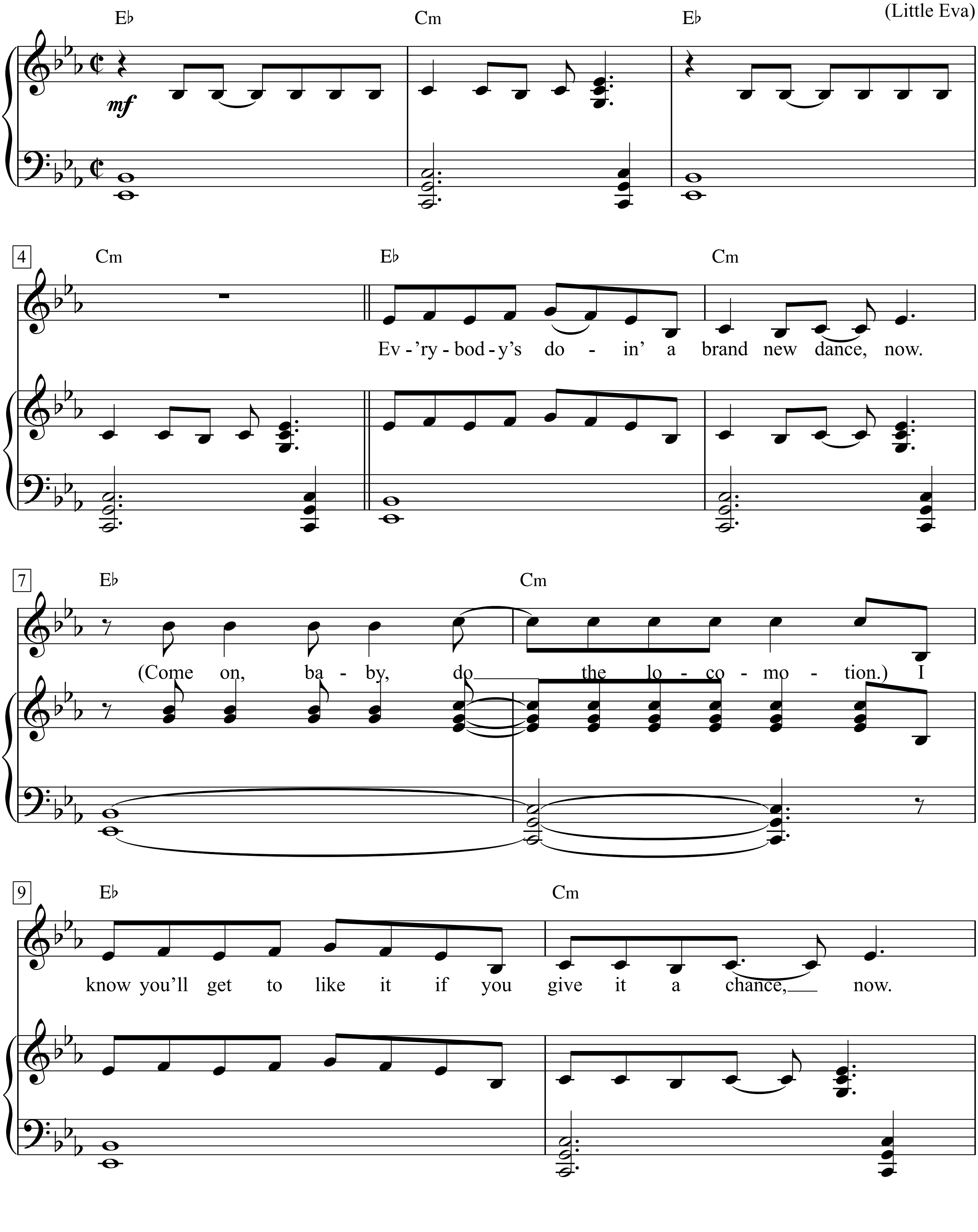

15
F
B♭
F
out me no more.
Lis- ten, mis- ter, can't you see I
18
E♭
B♭
F
D7
got to get back to my ba - by once more.
An - y - way,
21
Gm
E♭
Gm
Give me a tick - et for an air - plane,
ain't got time to take a
24
C7
Gm
E♭7
fast - est train.
Lone - ly days are gone,
I'm - a go - ing home, my

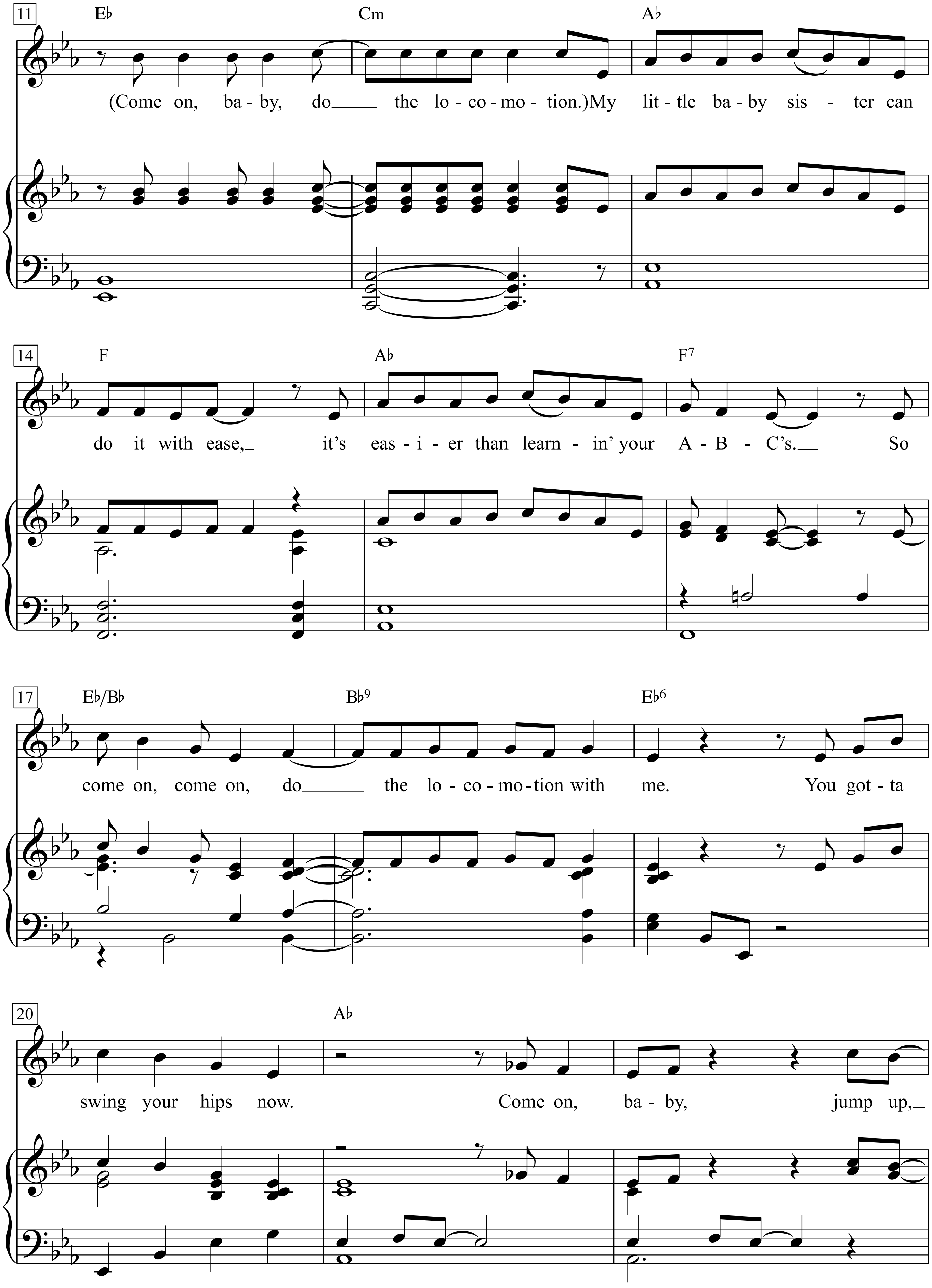

27
D7
CODA
Gm
ba - by just wrote me a let - ter.
Well, she
30
Gm
D7
Gm
let-ter.
My ba-by just wrote me a let-ter.

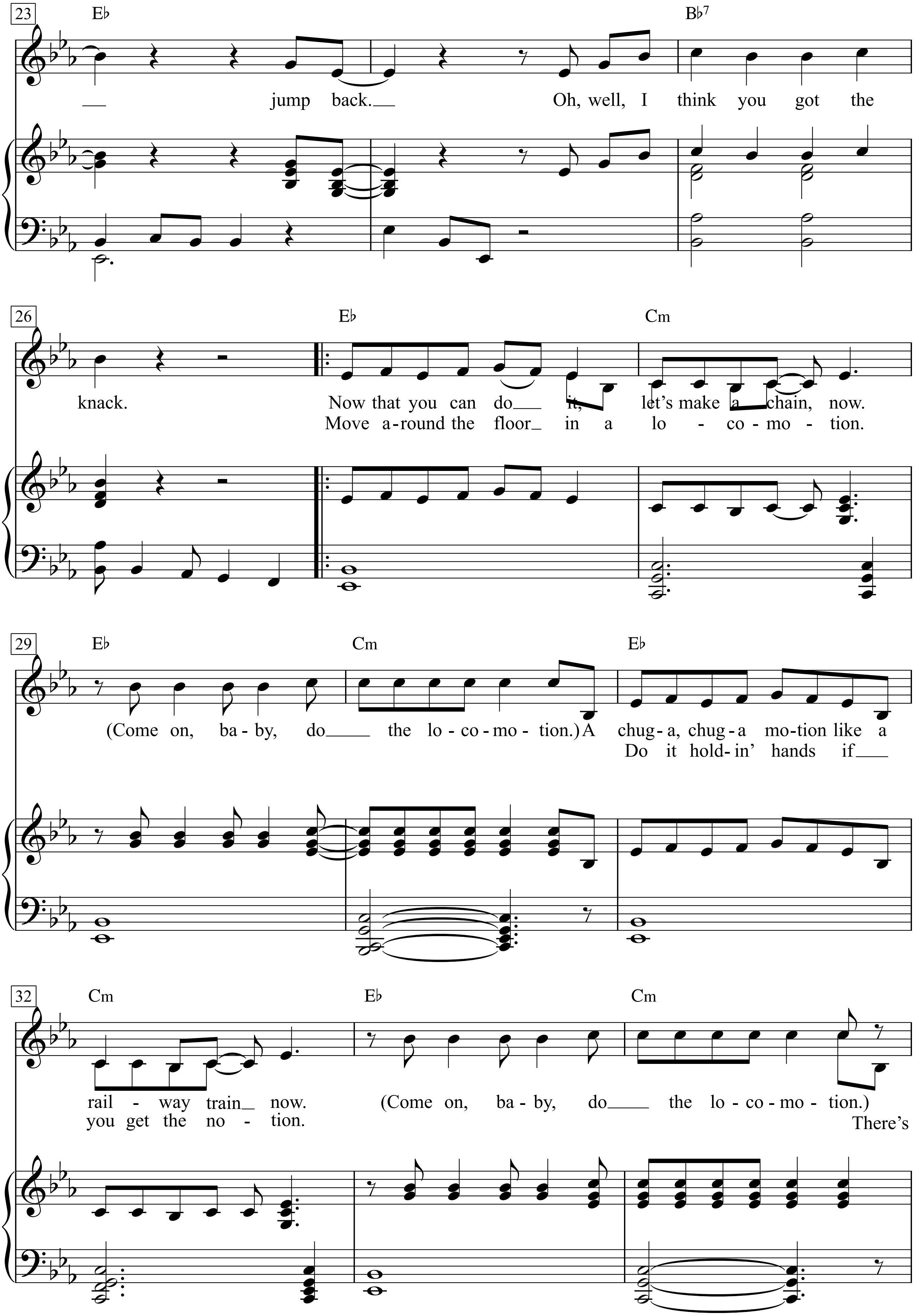
Loco-motion

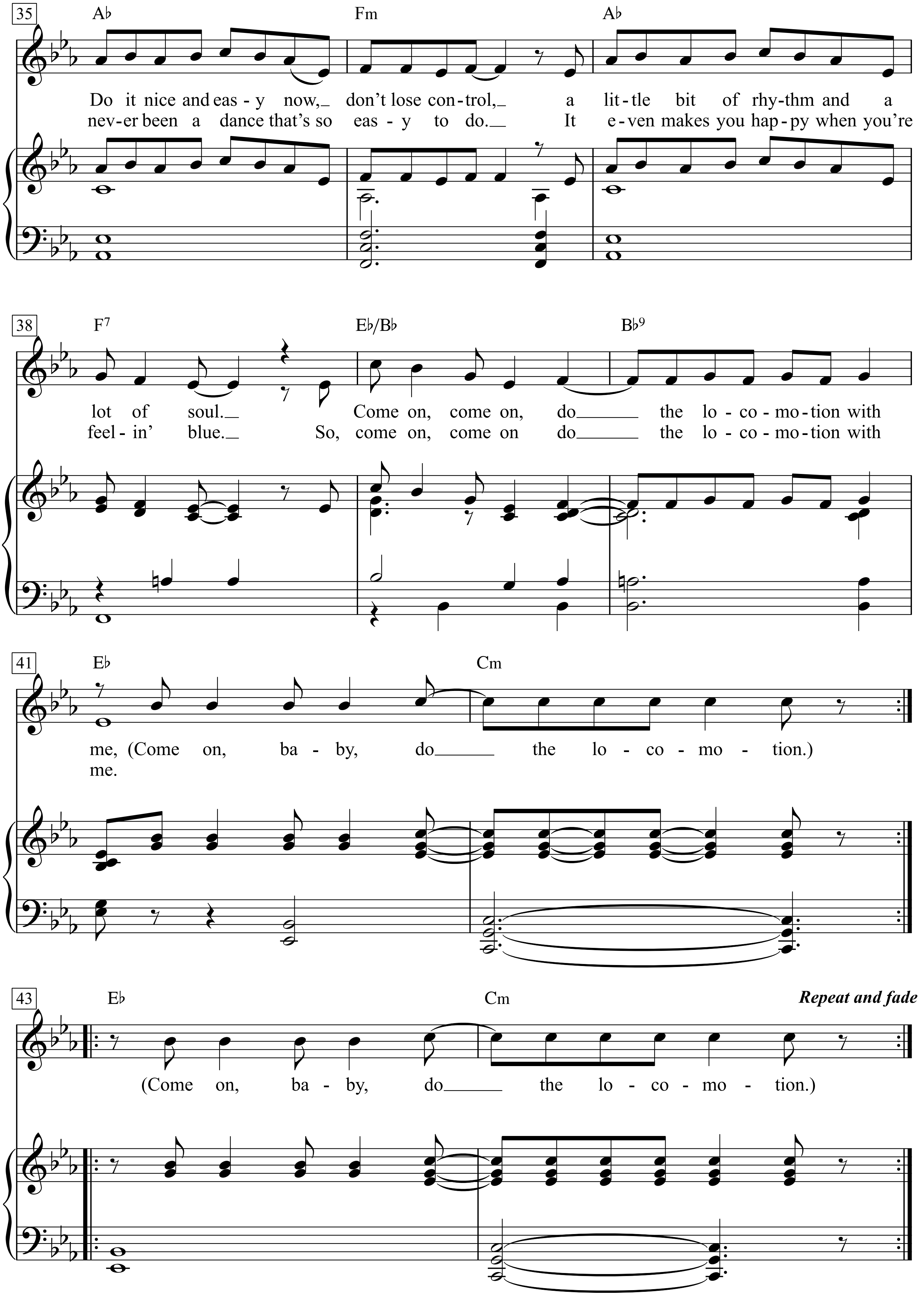
Moderately

Words & Music by
Gerry Goffin and Carole King
(Little Eva)




11
E♭
Cm
A♭
(Come on, ba - by, do the lo - co - mo - tion.) My lit - tle ba - by sis - ter can
14
F
A♭
F7
do it with ease, it's eas - i - er than learn - in' your A - B - C's. So
17
E♭/B♭
B♭9
E♭6
come on, come on, do the lo - co - mo - tion with me. You got - ta
20
A♭
swing your hips now. Come on, ba - by, jump up,

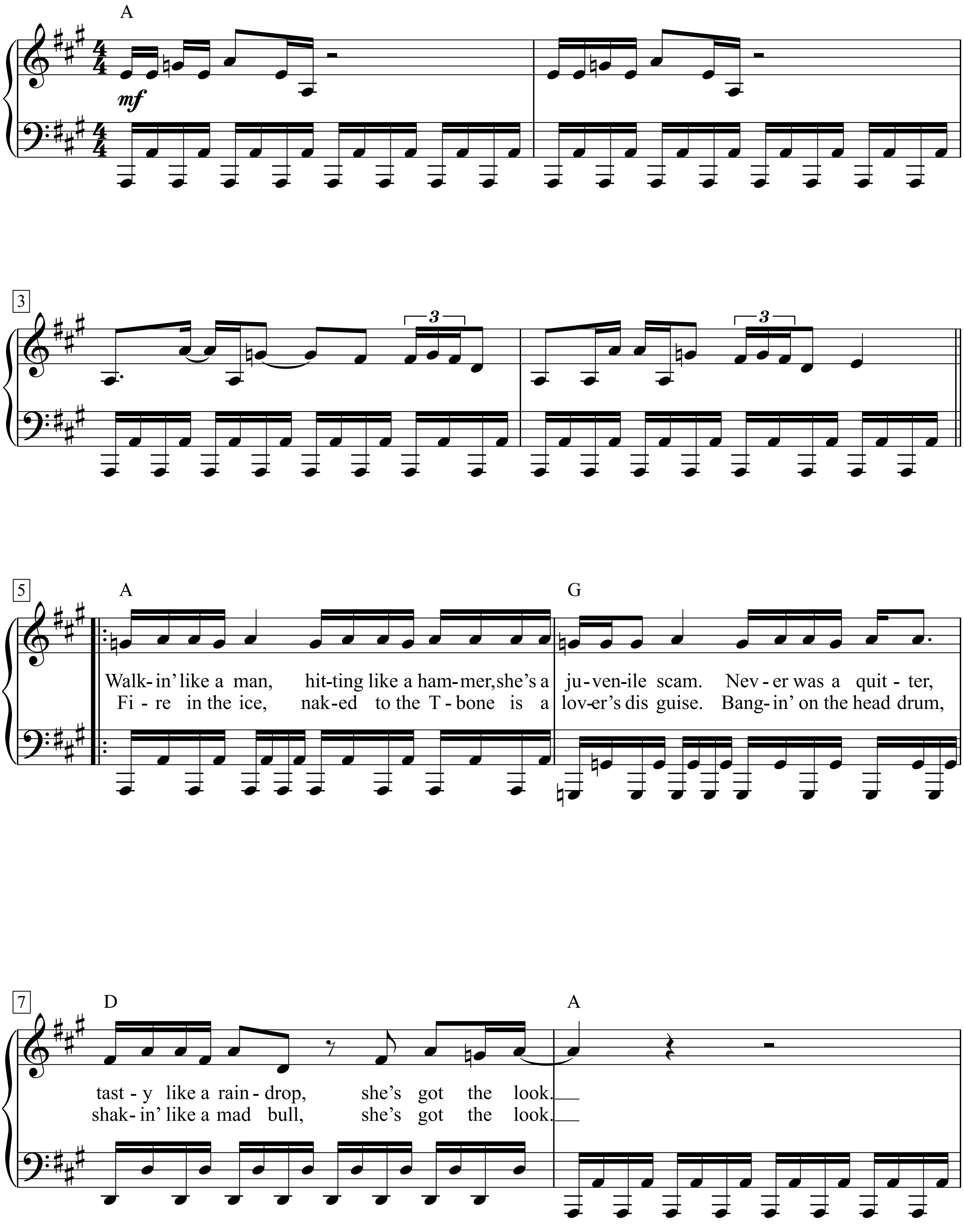

23
E♭
B♭7
jump back. Oh, well, I think you got the
26
E♭
Cm
knack. Now that you can do it, let's make a chain, now.
Move a-round the floor in a lo - co-mo - tion.
29
E♭
Cm
E♭
(Come on, ba-by, do the lo-co-mo-tion.) A chug-a, chug-a mo-tion like a
Do it hold-in' hands if
32
Cm
E♭
Cm
rail - way train now. (Come on, ba-by, do the lo-co-mo-tion.)
you get the no - tion. There's

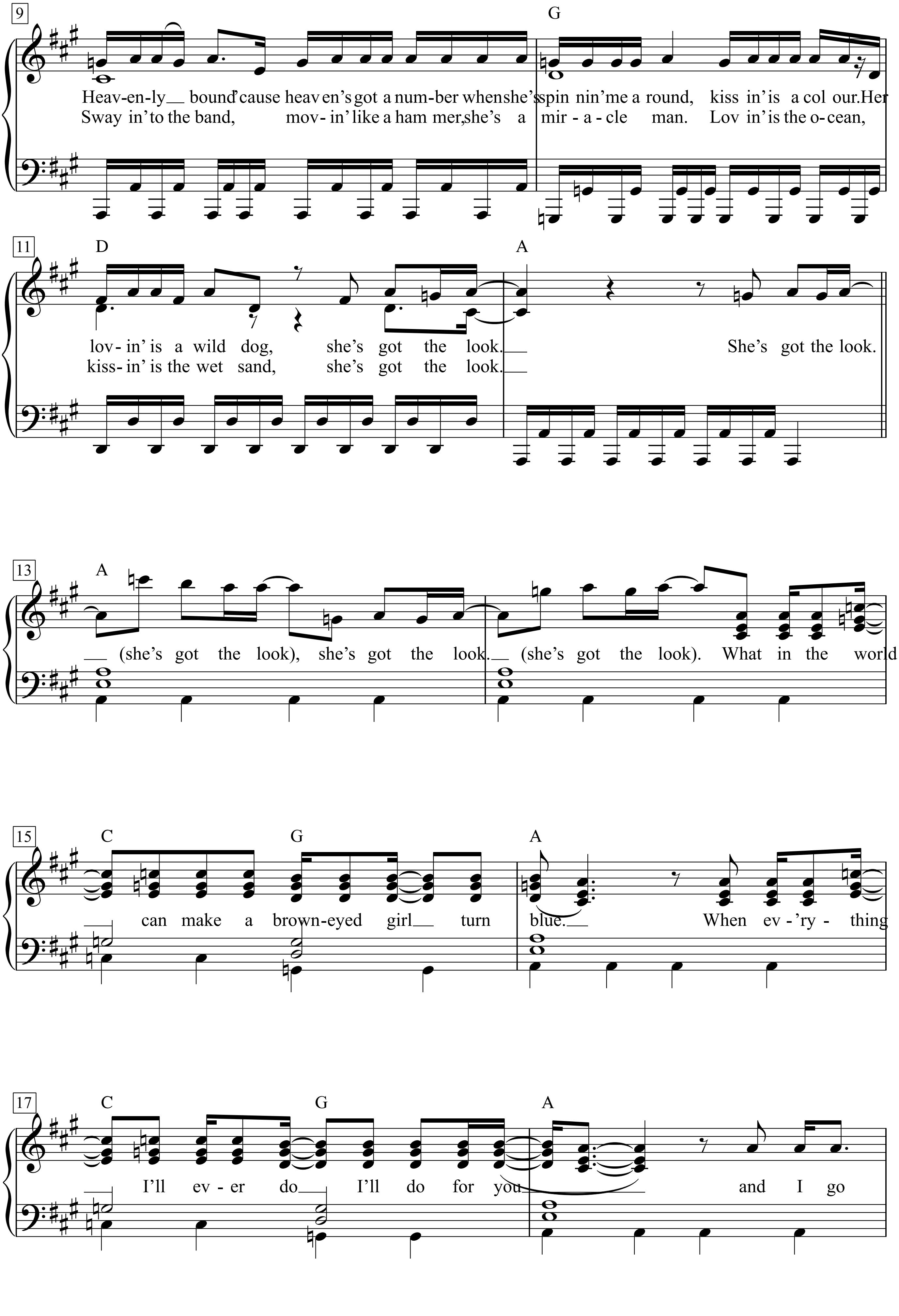

35
A♭ Fm A♭
Do it nice and eas - y now, don't lose con - trol, a lit - tle bit of rhy - thm and a
nev - er been a dance that's so eas - y to do. It e - ven makes you hap - py when you're
38
F7 E♭/B♭ B♭9
lot of soul. Come on, come on, do the lo - co - mo - tion with
feel - in' blue. So, come on, come on do the lo - co - mo - tion with
41
E♭ Cm
me, (Come on, ba - by, do the lo - co - mo - tion.)
me.
43
E♭ Cm
Repeat and fade
(Come on, ba - by, do the lo - co - mo - tion.)

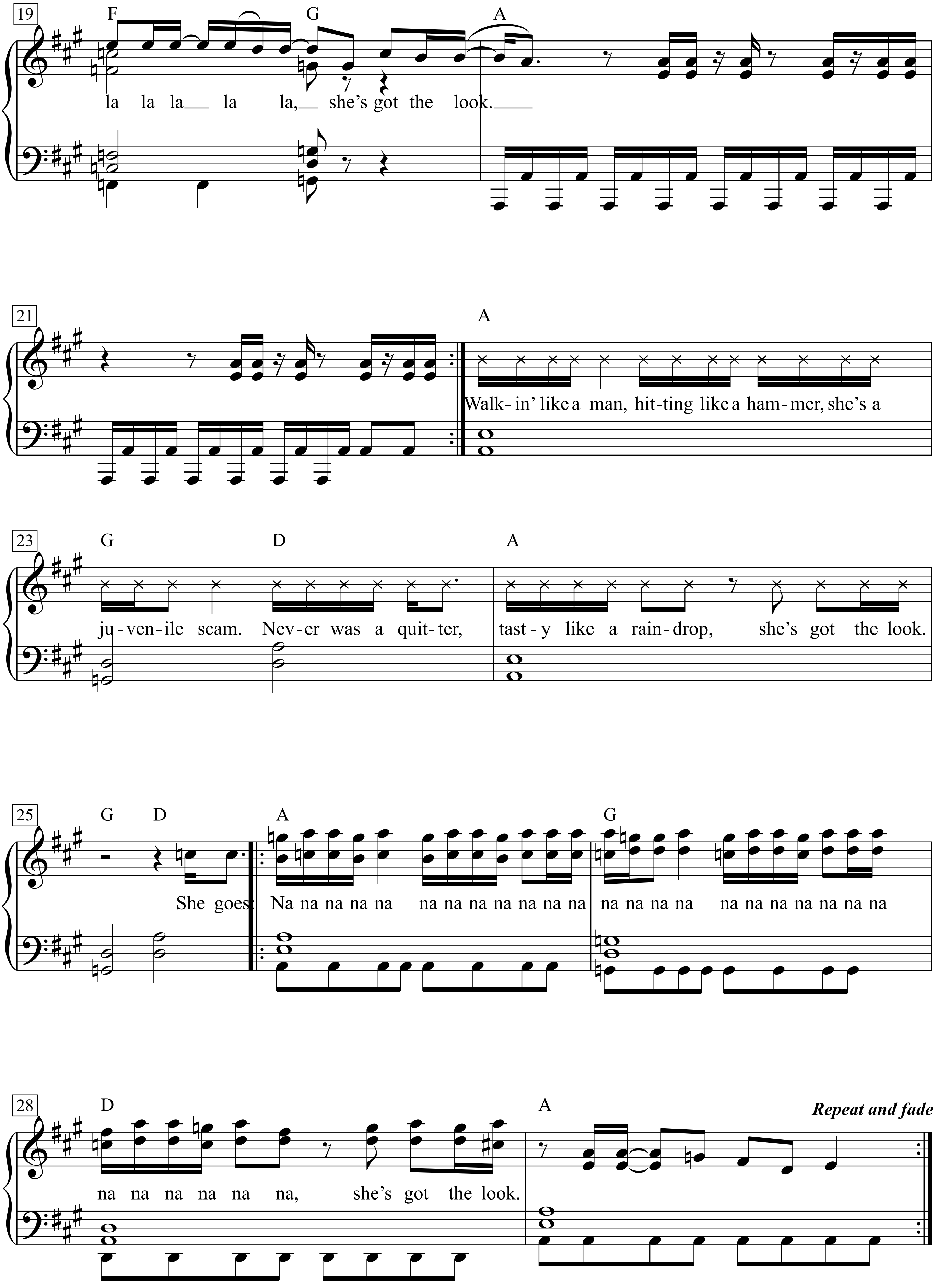
Moderate Rock

The Look

Words & Music by Per Gessie
(Roxette)



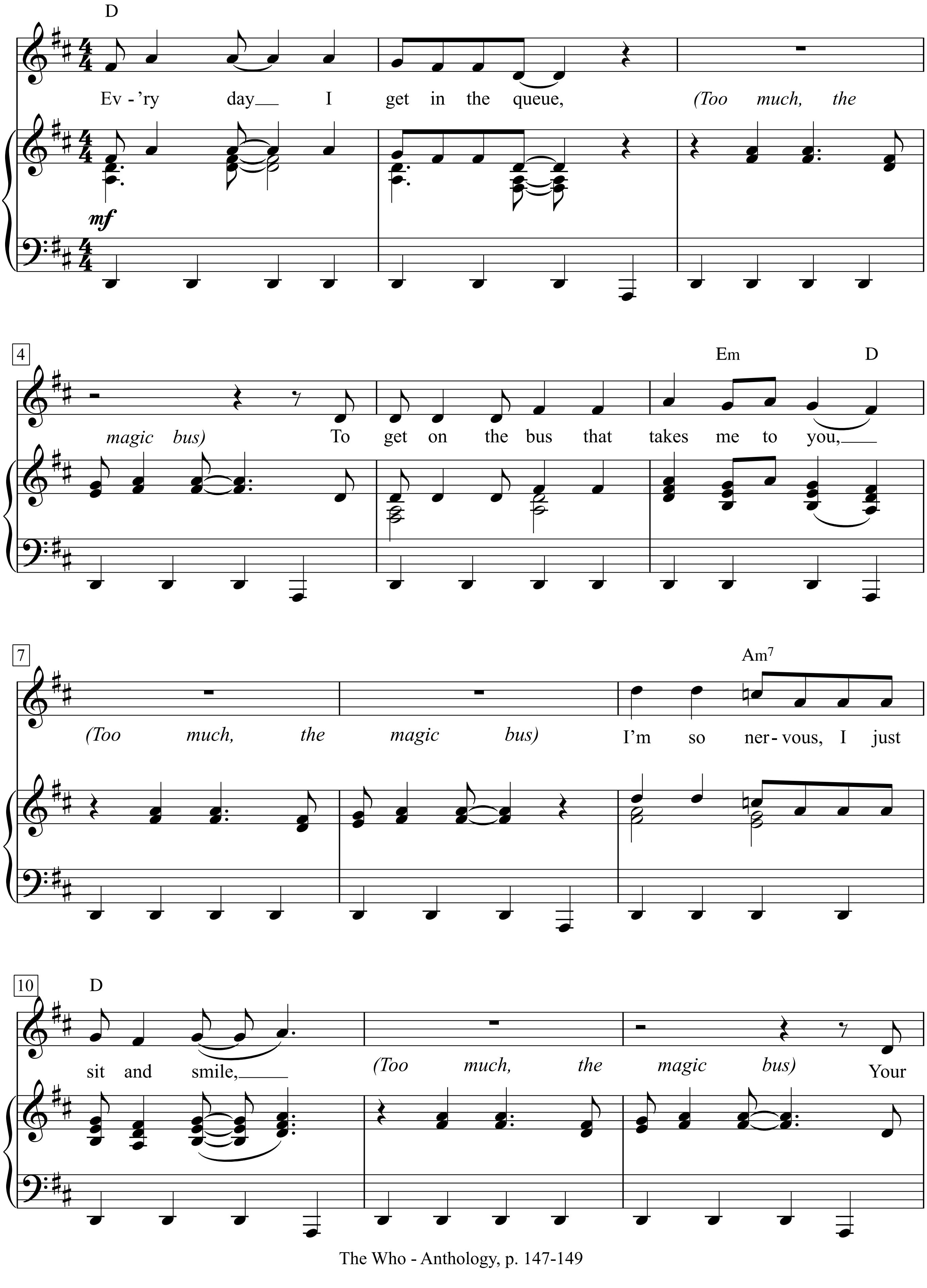

9
G
Heav-en-ly bound 'cause heav en's got a num-ber when she's spin nin' me a round, kiss in' is a col our. Her
Sway in' to the band, mov- in' like a ham mer, she's a mir - a - cle man. Lov in' is the o-cean,
11
D
A
lov- in' is a wild dog, she's got the look. She's got the look.
kiss- in' is the wet sand, she's got the look.
13
A
(she's got the look), she's got the look. (she's got the look). What in the world
15
C
G
A
can make a brown-eyed girl turn blue. When ev-'ry - thing
17
C
G
A
I'll ev - er do I'll do for you and I go

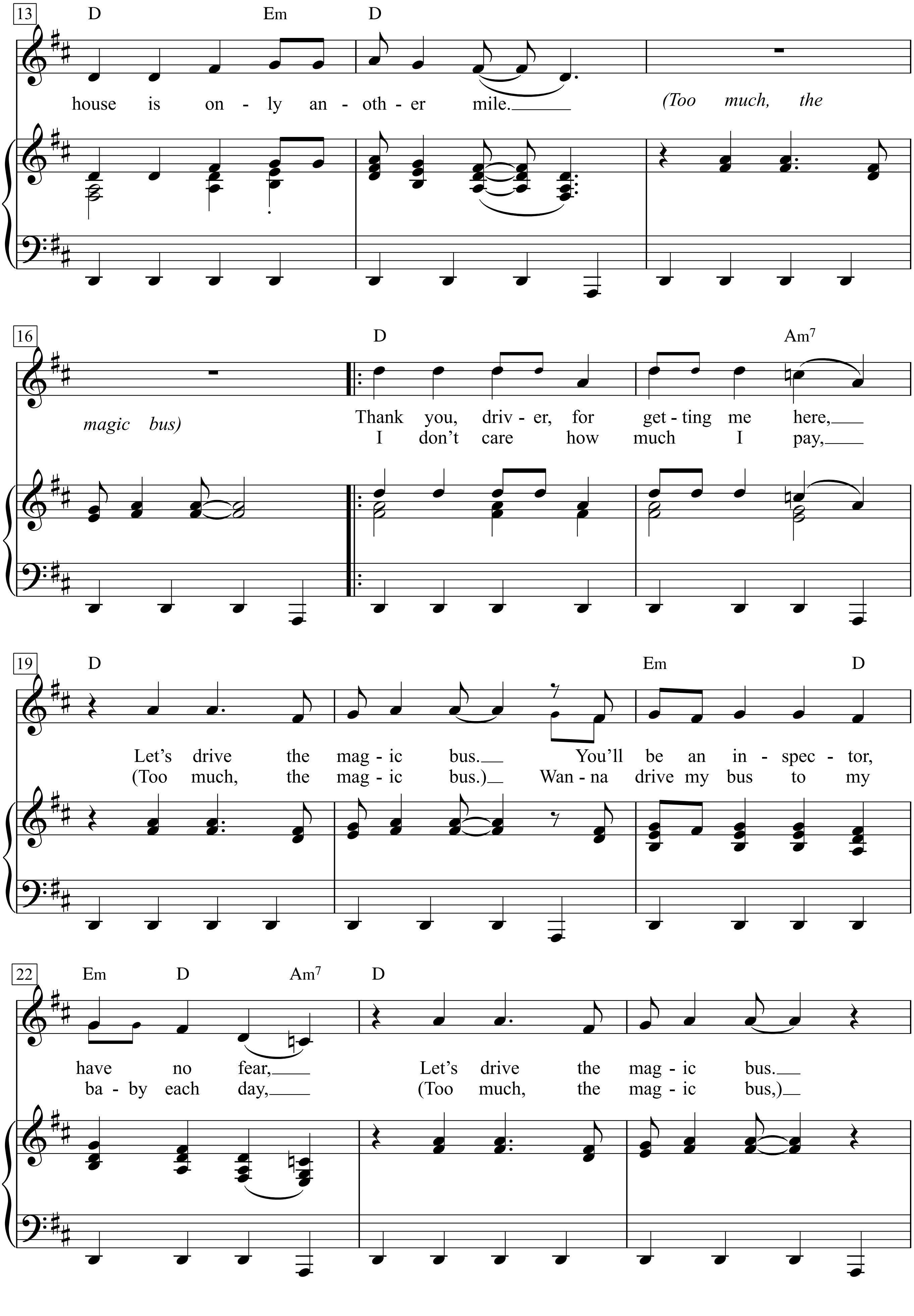

19
F
G
A
la la la la la, she's got the look.
21
A
Walk-in' like a man, hit-ting like a ham-mer, she's a
23
G
D
A
ju-ven-ile scam. Nev-er was a quit-ter,
tast-y like a rain-drop, she's got the look.
25
G
D
A
G
She goes: Na na na na na na na na na na na na
na na na na na na na na na na na
28
D
A
Repeat and fade
na na na na na na, she's got the look.

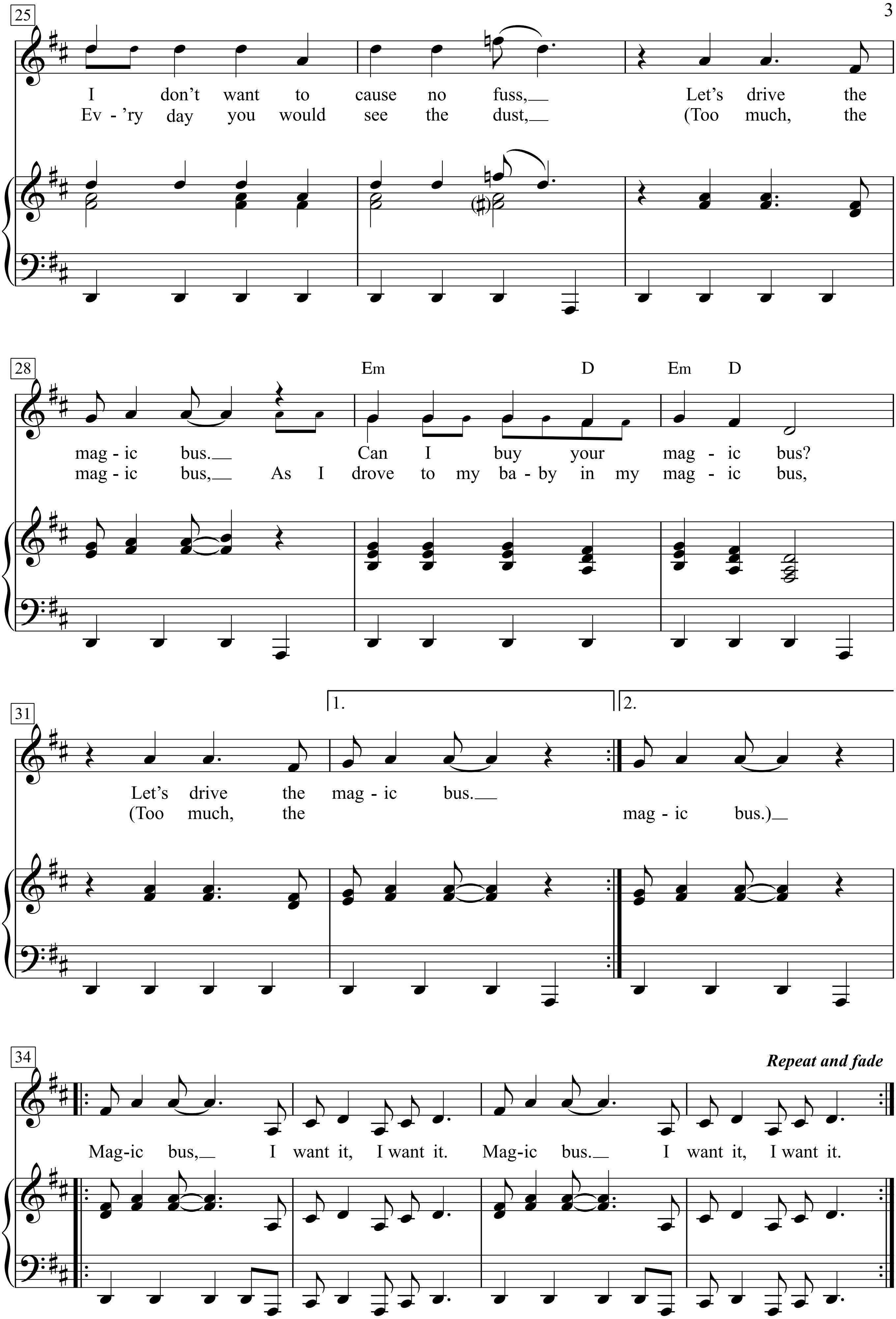
The Magic Bus

Moderately

Words & Music by Pete Townshend
(The Who)




13
D Em D
house is on - ly an - oth - er mile.
(Too much, the
16
D Am7
magic bus)
Thank you, driv - er, for get - ting me here,
I don't care how much I pay,
19
D Em D
Let's drive the mag - ic bus. You'll be an in - spec - tor,
(Too much, the mag - ic bus.) Wan - na drive my bus to my
22
Em D Am7 D
have no fear, Let's drive the mag - ic bus.
ba - by each day, (Too much, the mag - ic bus,)


25
I don't want to cause no fuss,__ Let's drive the
Ev - 'ry day you would see the dust,__ (Too much, the
28
Em D Em D
mag - ic bus.__ Can I buy your mag - ic bus?
mag - ic bus,__ As I drove to my ba - by in my mag - ic bus,
31
1.
2.
Let's drive the mag - ic bus.__
(Too much, the mag - ic bus.)__
34
Repeat and fade
Mag-ic bus,__ I want it, I want it. Mag-ic bus.__ I want it, I want it.

1. Ev’ry day I get in the queue,
(Too much, the magic bus.)
To get on the bus that takes me to you,
(Too much, the magic bus.)
I’m so nervous, I just sit and smile,
(Too much, the magic bus.)
Your house is only another mile.
(Too much, the magic bus.)

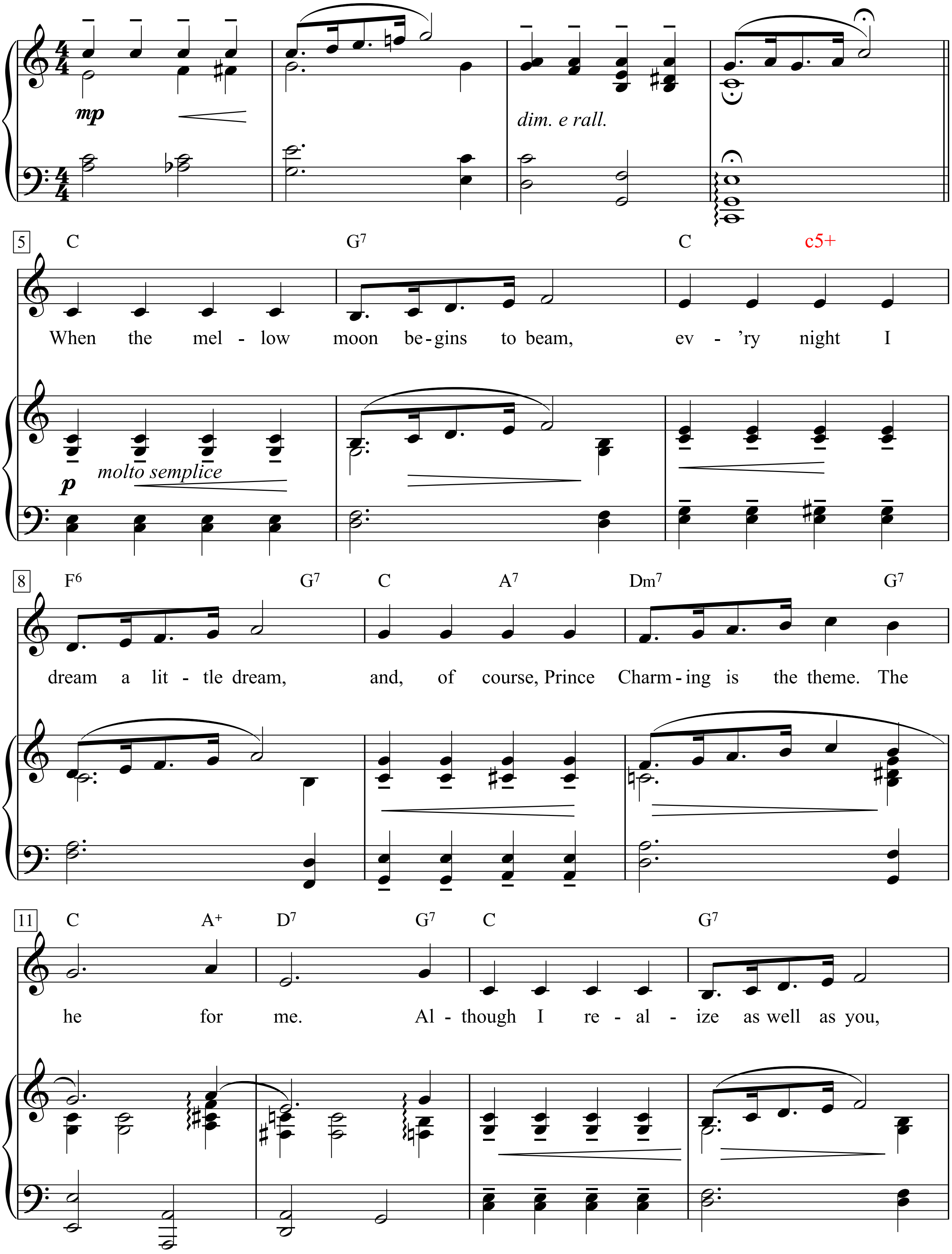
Thank you, driver, for getting me here,
Let’s drive the magic bus.
You’ll be an inspector, have no fear,
Let’s drive the magic bus.
I don’t want to cause no fuss,
Let’s drive the magic bus.
Can I buy your magic bus?
Let’s drive the magic bus.

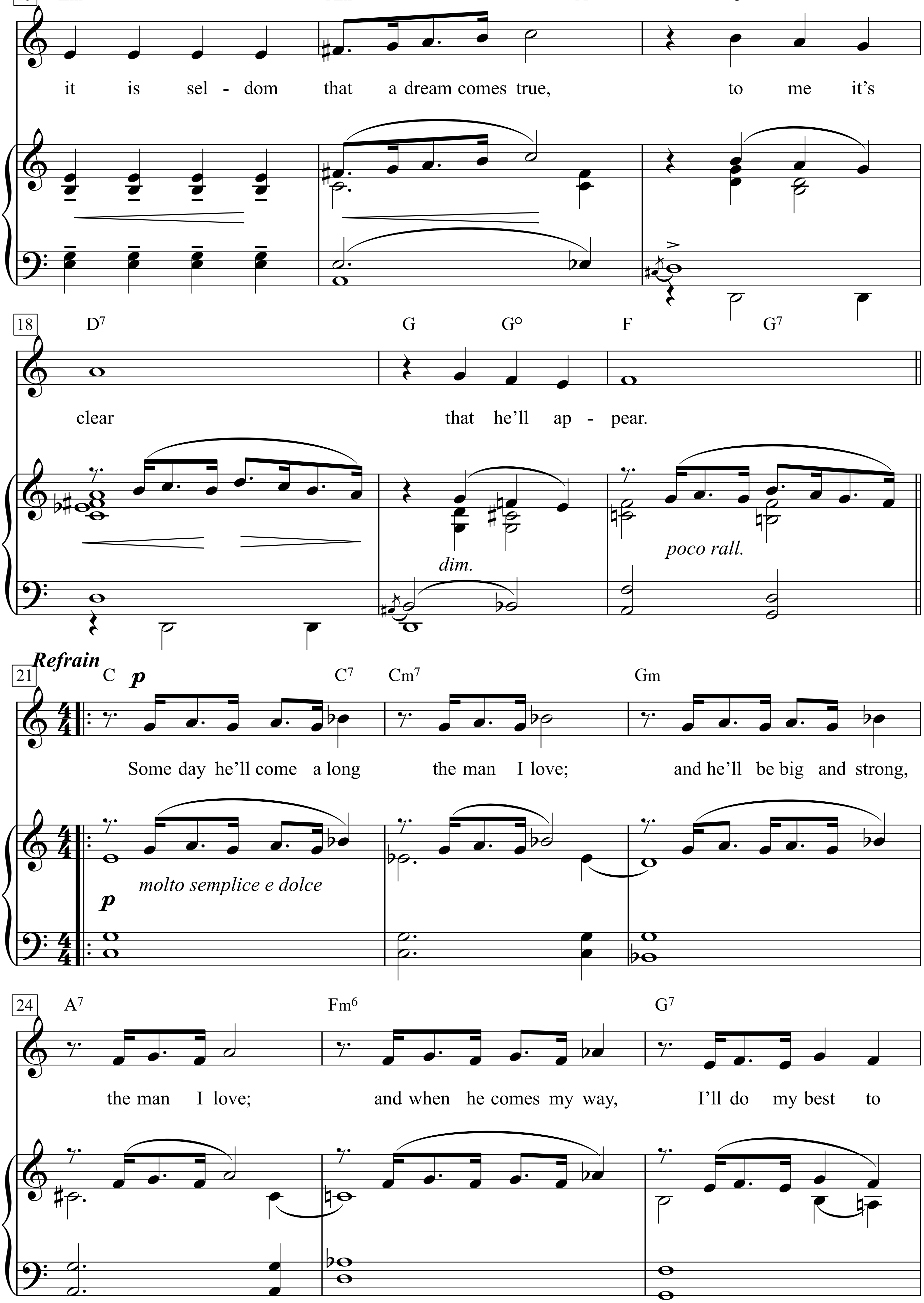
I don’t care how much I pay,
(Too much, the magic bus.)
Wanna drive my bus to my baby each day,
(Too much, the magic bus,)
Ev’ry day you would see the dust,
(Too much, the magic bus,
As I drove to my baby in my magic bus,
(Too much, the magic bus.)
Magic bus, I want it, I want it.
Magic bus. I want it, I want it.

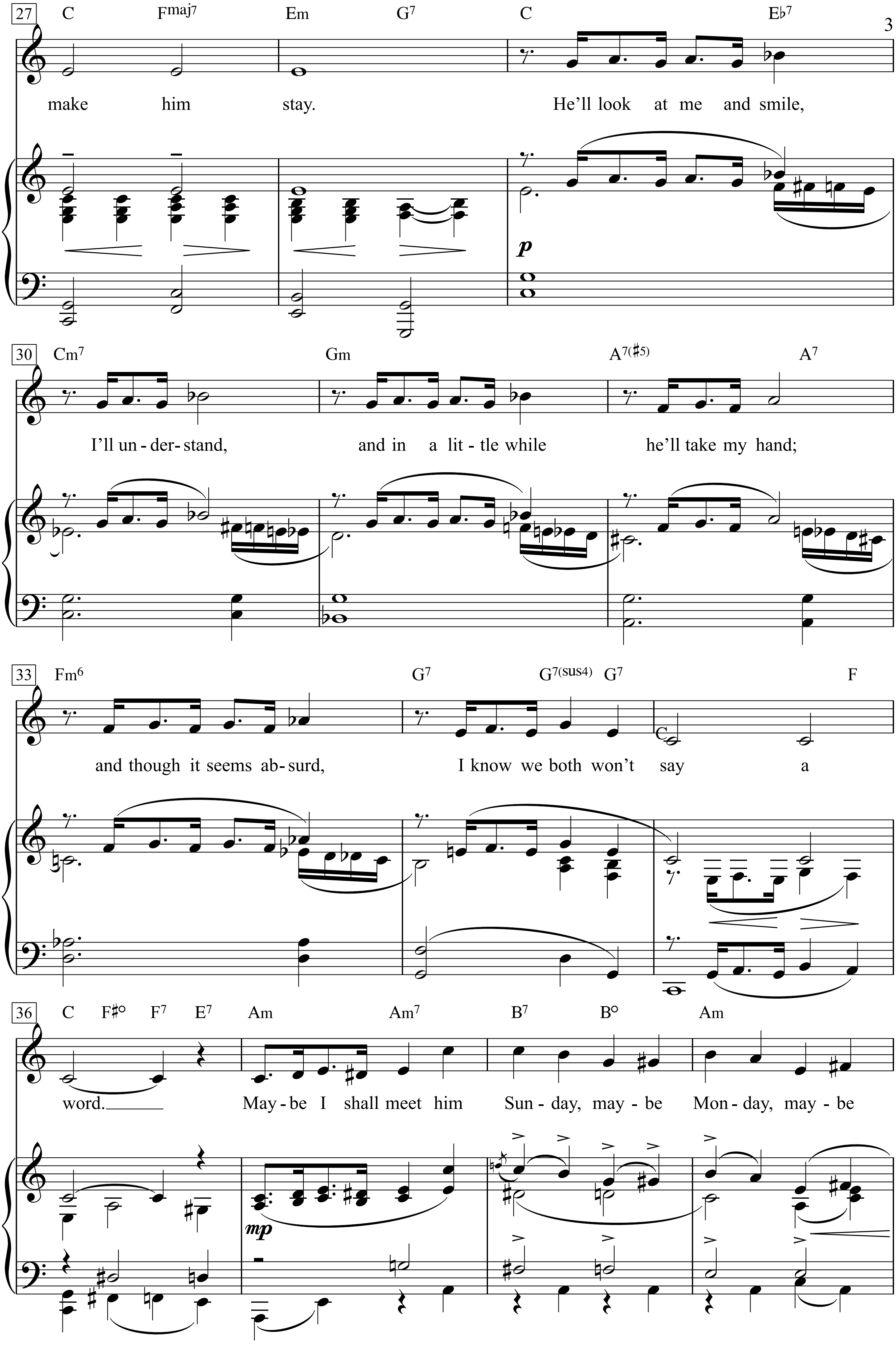
The Man I Love

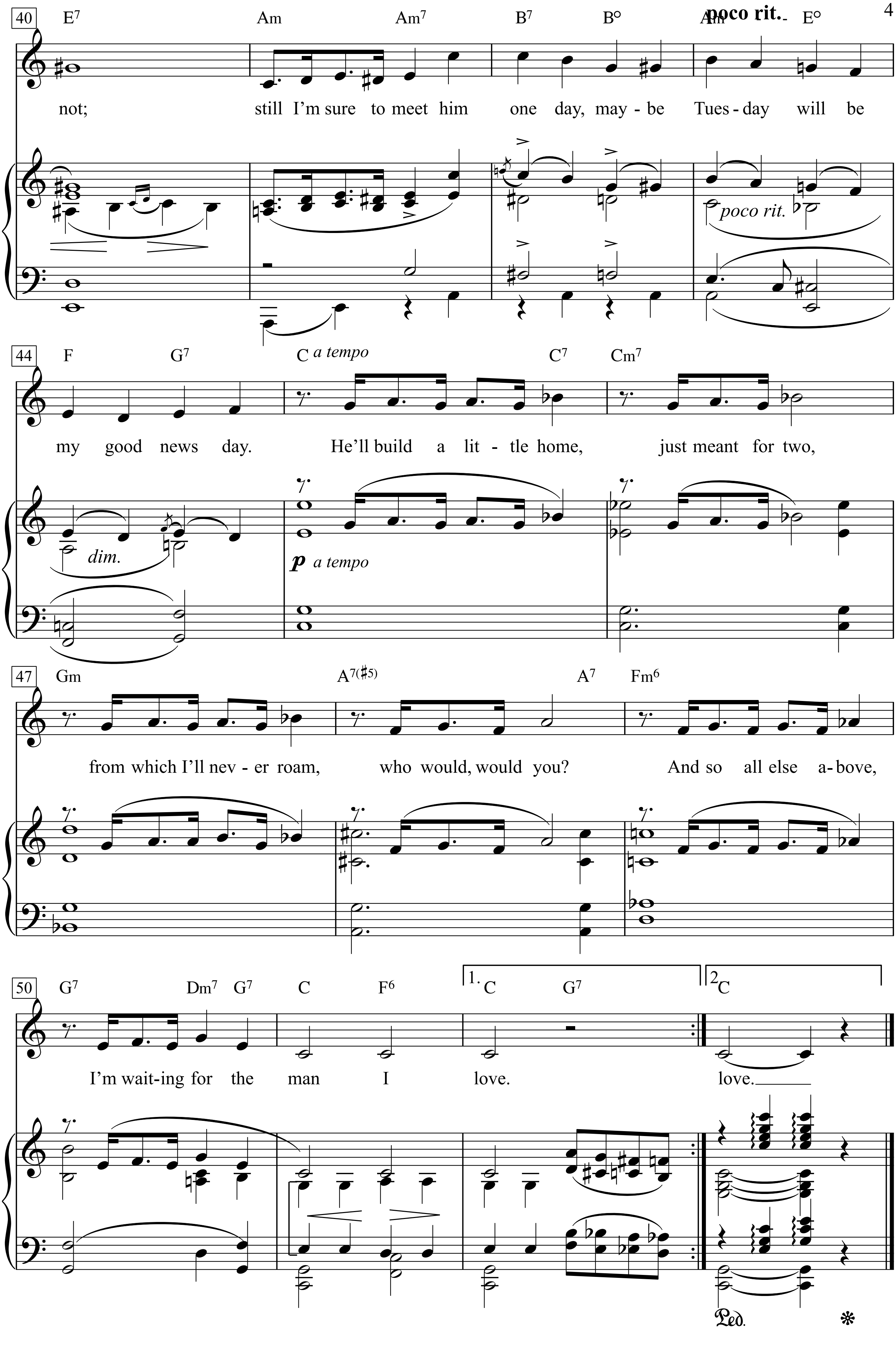
Music & Lyrics by
George Gershwin and Ira Gershwin

Andantino semplice




15
Em Am A° G
it is sel - dom that a dream comes true, to me it's
18
D7 G G° F G7
clear that he'll ap - pear.
dim.
poco rall.
Refrain
21
C C7 Cm7 Gm
p
Some day he'll come a long the man I love; and he'll be big and strong,
molto semplice e dolce
p
24
A7 Fm6 G7
the man I love; and when he comes my way, I'll do my best to


27
C Fmaj7 Em G7 C E♭7
make him stay. He'll look at me and smile,
p
30
Cm7 Gm A7(♯5) A7
I'll un - der - stand, and in a lit - tle while he'll take my hand;
33
Fm6 G7 G7(sus4) G7 F
and though it seems ab - surd, I know we both won't say a
36
C F♯° F7 E7 Am Am7 B7 B° Am
word. May - be I shall meet him Sun - day, may - be Mon - day, may - be
mp


40
E7 Am Am7 B7 B° Am E°
poco rit.
not; still I'm sure to meet him one day, may - be Tues - day will be
poco rit.
44
F G7 C a tempo C7 Cm7
my good news day. He'll build a lit - tle home, just meant for two,
dim.
p a tempo
47
Gm A7(♯5) A7 Fm6
from which I'll nev - er roam, who would, would you? And so all else a - bove,
50
G7 Dm7 G7 C F6 1. C G7 2. C
I'm wait-ing for the man I love. love.
Ped.

When the mellow moon begins to beam,
ev'ry night I dream a little dream,
and, of course, Prince Charming is the theme.
The he for me.

Although I realize as well as you,
it is seldom that a dream comes true,
to me it's clear that he'll appear.

Some day he'll come along
the man I love;
and he'll be big and strong,
the man I love;
and when he comes my way,
I'll do my best to make him stay.

He'll look at me and smile,
I'll understand,
and in a little while he'll take my hand;
and though it seems absurd,
I know we both won't say a word.

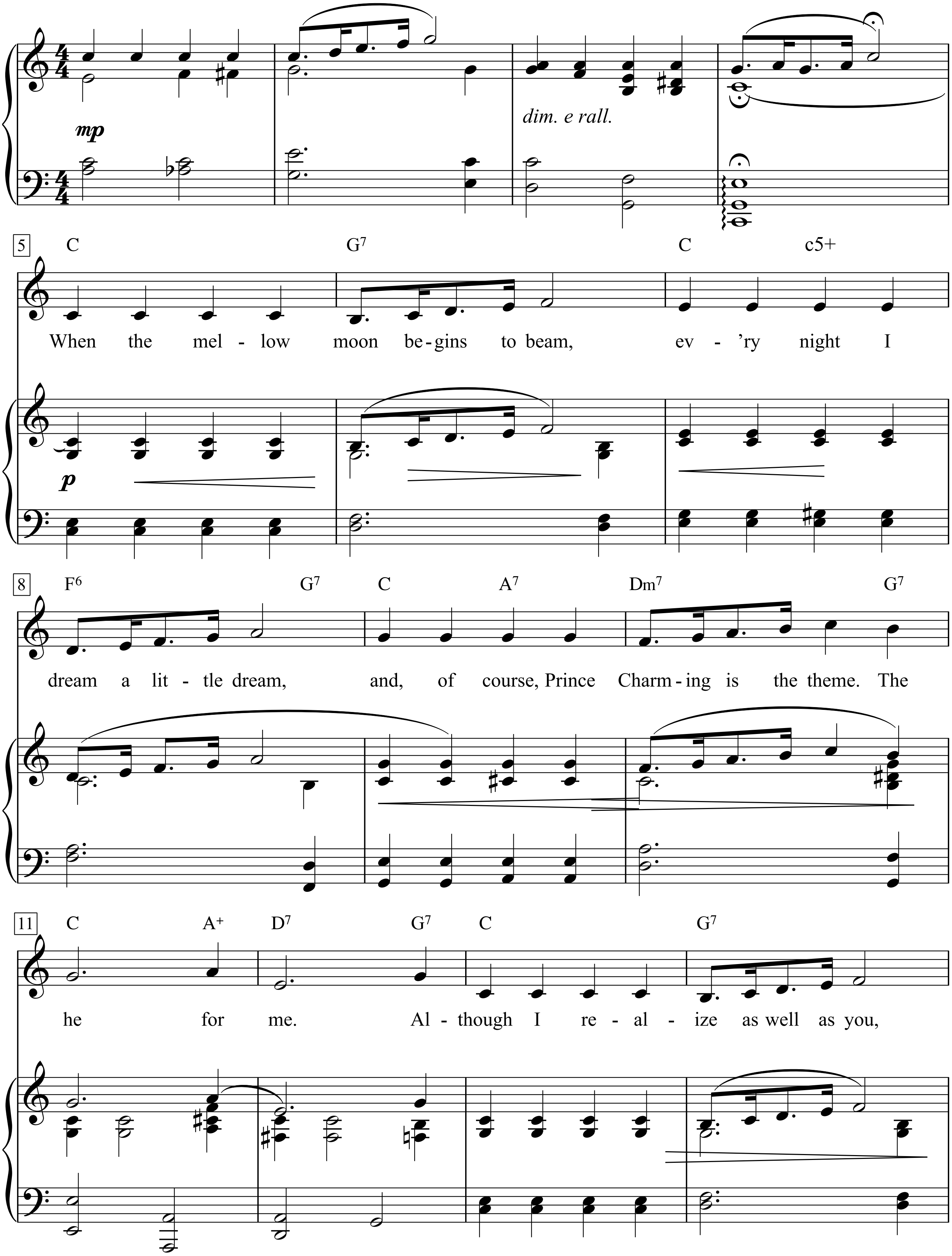
Maybe I shall meet him Sunday,
maybe Monday, maybe not;
still I'm sure to meet him one day,
maybe Tuesday will be my good news day.

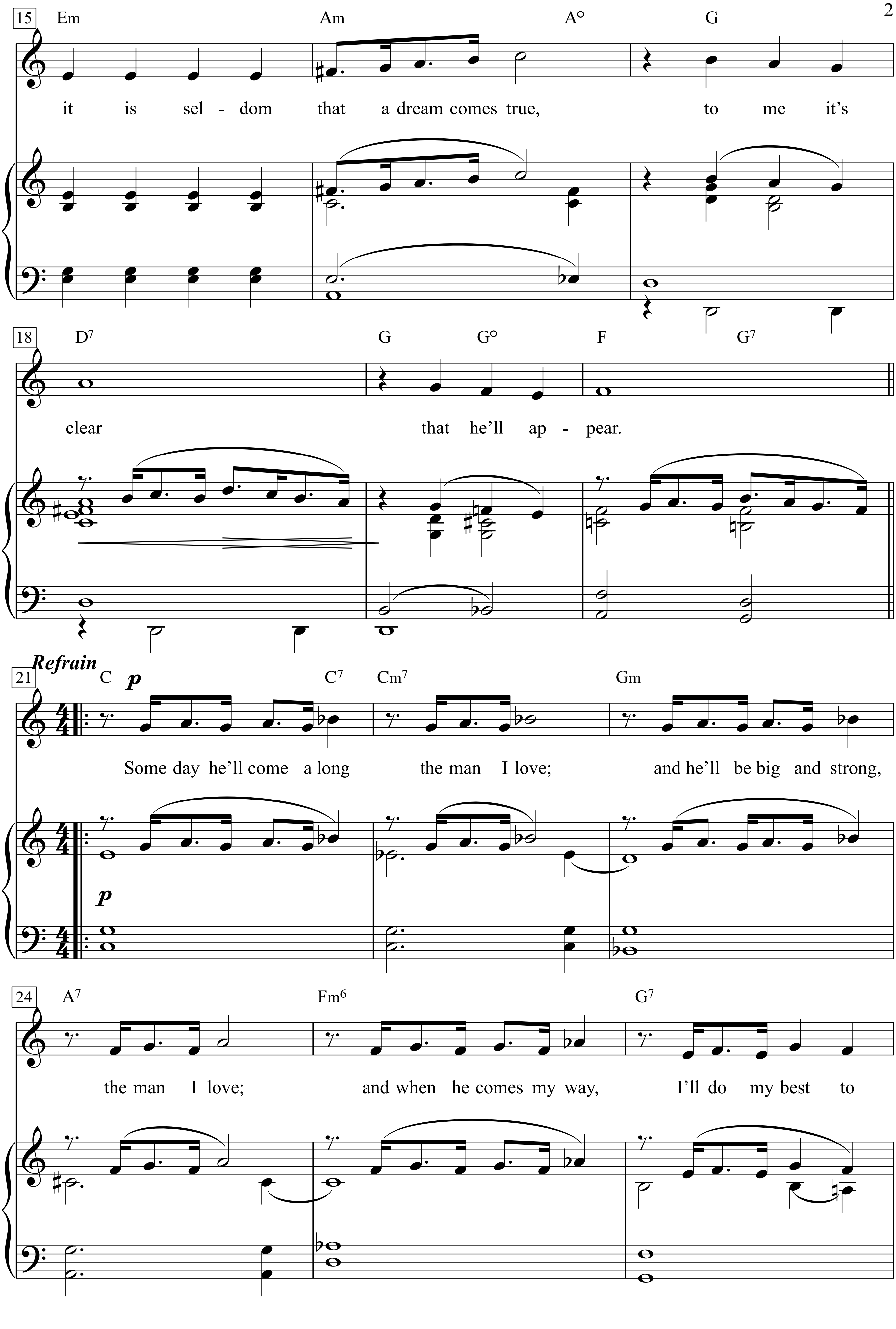
He'll build a little home, just meant for two,
from which I'll never roam, who would, would you?
And so all else above,
I'm waiting for the man I love.

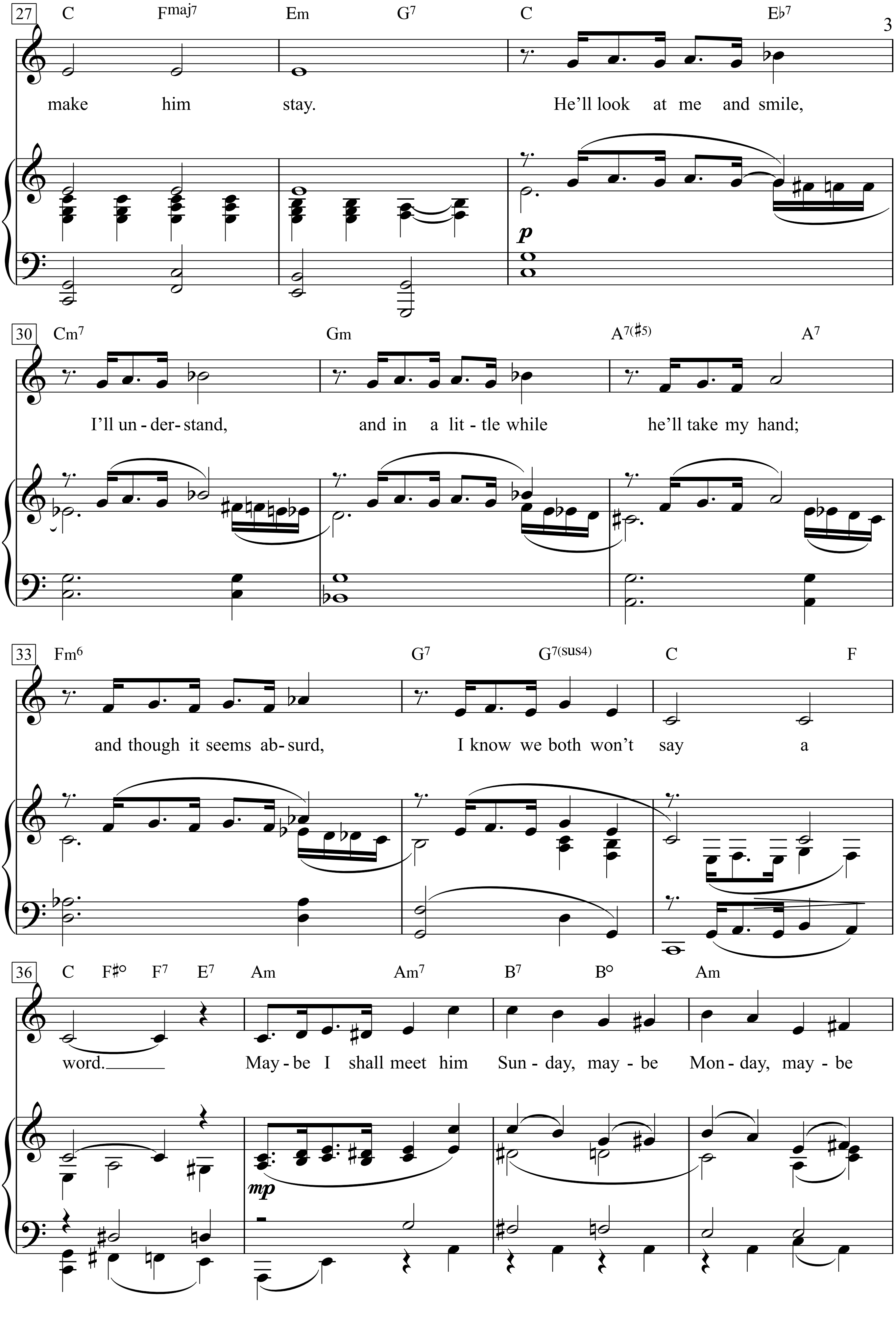
The Man I Love

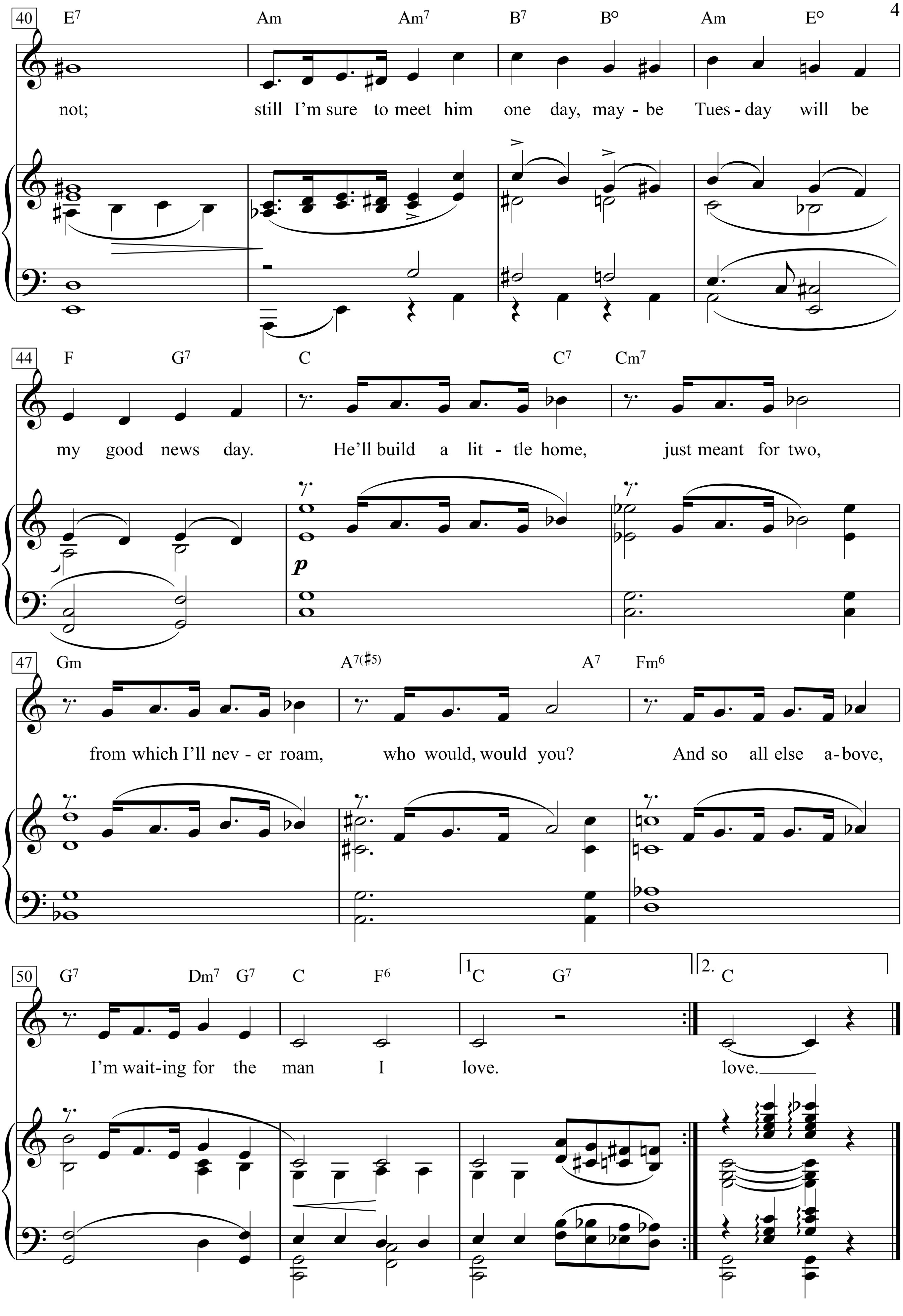
Music & Lyrics by
George Gershwin and Ira Gershwin

Andantino semplice




15
Em Am A° G
it is sel - dom that a dream comes true, to me it's
18
D7 G G° F G7
clear that he'll ap - pear.
Refrain
21
C C7 Cm7 Gm
p
Some day he'll come a long the man I love; and he'll be big and strong,
p
24
A7 Fm6 G7
the man I love; and when he comes my way, I'll do my best to


27 C Fmaj7 Em G7 C E♭7
make him stay. He'll look at me and smile,
p
30 Cm7 Gm A7(♯5) A7
I'll un - der - stand, and in a lit - tle while he'll take my hand;
33 Fm6 G7 G7(sus4) C F
and though it seems ab - surd, I know we both won't say a
36 C F♯° F7 E7 Am Am7 B7 B° Am
word. May - be I shall meet him Sun - day, may - be Mon - day, may - be
mp


40
E7 Am Am7 B7 B° Am E°
not; still I'm sure to meet him one day, may - be Tues - day will be
44
F G7 C C7 Cm7
my good news day. He'll build a lit - tle home, just meant for two,
p
47
Gm A7(♯5) A7 Fm6
from which I'll nev - er roam, who would, would you? And so all else a - bove,
50
G7 Dm7 G7 C F6 1.C G7 2. C
I'm wait - ing for the man I love. love.
love.

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and, of course, Prince Charming is the theme.
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the man I love;
and he'll be big and strong,
the man I love;
and when he comes my way,
I'll do my best to make him stay.

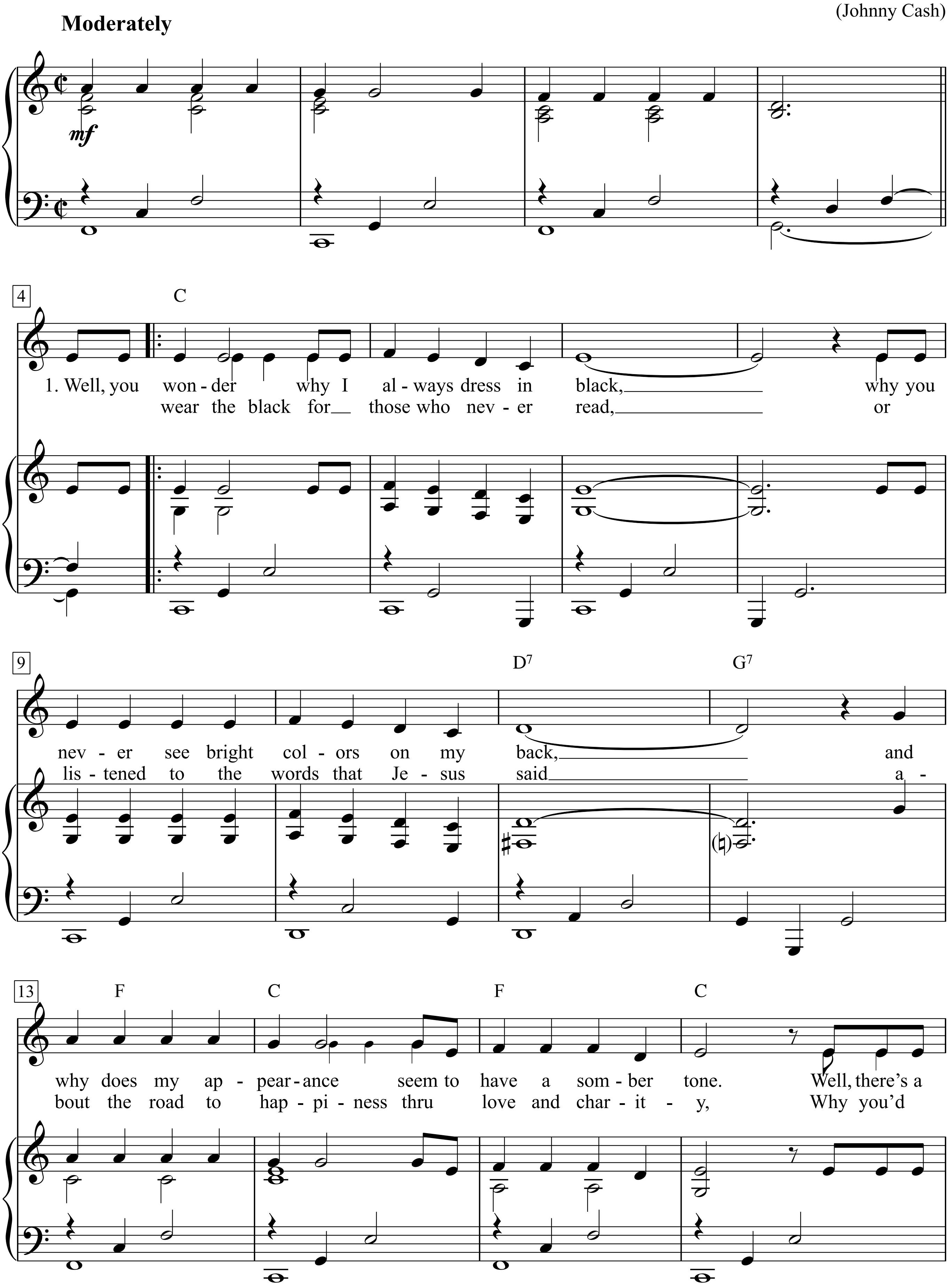
He'll look at me and smile,
I'll understand,
and in a little while he'll take my hand;
and though it seems absurd,
I know we both won't say a word.

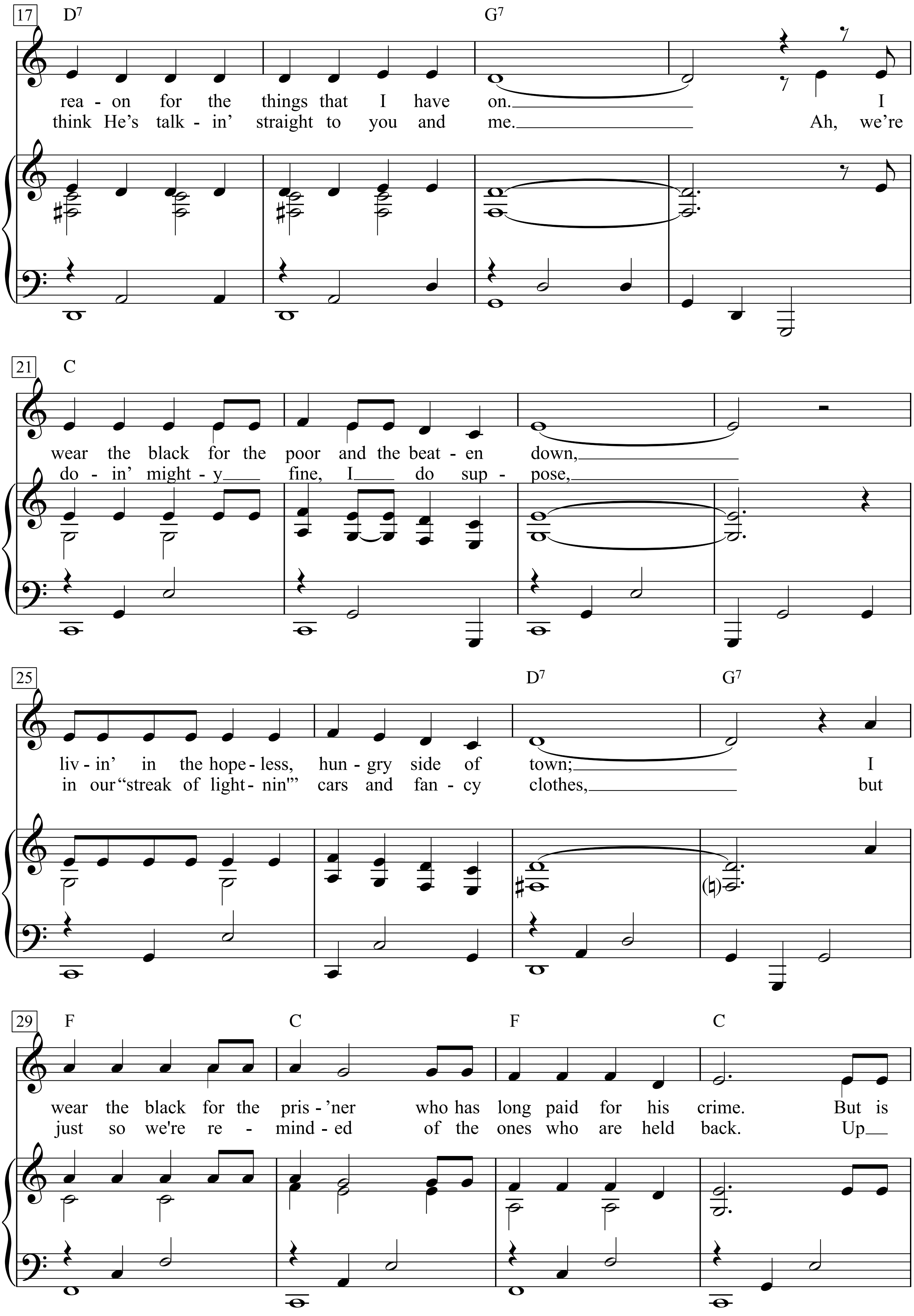
Maybe I shall meet him Sunday,
maybe Monday, maybe not;
still I'm sure to meet him one day,
maybe Tuesday will be my good news day.

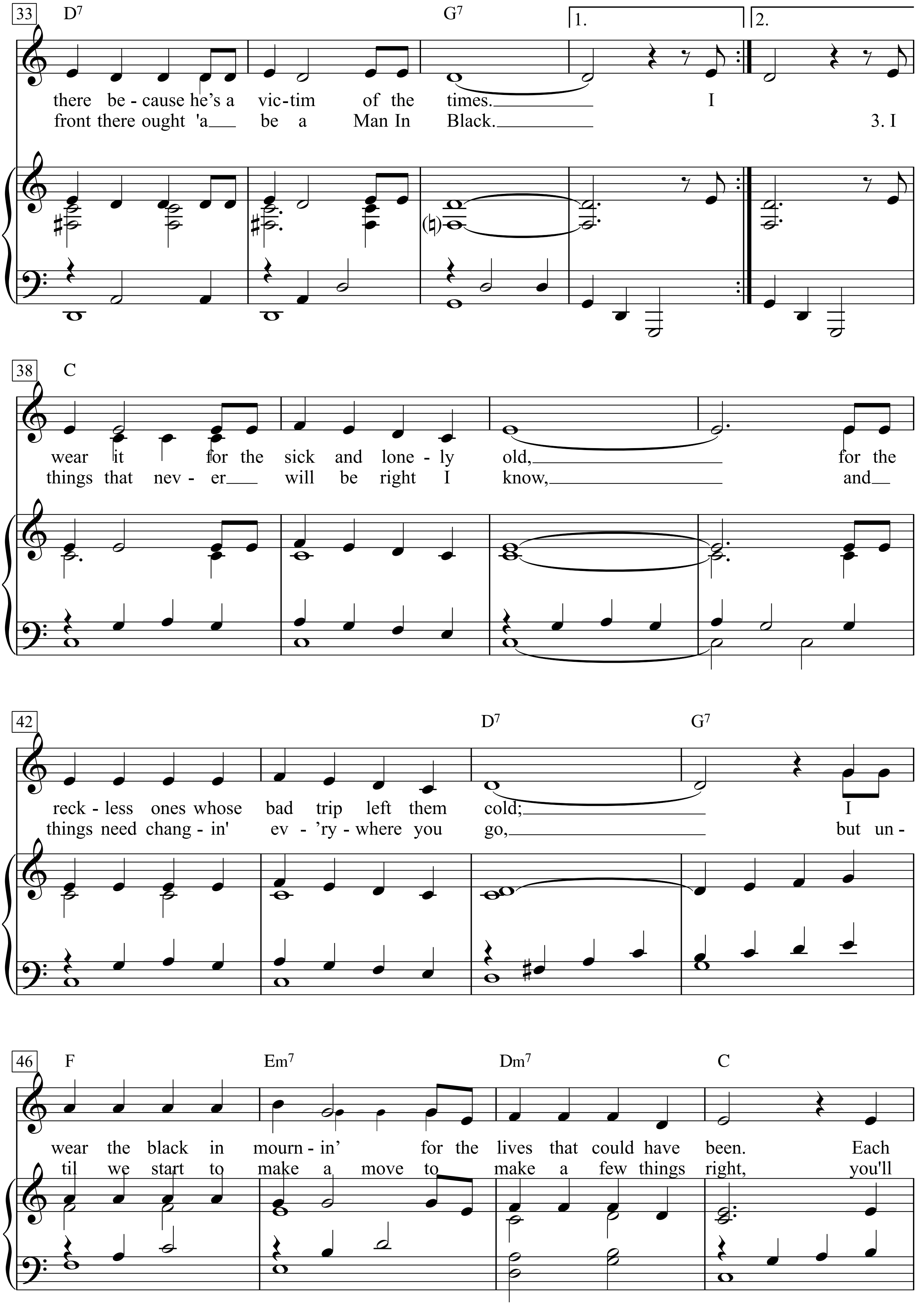
He'll build a little home, just meant for two,
from which I'll never roam, who would, would you?
And so all else above,
I'm waiting for the man I love.

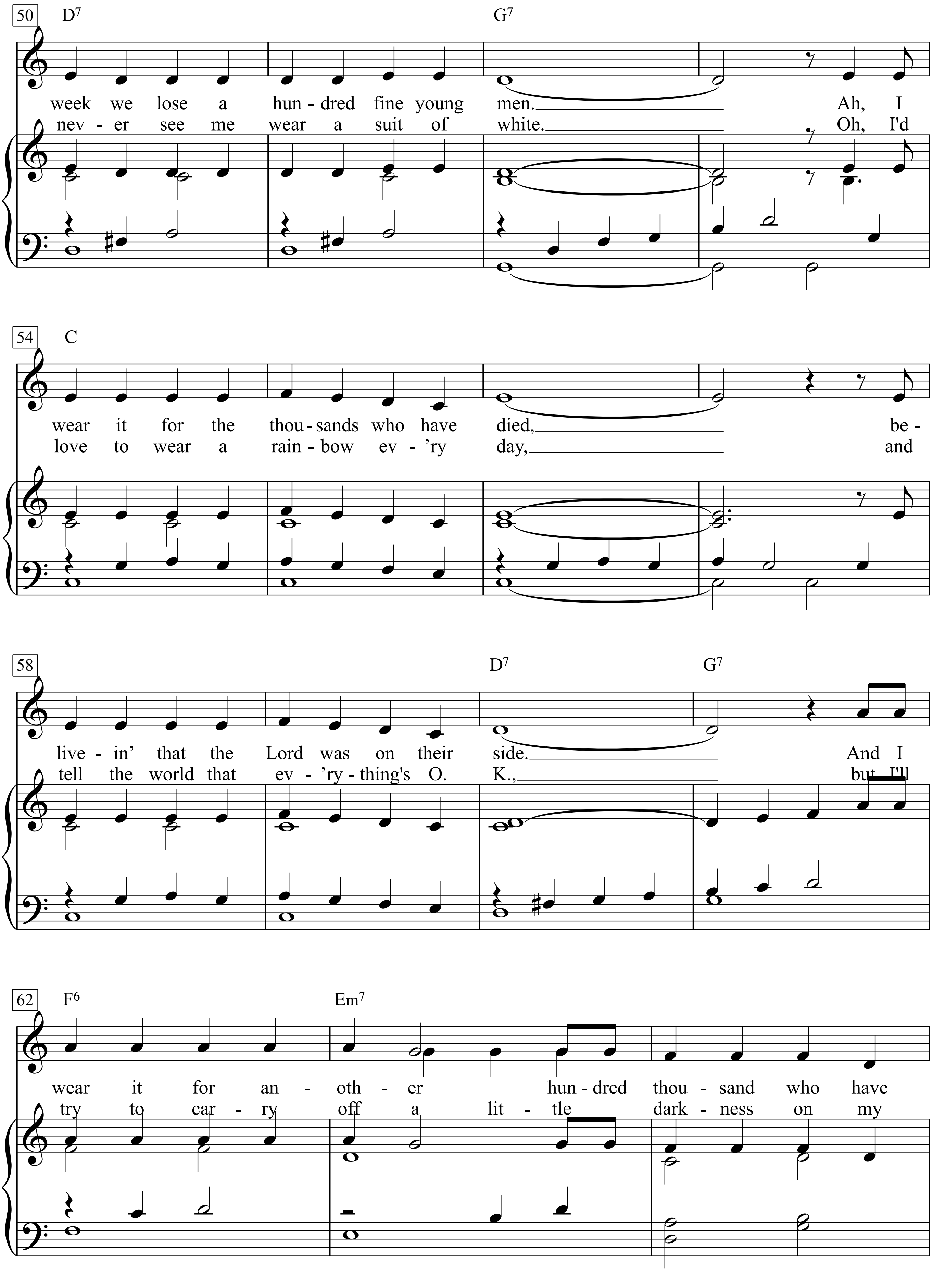
The Man In Black

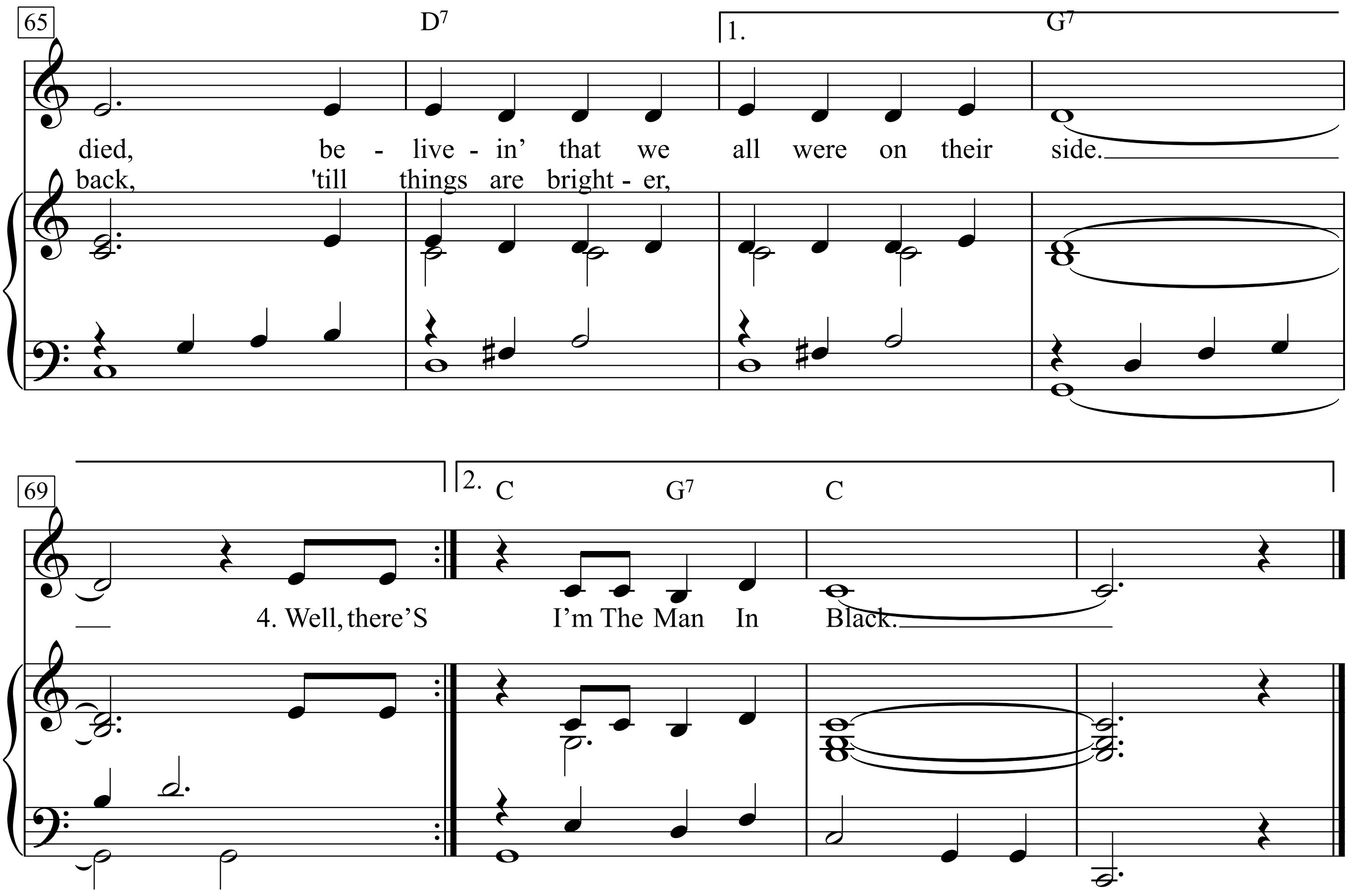
Words & Music by Johnny R. Cash
(Johnny Cash)




17
D7
G7
rea - on for the things that I have on. I
think He's talk - in' straight to you and me. Ah, we're
21
C
wear the black for the poor and the beat - en down,
do - in' might - y fine, I do sup - pose,
25
D7
G7
liv - in' in the hope - less, hun - gry side of town; I
in our "streak of light - nin'" cars and fan - cy clothes, but
29
F
C
F
C
wear the black for the pris - 'ner who has long paid for his crime. But is
just so we're re - mind - ed of the ones who are held back. Up

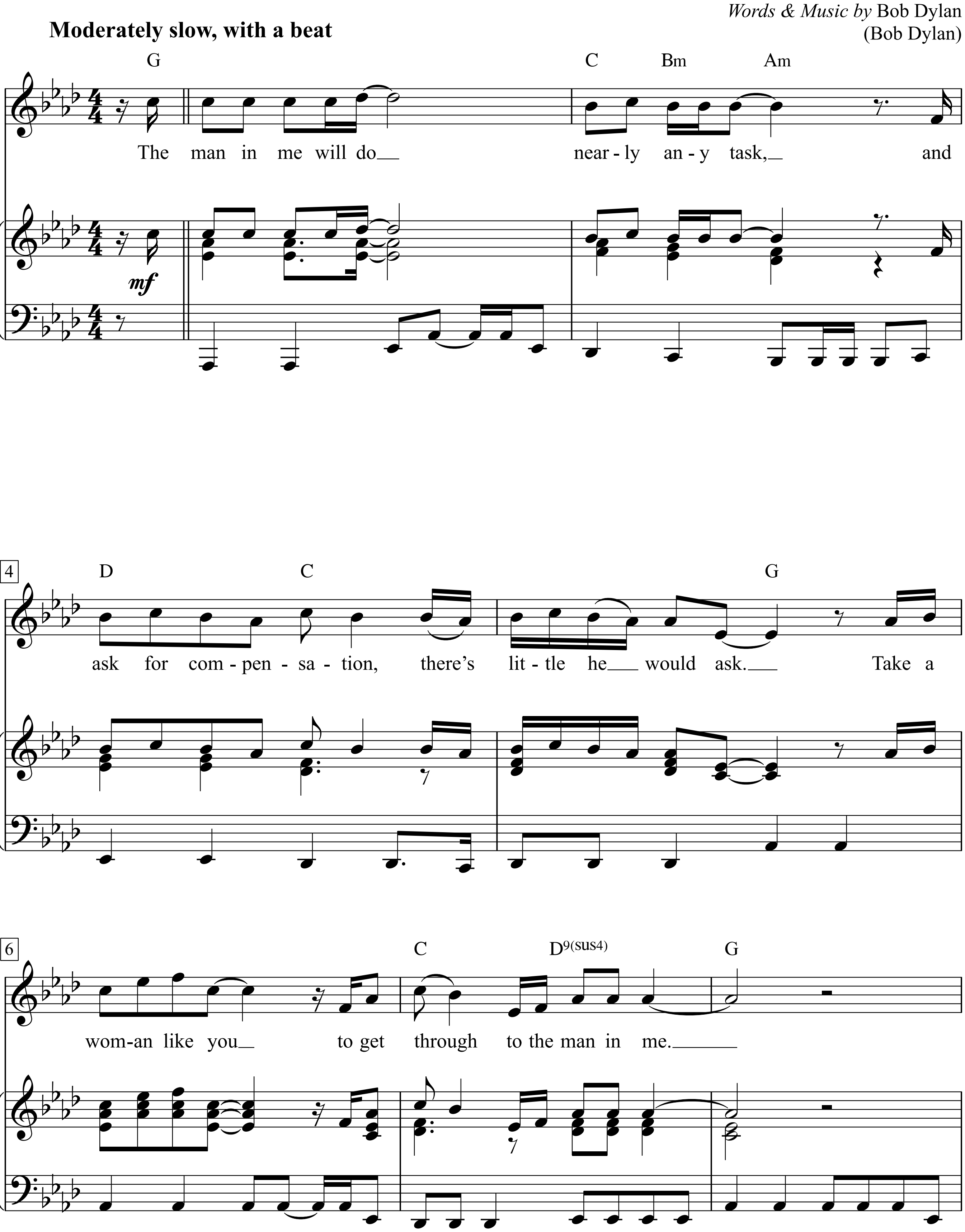

33
D7
G7
1.
2.
there be - cause he's a vic - tim of the times. I
front there ought 'a be a Man In Black. 3. I
38
C
wear it for the sick and lone - ly old, for the
things that nev - er will be right I know, and
42
D7
G7
reck - less ones whose bad trip left them cold; I
things need chang - in' ev - 'ry - where you go, but un -
46
F
Em7
Dm7
C
wear the black in mourn - in' for the lives that could have been. Each
til we start to make a move to make a few things right, you'll

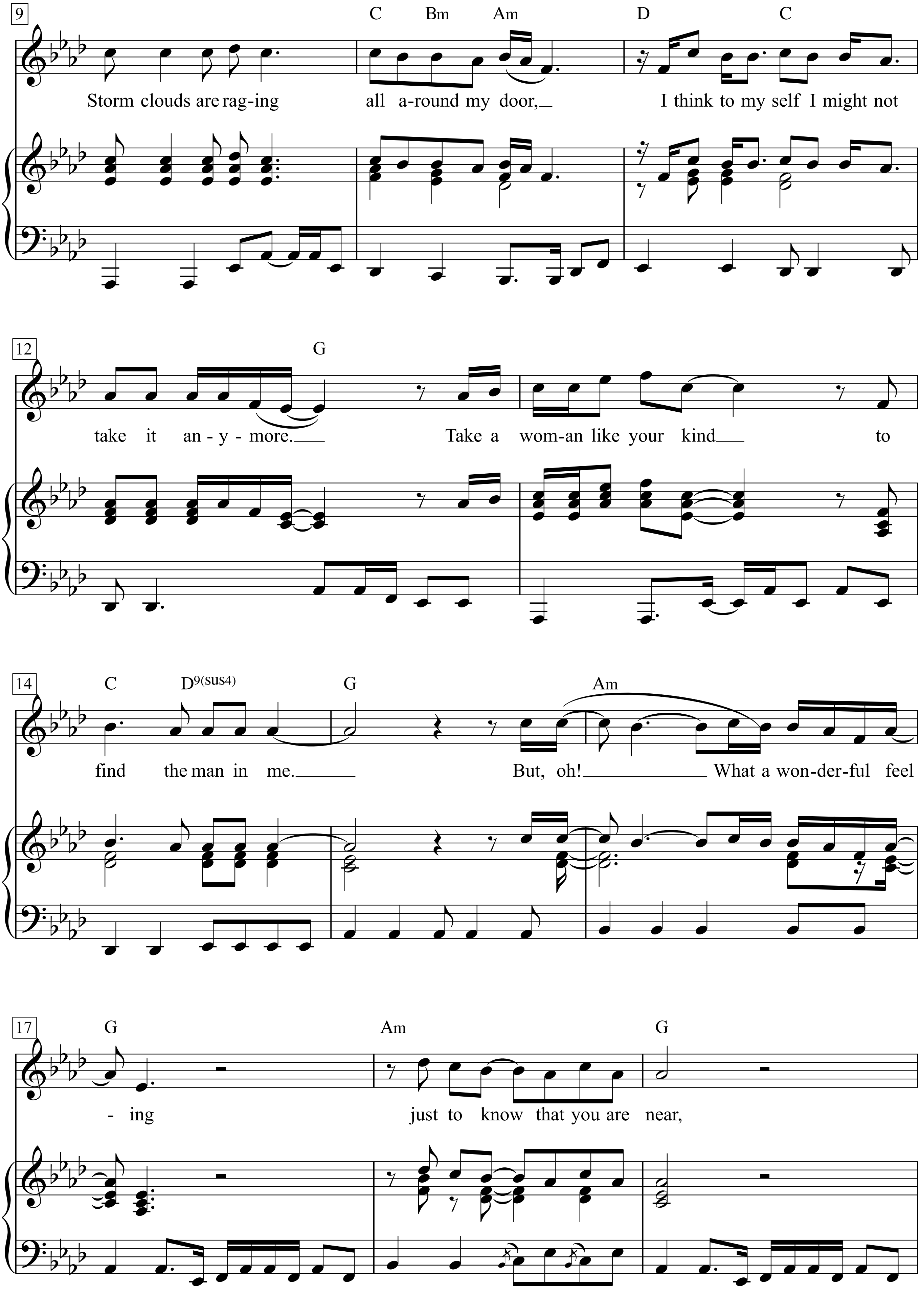

50
D7
G7
week we lose a hun - dred fine young men. Ah, I
nev - er see me wear a suit of white. Oh, I'd
54
C
wear it for the thou - sands who have died, be -
love to wear a rain - bow ev - 'ry day, and
58
D7
G7
live - in' that the Lord was on their side. And I
tell the world that ev - 'ry - thing's O. K., but I'll
62
F6
Em7
wear it for an - oth - er hun - dred thou - sand who have
try to car - ry off a lit - tle dark - ness on my

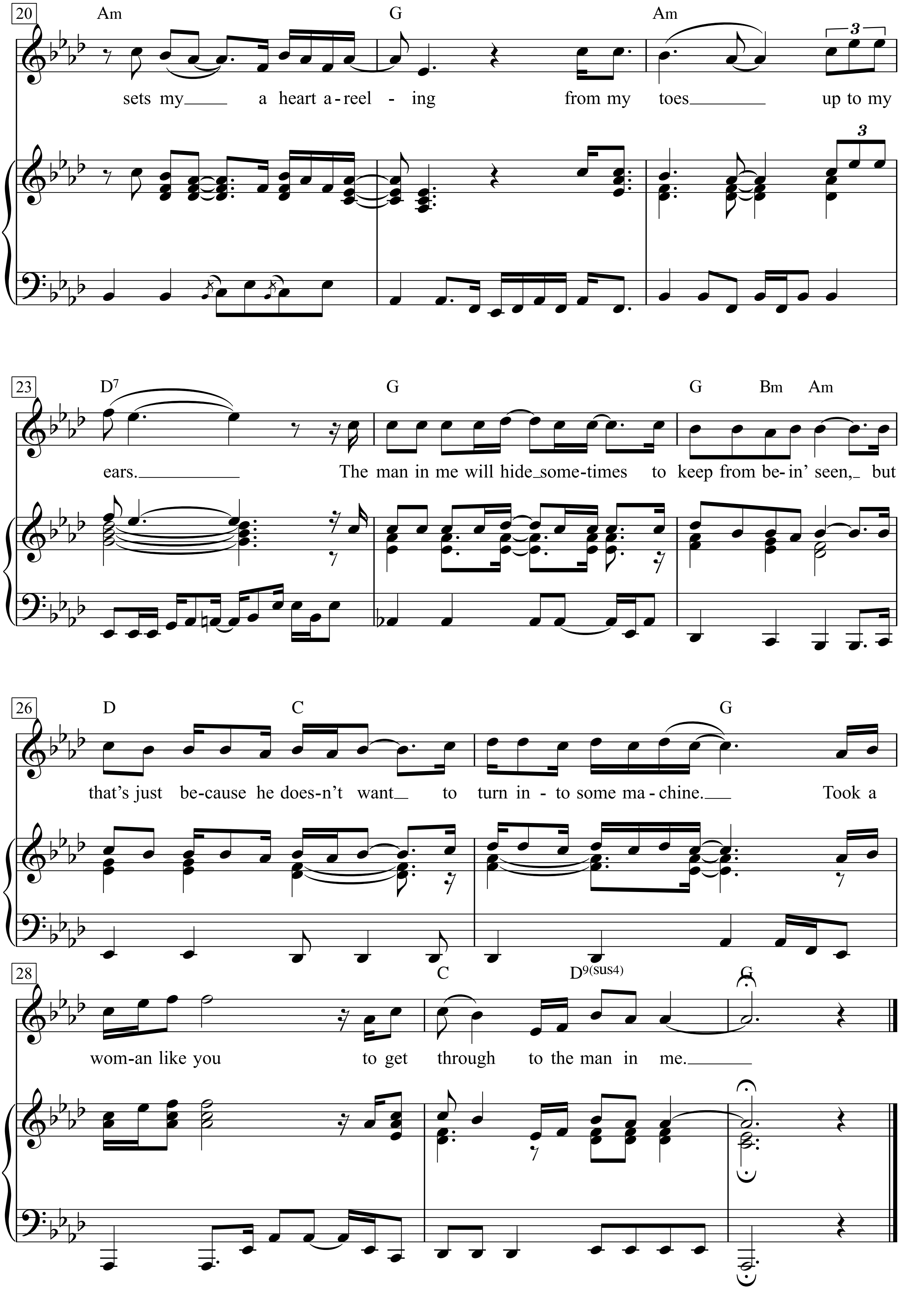

65
D7
1.
G7
died, be - live - in' that we all were on their side.
back, 'till things are bright - er,
69
2.
C
G7
C
4. Well, there'S
I'm The Man In Black.

The Man In Me

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




9
C Bm Am
D C
Storm clouds are rag-ing all a-round my door, I think to my self I might not
12
G
take it an-y-more. Take a wom-an like your kind to
14
C D9(sus4) G Am
find the man in me. But, oh! What a won-der-ful feel
17
G Am G
-ing just to know that you are near,


20
Am
G
Am
sets my a heart a-reel - ing
from my toes up to my
3
3
23
D7
G
G Bm Am
ears. The man in me will hide some-times to keep from be-in' seen, but
26
D
C
G
that's just be-cause he does-n't want to turn in - to some ma-chine. Took a
28
C
D9(sus4)
G
wom-an like you to get through to the man in me.

The man in me will do nearly any task
And ask for compensation, there's little he would ask
Take a woman like you
To get through to the man in me

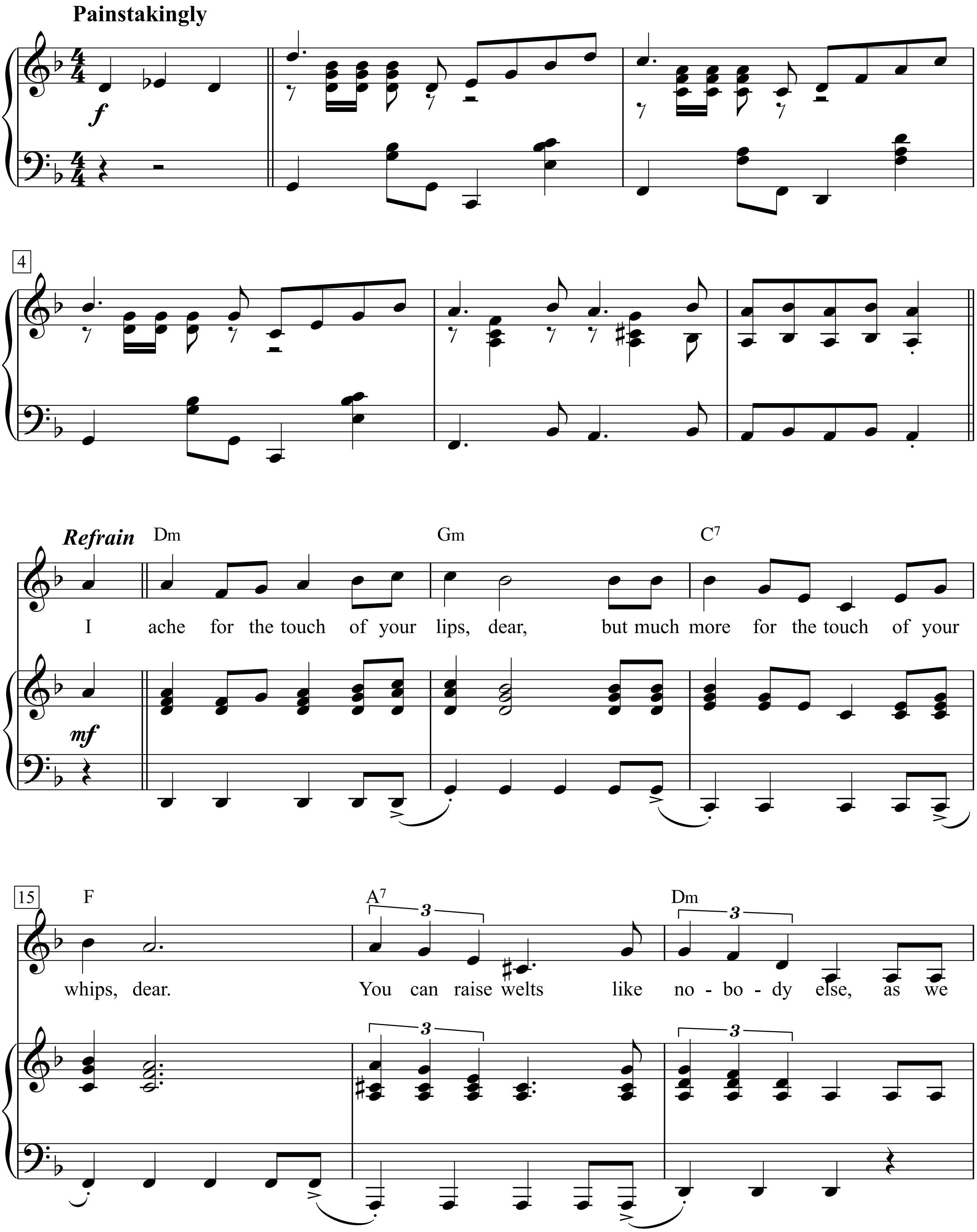
Storm clouds are raging all around my door
I think to myself I might not take it anymore
Take a woman like your kind
To find the man in me

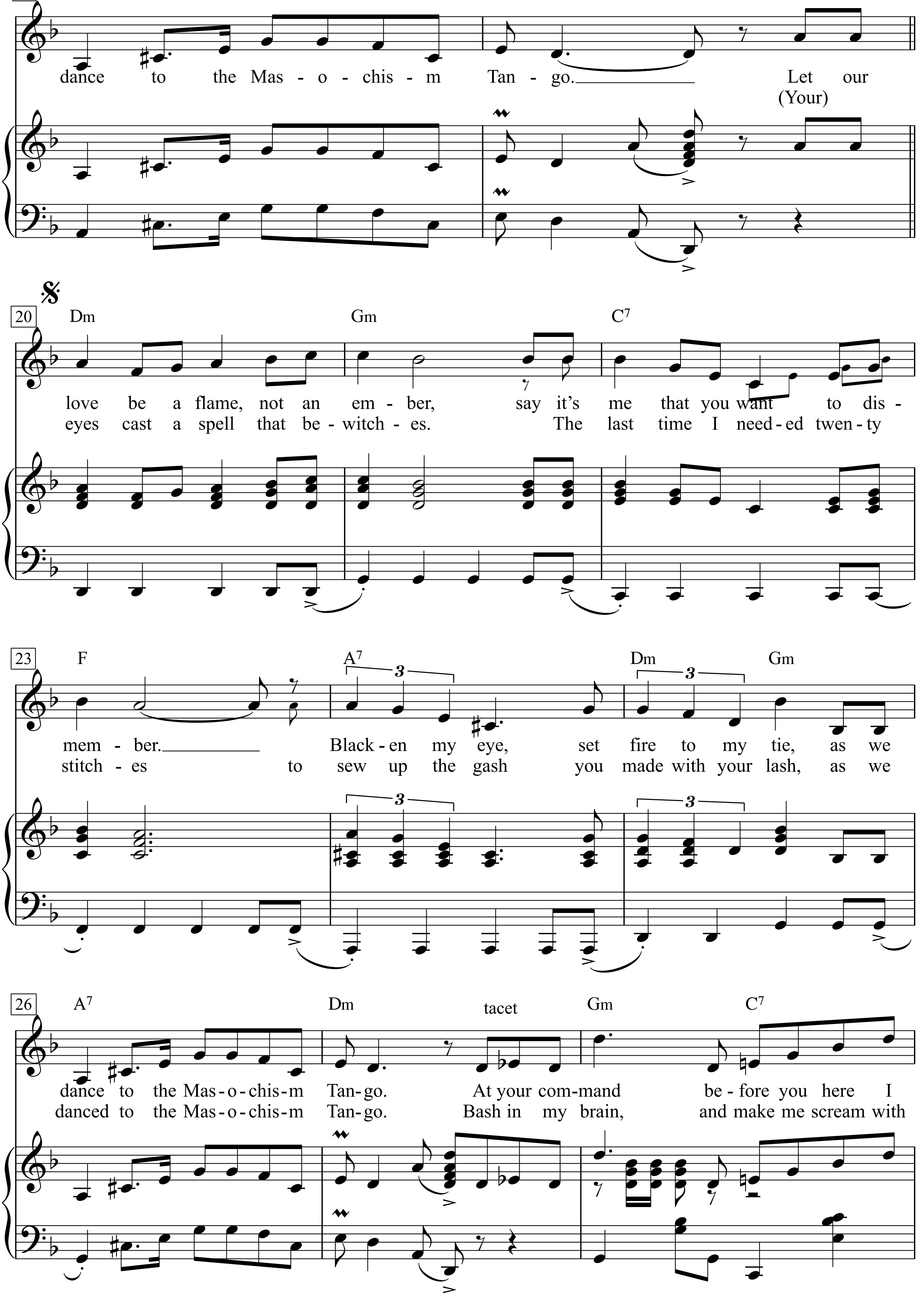
But, oh! What a wonderful feeling
Just to know that you are near
Sets my a??? heart a-reeling
From my toes up to my ears

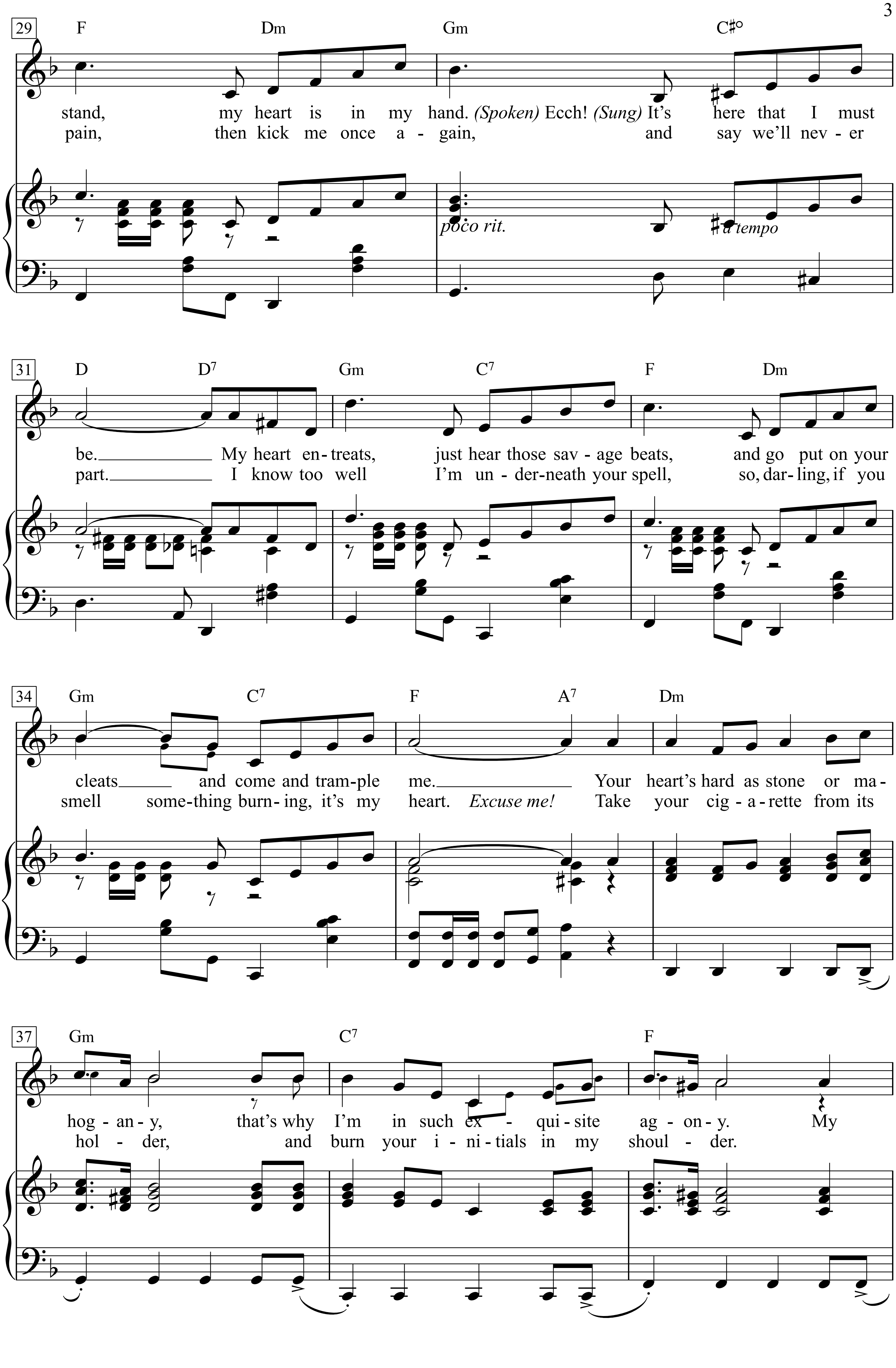
The man in me will hide sometimes to keep from bein' seen
But that's just because he doesn't want to turn into some machine
Took a woman like you
To get through to the man in me

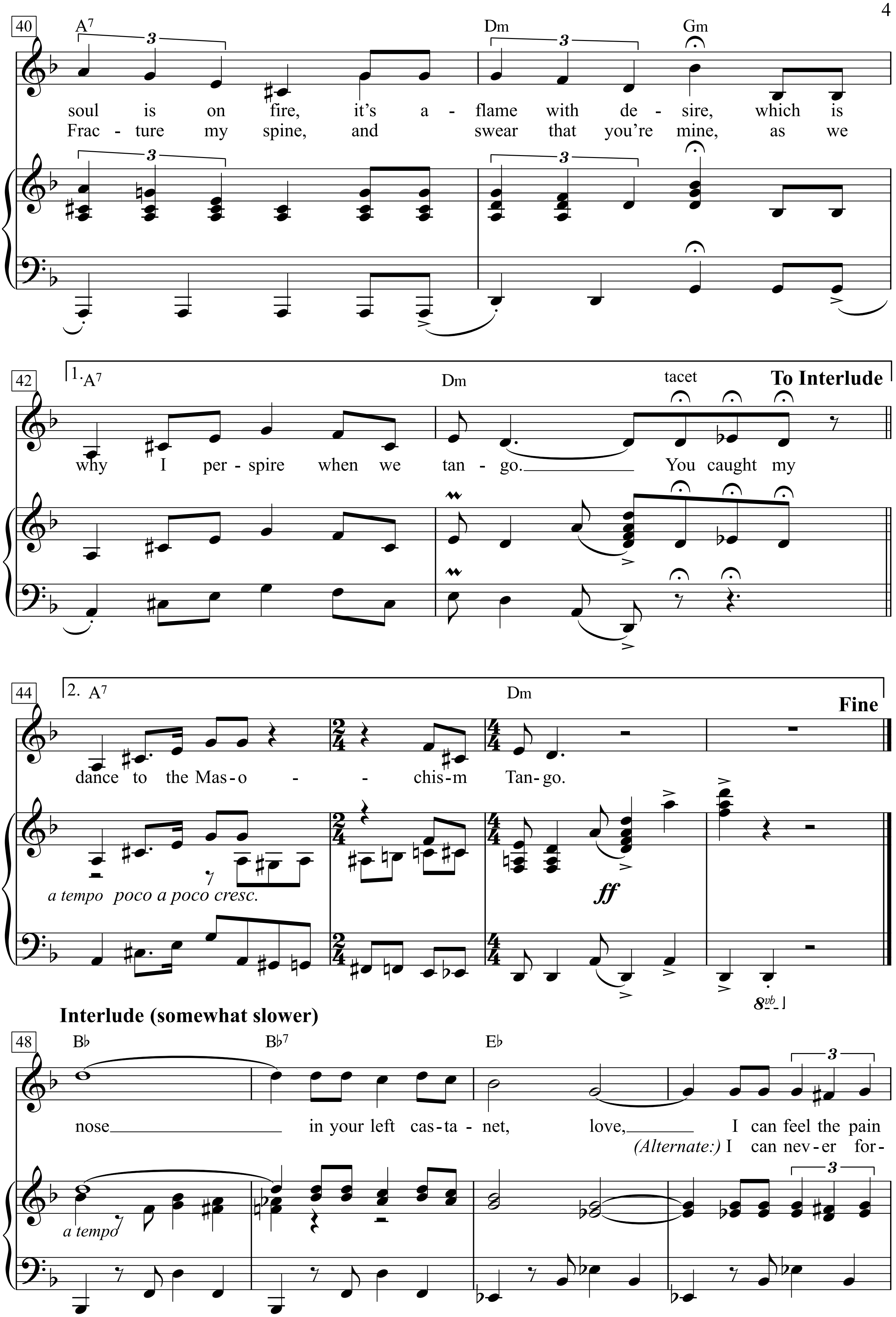
The Masochism Tango

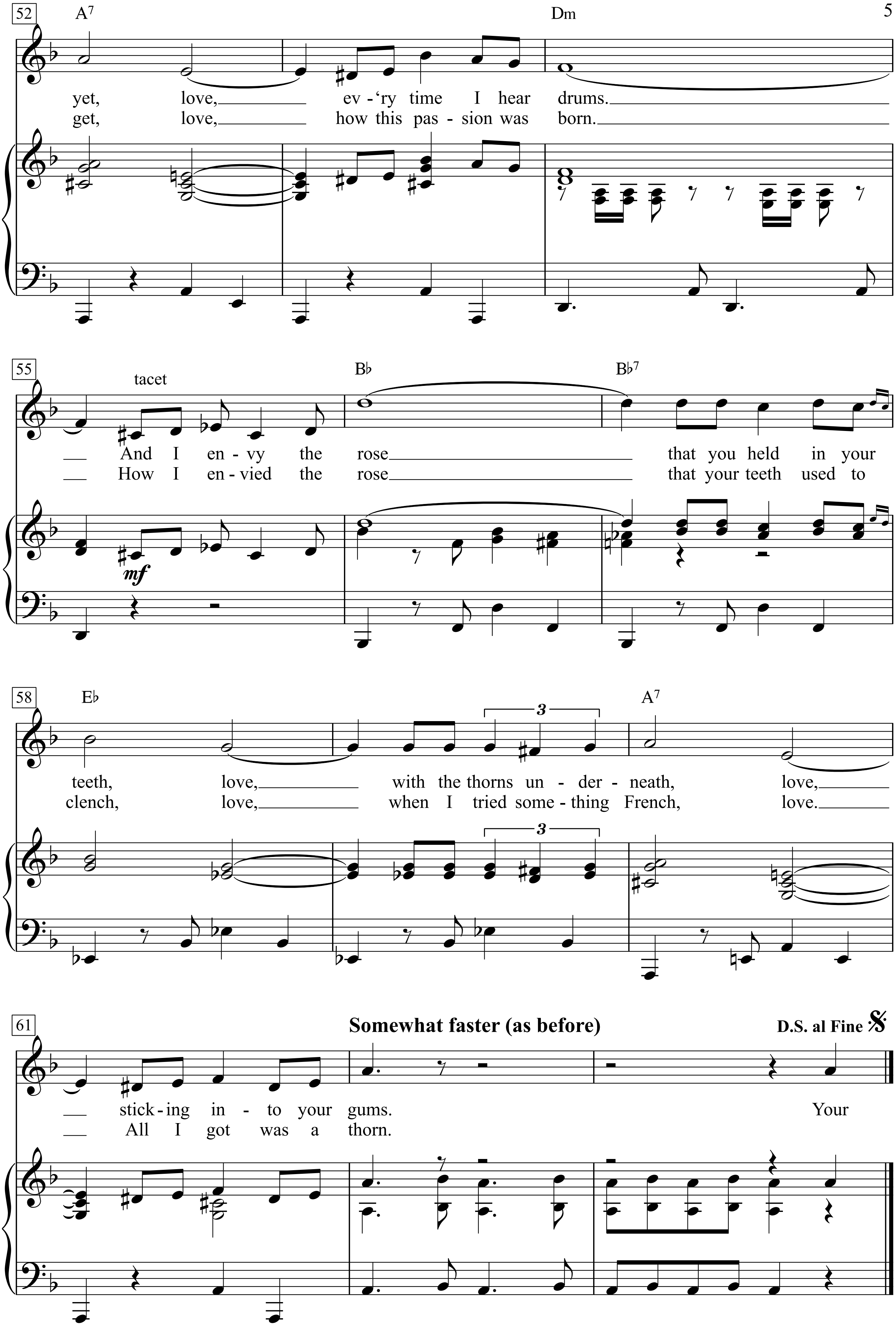
Words & Music by Tom Lehrer




18
A7 Dm tacet
dance to the Mas - o - chis - m Tan - go. Let our
(Your)
20
Dm Gm C7
love be a flame, not an em - ber, say it's me that you want to dis -
eyes cast a spell that be - witch - es. The last time I need - ed twen - ty
23
F A7 Dm Gm
mem - ber. Black - en my eye, set fire to my tie, as we
stitch - es to sew up the gash you made with your lash, as we
26
A7 Dm tacet Gm C7
dance to the Mas - o - chis - m Tan - go. At your com - mand be - fore you here I
danced to the Mas - o - chis - m Tan - go. Bash in my brain, and make me scream with


29
F Dm Gm C♯°
stand, my heart is in my hand. (Spoken) Ecch! (Sung) It's here that I must
pain, then kick me once a - gain, and say we'll nev - er
poco rit.
a tempo
31
D D7 Gm C7 F Dm
be. My heart en - treats, just hear those sav - age beats, and go put on your
part. I know too well I'm un - der - neath your spell, so, dar - ling, if you
34
Gm C7 F A7 Dm
cleats and come and tram - ple me. Your heart's hard as stone or ma -
smell some - thing burn - ing, it's my heart. Excuse me! Take your cig - a - rette from its
37
Gm C7 F
hog - an - y, that's why I'm in such ex - qui - site ag - on - y. My
hol - der, and burn your i - ni - tials in my shoul - der.


40
A7
Dm
Gm
soul is on fire, it's a - flame with de - sire, which is
Frac - ture my spine, and swear that you're mine, as we
42
1. A7
Dm
tacet
To Interlude
why I per - spire when we tan - go. You caught my
44
2. A7
Dm
Fine
dance to the Mas-o - - chis-m Tan-go.
a tempo poco a poco cresc.
ff
8vb
Interlude (somewhat slower)
48
B♭
B♭7
E♭
nose in your left cas-ta - net, love, I can feel the pain
(Alternate:) I can nev-er for-
a tempo


52
A7
Dm
yet, love, ev - 'ry time I hear drums.
get, love, how this pas - sion was born.
55
tacet
B♭
B♭7
And I en - vy the rose that you held in your
How I en - vied the rose that your teeth used to
mf
58
E♭
A7
3
teeth, love, with the thorns un - der - neath, love,
clench, love, when I tried some - thing French, love.
61
Somewhat faster (as before)
D.S. al Fine
stick - ing in - to your gums. Your
All I got was a thorn.

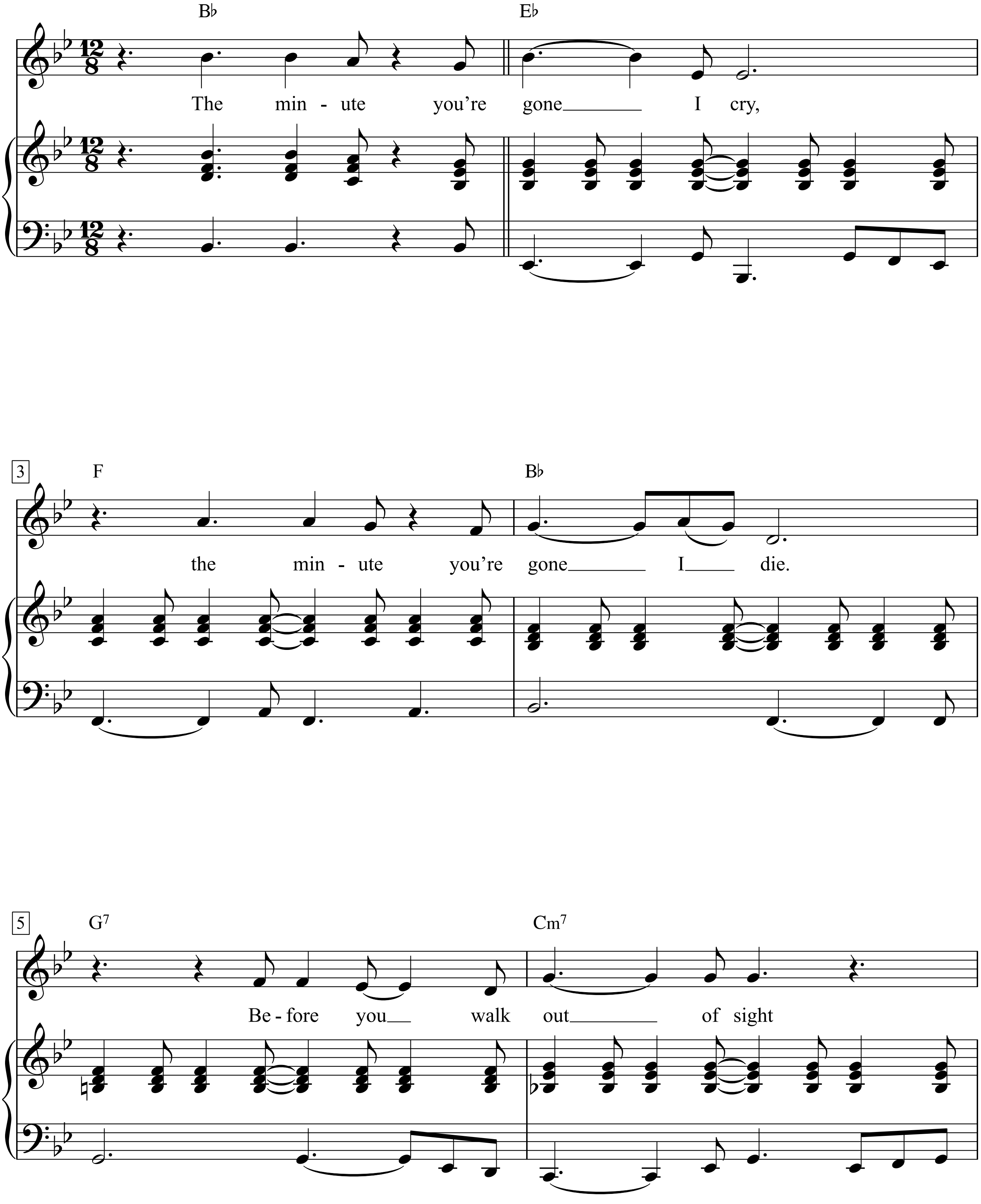
1. I ache for the touch of your lips, dear,
but much more for the touch of your whips, dear.
You can raise welts like nobody else,
as we dance to the Masochism Tango.
Let our love be a flame, not an ember,
say it's me that you want to dismember.
Blacken my eye, set fire to my tie,
as we dance to the Masochism Tango.
At your command before you here I stand,
my heart is in my hand.
(Spoken) Ecch! (Sung) It's here that I must be.
My heart entreats, just hear those savage beats,
and go put on your cleats and come and trample me.
Your heart's hard as stone or mahogany,
that's why I'm in such exquisite agony.
My soul is on fire, it's aflame with desire,
which is why I perspire when we tango.
You caught my dance to the Masochism Tango.

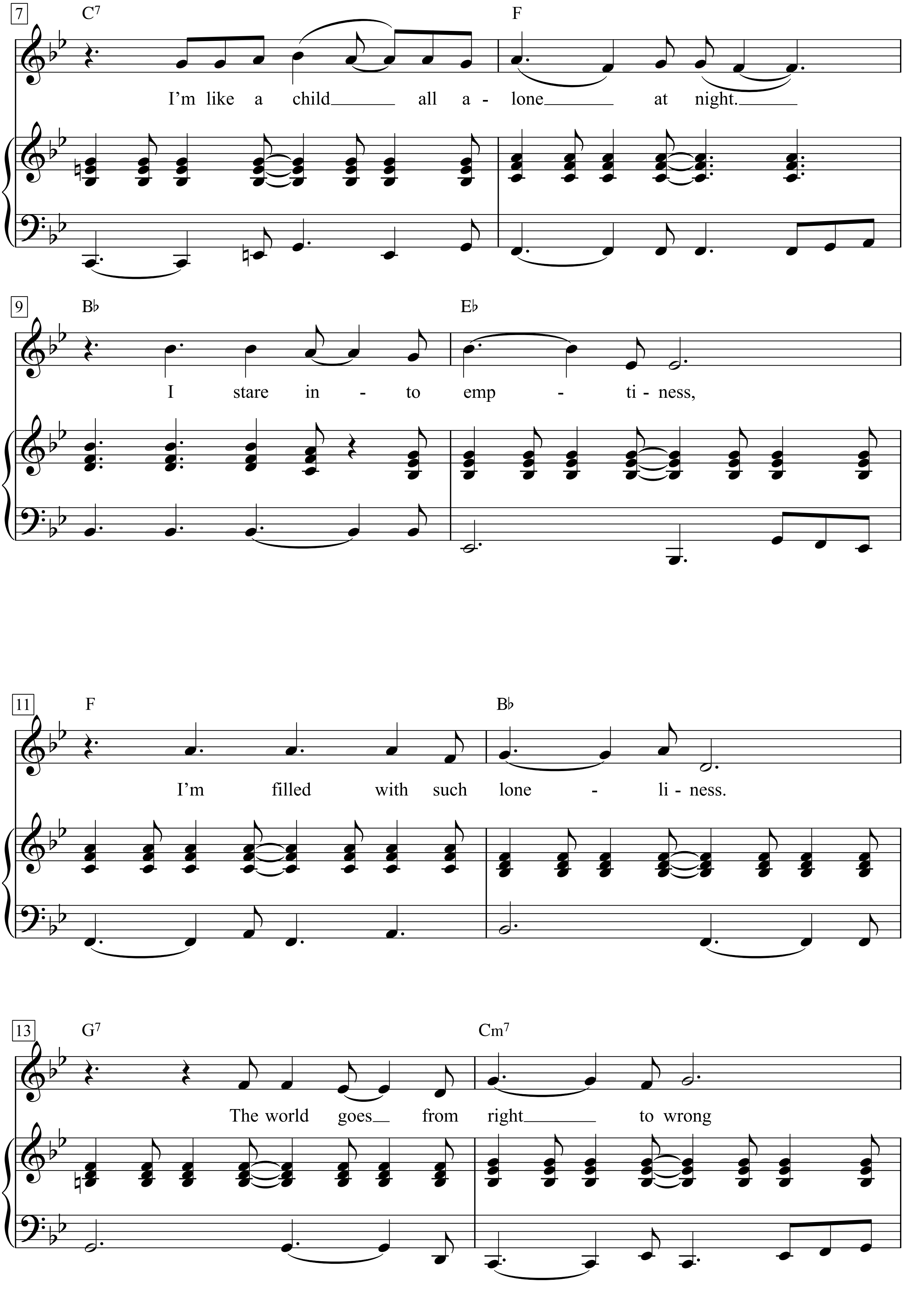
nose in your left castanet, love,
I can feel the pain yet, love, ev'ry time I hear drums.
And I envy the rose that you held in your teeth,
love, with the thorns underneath, love, sticking into your gums.
Your

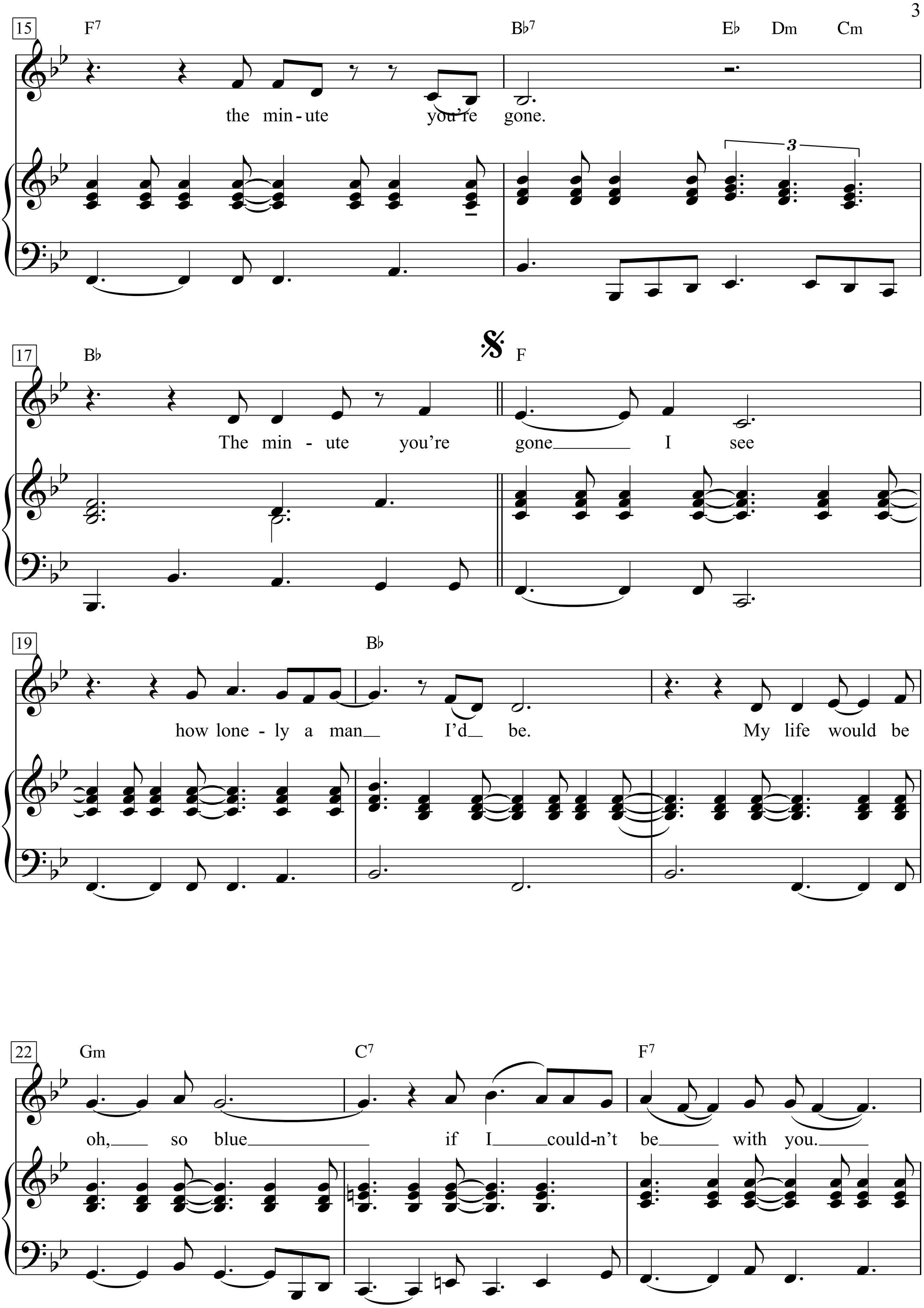
2. (Your) eyes cast a spell that bewitches.
The last time I needed twenty stitches
to sew up the gash
you made with your lash,
as we danced to the Masochism Tango.
Bash in my brain, and make me scream with pain,
then kick me once again, and say we'll never part.
I know too well I'm underneath your spell,
so, darling, if you smell something burning, it's my heart.
Excuse me!
Take your cigarette from its holder,
and burn your initials in my shoulder.
Fracture my spine, and swear that you're mine, as we
(Alternate:) I can never forget, love, how this passion was born.
How I envied the rose that your teeth used to clench, love,
when I tried something French, love.
All I got was a thorn.

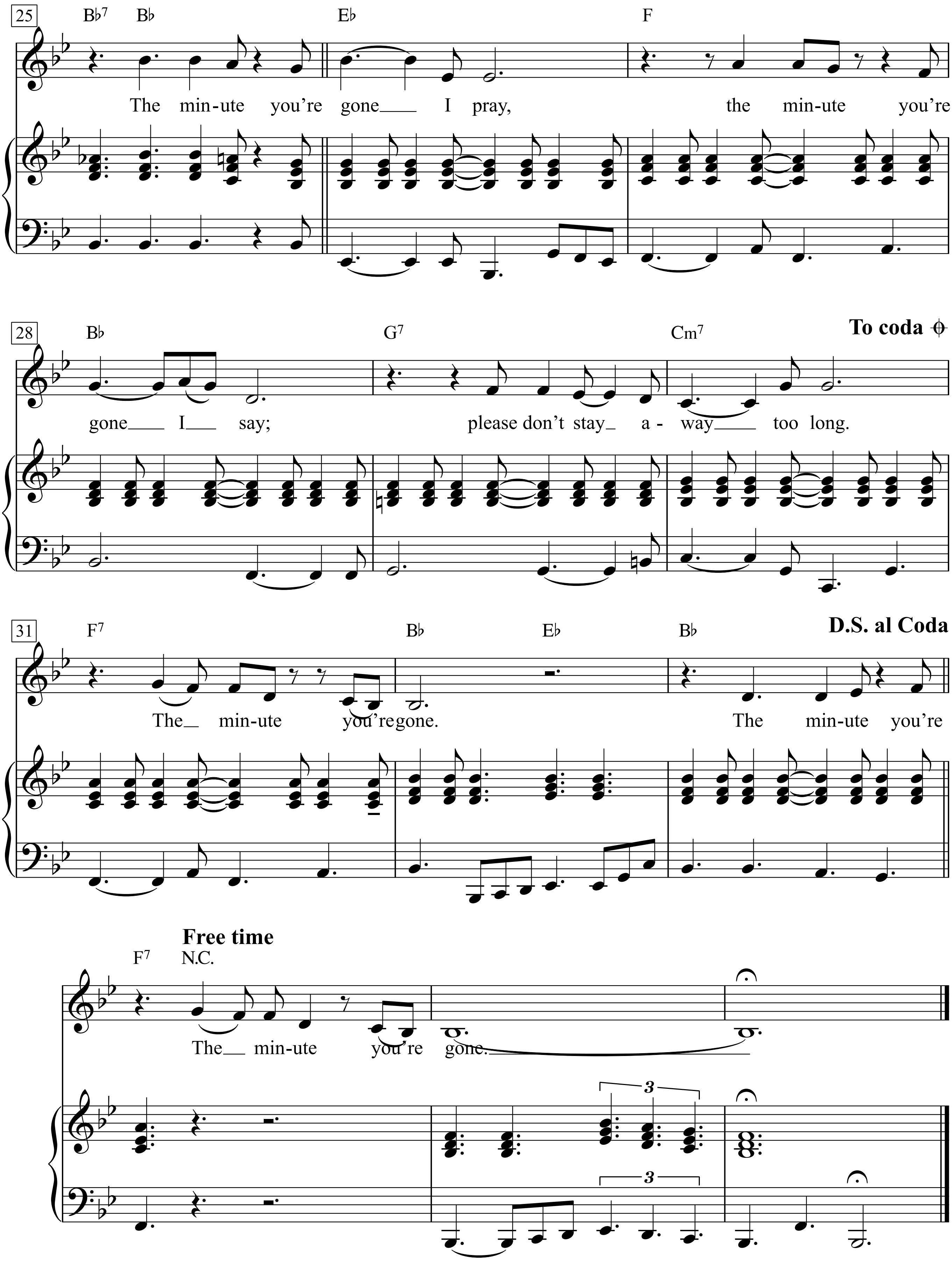
The Minute You're Gone

Words & Music by Jimmy Gateley
(Cliff Richard)



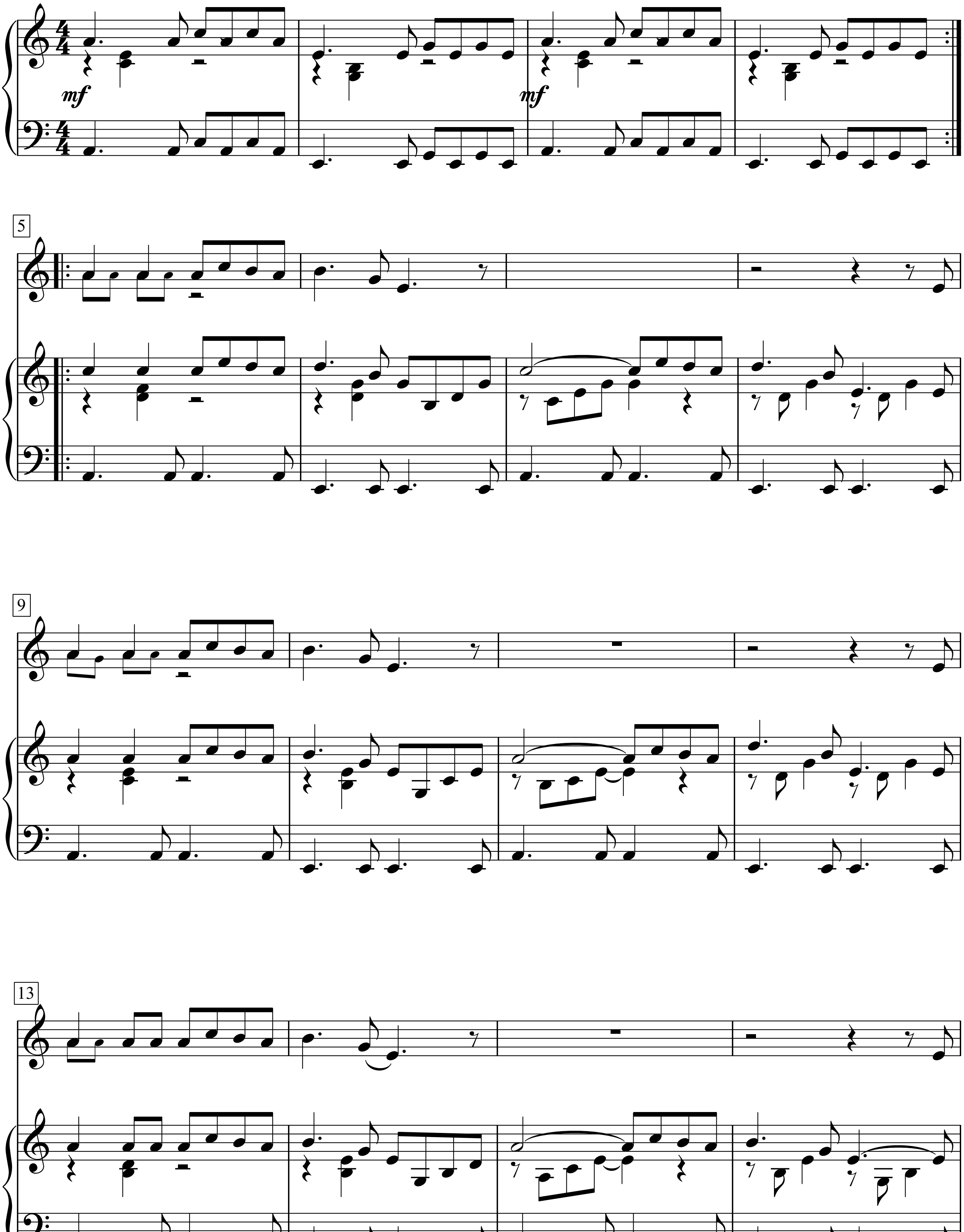

7
C7
F
I'm like a child all a - lone at night.
9
B♭
E♭
I stare in - to emp - ti - ness,
11
F
B♭
I'm filled with such lone - li - ness.
13
G7
Cm7
The world goes from right to wrong

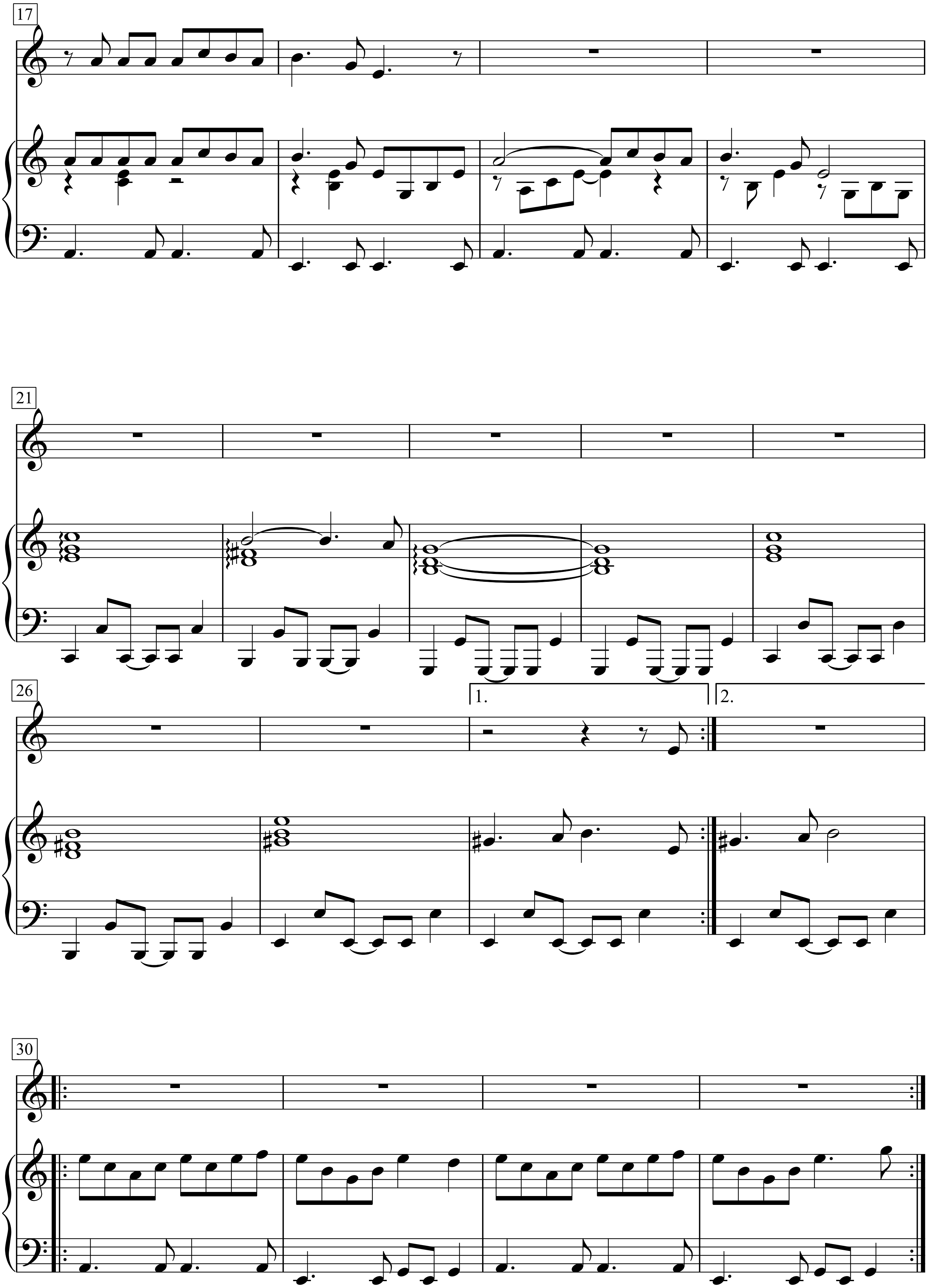

15
F7
Bb7
Eb Dm Cm
the min-ute you're gone.
3
17
Bb
F
The min - ute you're gone I see
19
Bb
how lone - ly a man I'd be. My life would be
22
Gm
C7
F7
oh, so blue if I could-n't be with you.

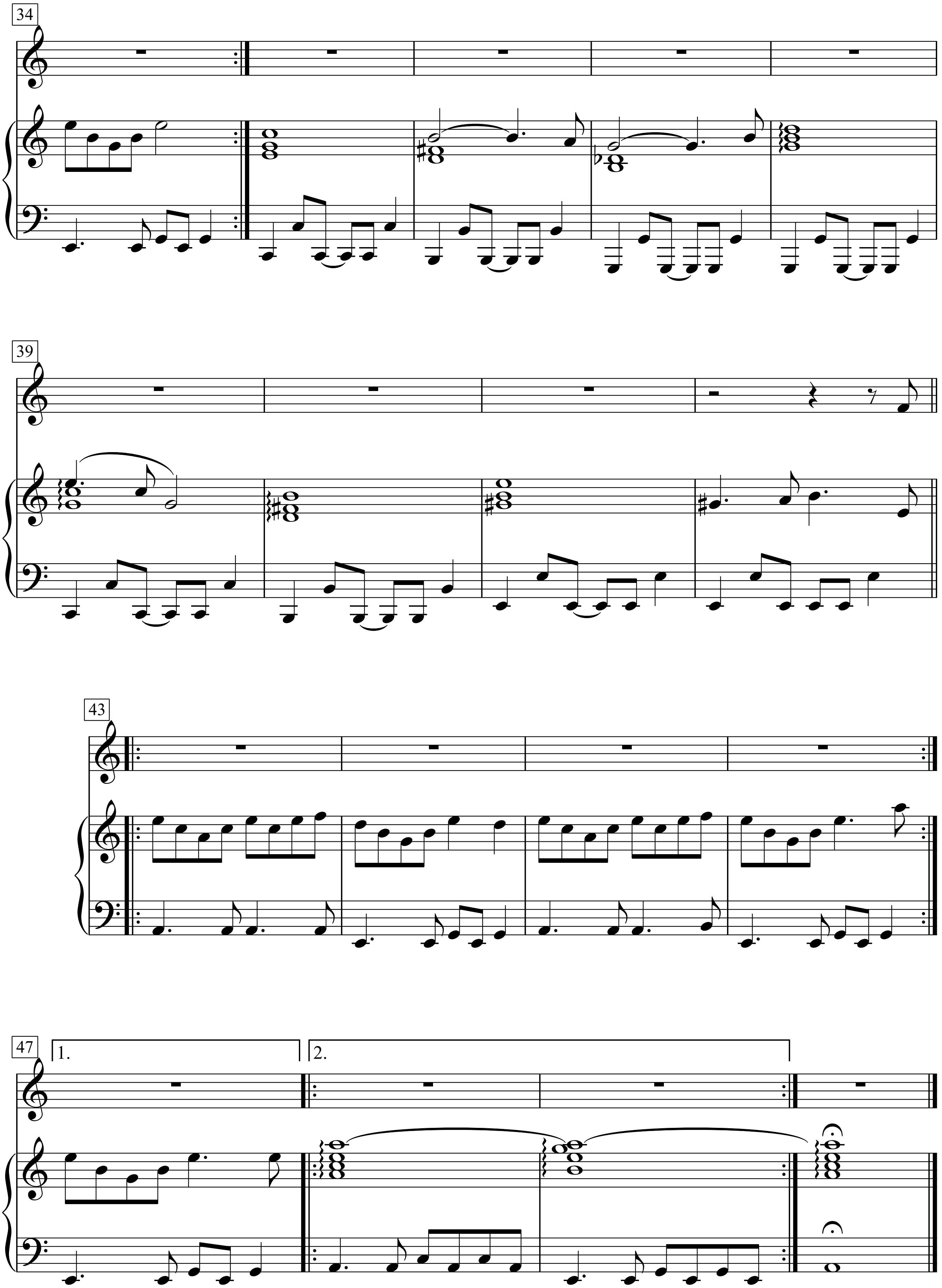

25
B♭7 B♭ E♭ F
The min-ute you're gone I pray, the min-ute you're
28
B♭ G7 Cm7
To coda
gone I say; please don't stay a - way too long.
31
F7 B♭ E♭ B♭
D.S. al Coda
The min-ute you're gone. The min-ute you're
Free time
F7 N.C.
The min-ute you're gone.
3
3

The Model

Kraftwerk

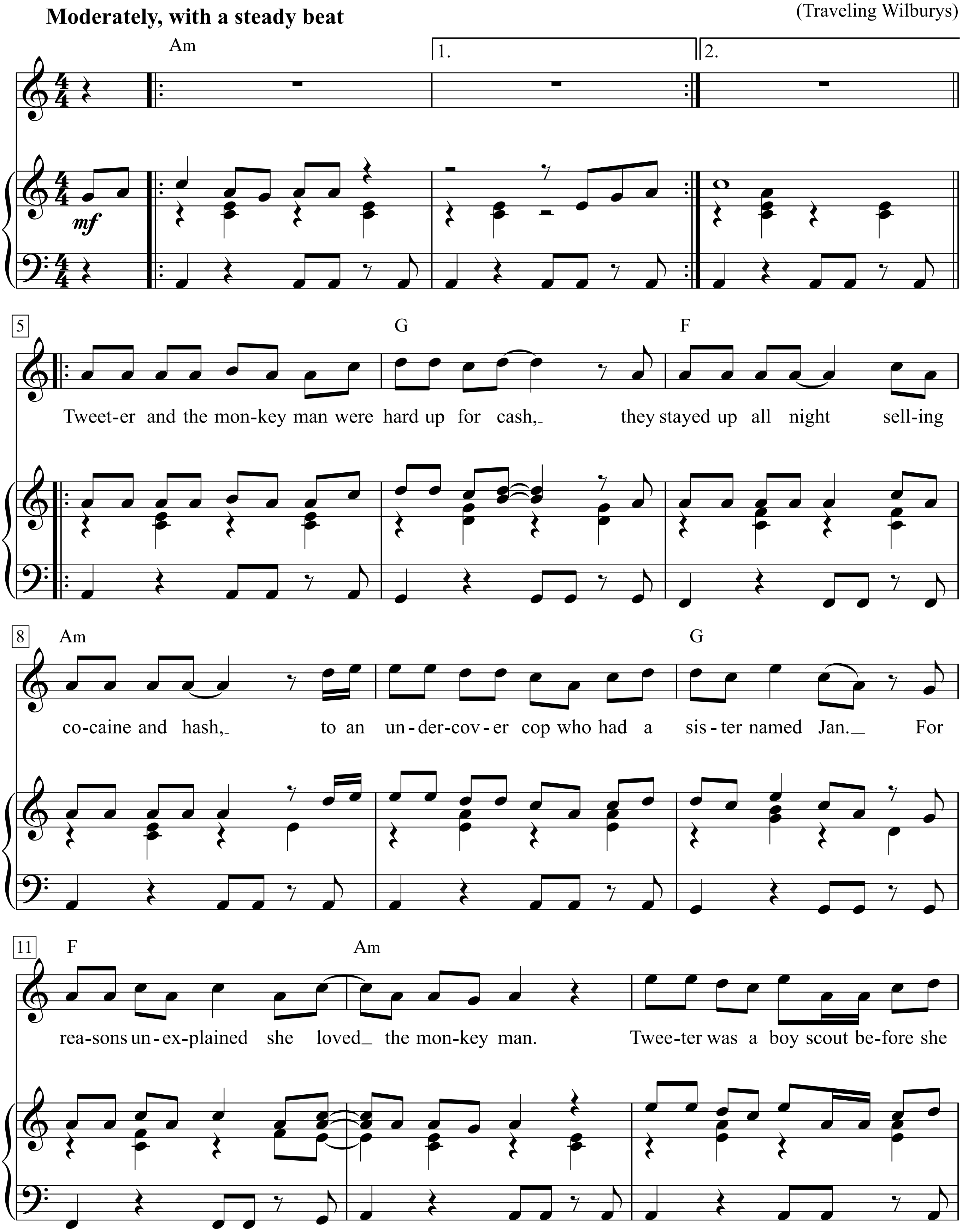


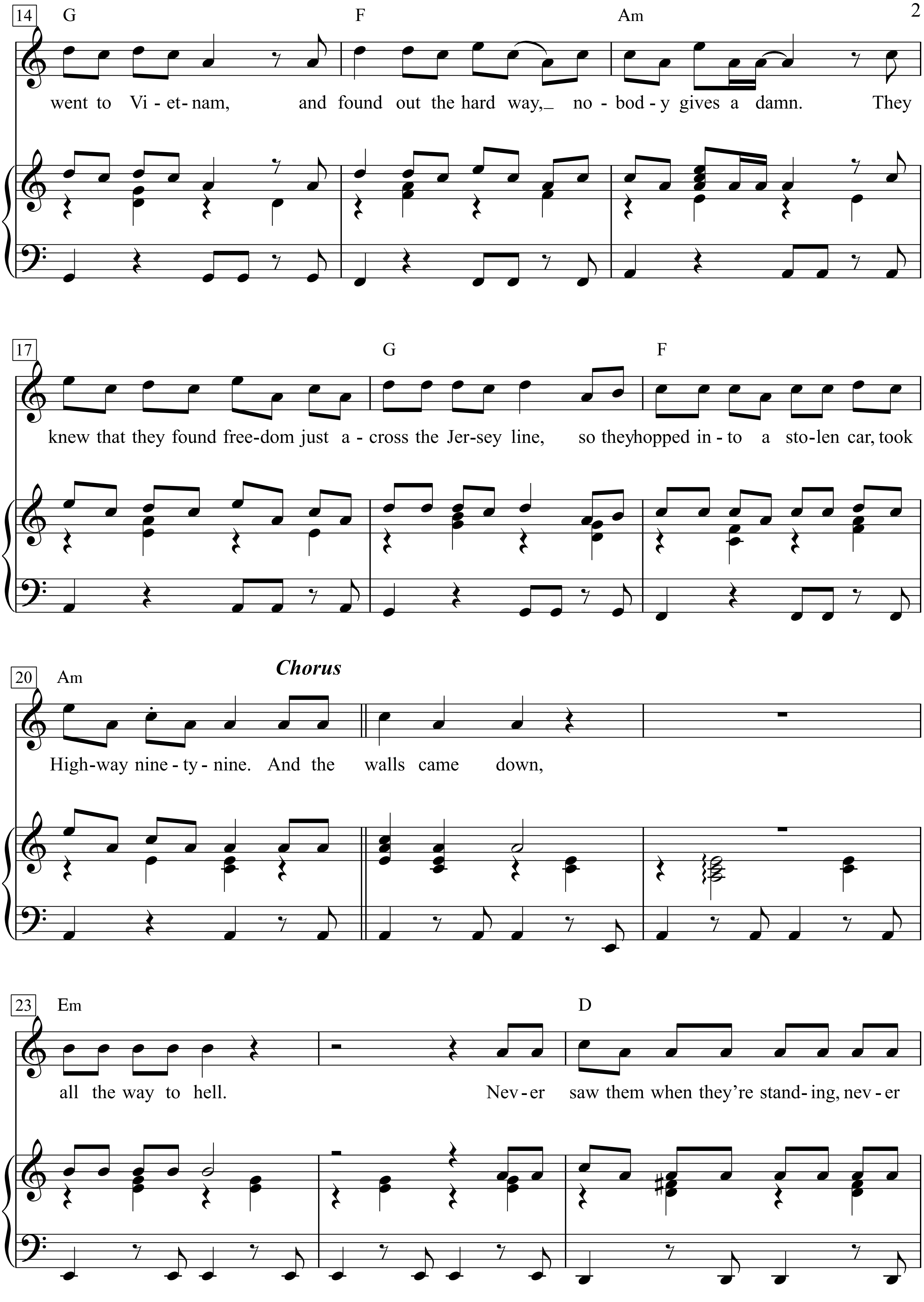

17
21
26
1.
2.
30

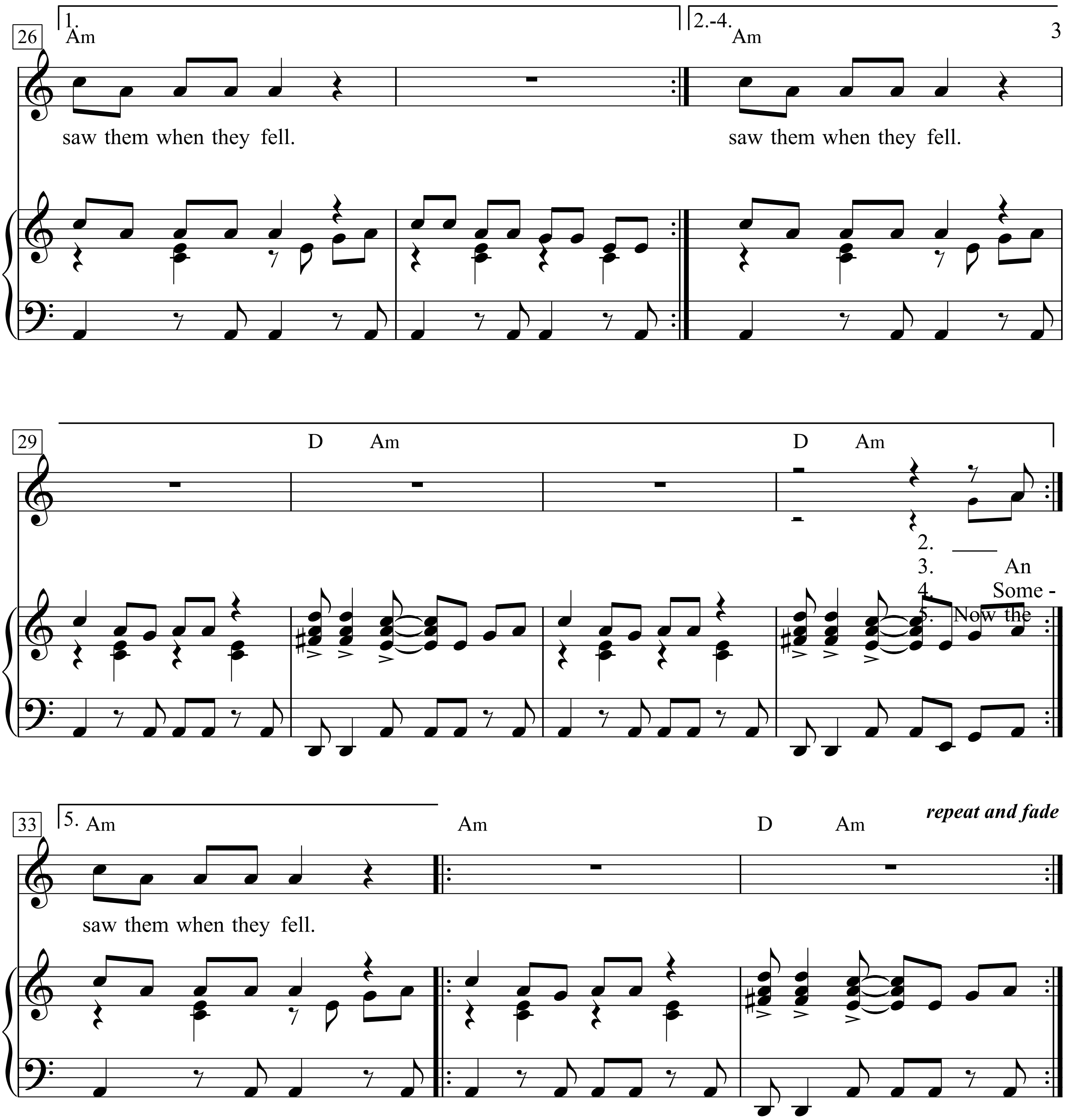

34
39
43
47
1.
2.

Tweeter And The Monkey Man

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Traveling Wilburys)




14
G
F
Am
went to Vi - et- nam, and found out the hard way,_ no - bod - y gives a damn. They
17
G
F
knew that they found free-dom just a - cross the Jer-sey line, so theyhopped in - to a sto-len car, took
20
Am
Chorus
High-way nine - ty - nine. And the walls came down,
23
Em
D
all the way to hell. Nev - er saw them when they're stand- ing, nev - er



1. Tweeter and the monkey man were hard up for cash,
they stayed up all night selling cocaine and hash,
to an undercover cop who had a sister named Jan.
For reasons unexplained she loved the monkey man.

Tweeter was a boy scout before she went to Vietnam,
and found out the hard way, nobody gives a damn.
They knew that they found freedom just across the Jersey line,
so they hopped into a stolen car, took Highway ninety-nine.

Chorus
And the walls came down, all the way to hell.
Never saw them when they're standing,
never saw them when they fell.

2. The undercover cop never liked the monkey man,
Even back in childhood, he wanted to see him in the can.
Jan got married at fourteen to a racketeer named Bill,
She made secret calls to the monkey man from a mansion on the hill.

It was out on Thunder Road - Tweeter at the wheel,
They crashed into paradise - they could hear them tires squeal.
The undercover cop pulled up and said, "Everyone of you's a liar,
If you don't surrender now, it's gonna go down to the wire.

Chorus:

3. An ambulance rolled up - a state trooper close behind,
Tweeter took his gun away and messed up his mind,
The undercover cop was left tied up to a tree
Near the souvenir stand by the old abandoned factory.

Next day the undercover cop was hot in pursuit,
He was taking the whole thing personal, he didn't care about the loot.
Jan had told him many times, it was you to me who taught,
In Jersey anything's legal as long as you don't get caught.

Chorus:

4. Someplace by Rahway prison, they ran out of gas.
The undercover cop had cornered them, said,
"Boy, you didn't think that this could last."
Jan jumped out of bed, said, "There's someplace I gotta go."
She took a gun out of the drawer and said, "It's best if you don't know."

The undercover cop was found face down in a field,
The monkey man was on the river bridge using Tweeter as a shield,
Jan said to the monkey man, "I'm not fooled by Tweeter's curl.
I knew him long before he ever became a Jersey girl."

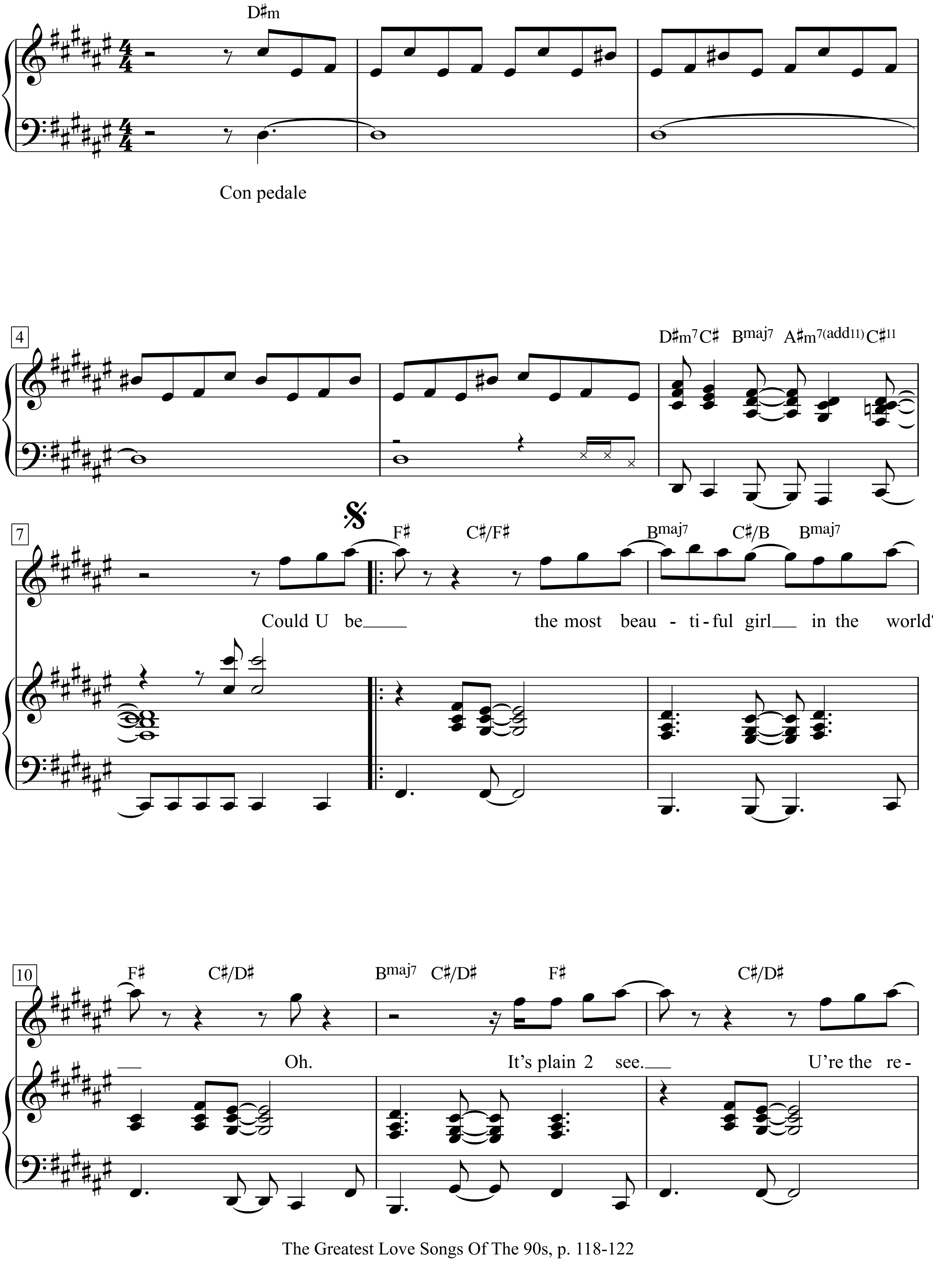
Chorus:

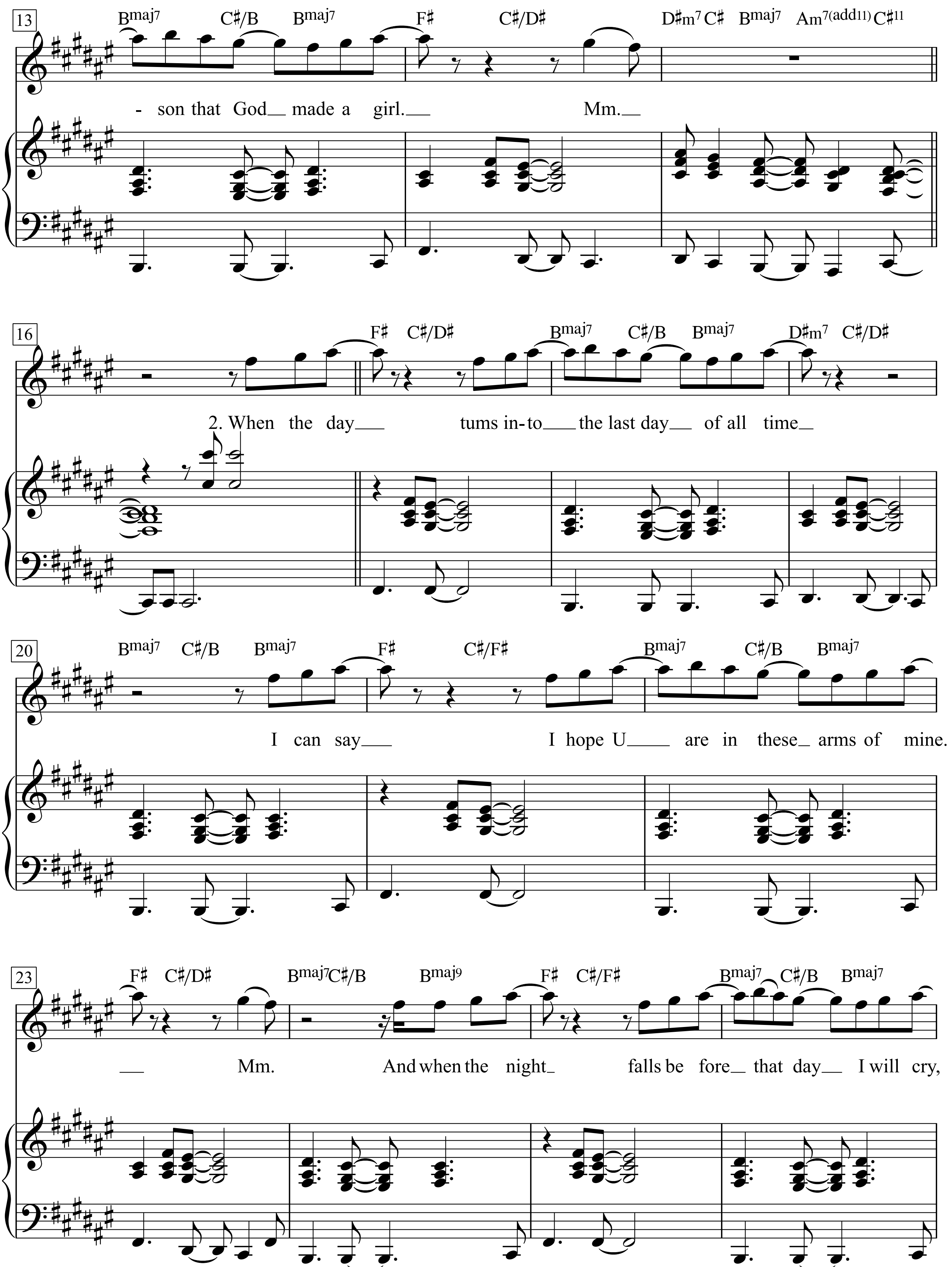
5. Now the town od Jersey City is quieting down again,
I'm sitting in a gambling club called the Lion's Den.
The TV set been blown up, every bit of it is gone
Ever since the nightly news show that the monkey man was on.

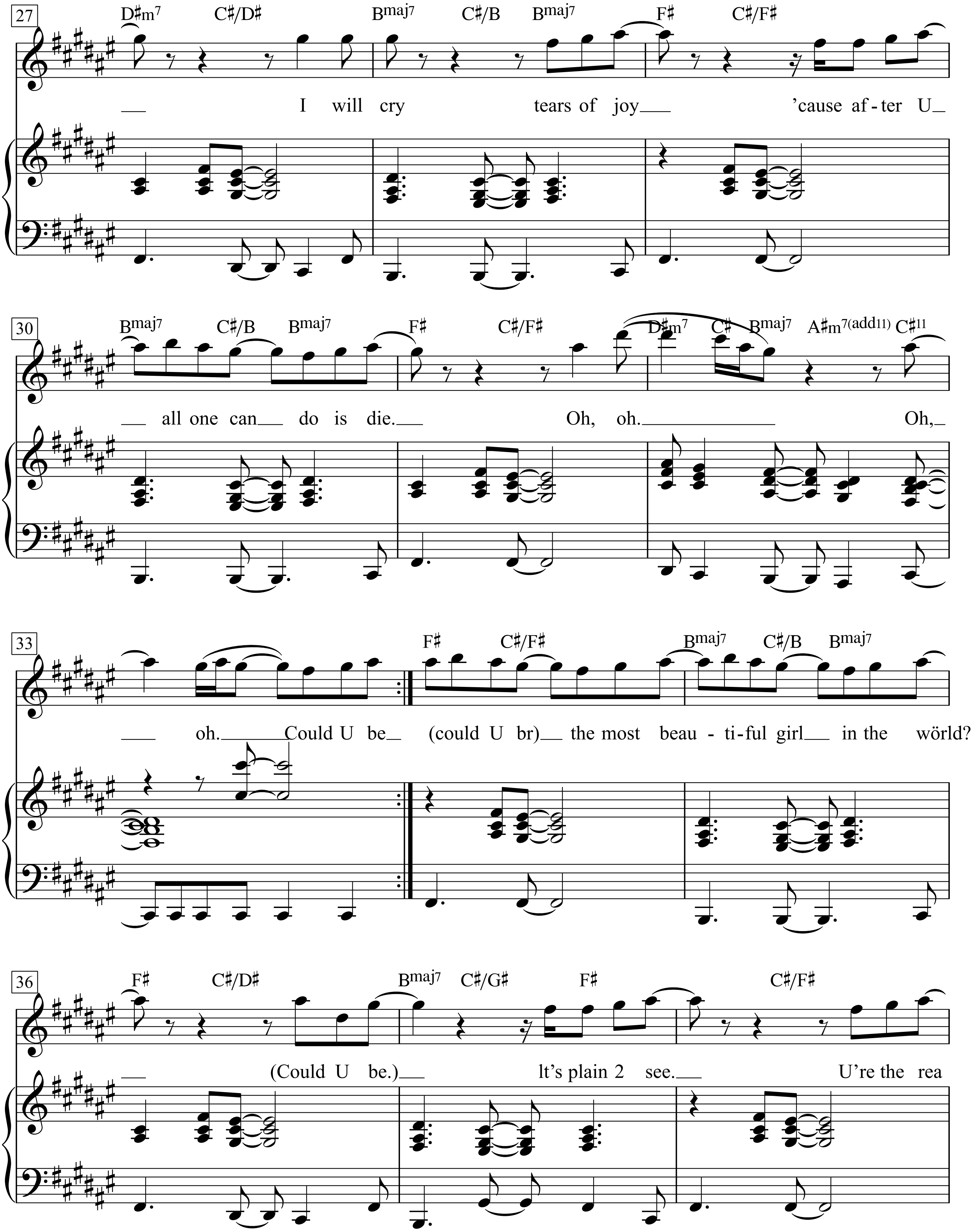
I guess I'll go to Florida and get myself some sun,
There ain't no more opportunity here, everything's been done.
Sometime I think of Tweeter, sometime I think of Jan,
Sometime I don't think about nothing but the monkey man.

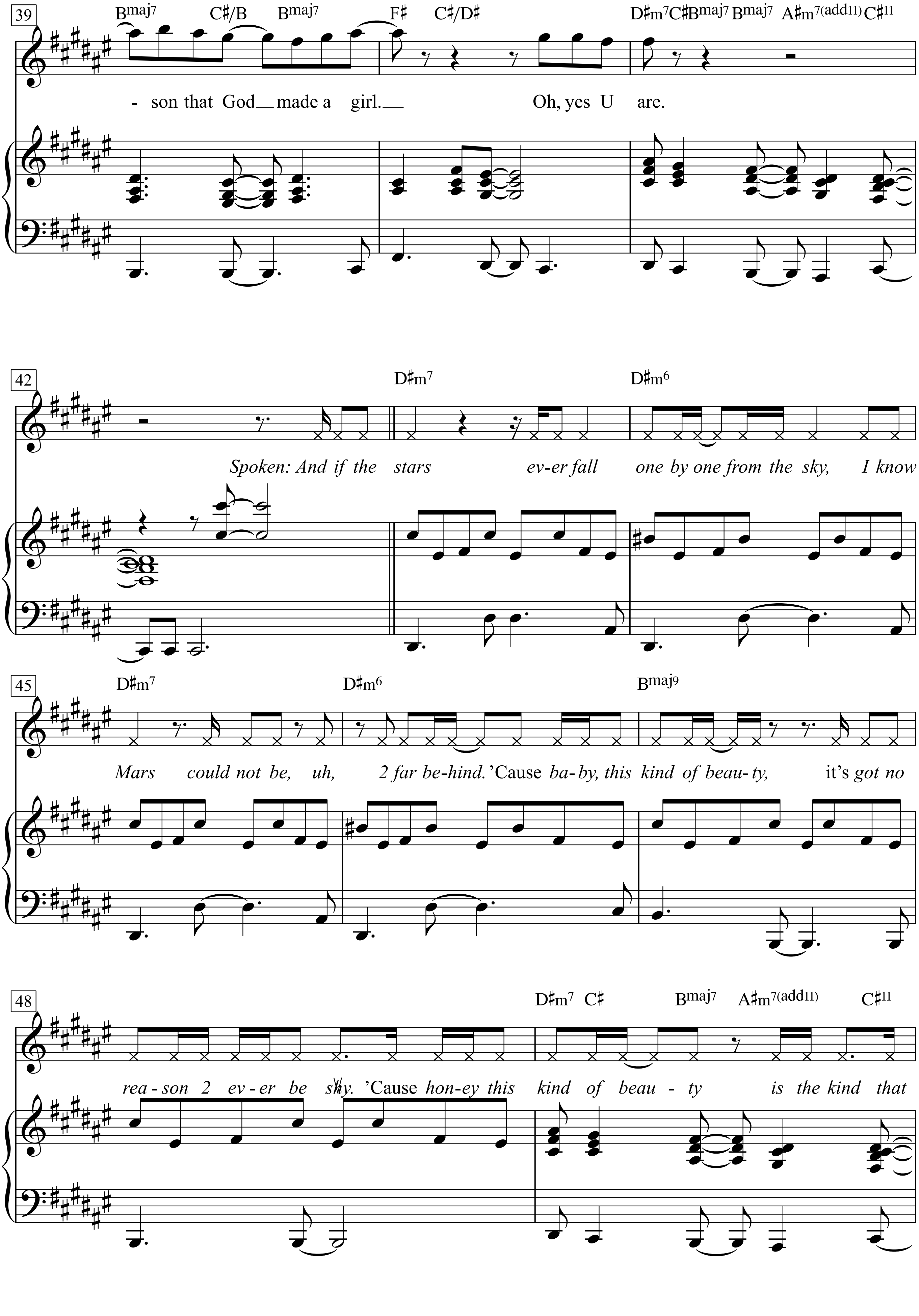
The Most Beautiful Girl In The World

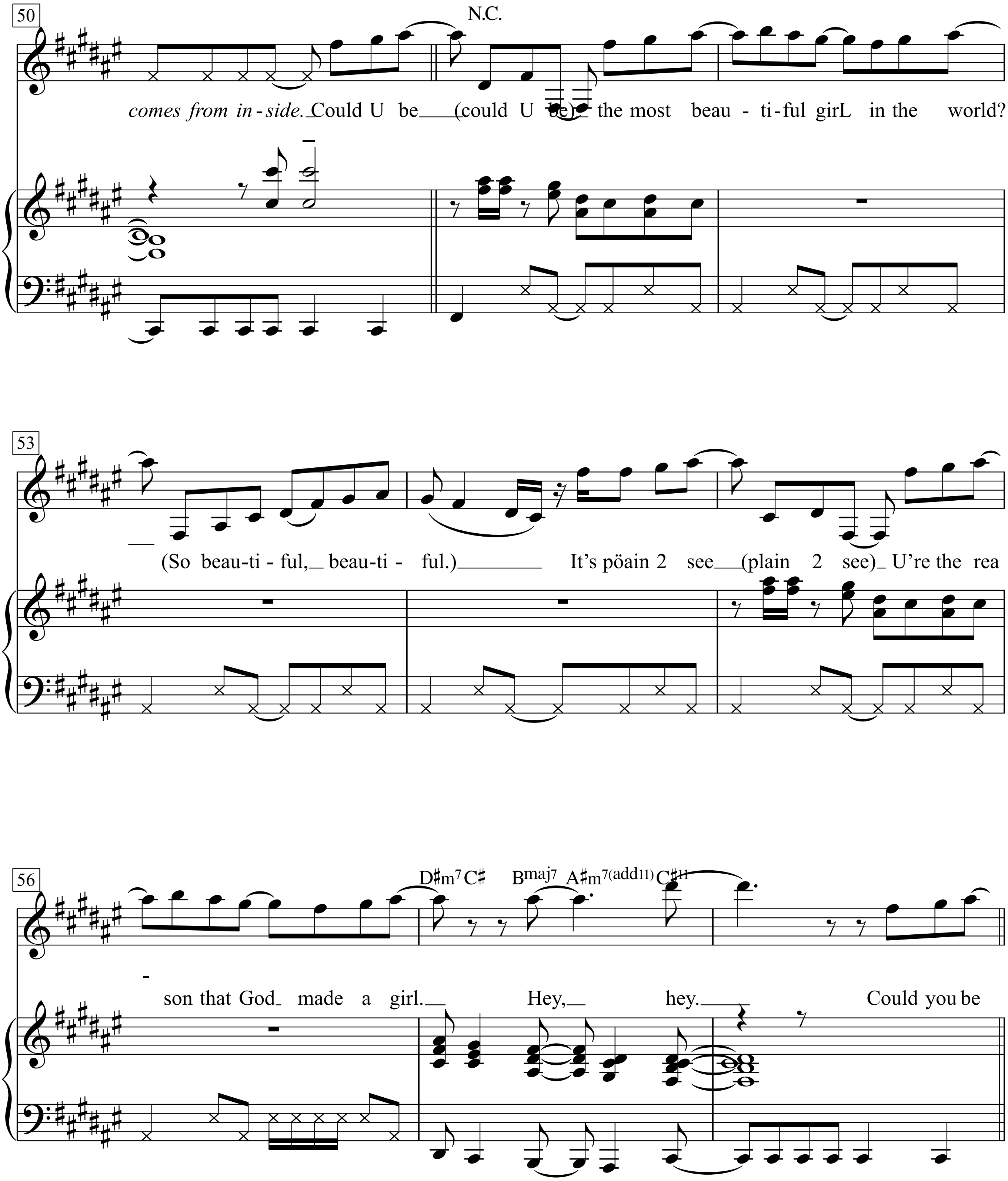
Words & Music by Prince
(Prince)




13
Bmaj7 C♯/B Bmaj7 F♯ C♯/D♯ D♯m7 C♯ Bmaj7 Am7(add11) C♯11
- son that God made a girl. Mm.
16
F♯ C♯/D♯ Bmaj7 C♯/B Bmaj7 D♯m7 C♯/D♯
2. When the day tums in-to the last day of all time
20
Bmaj7 C♯/B Bmaj7 F♯ C♯/F♯ Bmaj7 C♯/B Bmaj7
I can say I hope U are in these arms of mine.
23
F♯ C♯/D♯ Bmaj7 C♯/B Bmaj9 F♯ C♯/F♯ Bmaj7 C♯/B Bmaj7
Mm. And when the night falls be fore that day I will cry,


27
D♯m7 C♯/D♯ Bmaj7 C♯/B Bmaj7 F♯ C♯/F♯
— I will cry tears of joy — 'cause af - ter U —
30
Bmaj7 C♯/B Bmaj7 F♯ C♯/F♯ D♯m7 C♯ Bmaj7 A♯m7(add11) C♯11
— all one can — do is die. — Oh, oh. — Oh, —
33
F♯ C♯/F♯ Bmaj7 C♯/B Bmaj7
— oh. — Could U be — (could U br) — the most beau - ti-ful girl — in the wörld?
36
F♯ C♯/D♯ Bmaj7 C♯/G♯ F♯ C♯/F♯
— (Could U be.) — lt's plain 2 see. — U're the rea


39
Bmaj7 C♯/B Bmaj7 F♯ C♯/D♯ D♯m7 C♯ Bmaj7 Bmaj7 A♯m7(add11) C♯11
- son that God made a girl. Oh, yes U are.
42
D♯m7 D♯m6
Spoken: And if the stars ev-er fall one by one from the sky, I know
45
D♯m7 D♯m6 Bmaj9
Mars could not be, uh, 2 far be-hind. 'Cause ba-by, this kind of beau-ty, it's got no
48
D♯m7 C♯ Bmaj7 A♯m7(add11) C♯11
rea-son 2 ev-er be shy. 'Cause hon-ey this kind of beau - ty is the kind that

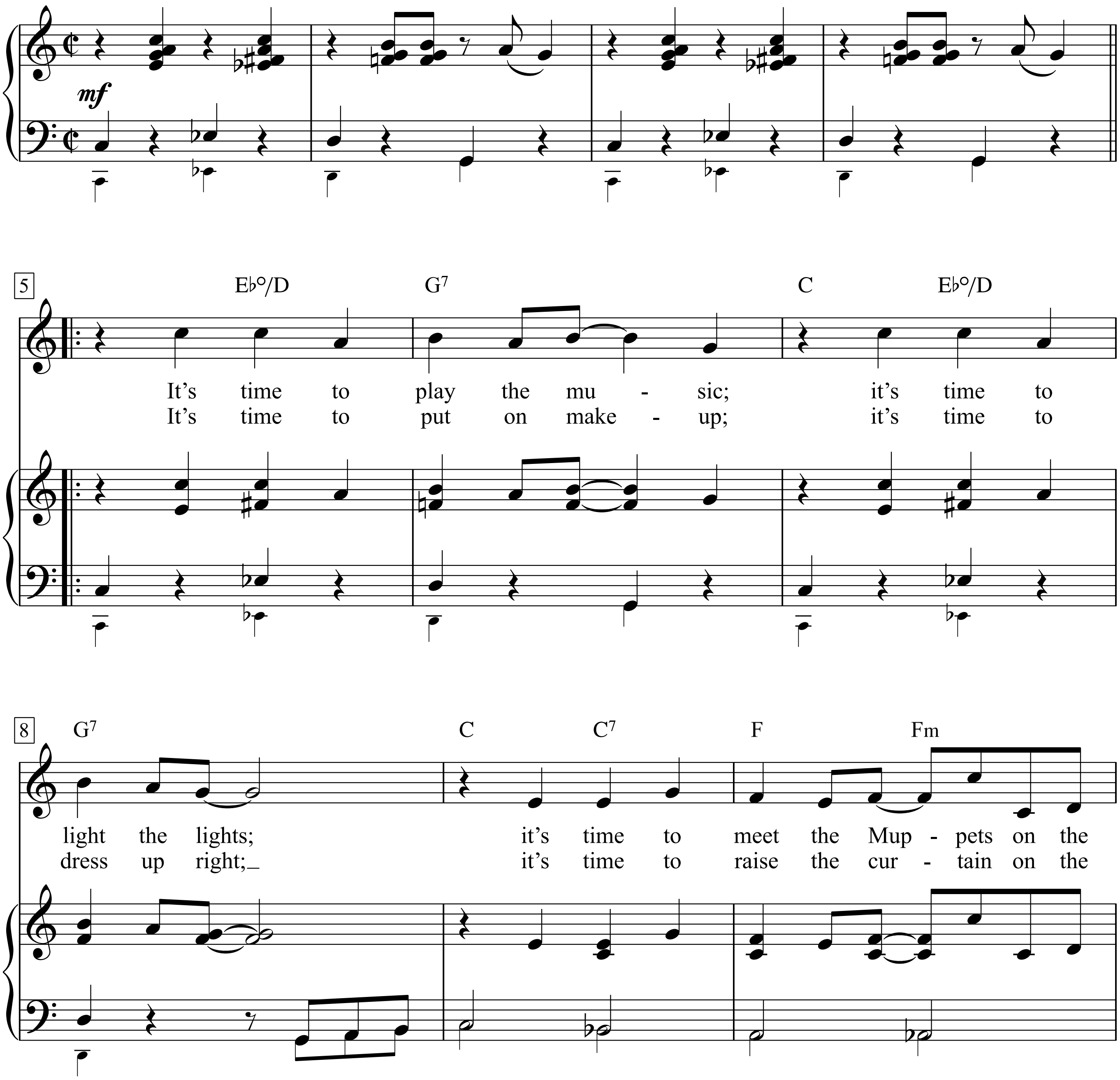

50
N.C.
comes from in-side. Could U be (could U be) the most beau-ti-ful girL in the world?
53
(So beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful.) It's pöain 2 see (plain 2 see) U're the rea
56
D♯m7 C♯ Bmaj7 A♯m7(add11) C♯11
son that God made a girl. Hey, hey. Could you be

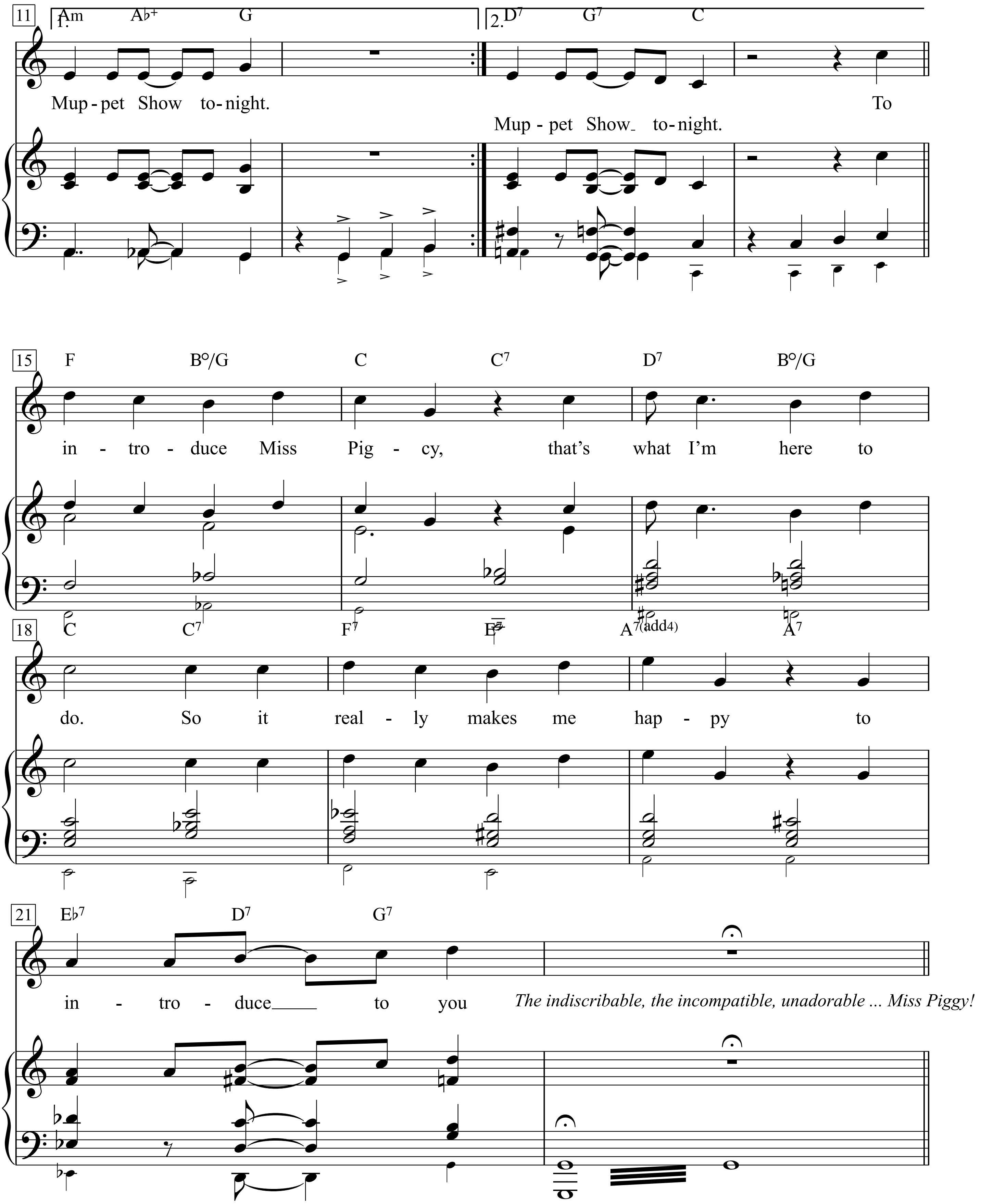
Verse 2:
How can I
Get through days when I can’t get through hours,
I can try
But when I do, I see U and I’m devoured, oh, yes.
Who’d allow, who’d allow
A face 2 be soft as a flower
I could bow
And feel proud in the light of this power
Oh ... yes ...

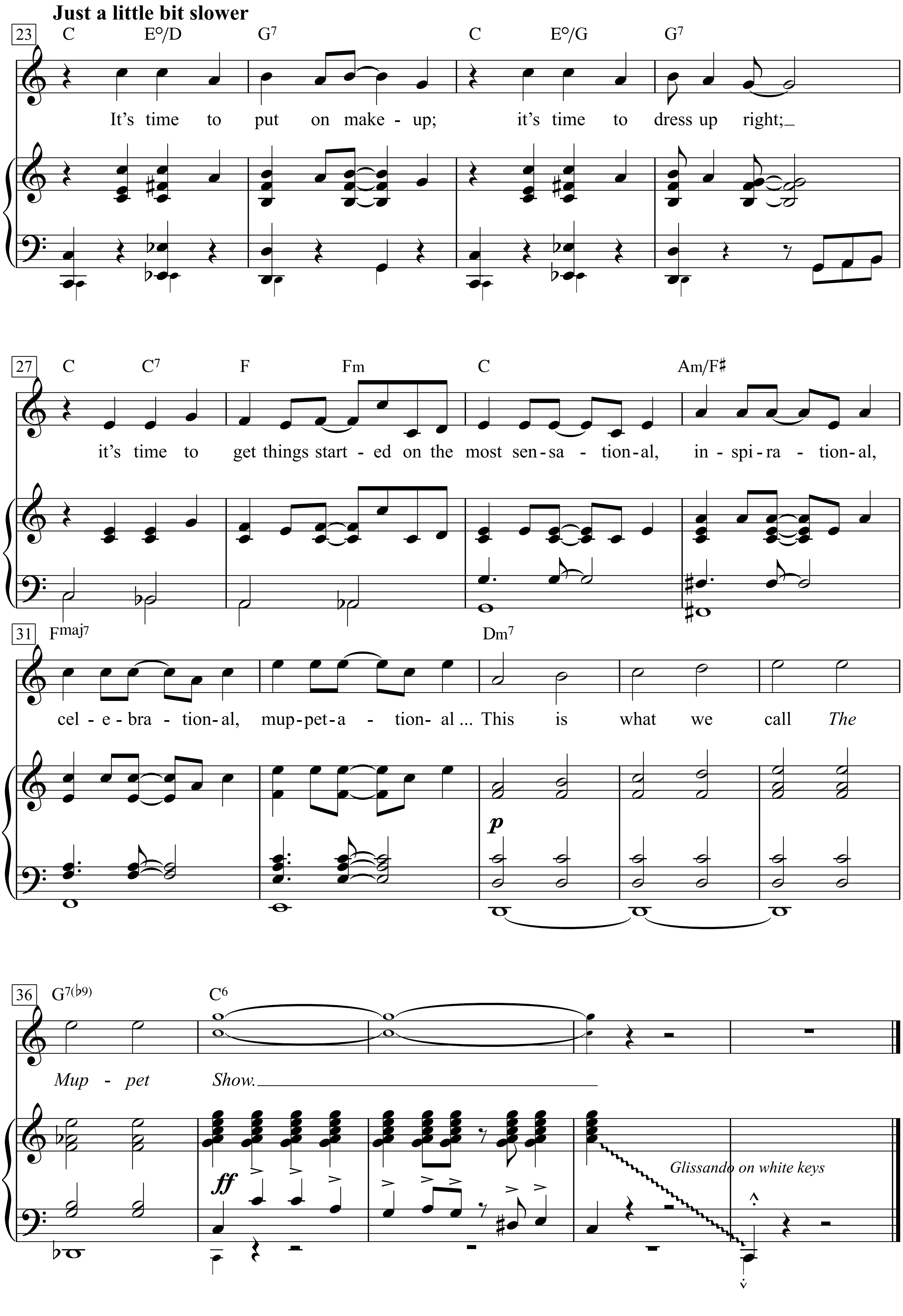
The Muppet Show Theme
(The Muppet Show)

Bright rag tempo

Words & Music by
Jim Henson and Sam Pottle



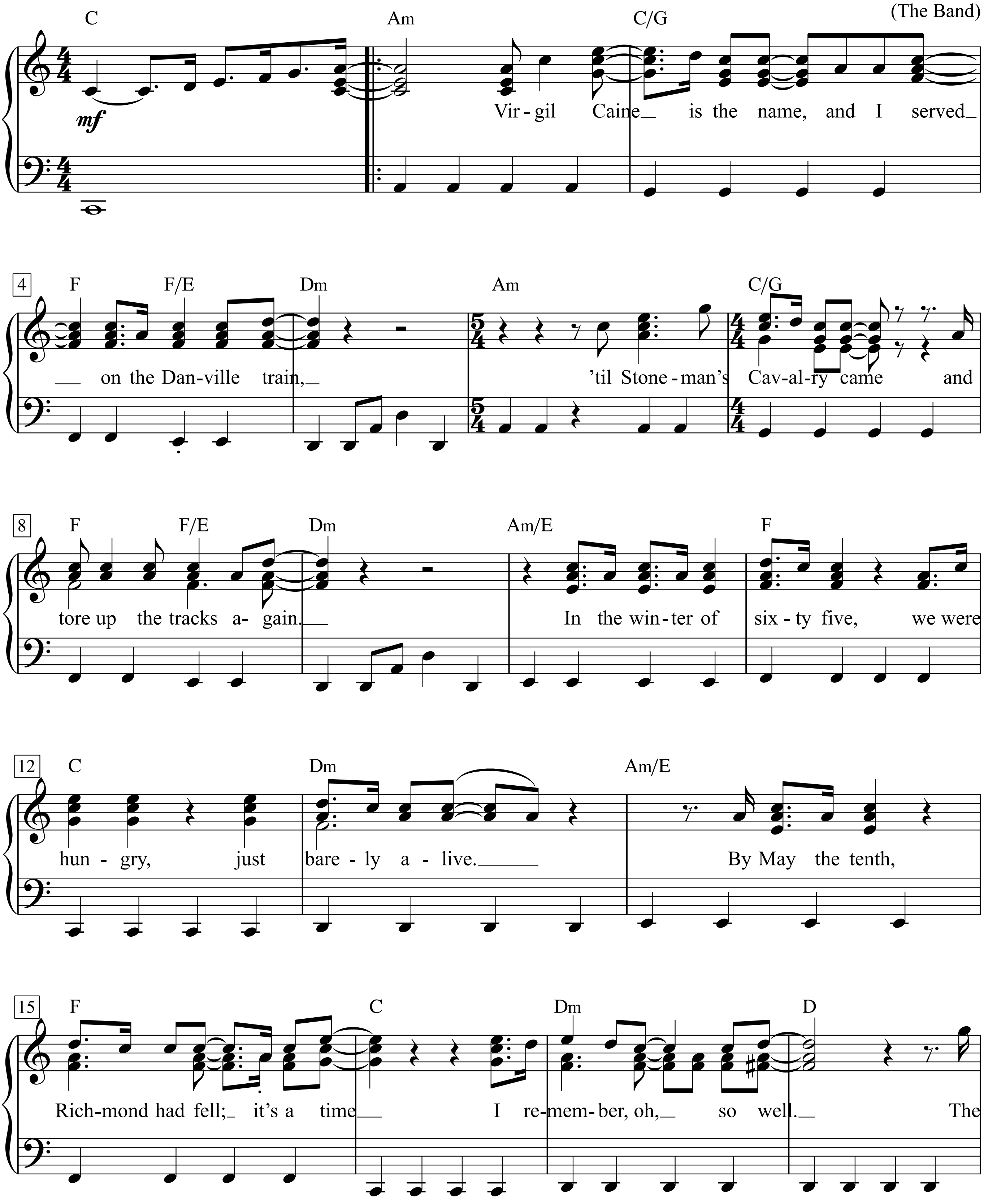

11
1.
Am Ab+ G
2.
D7 G7 C
Mup-pet Show to-night.
To
Mup-pet Show to-night.
15
F B°/G C C7 D7 B°/G
in-tro-duce Miss Pig-cy, that's what I'm here to
18
C C7 F7 E7 A7(add4) A7
do. So it real-ly makes me hap-py to
21
Eb7 D7 G7
in-tro-duce to you
The indiscribable, the incompatible, unadorable ... Miss Piggy!

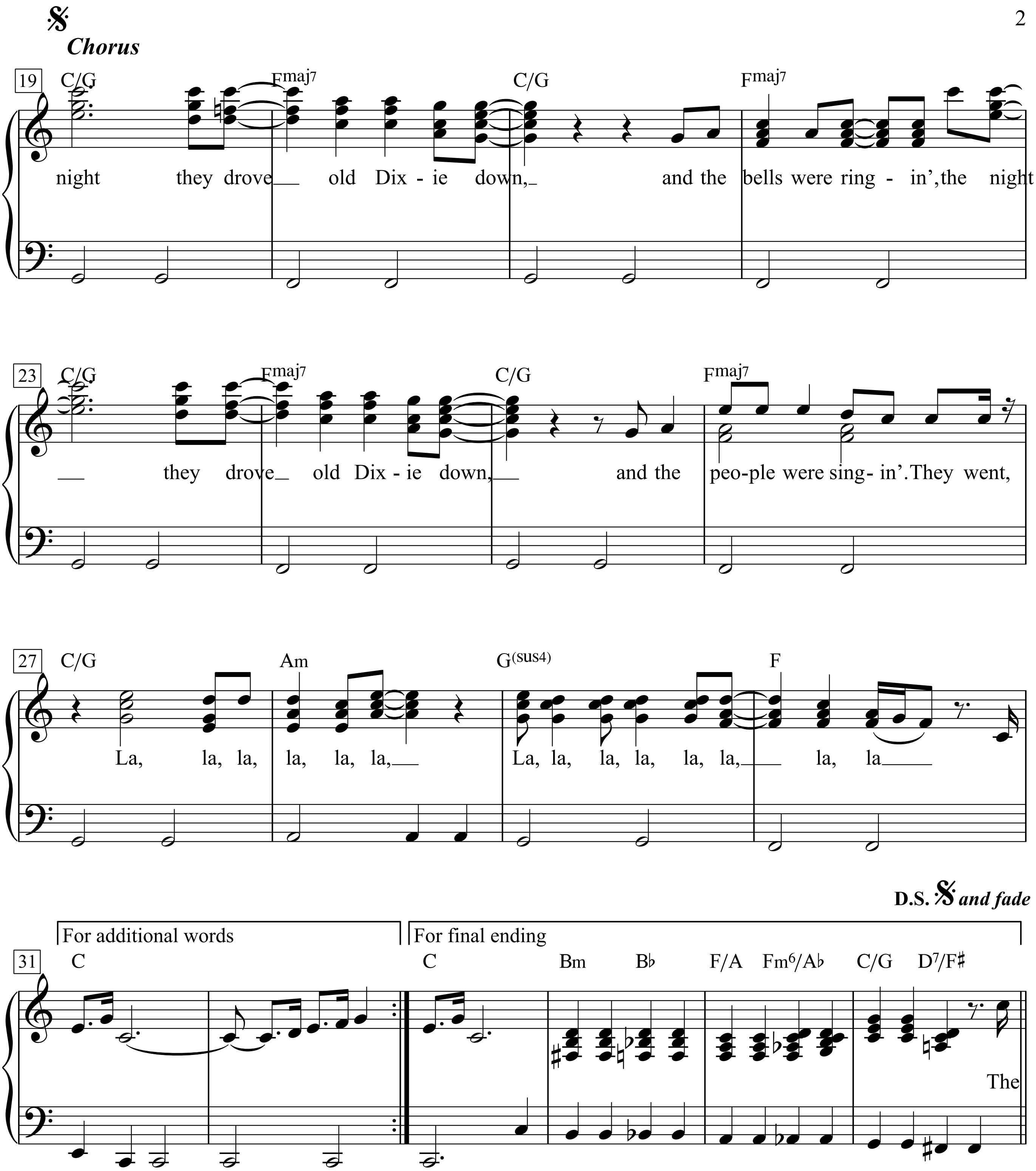

Just a little bit slower
23
C E°/D G7 C E°/G G7
It's time to put on make - up; it's time to dress up right;
27
C C7 F Fm C Am/F♯
it's time to get things start - ed on the most sen-sa - tion-al, in - spi-ra - tion-al,
31
Fmaj7 Dm7
cel - e - bra - tion-al, mup-pet-a - tion- al ... This is what we call The
p
36
G7(♭9) C6
Mup - pet Show.
ff
Glissando on white keys

The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down

Moderately slow *Verse*

Words & Music by
J. Robbie Robertson
(The Band)




Chorus
C/G Fmaj7 C/G Fmaj7
night they drove old Dix - ie down, and the bells were ring - in', the night
C/G Fmaj7 C/G Fmaj7
they drove old Dix - ie down, and the peo-ple were sing- in'. They went,
C/G Am G(sus4) F
La, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la
D.S. and fade
For additional words
For final ending
C C Bm B♭ F/A Fm6/A♭ C/G D7/F♯
The

1. Virgil Caine is the name, and I served on the Danville train,
'til Stoneman's Cavalry came and tore up the tracks again.
In the winter of sixty five, we were hungry, just barely alive.
By May the tenth, Richmond had fell; it's a time I remember, oh, so well.
The night they drove old Dixie down, and the bells were ringin',
the night they drove old Dixie down, and the people were singin'.
They went, La, la, la, la, la, la,
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la

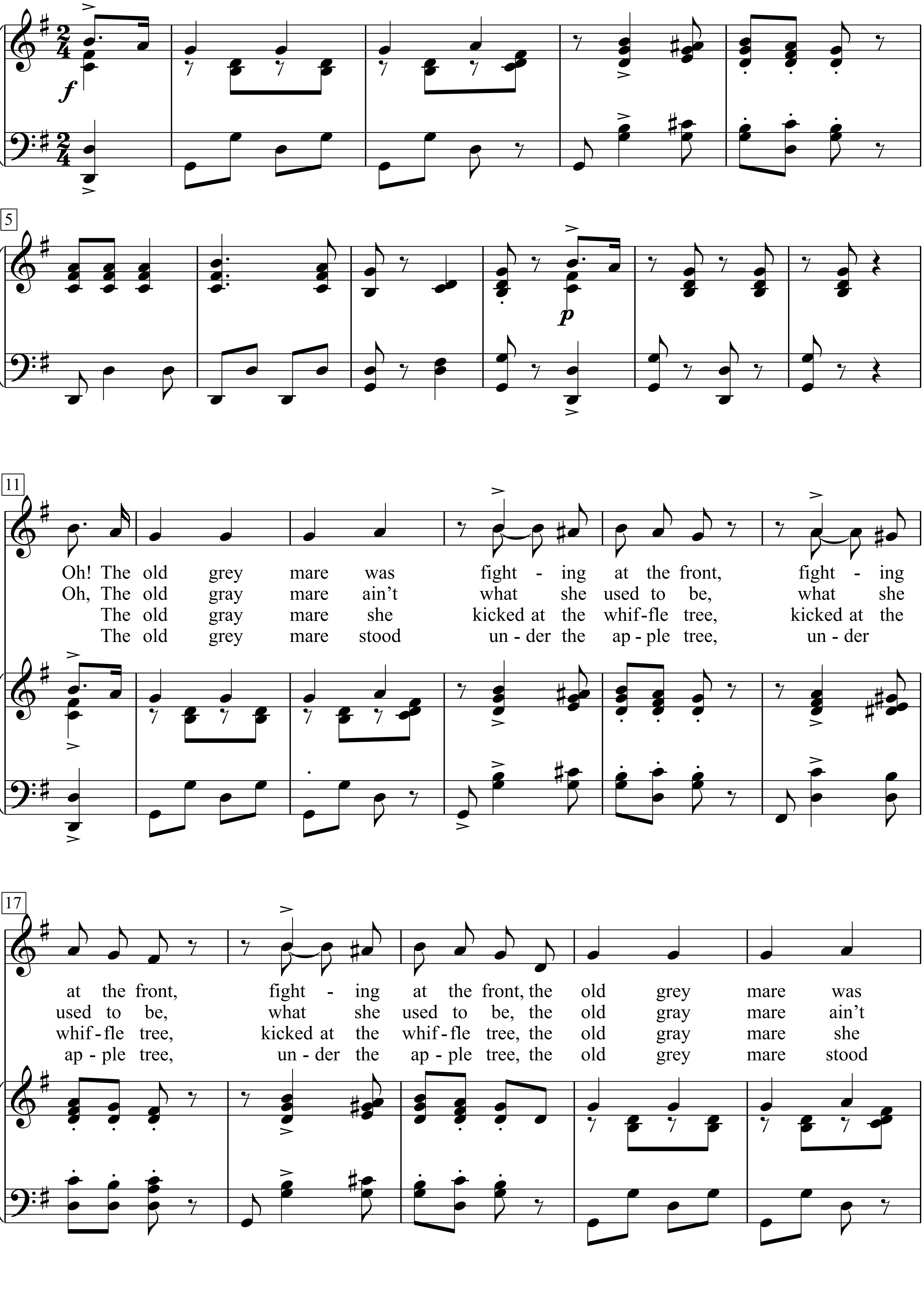
The

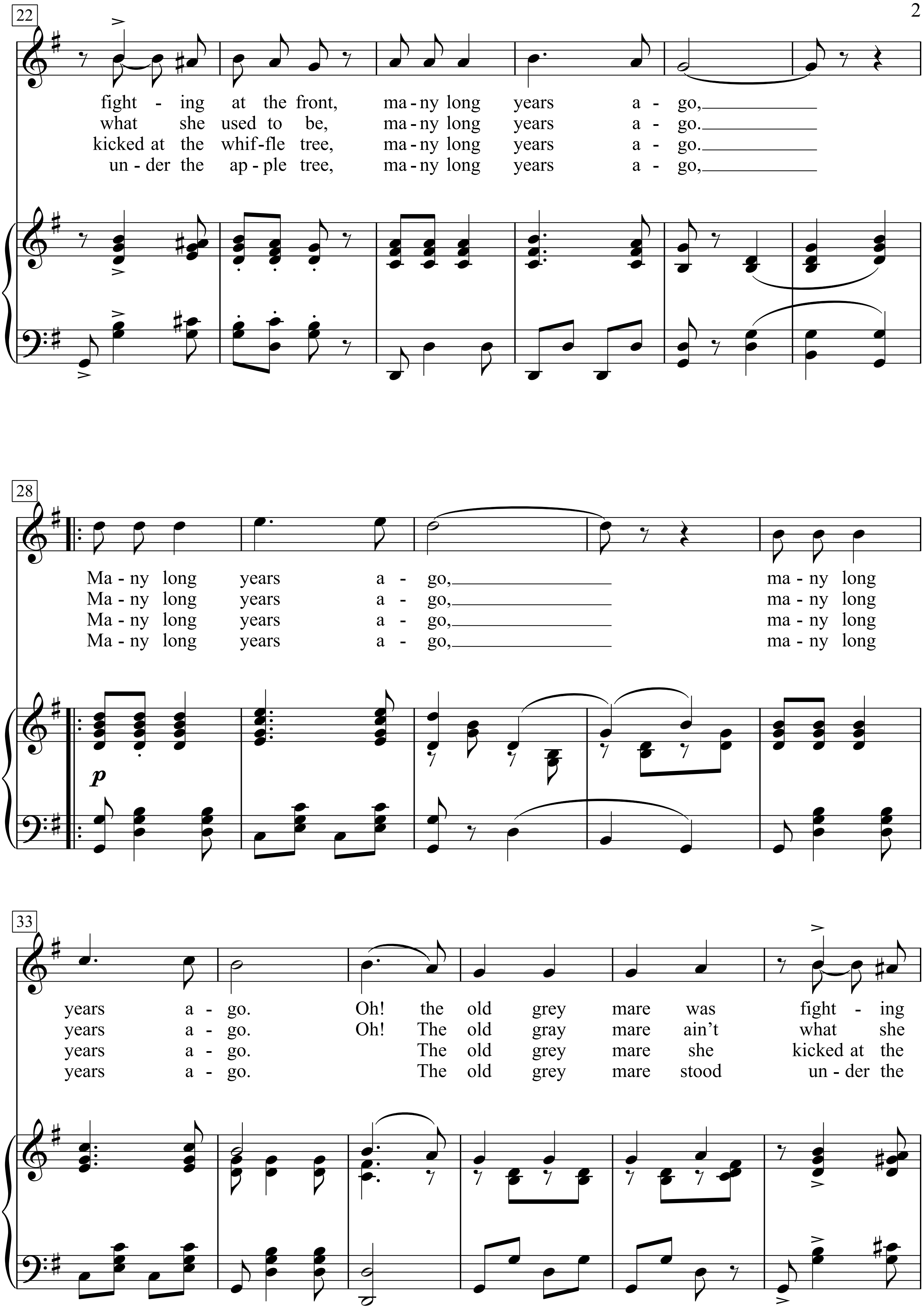
Back with my wife in Tennessee
When one day she called to me
'Virgil, quick, come see:
There goes Robert E. Lee!'
Now, I don't mind choppin' wood
And I don't care if the money's no good,
Ya take what ya need and ya leave the rest
But they should never have taken
The very best.
(Repeat Chorus)

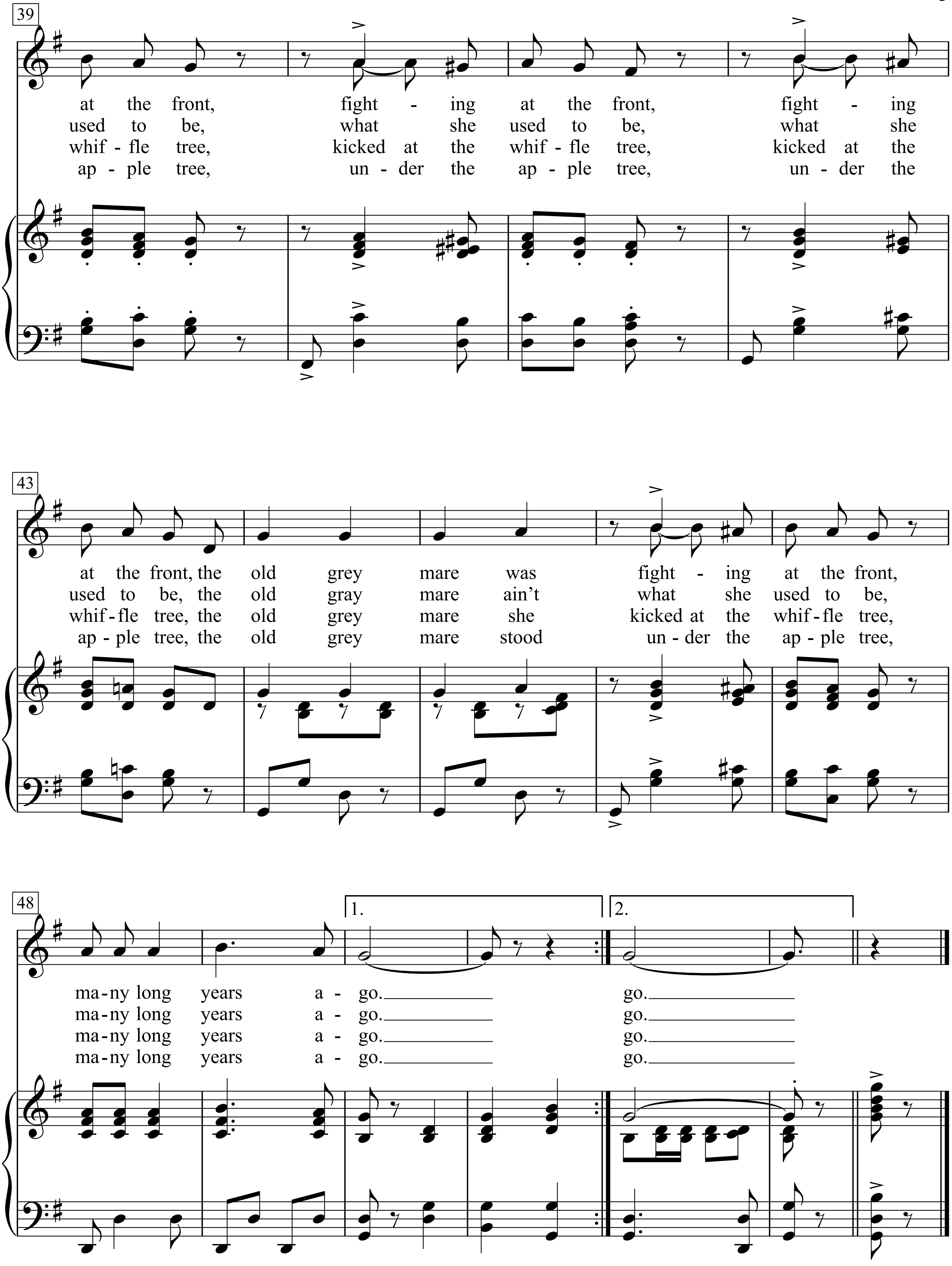
Like my father before me
I will work the land.
And like my brother above me
Who took a rebel stand.
He was just eighteen, proud and brave,
But a Yankee laid him in his grave.
I swear by the mud below my feet,
You can't raise a Caine back up
When he's in defeat.
(Repeat. Chorus with final ending)

The Old Grey Mare

by Frank Panella




22
fight - ing at the front, ma - ny long years a - go,
what she used to be, ma - ny long years a - go.
kicked at the whif - fle tree, ma - ny long years a - go.
un - der the ap - ple tree, ma - ny long years a - go,
28
Ma - ny long years a - go, ma - ny long
Ma - ny long years a - go, ma - ny long
Ma - ny long years a - go, ma - ny long
Ma - ny long years a - go, ma - ny long
p
33
years a - go. Oh! the old grey mare was fight - ing
years a - go. Oh! The old gray mare ain't what she
years a - go. The old grey mare she kicked at the
years a - go. The old grey mare stood un - der the

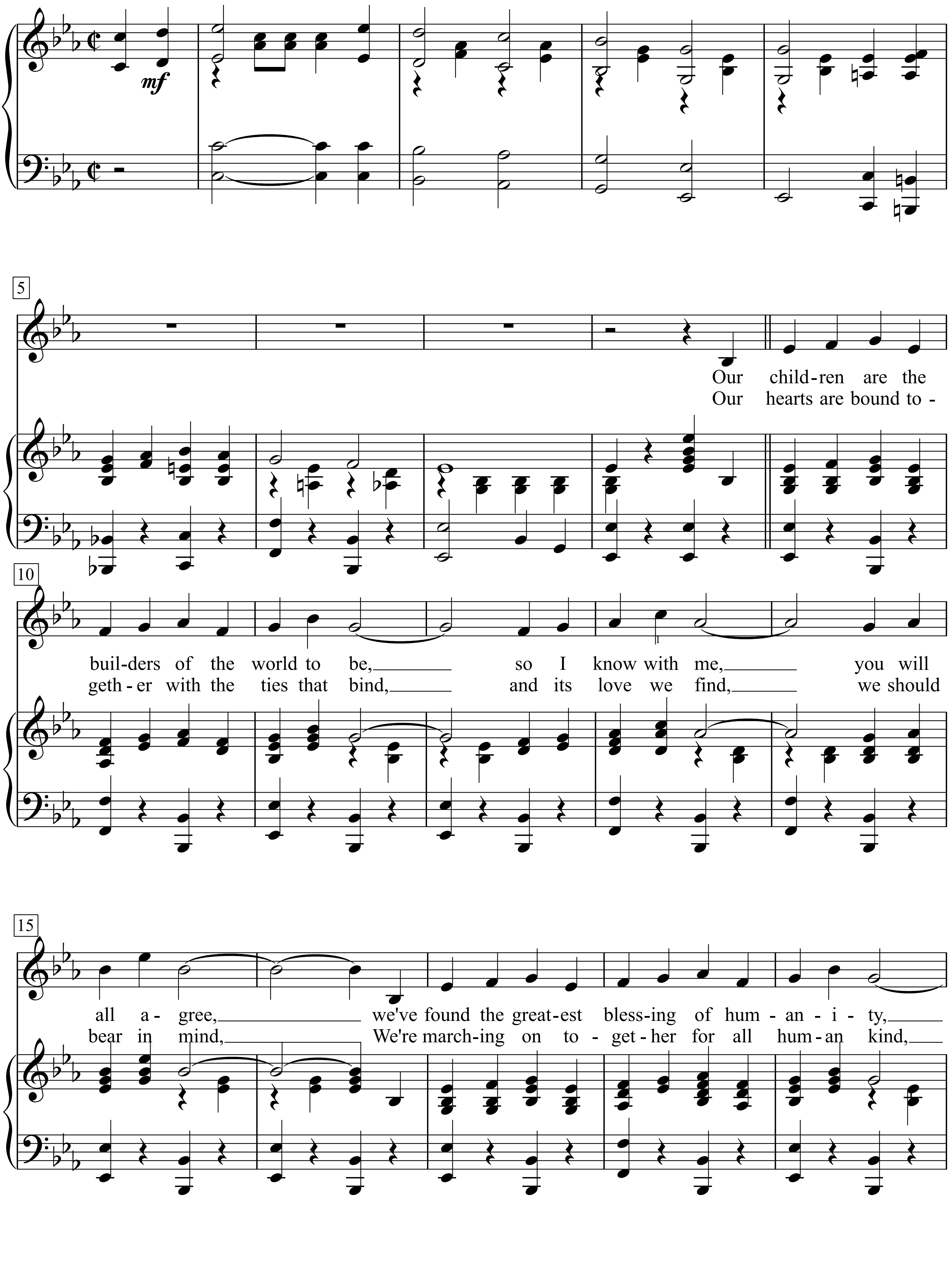

39
at the front, fight - ing at the front, fight - ing
used to be, what she used to be, what she
whif - fle tree, kicked at the whif - fle tree, kicked at the
ap - ple tree, un - der the ap - ple tree, un - der the
43
at the front, the old grey mare was fight - ing at the front,
used to be, the old gray mare ain't what she used to be,
whif - fle tree, the old grey mare she kicked at the whif - fle tree,
ap - ple tree, the old grey mare stood un - der the ap - ple tree,
48
1.
2.
ma - ny long years a - go. go.
ma - ny long years a - go. go.
ma - ny long years a - go. go.
ma - ny long years a - go. go.

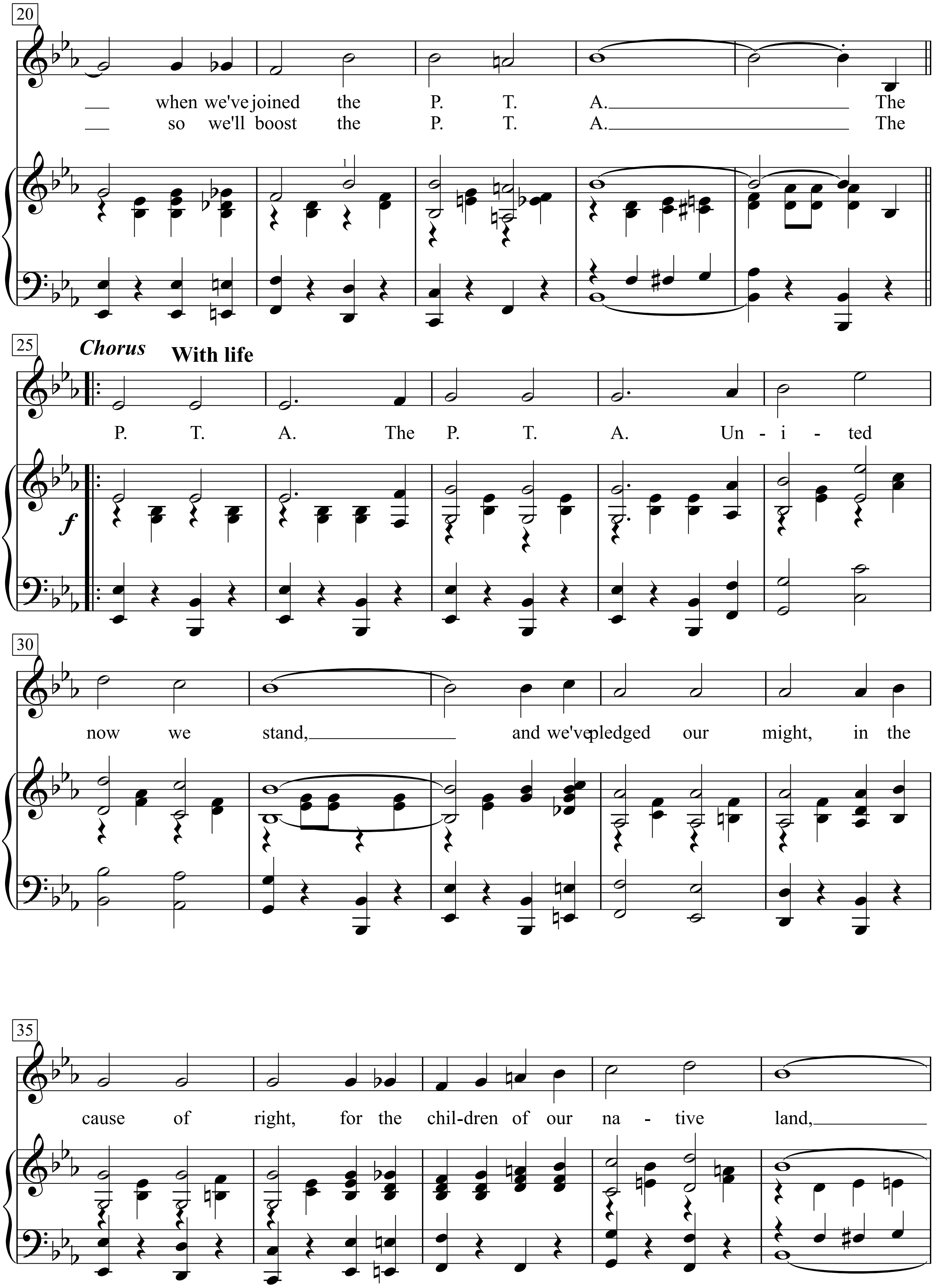
Dedicated to Parent-Teacher Associalions Everywhere

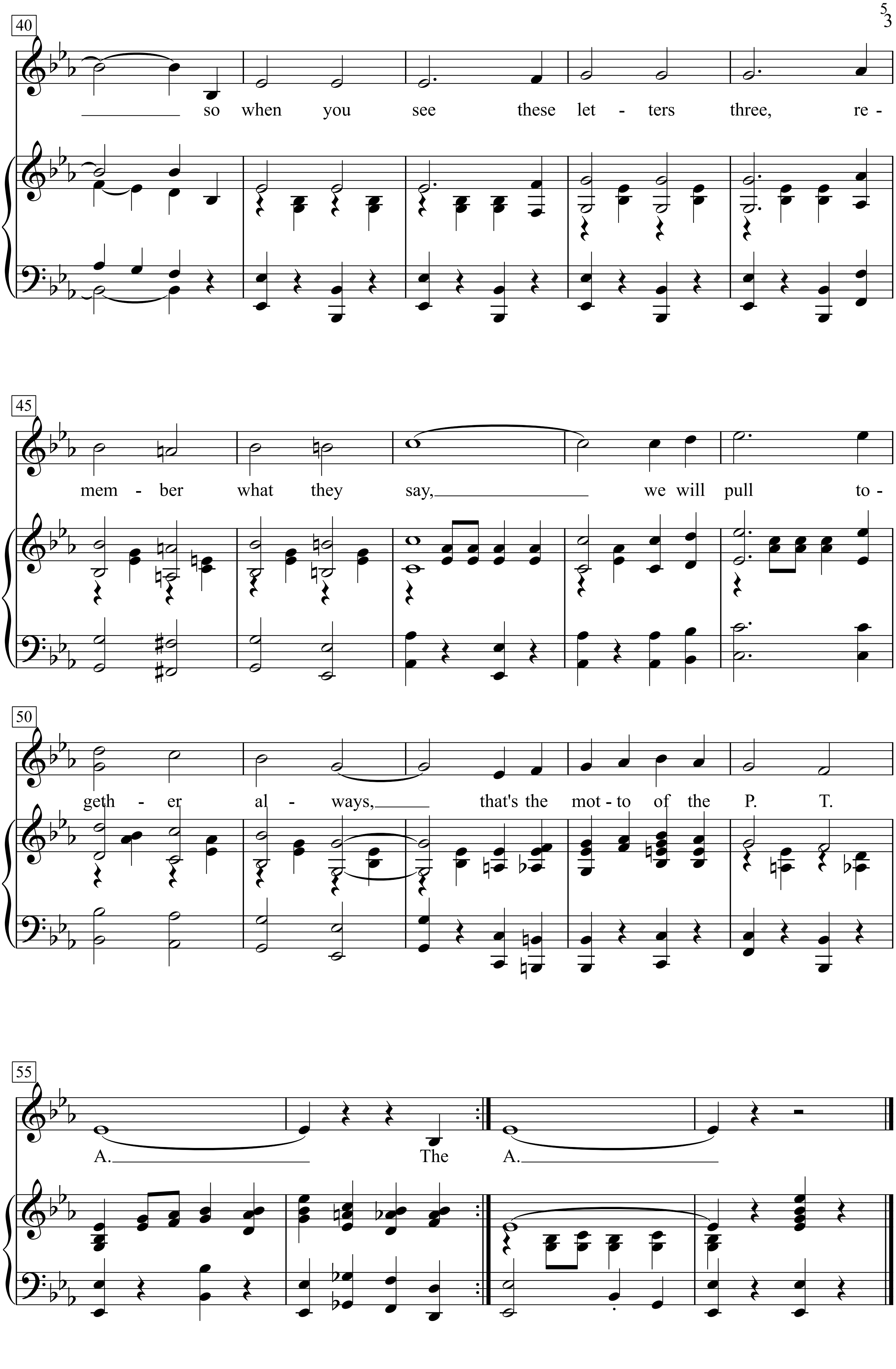
The P.T.A. Song

By Allan Spurr

Moderato Mareato

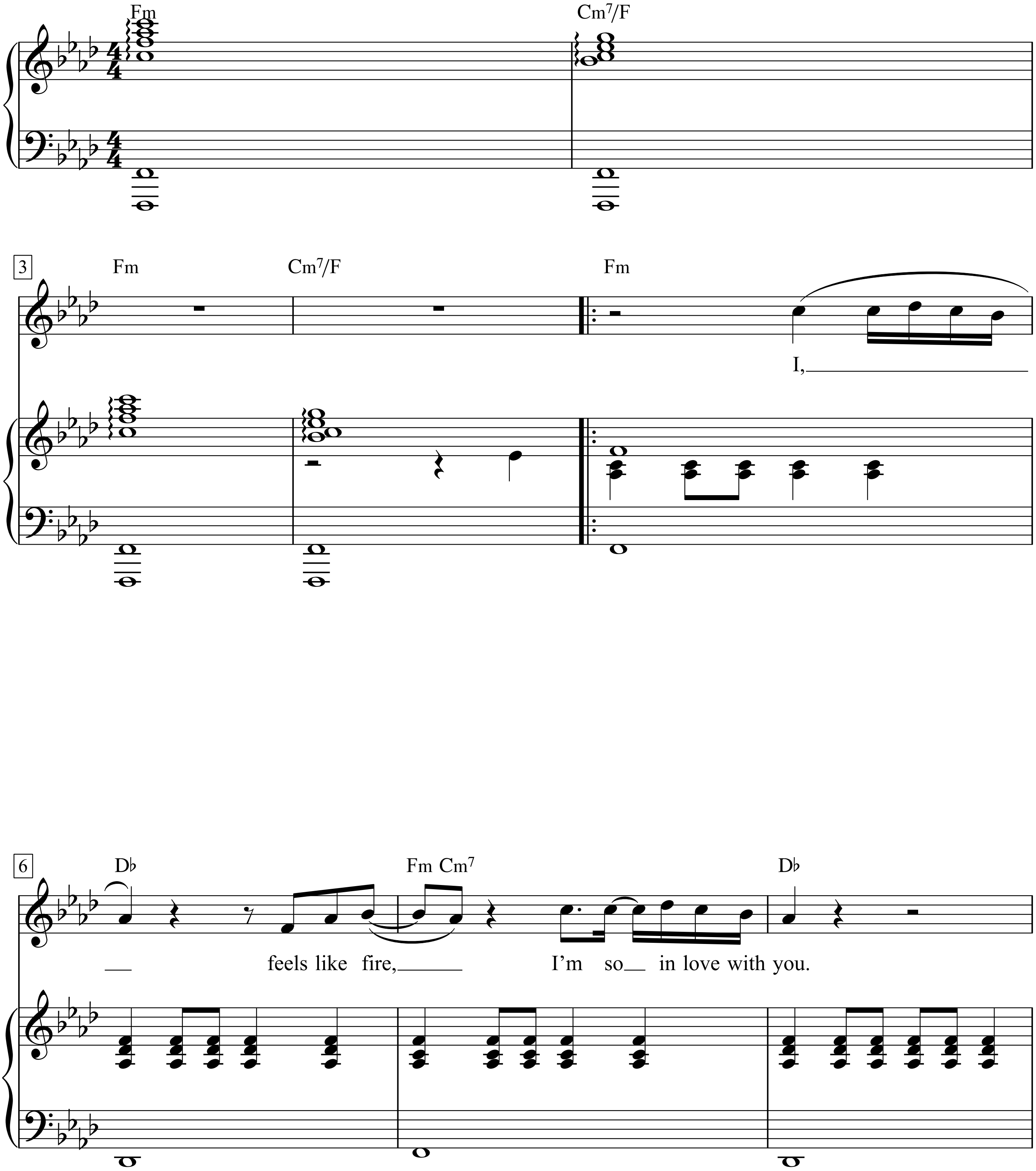


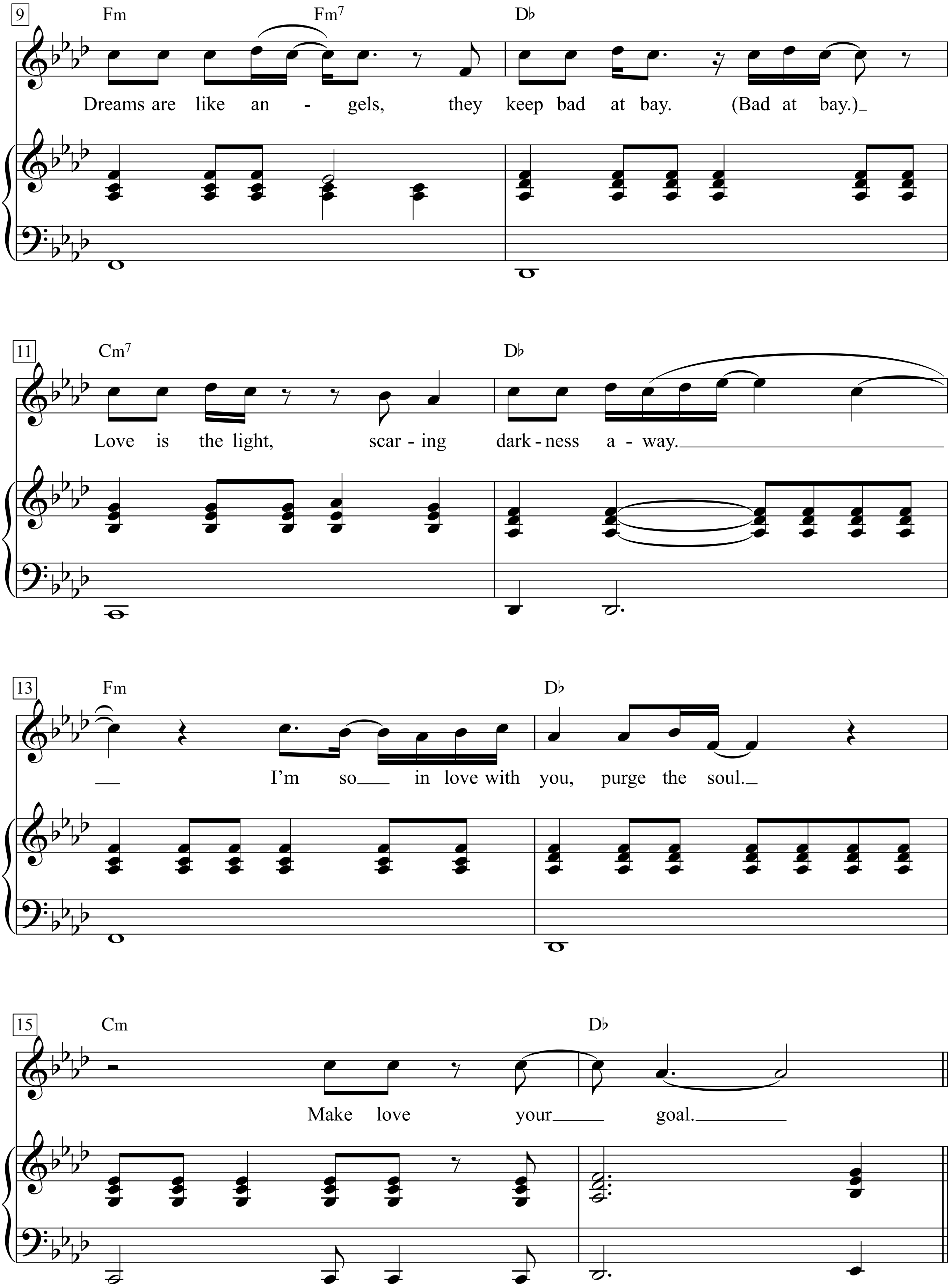

20
when we've joined the P. T. A. The
so we'll boost the P. T. A. The
25
Chorus
With life
P. T. A. The P. T. A. Un - i - ted
f
30
now we stand, and we've pledged our might, in the
35
cause of right, for the chil-dren of our na - tive land,

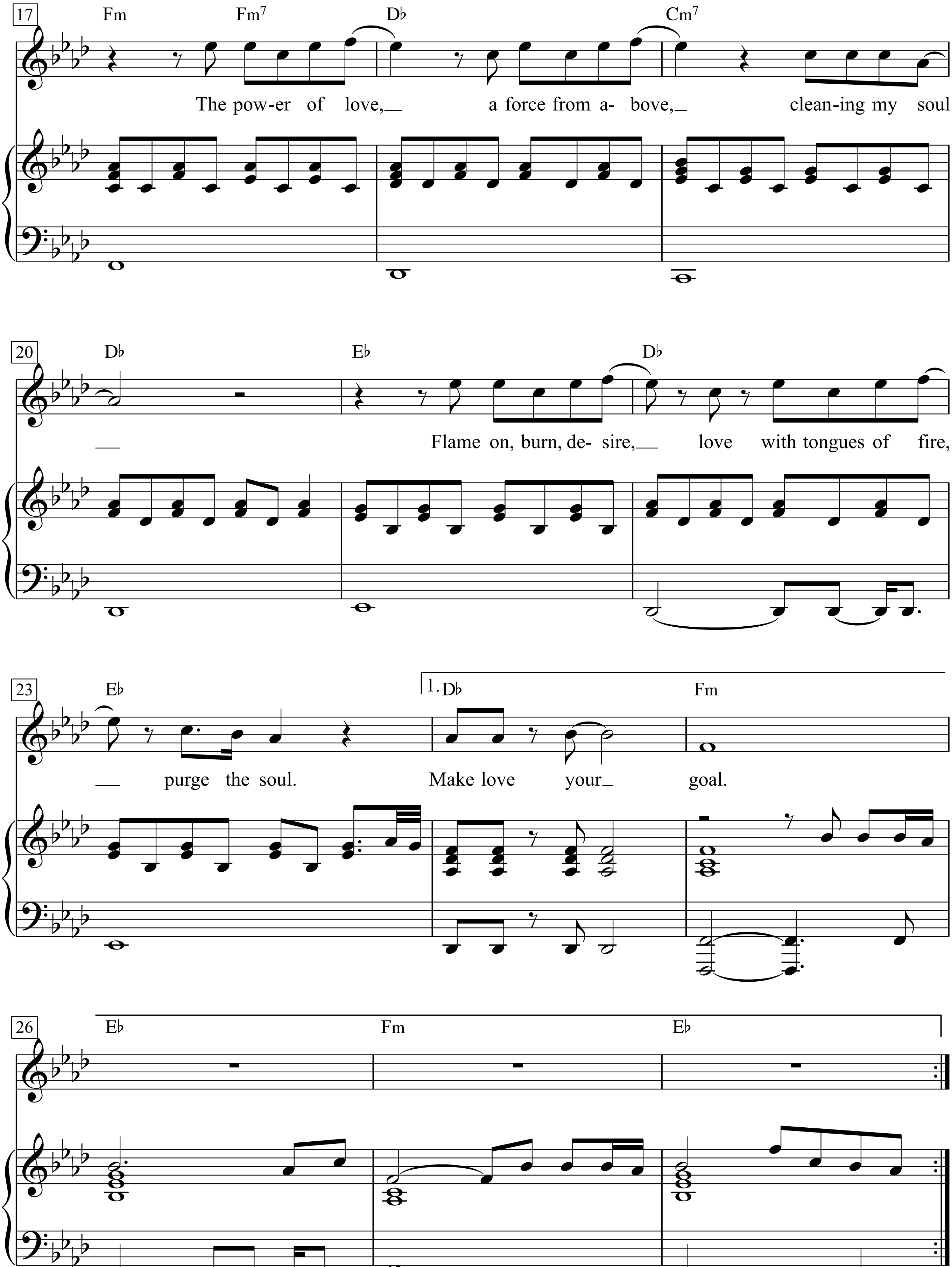

40
so when you see these let - ters three, re -
45
mem - ber what they say, we will pull to -
50
geth - er al - ways, that's the mot - to of the P. T.
55
A. The A.

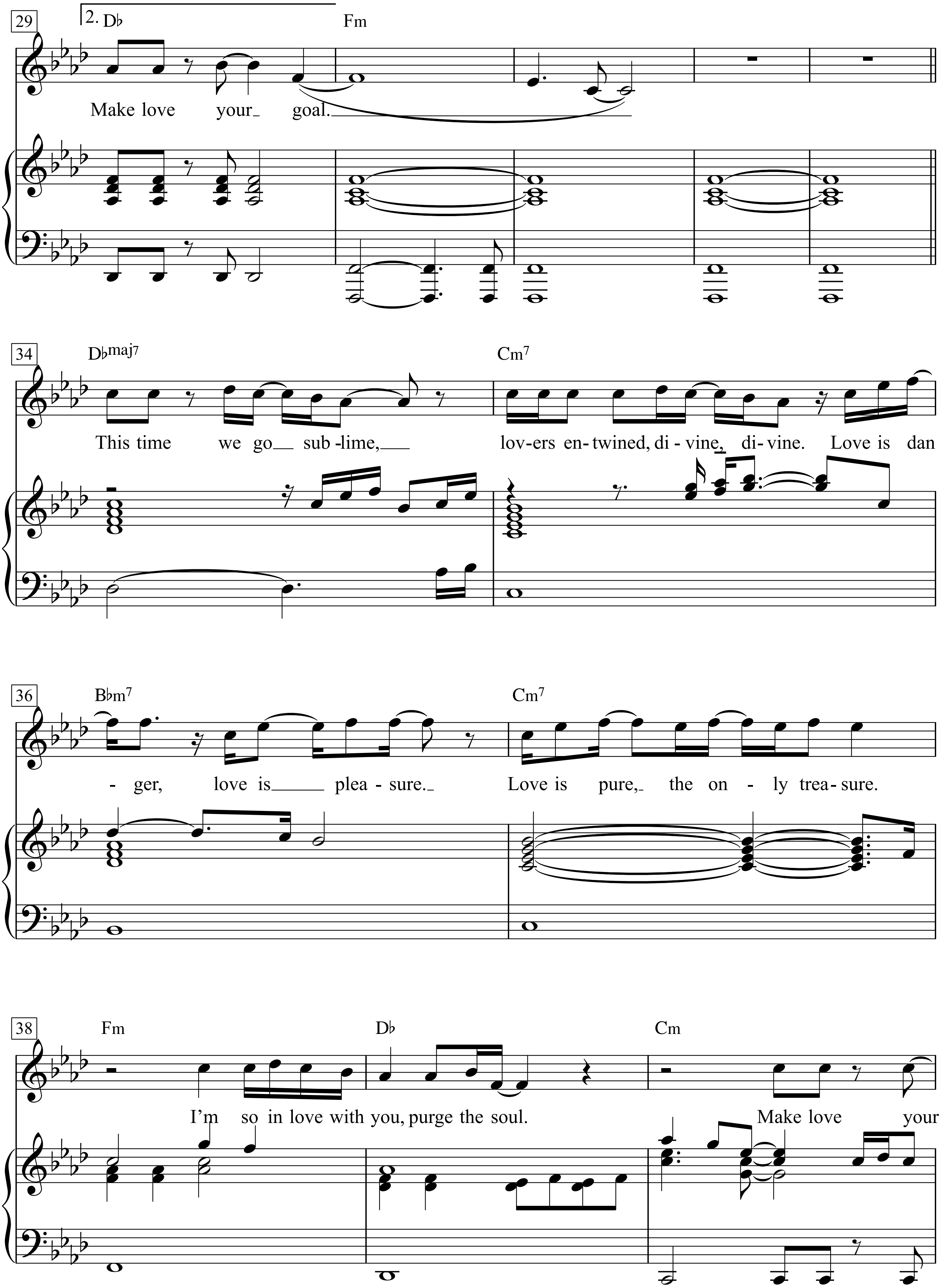
The Power Of Love

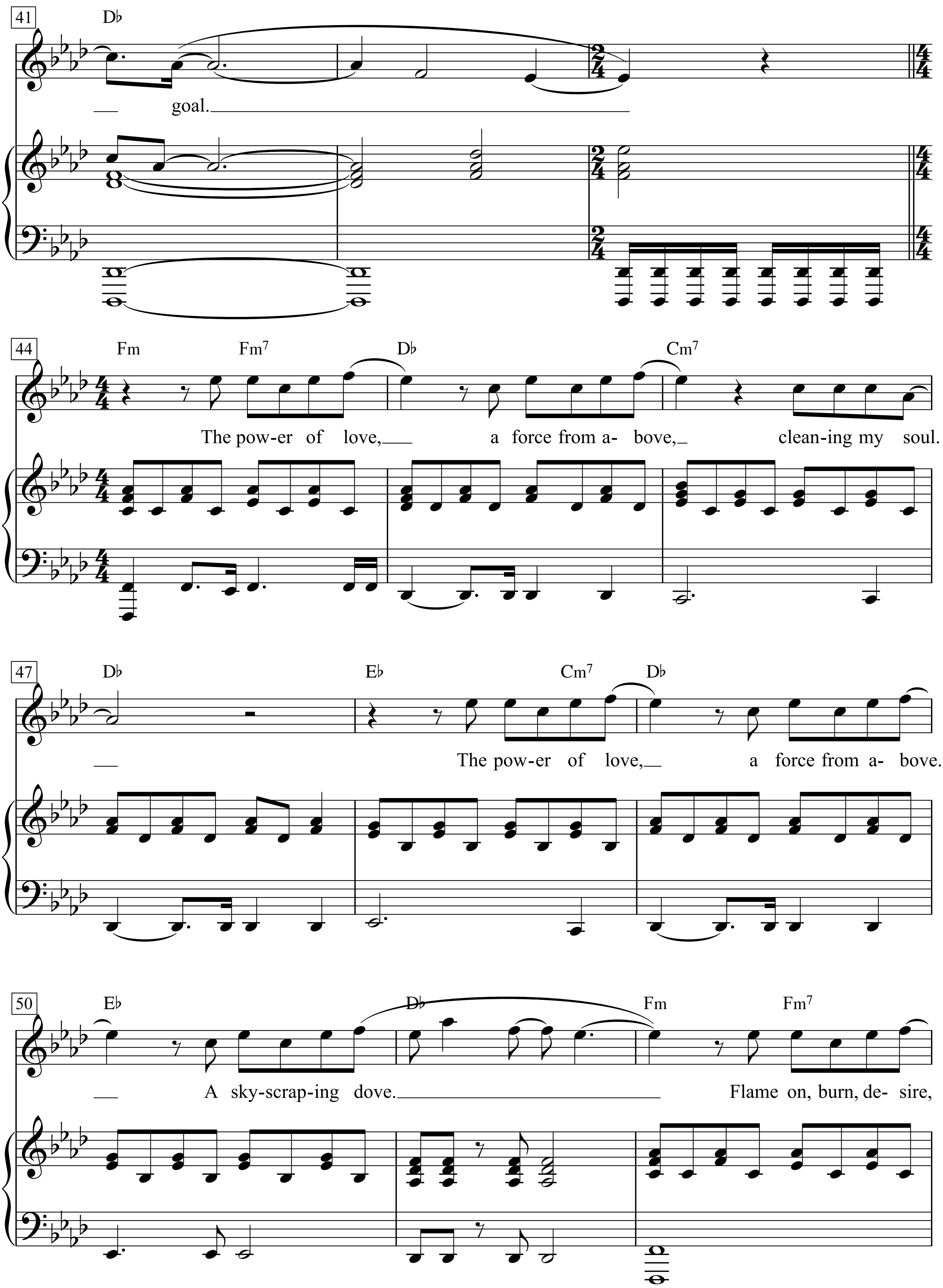
Words & Music by
Holly Johnson, Mark O'Toole, Peter Gill & Brian Nash
(Frankie Goes To Hollywood)

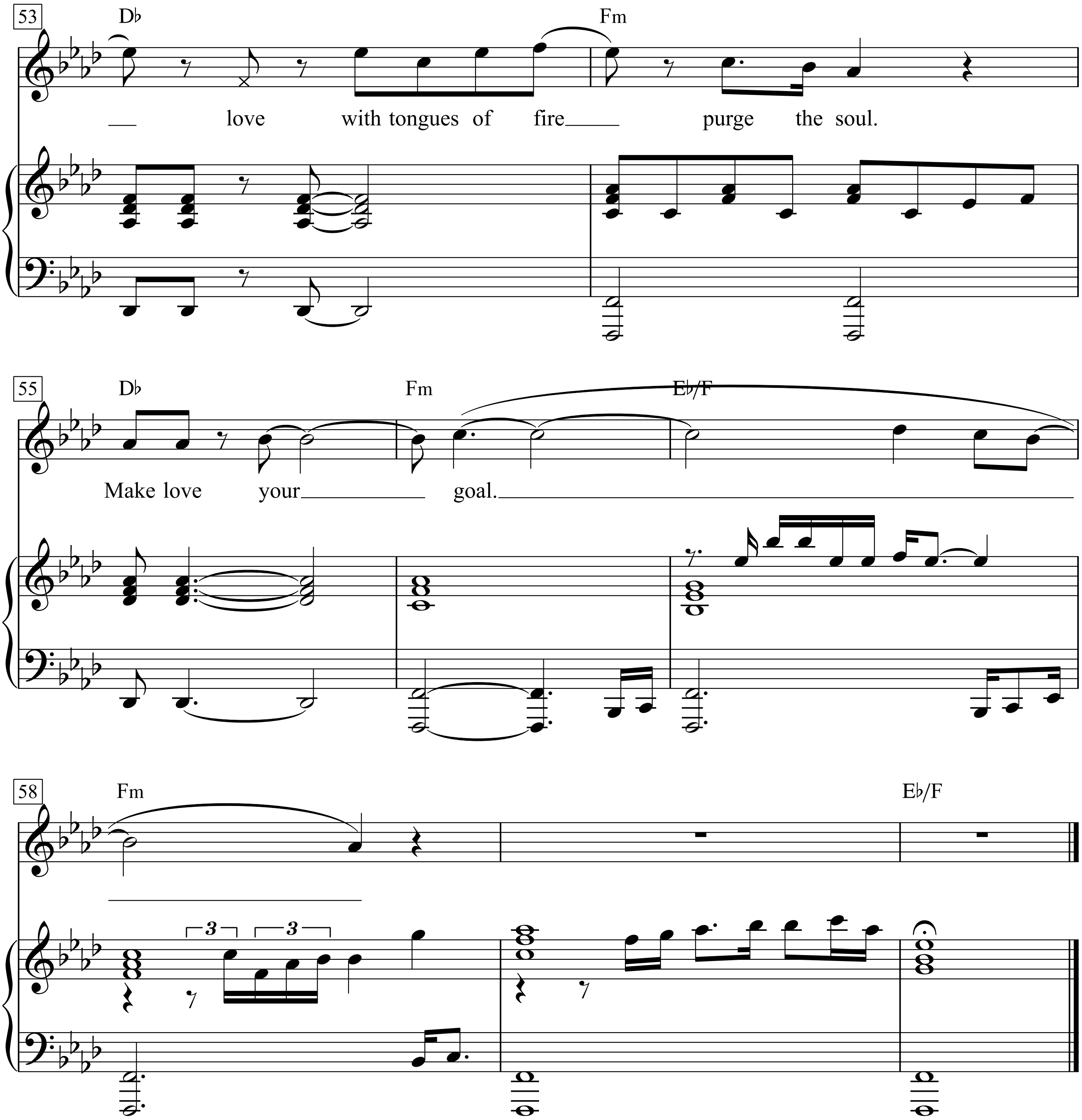



9
Fm
Fm7
D♭
Dreams are like an - gels, they keep bad at bay. (Bad at bay.)
11
Cm7
D♭
Love is the light, scar - ing dark - ness a - way.
13
Fm
D♭
I'm so in love with you, purge the soul.
15
Cm
D♭
Make love your goal.


17
Fm Fm7 D♭ Cm7
The pow-er of love,_ a force from a- bove,_ clean-ing my soul.
20
D♭ E♭ D♭
_ Flame on, burn, de- sire,_ love with tongues of fire,
23
E♭ 1. D♭ Fm
_ purge the soul. Make love your_ goal.
26
E♭ Fm E♭


29
2. D♭
Fm
Make love your goal.
34
D♭maj7
Cm7
This time we go sub-lime, lov-ers en-twined, di-vine, di-vine. Love is dan
36
B♭m7
Cm7
-ger, love is plea-sure. Love is pure, the on-ly trea-sure.
38
Fm
D♭
Cm
I'm so in love with you, purge the soul. Make love your


41
D♭
goal.
44
Fm
Fm7
D♭
Cm7
The pow-er of love, a force from a- bove, clean-ing my soul.
47
D♭
E♭
Cm7
D♭
The pow-er of love, a force from a- bove.
50
E♭
D♭
Fm
Fm7
A sky-scrap-ing dove. Flame on, burn, de- sire,


53
D♭
Fm
— love with tongues of fire purge the soul.
55
D♭
Fm
E♭/F
Make love your goal.
58
Fm
E♭/F
3
3

Verse 2:
Γll protect you from the hooded claw
Keep the vampires from your door
When the chips are down Γll be around
With my undying, death-defying love for you
Envy will hurt itself
Let yourself be beautiful
Sparkling love, flowers and pearls and pretty girls
Love is like an energy
Rushing in, rushing inside of me Yeah.

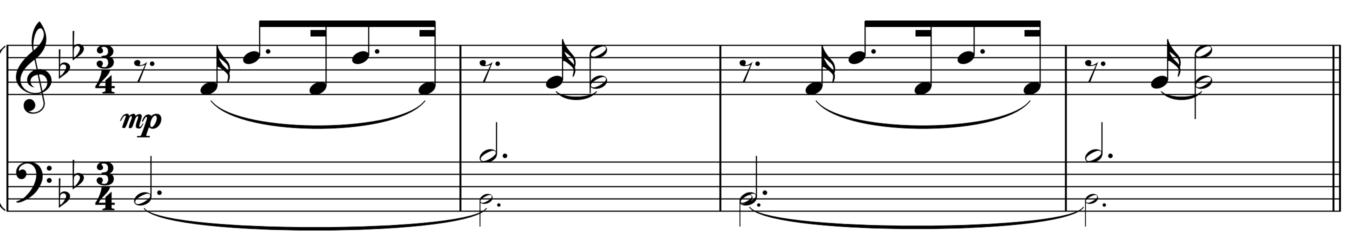
The power of love *etc.*

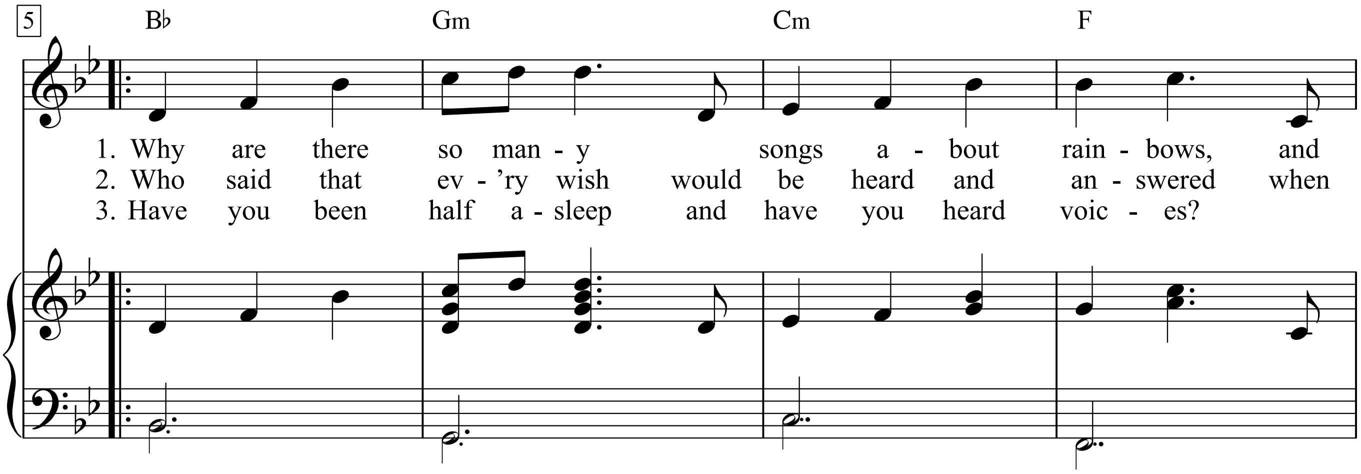
The Rainbow Connection

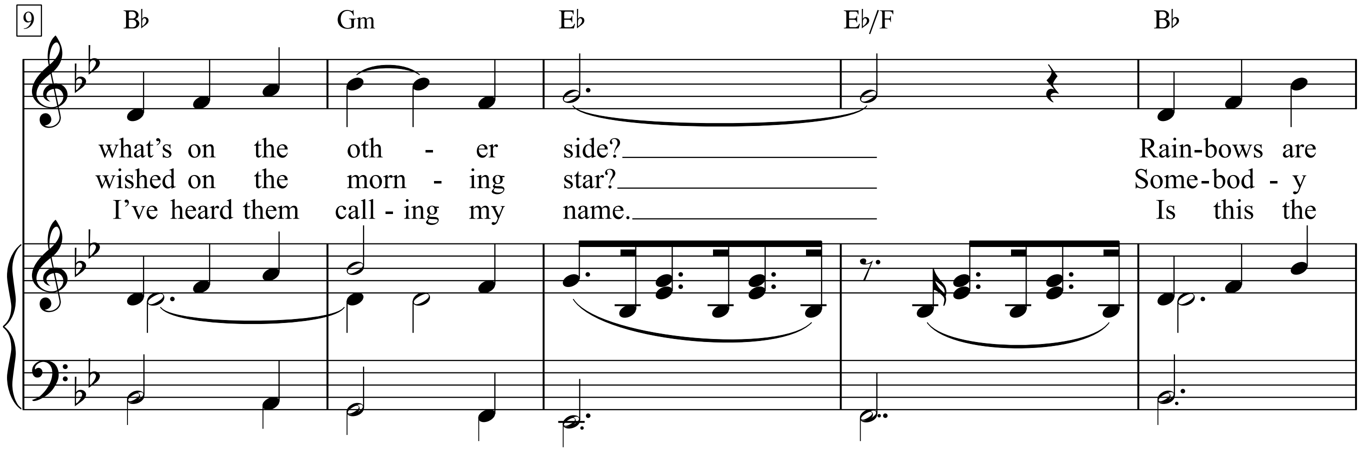
Kermit the Frog sings "The Rainbow Connection" at the opening of the Muppets' first major film. In The Muppet Movie (1979), which carried our favorite characters outside the TV studio to the real world for the first time, Miss Piggy, Fozzie Bear, Gonzo and other sidekicks join Kermit on the road to Hollywood in search of fame and fortune. During their travels they meet up with famous actors, actresses and comedians — Mel Brooks, Steve Martin, Madeleine Kahn and Orson Welles among them— and, yes, fans, they make it to Hollywood.

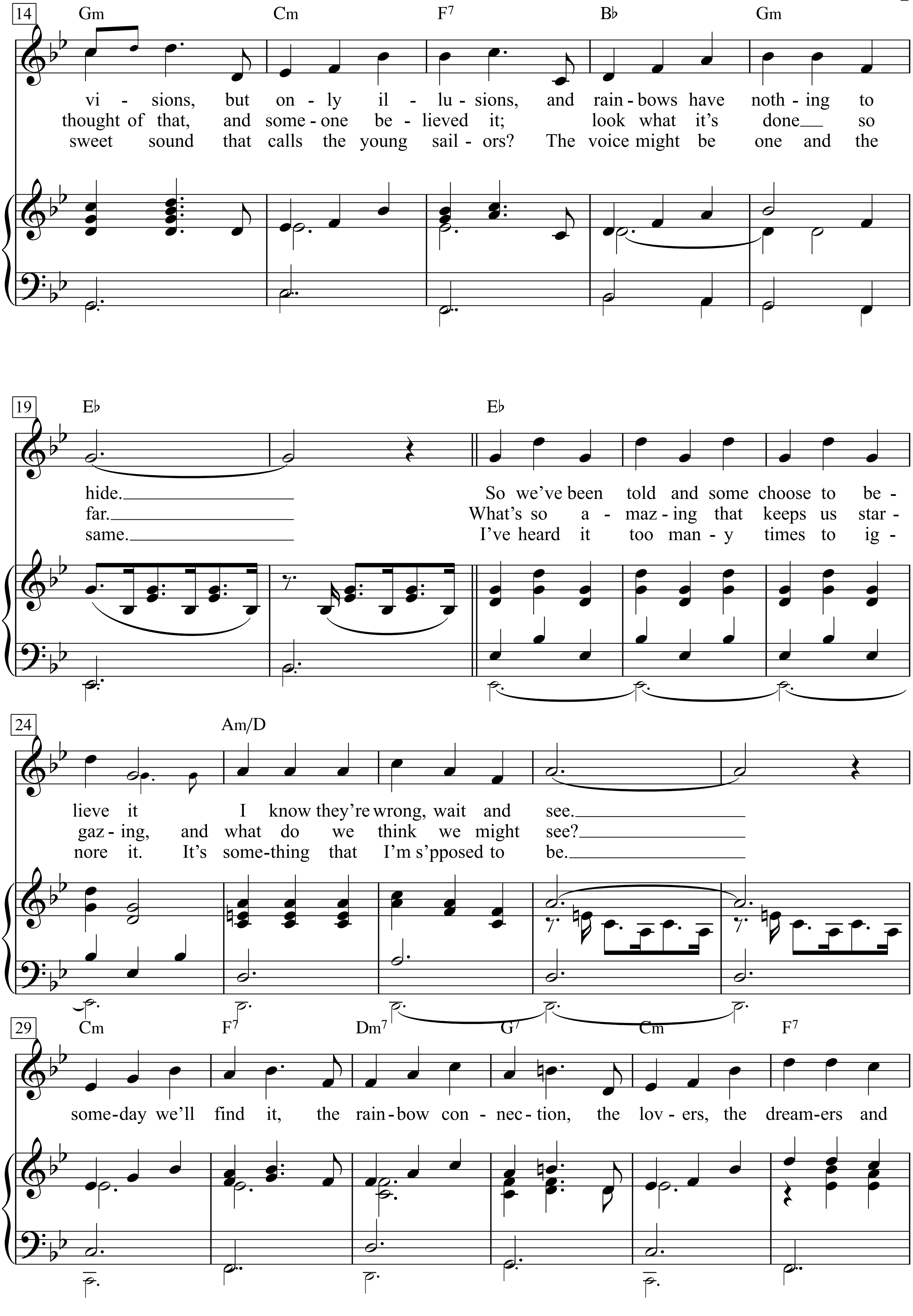
Words & Music by
Paul Williams and Kenny Ascher

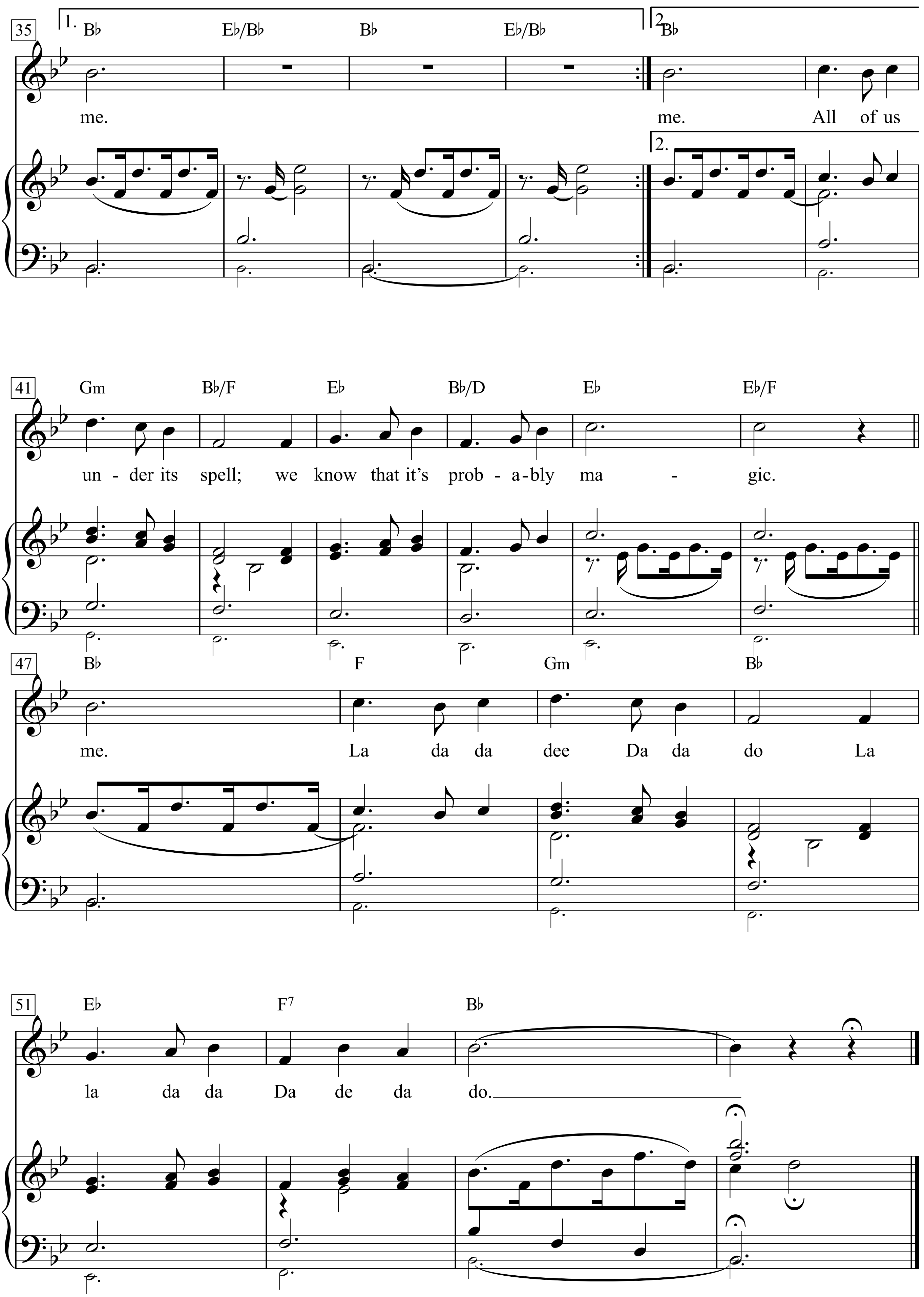
Moderately, with a lilt





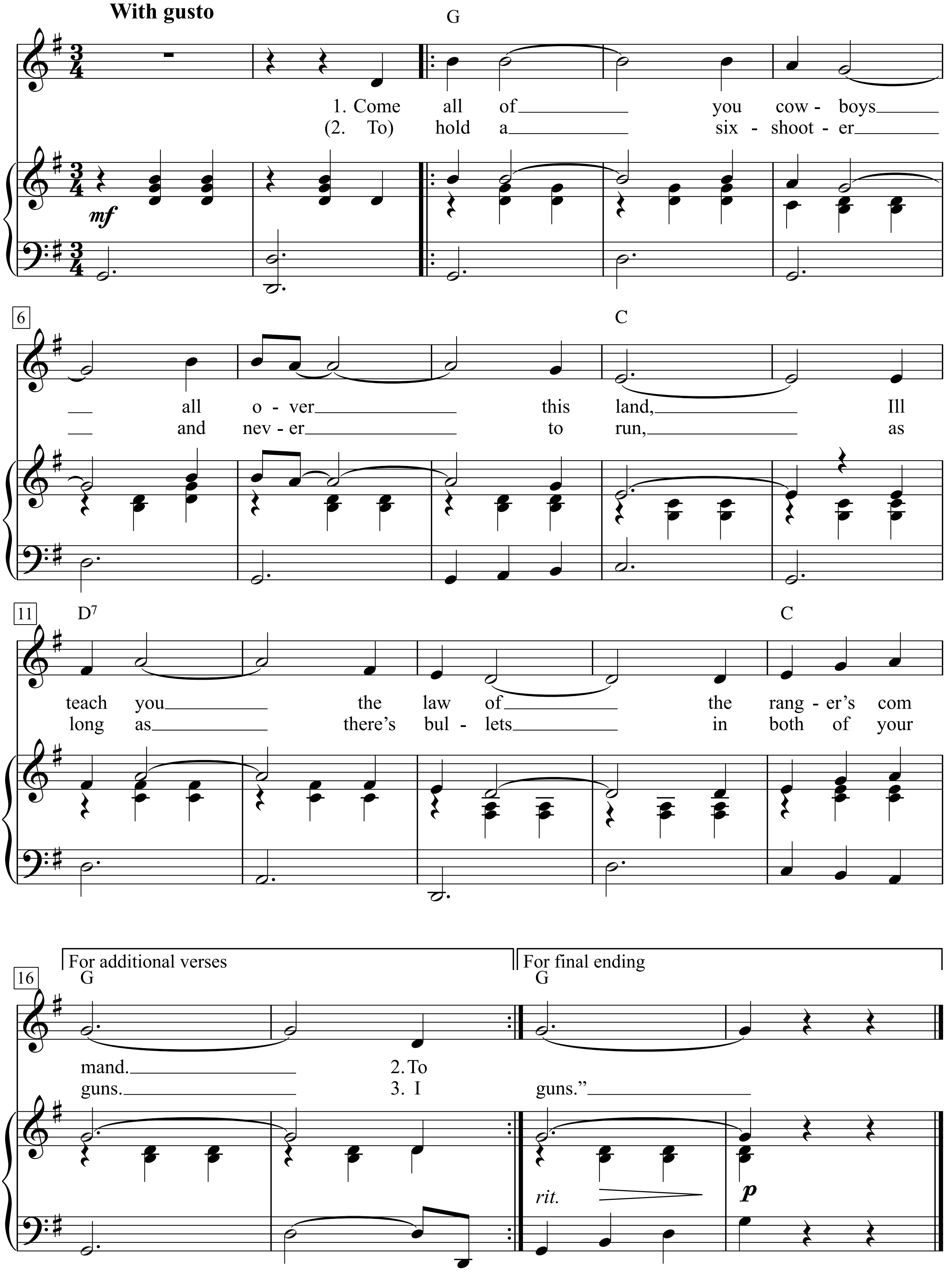



14
Gm Cm F7 B♭ Gm
vi - sions, but on - ly il - lu - sions, and rain - bows have noth - ing to
thought of that, and some - one be - lieved it; look what it's done so
sweet sound that calls the young sail - ors? The voice might be one and the
19
E♭ E♭
hide.
far.
same.
So we've been told and some choose to be -
What's so a - maz - ing that keeps us star -
I've heard it too man - y times to ig -
24
Am/D
lieve it I know they're wrong, wait and see.
gaz - ing, and what do we think we might see?
nore it. It's some-thing that I'm s'pposed to be.
29
Cm F7 Dm7 G7 Cm F7
some-day we'll find it, the rain-bow con - nec - tion, the lov - ers, the dream-ers and


35
1.
B♭
E♭/B♭
B♭
E♭/B♭
2.
B♭
me.
me. All of us
41
Gm
B♭/F
E♭
B♭/D
E♭
E♭/F
un - der its spell; we know that it's prob - a-bly ma - gic.
47
B♭
F
Gm
B♭
me. La da da dee Da da do La
51
E♭
F7
B♭
la da da Da de da do.

The Ranger's Command

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie
(Woody Guthrie)



1. Come all of you cowboys all over this land,
I'll teach you the law of the ranger's com mand.

2. To hold a six-shooter and never to run,
As long as there's bullets in both of your guns.

3. I met a fair maiden whose name I don't know;
I asked her to the roundup with me would she go.

4. She said she'd go with me to the cold roundup
And drink that hard liquor from the cold, bitter cup.

5. We started for the canyon in the fall of the year,
Expecting to get there with a herd of fat steer.

6. And the rustlers broke on us in the dead hours of night;
She rose from her warm bed a battle to fight.

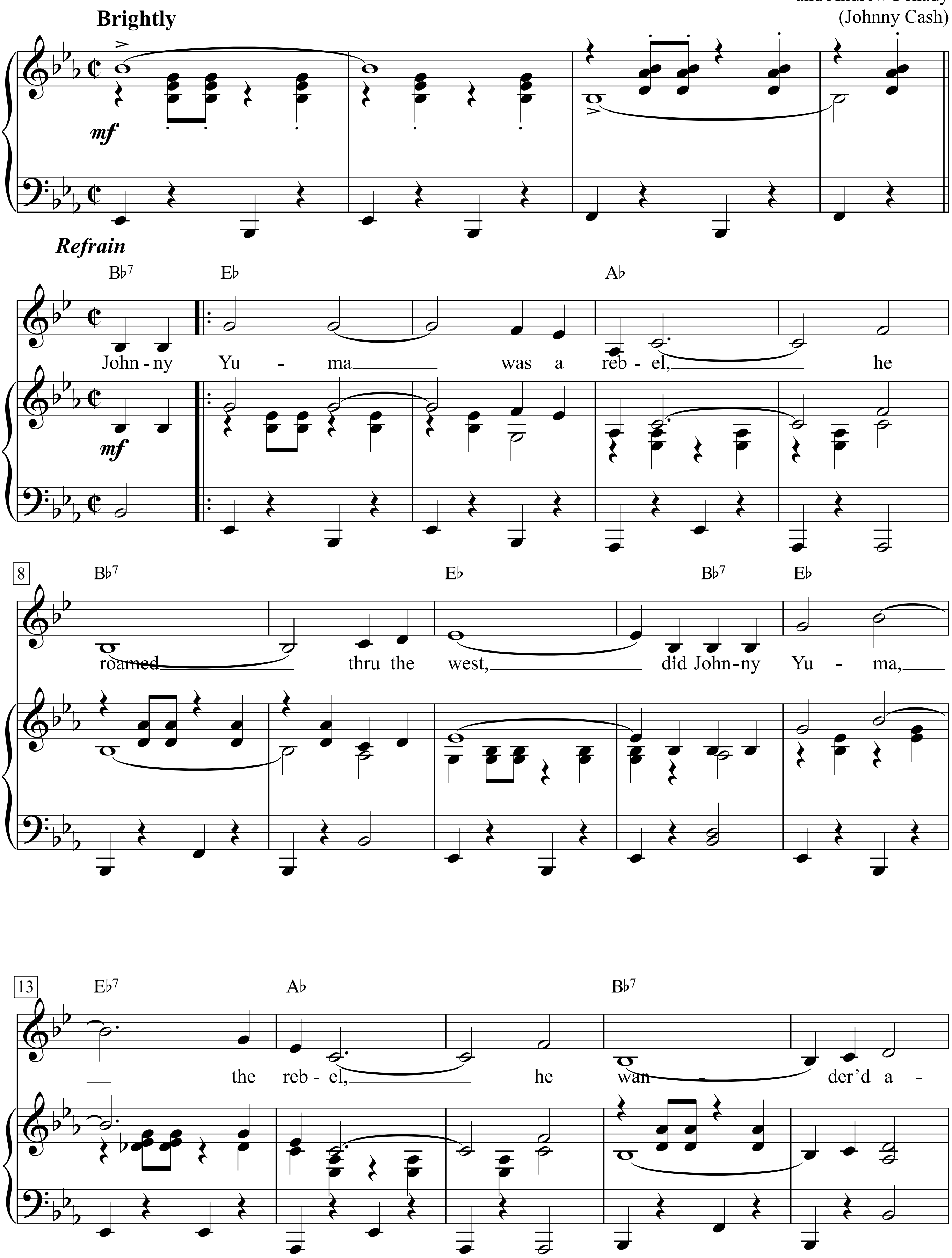
7. She rose from her warm bed with a gun in each hand,
Said, "Come all of you cowboys and fight for your land."

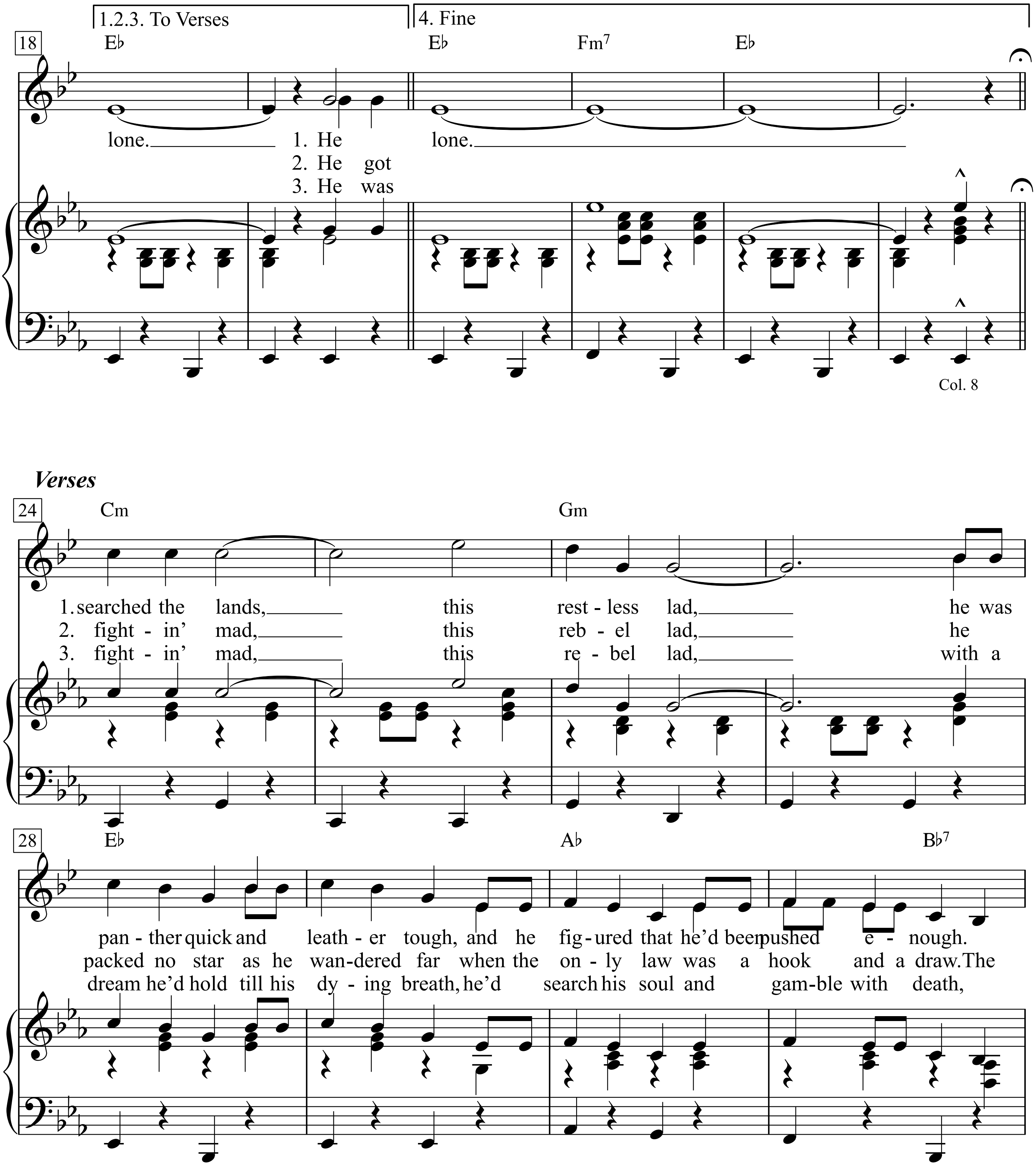
8. Come all of you cowboys, and don't ever run
As long as there's bullets in both of your guns."

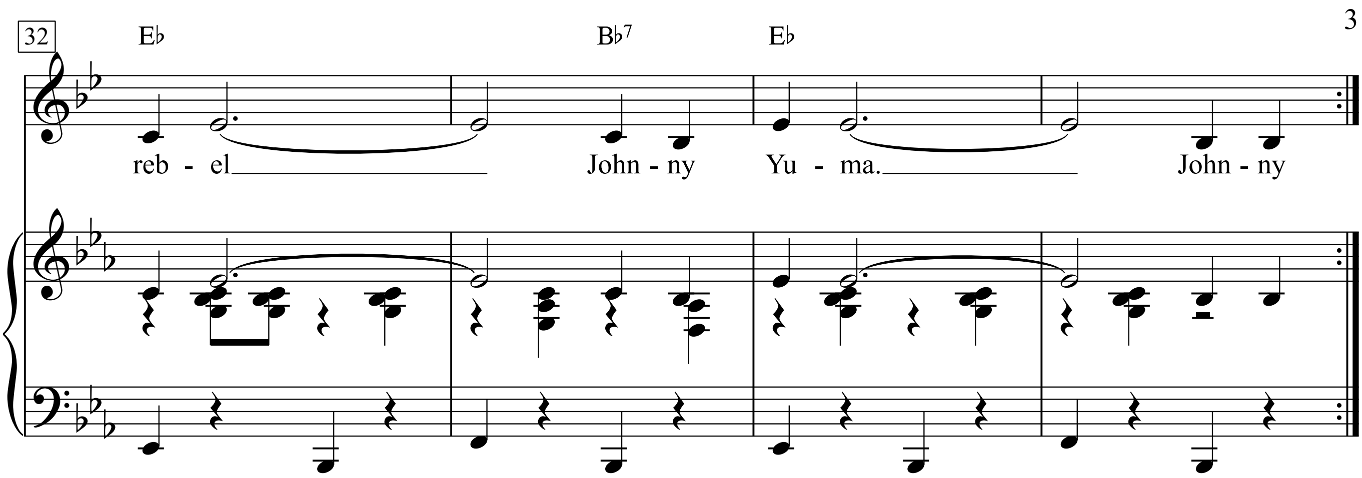
The Rebel - Johnny Yuma

(*from TV Series* The Rebel)

Words & Music by Richard Markowitz
and Andrew Fenady
(Johnny Cash)




1.2.3. To Verses
4. Fine
18
E♭ Fm7 E♭
lone. 1. He lone.
2. He got
3. He was
Col. 8
Verses
24
Cm Gm
1. searched the lands, this rest - less lad, he was
2. fight - in' mad, this reb - el lad, he
3. fight - in' mad, this re - bel lad, with a
28
E♭ A♭ B♭7
pan - ther quick and leath - er tough, and he fig - ured that he'd been pushed e - nough.
packed no star as he wan - dered far when the on - ly law was a hook and a draw. The
dream he'd hold till his dy - ing breath, he'd search his soul and gam - ble with death,



1. Johnny Yuma was a rebel, he roamed thru the west,
did Johnny Yuma, the rebel, he wander'd alone.
He lone. searched the lands, this restless lad,
he was panther quick and leather tough,
and he figured that he'd been pushed enough. rebel Johnny Yuma.

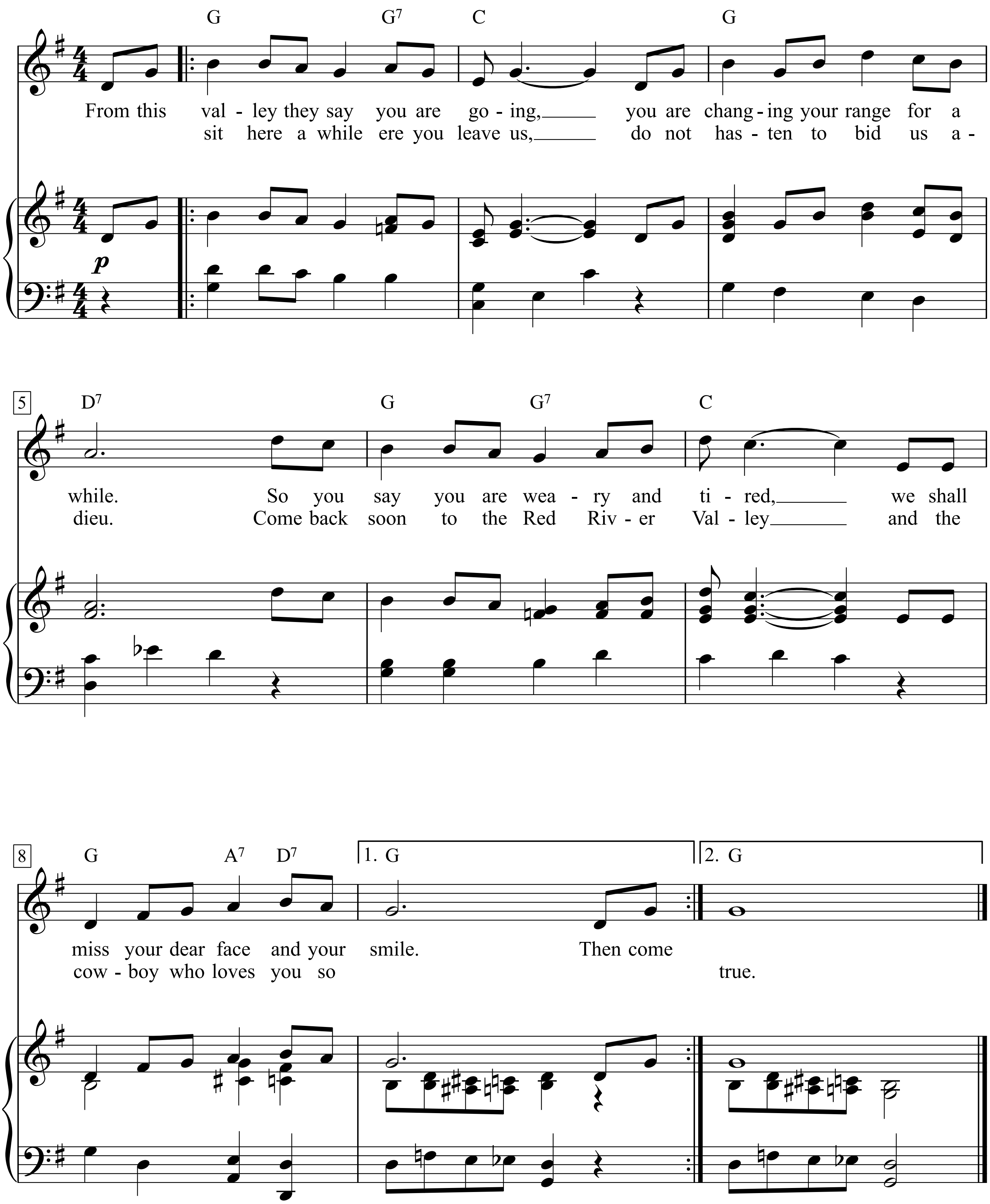
2. He got fightin' mad, this rebel lad, he packed no star as
he wandered far when the only law was a hook and a draw.
The rebel Johnny Yuma.

3. He was fightin' mad, this rebel lad, with a dream
he'd hold till his dying breath, he'd search his soul and gamble with death,
rebel Johnny Yuma.

The Red River Valley

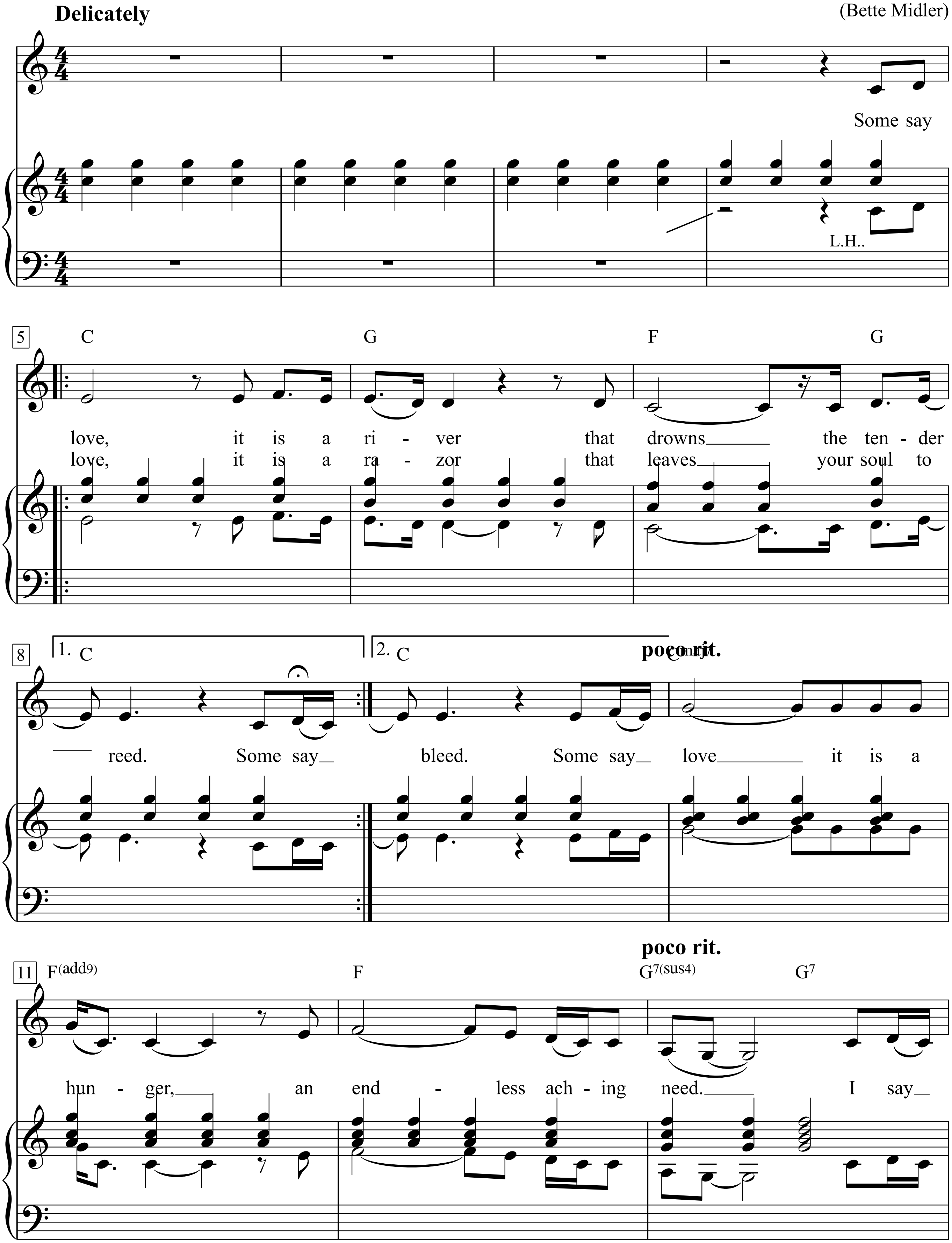
Traditional American Cowboy Song

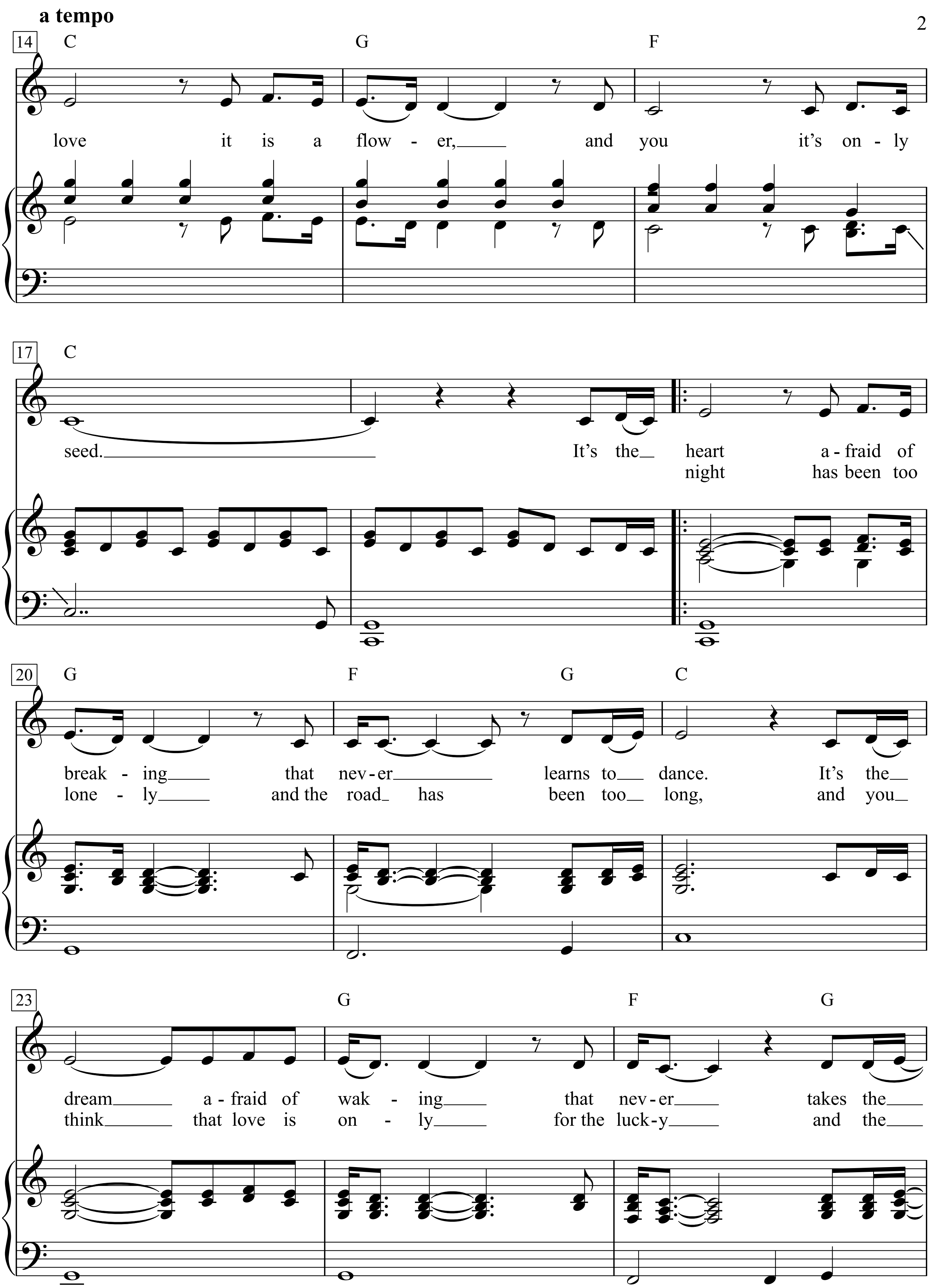
Slowly

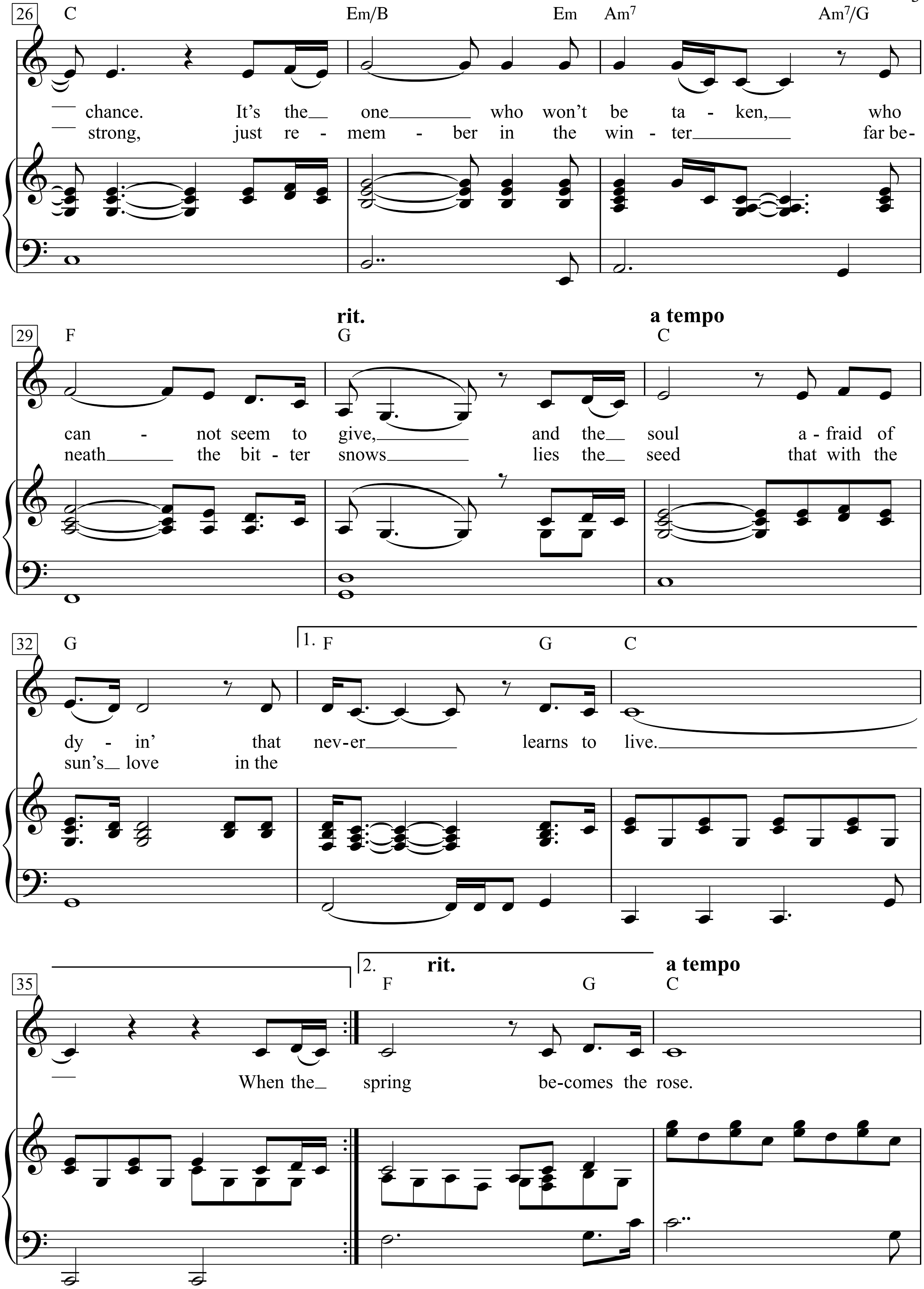


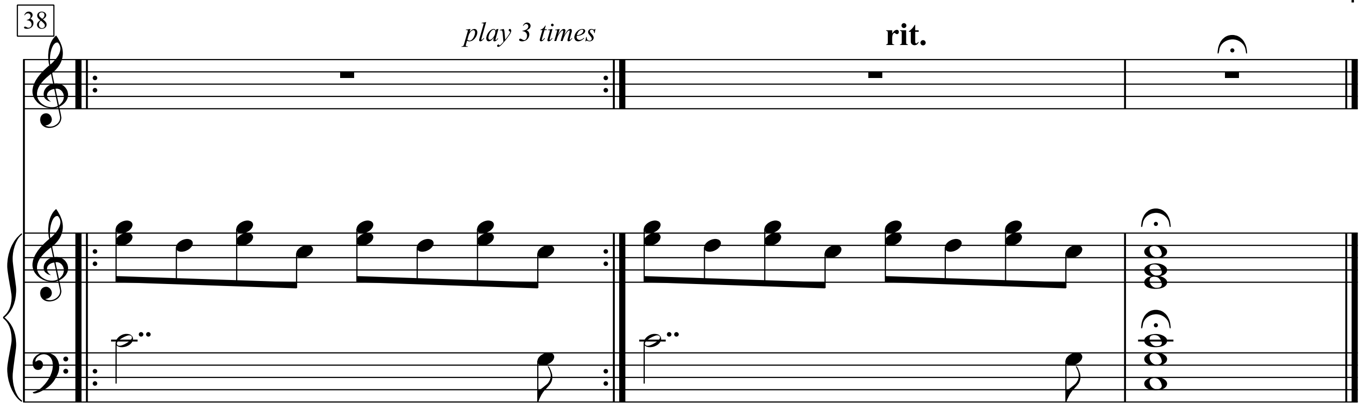
The Rose

Words & Music by Amanda McBroom
(Bette Midler)




a tempo
14
C
G
F
love it is a flow - er, and you it's on - ly
17
C
seed. It's the heart a - fraid of
night has been too
20
G
F
G
C
break - ing that nev - er learns to dance. It's the
lone - ly and the road has been too long, and you
23
G
F
G
dream a - fraid of wak - ing that nev - er takes the
think that love is on - ly for the luck - y and the


26
C Em/B Em Am7 Am7/G
chance. It's the one who won't be ta - ken, who
strong, just re - mem - ber in the win - ter far be-
29
rit.
a tempo
F G C
can - not seem to give, and the soul a - fraid of
neath the bit - ter snows lies the seed that with the
32
1.
F G C
G
dy - in' that nev-er learns to live.
sun's love in the
35
2.
rit.
a tempo
F G C
When the spring be-comes the rose.



Some say love, it is a river
that drowns the tender reed.
Some say love, it is a razor
that leaves your soul to bleed.
Some say love it is a hunger,
an endless aching need.
I say love it is a flower,
and you it's only seed.

It's the heart afraid of breaking
that never learns to dance.
It's the dream afraid of waking
that never takes the chance.
It's the one who won't be taken,
who cannot seem to give,
and the soul afraid of dyin'
that never learns to live.

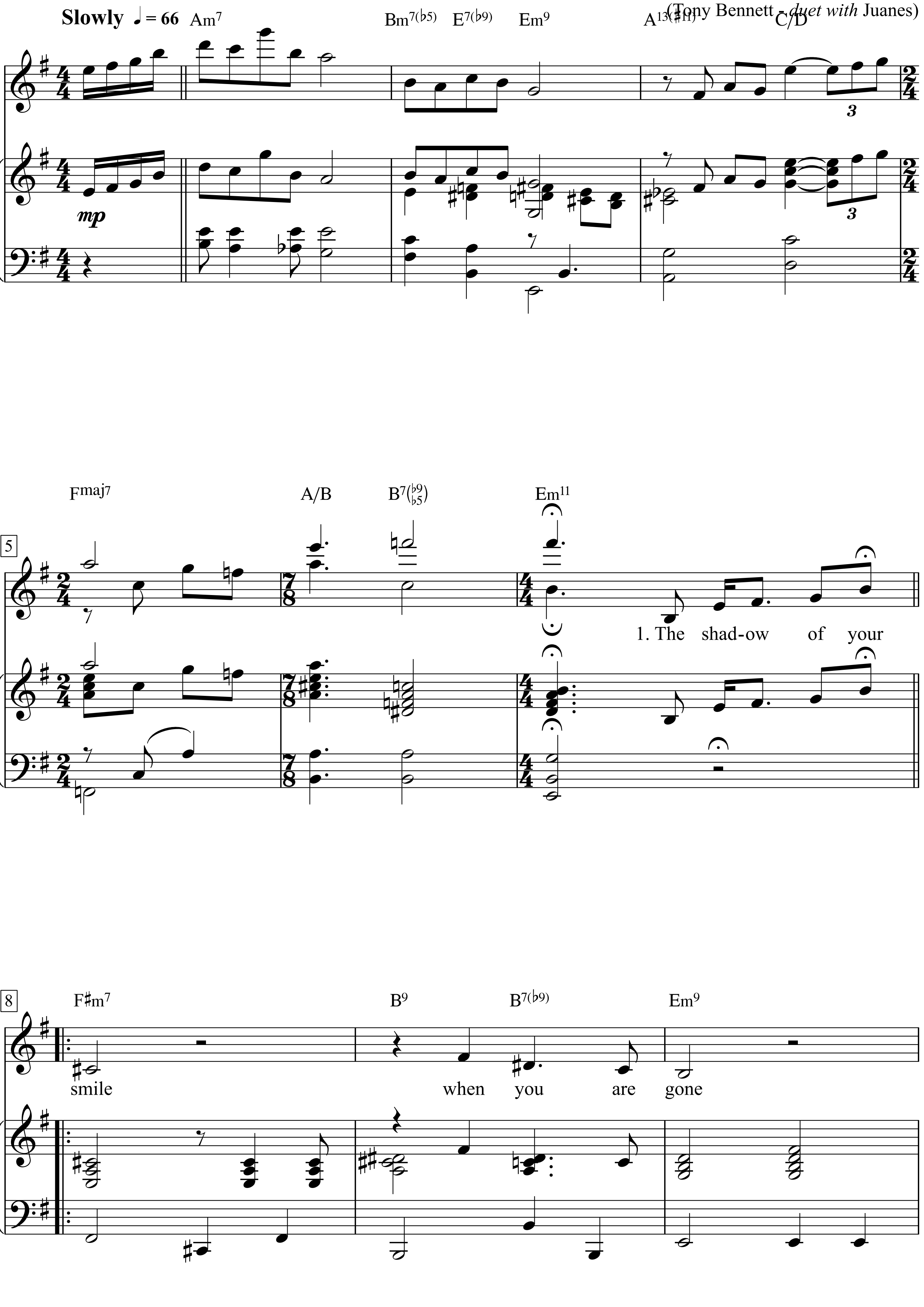
When the spring night has been too lonely
and the road has been too long,
and you think that love is only
for the lucky and the strong,
just remember in the winter
far beneath the bitter snows
lies the seed that with the sun's love
in the spring becomes the rose.

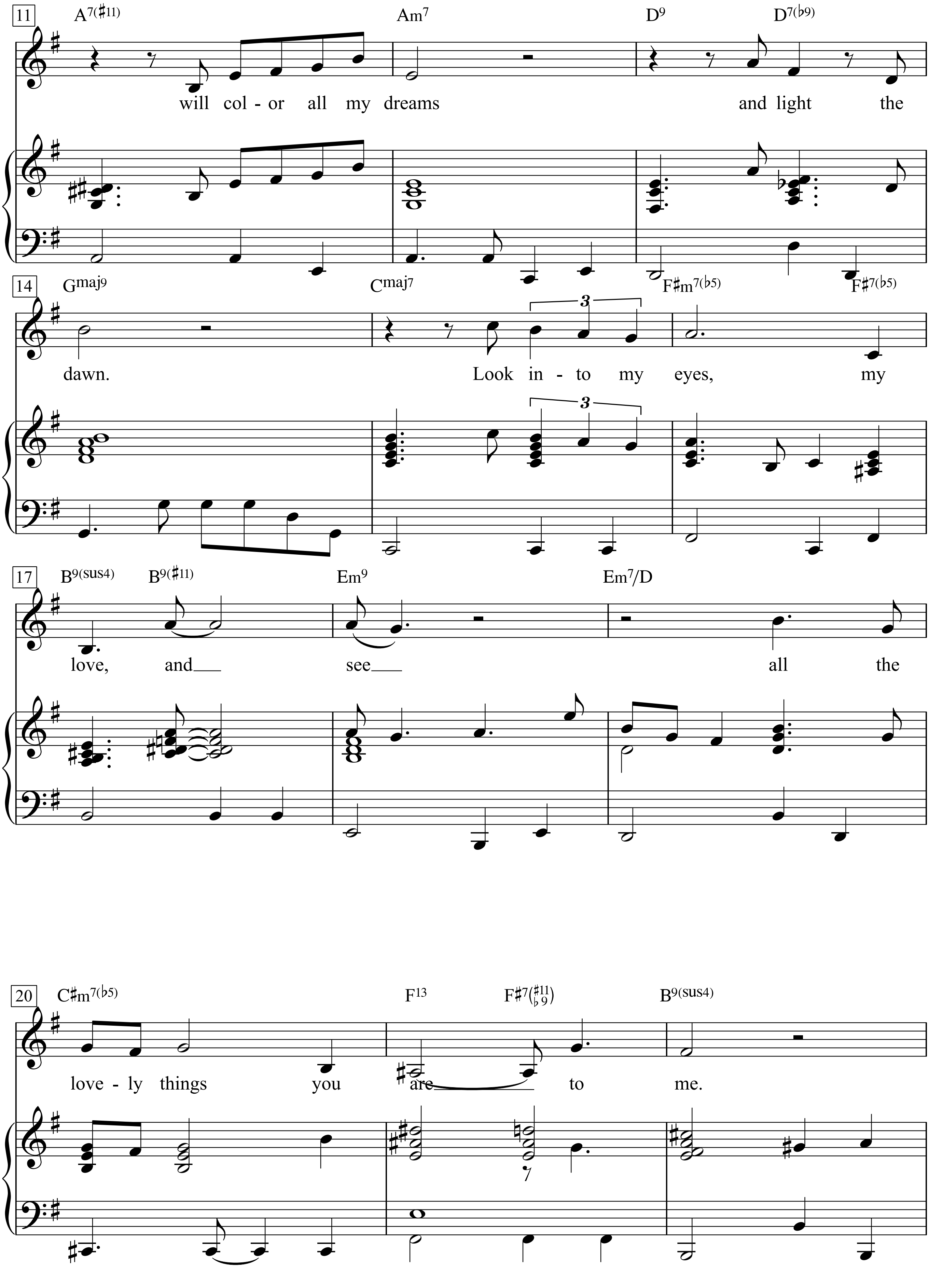
The Shadow Of Your Smile

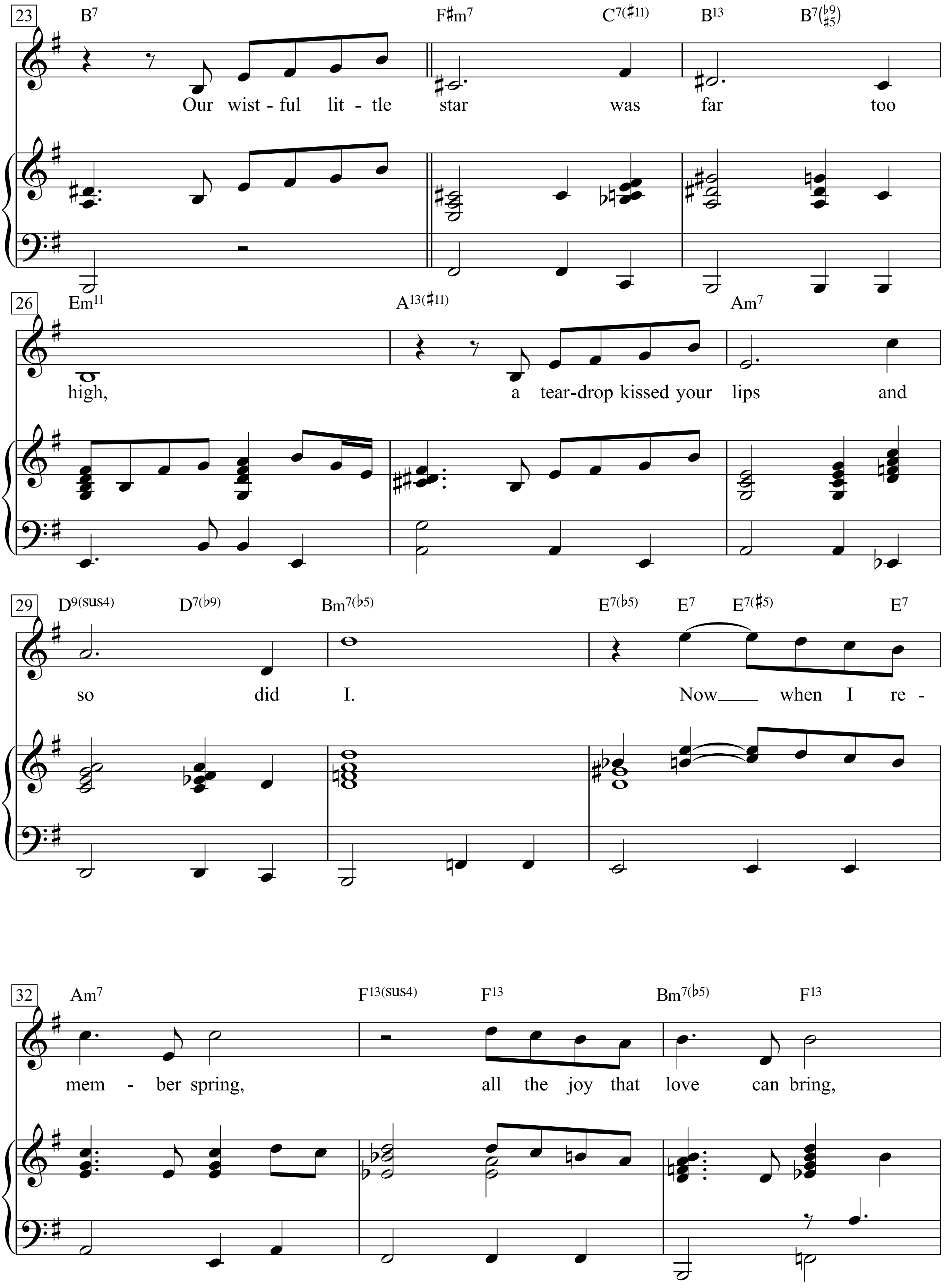
Lyric by Paul Francis Webster

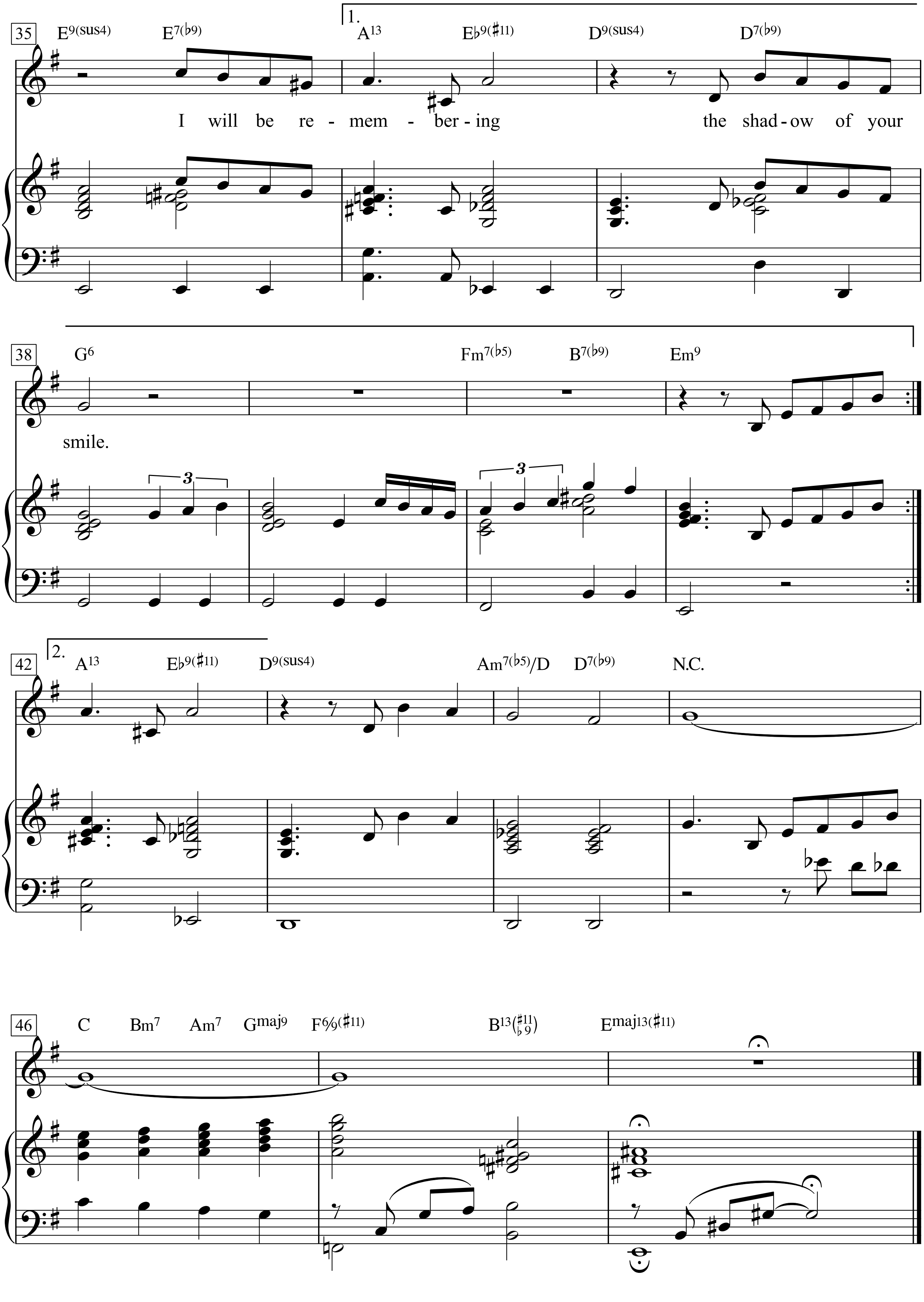
Music by Johnny Mandel

(Tony Bennett - *duet with* Juanes)




11
A7(♯11)
Am7
D9
D7(♭9)
will col - or all my dreams and light the
14
Gmaj9
Cmaj7
F♯m7(♭5)
F♯7(♭5)
dawn. Look in - to my eyes, my
3
17
B9(sus4)
B9(♯11)
Em9
Em7/D
love, and see all the
20
C♯m7(♭5)
F13
F♯7(♯11 ♭9)
B9(sus4)
love - ly things you are to me.

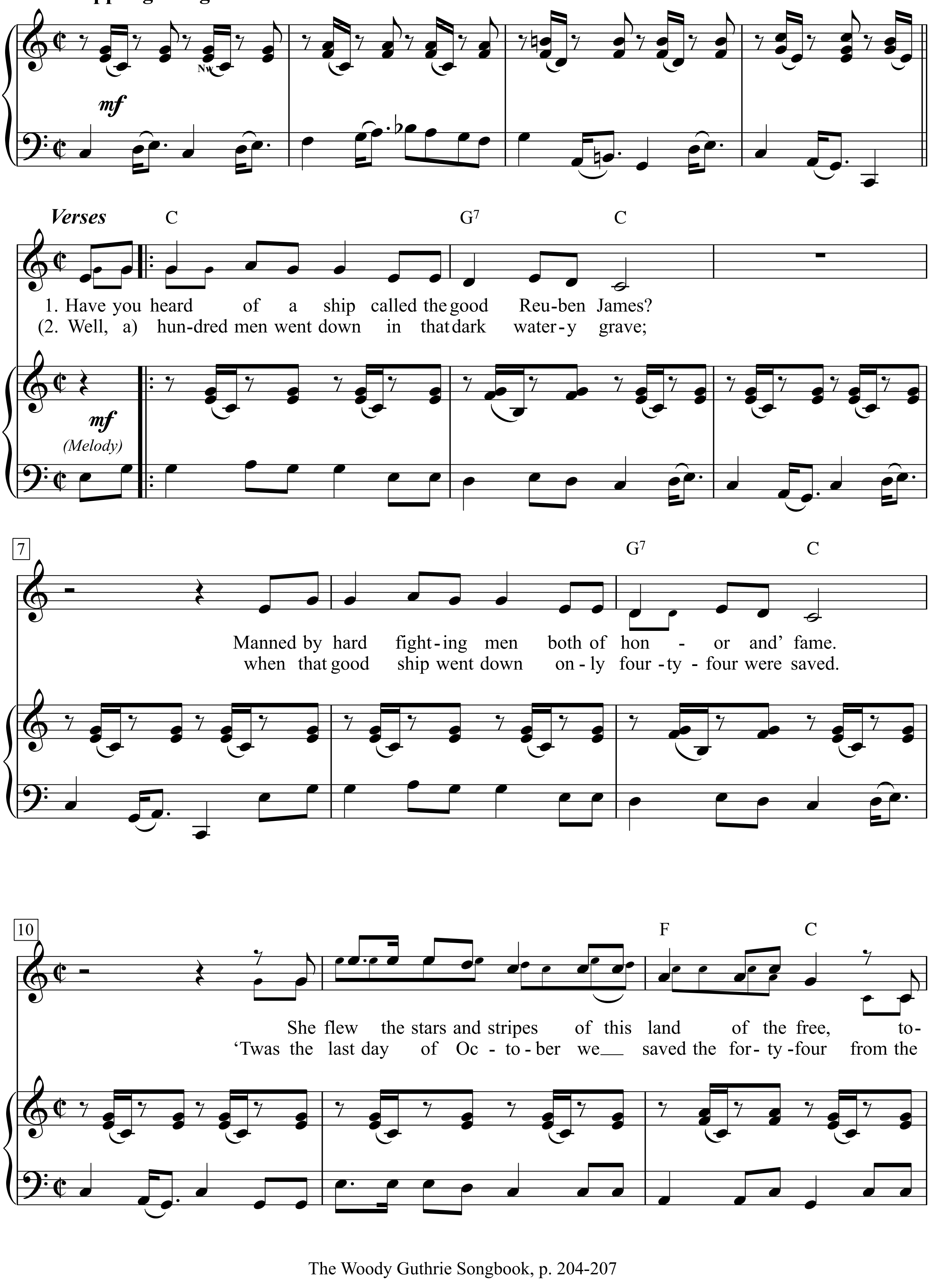

23
B7 F♯m7 C7(♯11) B13 B7(♭9 ♯5)
Our wist - ful lit - tle star was far too
26
Em11 A13(♯11) Am7
high, a tear-drop kissed your lips and
29
D9(sus4) D7(♭9) Bm7(♭5) E7(♭5) E7 E7(♯5) E7
so did I. Now when I re -
32
Am7 F13(sus4) F13 Bm7(♭5) F13
mem - ber spring, all the joy that love can bring,

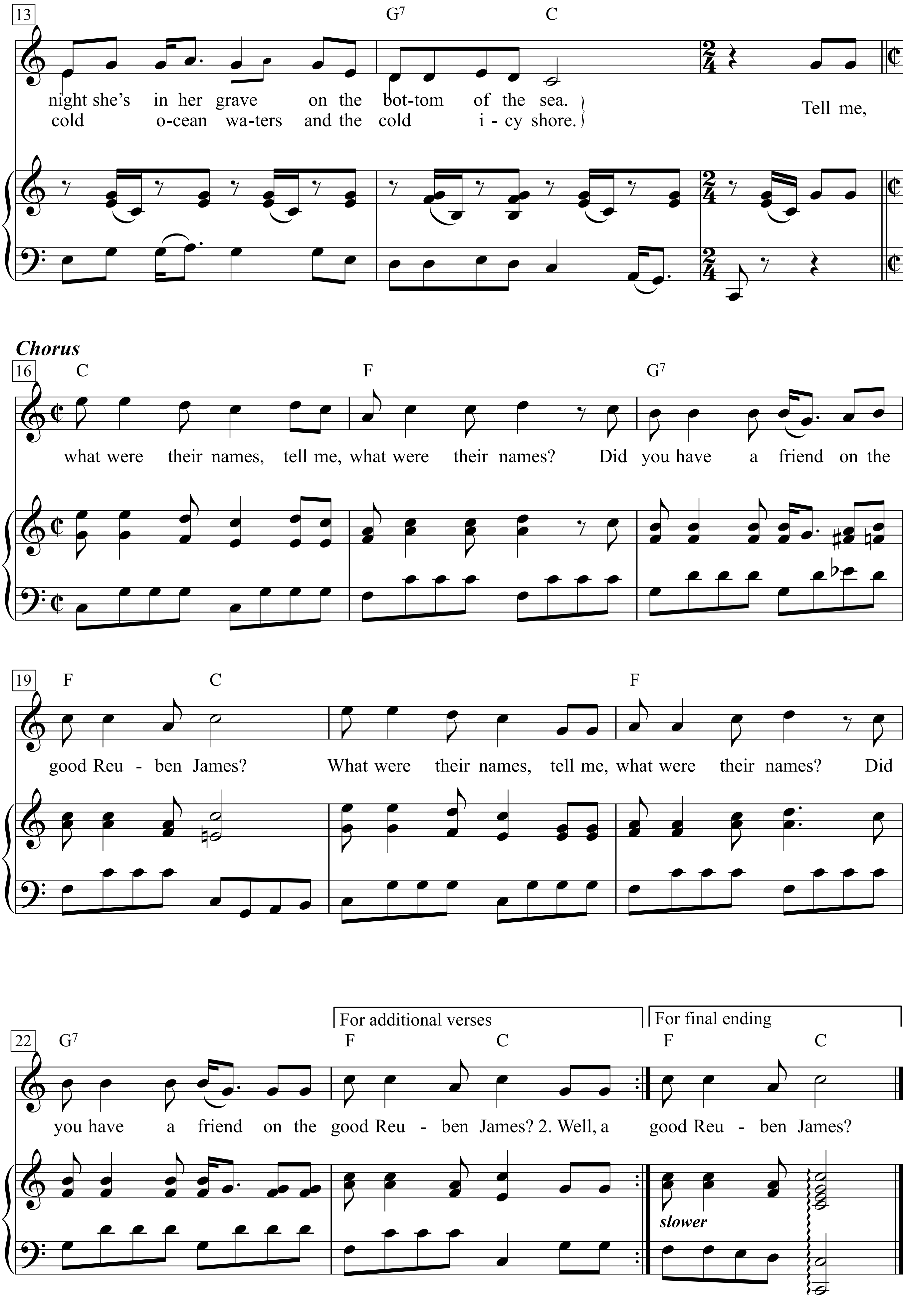

35
E9(sus4) E7(♭9)
1.
A13 E♭9(♯11) D9(sus4) D7(♭9)
I will be re - mem - ber - ing the shad - ow of your
38
G6 Fm7(♭5) B7(♭9) Em9
smile.
42
2.
A13 E♭9(♯11) D9(sus4) Am7(♭5)/D D7(♭9) N.C.
46
C Bm7 Am7 Gmaj9 F6/9(♯11) B13(♯11 ♭9) Emaj13(♯11)

The Sinking of the Reuben James

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie
(Woody Guthrie)

Rippling along




13
G7 C
night she's in her grave on the bot-tom of the sea.
cold o-cean wa-ters and the cold i - cy shore.
Tell me,
Chorus
16
C F G7
what were their names, tell me, what were their names? Did you have a friend on the
19
F C F
good Reu - ben James? What were their names, tell me, what were their names? Did
For additional verses
For final ending
22
G7 F C F C
you have a friend on the good Reu - ben James? 2. Well, a good Reu - ben James?
slower

1. Have you heard of a ship called the good Reuben James?
Manned by hard fighting men both of honor and’ fame.
She flew the stars and stripes of this land of the free,
tonight she’s in her grave on the bottom of the sea.

Chorus:
Tell me, what were their names, tell me, what were their names?
Did you have a friend on the good Reuben James?
What were their names, tell me, what were their names?
Did you have a friend on the good Reuben James?

2. Well, a hundred men went down in that dark watery grave;
when that good ship went down only forty-four were saved.
‘Twas the last day of October we saved the forty-four
from the cold ocean waters and the cold icy shore.

Chorus:

3. It was there in the dark of that uncertain night
That we watched for the U-boats and waited for the fight.
Then a whine and a rock and a great explosion roared,
And laid the Reuben James on that cold ocean floor.

Chorus:

4. Now tonight there are lights in our country so bright –
In the farms, in the cities, they’re telling of this plight.
Now our mighty battleships will steam the bounding main
And remember the name of that good Reuben James.

Chorus:

Have you heard of the ship called the bold Reuben James,
Manned by hard fighting men both of honor and fame?
I will tell you a tale that will tell you the names
Of the men that went down on that good Reuben James . . .

There's Harold Hammer Beasley, a first rate man at sea,
From Hinton, West Virginia, he had his first degree.
There's Jim Franklin Benson, a good machinist mate,
Come up from North Carolina, to sail the Reuben James.

There was Carl Cooperider, that shared the Reuben's fate,
Bucyrus was his home town, and Ohio was his state;
And then come Randall Cosgrove, and gunning was his game;
And he went on to glory on the fighting Reuben James.

If you ask who was it handled our hot torpedo box,
A man from West Virginia, his name was Charlie Cox;
If you ask who was it that manned the cannon ball,
His name was Walter Sorensen, from the town of Omaha.

Jesse Weaver died a seaman as true as he could be,
And he come up from West Point, the state called Tennessee.
William Flynn done his best and his bravery I'll tell,
His home was Philadelphia where hangs the Liberty bell.

Dennis Howard Daniel, Glen Jones, and Harold Vore,
Hartwell Byrd, and Raymond Cook, Ed Musslewhite, and more;
Remember Leonard Keever, Gene Evans, and Donald Kapp,
Who gave their all to fight aboard this famous fighting ship.

Jack Campbell was our fireman, he stuck the battle through,
And there was Erastus Carbaugh from Mercer County, too;
Paul Magais stuck to the radio, and W. H. Kloepper, too;
Until the good ship Reuben James went down beneath the blue.

Eighty-six men were drowned, I can't give you all their names,
Only forty-four were saved from that good Reuben James;
It was the last day of October that we saved the forty-four
From the cold ocean waters Tong that long Iceland shore.

It was there in the dark of that uncertain night
That we watched for a U-boat, and ready for a fight;
Then a whine, and a rock, and a great explosion roared,
And they laid the Reuben James on the cold ocean floor.

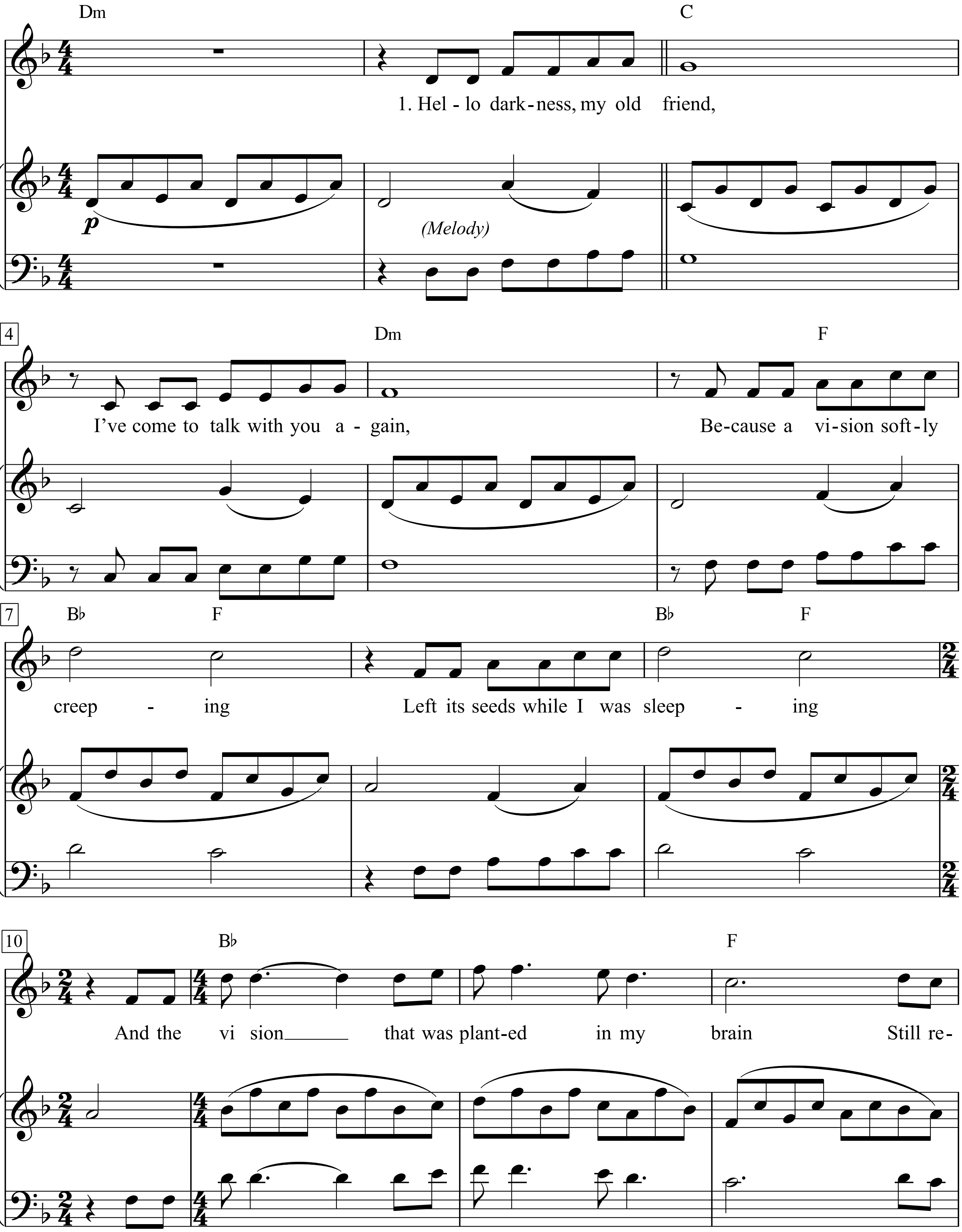
Now tonight there are lights in our country so bright;
And friends and relations are telling of this fight;
And now our mighty battleships steam the bounding main
And remember the name of the great Reuben James.

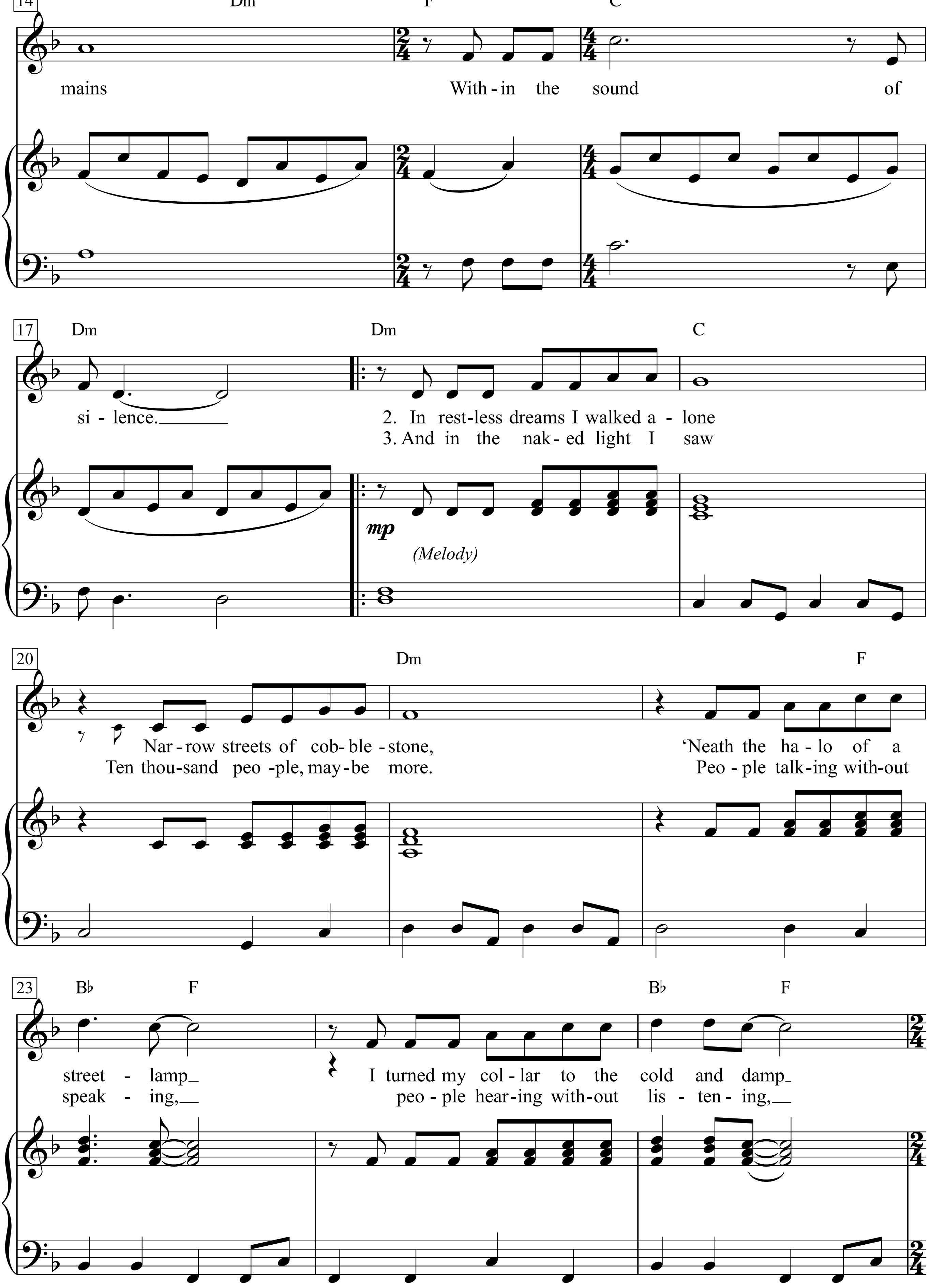
This is the poem the Almanacs first wrote about the sinking of the Reuben James. Later, an hour or two at least, we ganged around the poem, and changed it into a good singing song with a chorus that you can join in easy. Come and sing with us. "We're gonna tear old Hitler down!" as Leadbelly says.

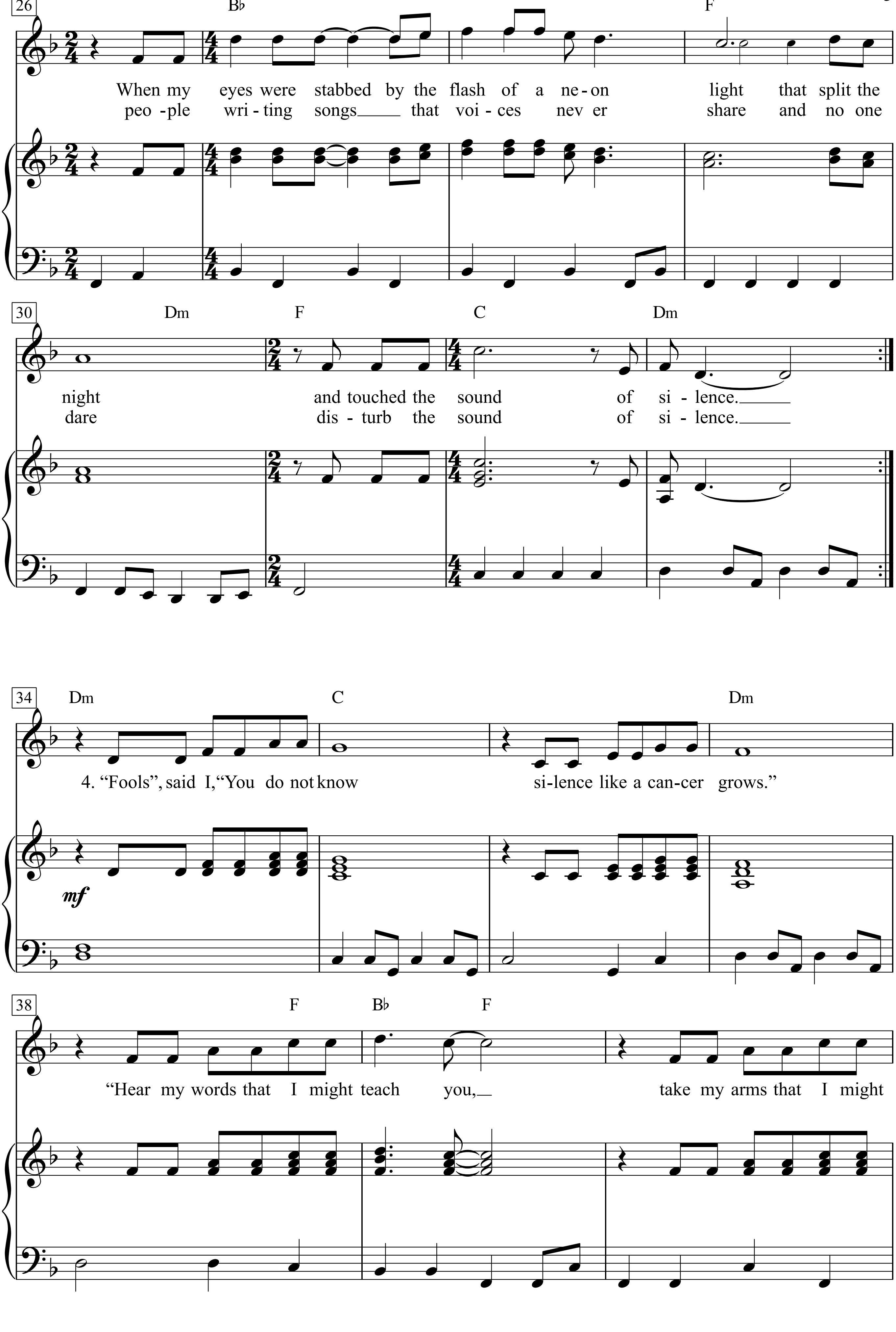
The Sound of Silence

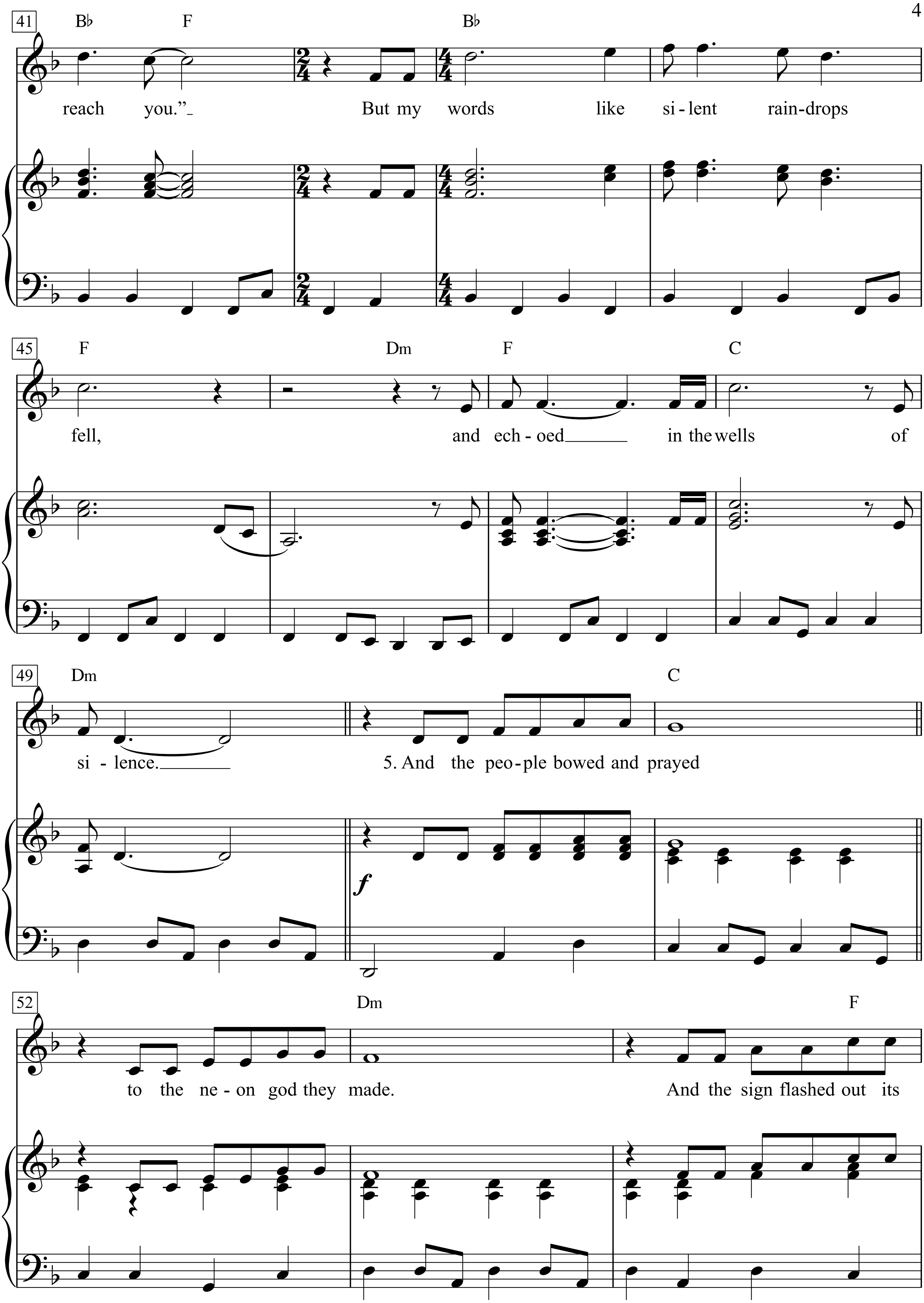
Paul Simon
(Simon & Garfunkel)

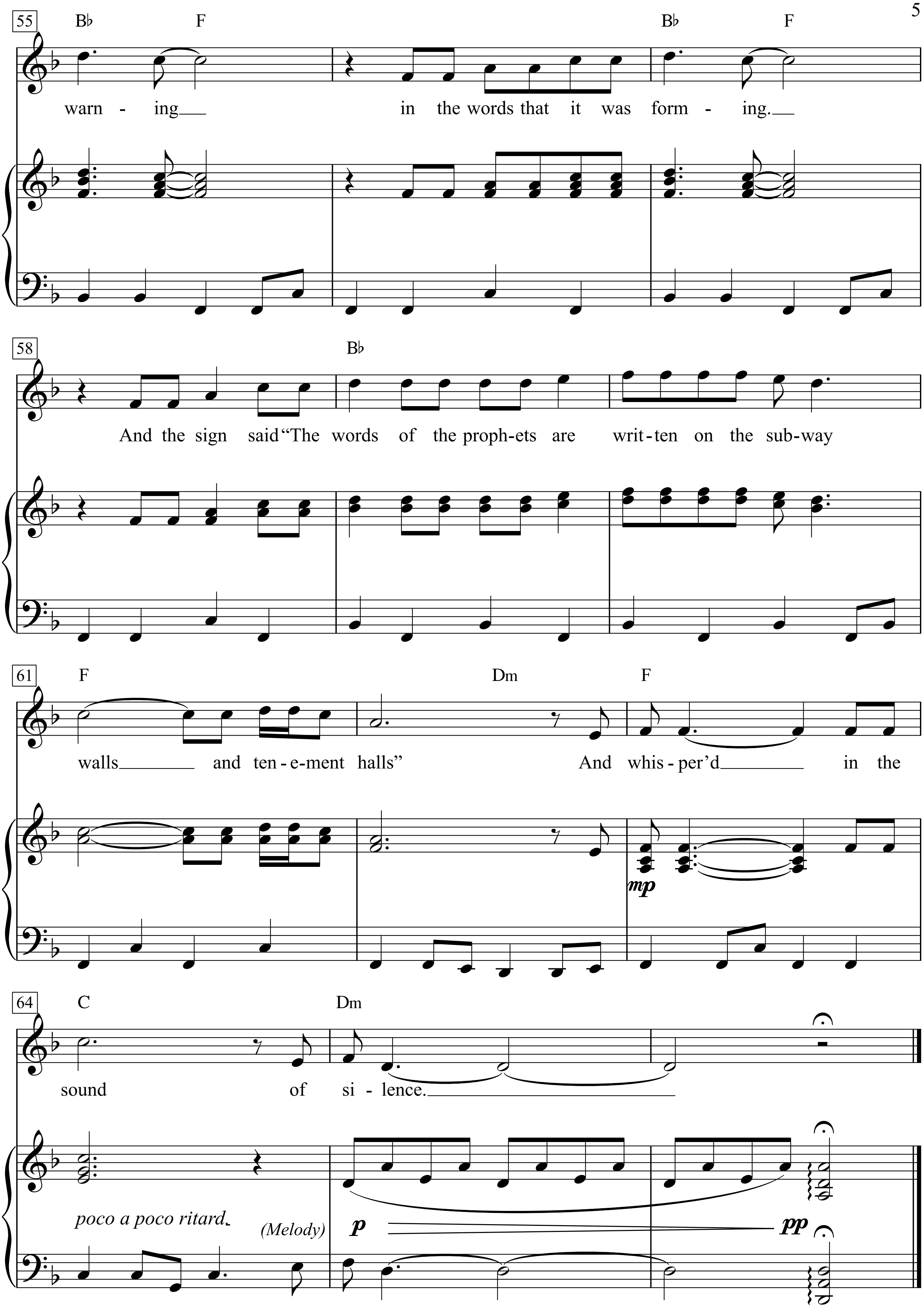
Moderately




14
Dm F C
mains With - in the sound of
17
Dm Dm C
si - lence.
2. In rest-less dreams I walked a - lone
3. And in the nak- ed light I saw
mp
(Melody)
20
Dm F
Nar - row streets of cob- ble - stone, 'Neath the ha - lo of a
Ten thou-sand peo -ple, may- be more. Peo - ple talk - ing with-out
23
B♭ F B♭ F
street - lamp I turned my col - lar to the cold and damp
speak - ing, peo - ple hear-ing with-out lis - ten - ing,


26
B♭
F
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a ne-on light that split the
peo -ple wri - ting songs that voi - ces nev er share and no one
30
Dm
F
C
Dm
night and touched the sound of si - lence.
dare dis - turb the sound of si - lence.
34
Dm
C
Dm
4. "Fools", said I, "You do not know si-lence like a can-cer grows."
mf
38
F
B♭
F
"Hear my words that I might teach you, take my arms that I might


41
B♭
F
B♭
reach you.”
But my words like si-lent rain-drops
45
F
Dm
F
C
fell, and ech-oed in the wells of
49
Dm
C
si-lence.
5. And the peo-ple bowed and prayed
f
52
Dm
F
to the ne-on god they made.
And the sign flashed out its


55
B♭ F B♭ F
warn - ing___ in the words that it was form - ing.___
58
B♭
And the sign said "The words of the proph-ets are writ-ten on the sub-way
61
F Dm F
walls___ and ten-e-ment halls" And whis-per'd___ in the
mp
64
C Dm
sound of si - lence.___
poco a poco ritard.
(Melody)
p
pp

1. Hello darkness, my old friend,
I've come to talk with you again,
because a vision softly creeping
left it's seeds while I was sleeping
and the vision that was planted in my brain
still remains
within the sound of silence.

2 . In restless dreams I walked alone
narrow streets of cobblestone,
'neath the halo of a streetlamp
I turned my collar to the cold and damp
when my eyes were stabbed
by the flash of a neon light
that split the night
and touched
the sound of silence.

3. And in the naked light I saw
ten thousand people, maybe more.
People talking without speaking,
people hearing without listening,
people writing songs that voices
never share and no one dare
disturb the sound of silence.

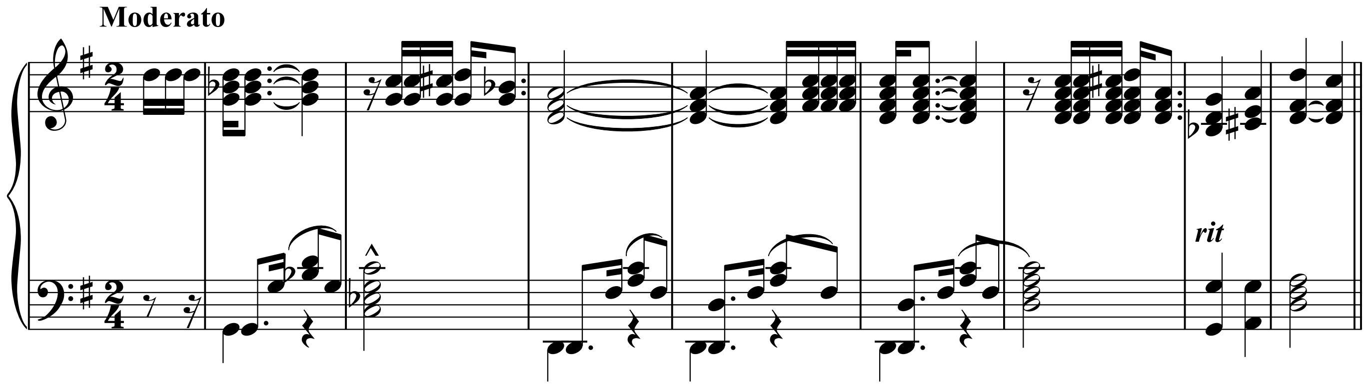
4. "Fools", said I, "You do not know
silence like a cancer grows."
"Hear my words that I might teach you,
take my arms that I might reach you."
But my words like silent raindrops fell,
and echoed in the wells of silence.

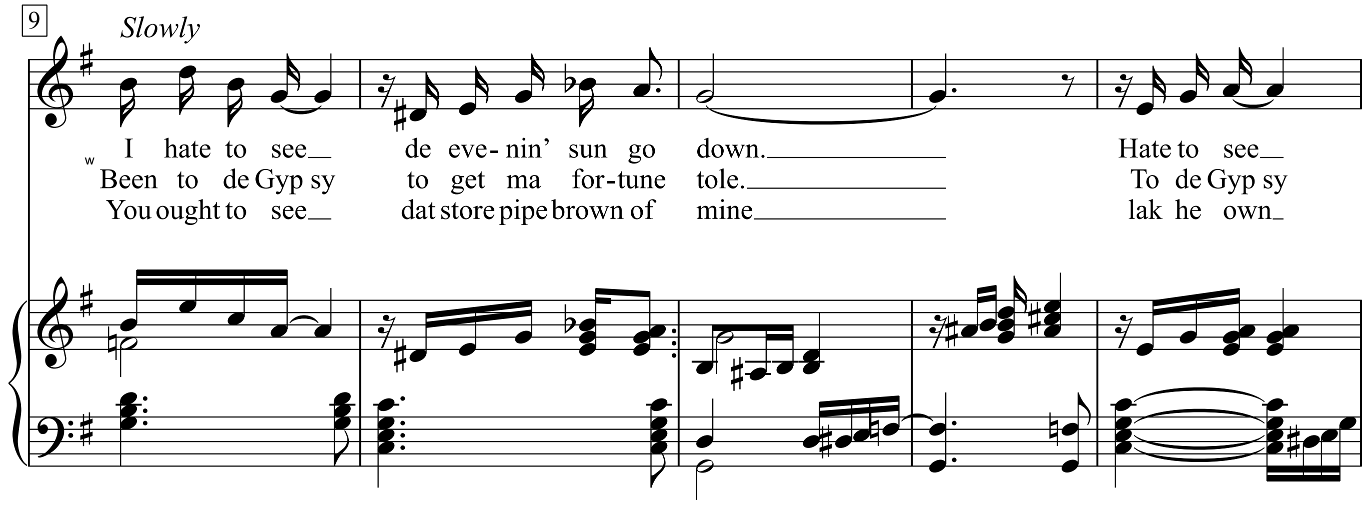
5. And the people bowed and prayed
to the neon god they made.
And the sign flashed out its warning
in the words that it was forming.
And the sign said 'The words of the prophets
are written on the subway walls
and tenement halls,"
and whisper'd in the sound of silence.

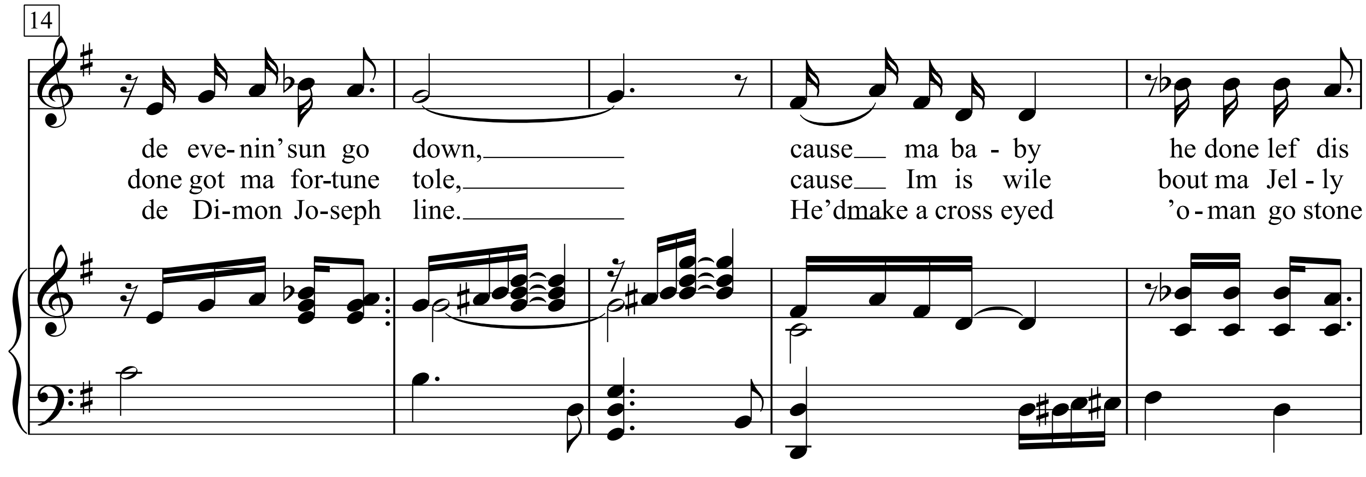
Respectfully Dedicated To Mr. Russell Gardiner
“The Banner Buggy Man”

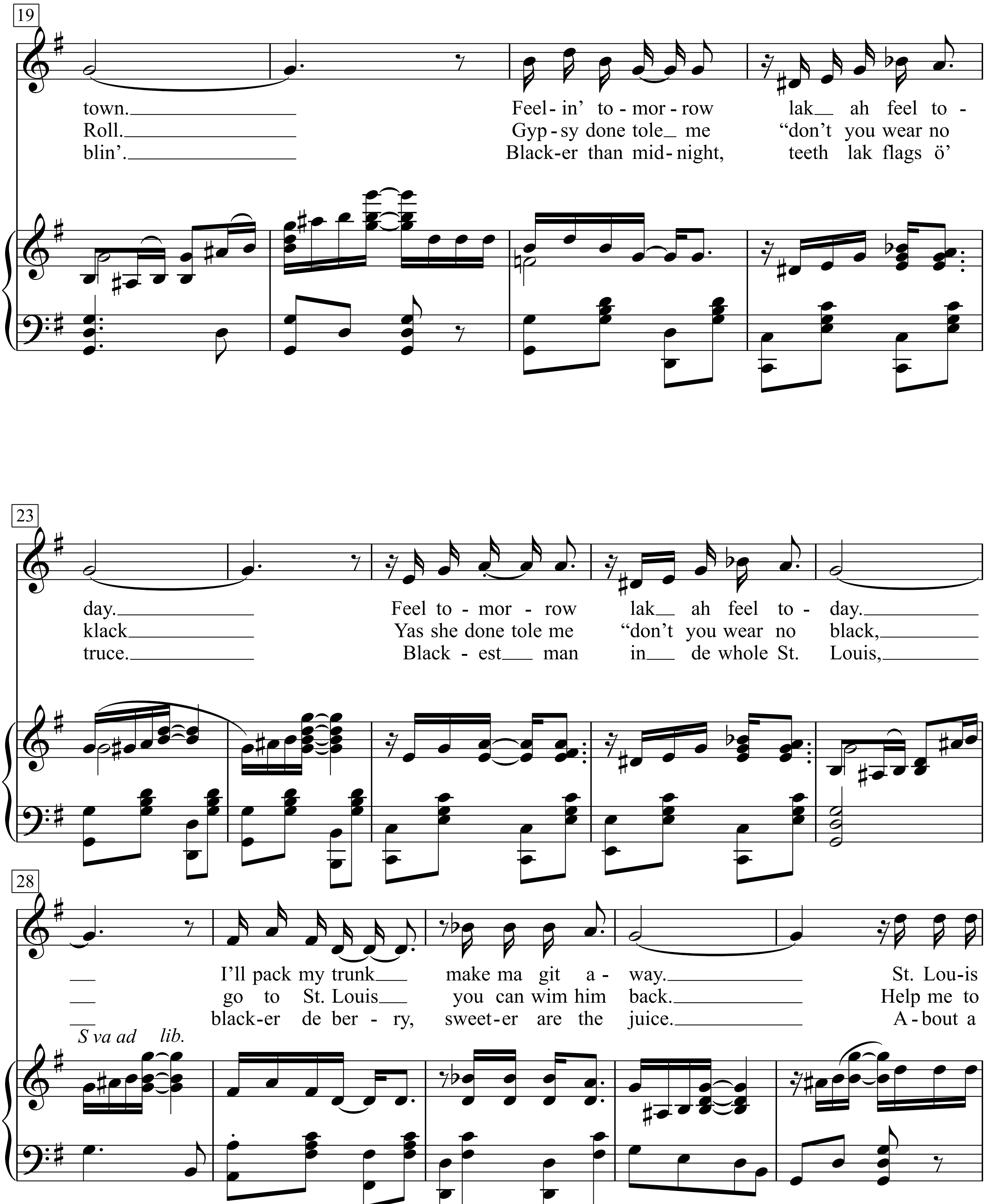
The “St. Louis Blues”

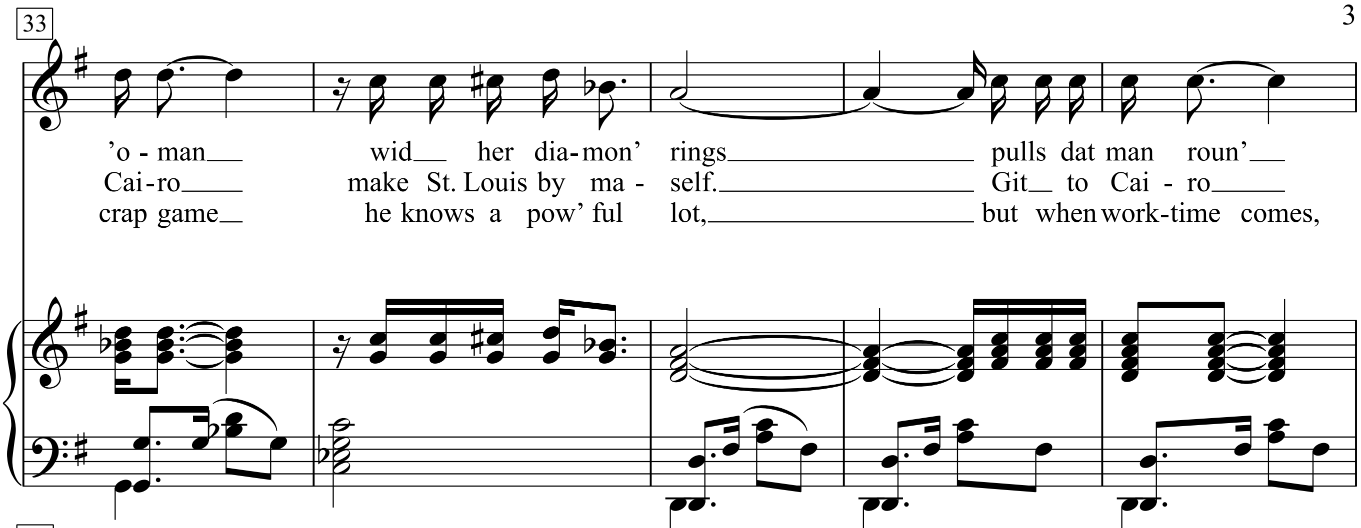
W.. C. Hardy

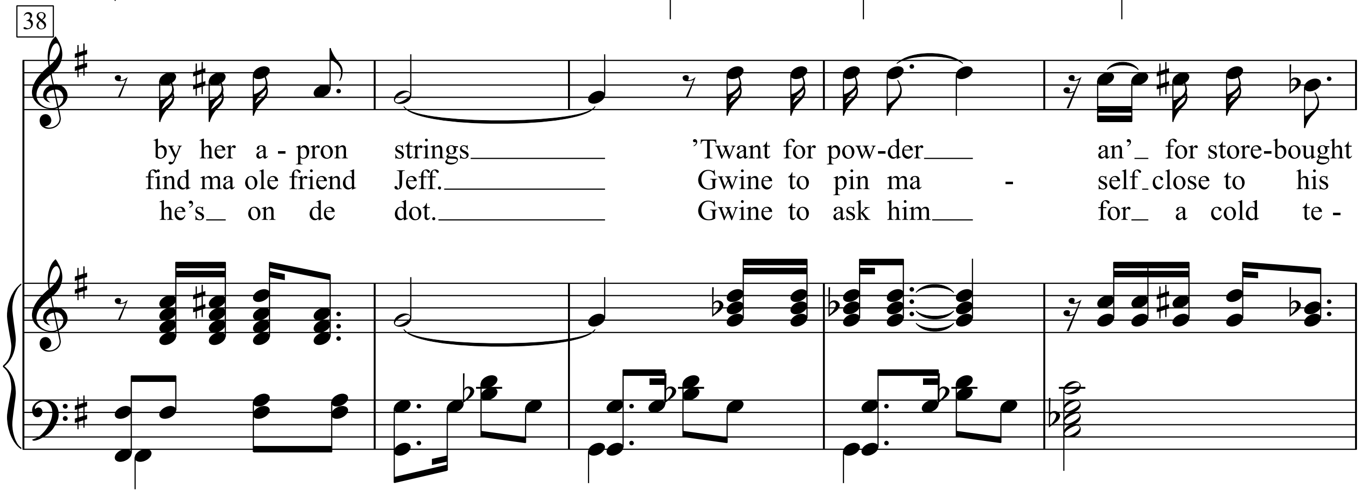


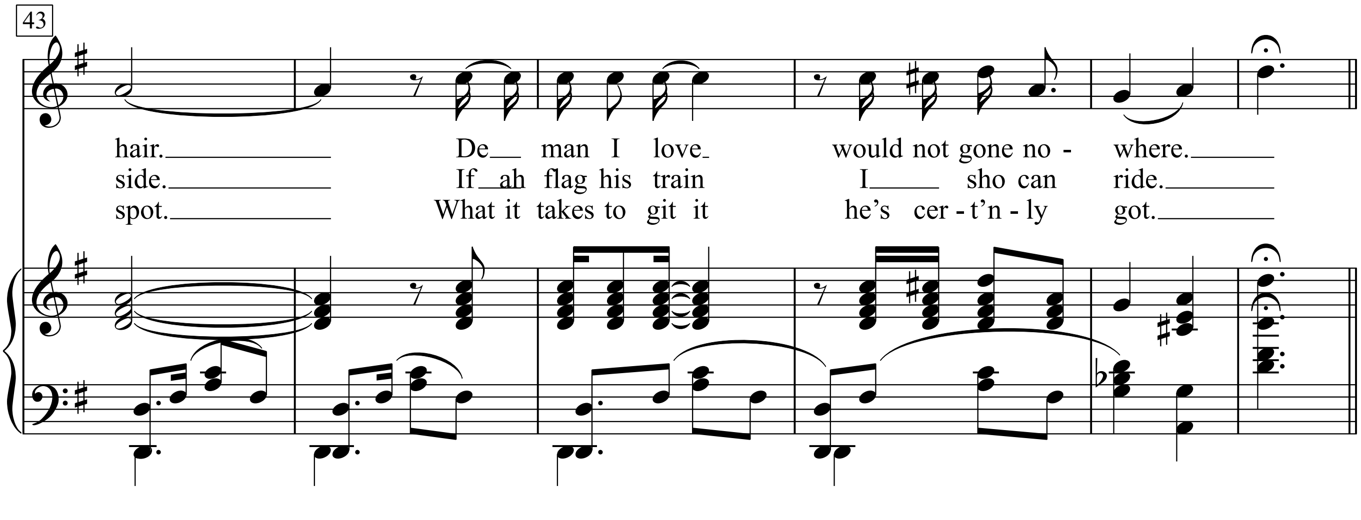


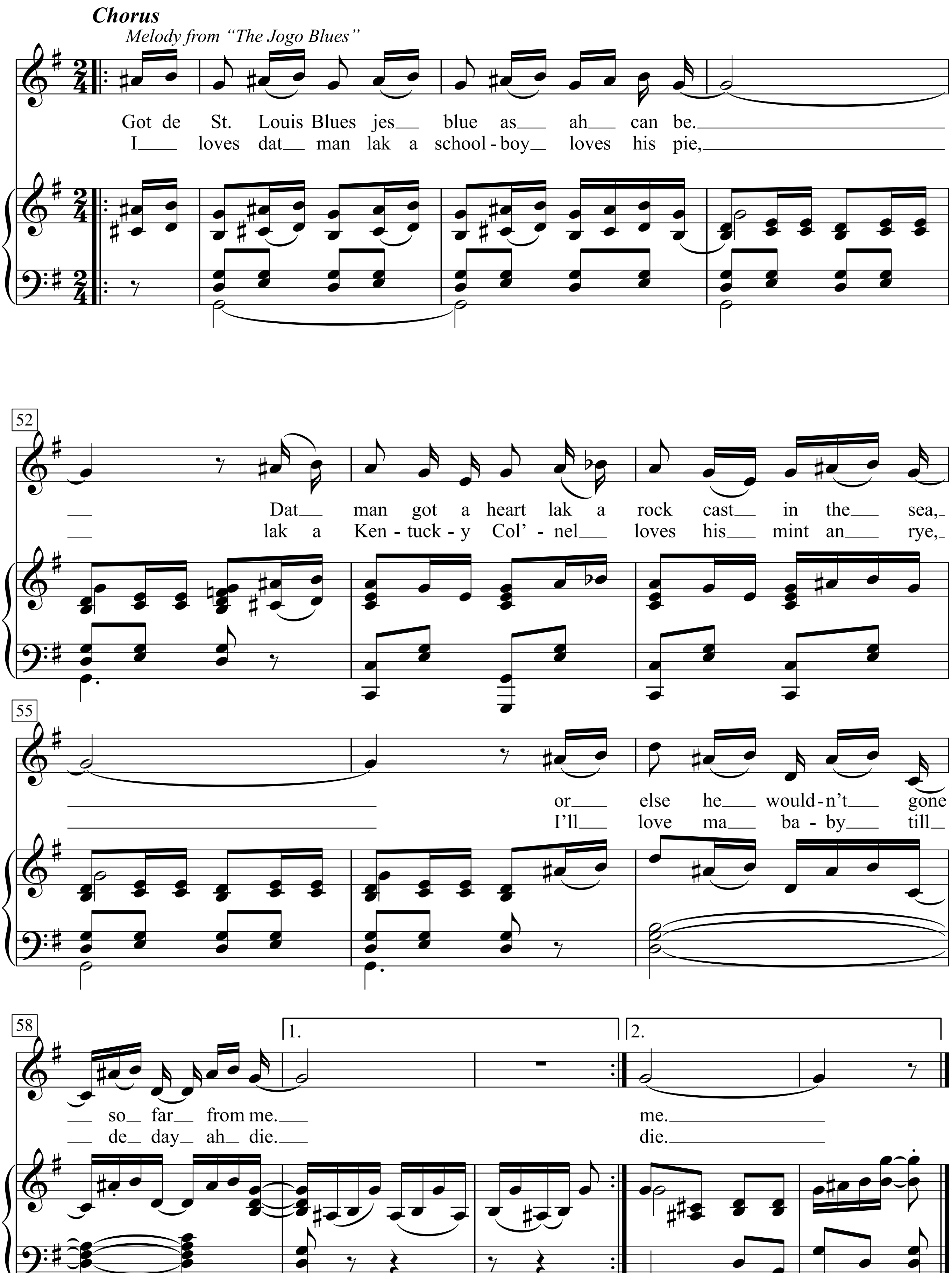



19
town. Feel-in' to-mor-row lak ah feel to-
Roll. Gyp-sy done tole me "don't you wear no
blin'. Black-er than mid-night, teeth lak flags ö'
23
day. Feel to-mor-row lak ah feel to-day.
klack Yas she done tole me "don't you wear no black,
truce. Black-est man in de whole St. Louis,
28
I'll pack my trunk make ma git a-way. St. Lou-is
go to St. Louis you can wim him back. Help me to
black-er de ber-ry, sweet-er are the juice. A-bout a
8 va ad lib.


33
'o - man wid her dia-mon' rings pulls dat man roun'
Cai-ro make St. Louis by ma - self. Git to Cai - ro
crap game he knows a pow' ful lot, but when work-time comes,


38
by her a - pron strings 'Twant for pow-der an' for store-bought
find ma ole friend Jeff. Gwine to pin ma - self close to his
he's on de dot. Gwine to ask him for a cold te -

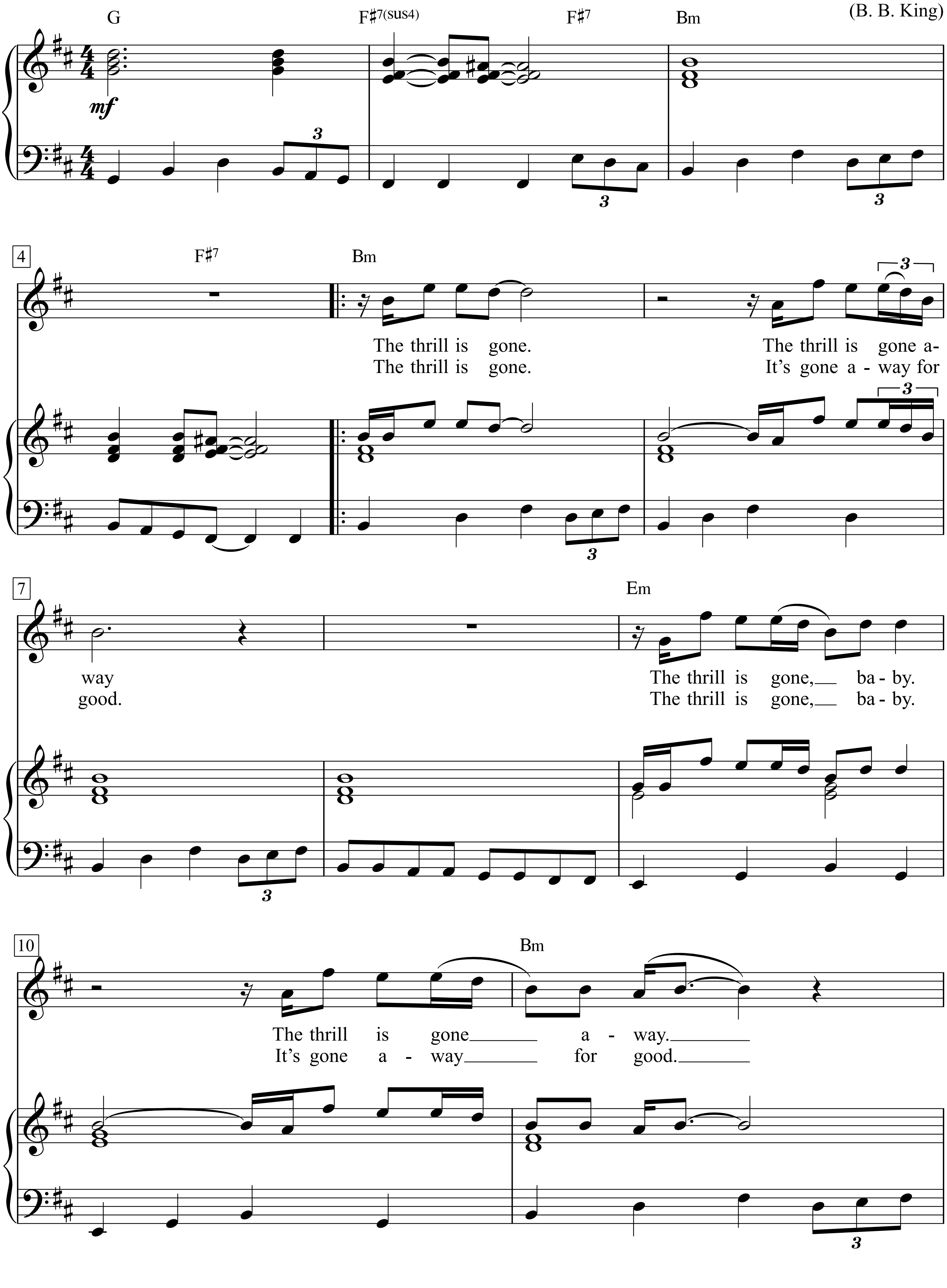

43
hair. De man I love would not gone no - where.
side. If ah flag his train I sho can ride.
spot. What it takes to git it he's cer - t'n - ly got.

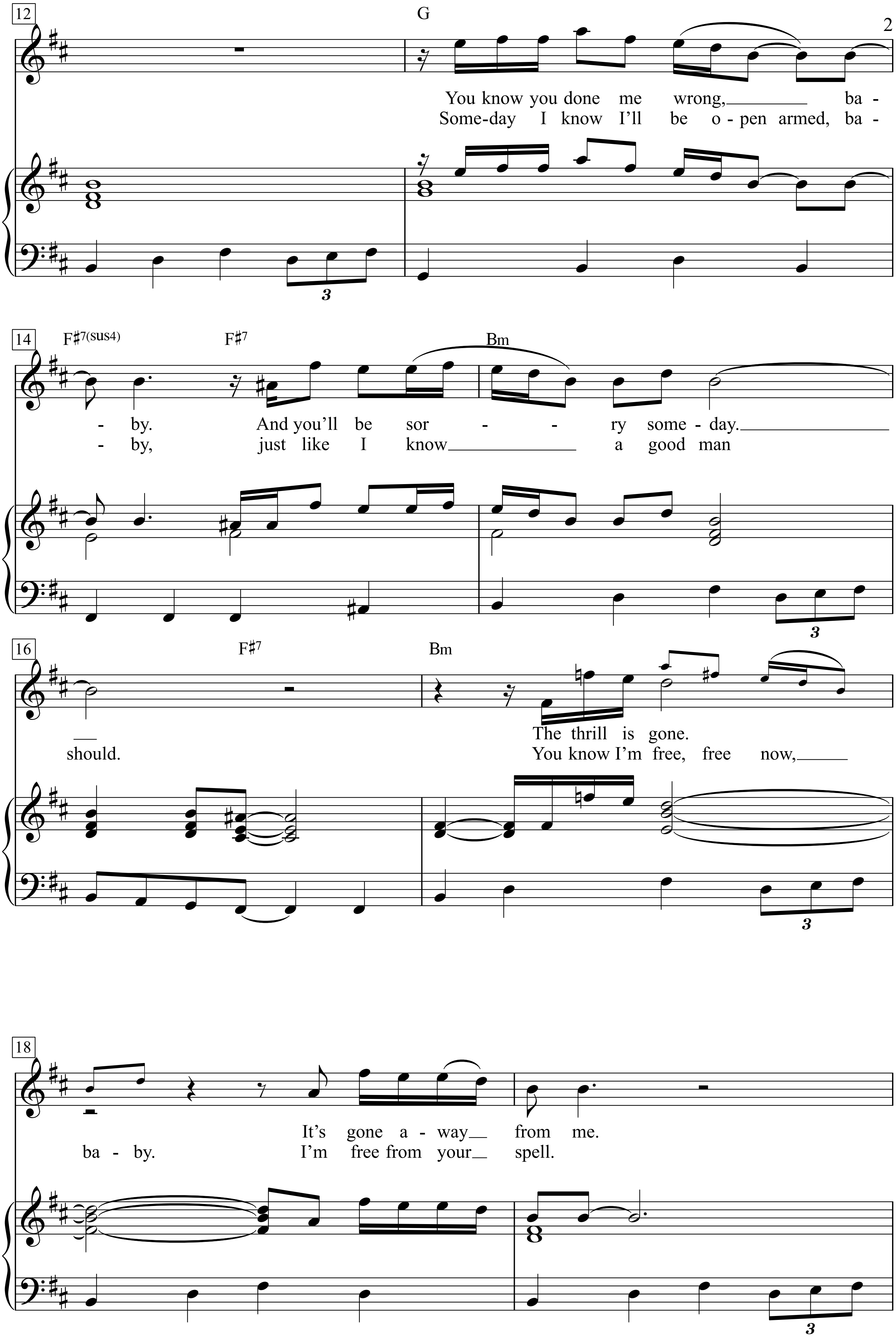

Chorus
Melody from "The Jogo Blues"
Got de St. Louis Blues jes blue as ah can be.
I loves dat man lak a school-boy loves his pie,
52
Dat man got a heart lak a rock cast in the sea,
lak a Ken-tuck-y Col'-nel loves his mint an rye,
55
or else he would-n't gone
I'll love ma ba-by till
58
so far from me.
de day ah die.
1.
2.
me.
die.

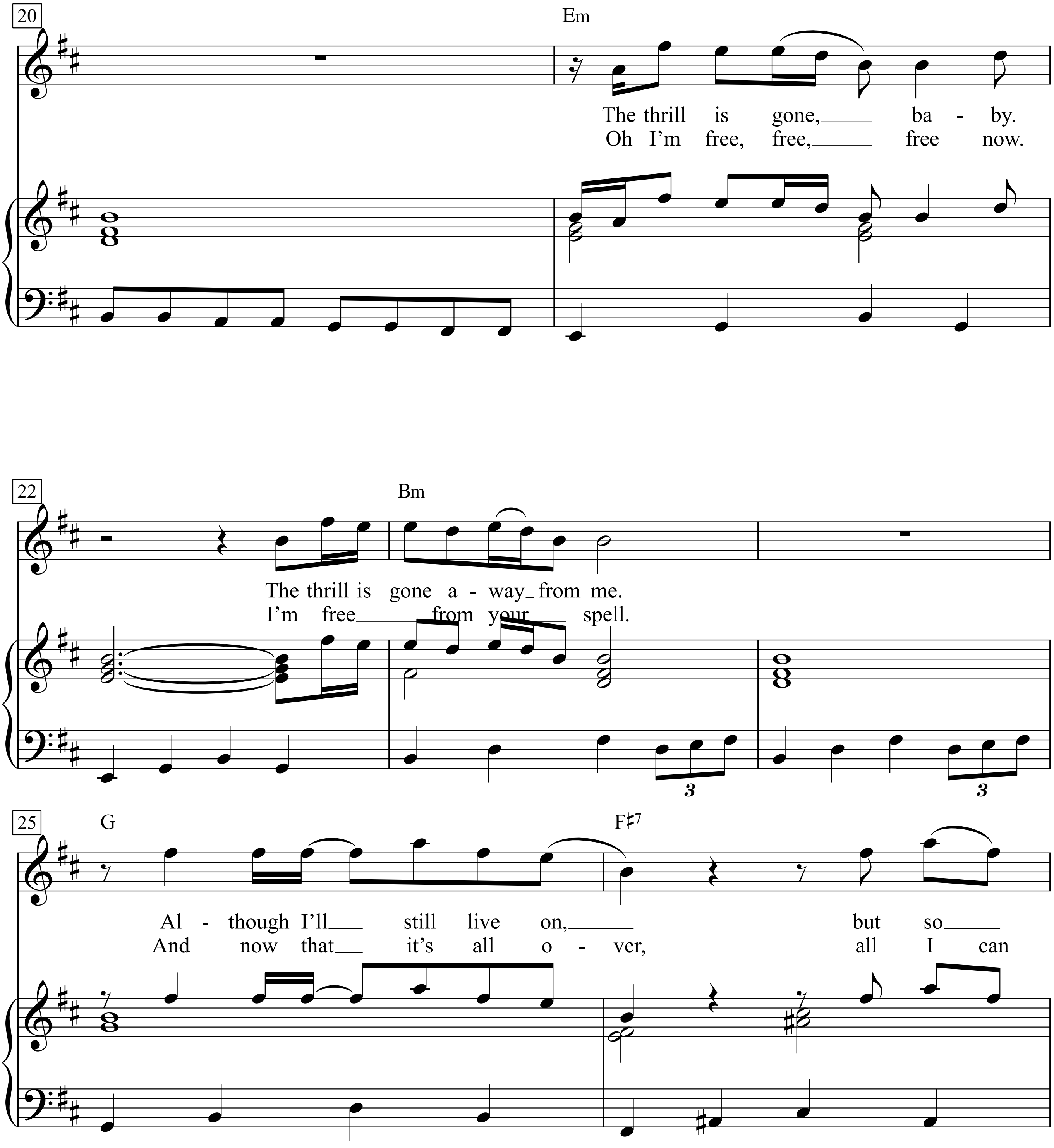
The Thrill Is Gone

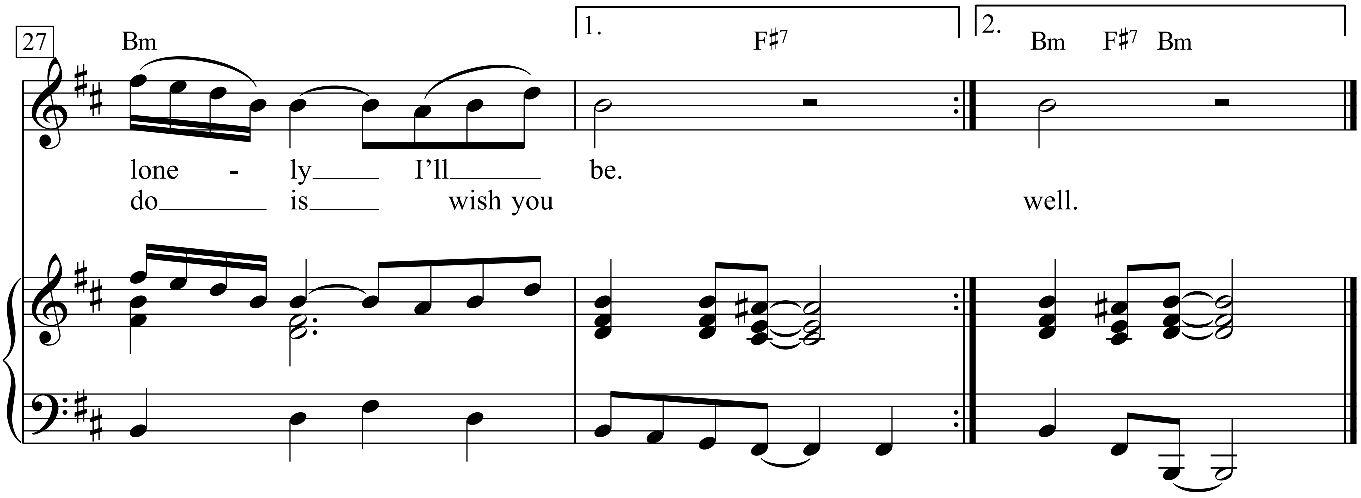
Moderately Blues (♫=♩♪ triplet)

Words & Music by
Roy Hawkins and Rick Darnell
(B. B. King)




12
G
You know you done me wrong, ba -
Some-day I know I'll be o - pen armed, ba -
14
F♯7(sus4)
F♯7
Bm
- by. And you'll be sor - - ry some - day.
- by, just like I know a good man
16
F♯7
Bm
should.
The thrill is gone.
You know I'm free, free now,
18
It's gone a - way from me.
ba - by. I'm free from your spell.


20
Em
The thrill is gone, ba - by.
Oh I'm free, free, free now.
22
Bm
The thrill is gone a - way from me.
I'm free from your spell.
25
G
F♯7
Al - though I'll still live on, but so
And now that it's all o - ver, all I can

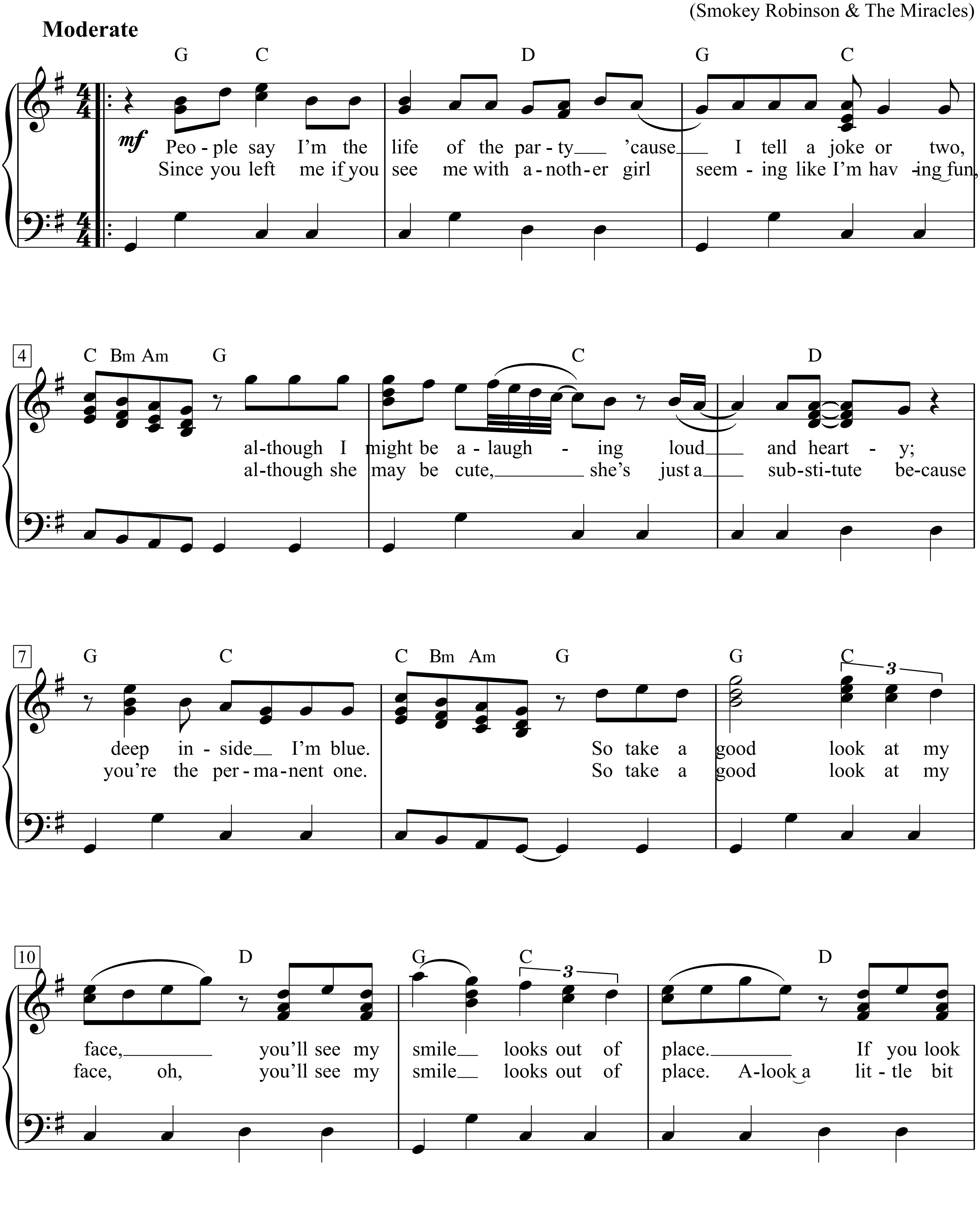

27
Bm
1.
F♯7
2.
Bm F♯7 Bm
lone - ly I'll be.
do is wish you well.

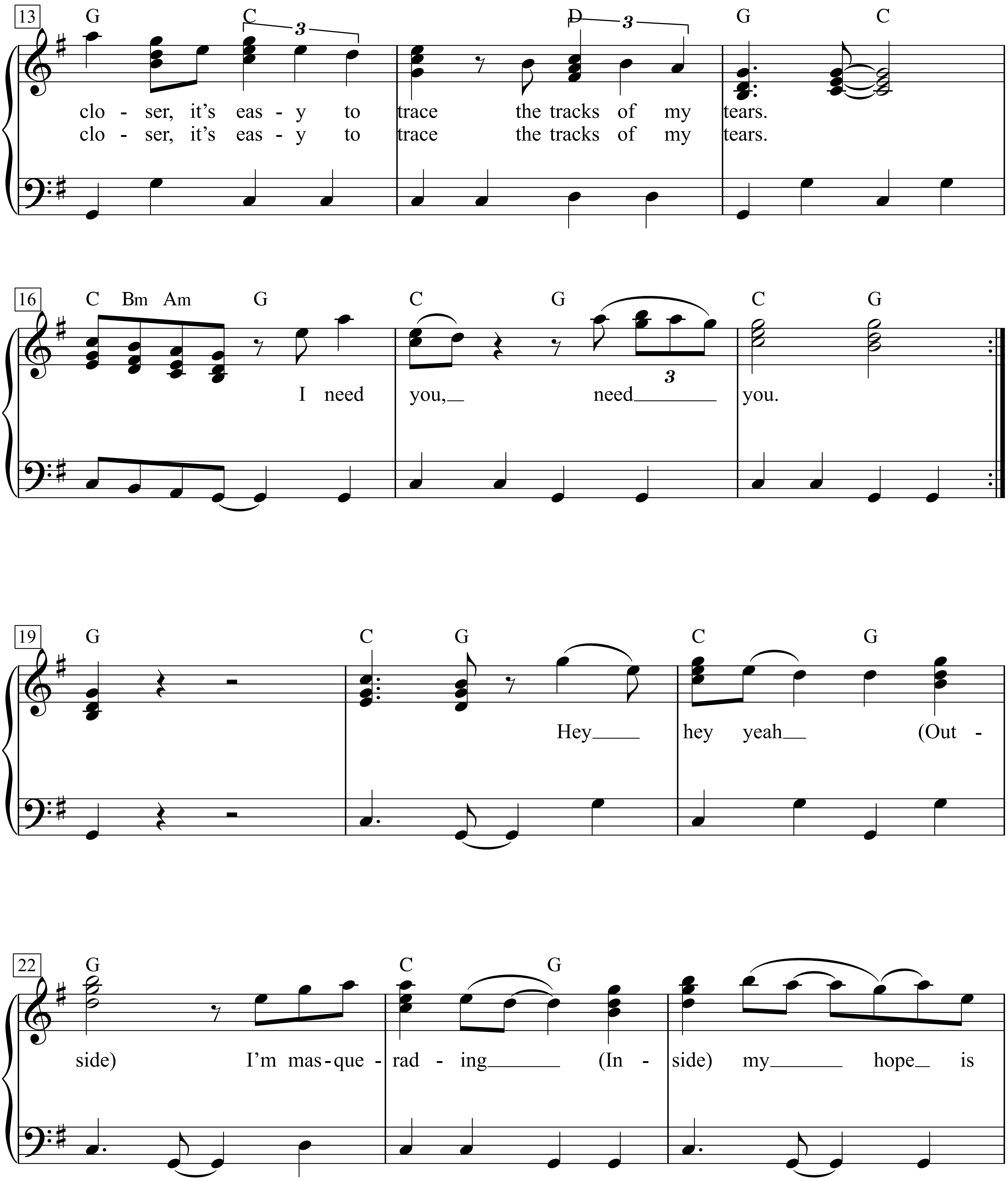
1.
The thrill is gone.
The thrill is gone away The thrill is gone, baby.
The thrill is gone away.
You know you done me wrong, baby.
And you’ll be sorry someday.
The thrill is gone.
It’s gone away from me.
The thrill is gone, baby.
The thrill is gone away from me.
Although I’ll still live on, but so lonely I’ll be.

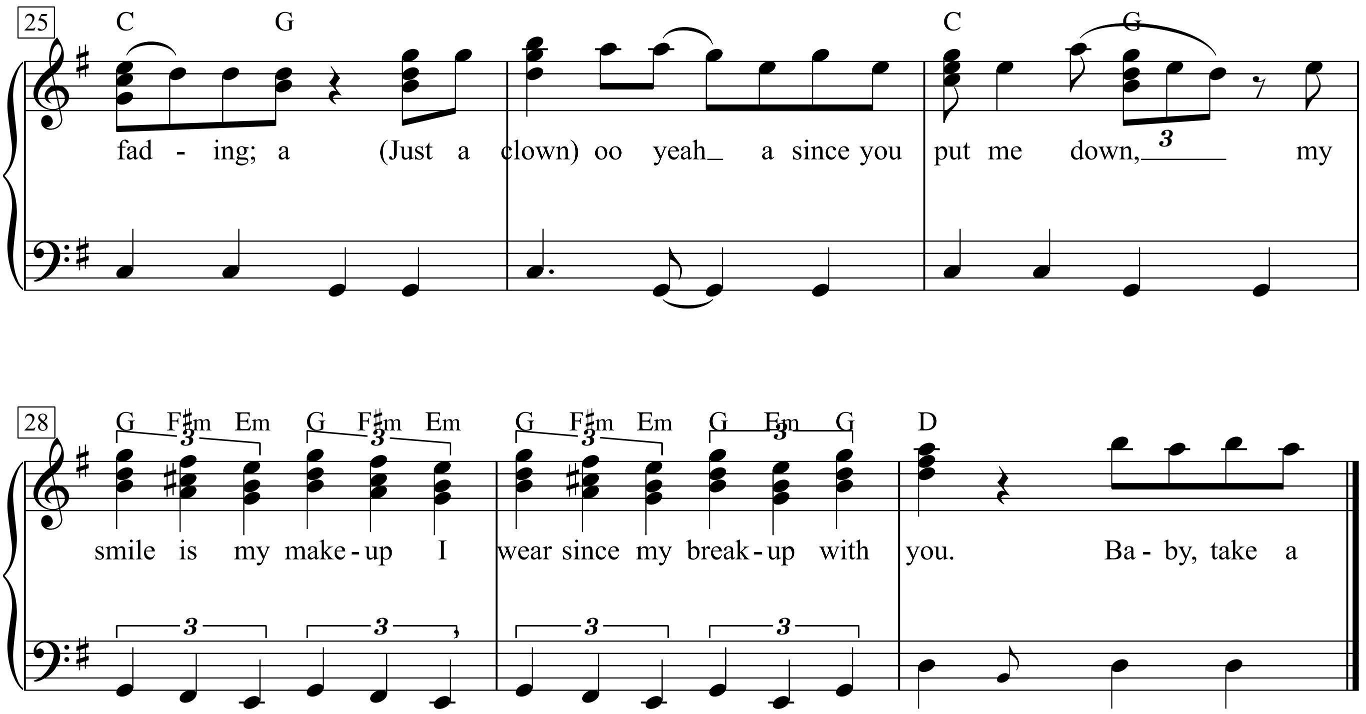
2.
The thrill is gone.
It’s gone away for good.
The thrill is gone, baby.
It’s gone away for good.
Someday I know I’ll be open armed, baby,
just like I know a good man should.
You know I’m free, free now, baby.
I’m free from your spell.
Oh I’m free, free, free now.
I’m free from your spell.
And now that it’s all over, all I can do is wish you well.

The Tracks Of My Tears

Words & Music:
William 'Smokey' Robinson,
Marv Tarplin & Warren Moore
(Smokey Robinson & The Miracles)




13
G C D G C
clo - ser, it's eas - y to trace the tracks of my tears.
clo - ser, it's eas - y to trace the tracks of my tears.
16
C Bm Am G C G C G
I need you, need you.
19
G C G C G
Hey hey yeah (Out -
22
G C G
side) I'm mas-que - rad - ing (In - side) my hope is

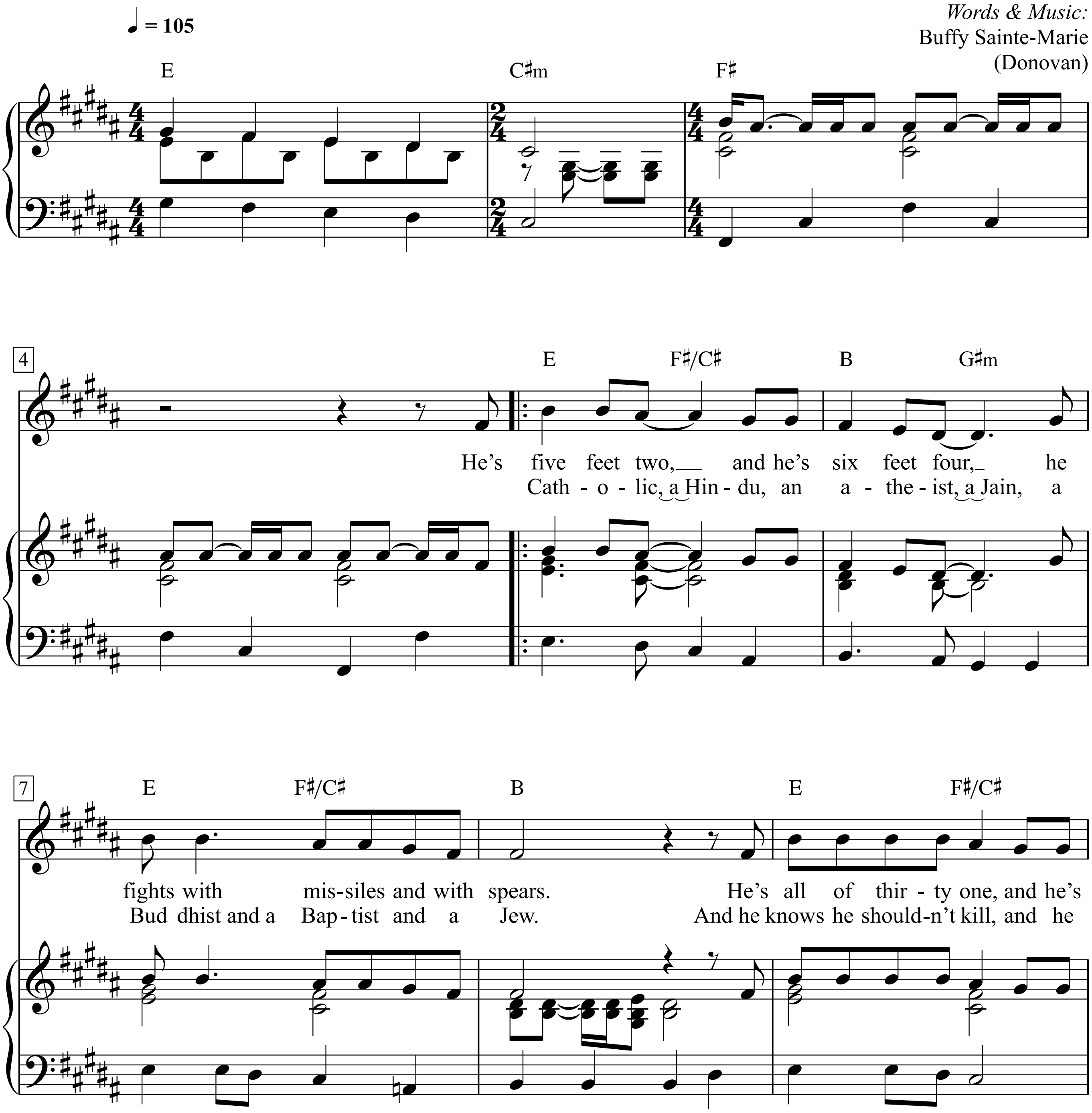

25
C G C G
fad - ing; a (Just a clown) oo yeah_ a since you put me down,_ my
3
28
G F♯m Em G F♯m Em G F♯m Em G Em G D
smile is my make-up I wear since my break-up with you. Ba - by, take a

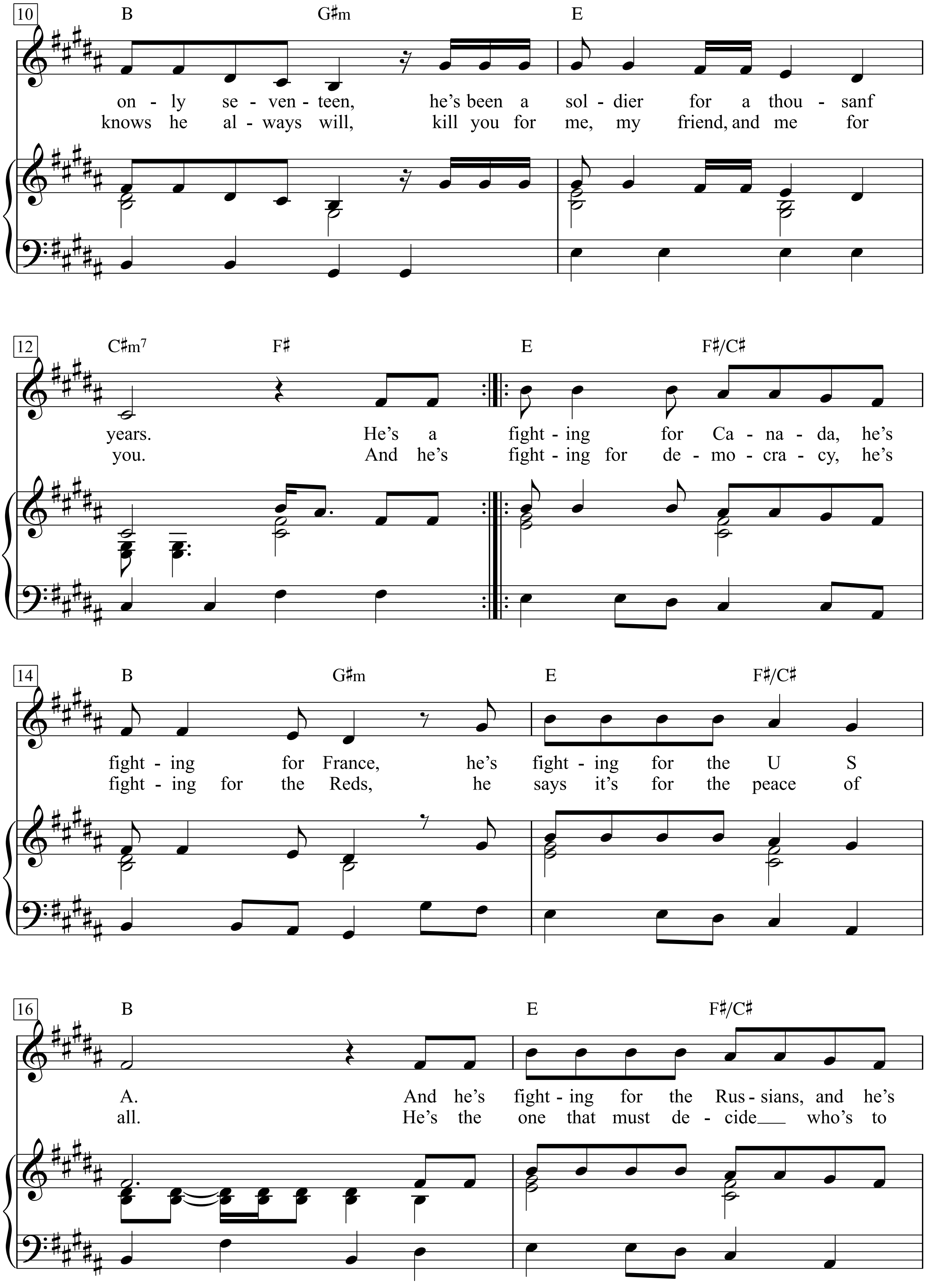
1.
People say I'm the life of the party 'cause I tell a joke or two,
although I might be a-laughing loud and hearty; deep inside I'm blue.
So take a good look at my face, you'll see my smile looks out of place.
If you look closer, it's easy to trace the tracks of my tears.
I need you, need you.
Hey hey yeah *(Outside)* I'm masquerading
(Inside) my hope is fading;
a *(Just a clown)* oo yeah a since you put me down,
my smile is my makeup I wear since my breakup with you.
Baby, take a

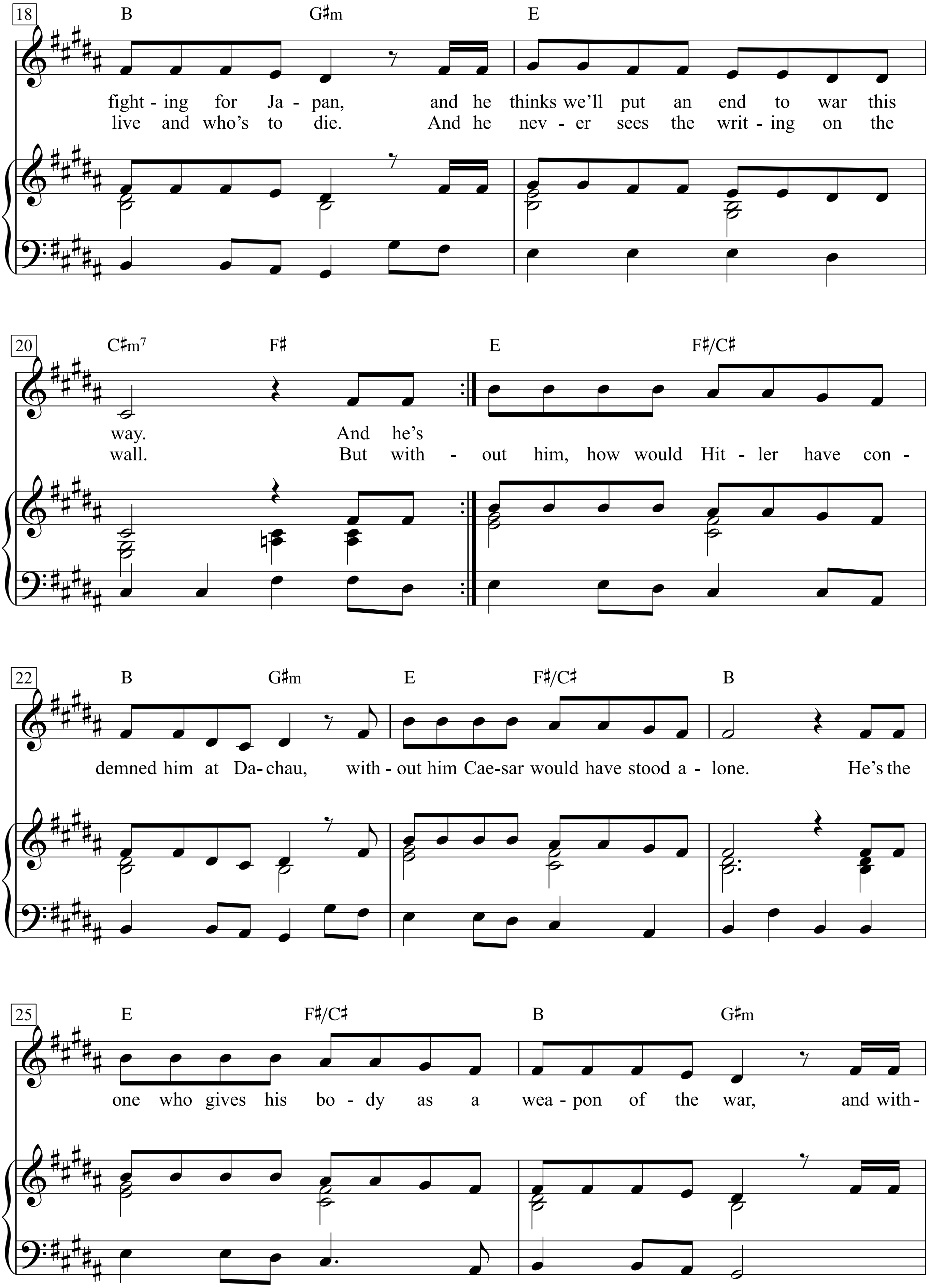
2.
Since you left me if you see me with another girl
seeming like I'm having fun, although she may be cute,
she's just a substitute be-cause you're the permanent one.
So take a good look at my face, oh,
you'll see my smile looks out of place.
A-look a little bit closer, it's easy to trace
the tracks of my tears.

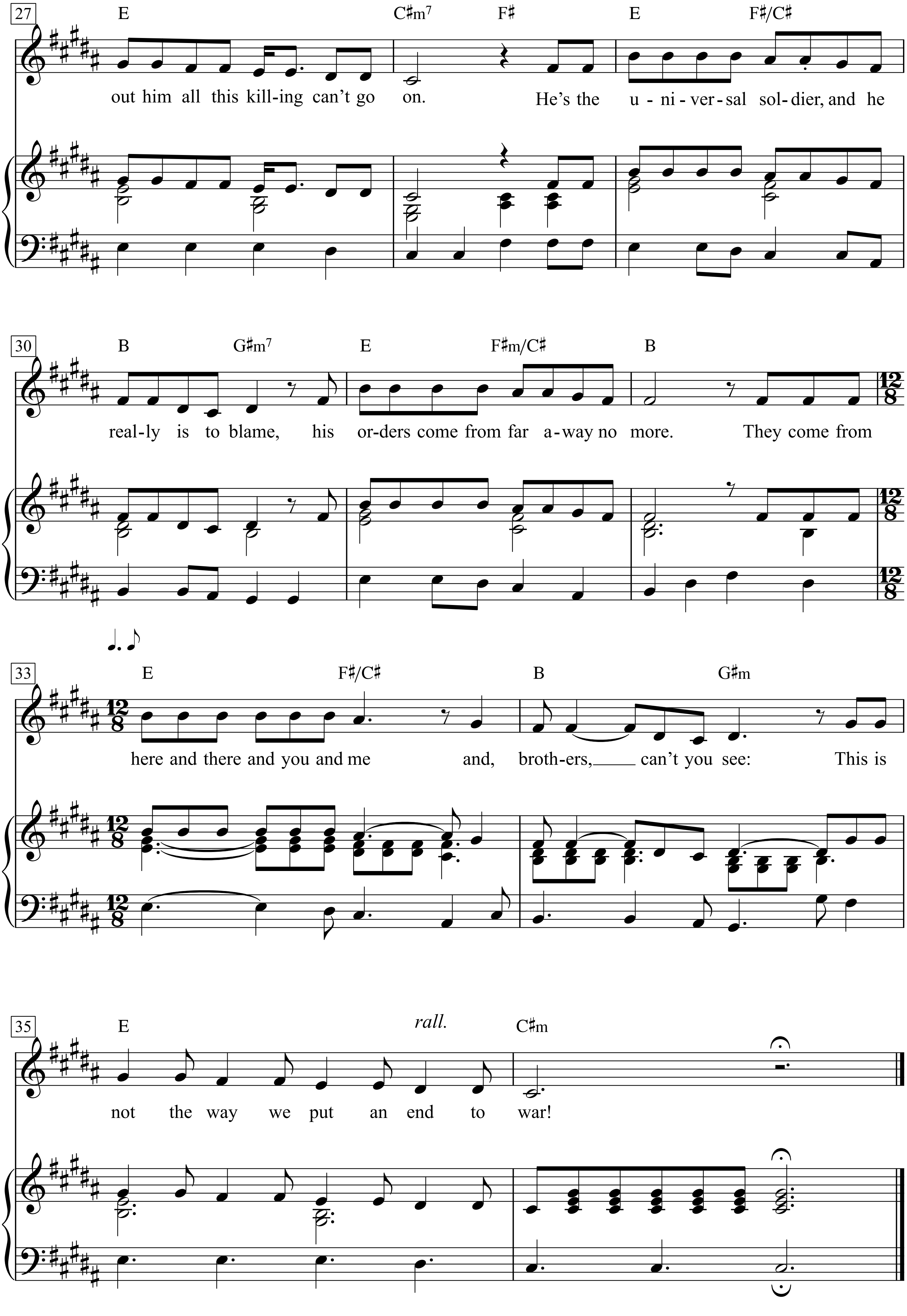
The Universal Soldier

Words & Music:
Buffy Sainte-Marie
(Donovan)




10
B
G♯m
E
on - ly se - ven - teen, he's been a sol - dier for a thou - sanf
knows he al - ways will, kill you for me, my friend, and me for
12
C♯m7
F♯
E
F♯/C♯
years. He's a fight - ing for Ca - na - da, he's
you. And he's fight - ing for de - mo - cra - cy, he's
14
B
G♯m
E
F♯/C♯
fight - ing for France, he's fight - ing for the U S
fight - ing for the Reds, he says it's for the peace of
16
B
E
F♯/C♯
A. And he's fight - ing for the Rus - sians, and he's
all. He's the one that must de - cide who's to


18
B G♯m E
fight - ing for Ja - pan, and he thinks we'll put an end to war this
live and who's to die. And he nev - er sees the writ - ing on the
20
C♯m7 F♯ E F♯/C♯
way. And he's
wall. But with - out him, how would Hit - ler have con -
22
B G♯m E F♯/C♯ B
demned him at Da - chau, with - out him Cae - sar would have stood a - lone. He's the
25
E F♯/C♯ B G♯m
one who gives his bo - dy as a wea - pon of the war, and with -


27
E C♯m7 F♯ E F♯/C♯
out him all this kill-ing can't go on. He's the u - ni - ver - sal sol - dier, and he
30
B G♯m7 E F♯m/C♯ B
real-ly is to blame, his or-ders come from far a-way no more. They come from
33
E F♯/C♯ B G♯m
here and there and you and me and, broth-ers, can't you see: This is
35
E rall. C♯m
not the way we put an end to war!

1. He’s five feet two, and he’s six feet four,
he fights with missiles and with spears.
He’s all of thirty one and he’s only seventeen,
he’s been a soldier for a thousand years.

2. He’s a Catholic, a Hindu, an atheist, a Jain,
a Buddhist and a Baptist and a Jew.
And he knows he shouldn’t kill, and he knows he always will,
kill you for me, my friend, and me for you.

3. And he’s fighting for Canada, he’s fighting for France,
he’s fighting for the U S A.
And he’s fighting for the Russians, and he’s fighting for Japan,
and he thinks we’ll put an end to war this way.

4. And he’s fighting for democracy, he’s fighting for the Reds,
he says it’s for the peace of all.
He’s the one that must decide who’s to live and who’s to die.
And he never sees the writing on the wall.

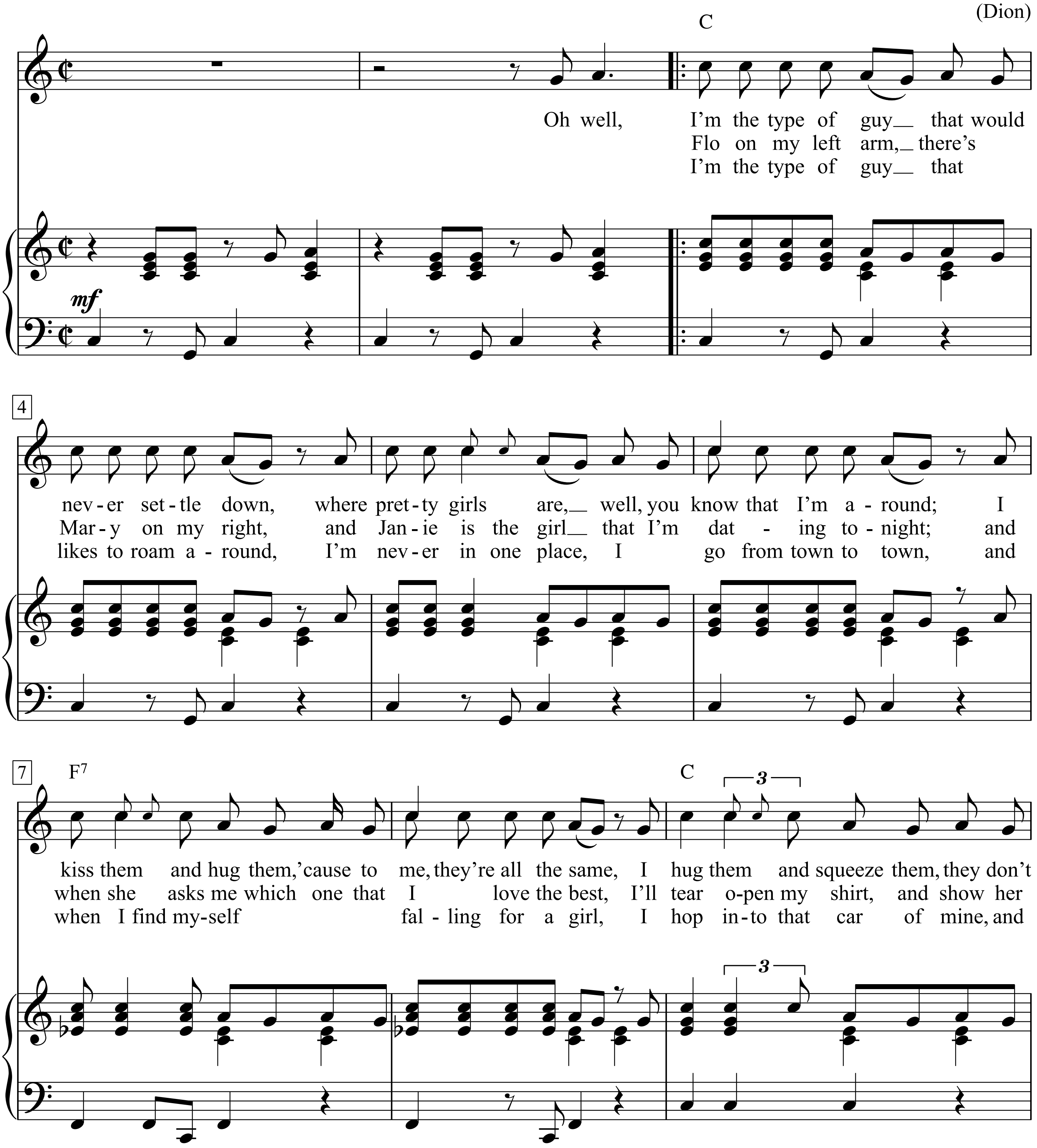
5. But without him, how would Hitler have condemned him at Dachau,
without him Caesar would have stood alone.
He’s the one who gives his body as a weapon of the war,
and without him all this killing can’t go on.

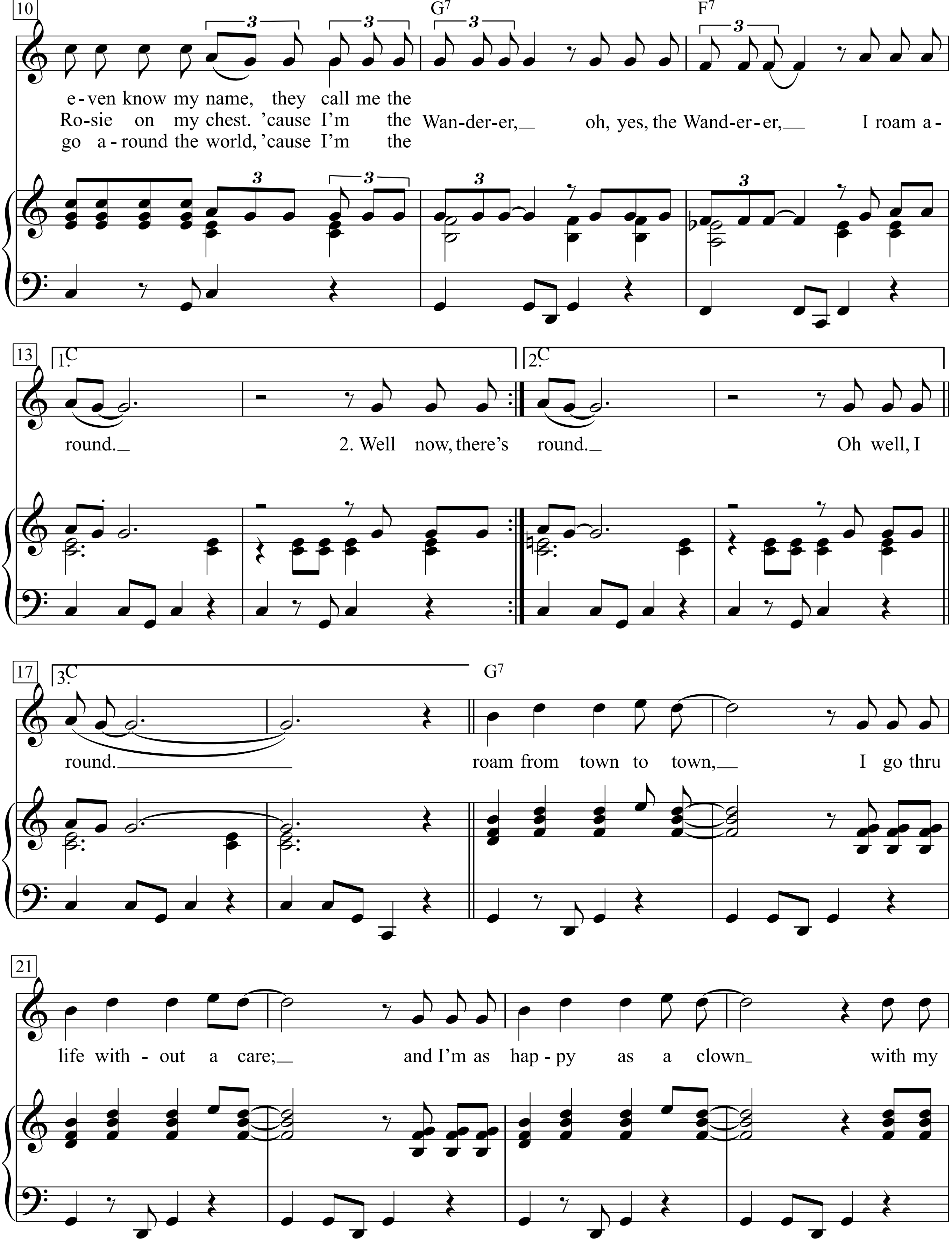
6. He’s the universal soldier, and he really is to blame,
his orders come from far away no more.
They come from here and there and you and me and, brothers, can’t you see:
This is not the way we put an end to war!

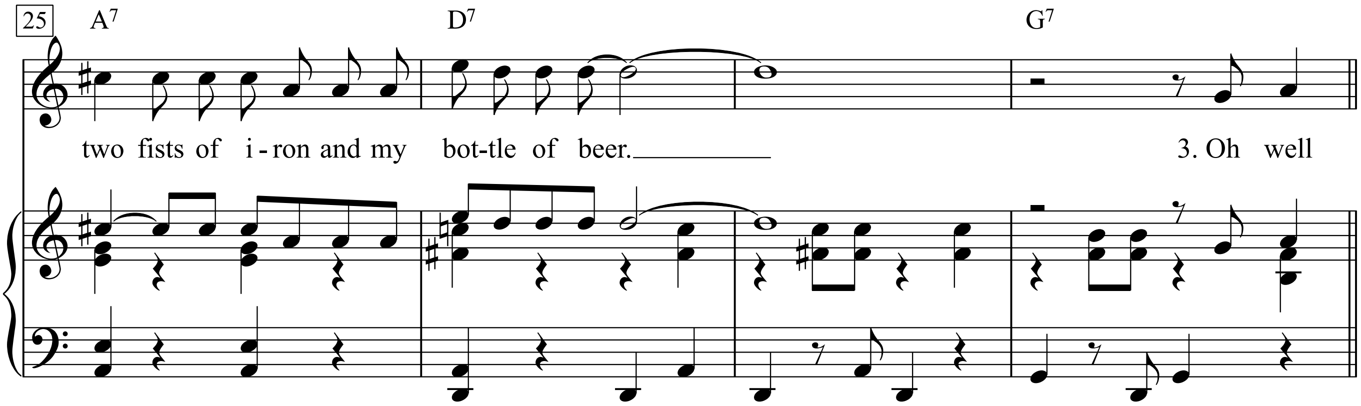
The Wanderer

Words & Music by
Ernest Maresca
(Dion)

Moderately




10
G7
F7
e-ven know my name, they call me the
Ro-sie on my chest. 'cause I'm the Wan-der-er, oh, yes, the Wand-er-er, I roam a-
go a-round the world, 'cause I'm the
13
1.C
2.C
round. 2. Well now, there's round. Oh well, I
17
3.C
G7
round. roam from town to town, I go thru
21
life with-out a care; and I'm as hap-py as a clown with my


25
A7
D7
G7
two fists of i - ron and my bot-tle of beer.
3. Oh well

1. Oh well, I'm the type of guy that would never settle down,
where pretty girls are, well, you know that I'm around;
I kiss them and hug them, 'cause to me, they're all the same,
I hug them and squeeze them, they don't even know my name,
they call me the Wanderer, oh, yes, the Wanderer, I roam around.

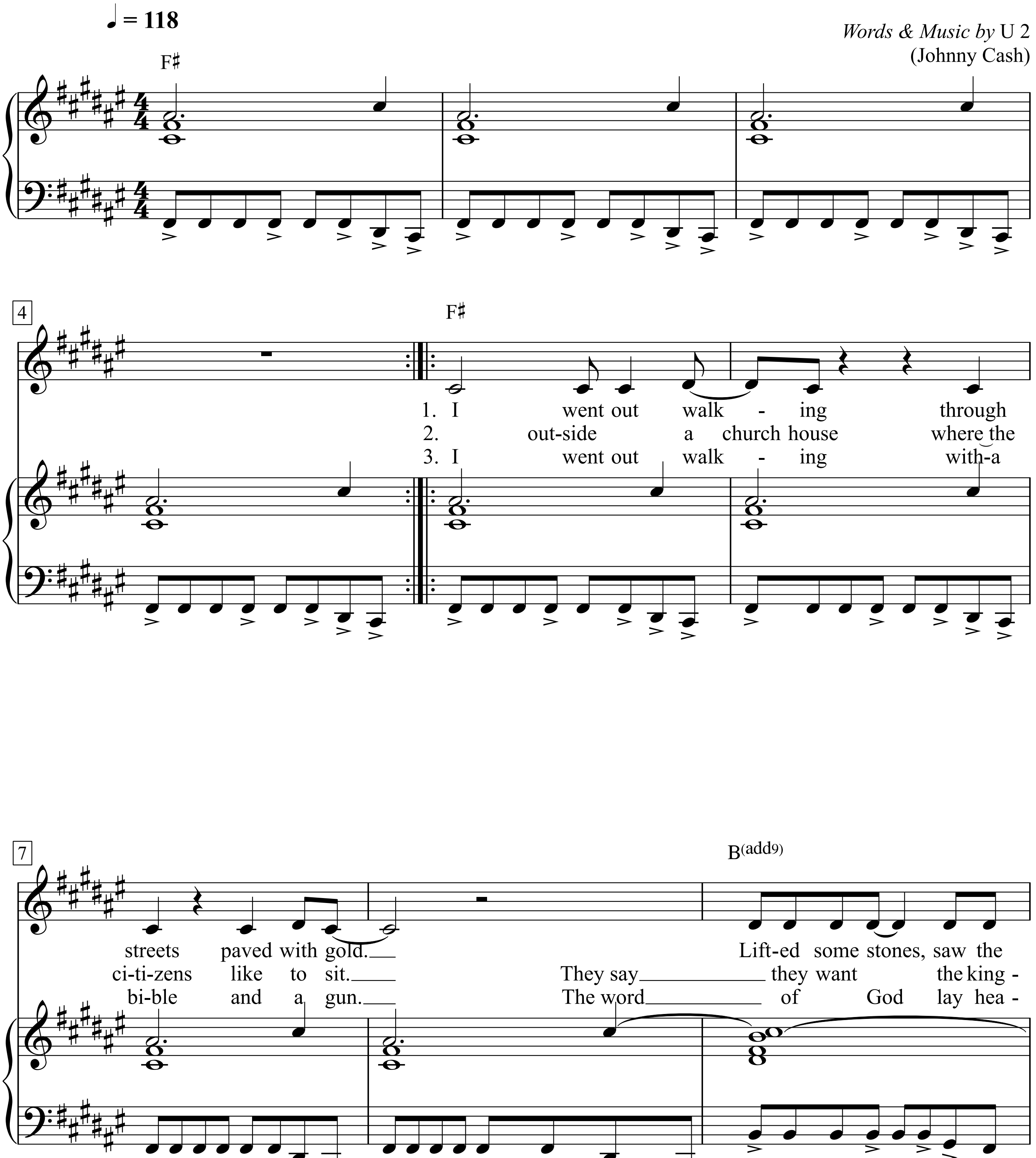
2. Well now, there's Flo on my left arm, there's Mary on my right,
and Janie is the girl that I'm dating tonight;
and when she asks me which one that I love the best,
I'll tear open my shirt, and show her Rosie on my chest.
'cause I'm the Wanderer, oh, yes, the Wanderer, I roam around.

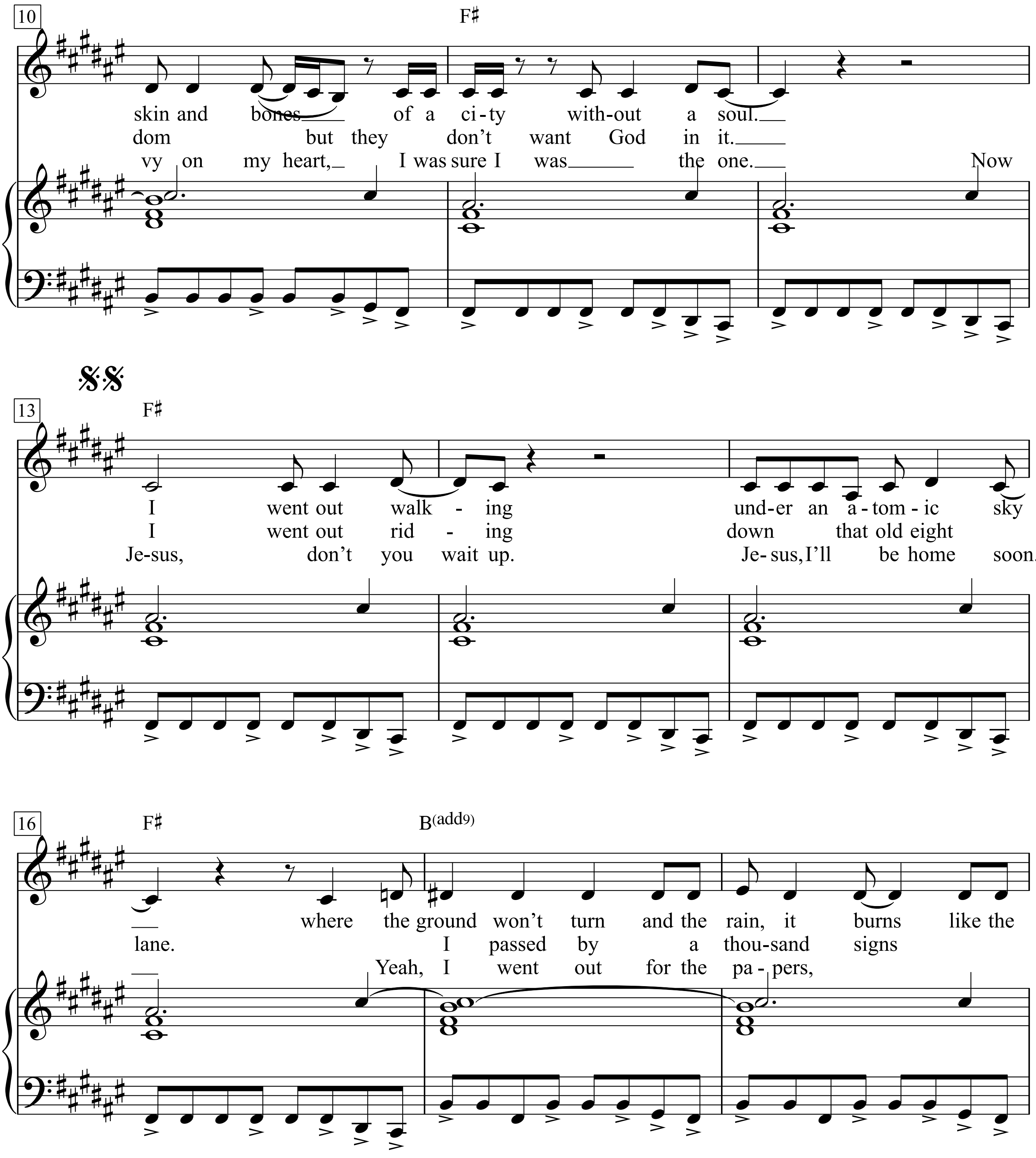
Oh well, I roam from town to town,
I go thru life without a care; and I'm as happy as a clown
with my two fists of iron and my bottle of beer.

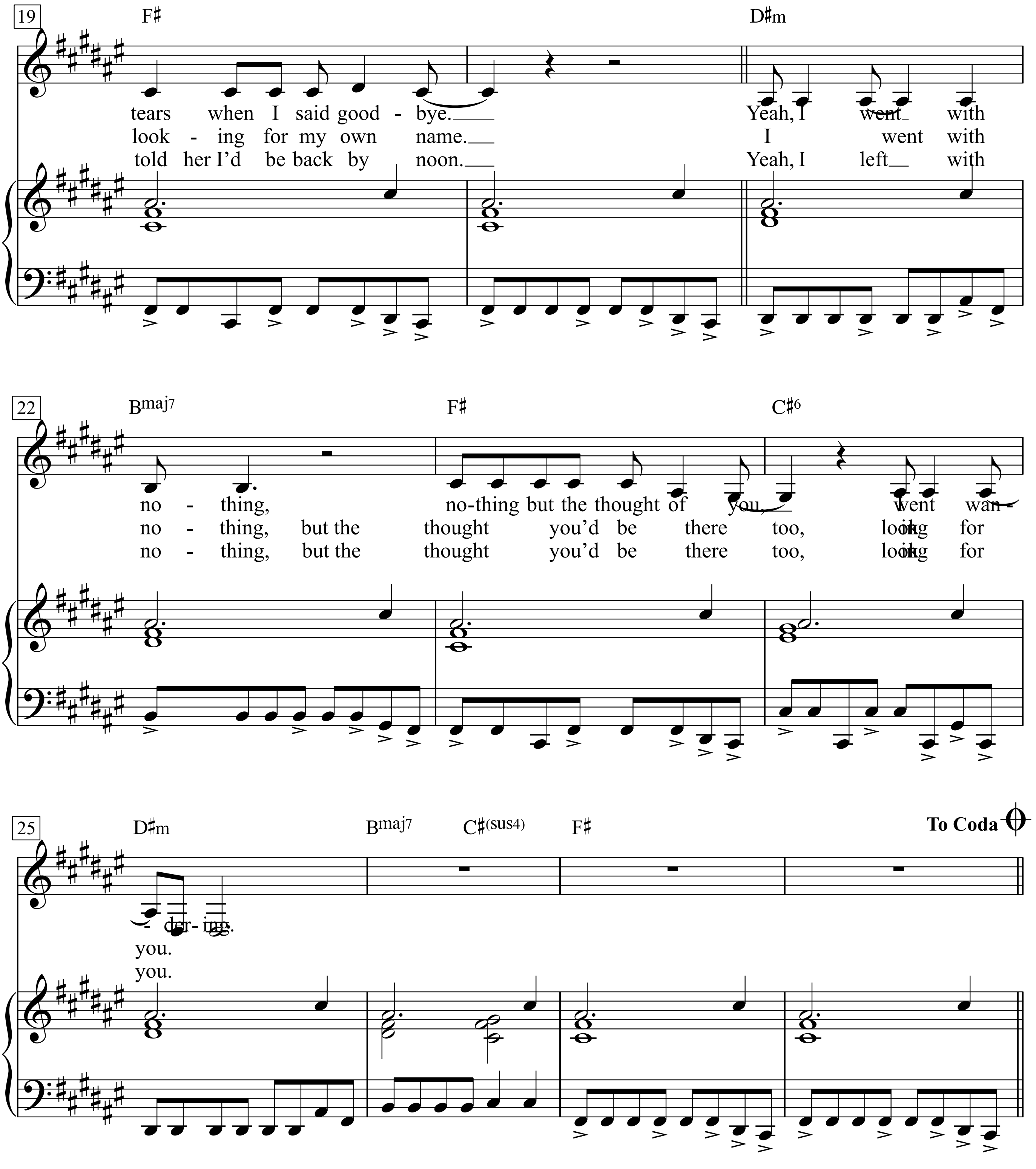
3. I'm the type of guy that likes to roam around, I'm never in one place,
I go from town to town, and when I find myself falling for a girl,
I hop into that car of mine, and go around the world,
'cause I'm the Wanderer, oh, yes, the Wanderer, I roam around.

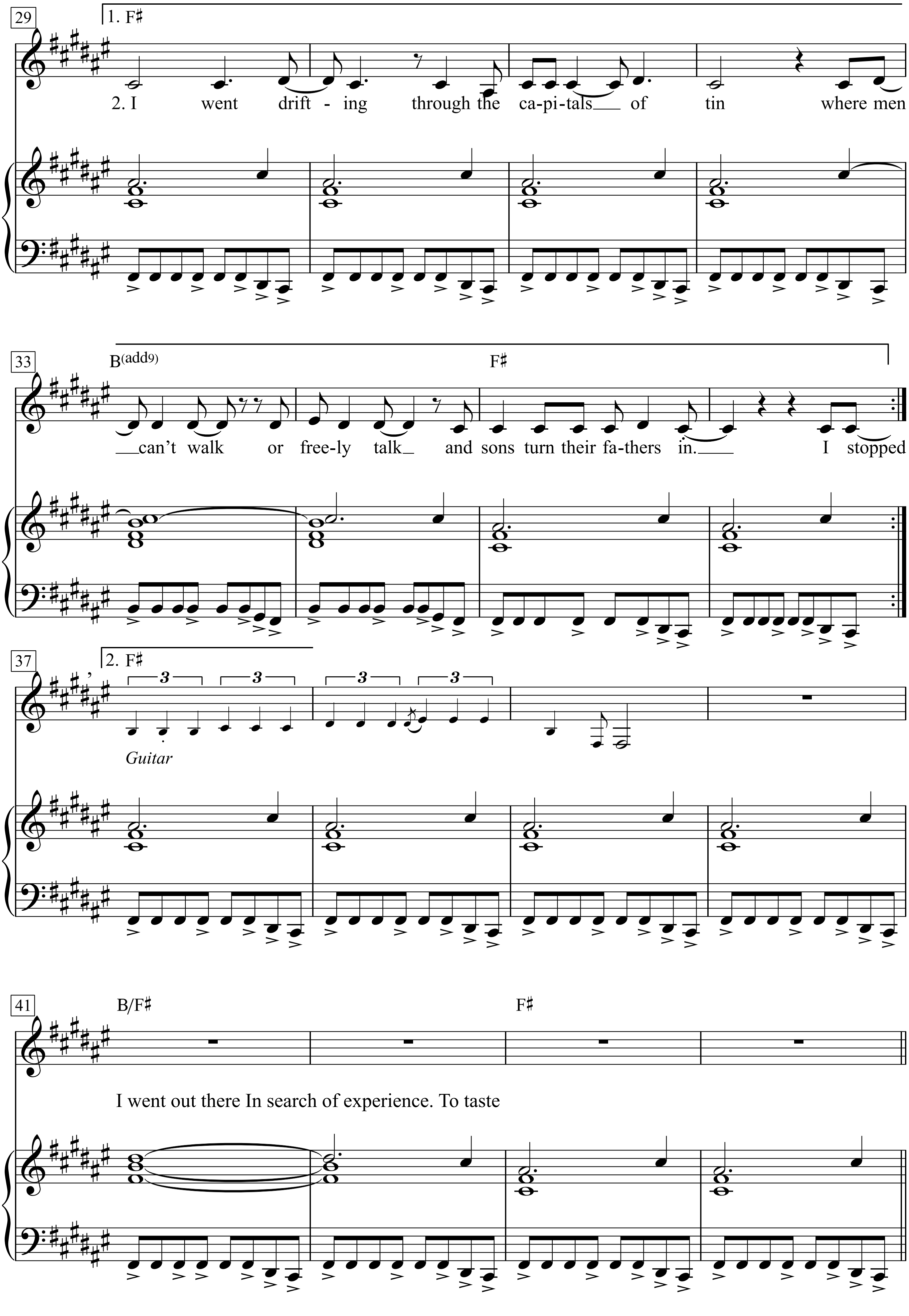
The Wanderer

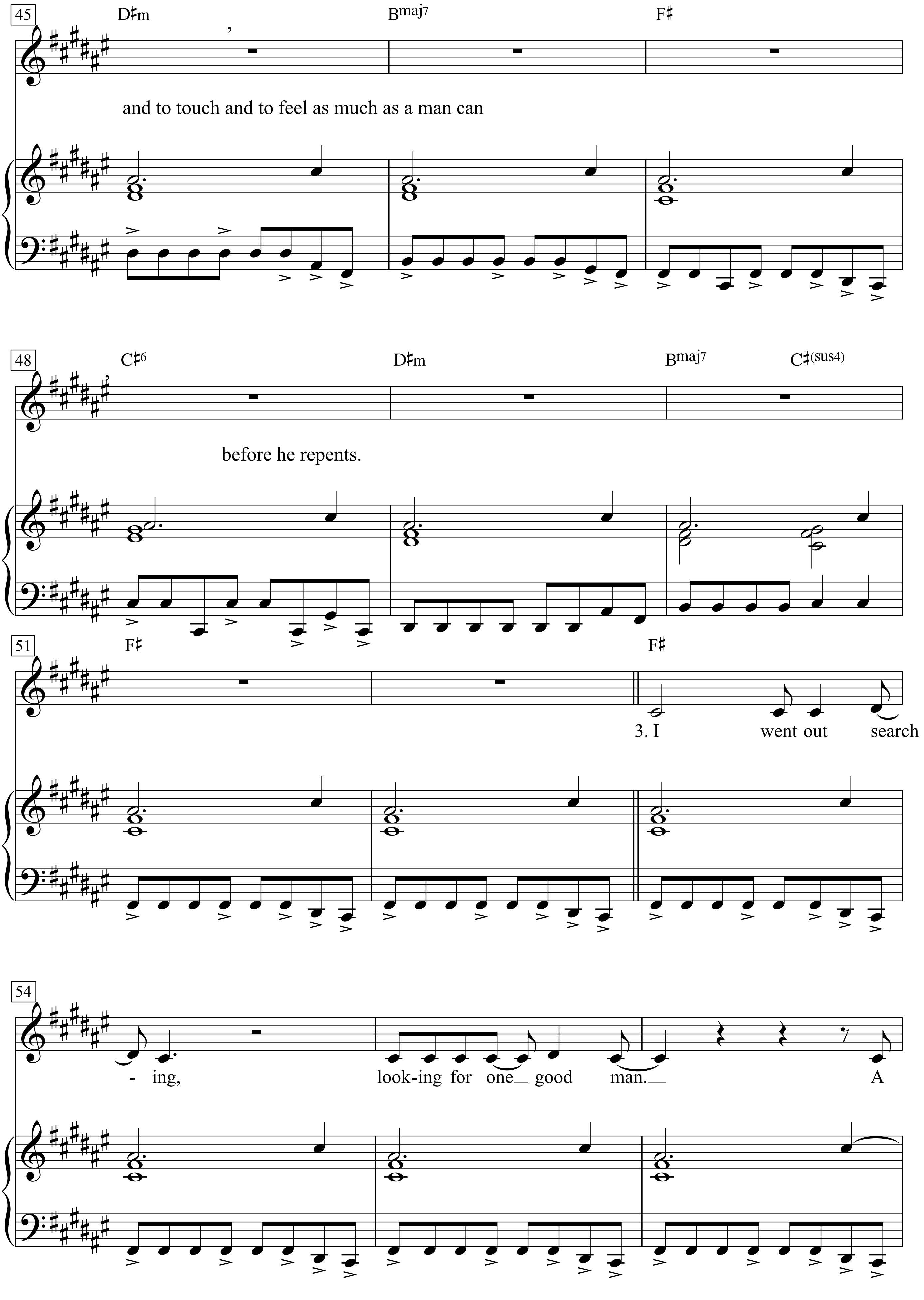
Words & Music by U 2
(Johnny Cash)

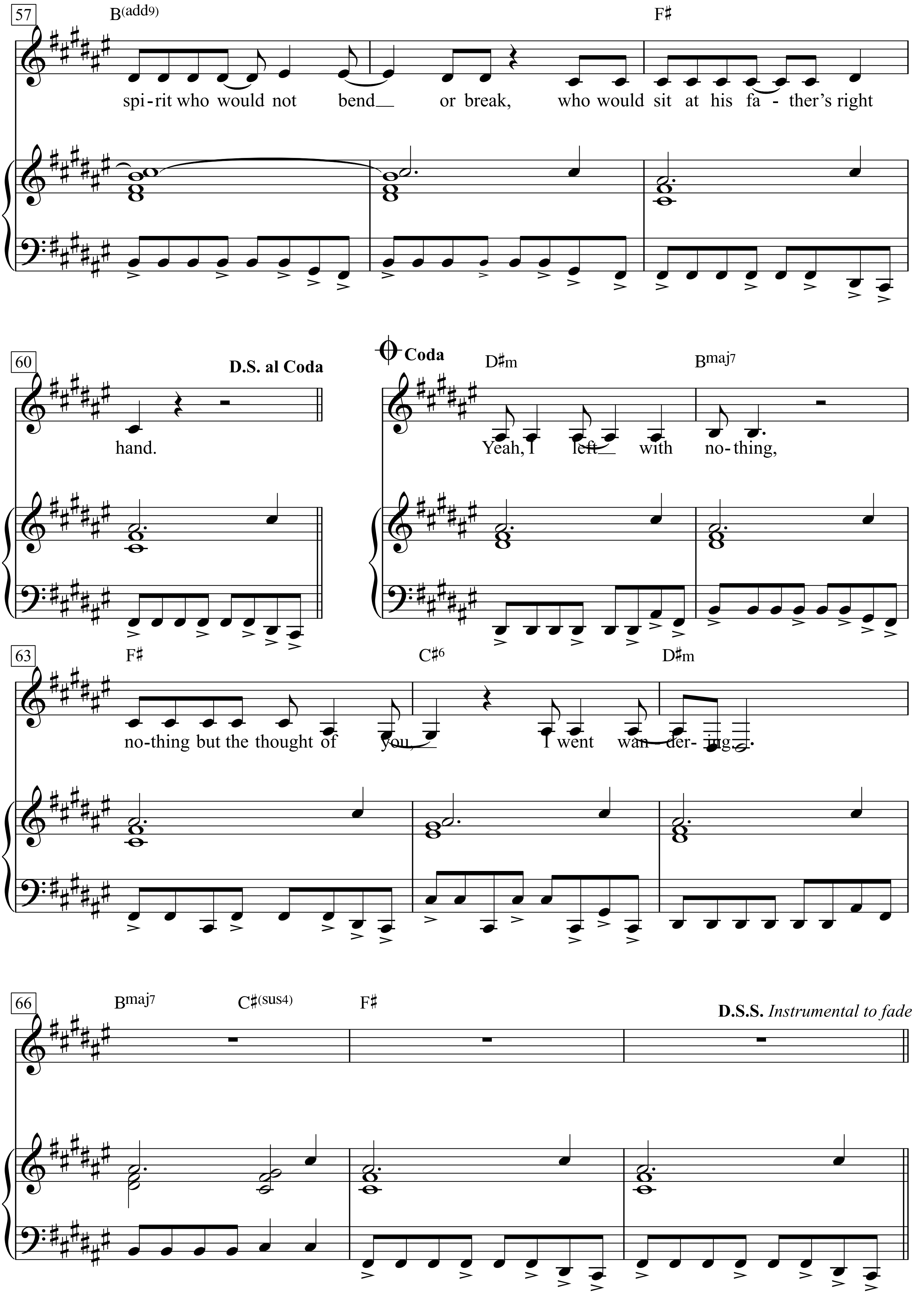



10
F♯
skin and bones of a ci-ty with-out a soul.
dom but they don't want God in it.
vy on my heart, I was sure I was the one. Now
13
F♯
I went out walk - ing und-er an a-tom-ic sky
I went out rid - ing down that old eight
Je-sus, don't you wait up. Je-sus, I'll be home soon.
16
F♯
B(add9)
where the ground won't turn and the rain, it burns like the
lane. I passed by a thou-sand signs
Yeah, I went out for the pa-pers,


19
F♯
D♯m
tears when I said good - bye.
look - ing for my own name.
told her I'd be back by noon.
Yeah, I went with
I went with
Yeah, I left with
22
Bmaj7
F♯
C♯6
no - thing,
no-thing but the thought of you,
went wan -
no - thing, but the thought you'd be there too,
look-ing for
no - thing, but the thought you'd be there too,
look-ing for
25
D♯m
Bmaj7
C♯(sus4)
F♯
To Coda
- der - ing.
you.
you.


29
1. F♯
2. I went drift - ing through the ca-pi-tals of tin where men
33
B(add9)
F♯
can't walk or free-ly talk and sons turn their fa-thers in. I stopped
37
2. F♯
3
Guitar
41
B/F♯
F♯
I went out there In search of experience. To taste


45
D♯m
Bmaj7
F♯
and to touch and to feel as much as a man can
48
C♯6
D♯m
Bmaj7
C♯(sus4)
before he repents.
51
F♯
F♯
3. I went out search
54
- ing, look-ing for one good man. A


57
B(add9)
F♯
spi-rit who would not bend___ or break, who would sit at his fa - ther's right
60
D.S. al Coda
hand.
Coda
D♯m
Bmaj7
Yeah, I left___ with no-thing,
63
F♯
C♯6
D♯m
no-thing but the thought of you,___ I went wan-der-ing.___
66
Bmaj7
C♯(sus4)
F♯
D.S.S. Instrumental to fade

1. I went out walking through streets paved with gold.
Lifted some stones, saw the skin and bones of a city without a soul.
I went out walking under an atomic sky
where the ground won't turn and the rain,
it burns like the tears when I said goodbye.
Yeah, I went with nothing, nothing but the thought of you,
I went wandering.

2. I went drifting through the capitals of tin
where men can't walk or freely talk and sons turn their fathers in.
I stopped

I went out searching, looking for one good man.
A spirit who would not bend or break,
who would sit at his father's right hand.
Yeah, I left with nothing, nothing but the thought of you,
I went wandering.

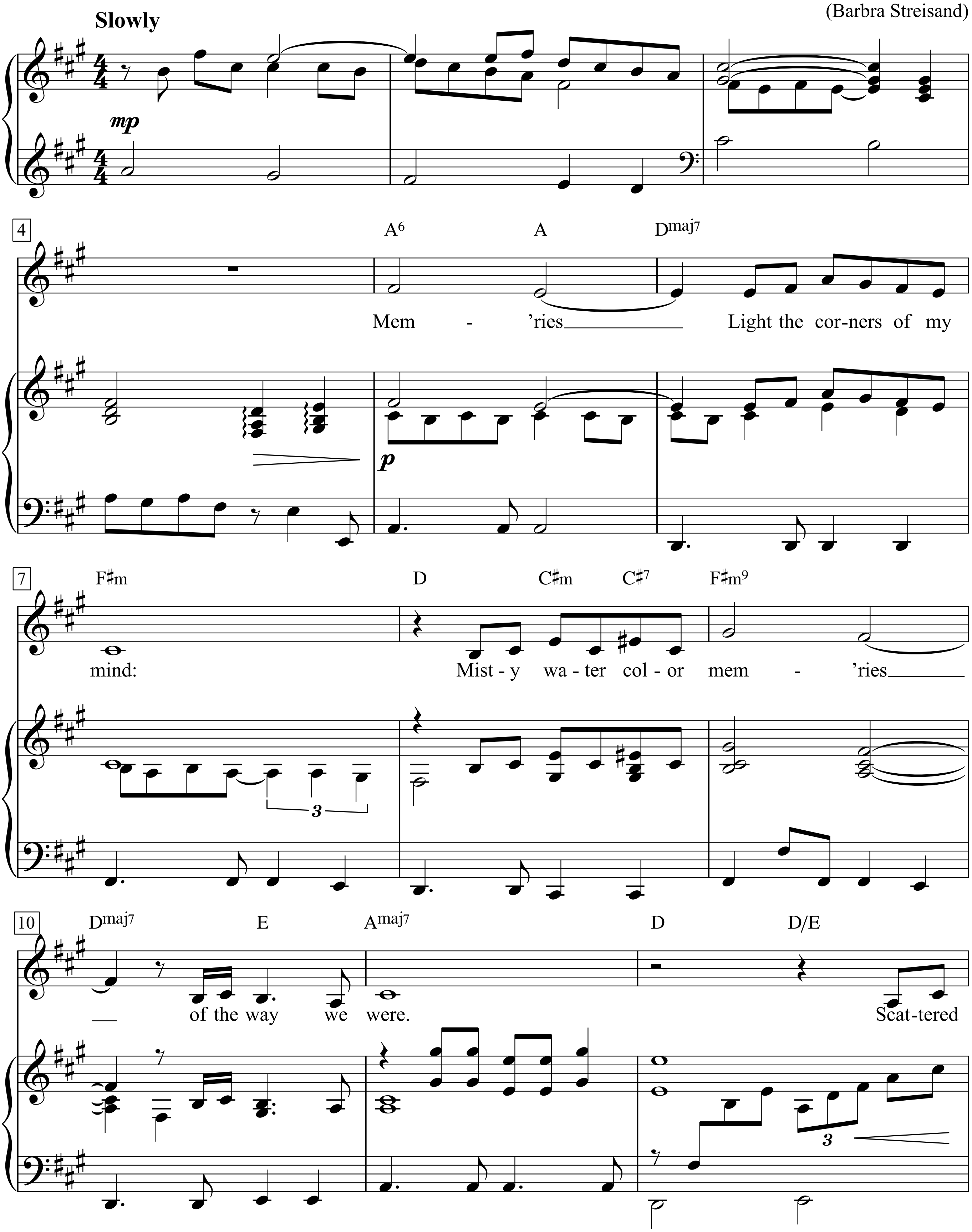
2. out-side a church house where the citizens like to sit.
They say they want the kingdom but they don't want God in it.
I went out riding down that old eight lane.
I passed by a thousand signs looking for my own name.
I went with nothing, but the thought you'd be there too, looking for you.

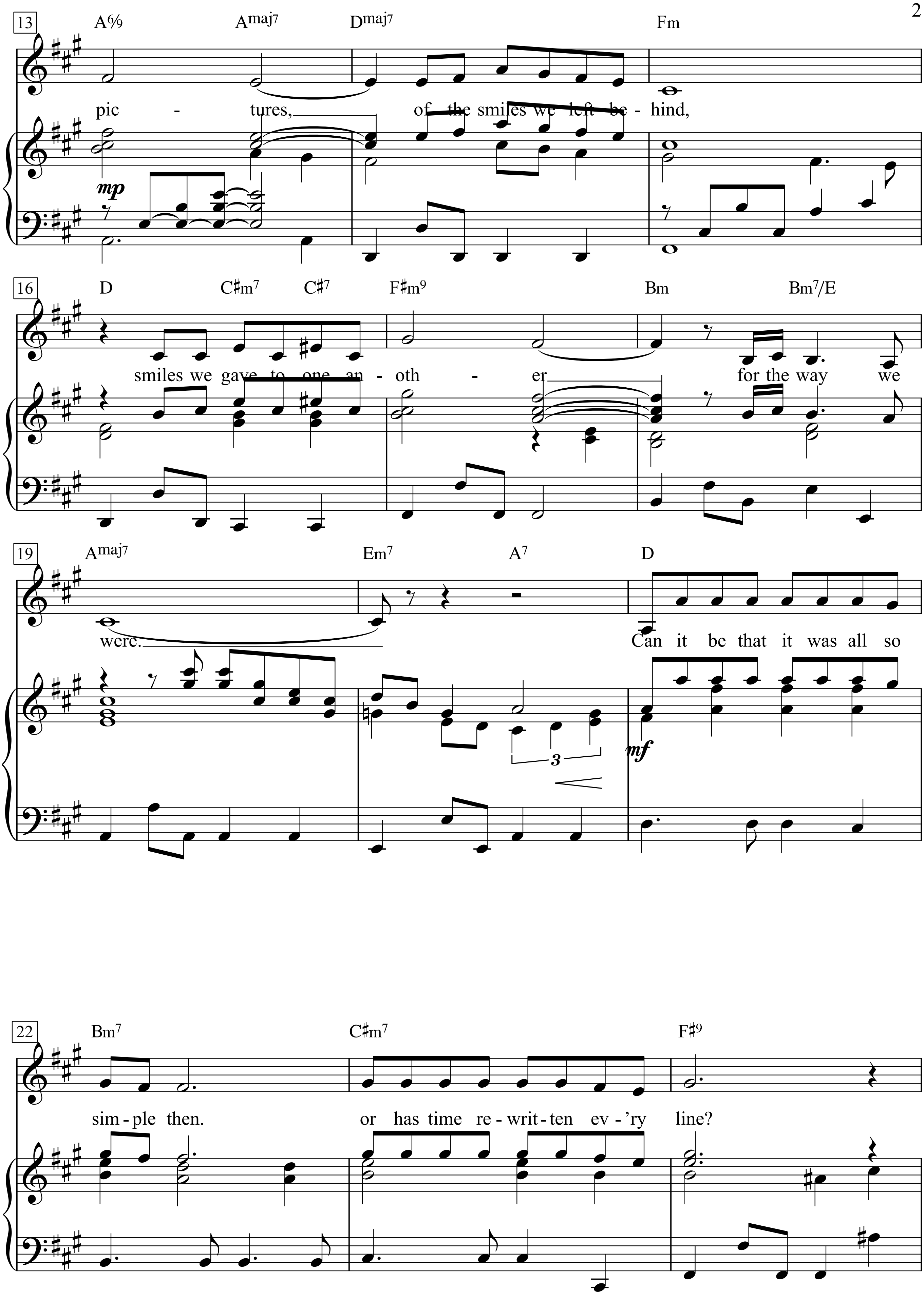
3. I went out walking with-a bible and a gun.
The word of God lay heavy on my heart,
I was sure I was the one.
Now Je-sus, don't you wait up.
Jesus, I'll be home soon. Yeah,
I went out for the papers, told her I'd be back by noon.
Yeah, I left with nothing, but the thought you'd be there too, looking for you.

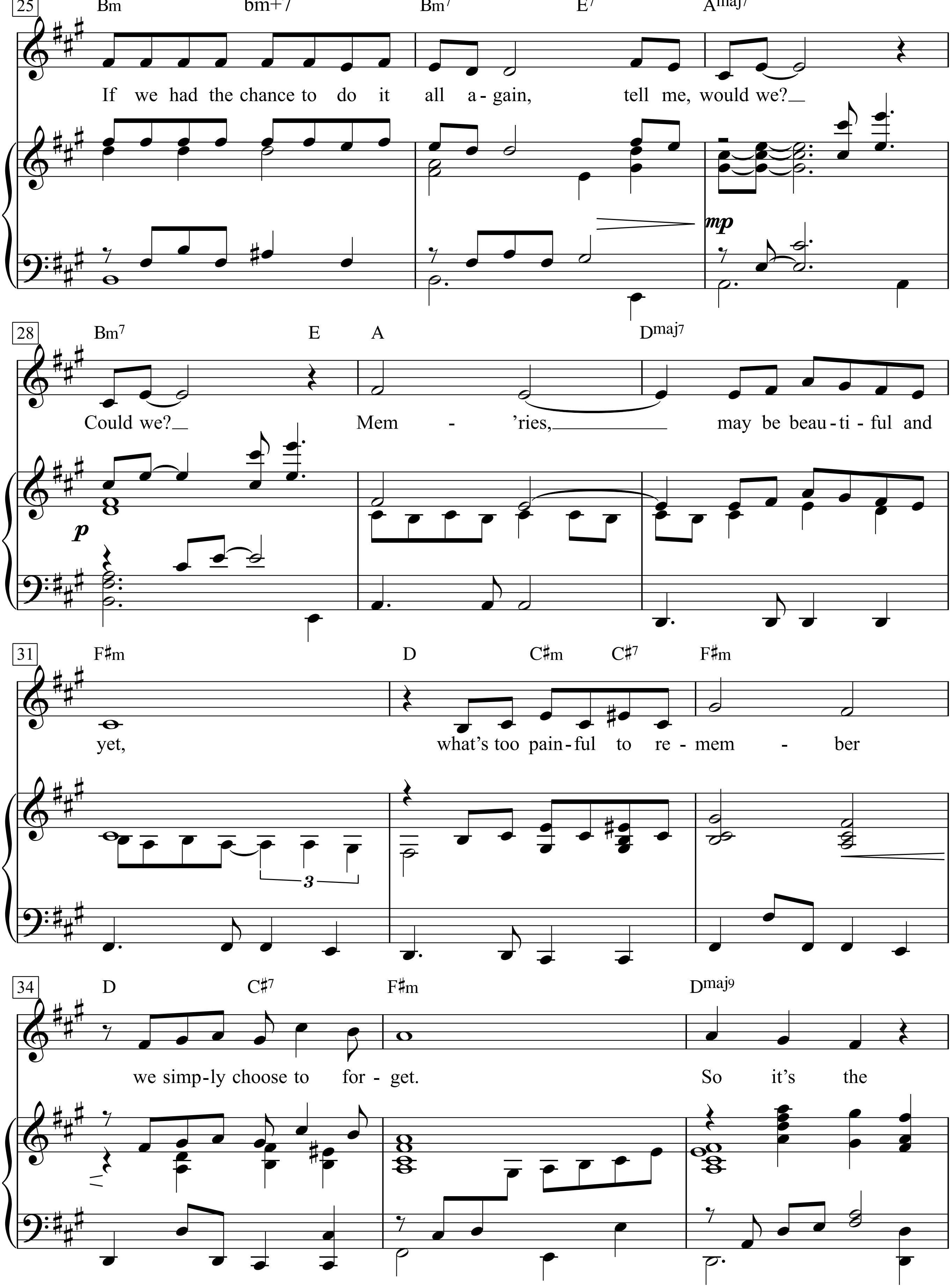
The Way We Were

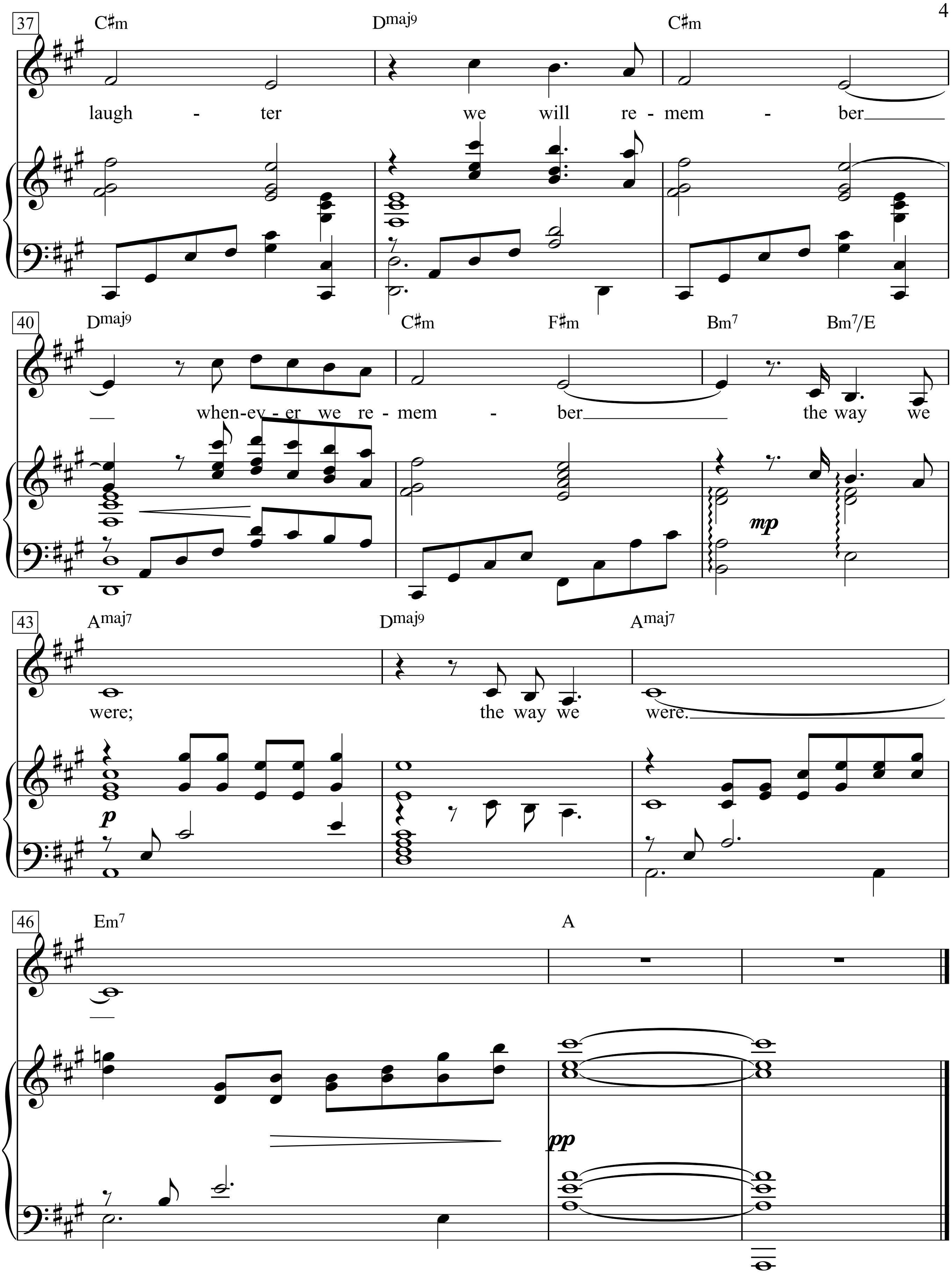
Lyric by
Alan Bergman an Marilyn Bergman

Music by
Marvin Hamlisch
(Barbra Streisand)



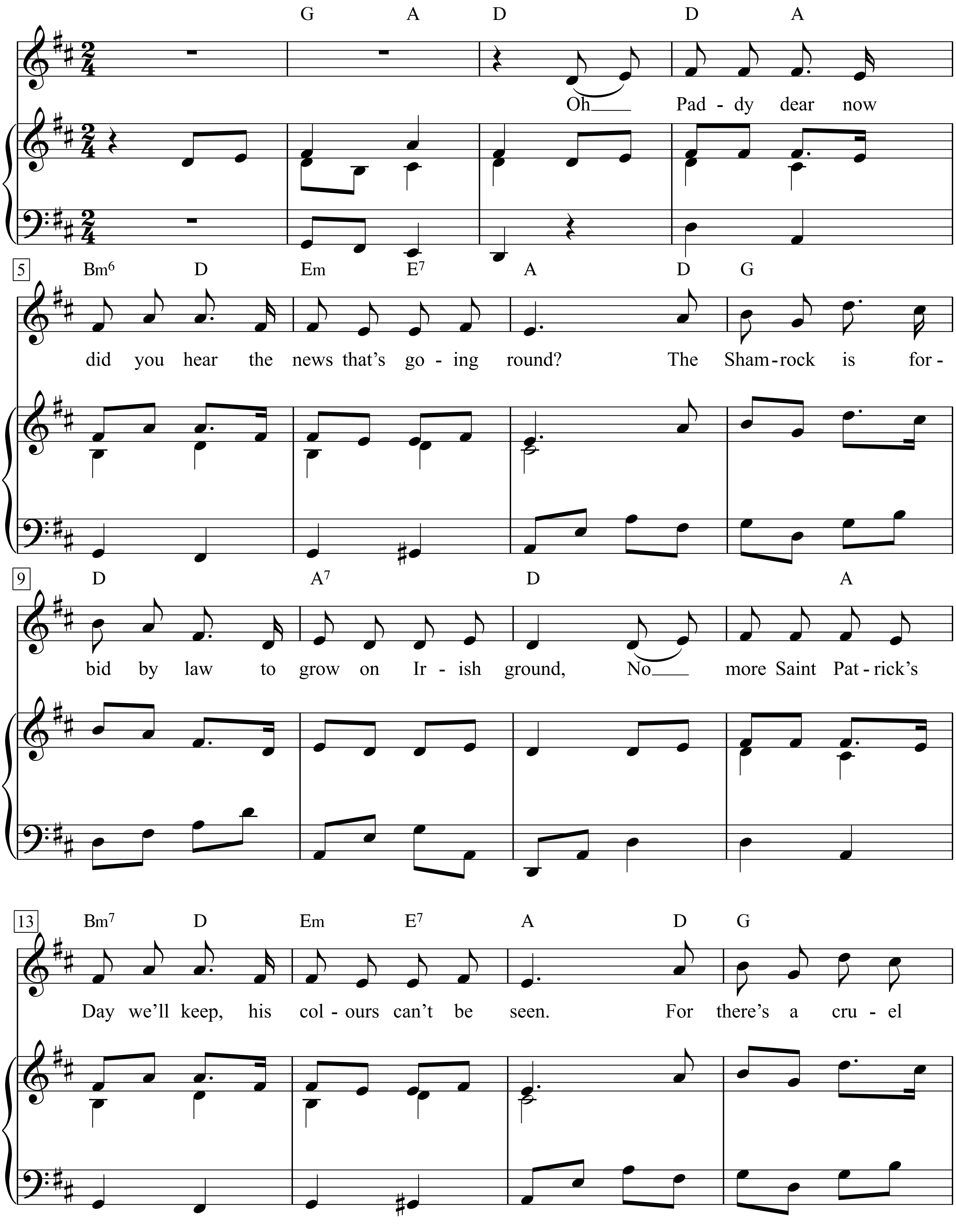

13
A6/9 Amaj7 Dmaj7 Fm
pic - tures, of the smiles we left be - hind,
mp
16
D C♯m7 C♯7 F♯m9 Bm Bm7/E
smiles we gave to one an - oth - er for the way we
19
Amaj7 Em7 A7 D
were. Can it be that it was all so
3
mf
22
Bm7 C♯m7 F♯9
sim - ple then. or has time re - writ - ten ev - 'ry line?

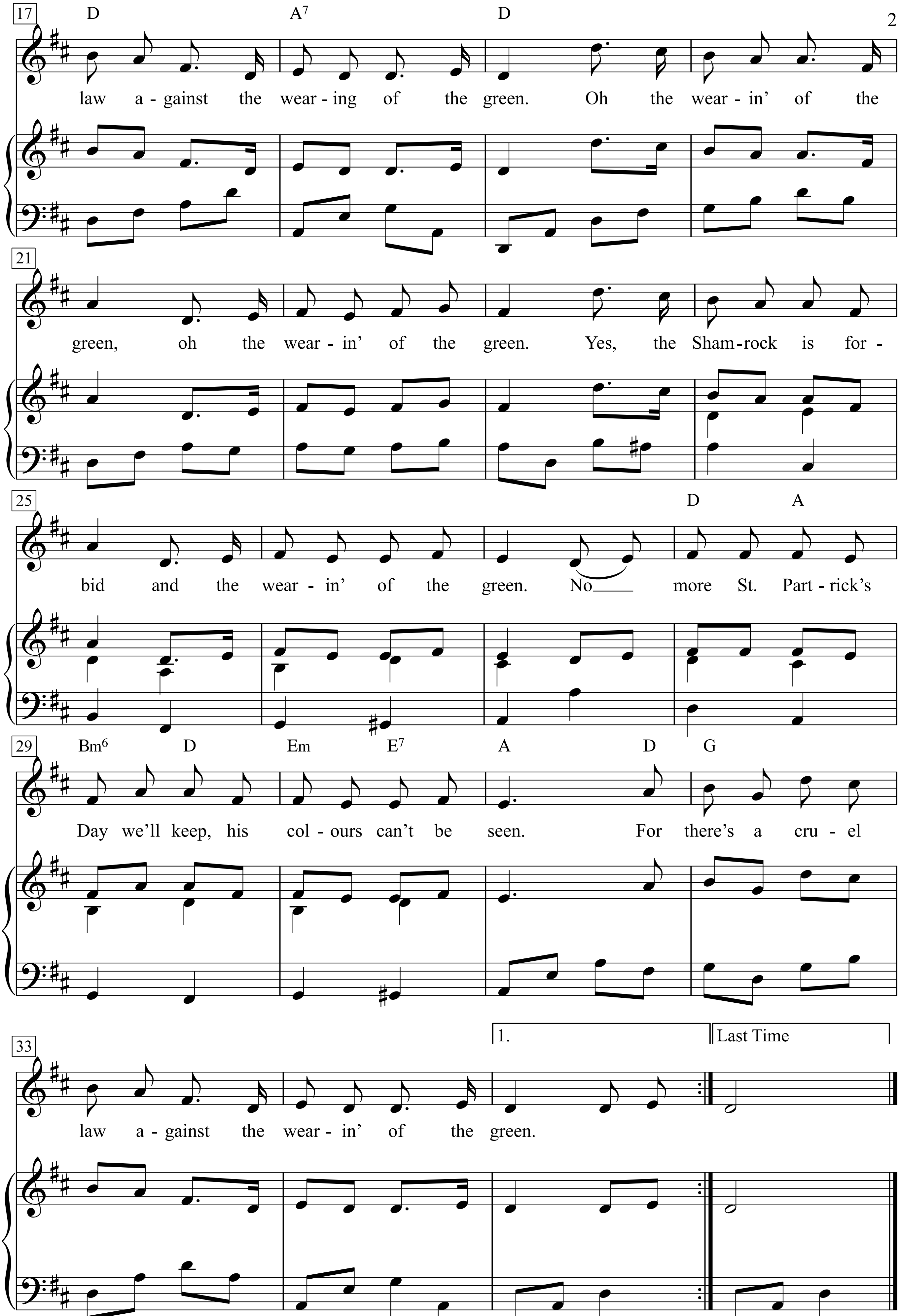

25
Bm bm+7 Bm7 E7 Amaj7
If we had the chance to do it all a - gain, tell me, would we?
mp
28
Bm7 E A Dmaj7
Could we? Mem - 'ries, may be beau - ti - ful and
p
31
F♯m D C♯m C♯7 F♯m
yet, what's too pain - ful to re - mem - ber
3
34
D C♯7 F♯m Dmaj9
we simp - ly choose to for - get. So it's the



37
C♯m
Dmaj9
C♯m
laugh - ter we will re - mem - ber
40
Dmaj9
C♯m
F♯m
Bm7
Bm7/E
when-ev - er we re - mem - ber the way we
mp
43
Amaj7
Dmaj9
Amaj7
were; the way we were.
p
46
Em7
A
pp

The Wearing Of The Green




17
D A7 D
law a - gainst the wear - ing of the green. Oh the wear - in' of the
21
green, oh the wear - in' of the green. Yes, the Sham - rock is for -
25
D A
bid and the wear - in' of the green. No more St. Part - rick's
29
Bm6 D Em E7 A D G
Day we'll keep, his col - ours can't be seen. For there's a cru - el
33
1.
Last Time
law a - gainst the wear - in' of the green.

1. Oh Paddy dear now did you hear the news that's going round?
The Shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground,
No more Saint Patrick's Day we'll keep, his colours can't be seen.
For there's a cruel law against the wearing of the green.
Oh the wearin' of the green, oh the wearin' of the green.
Yes, the Shamrock is forbid and the wearin' of the green.
No more St.Patrick's Day we'll keep, his colours can't be seen.
For there's a cruel law against the wearin' of the green.

I met with Napper Tandy and he took me by the hand
And he said, "How's poor old Ireland and how does she stand?"
She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen
For they're hangin' men an' women for the wearing of the Green.

And if the colour we must wear is England's cruel Red
Let it remind us of the blood that Ireland has shed
Then pull the shamrock from your hat, and throw it on the sod
And never fear, 'twill take root there, tho' under foot 'tis trod.
When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow
And when the leaves in summer-time, their colour dare not show
Then I will change the colour, too, I wear in my caubeen
But 'till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the Green.

1. Oh Paddy dear and did you hear the news that's going round,
The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground,
No man Saint Patrick's Day shall keep his colour can't be seen
For there's a cruel law against the wearing of the green.
I met with Napper Tandy and he took me by the hand,
Said he „How is old Ireland and how does she stand?"
„She's the most distressful country that ever could be seen,
For they're hanging men and women for the wearing of the green."

2. Then since the colour we must wear is England's cruel red,
No Irishman must now forget the blood that has been shed,
They may take the shamrock from our breasts and cast it on the sod,
But it will take root where'er it rests though underfoot it's trod,
When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in Summertime their colours daren't show,
Then I'll take down the shamrock that I wear on Paddy's e'en,
But until that day I'll live and die still wearing of the green.

Wir tragen Grün, unsere Farbe

1. Oh Paddy, hast du's auch schon gehört? Jetzt wollen sie auch noch durch Gesetz verbieten,
dass das Kleeblatt auf irischem Land wächst.
Am Namenstag des Heiligen Patrick wird niemand mehr seine Farbe tragen können,
denn das grausame Gesetz verbietet es.
Kürzlich traf ich Napper Tandy. Er nahm mich bei der Hand und sprach: „Wie alt ist Irland?
Wie lange steht es schon?"
„Ach, dieses Land erlebt schlimme Zeiten. Man hängt Männer und Frauen, die nichts anderes verbrochen haben,
als Grün zu tragen."

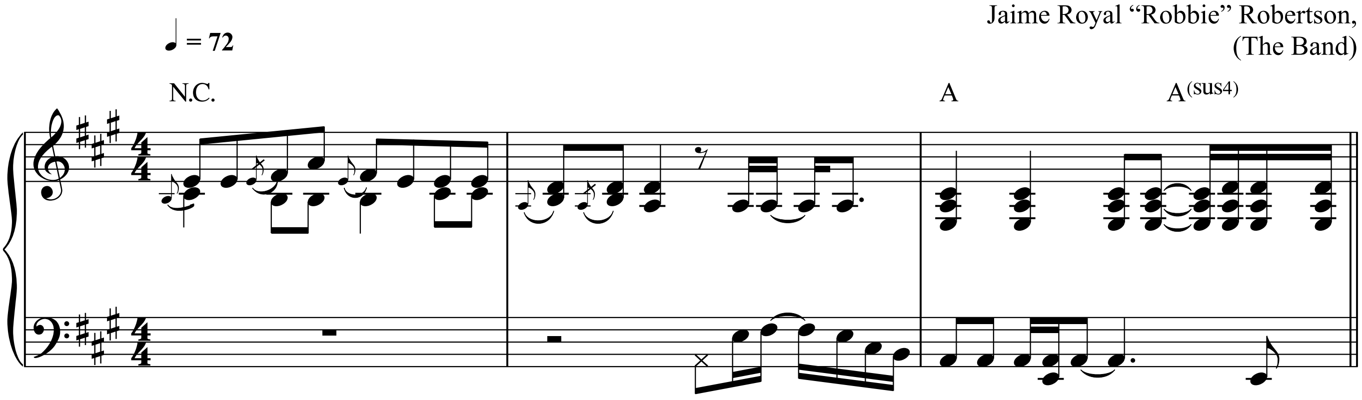
2. Was jetzt gefragt ist, ist Englands grausames Rot. Kein Ire sollte das Blut vergessen, das im Freiheitskampf vergossen worden ist. Sollen sie uns verbieten, das Kleeblatt anzustecken! Die Wurzeln des Klees stecken im Boden, über den wir laufen.

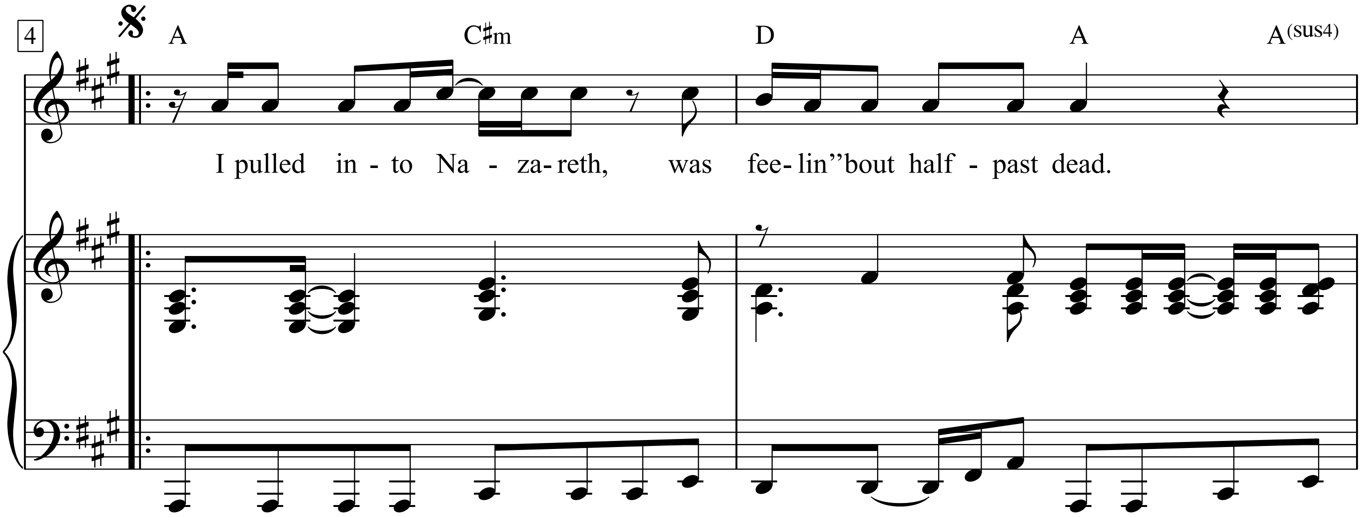
Vielleicht machen sie noch ein Gesetz, das dem Gras verbietet, grün zu werden, das den Blättern der Bäume verbietet, sich gegen Ende des Sommers zu verfärben. Dann will ich auch das Kleeblatt nicht mehr tragen. Doch bis es dahin kommt, trete ich mit Leib und Seele dafür ein, dass wir weiter unsere Farbe, das Grün, tragen und zeigen!

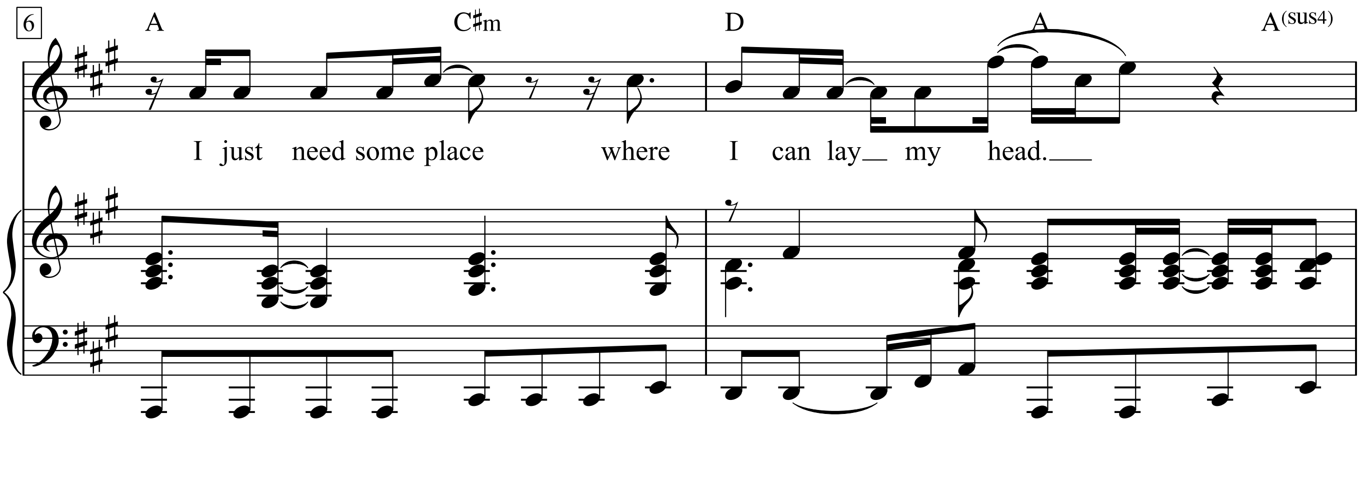
1727 erklärt Swift, fünf Sechstel der Einwohner Irlands seien Bettler. Von 1730 an kam es immer wieder zu lokalen Aufständen gegen die britische Herrschaft. 1761 brach eine Bauernrevolte aus, die auf weite Teile der Insel Übergriff und bei der vor allem gegen das Einzäunen der Allmenden protestiert wurde. Überall entstanden Geheimgesellschaften der Bauern. Sie nannten sich ‚Oakboys', ‚Steelmen', ‚Moonlighters'. Sie waren mit Gewehren, aber manchmal auch nur mit Piken, Knotenstöcken und Dreschflegeln, bewaffnet und hielten militärische Übungen ab. Sie wurden in der Umgangssprache als ‚Croppies' bezeichnet.
Über den Ursprung dieses Begriffs gehen die Meinungen auseinander. Die einen leiten ihn von der Tatsache ab, dass Straftätern (und jede politische Aktion war eine schwere Straftat) die Ohrläppchen abgeschnitten wurden. Andere führen ihn darauf zurück, dass zu dieser Zeit die Anhänger der Ideale der Französischen Revolution die Haare ‚cropped', also kurz geschnitten, trugen.
Wieder andere verweisen darauf, dass Rebellen, die den Engländern denunziert wurden, bei der Folter eine Haube mit siedendem Pech über den Kopf gestülpt bekamen.
Über die ‚Croppies' gibt es in Irland unzählige Lieder. Man sagt sogar, jedes County habe sein eigenes Lied von den ‚Croppy boys', den Rebellen im 17. und 18. Jahrhundert. Die folgende Version schilderte das tragische Schicksal eines dieser Widerstandskämpfer, der von seiner eigenen Verwandtschaft denunziert und dann von den Engländern hingerichtet wurde.
Wahrscheinlich ist dieser Song in der Revolte des Jahres 1798 entstanden, die im Südosten der Insel zunächst erfolgreich verlief.

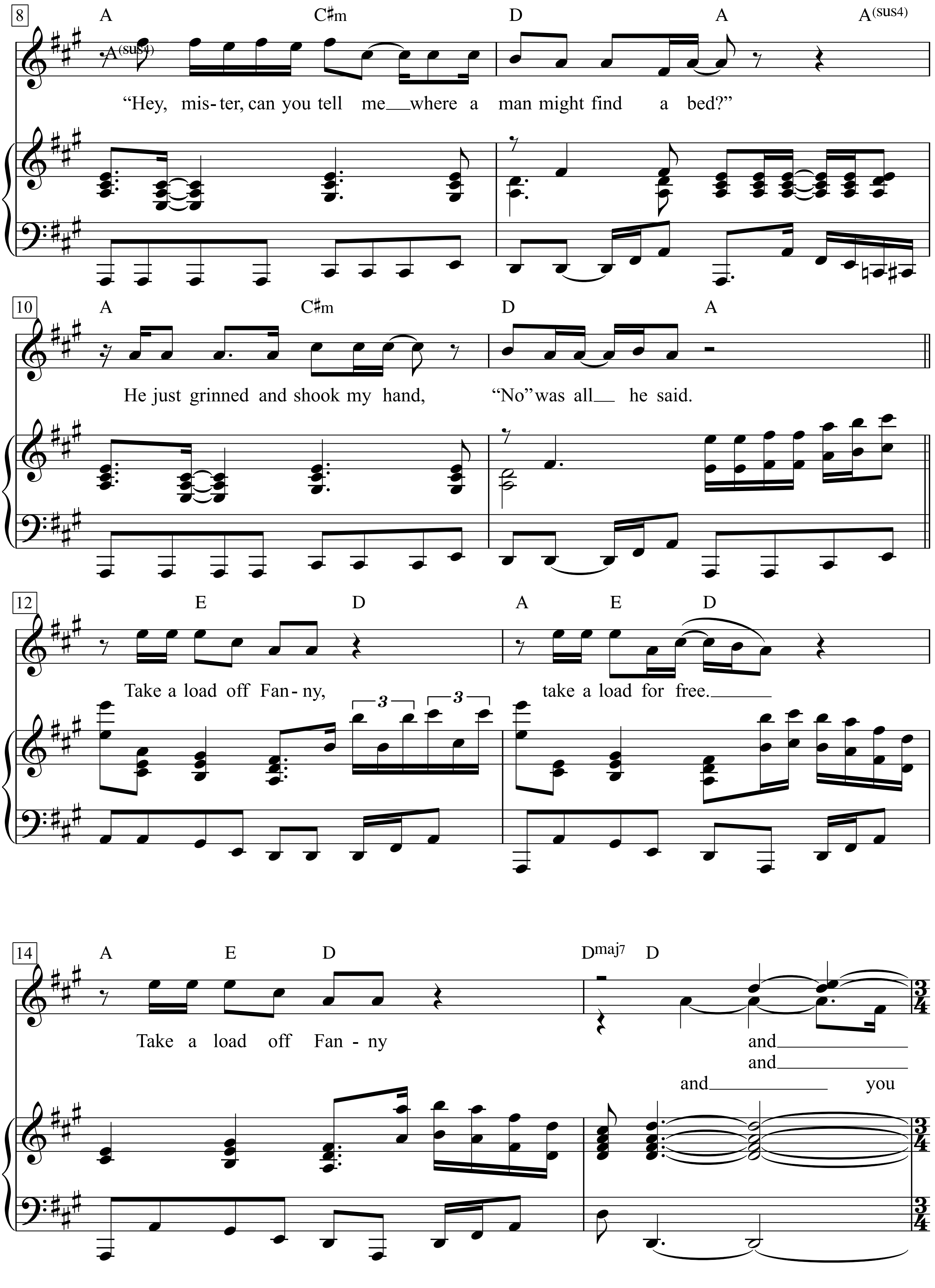
The Weight

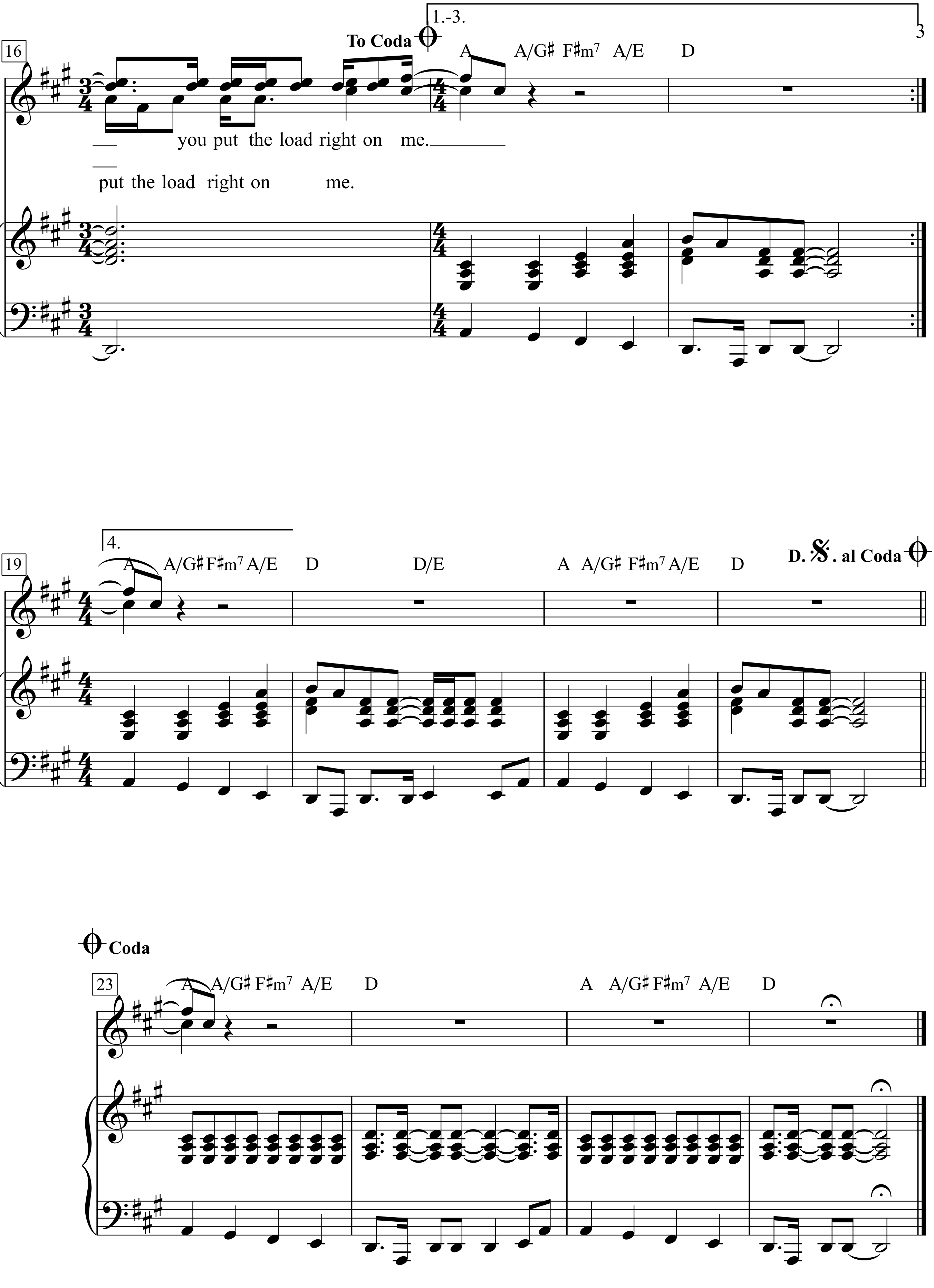
Words & Music by
Jaime Royal "Robbie" Robertson,
(The Band)








8
A C♯m D A A(sus4)
"Hey, mis- ter, can you tell me where a man might find a bed?"
10
A C♯m D A
He just grinned and shook my hand, "No" was all he said.
12
E D A E D
Take a load off Fan- ny, take a load for free.
14
A E D Dmaj7 D
Take a load off Fan - ny and
and
and you


16
To Coda
1.-3.
A A/G♯ F♯m7 A/E D
you put the load right on me.
put the load right on me.
19
4.
A A/G♯ F♯m7 A/E D D/E A A/G♯ F♯m7 A/E D
D.S. al Coda
Coda
23
A A/G♯ F♯m7 A/E D A A/G♯ F♯m7 A/E D

1. I pulled into Nazareth, was feelin' 'bout half-past dead.
I just need some place where I can lay my head.
„Hey, mister, can you tell me where a man might find a bed?"
He just grinned and shook my hand,
„No" was all he said.
Take a load off Fanny, take a load for free.
Take a load off Fanny and you put the load right on me.

2. and

3. and you put the load right on me.

2. I picked up my bag, I went looking for a place to hide
When I saw Carmen and the Devil walking side by side
I said "Hey, Carmen, come on, let's go down town."
She said, "I gotta go but my friend can stick around."

Take a load off Fanny etc.

3. Go down, Miss Moses, there's nothing you can say
It's just ol' Luke and Luke's waiting on the judgement day
"Well, Luke my friend, what about young Anna Lee?"
He said "Do me a favour son, won't you stay and keep Anna Lee Company?"

Take a load off Fanny etc.

4. Crazy Chester followed me and he caught me in the fog
He said "I will fix your rack if you'll take Jack, my dog."
1 said "Wait a minute Chester, you know a peaceful man."
He said "That's O.K. boy, won't you feed him when you can."

Take a load off Fanny etc.

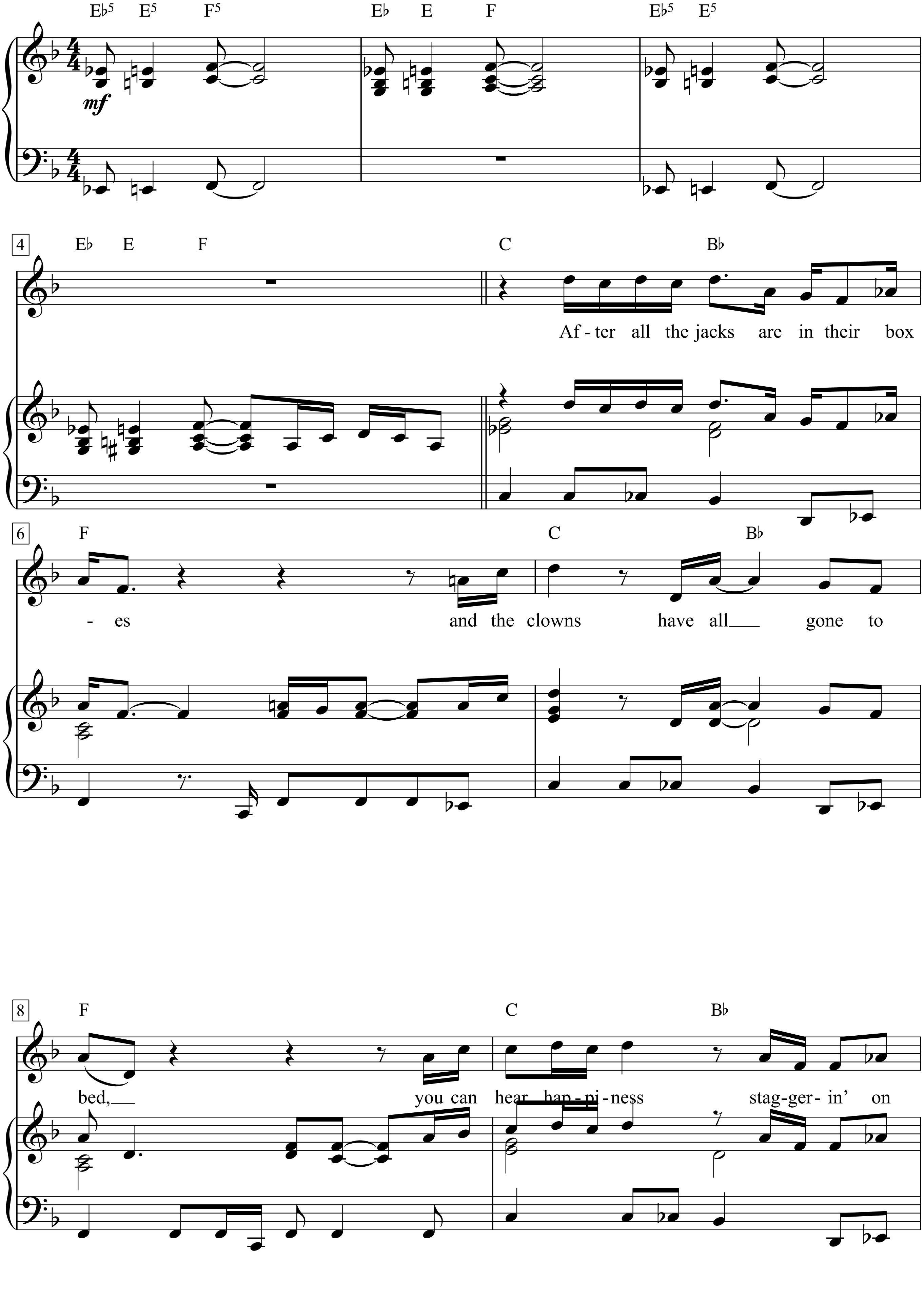
5. Catch a cannonball now, to take me down the line
My bag is sinking low and I do believe it's time
To get back to Miss Fanny, you know she's the only one
Who sent me here with her regards for everyone.

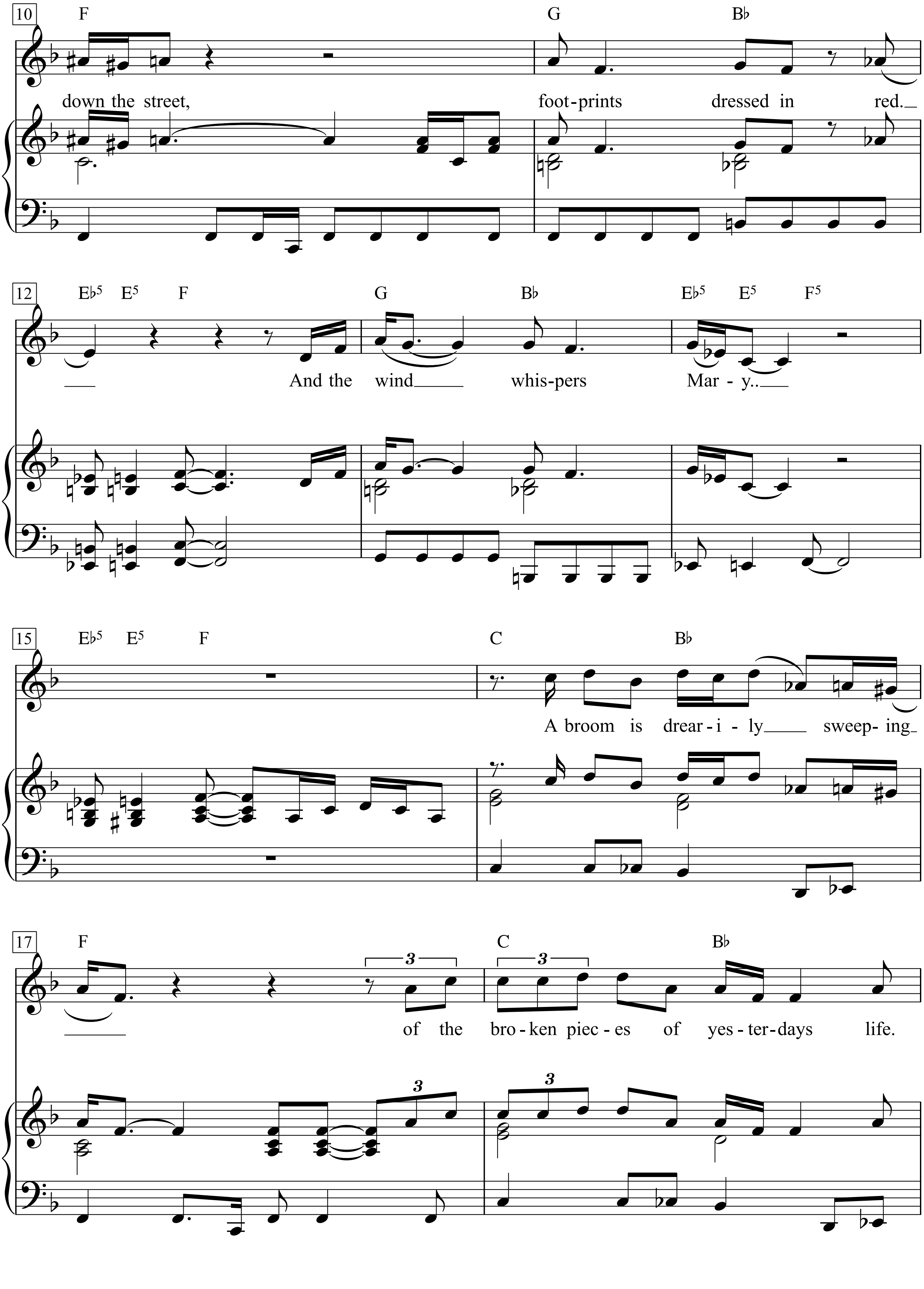
Take a load off Fanny etc.

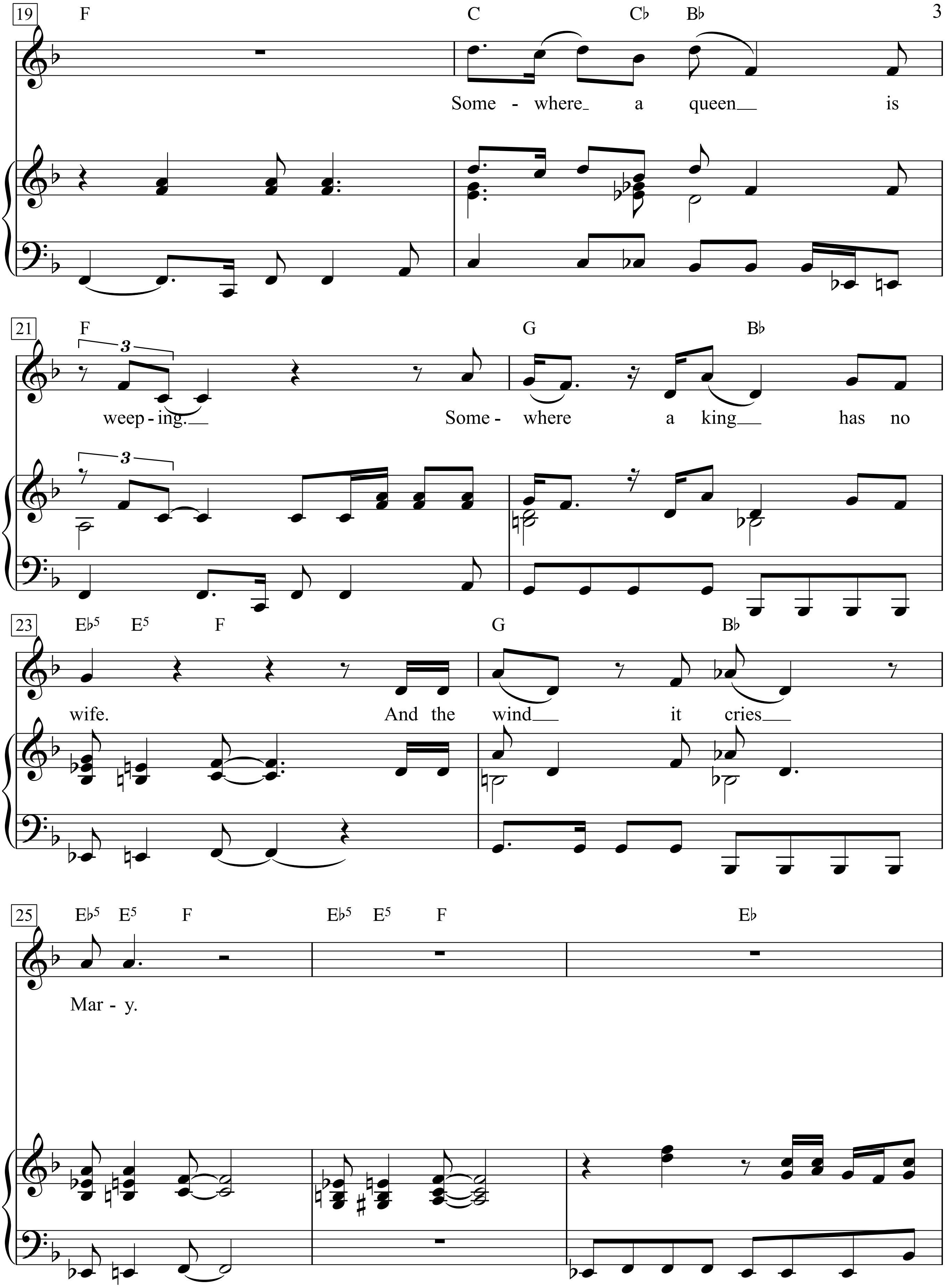
Moderately slow Rock

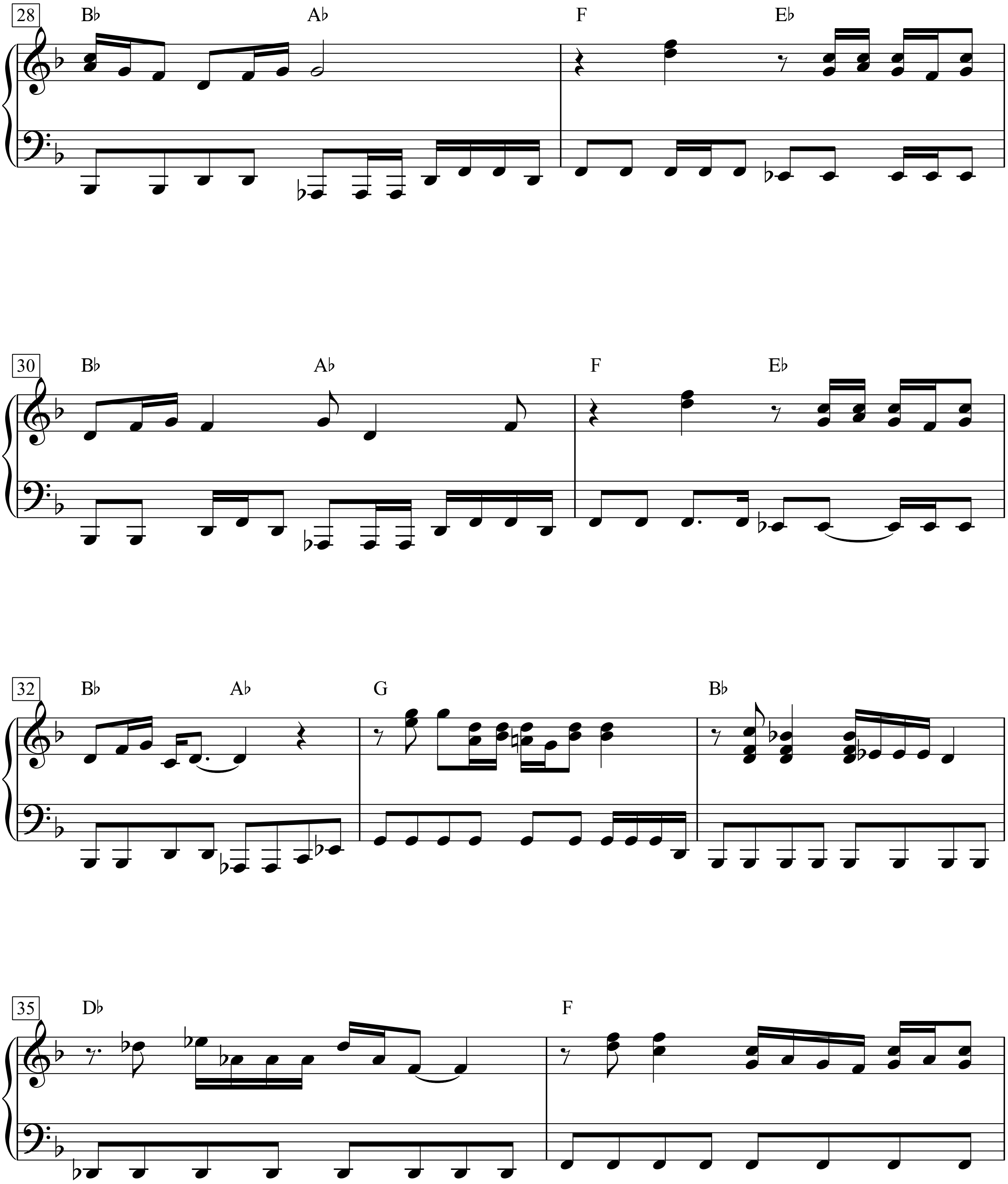
The Wind Cries Mary

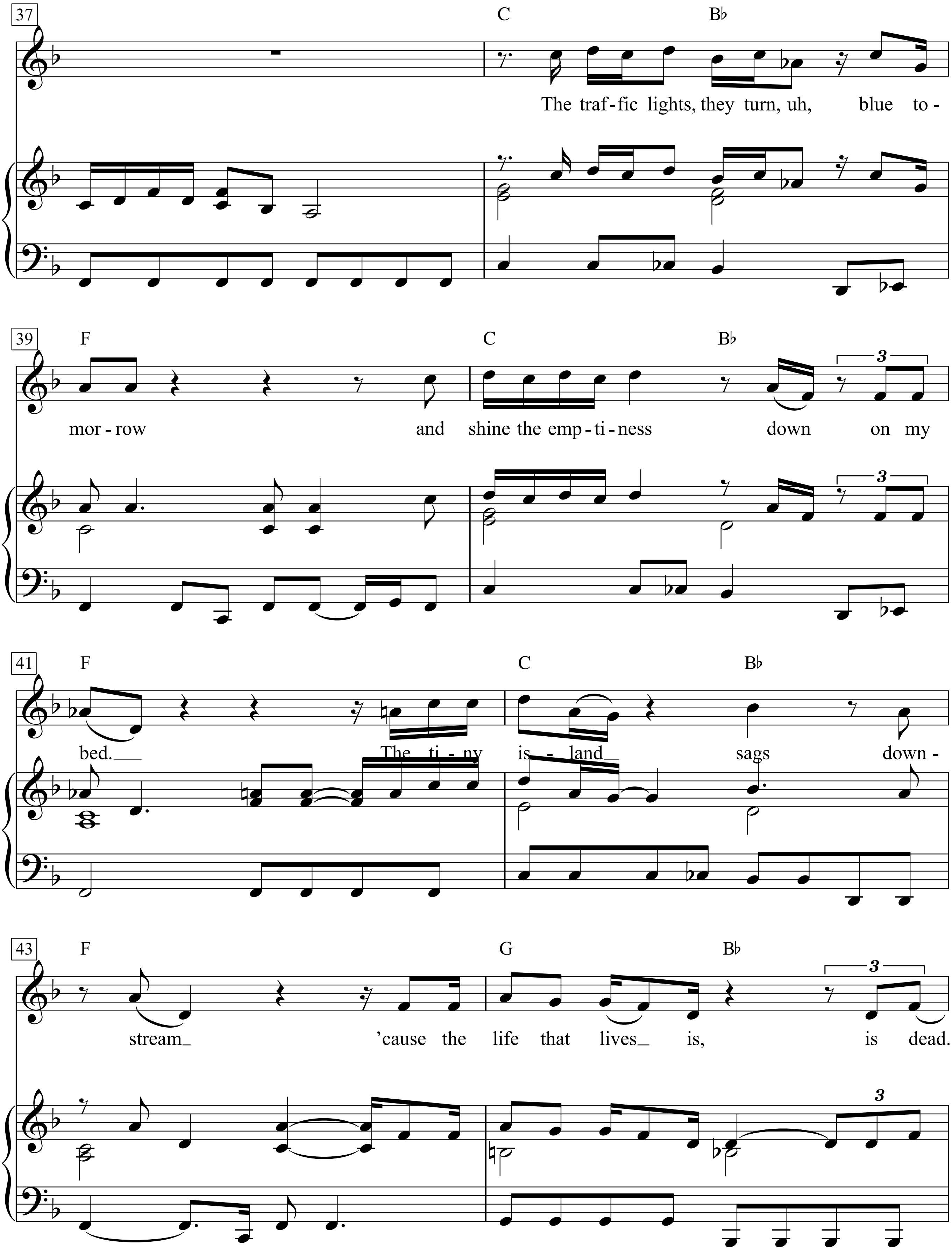
Jimi Hendrix

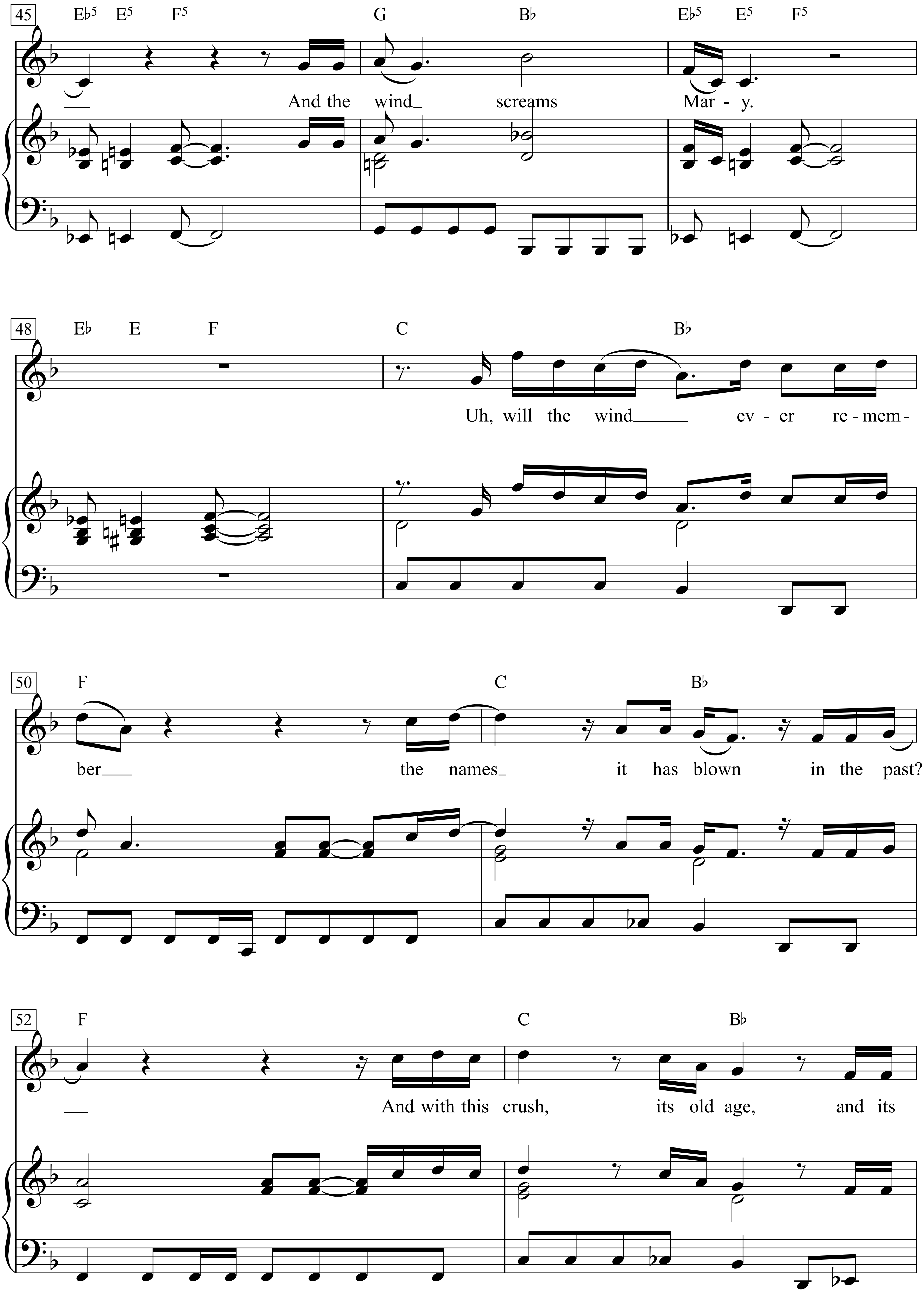


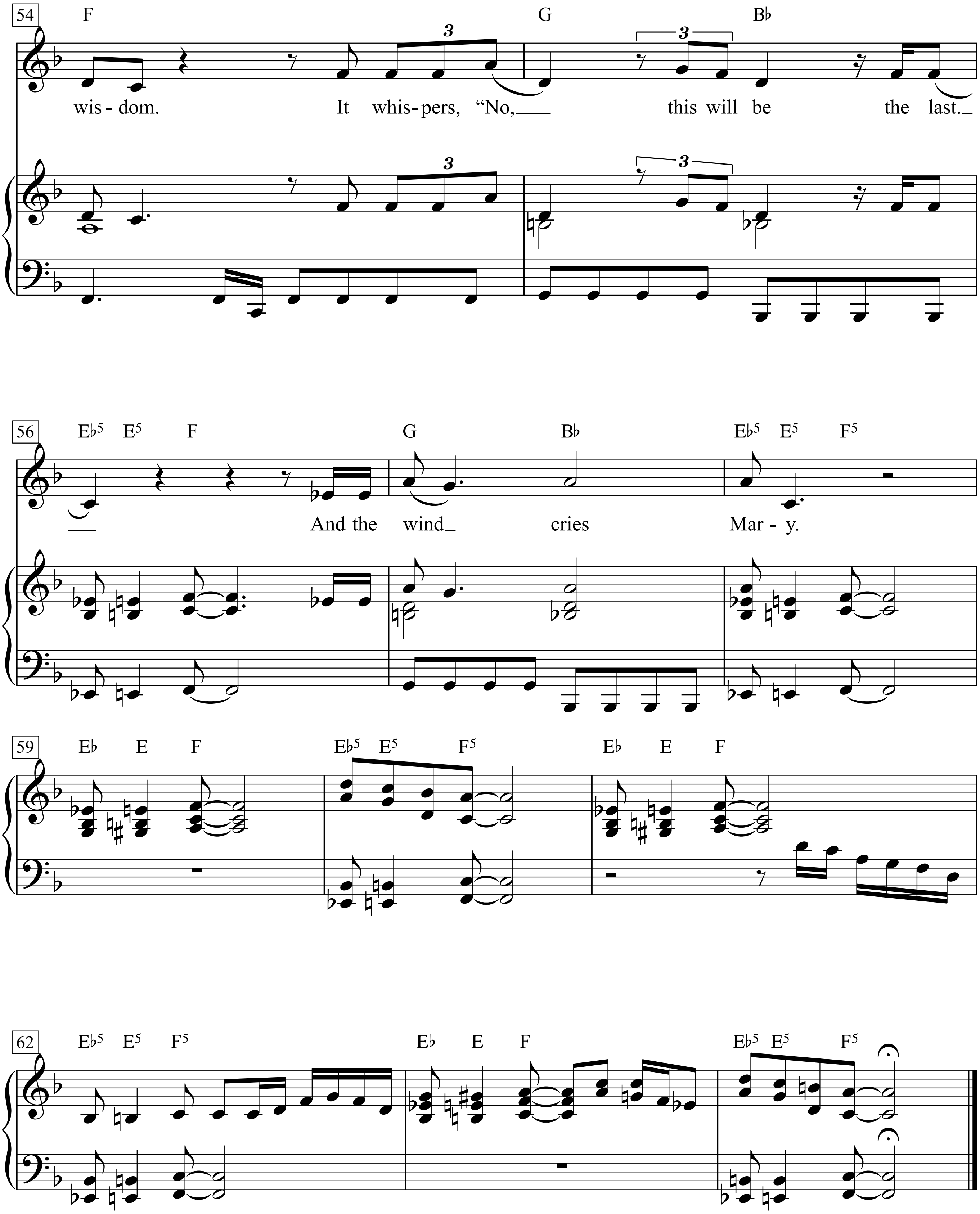

10
F
G
B♭
down the street,
foot-prints dressed in red.
12
E♭5 E5 F
G
B♭
E♭5 E5 F5
And the wind whis-pers Mar - y..
15
E♭5 E5 F
C
B♭
A broom is drear - i - ly sweep- ing
17
F
C
B♭
of the bro - ken piec - es of yes - ter-days life.


19
F
C
C♭
B♭
Some - where a queen is
21
F
3
G
B♭
weep - ing. Some - where a king has no
23
E♭5
E5
F
G
B♭
wife. And the wind it cries
25
E♭5
E5
F
E♭5
E5
F
E♭
Mar - y.


28
B♭
A♭
F
E♭
30
B♭
A♭
F
E♭
32
B♭
A♭
G
B♭
35
D♭
F


37
C
B♭
The traf-fic lights, they turn, uh, blue to -
39
F
C
B♭
mor - row and shine the emp - ti - ness down on my
41
F
C
B♭
bed.__ The ti - ny is - land__ sags down -
43
F
G
B♭
stream__ 'cause the life that lives__ is, is dead.

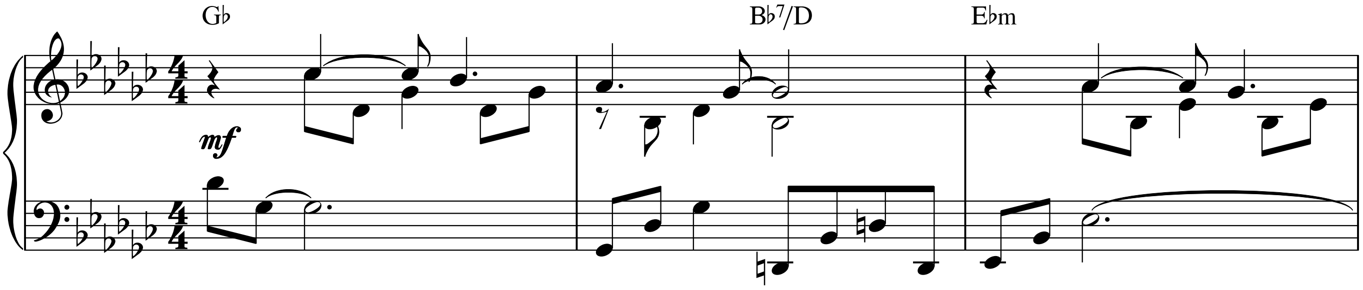

45
E♭5 E5 F5 G B♭ E♭5 E5 F5
And the wind_ screams Mar - y.
48
E♭ E F C B♭
Uh, will the wind_____ ev - er re - mem -
50
F C B♭
ber___ the names_ it has blown in the past?
52
F C B♭
___ And with this crush, its old age, and its

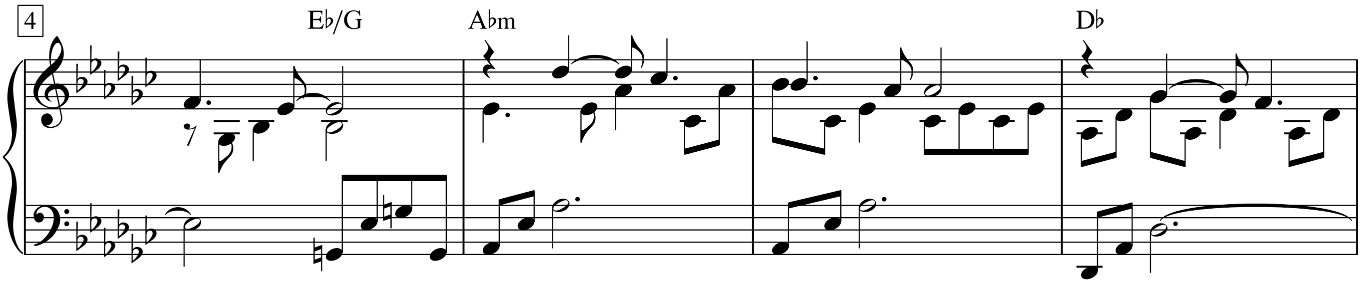

54
F
G
B♭
3
3
wis - dom. It whis - pers, "No, this will be the last.
56
E♭5 E5 F
G
B♭
E♭5 E5 F5
And the wind cries Mar - y.
59
E♭ E F
E♭5 E5 F5
E♭ E F
62
E♭5 E5 F5
E♭ E F
E♭5 E5 F5

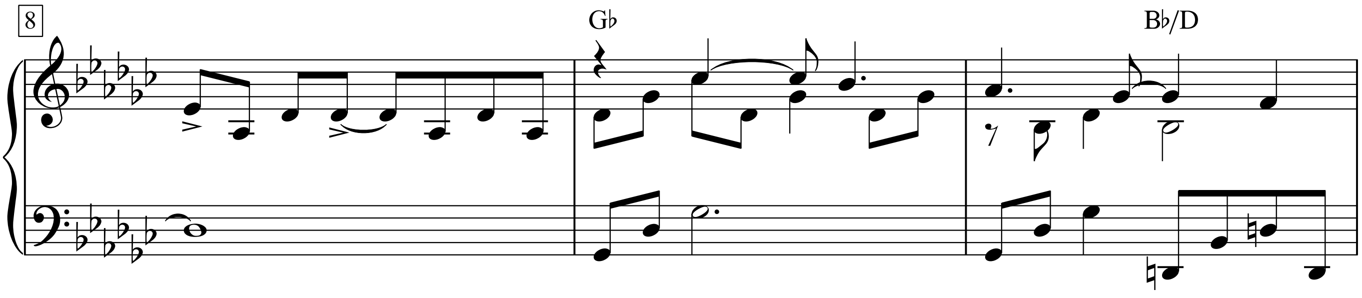
The Winner Takes it All

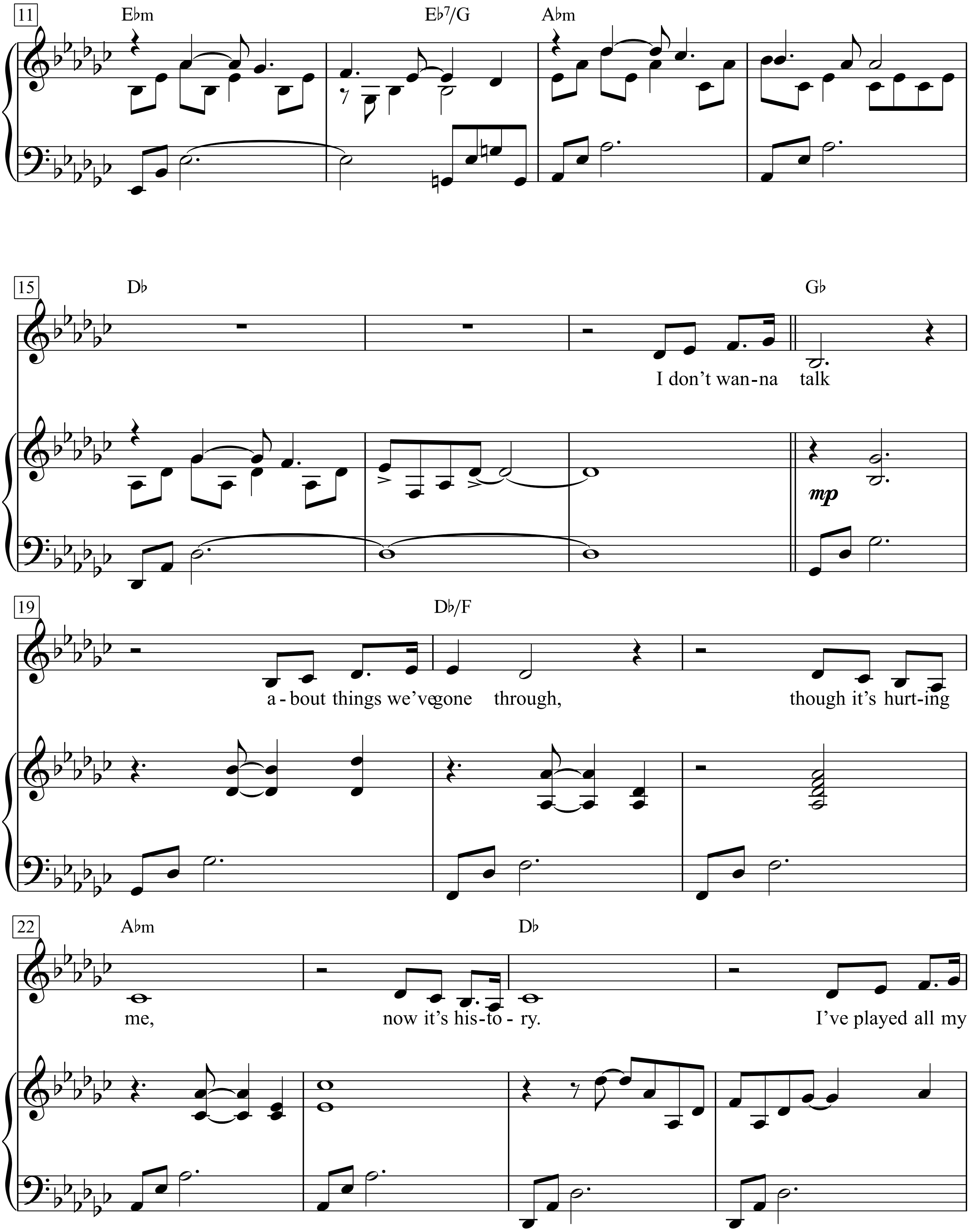
Words & Music by
Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus
(Abba)

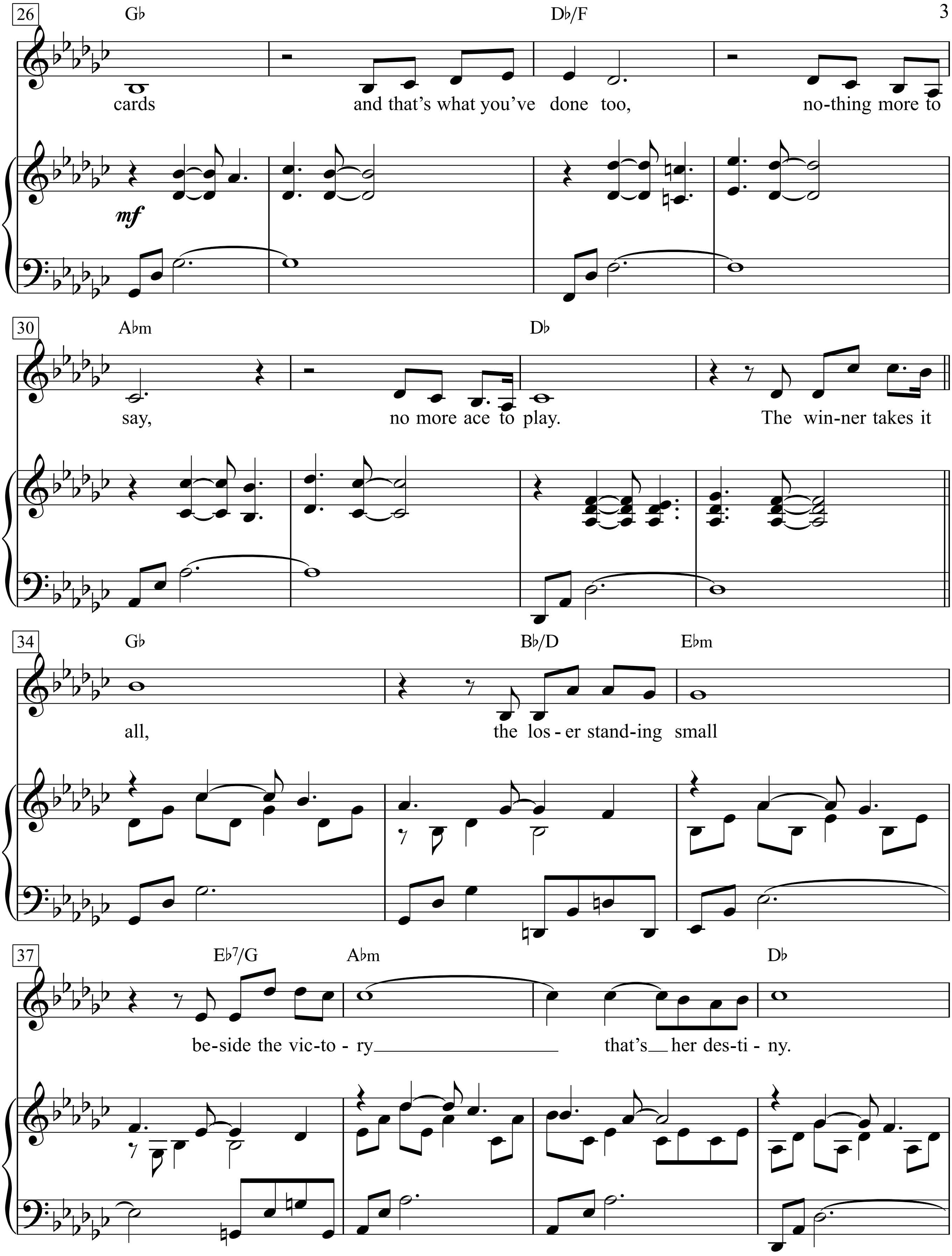
Steadily

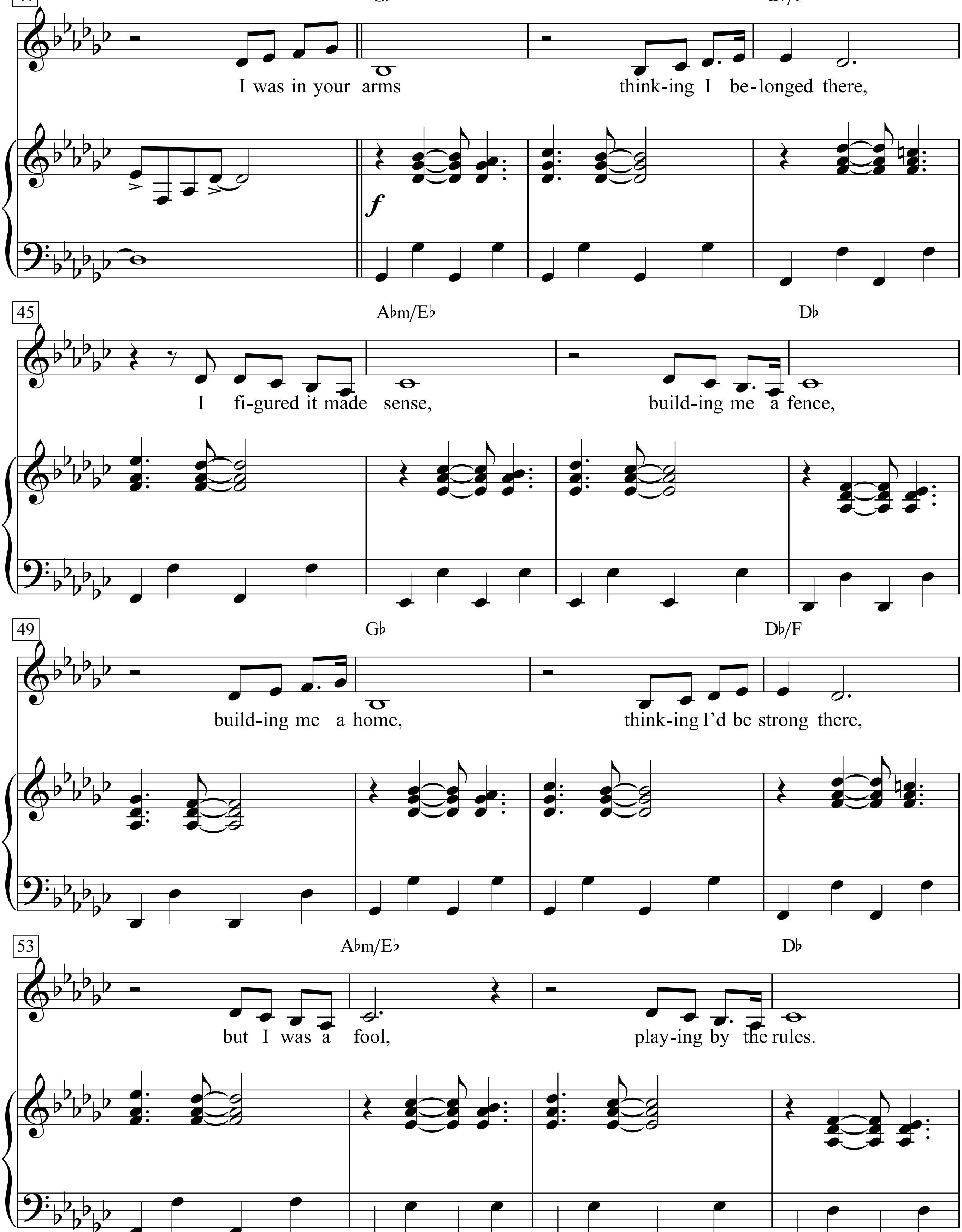


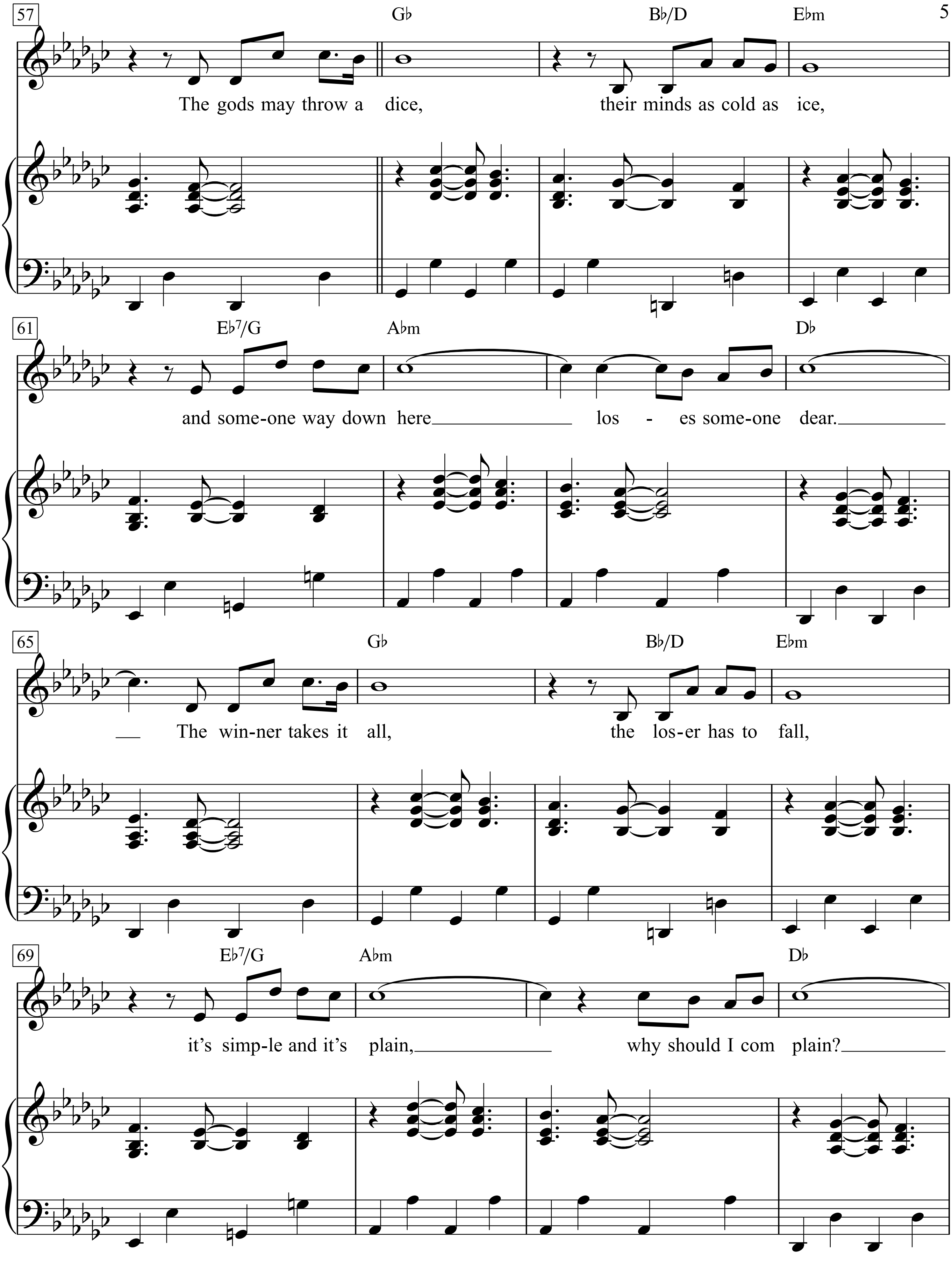


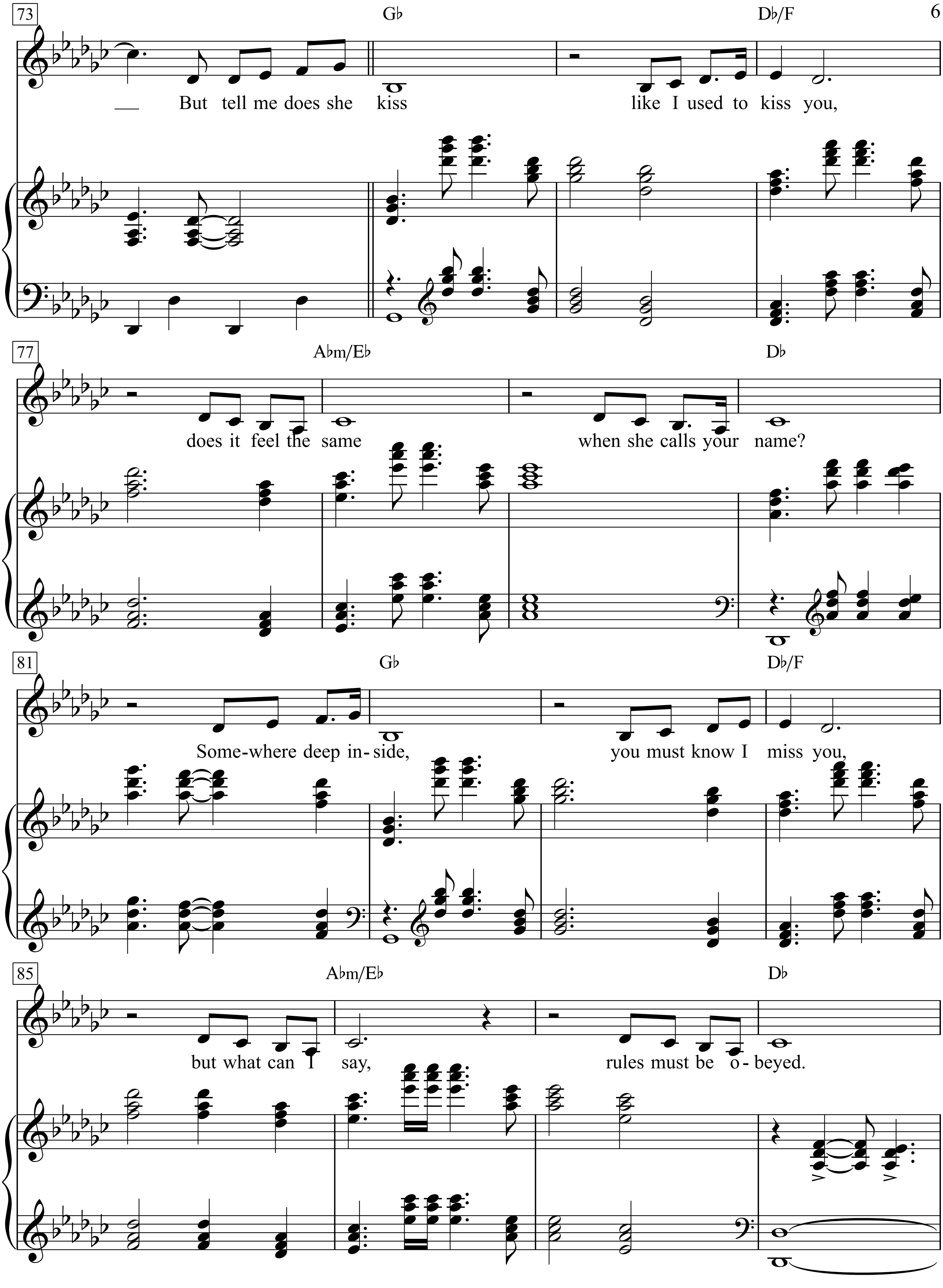


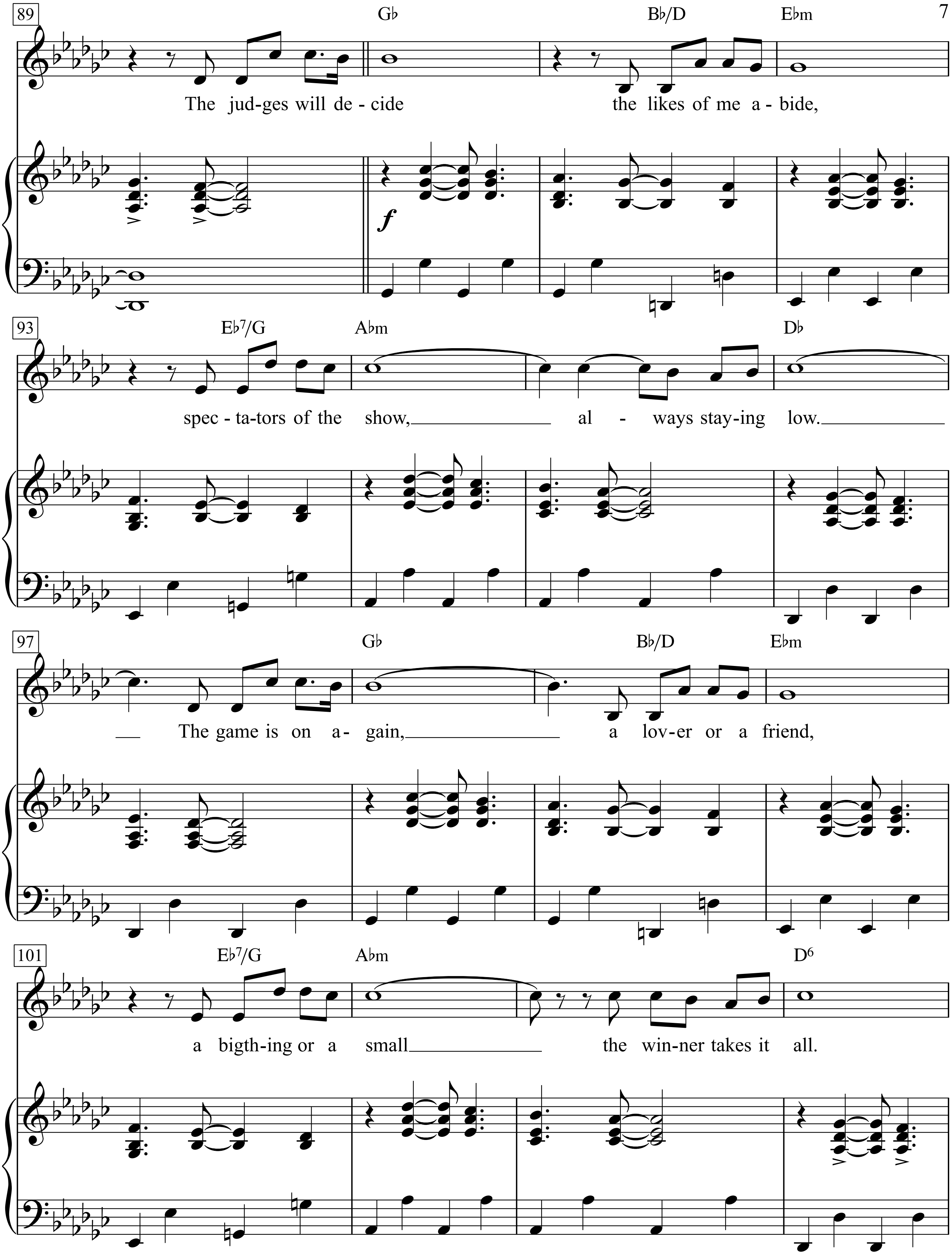

11
E♭m
E♭7/G
A♭m
15
D♭
G♭
I don't wan-na talk
mp
19
D♭/F
a - bout things we've gone through,
though it's hurt-ing
22
A♭m
D♭
me,
now it's his-to - ry.
I've played all my

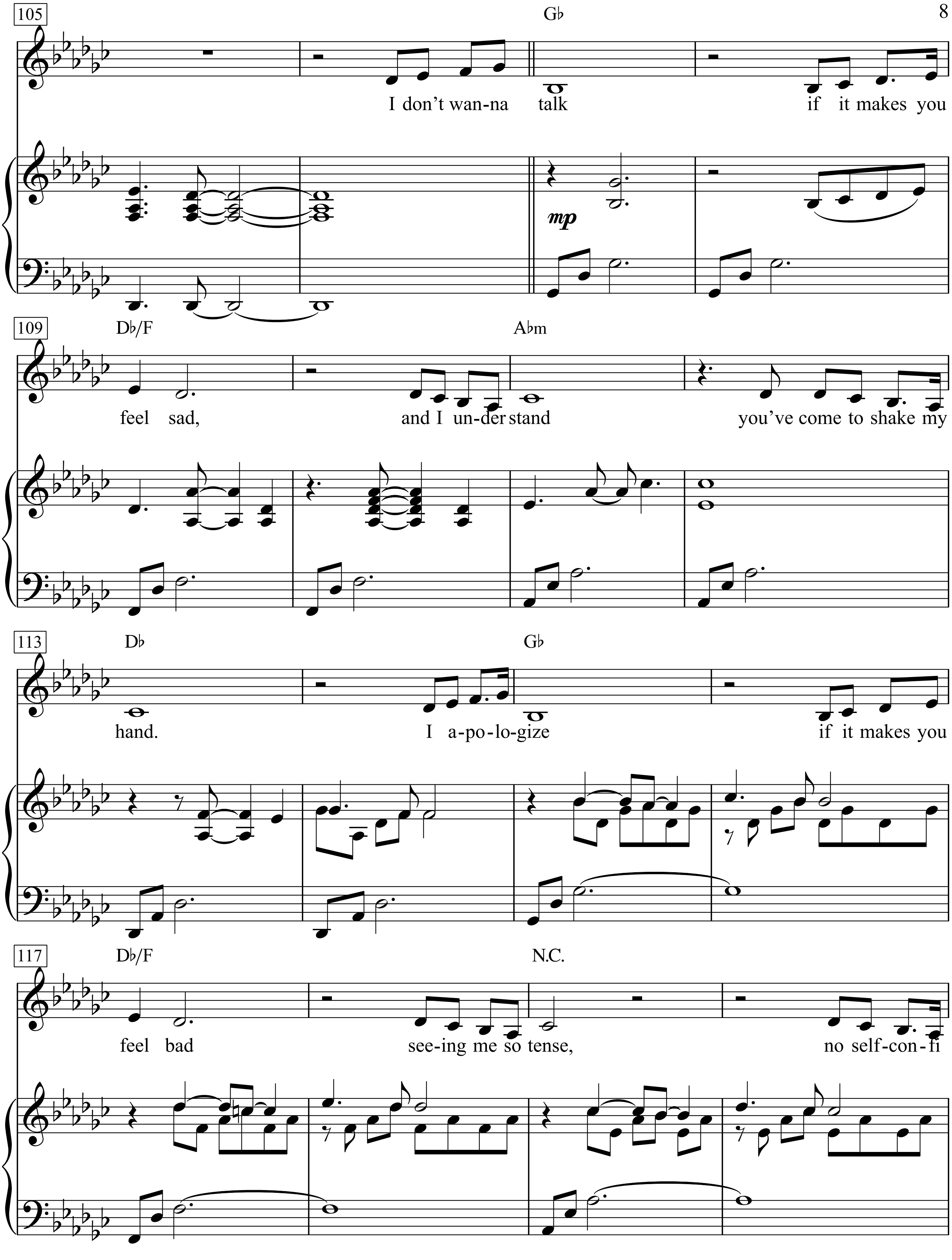

26
G♭
D♭/F
cards
and that's what you've done too,
no-thing more to
mf
30
A♭m
D♭
say,
no more ace to play.
The win-ner takes it
34
G♭
B♭/D
E♭m
all,
the los - er stand-ing small
37
E♭7/G
A♭m
D♭
be-side the vic-to - ry
that's her des-ti - ny.

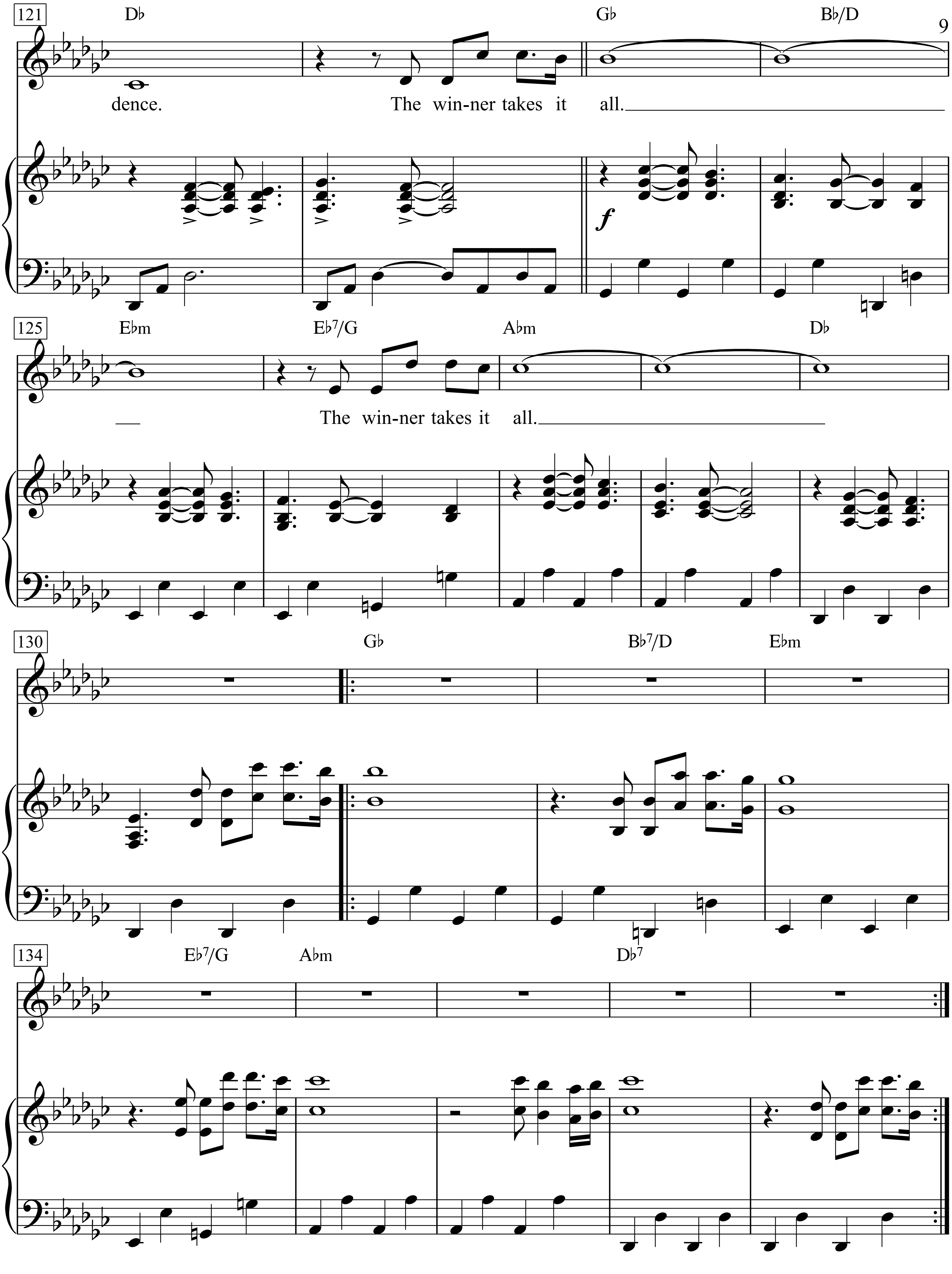

41
G♭
D♭/F
I was in your arms
think-ing I be-longed there,
f
45
A♭m/E♭
D♭
I fi-gured it made sense,
build-ing me a fence,
49
G♭
D♭/F
build-ing me a home,
think-ing I'd be strong there,
53
A♭m/E♭
D♭
but I was a fool,
play-ing by the rules.


57
G♭ B♭/D E♭m
The gods may throw a dice, their minds as cold as ice,
61
E♭7/G A♭m D♭
and some-one way down here los - es some-one dear.
65
G♭ B♭/D E♭m
The win-ner takes it all, the los-er has to fall,
69
E♭7/G A♭m D♭
it's simp-le and it's plain, why should I com plain?


73
G♭
D♭/F
But tell me does she kiss like I used to kiss you,
77
A♭m/E♭
D♭
does it feel the same when she calls your name?
81
G♭
D♭/F
Some-where deep in-side, you must know I miss you,
85
A♭m/E♭
D♭
but what can I say, rules must be o-beyed.


89
G♭
B♭/D
E♭m
The jud-ges will de - cide the likes of me a - bide,
f
93
E♭7/G
A♭m
D♭
spec - ta-tors of the show, al - ways stay-ing low.
97
G♭
B♭/D
E♭m
The game is on a- gain, a lov-er or a friend,
101
E♭7/G
A♭m
D6
a bigth-ing or a small the win-ner takes it all.

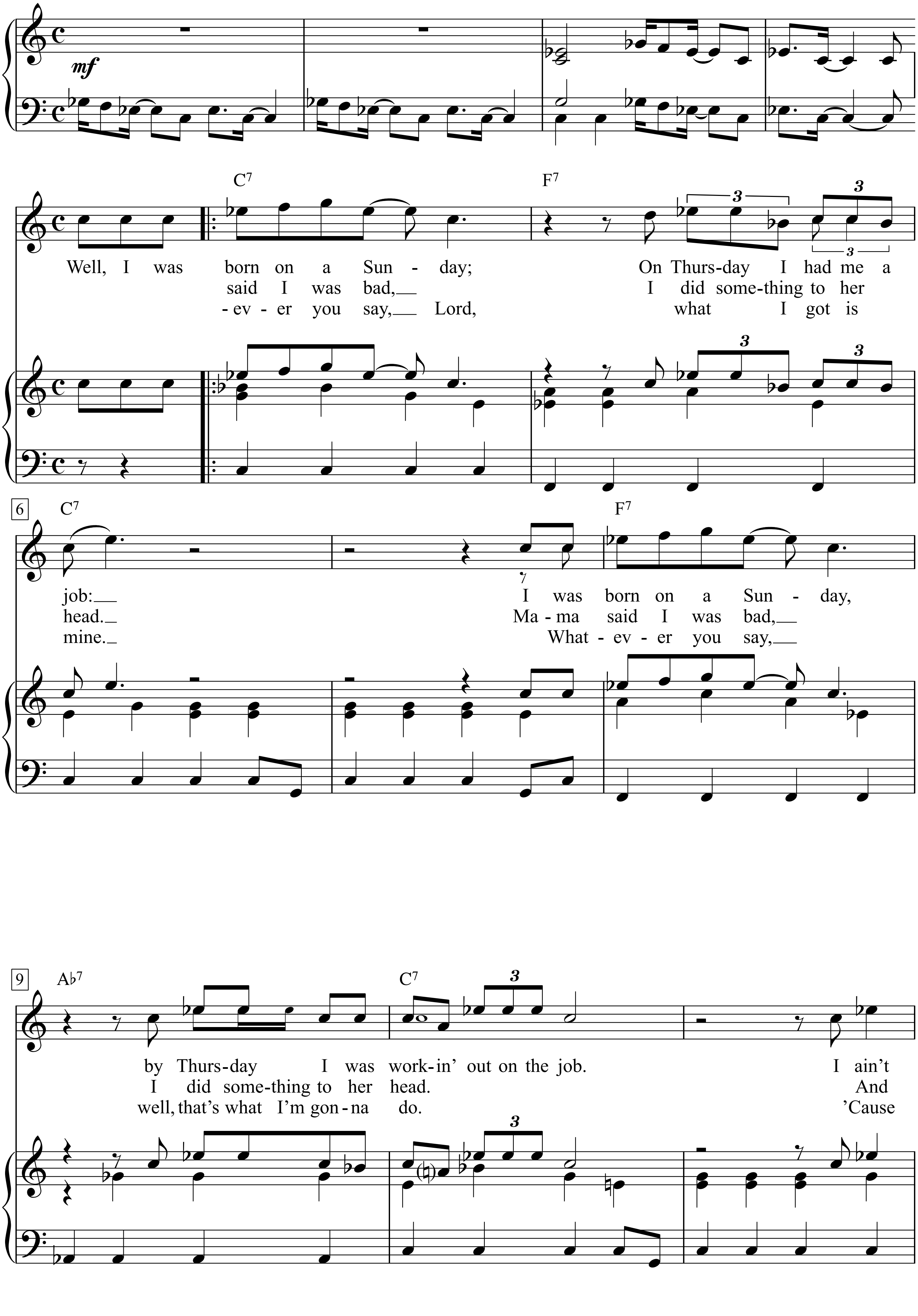

105
G♭
I don't wan-na talk if it makes you
mp
109
D♭/F
A♭m
feel sad, and I un-der stand you've come to shake my
113
D♭
G♭
hand. I a-po-lo-gize if it makes you
117
D♭/F
N.C.
feel bad see-ing me so tense, no self-con-fi

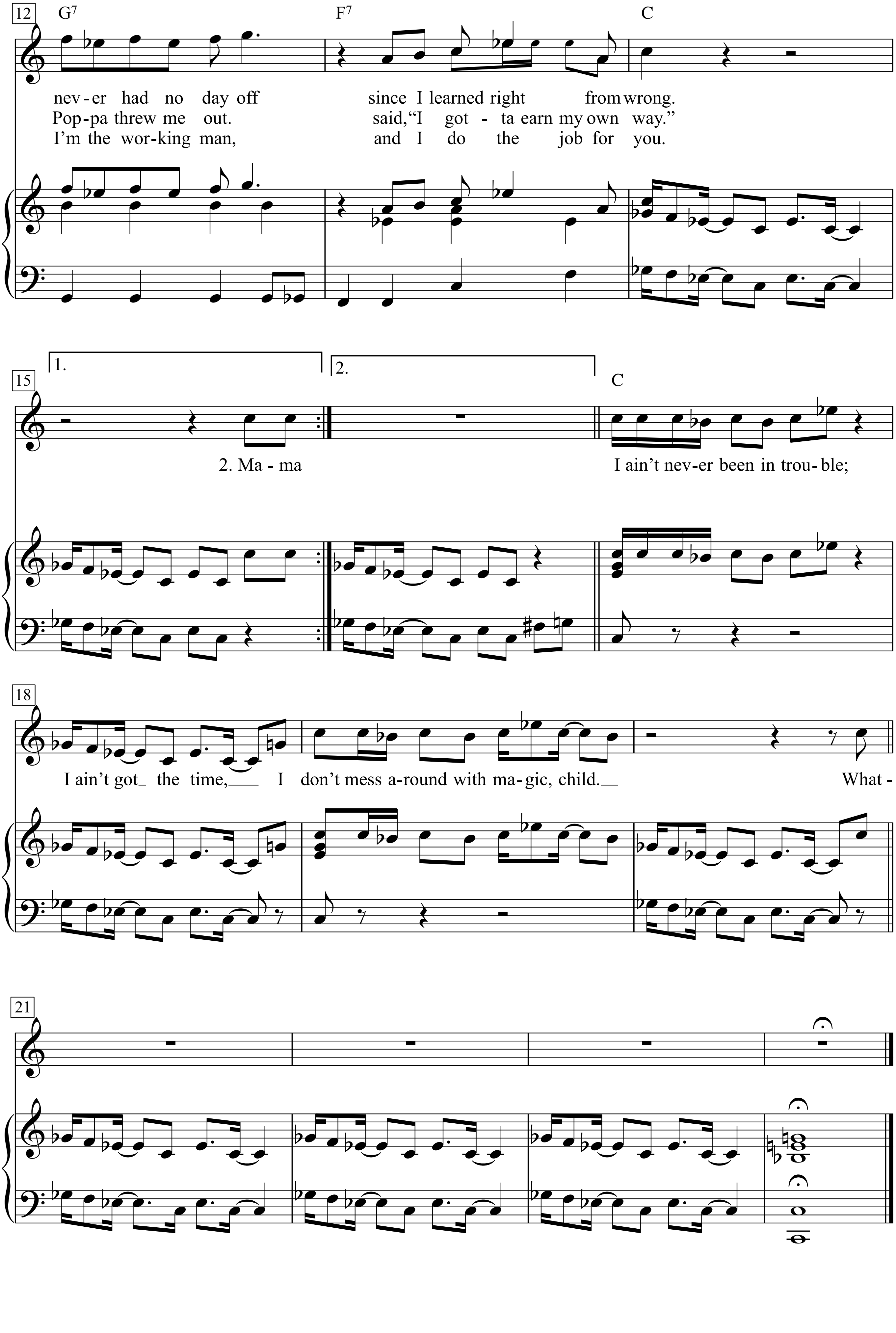

121
D♭
G♭
B♭/D
dence.
The win-ner takes it all.
f
125
E♭m
E♭7/G
A♭m
D♭
The win-ner takes it all.
130
G♭
B♭7/D
E♭m
134
E♭7/G
A♭m
D♭7

The Working Man

John Cameron Fogerty
(Creedence Clearwater Revival)

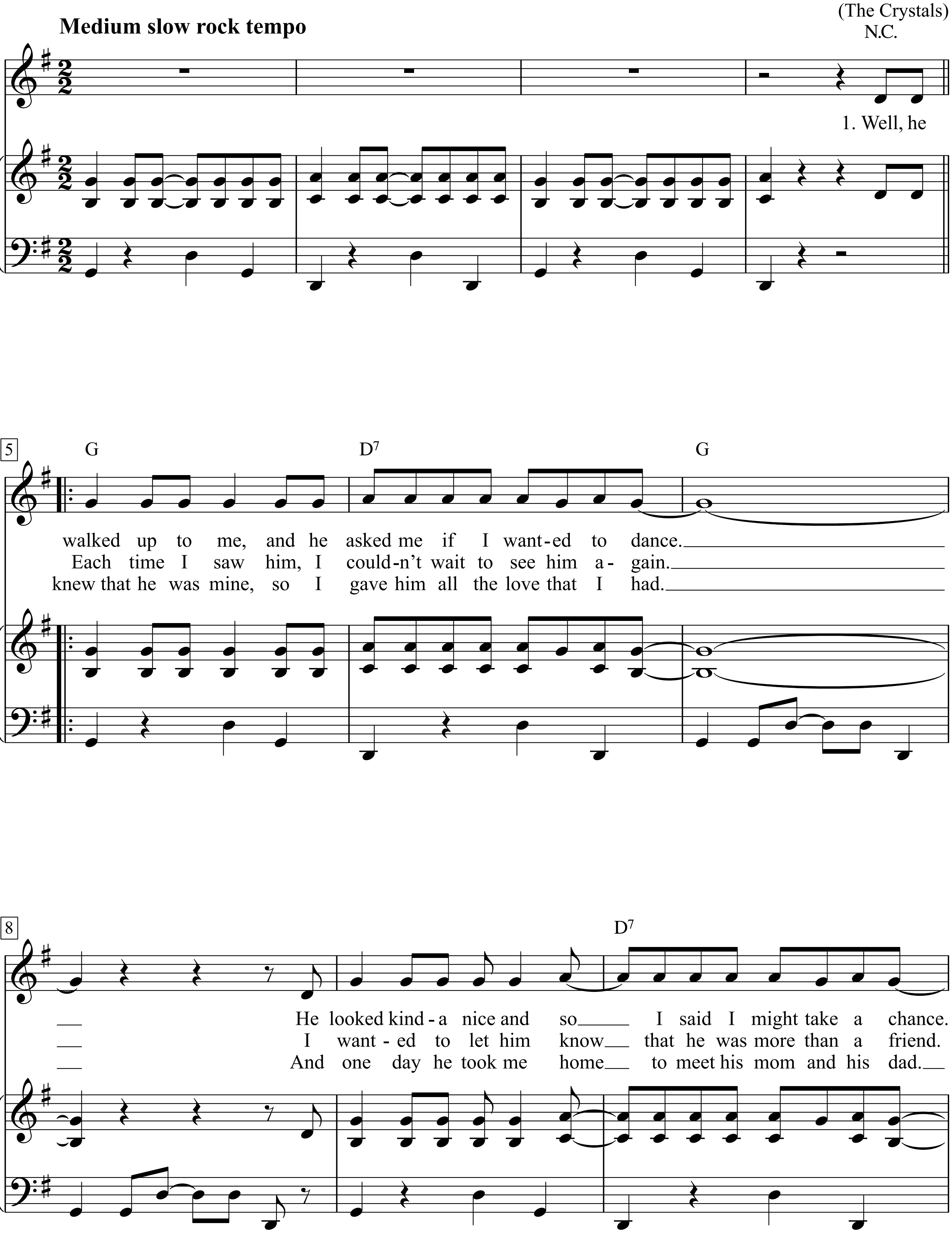
Moderately

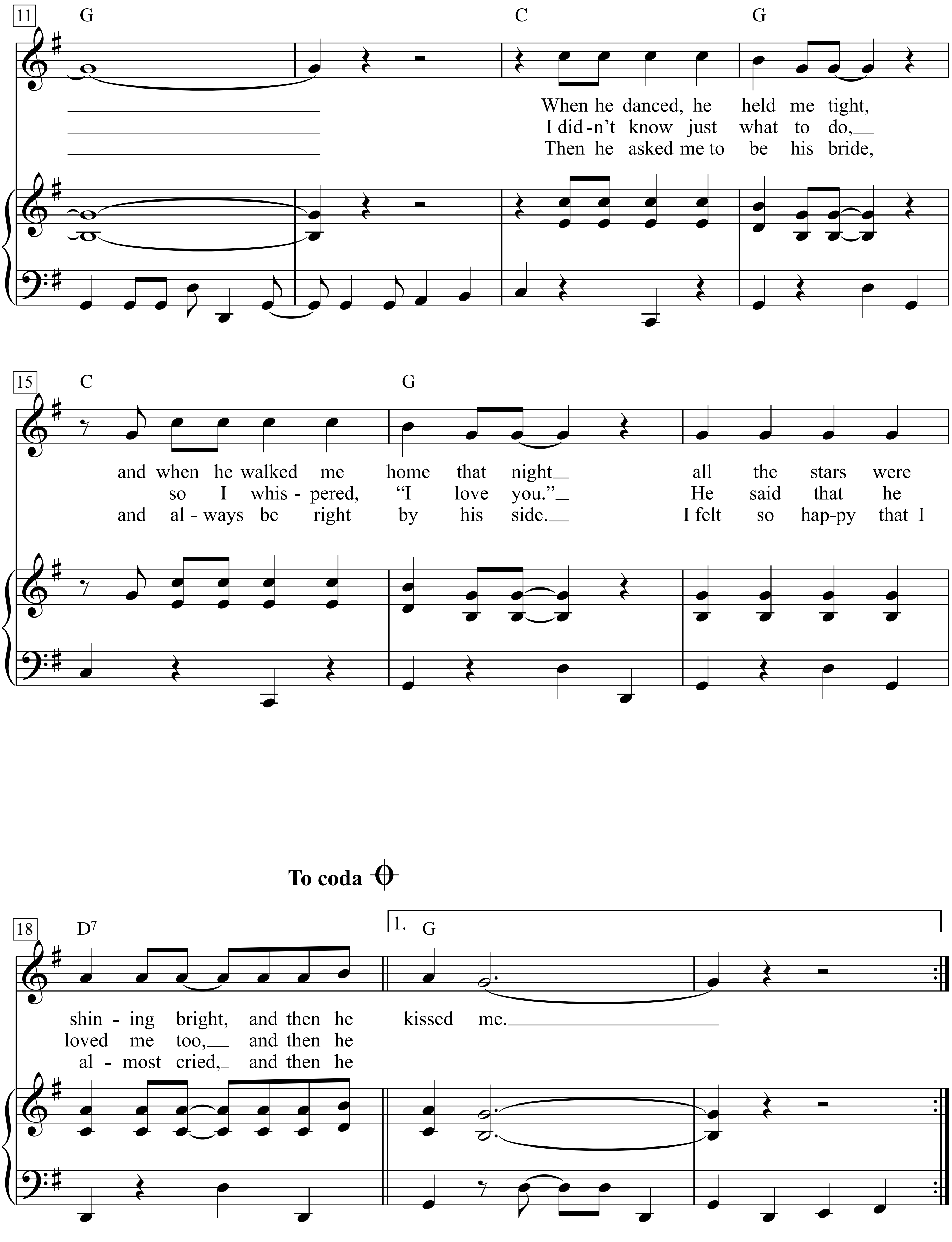


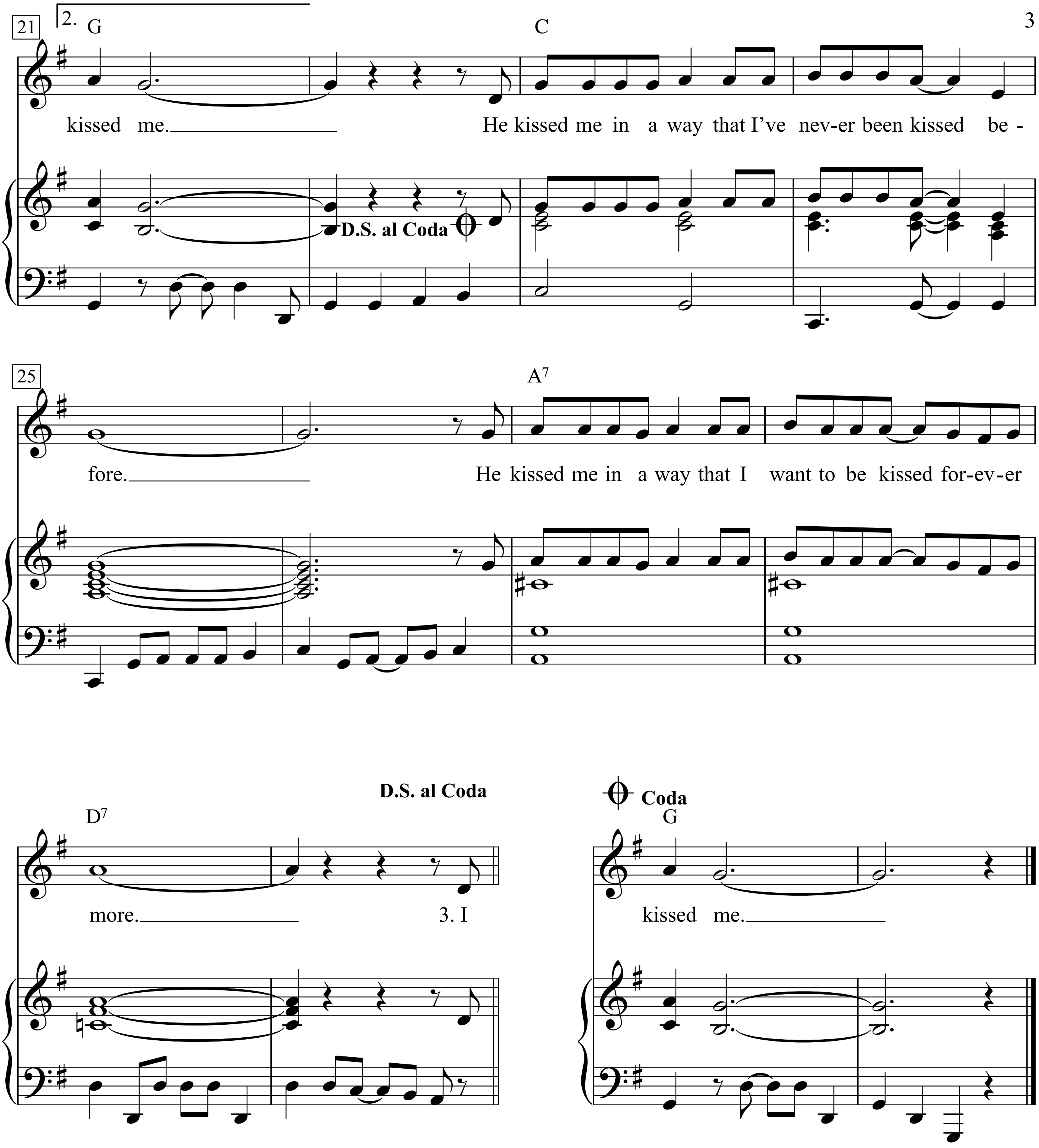

12
G7
F7
C
nev - er had no day off since I learned right from wrong.
Pop - pa threw me out. said, "I got - ta earn my own way."
I'm the wor - king man, and I do the job for you.
15
1.
2.
C
2. Ma - ma
I ain't nev - er been in trou - ble;
18
I ain't got the time, I don't mess a - round with ma - gic, child. What -
21

Then He Kissed Me

Words & Music by
Jeff Barry, Ellie Greenwich & Phil Spector
(The Crystals)




11
G
C
G
When he danced, he held me tight,
I did-n't know just what to do,
Then he asked me to be his bride,
15
C
G
and when he walked me home that night
all the stars were
so I whis-pered, "I love you."
He said that he
and al-ways be right by his side.
I felt so hap-py that I
To coda
18
D7
1.
G
shin-ing bright, and then he kissed me.
loved me too, and then he
al-most cried, and then he


21
2.
G
C
kissed me.
He kissed me in a way that I've nev-er been kissed be -
D.S. al Coda
25
A7
fore.
He kissed me in a way that I want to be kissed for-ev-er
D.S. al Coda
D7
more.
3. I
Coda
G
kissed me.

1. Well, he walked up to me, and he asked me if I wanted to dance.
He looked kind-a nice and so I said I might take a chance.
When he danced, he held me tight, and when he walked me home that night
all the stars were shining bright, and then he kissed me.

2. Each time I saw him, I couldn’t wait to see him again.
I wanted to let him know that he was more than a friend.
I didn’t know just what to do, so I whispered, „I love you.“
He said that he loved me too, and then he kissed me.

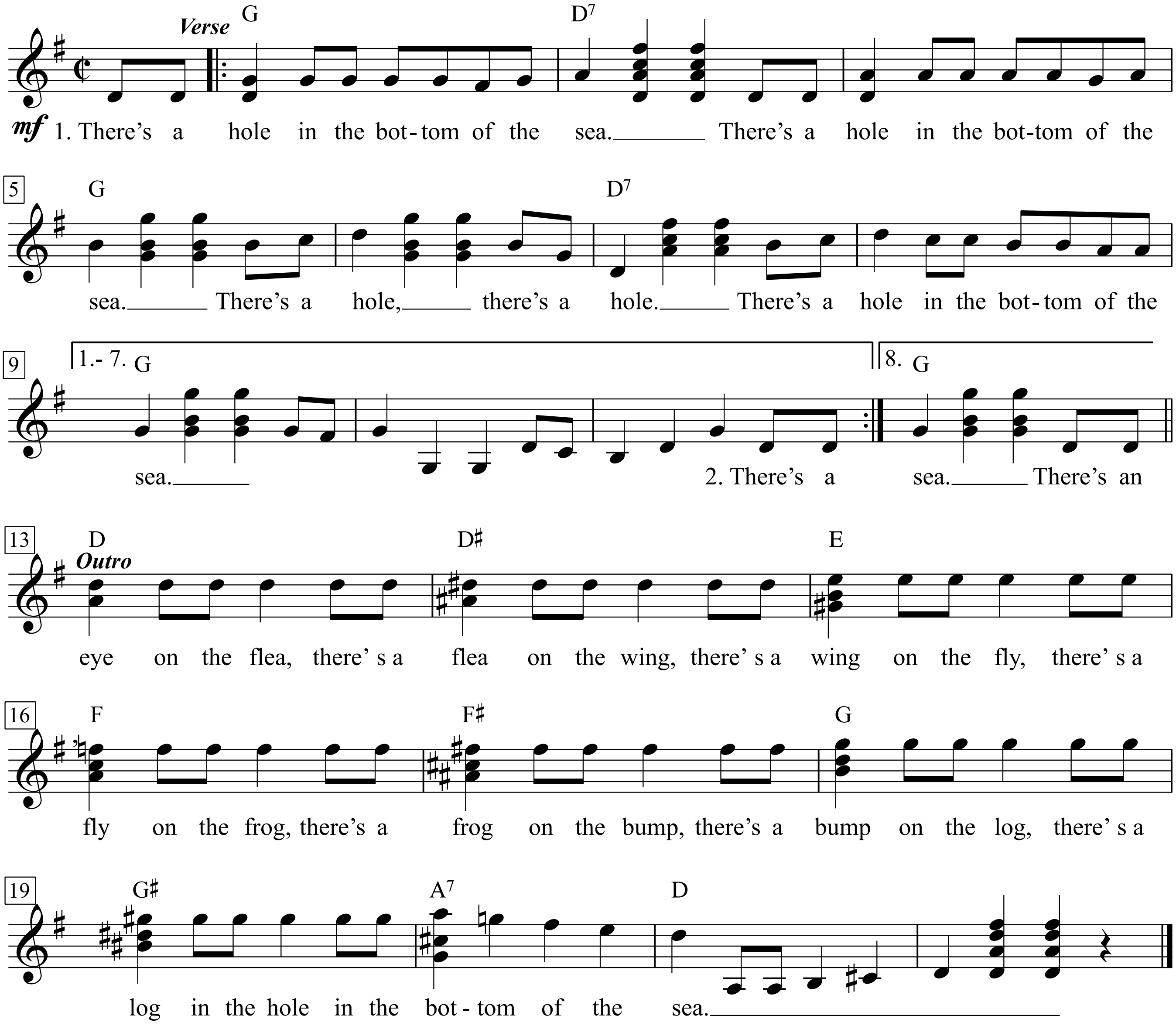
3. I knew that he was mine, so I gave him all the love that I had.
And one day he took me home to meet his mom and his dad.
Then he asked me to be his bride, and always be right by his side.
I felt so happy that I almost cried, and then he kissed me.

He kissed me in a way that I’ve never been kissed before.
He kissed me in a way that I want to be kissed forever more.

There’s a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea

Moderately

Traditional



1. There’s a hole in the bottom of the sea.
There’s a hole in the bottom of the sea.
There’s a hole, there’s a hole.
There’s a hole in the bottom of the sea.
There’s a sea.
Outro:
There’s an eye on the flea,
There’s a flea on the wing,
There’s a wing on the fly,
There’s a fly on the frog,
There’s a frog on the bump,
There’s a bump on the log,
There’s a log in the hole
In the bottom of the sea.

**For each new verse, add 2 extra beats (keep repeating the first 2 beats) to the measures that are marked with an asterisk. Extra beats are boldfaced italic below.*

100 Songs For Kids (Hal Leonard, 2002), p. 112+113

2. There’s a log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.
There’s a log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.
There’s a log, there’s a log.
There’s a log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.

3. There’s a bump on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.
There’s a bump on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.
There’s a bump, there’s a bump.
There’s a bump on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.

4. There’s a frog on the bump on the log
In the hole in the bottom of the sea.
There’s a frog on the bump on the log
In the hole in the bottom of the sea.
There’s a frog, there’s a frog.
There’s a frog on the bump on the log
In the hole in the bottom of the sea.

5. There’s a fly on the frog on the bump on the log
In the hole in the bottom of the sea.
There’s a fly on the frog on the bump on the log
In the hole in the bottom of the sea.
There’s a fly, there’s a fly.
There’s a fly on the frog on the bump on the log
In the hole in the bottom of the sea.

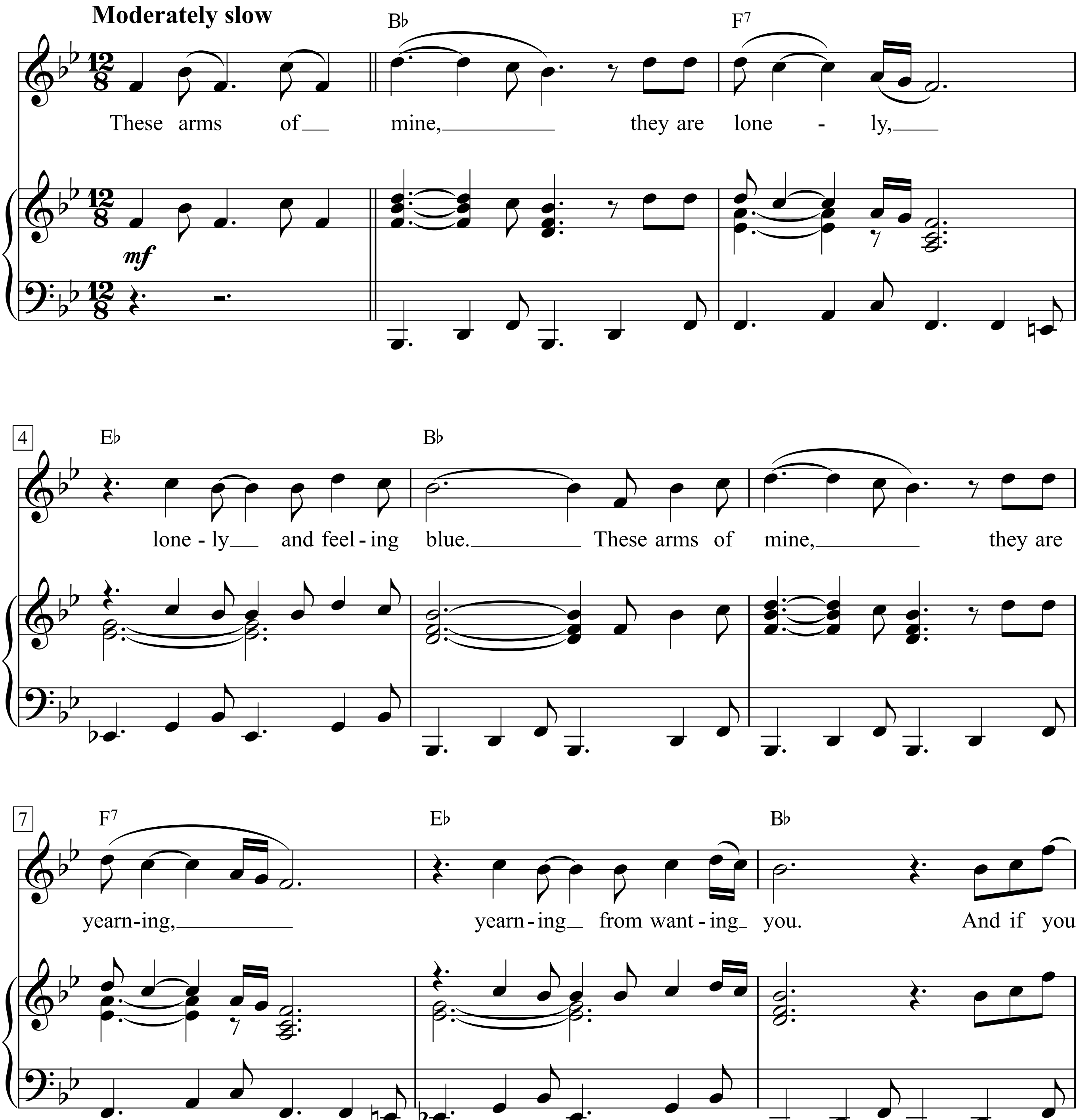
6. There’s a wing on the fly on the frog
On the bump on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.
There’s a wing on the fly on the frog
On the bump on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.
There’s a wing, there’s a wing.
There’s a wing on the fly on the frog
On the bump on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.

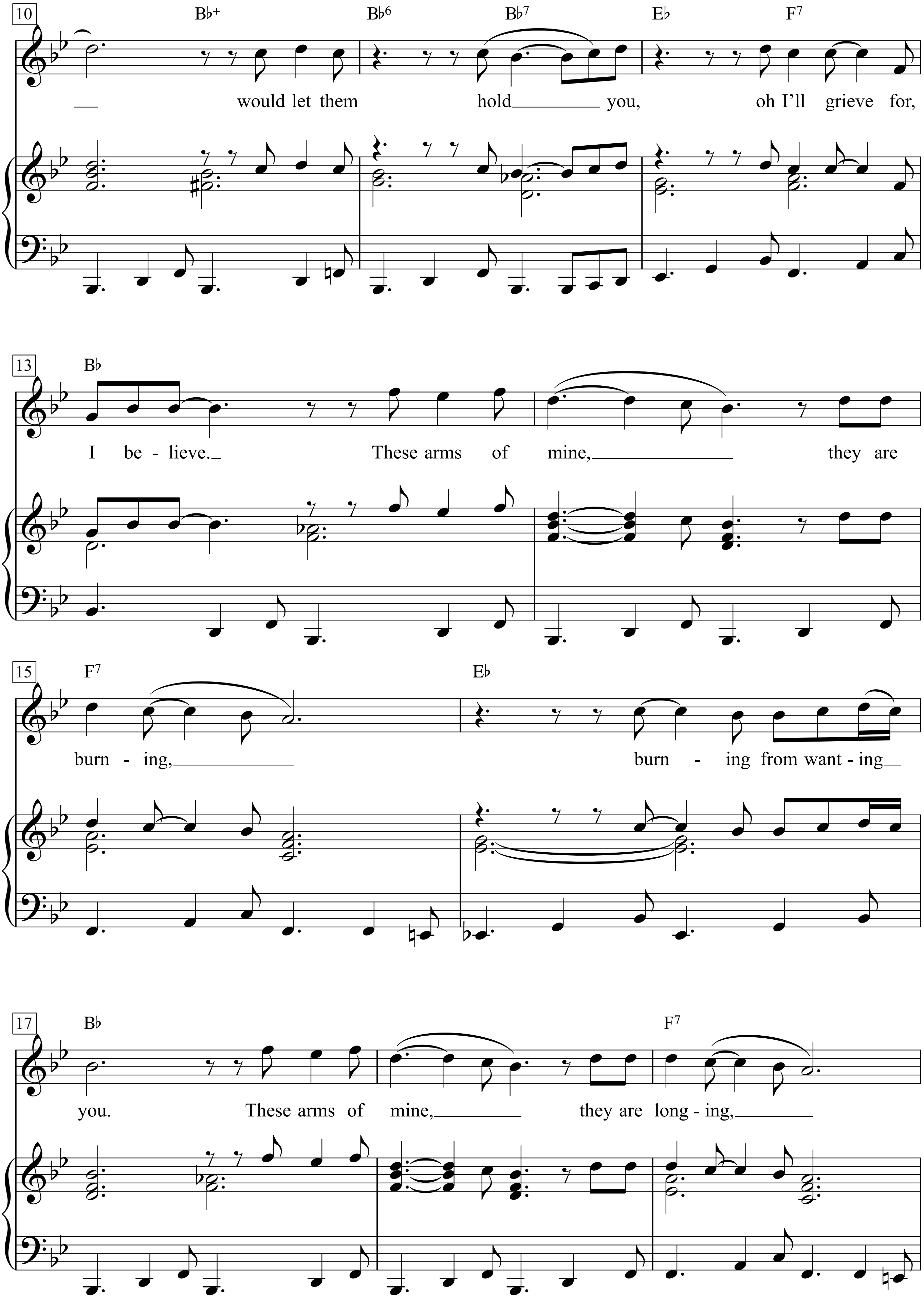
7 There’s a flea on the wing on the fly on the frog
On the bump on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.
There’s a flea on the wing on the fly on the frog
On the bump on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.
There’s a flea, there’s a flea.
There’s a flea on the wing on the fly on the frog
On the bump on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.

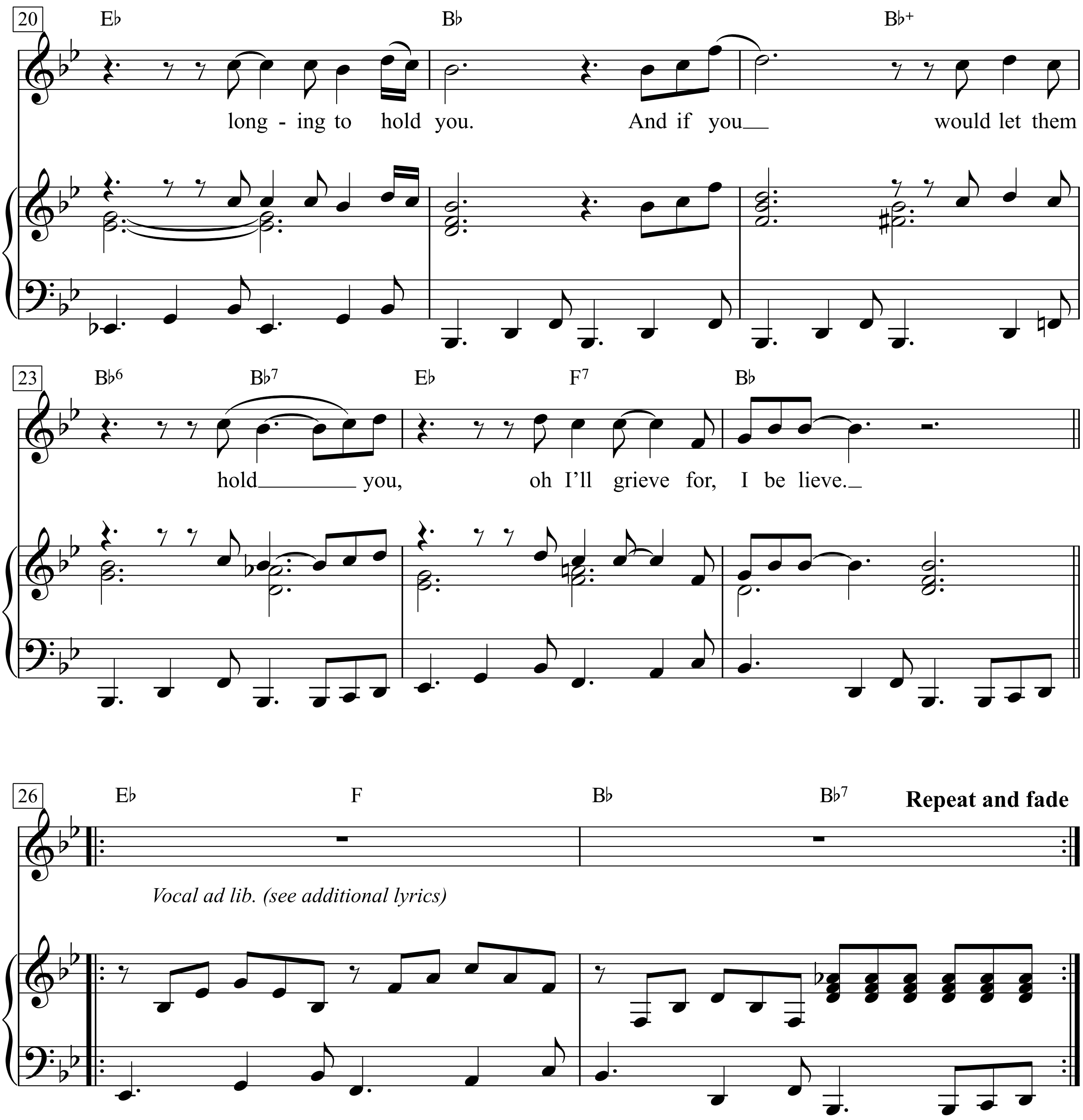
8. There’s an eye on the flea on the wing on the fly on the frog
On the bump on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.
There’s an eye on the flea on the wing on the fly on the frog
On the bump on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.
There’s an eye, there’s an eye.
There’s an eye on the flea on the wing on the fly on the frog
On the bump on the log in the hole in the bottom of the sea.

These Arms of Mine

Words & Music by Otis Redding
(Otis Redding)




10
B♭+ B♭6 B♭7 E♭ F7
would let them hold you, oh I'll grieve for,
13
B♭
I be - lieve. These arms of mine, they are
15
F7 E♭
burn - ing, burn - ing from want - ing
17
B♭ F7
you. These arms of mine, they are long - ing,


20
E♭
B♭
B♭+
long - ing to hold you. And if you would let them
23
B♭6
B♭7
E♭
F7
B♭
hold you, oh I'll grieve for, I be lieve.
26
E♭
F
B♭
B♭7
Repeat and fade
Vocal ad lib. (see additional lyrics)

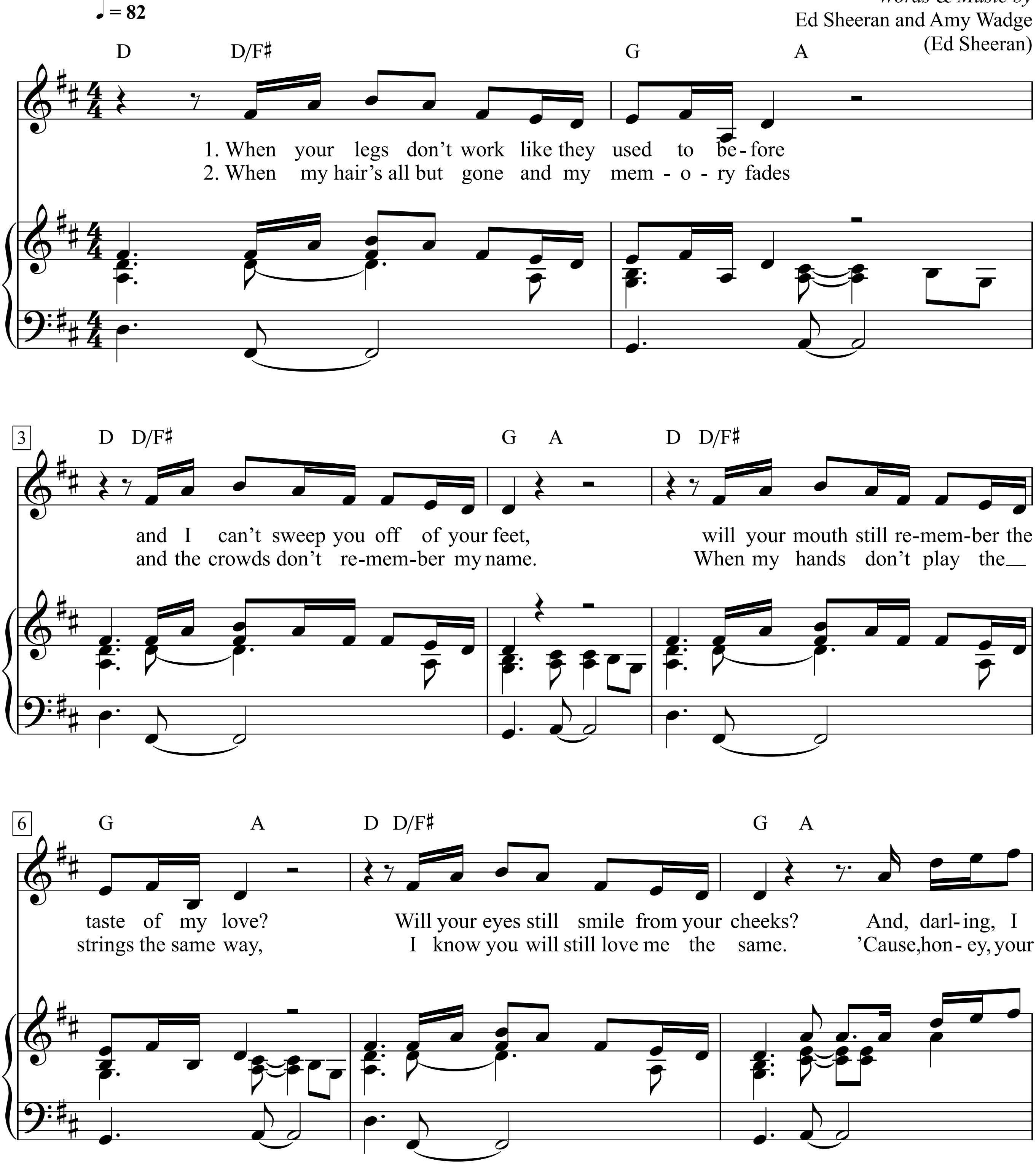
These arms of mine, they are lonely,
lonely and feeling blue.
These arms of mine, they are yearning,
yearning from wanting you.
And if you would let them hold you,
oh I'll grieve for, I believe.

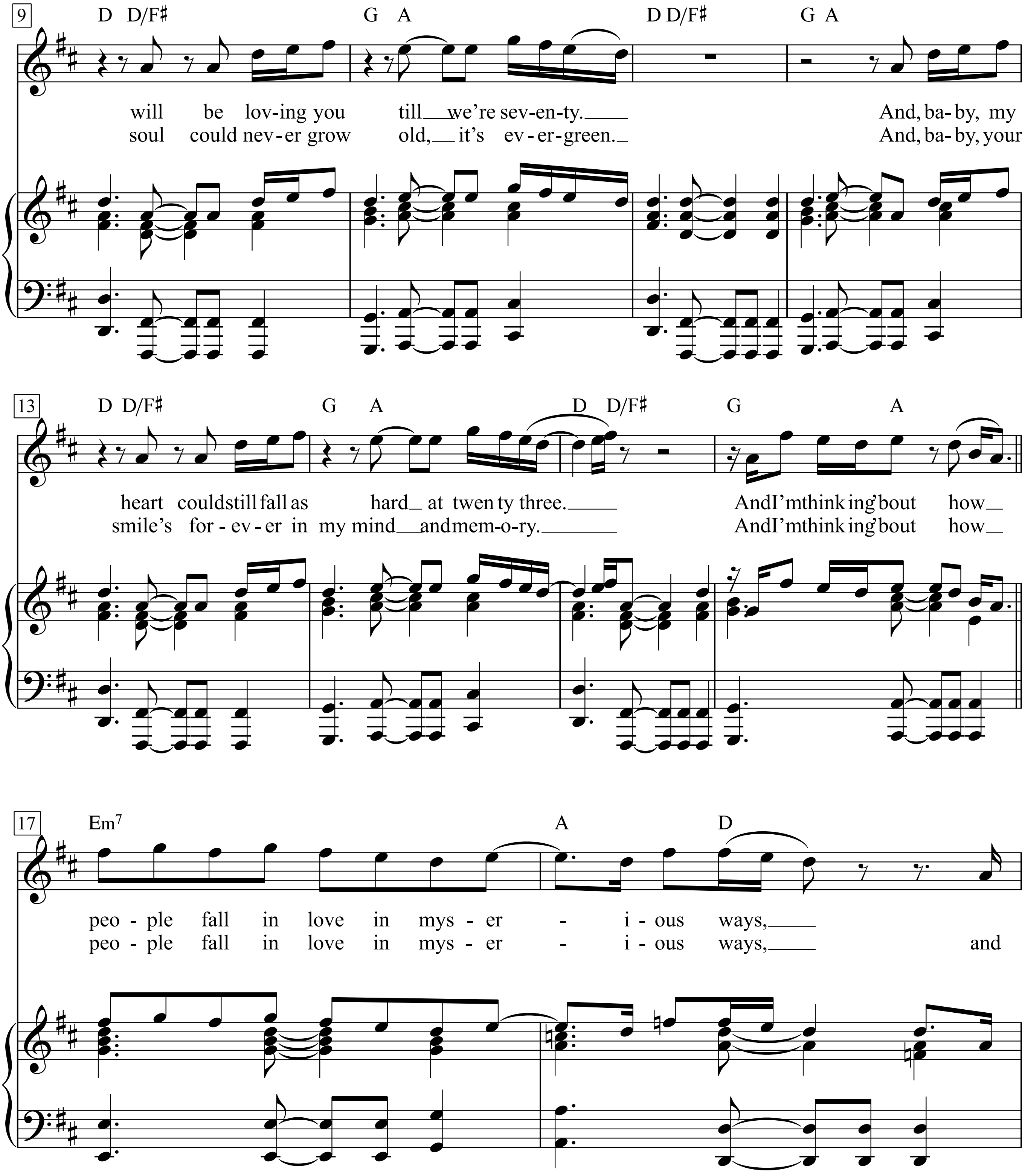
These arms of mine, they are burning,
burning from wanting you.
These arms of mine, they are longing,
longing to hold you.
And if you would let them hold you,
oh I'll grieve for, I believe.

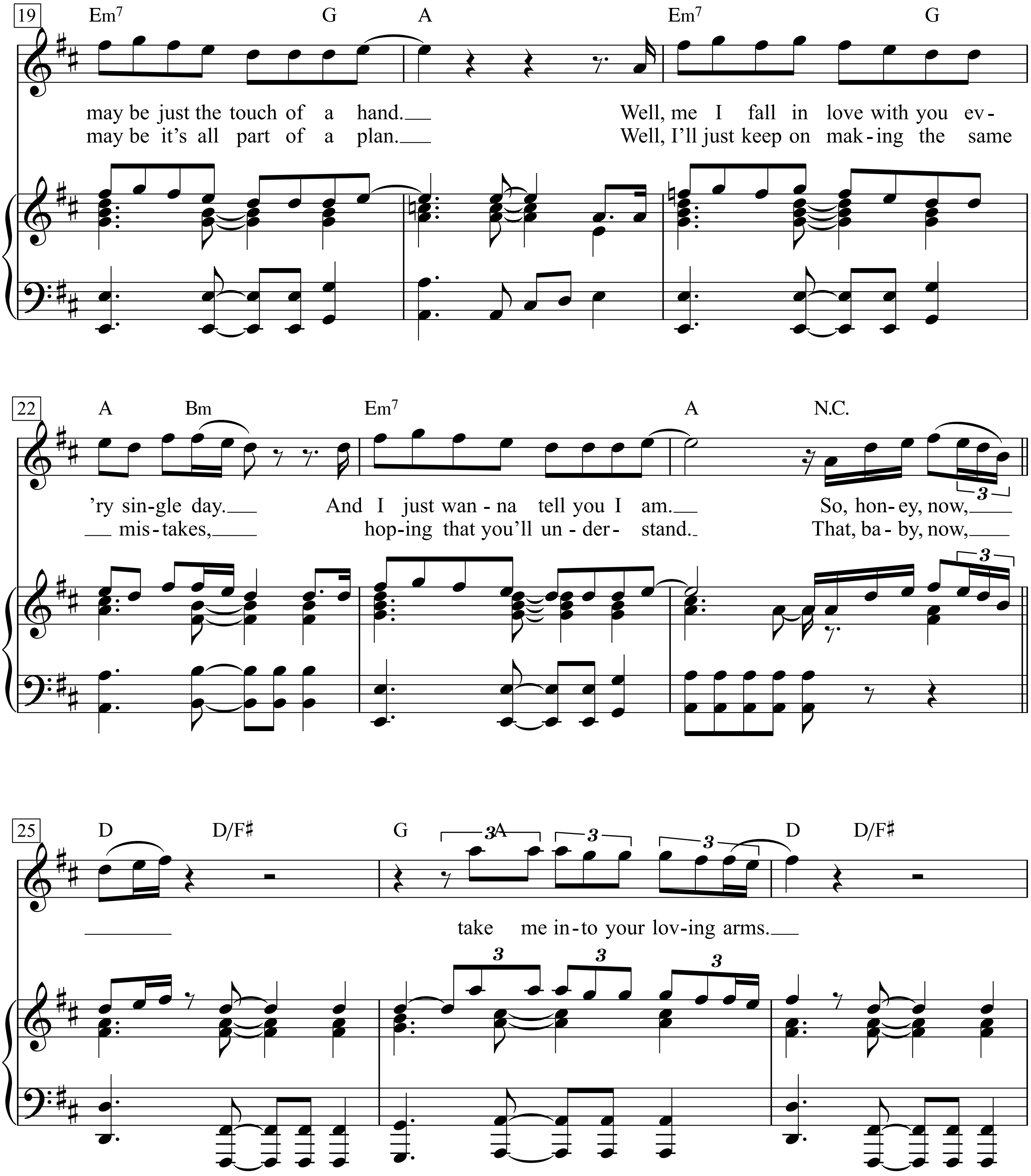
Additional lyrics:
Come home, baby,
just be my little woman,
just be my lovin'.
Oh, I need somebody,
oh, to treat me right,
oh, I need two warm lovin'
arms to hold me tight.
And I need your tender lips to hold me,
oh, hold me tight.

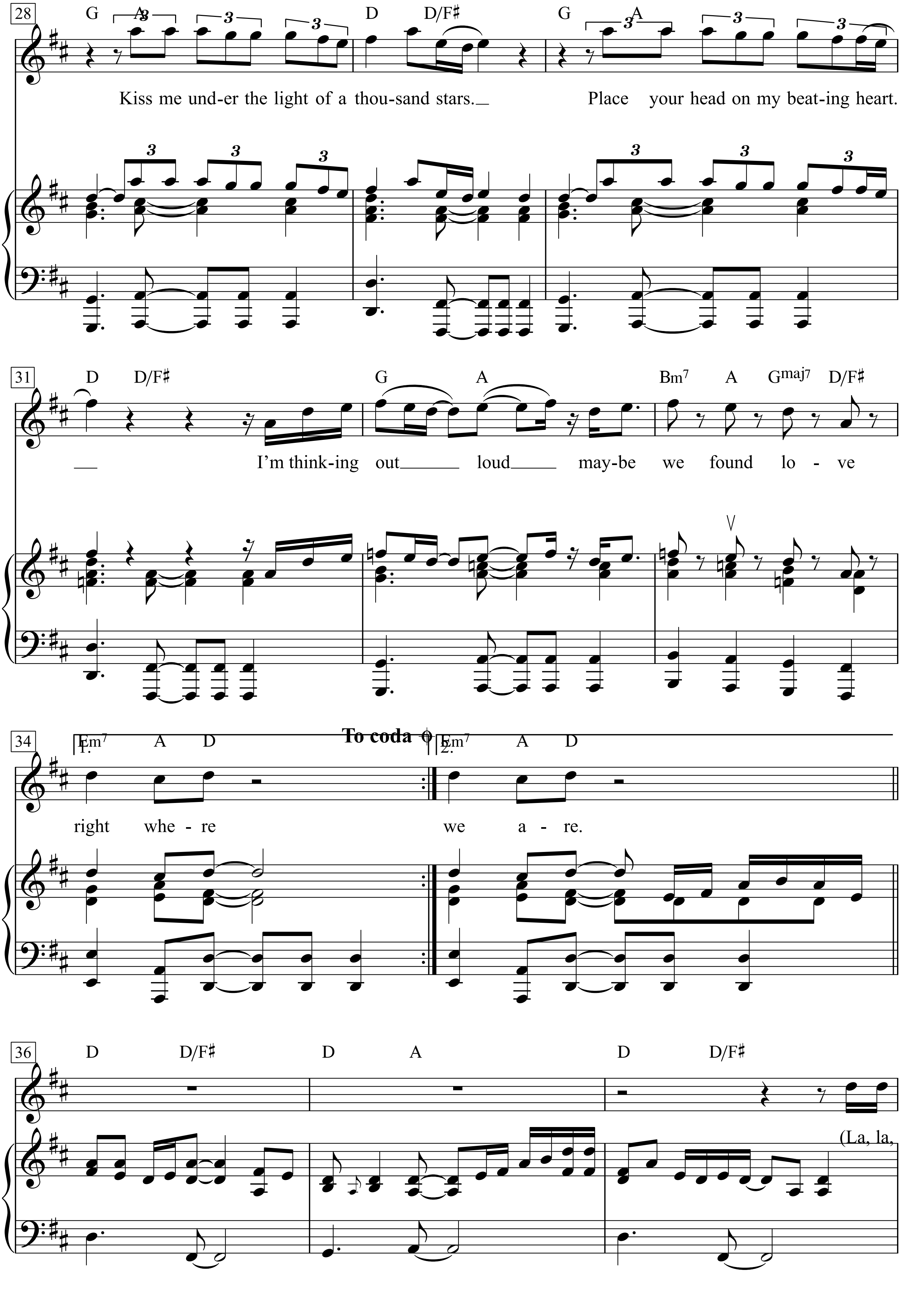
Thinking Out Loud

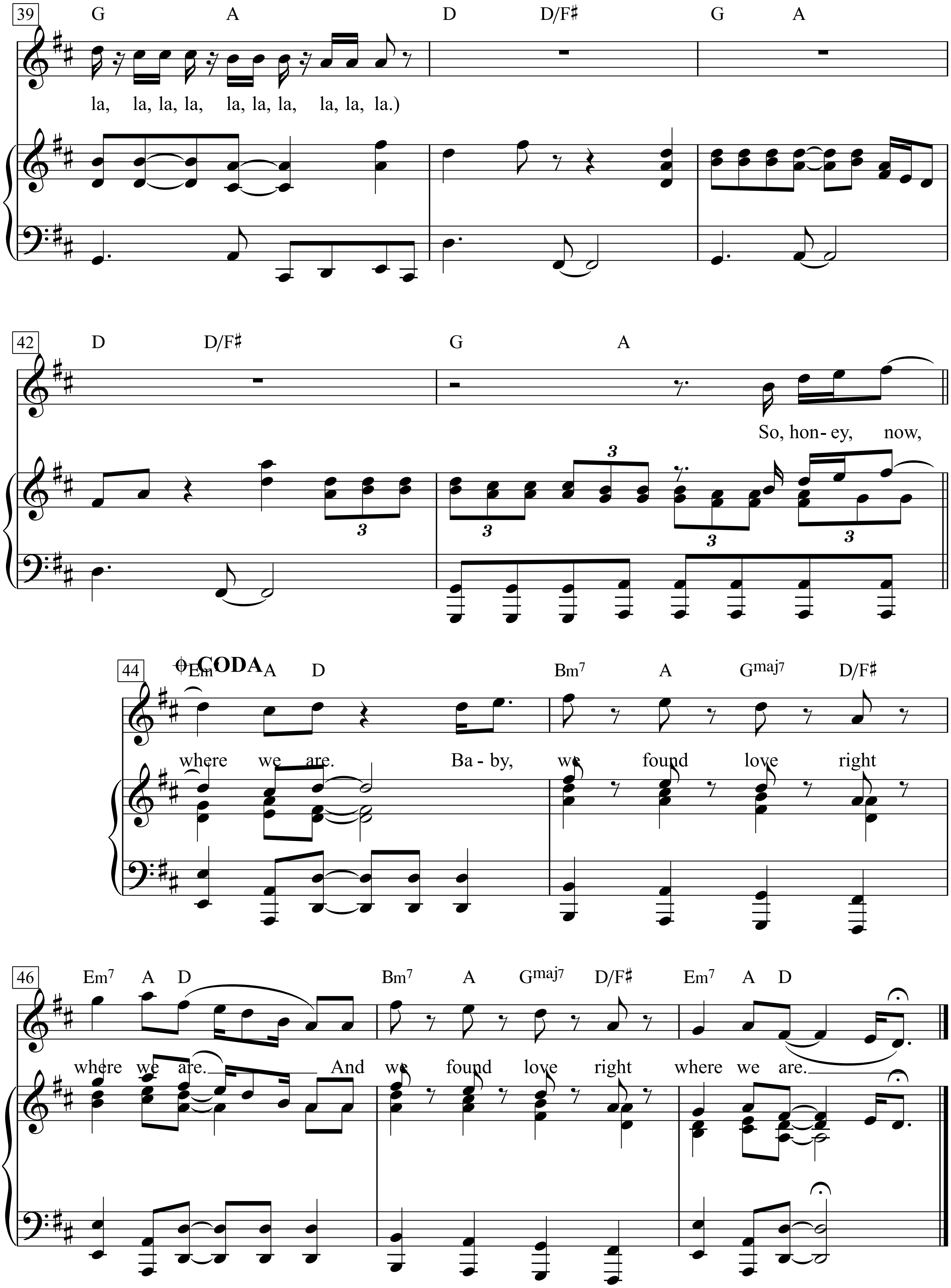
Words & Music by
Ed Sheeran and Amy Wadge
(Ed Sheeran)




9
D D/F♯ G A D D/F♯ G A
will be lov-ing you till we're sev-en-ty. And, ba-by, my
soul could nev-er grow old, it's ev-er-green. And, ba-by, your
13
D D/F♯ G A D D/F♯ G A
heart couldstill fall as hard at twen ty three. AndI'mthink ing'bout how
smile's for-ev-er in my mind andmem-o-ry. AndI'mthink ing'bout how
17
Em7 A D
peo-ple fall in love in mys-er-i-ous ways,
peo-ple fall in love in mys-er-i-ous ways, and


19
Em7 G A Em7 G
may be just the touch of a hand. Well, me I fall in love with you ev -
may be it's all part of a plan. Well, I'll just keep on mak - ing the same
22
A Bm Em7 A N.C.
'ry sin-gle day. And I just wan - na tell you I am. So, hon- ey, now,
mis - takes, hop-ing that you'll un - der - stand. That, ba - by, now,
25
D D/F♯ G A D D/F♯
take me in-to your lov-ing arms.

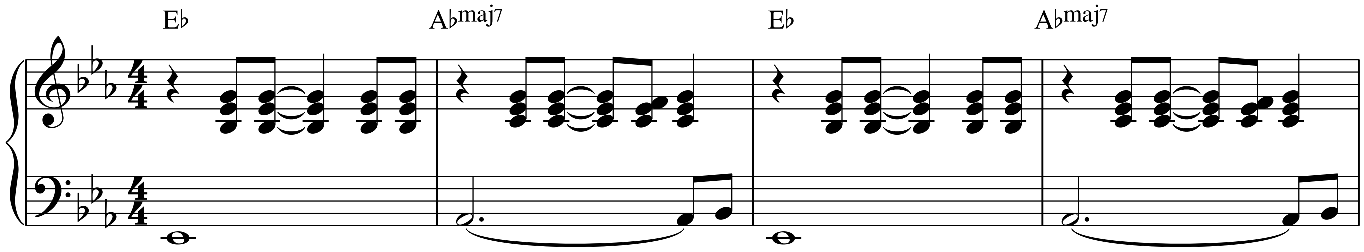

28
G A D D/F♯ G A
Kiss me und-er the light of a thou-sand stars.
Place your head on my beat-ing heart.
31
D D/F♯ G A Bm7 A Gmaj7 D/F♯
I'm think-ing out loud may-be we found lo - ve
34
To coda
1. Em7 A D
2. Em7 A D
right whe - re
we a - re.
36
D D/F♯ D A D D/F♯
(La, la,

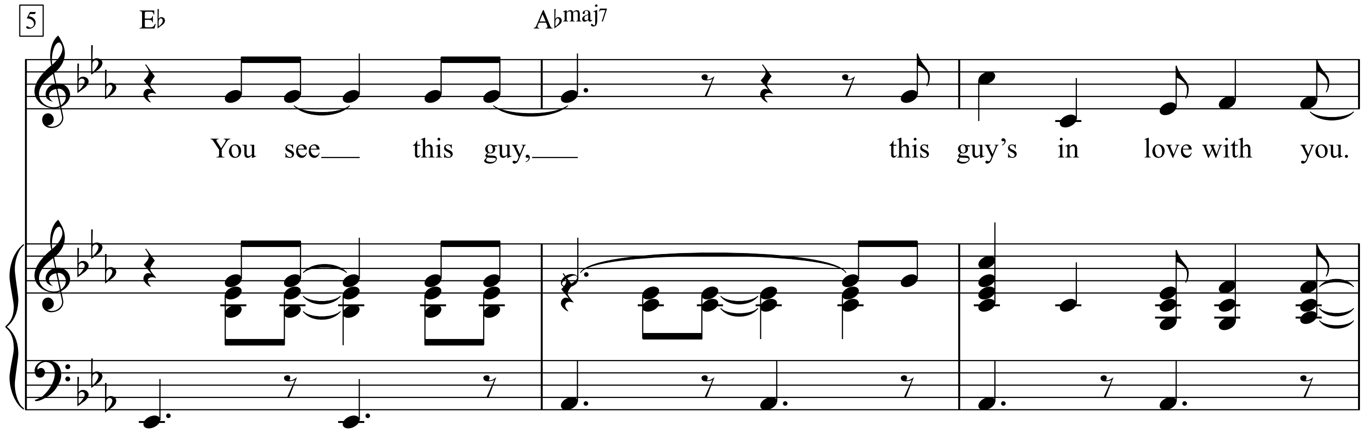

39
G A D D/F♯ G A
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.)
42
D D/F♯ G A
So, hon- ey, now,
44
CODA
Em A D Bm7 A Gmaj7 D/F♯
where we are. Ba - by, we found love right
46
Em7 A D Bm7 A Gmaj7 D/F♯ Em7 A D
where we are. And we found love right where we are.

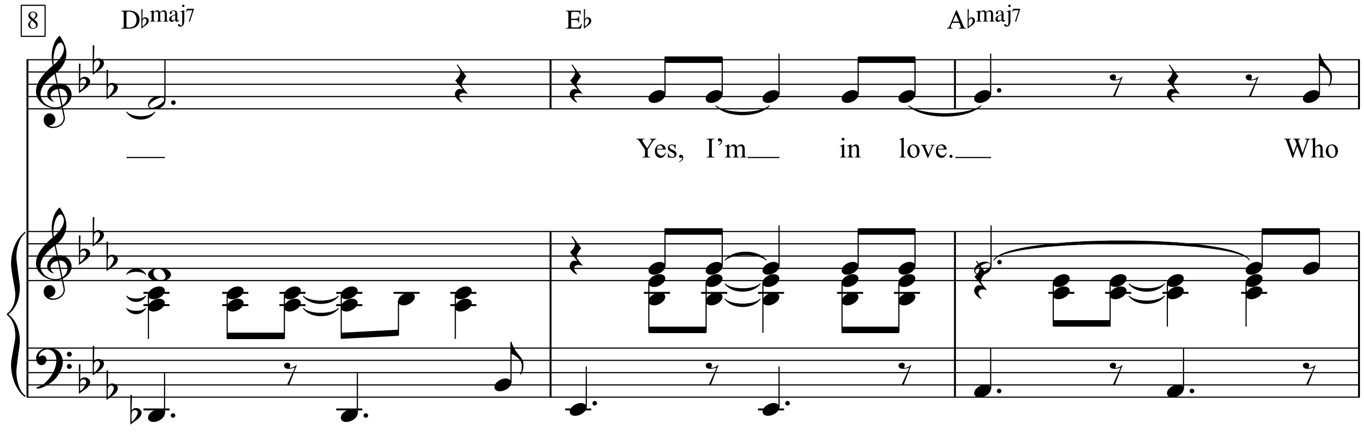
This Guy's In Love With ou

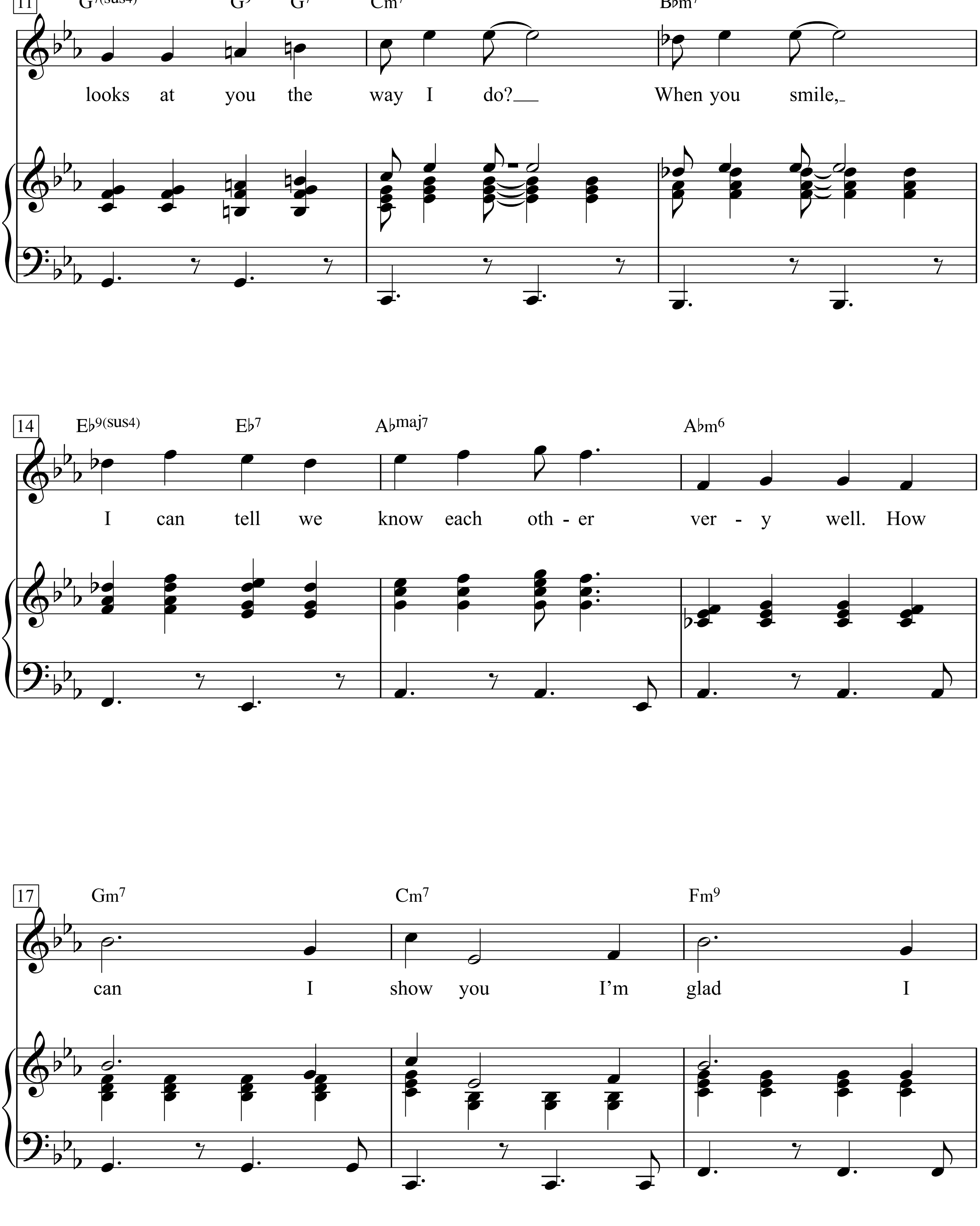
Words by Hal David

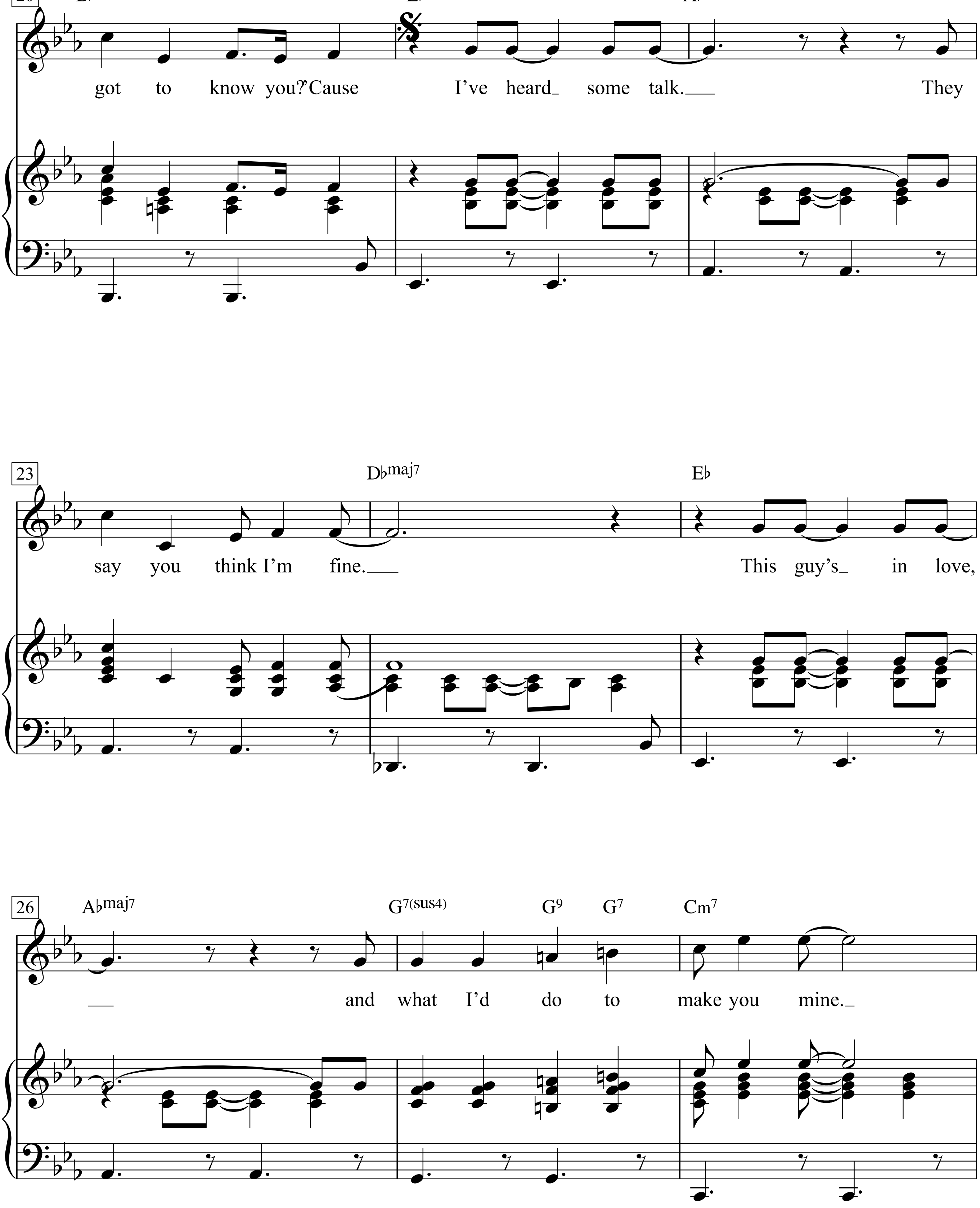
Music by Burt Bacharach
(Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass)

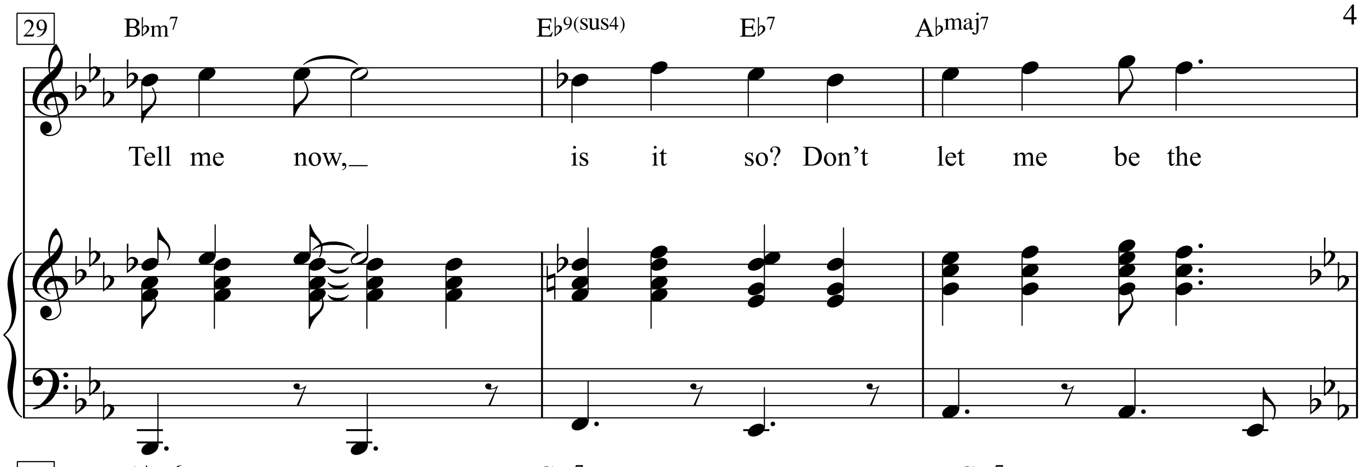


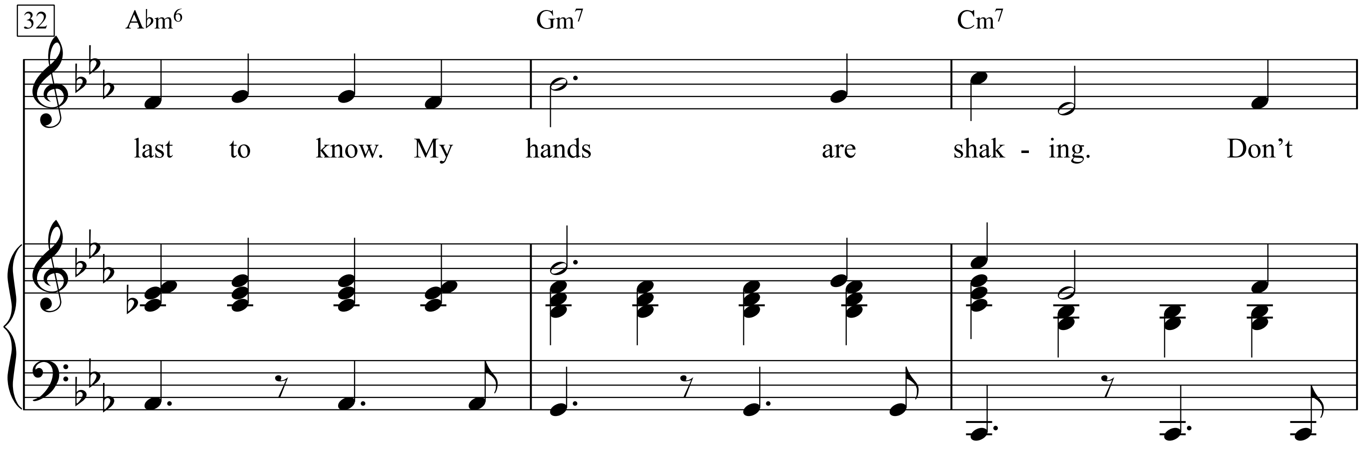


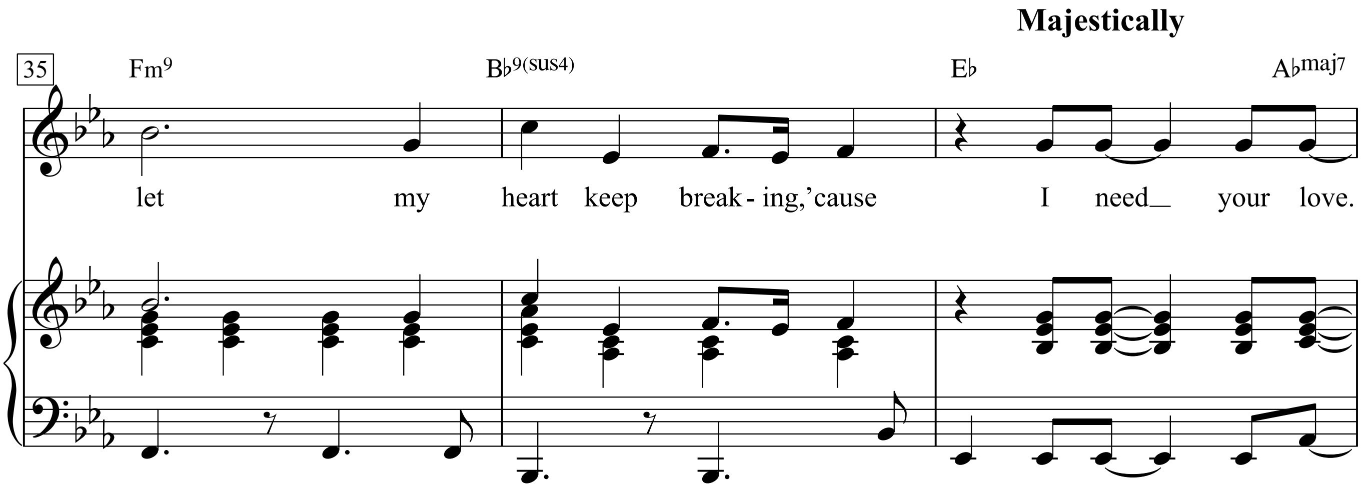


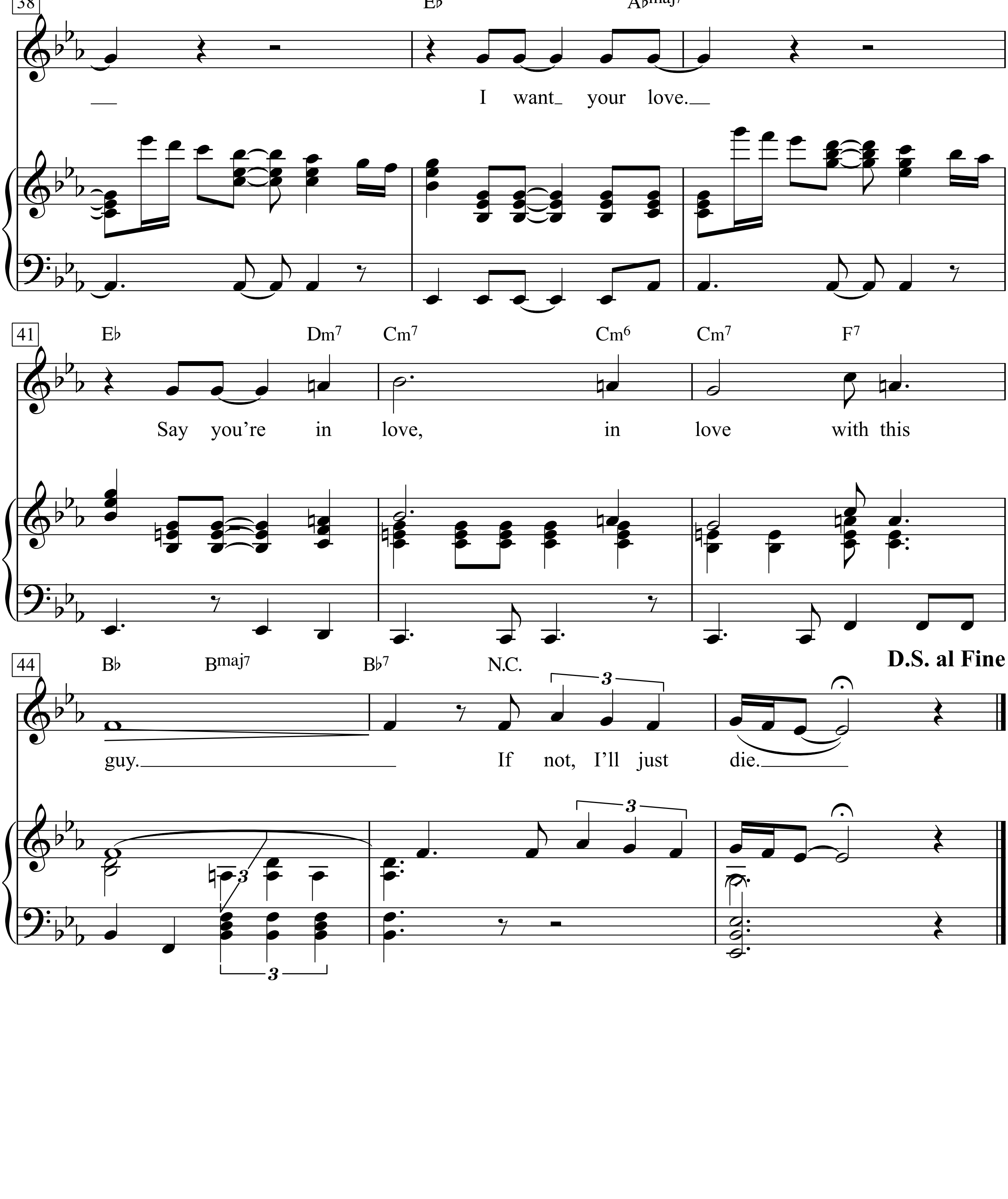

11
G7(sus4) G9 G7 Cm7 B♭m7
looks at you the way I do?__ When you smile,_
14
E♭9(sus4) E♭7 A♭maj7 A♭m6
I can tell we know each oth - er ver - y well. How
17
Gm7 Cm7 Fm9
can I show you I'm glad I


20
B♭9(sus4) E♭ A♭maj7
got to know you? 'Cause I've heard some talk. They
23
D♭maj7 E♭
say you think I'm fine. This guy's in love,
26
A♭maj7 G7(sus4) G9 G7 Cm7
and what I'd do to make you mine.


29
B♭m7
E♭9(sus4)
E♭7
A♭maj7
Tell me now,_ is it so? Don't let me be the

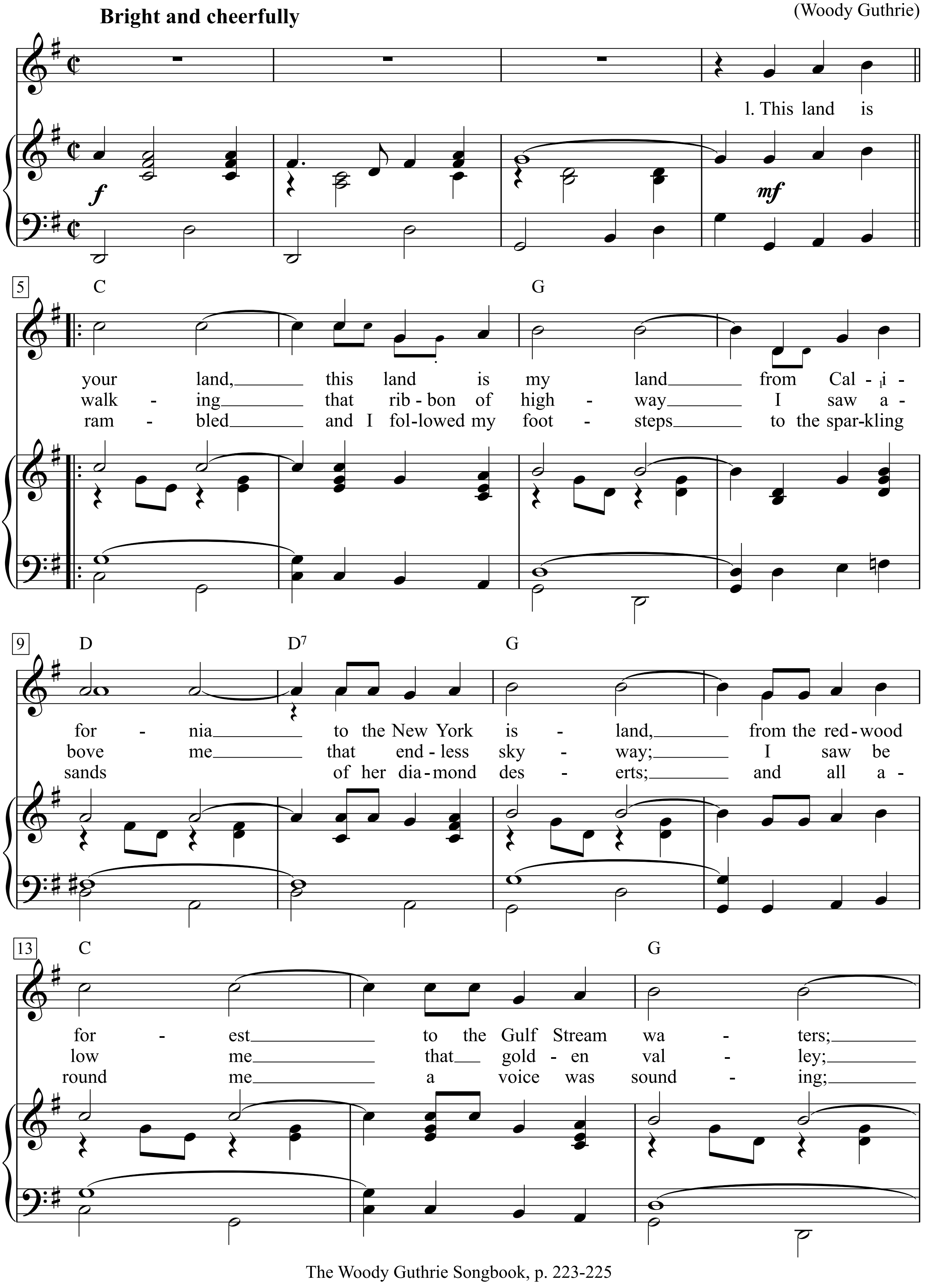

32
A♭m6
Gm7
Cm7
last to know. My hands are shak - ing. Don't

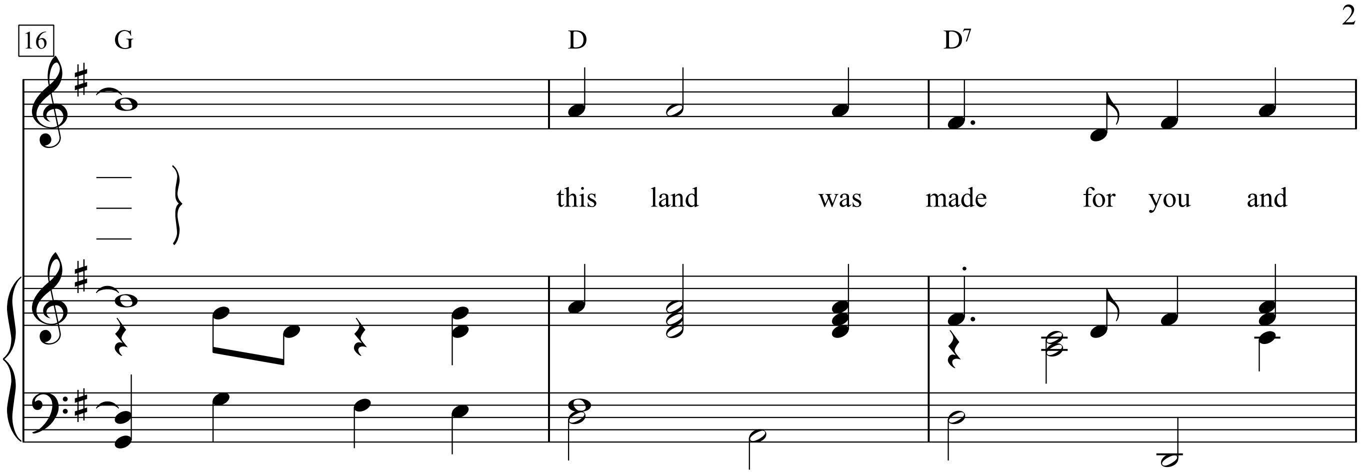

Majestically
35
Fm9
B♭9(sus4)
E♭
A♭maj7
let my heart keep break - ing,'cause I need_ your love.

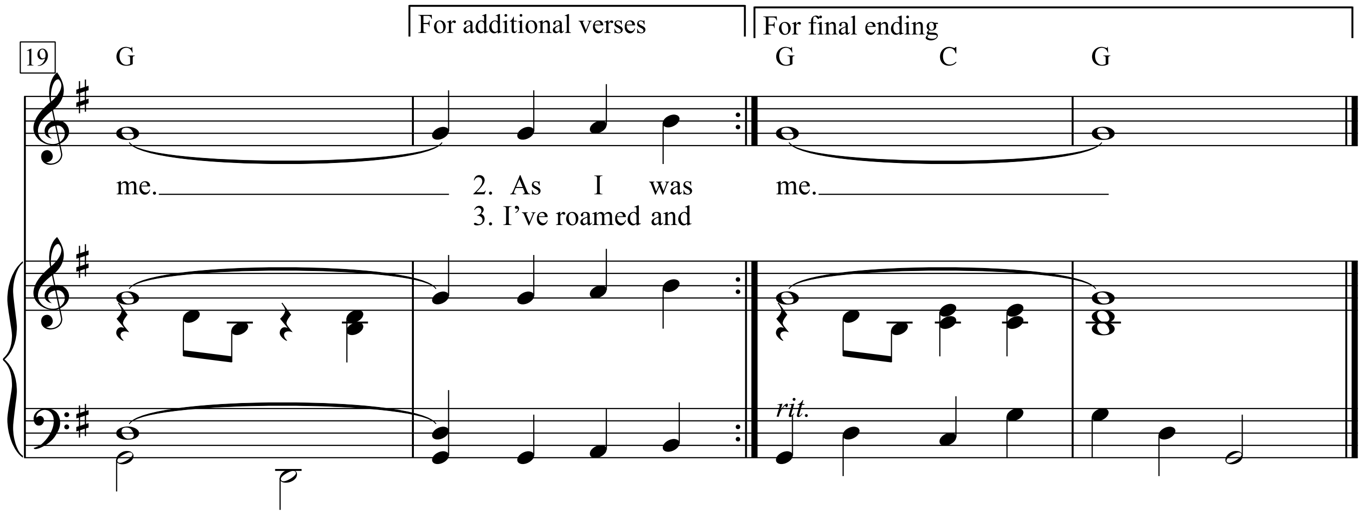

38
E♭
A♭maj7
I want_ your love._
41
E♭
Dm7
Cm7
Cm6
Cm7
F7
Say you're in love, in love with this
44
B♭
Bmaj7
B♭7
N.C.
D.S. al Fine
guy._ If not, I'll just die._
3

This Land Is Your Land

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie
(Woody Guthrie)







1. This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York island,
From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream waters;
This land was made for you and me.

2. As I was walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway;
I saw be low me that golden valley;
This land was made for you and me.

3. I've roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts;
And all around me a voice was sounding;
This land was made for you and me.

4. One bright Sunday morning in the shadows of the steeple
By the Relief Office I seen my people;
As they stood there hungry, I stood there whistling:
This land was made for you and me.

5. When the sun came shining, and I was strolling,
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling,
As the fog was lifting a voice was chanting:
This land was made for you and me.

6. Nobody living can ever stop me,
As I go walking that freedom highway;
Nobody living can ever make me turn back,
This land was made for you and me.

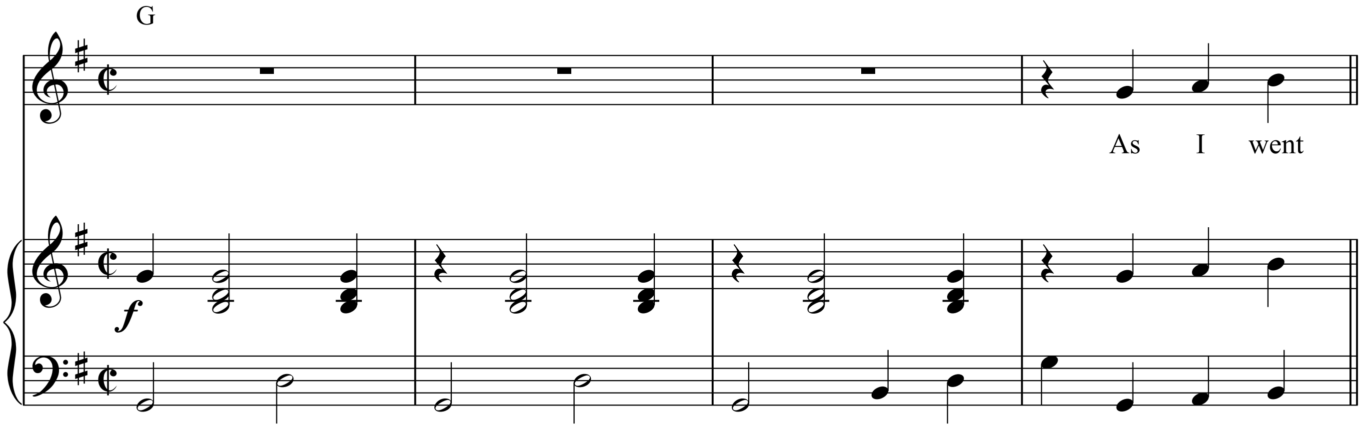
7. As I went walking, I saw a sign there,
And on the sign it said "No Trespassing."
But on the other side it didn't say nothing,
That side was made for you and me.

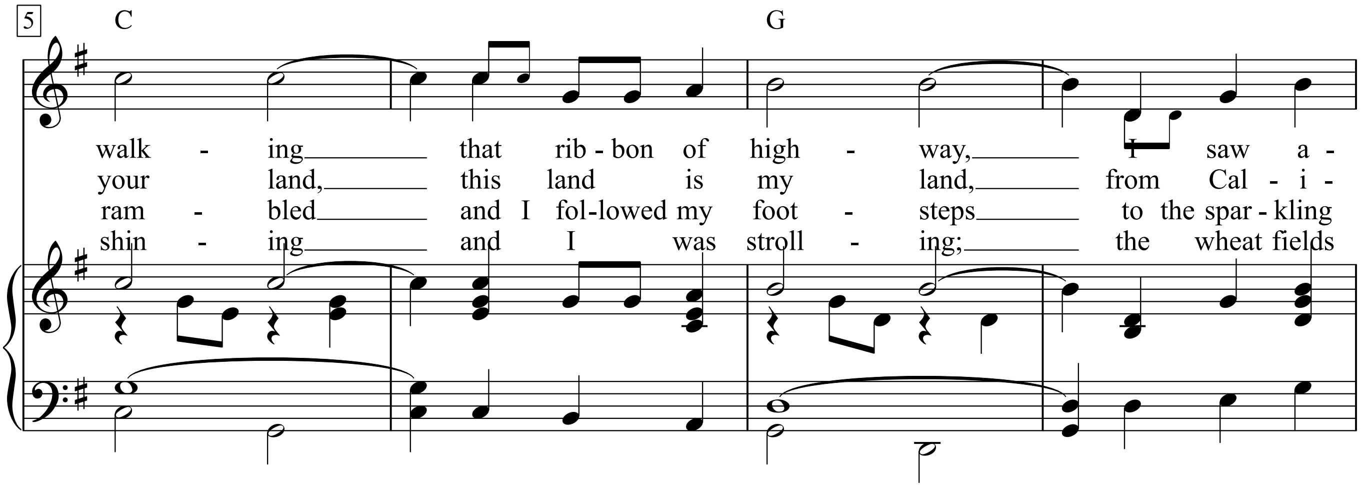
All you can write is what you see.
February 23, 1940

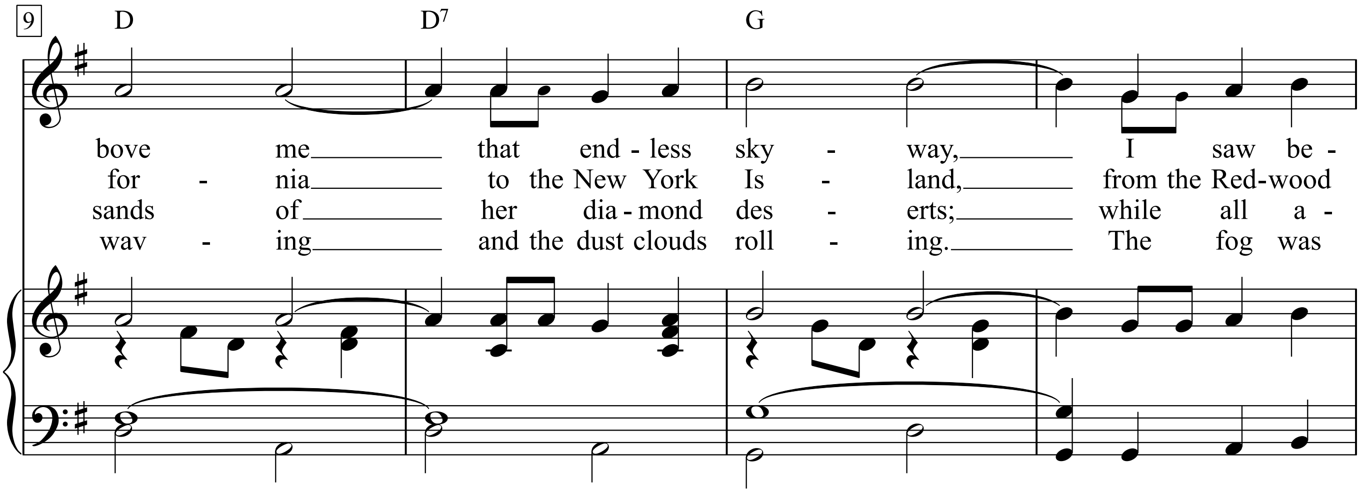
This Land Is Your Land

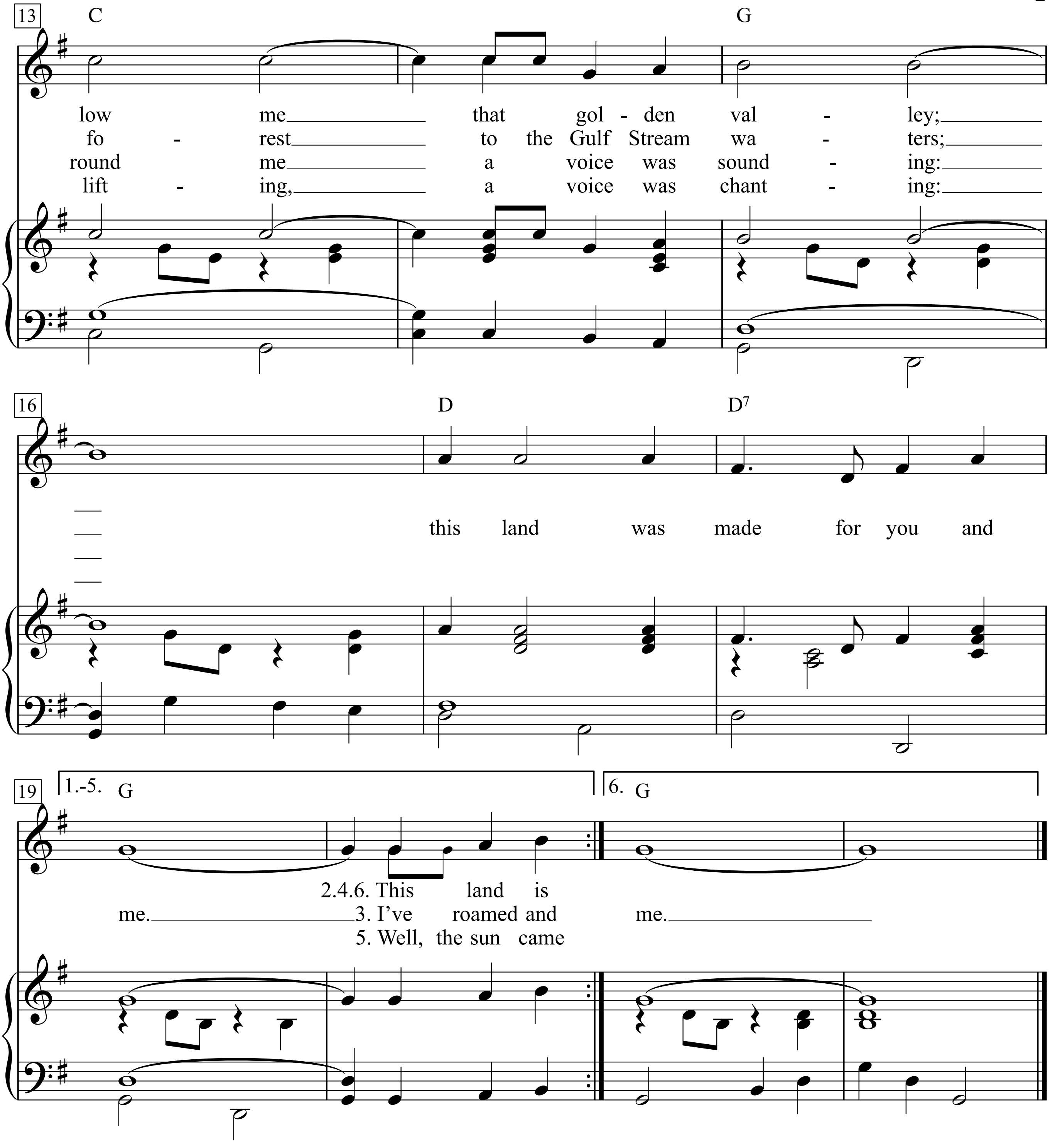
Bright and cheerful

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie
(Woody Guthrie)



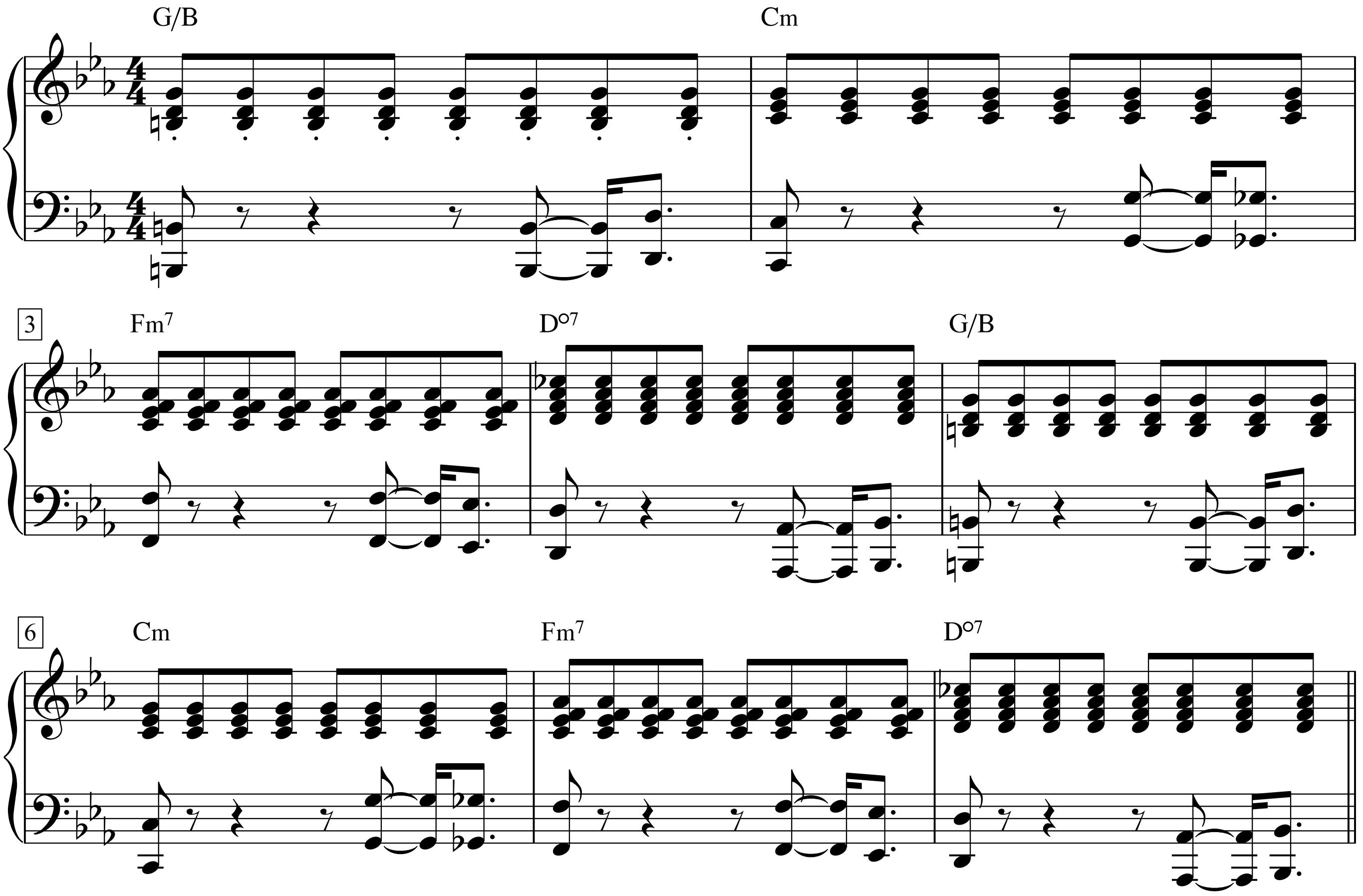


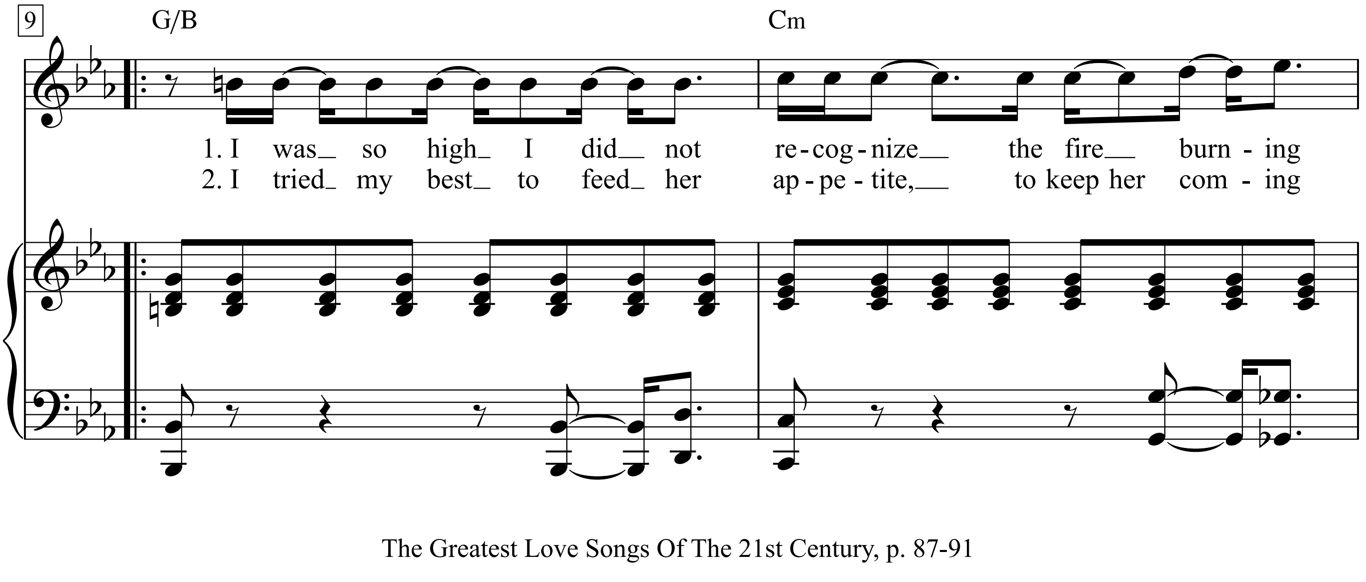


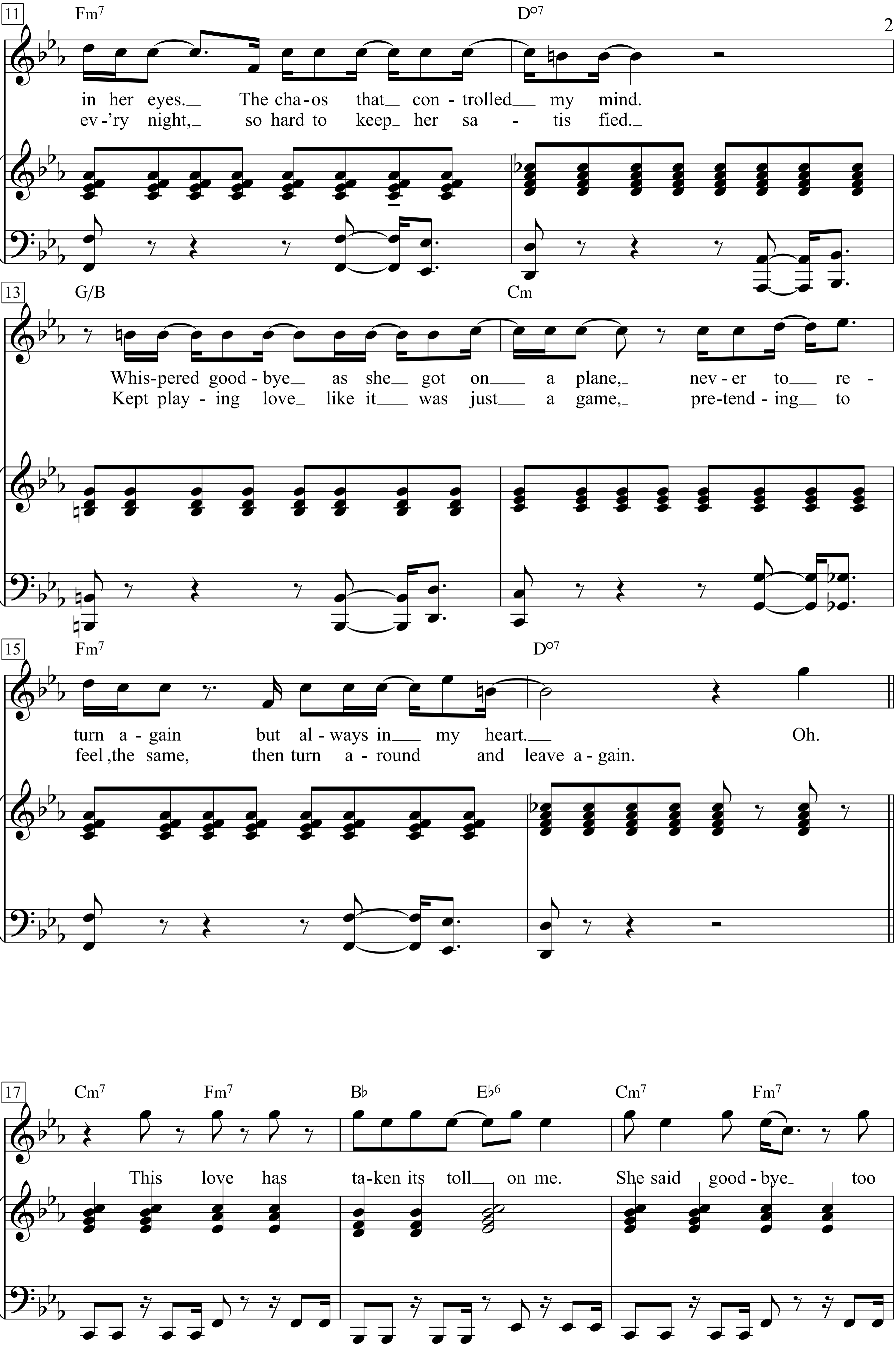

13
C
G
low me that gol - den val - ley;
fo - rest to the Gulf Stream wa - ters;
round me a voice was sound - ing:
lift - ing, a voice was chant - ing:
16
D
D7
this land was made for you and
19
1.-5. G
6. G
2.4.6. This land is
me. 3. I've roamed and me.
5. Well, the sun came

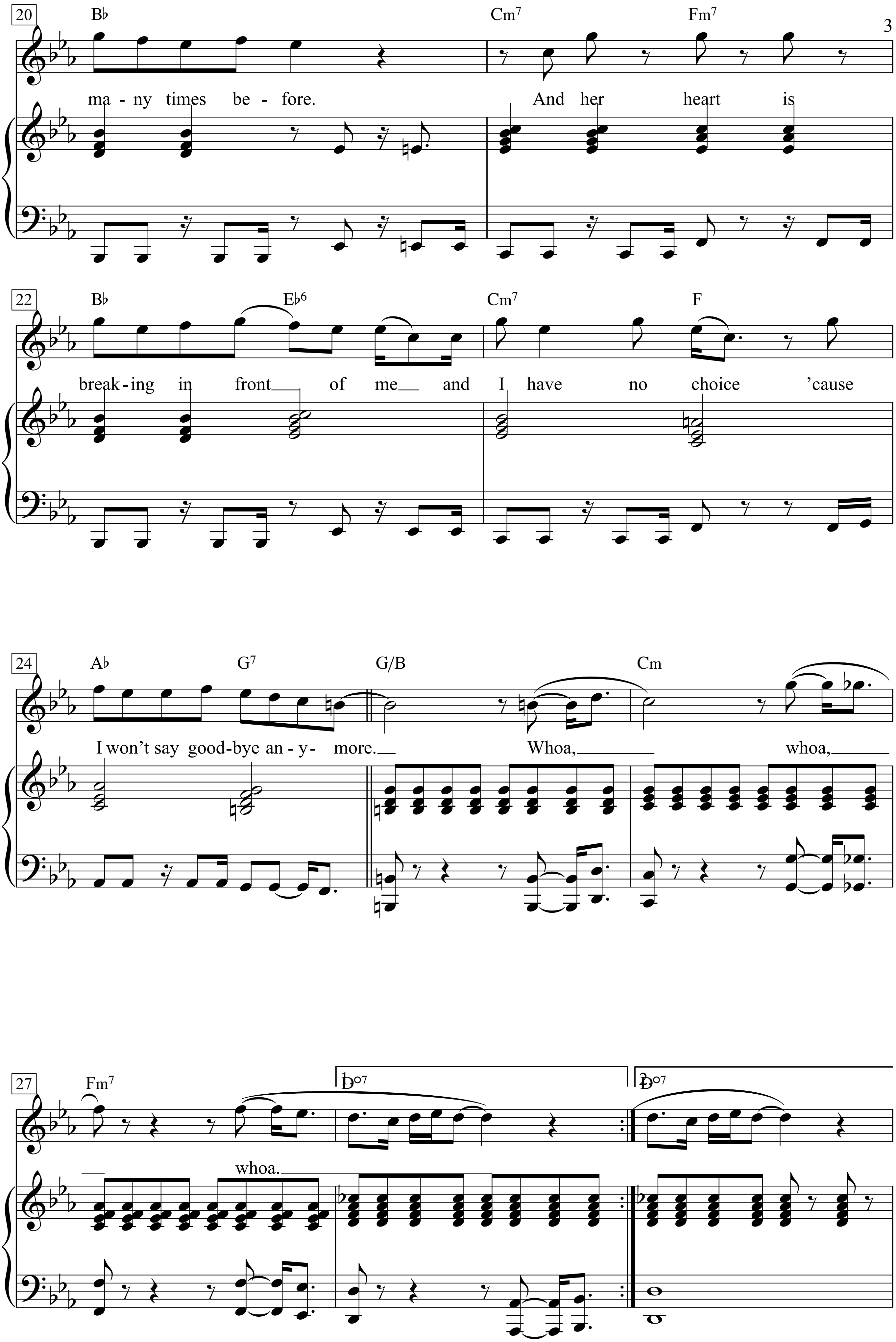
This Love

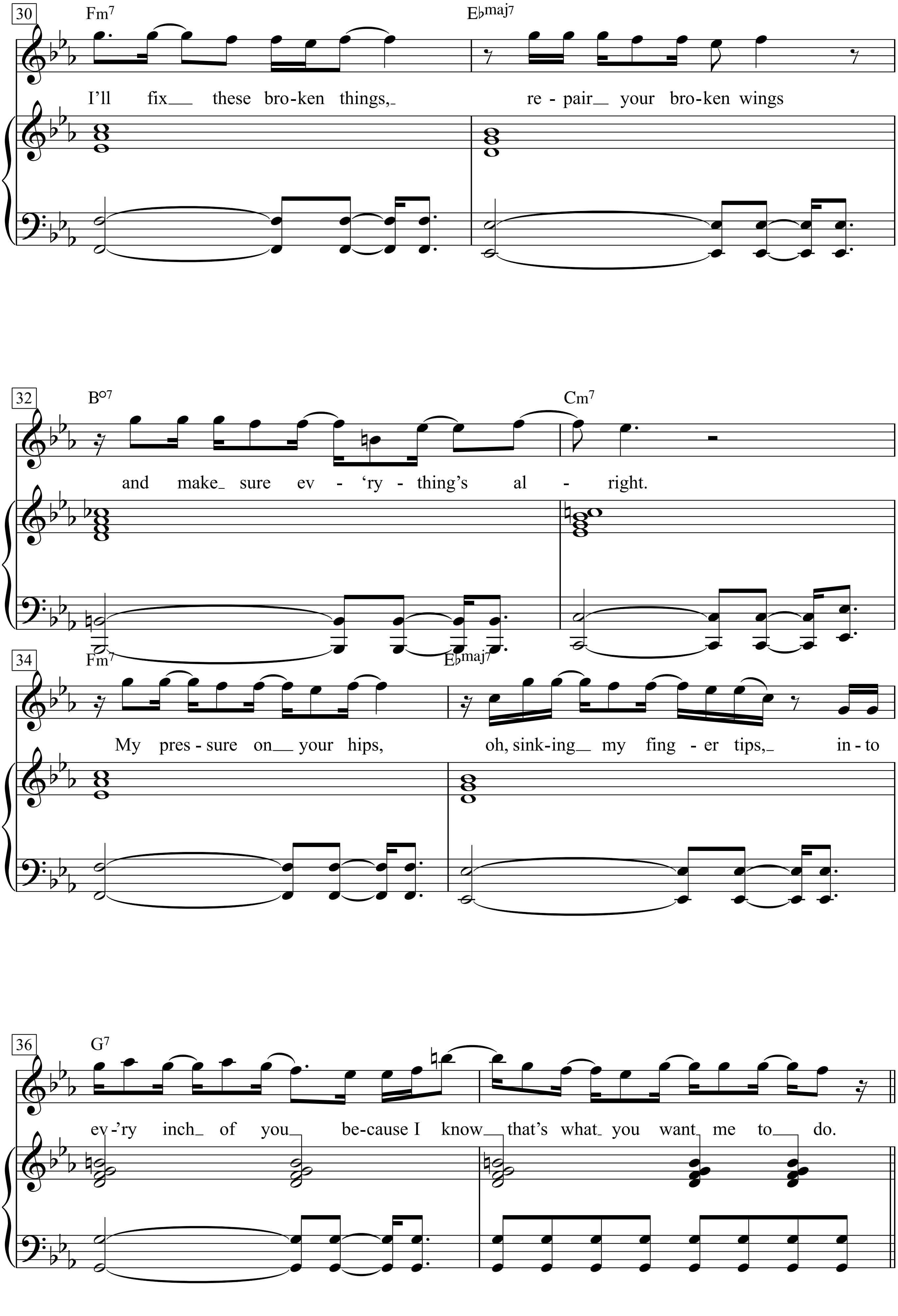
Words & Music by
Adam Levine, Jämes Valentine, Jesse Carmichael,
Mickey Madden & Ryan Dusick
(Maroon 5)

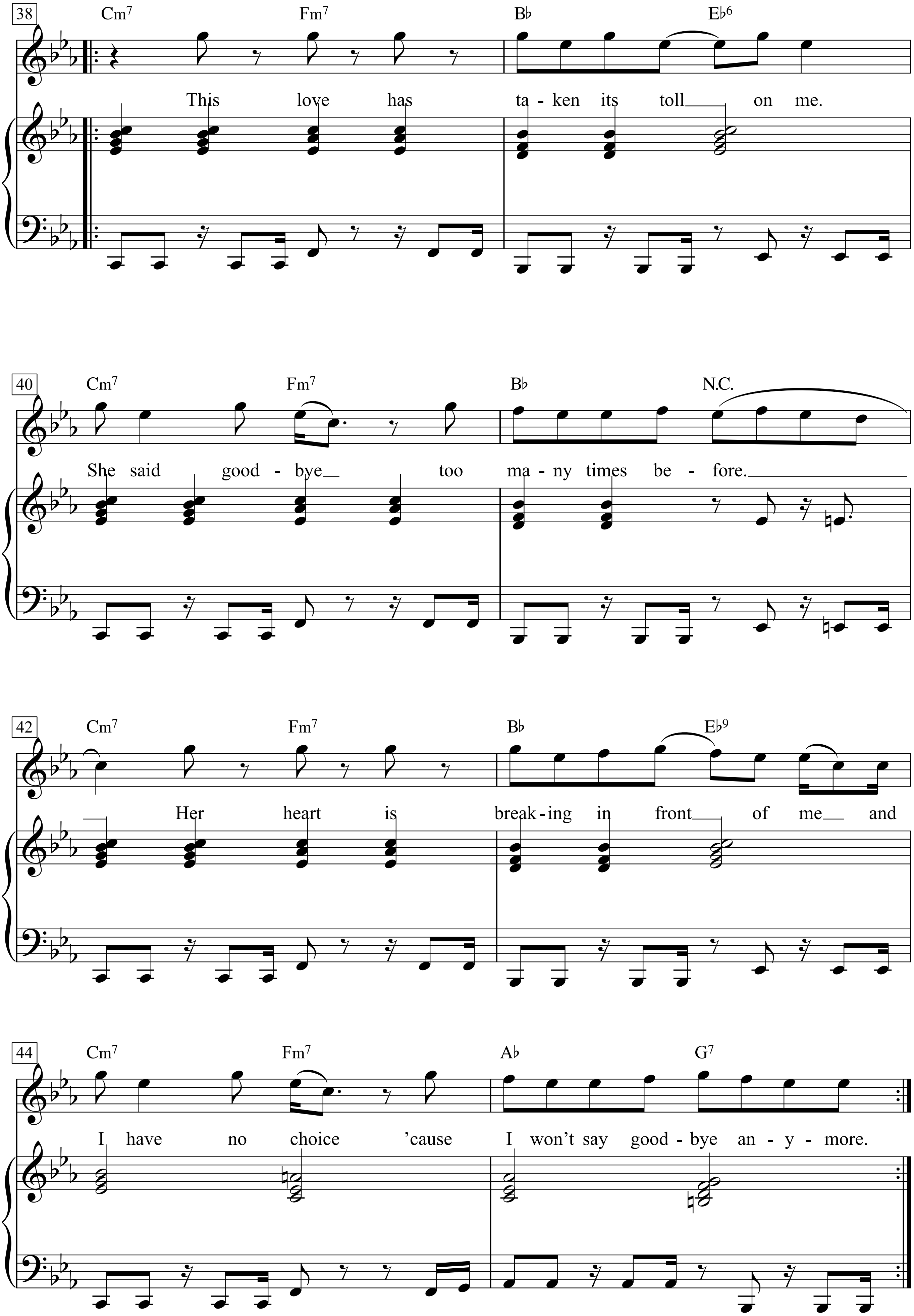





11
Fm7
D°7
in her eyes. The cha-os that con-trolled my mind.
ev-'ry night, so hard to keep her sa - tis fied.
13
G/B
Cm
Whis-pered good-bye as she got on a plane, nev-er to re -
Kept play-ing love like it was just a game, pre-tend-ing to
15
Fm7
D°7
turn a-gain but al-ways in my heart. Oh.
feel, the same, then turn a-round and leave a-gain.
17
Cm7
Fm7
B♭
E♭6
Cm7
Fm7
This love has ta-ken its toll on me. She said good-bye too

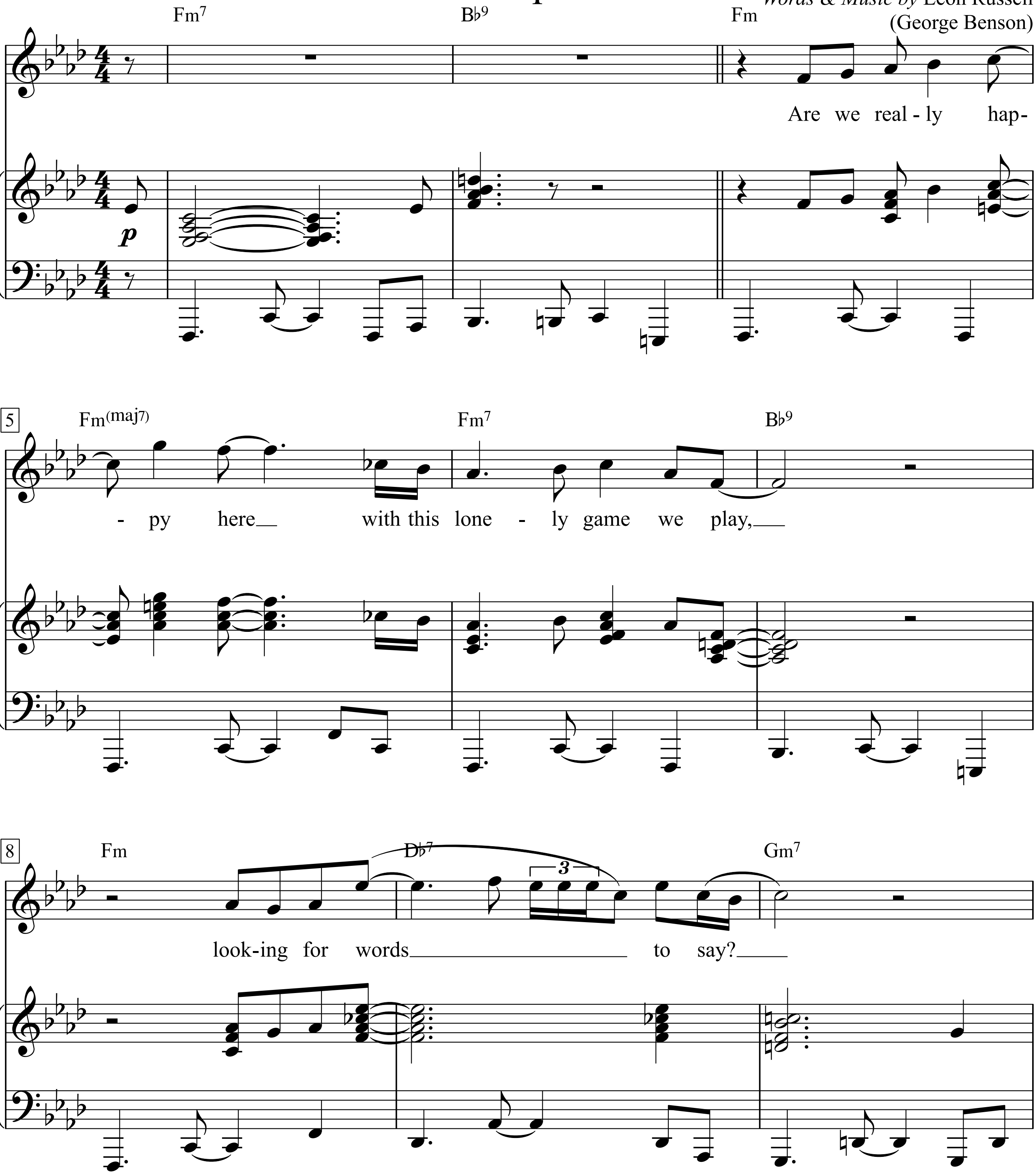

20
B♭ Cm7 Fm7
ma - ny times be - fore. And her heart is
22
B♭ E♭6 Cm7 F
break - ing in front of me and I have no choice 'cause
24
A♭ G7 G/B Cm
I won't say good - bye an - y - more. Whoa, whoa,
27
Fm7 1. D°7 2. D°7
whoa.

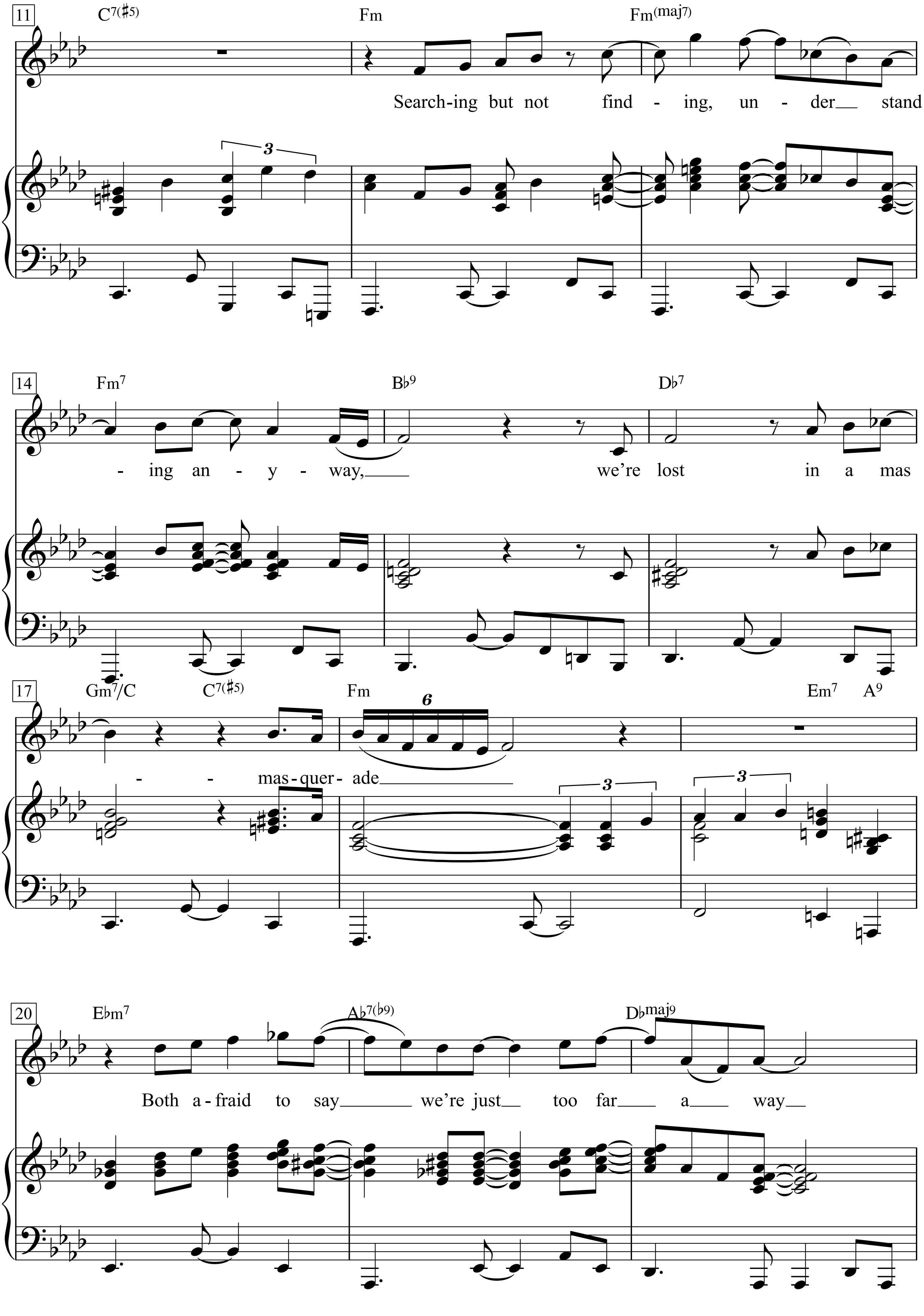

30
Fm7
Ebmaj7
I'll fix these bro-ken things, re - pair your bro-ken wings
32
B°7
Cm7
and make sure ev - 'ry - thing's al - right.
34
Fm7
Ebmaj7
My pres - sure on your hips, oh, sink-ing my fing - er tips, in - to
36
G7
ev-'ry inch of you be-cause I know that's what you want me to do.

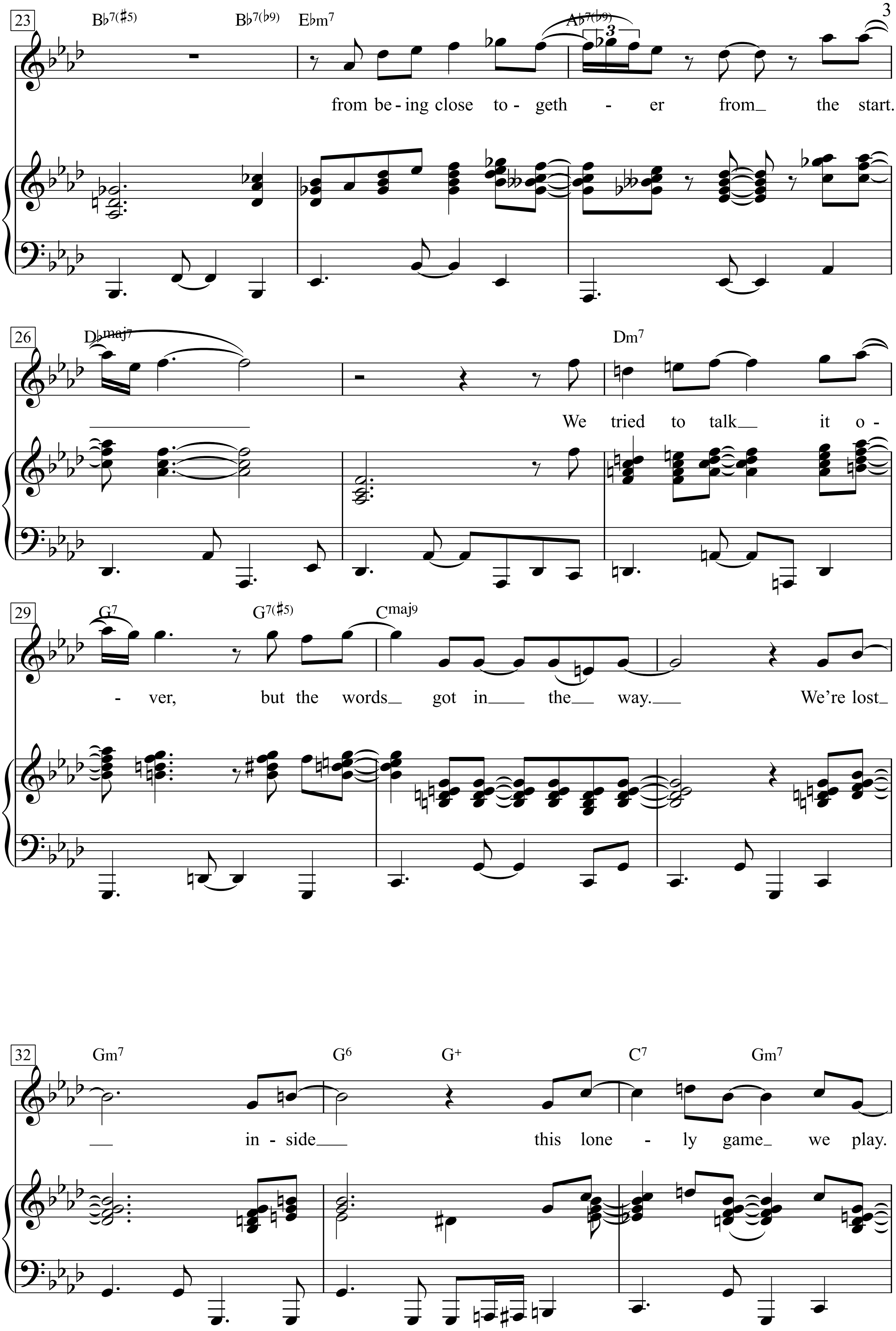

38
Cm7 Fm7 B♭ E♭6
This love has ta - ken its toll on me.
40
Cm7 Fm7 B♭ N.C.
She said good - bye too ma - ny times be - fore.
42
Cm7 Fm7 B♭ E♭9
Her heart is break - ing in front of me and
44
Cm7 Fm7 A♭ G7
I have no choice 'cause I won't say good - bye an - y - more.

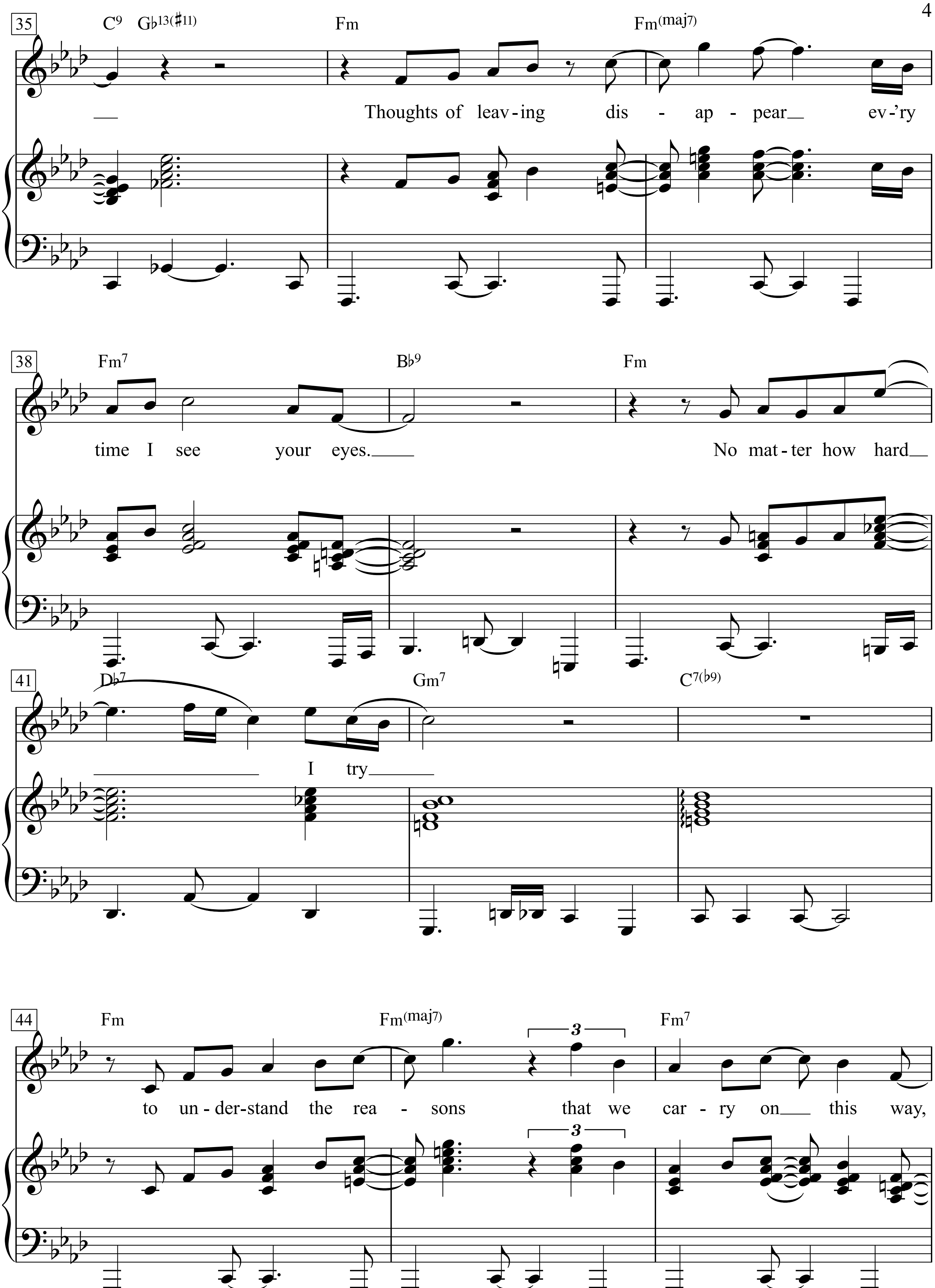
This Masquerade

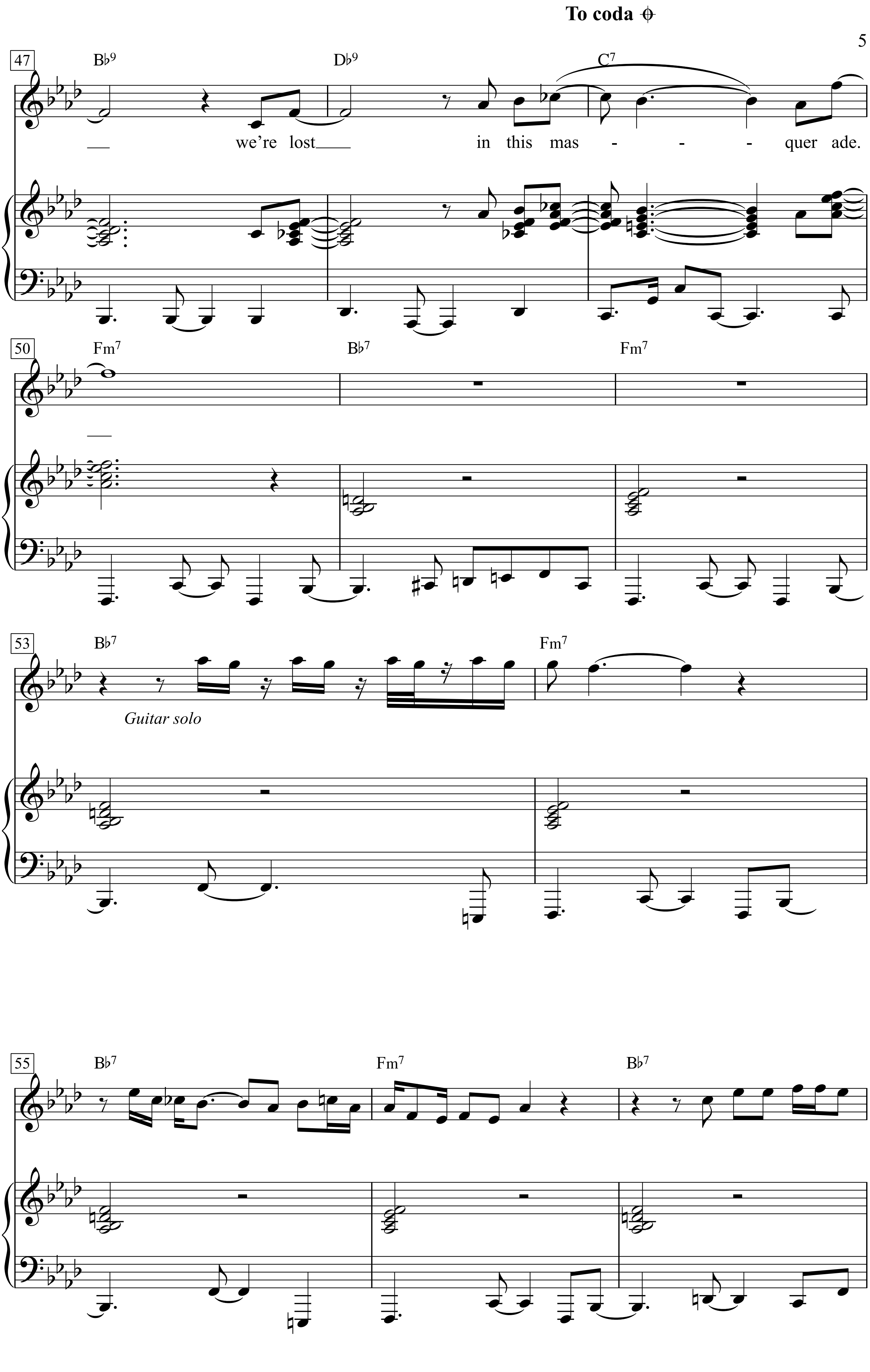
Words & Music by Leon Russell
(George Benson)

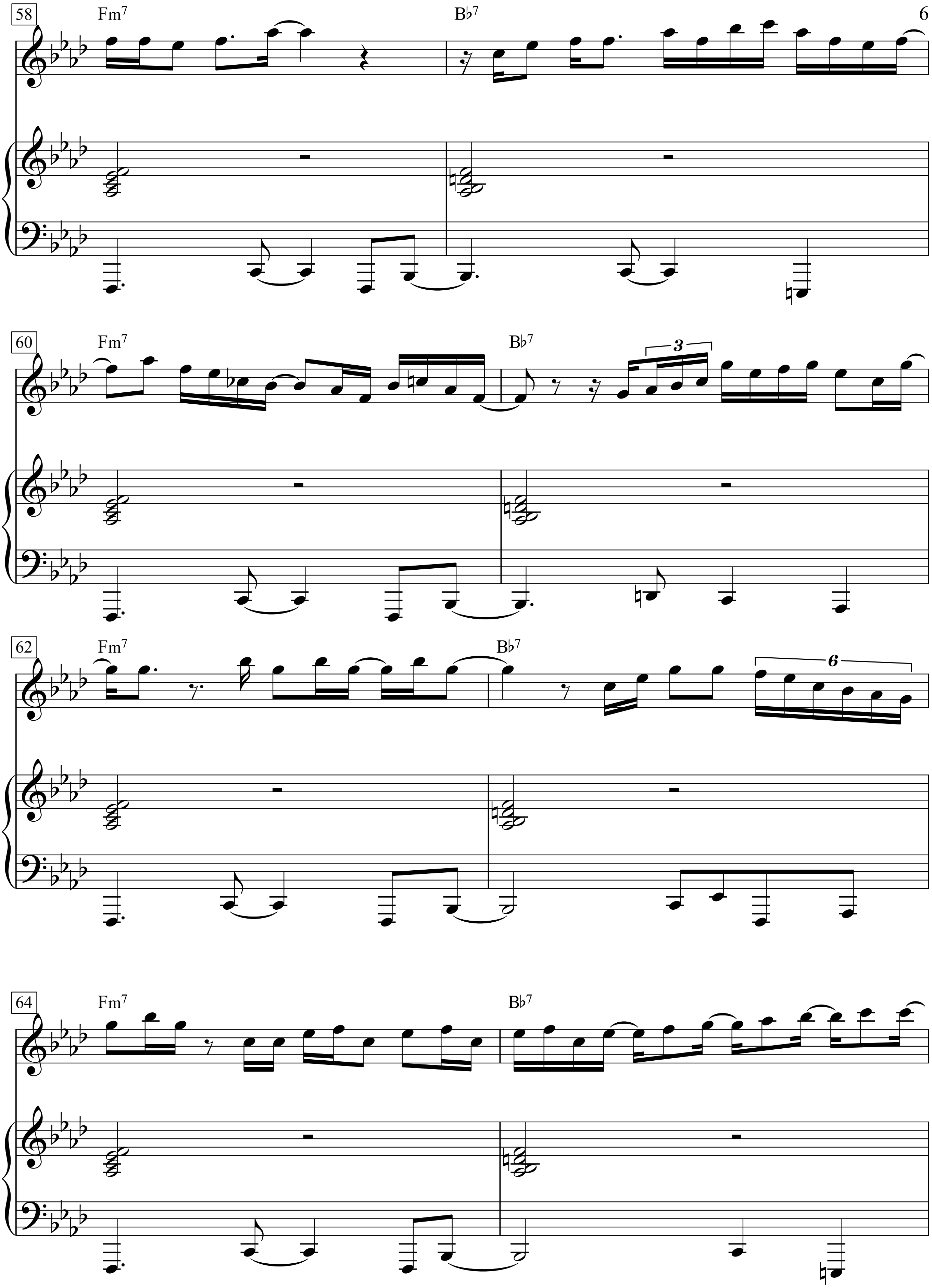


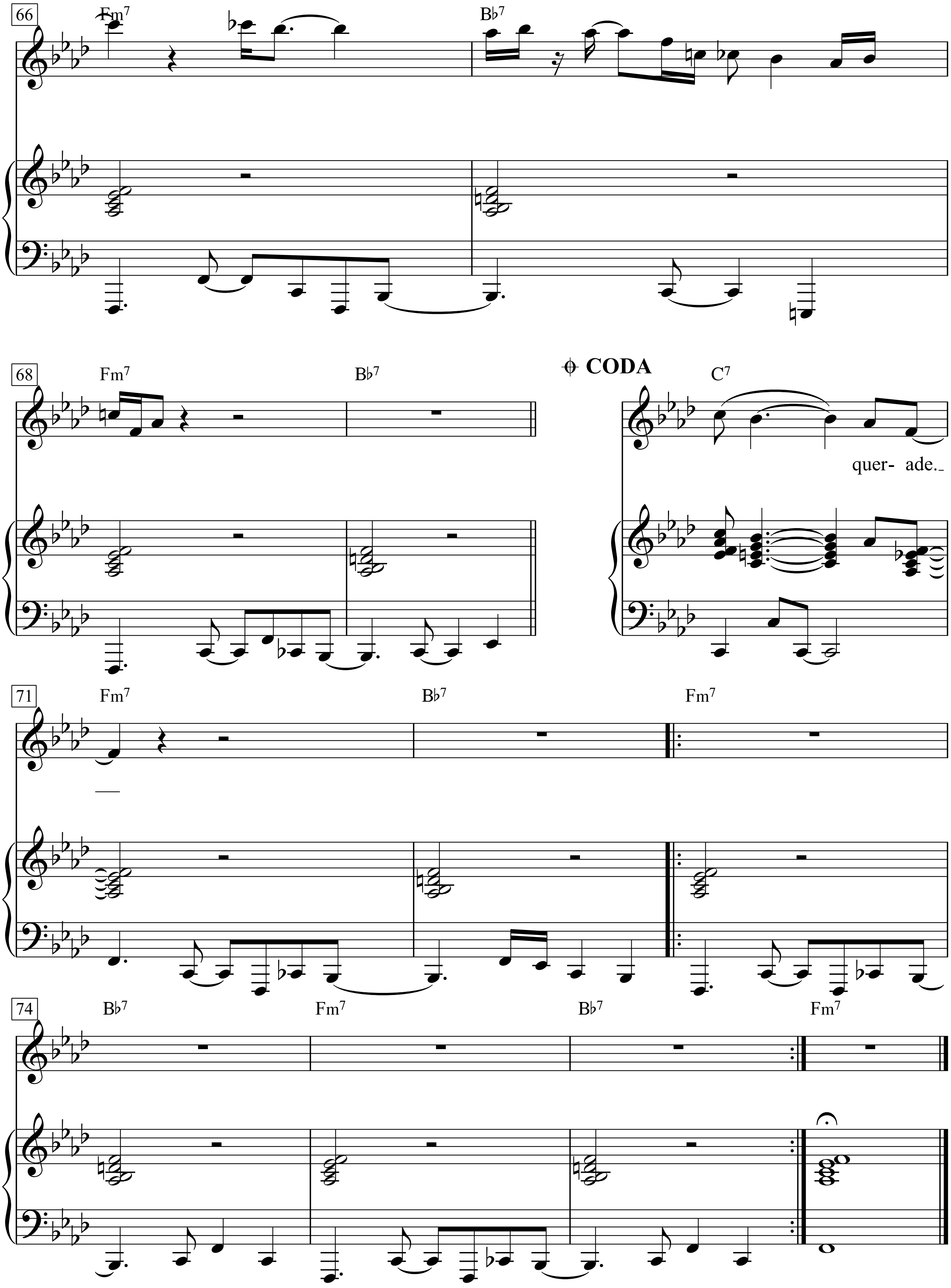

11
C7(♯5)
Fm
Fm(maj7)
Search-ing but not find - ing, un - der stand
14
Fm7
B♭9
D♭7
- ing an - y - way,
we're lost in a mas
17
Gm7/C
C7(♯5)
Fm
6
Em7
A9
- - mas-quer- ade
3
3
3
20
E♭m7
A♭7(♭9)
D♭maj9
Both a-fraid to say we're just too far a way


23
B♭7(♯5) B♭7(♭9) E♭m7 A♭7(♭9)
from be-ing close to-geth - er from the start.
26
D♭maj7 Dm7
We tried to talk it o-
29
G7 G7(♯5) Cmaj9
- ver, but the words got in the way. We're lost
32
Gm7 G6 G+ C7 Gm7
in-side this lone - ly game we play.


35
C9 G♭13(♯11)
Fm
Fm(maj7)
Thoughts of leav-ing dis - ap - pear ev-'ry
38
Fm7
B♭9
Fm
time I see your eyes.
No mat-ter how hard
41
D♭7
Gm7
C7(♭9)
I try
44
Fm
Fm(maj7)
3
Fm7
to un-der-stand the rea - sons that we car - ry on this way,


To coda
47
B♭9
D♭9
C7
we're lost
in this mas - - - quer ade.
50
Fm7
B♭7
Fm7
53
B♭7
Guitar solo
Fm7
55
B♭7
Fm7
B♭7

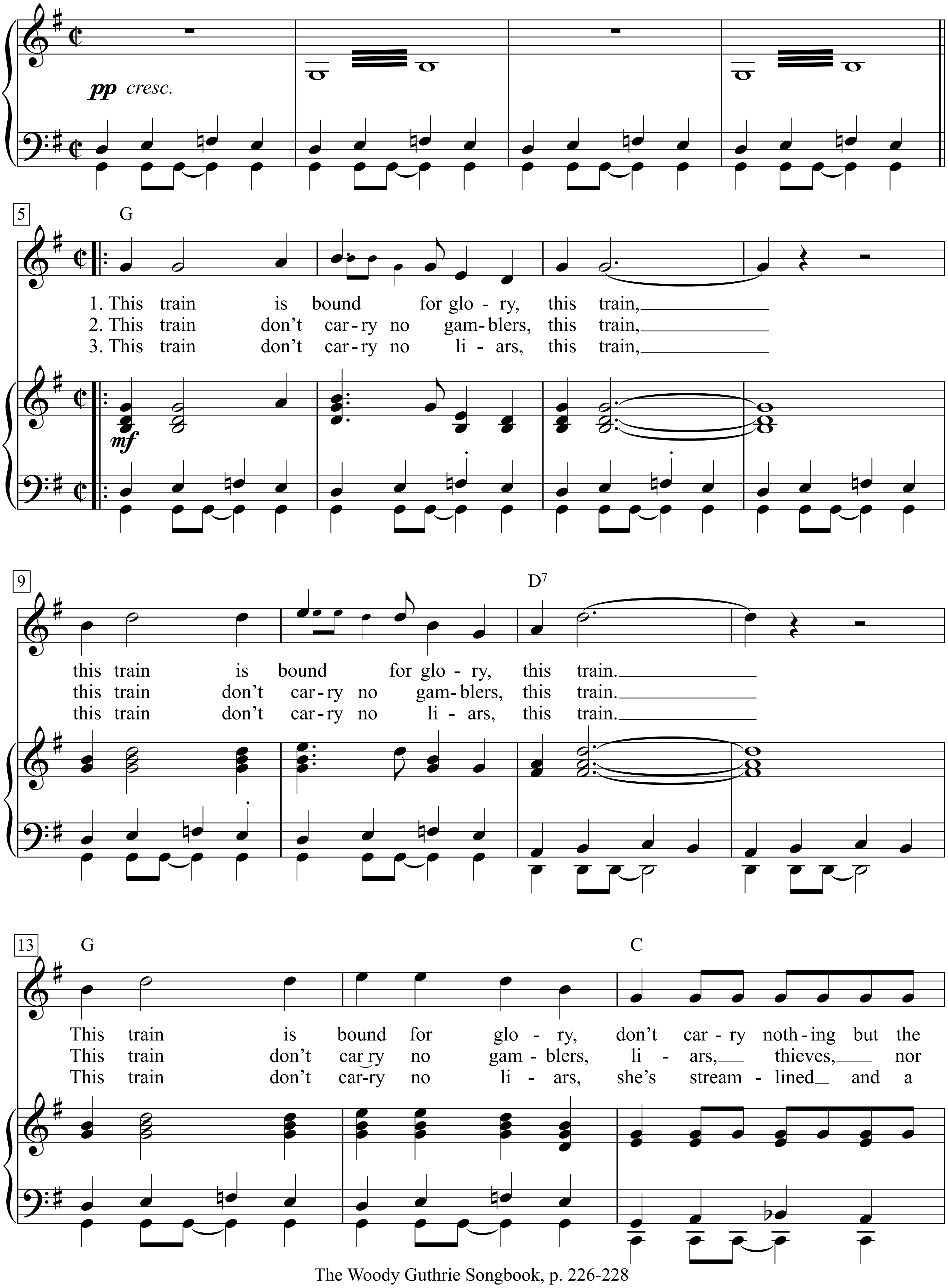

58
Fm7
B♭7
60
Fm7
B♭7
3
62
Fm7
B♭7
6
64
Fm7
B♭7

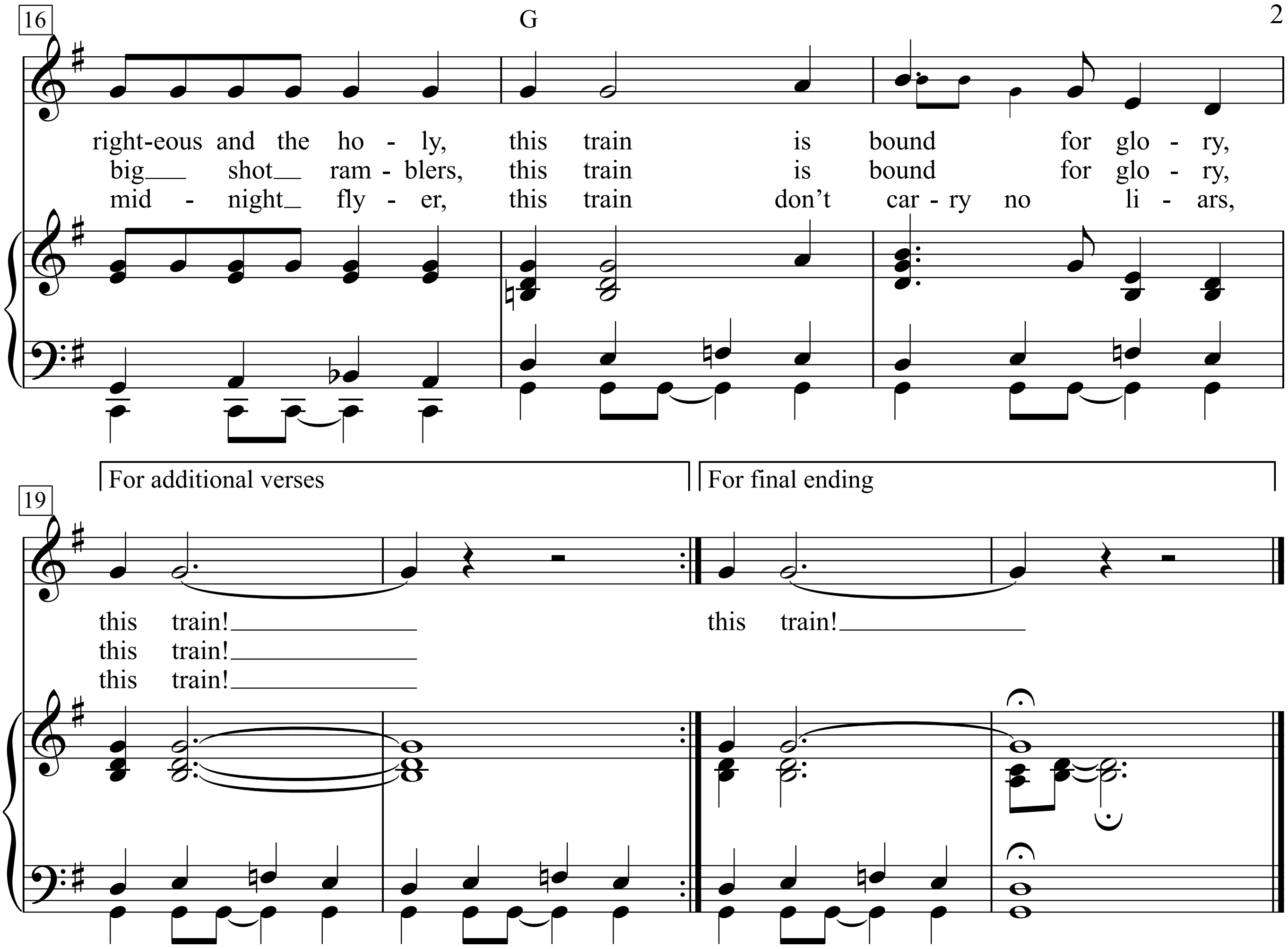

66
Fm7
B♭7
68
Fm7
B♭7
CODA
C7
quer- ade.
71
Fm7
B♭7
Fm7
74
B♭7
Fm7
B♭7
Fm7

This Train Is Bound For Glory

Words & Music adapted by Woody Guthrie
(Woody Guthrie)

Rattling along





1. This train is bound for glory, this train, (2)
This train is bound for glory, don't carry nothing
But the righteous and the holy,
This train is bound for glory, this train!

2. This train don't carry no gamblers, this train, (2)
This train don't carry no gamblers,
Liars, thieves, nor big shot ramblers,
This train is bound for glory, this train!

3. This train don't carry no liars, this train, (2)
This train don't carry no liars,
She's streamlined and a midnight flyer,
This train don't carry no liars, this train!

4. This train don't carry no smokers, this train; (2)
This train don't carry no smokers,
Two-bit liars, small-time jokers,
This train don't carry no smokers, this train.

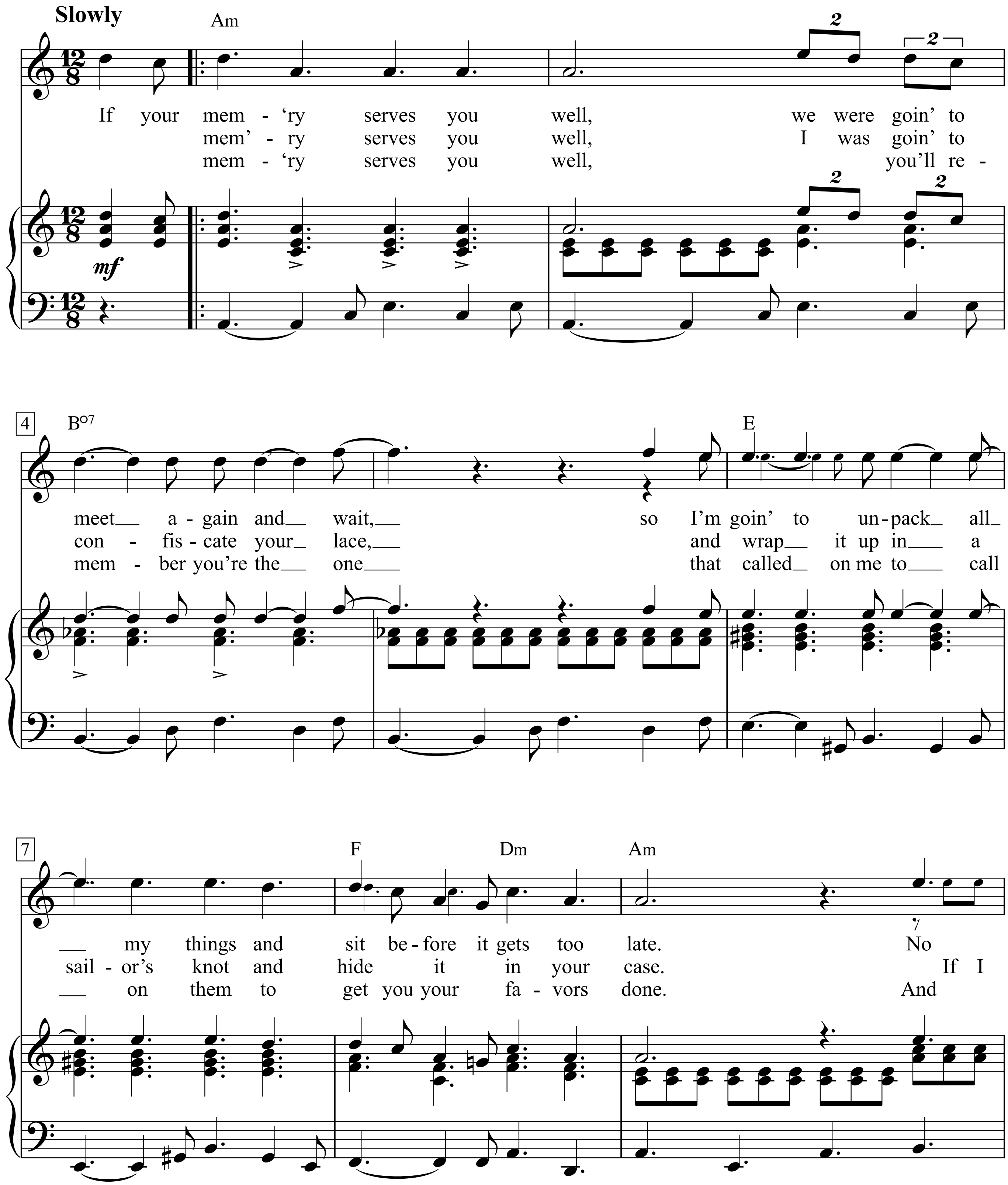
5. This train don't carry no con men, this train; (2)
This train don't carry no con men,
No wheeler-dealers, here and gone men,
This train don't carry no con men, this train.

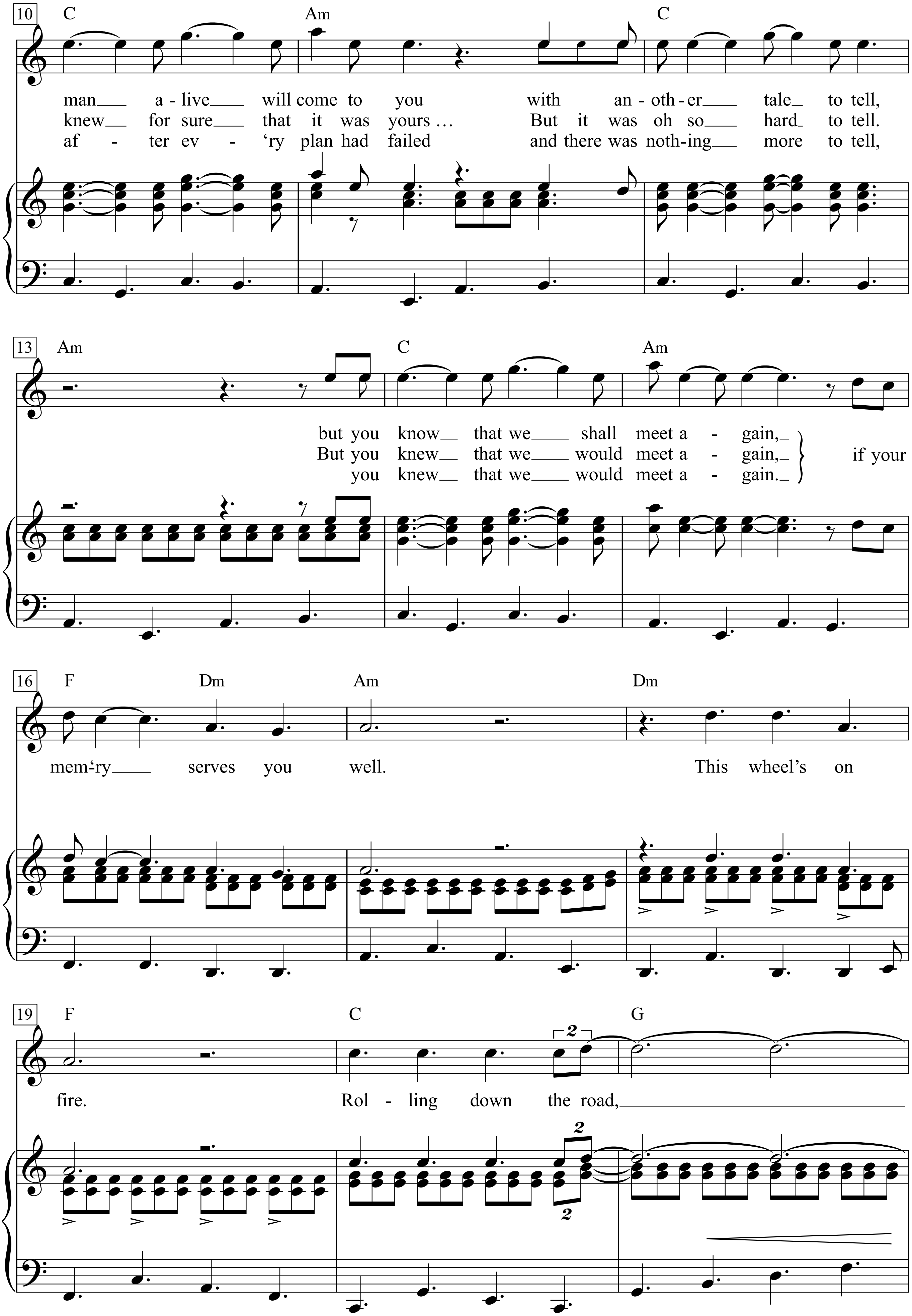
6. This train don't carry no rustlers, this train; (2)
This train don't carry no rustlers,
Sidestreet walkers, two-bit hustlers,
This train is bound for glory, this train.

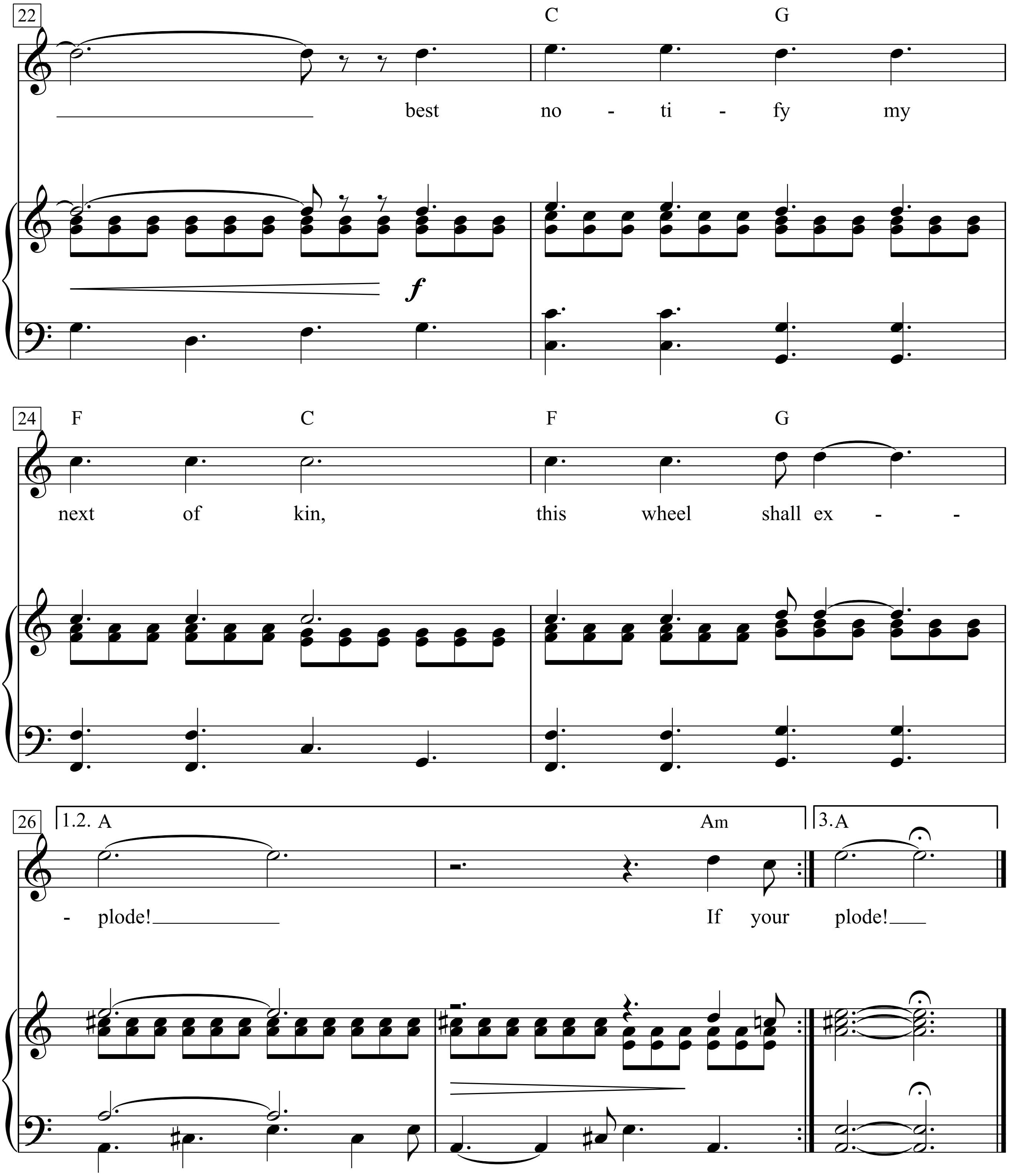
This Wheel's On Fire

Words by Bob Dylan

Music by Rick Danko
(Bob Dylan)




10
C
Am
C
man a - live will come to you with an - oth - er tale to tell,
knew for sure that it was yours … But it was oh so hard to tell.
af - ter ev - 'ry plan had failed and there was noth-ing more to tell,
13
Am
C
Am
but you know that we shall meet a - gain,
But you knew that we would meet a - gain,
you knew that we would meet a - gain.
if your
16
F
Dm
Am
Dm
mem-'ry serves you well. This wheel's on
19
F
C
G
fire. Rol - ling down the road,


22
C
G
best no - ti - fy my
f
24
F
C
F
G
next of kin, this wheel shall ex - -
26
1.2. A
Am
3.A
- plode! If your plode!

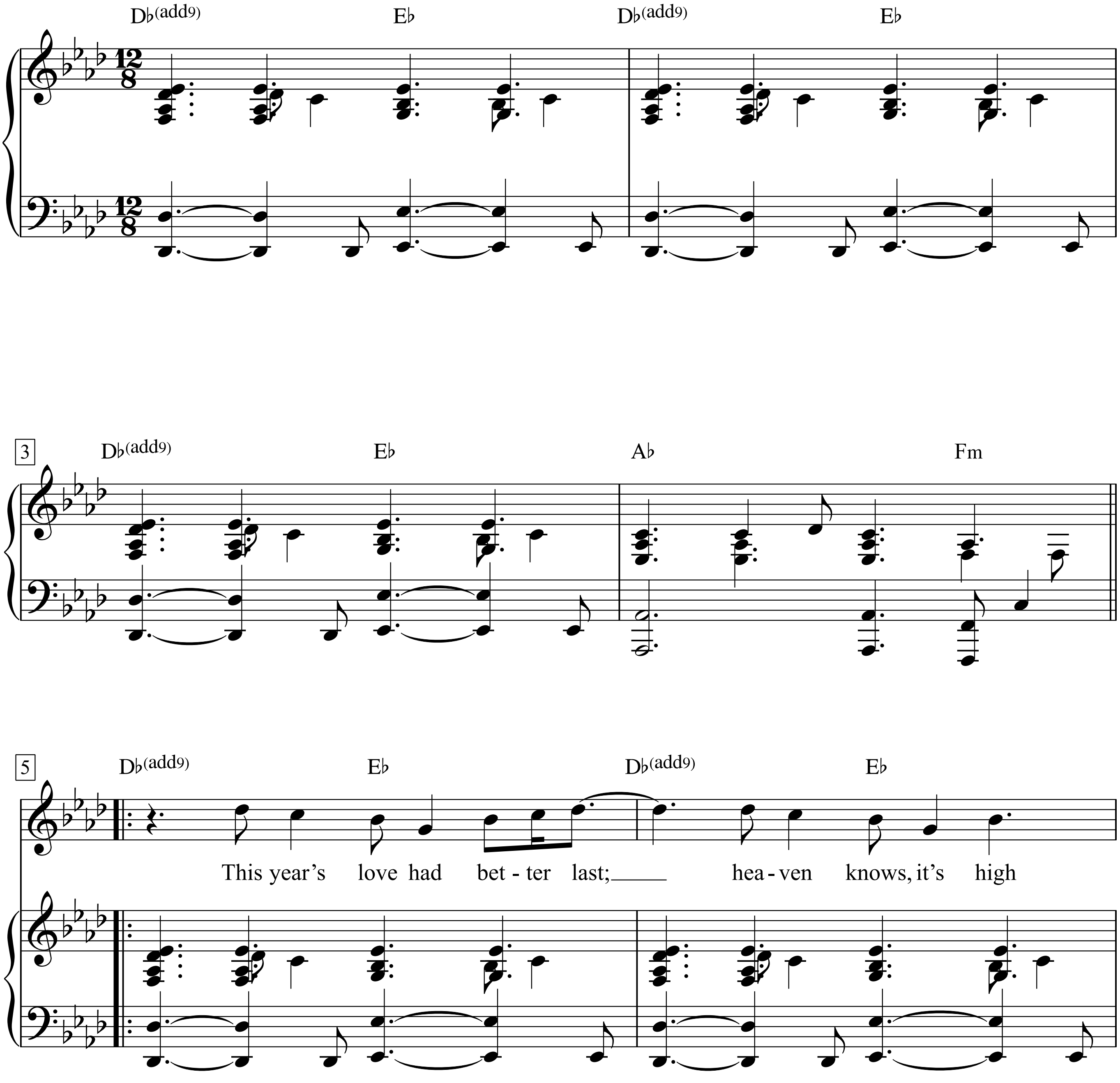
1. If your mem‘ry serves you well
We were goin’ to meet again and wait
So I’m goin’ to unpack all my things
And sit before it gets too late
No man alive will come to you
With another tale to tell
But you know that we shall meet again
If your mem‘ry serves you well
This wheel’s on fire
Rolling down the road
Best notify my next of kin
This wheel shall explode!

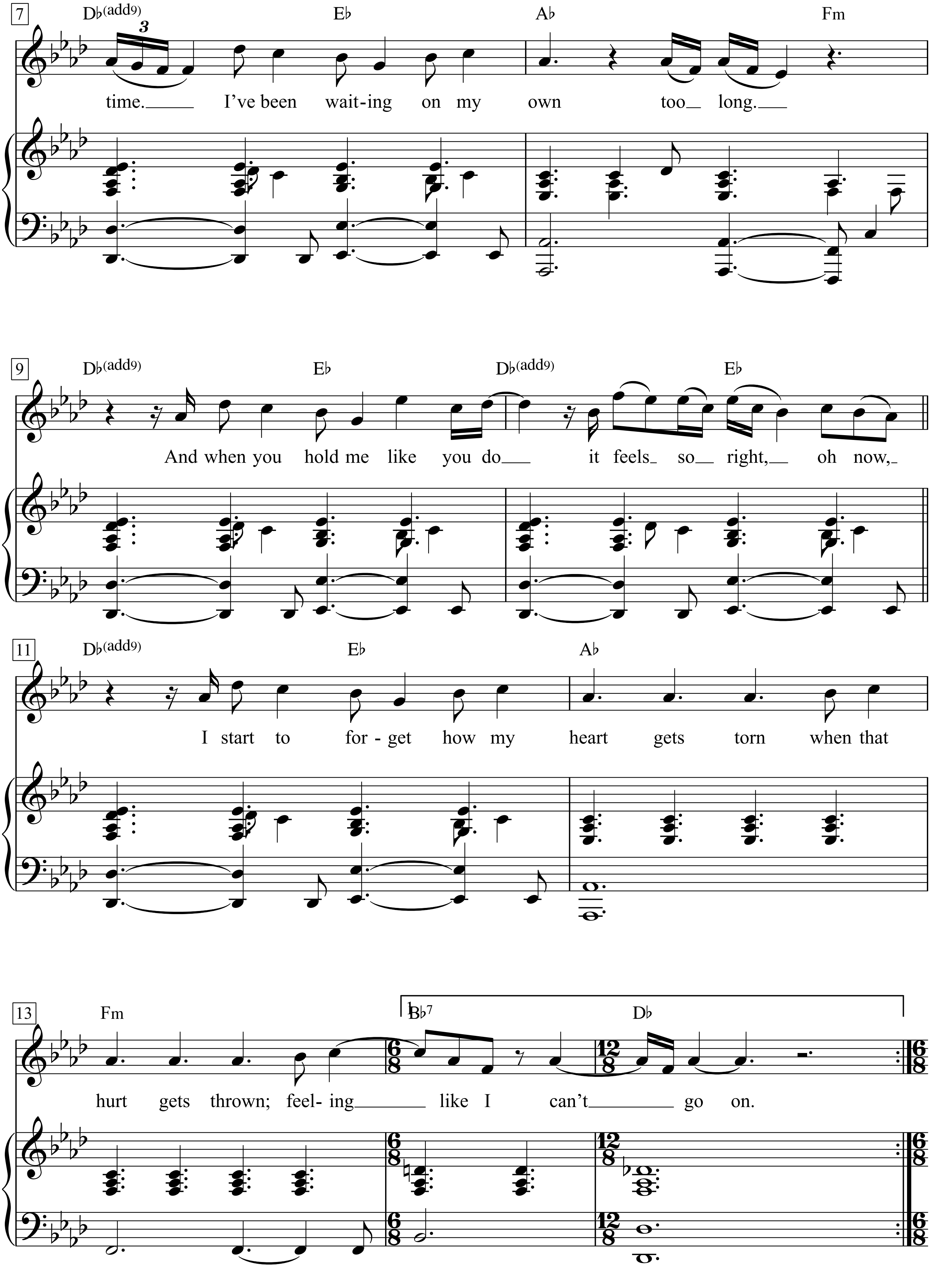
2. If your mem’ry serves you well
I was goin’ to confiscate your lace
And wrap it up in a sailor’s knot
And hide it in your case
If I knew for sure that it was yours …
But it was oh so hard to tell
But you knew that we would meet again
If your mem‘ry serves you well
This wheel’s on fire
Rolling down the road
Best notify my next of kin
This wheel shall explode!

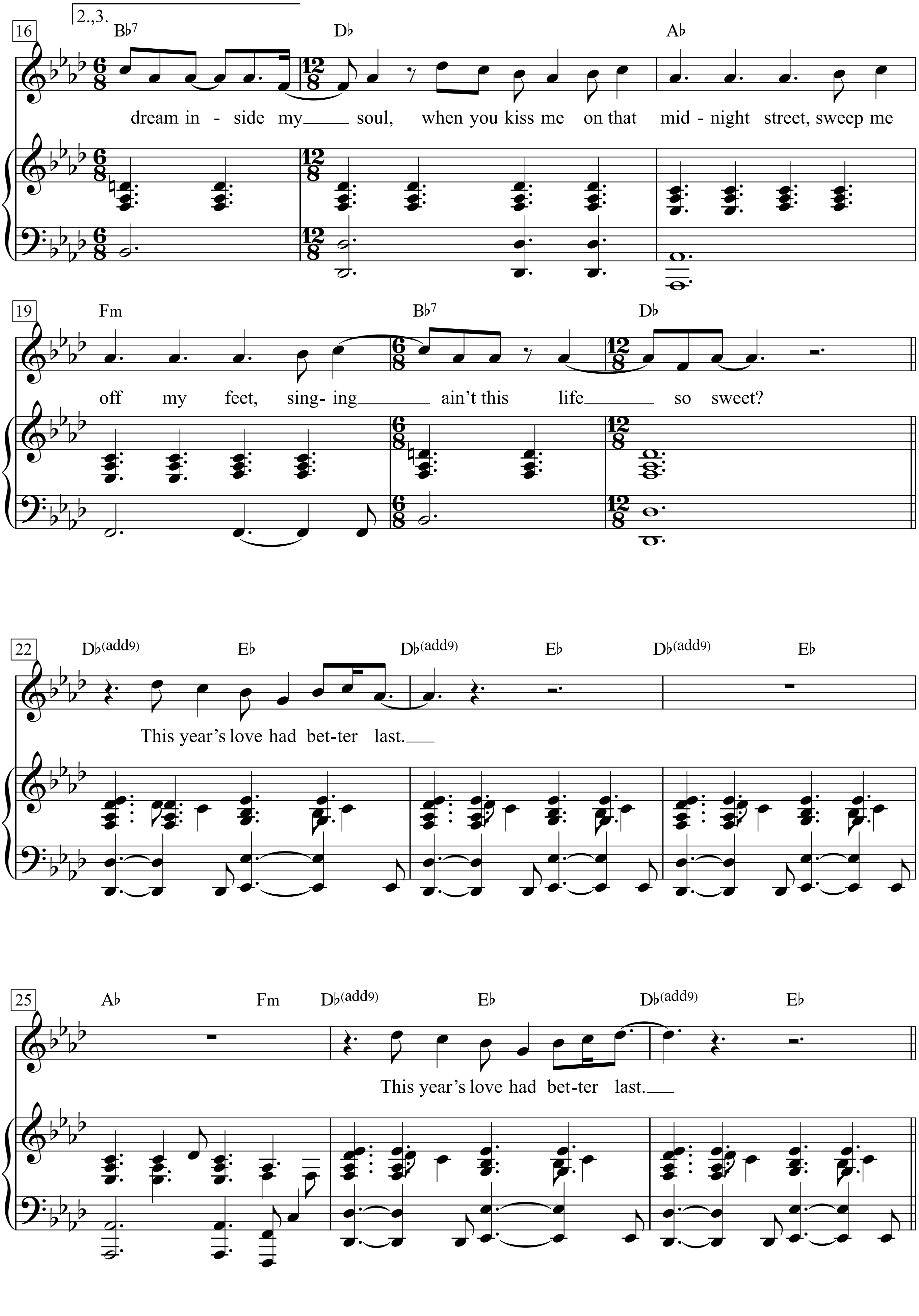
3. If your mem‘ry serves you well
You’ll remember you’re the one
That called on me to call on them
To get you your favors done
And after ev‘ry plan had failed
And there was nothing more to tell
You knew that we would meet again
If your mem‘ry serves you well
This wheel’s on fire
Rolling down the road
Best notify my next of kin
This wheel shall explode!

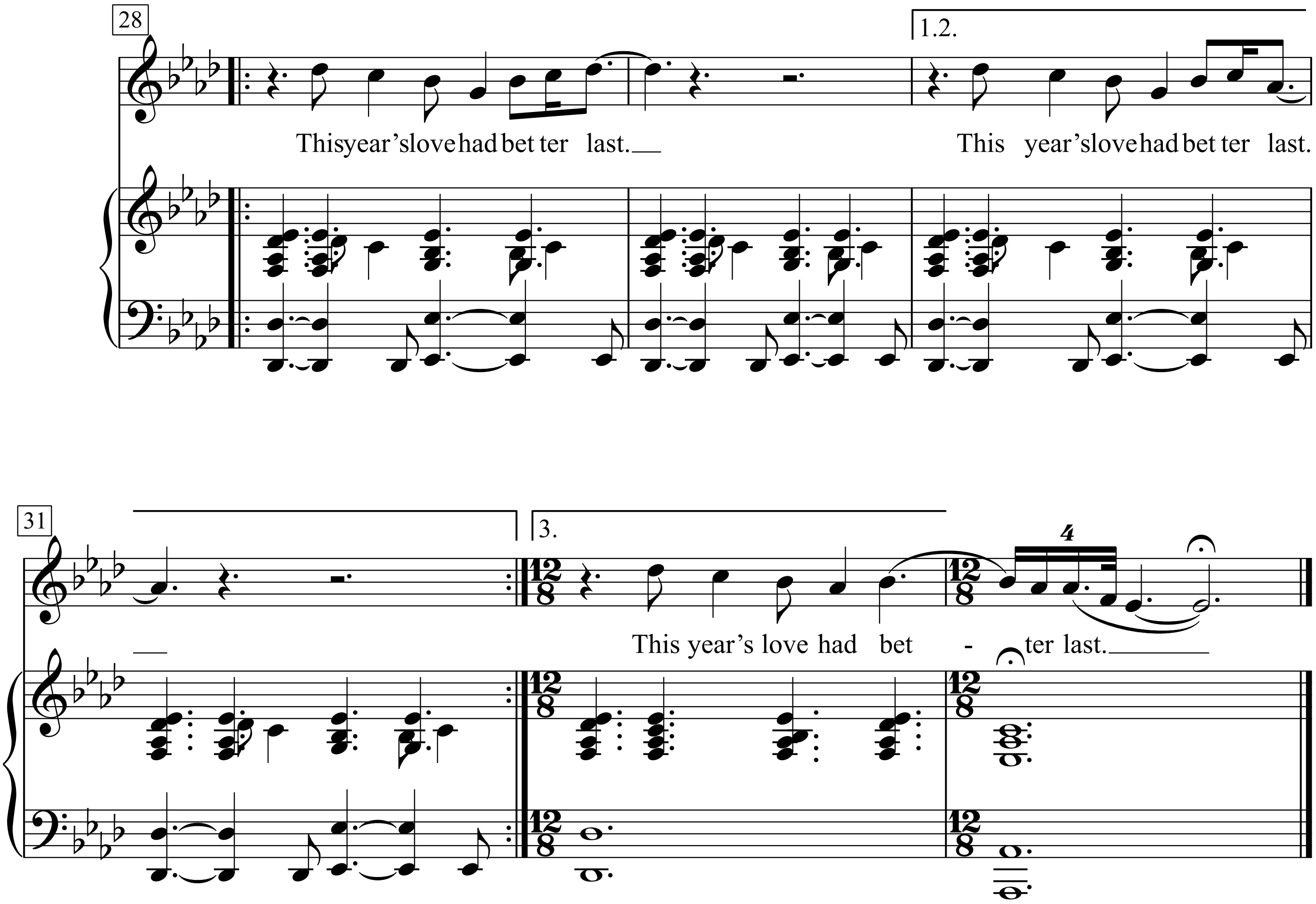
This Year's Love

Words & Music by David Gray
(David Gray)




7
D♭(add9) E♭ A♭ Fm
time. I've been wait-ing on my own too long.
9
D♭(add9) E♭ D♭(add9) E♭
And when you hold me like you do it feels so right, oh now,
11
D♭(add9) E♭ A♭
I start to for - get how my heart gets torn when that
13
Fm B♭7 D♭
hurt gets thrown; feel- ing like I can't go on.


16
2.,3.
B♭7 D♭ A♭
dream in - side my soul, when you kiss me on that mid - night street, sweep me
19
Fm B♭7 D♭
off my feet, sing- ing ain't this life so sweet?
22
D♭(add9) E♭ D♭(add9) E♭ D♭(add9) E♭
This year's love had bet-ter last.
25
A♭ Fm D♭(add9) E♭ D♭(add9) E♭
This year's love had bet-ter last.


28
1.2.
This year's love had bet ter last.
This year's love had bet ter last.
31
3.
This year's love had bet - ter last.

Verse 2:
Turning circles and time again
It cuts like a knife, oh now
If you love me I got to know for sure
’Cause it takes something more this time
Than sweet, sweet lies, oh now
Before I open up my arms and fall
Losing all control
Every dream inside my soul
When you kiss me on that midnight street
Sweep me off my feet
Singing ain’t this life so sweet.

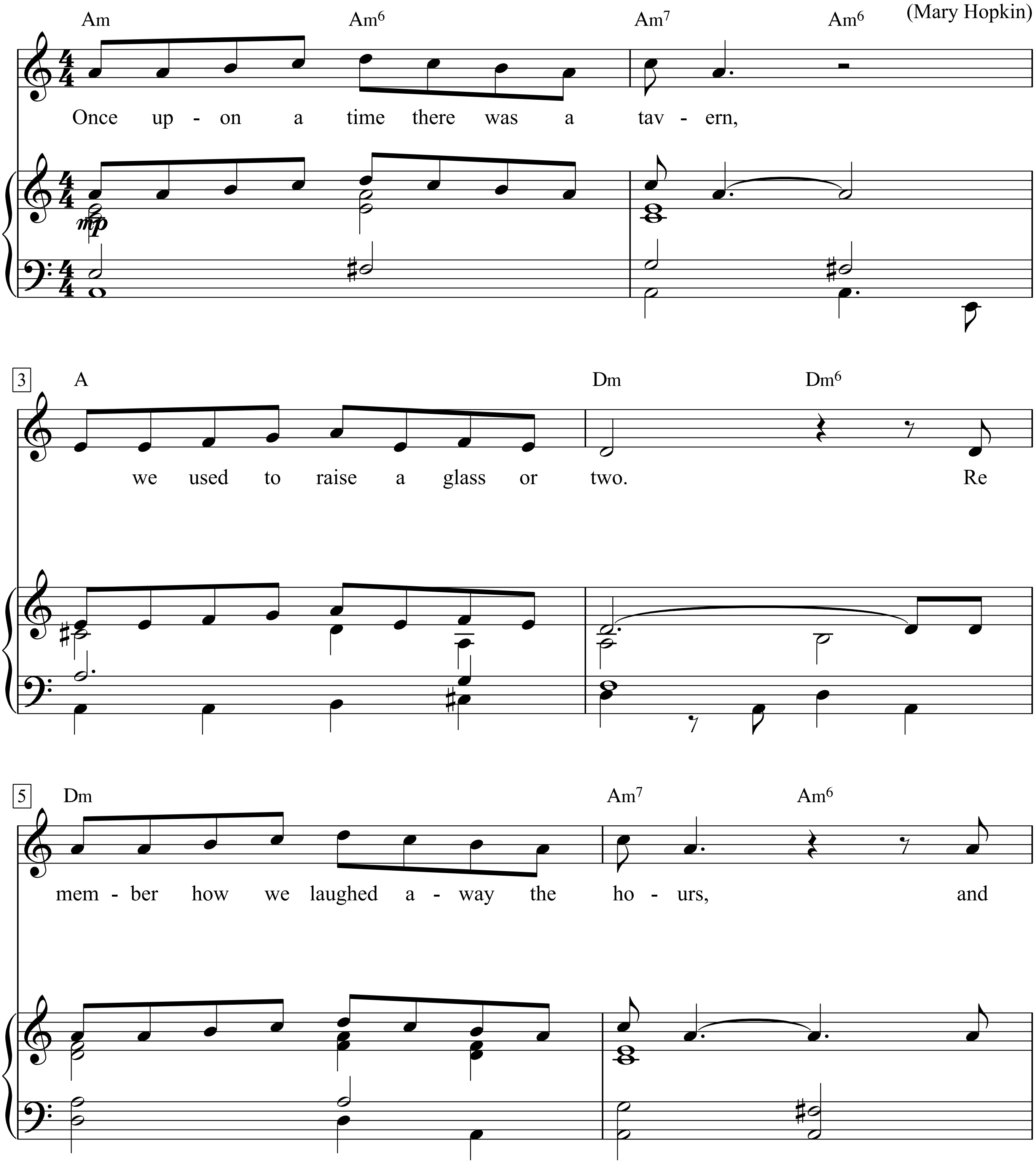
Verse 3:
’Cause who’s to worry if our hearts get tom
When that hurt gets thrown?
Don’t you know this life goes on?
Won’t you kiss me on that midnight street
Sweep me off my feet
Singing ain’t this life so sweet?

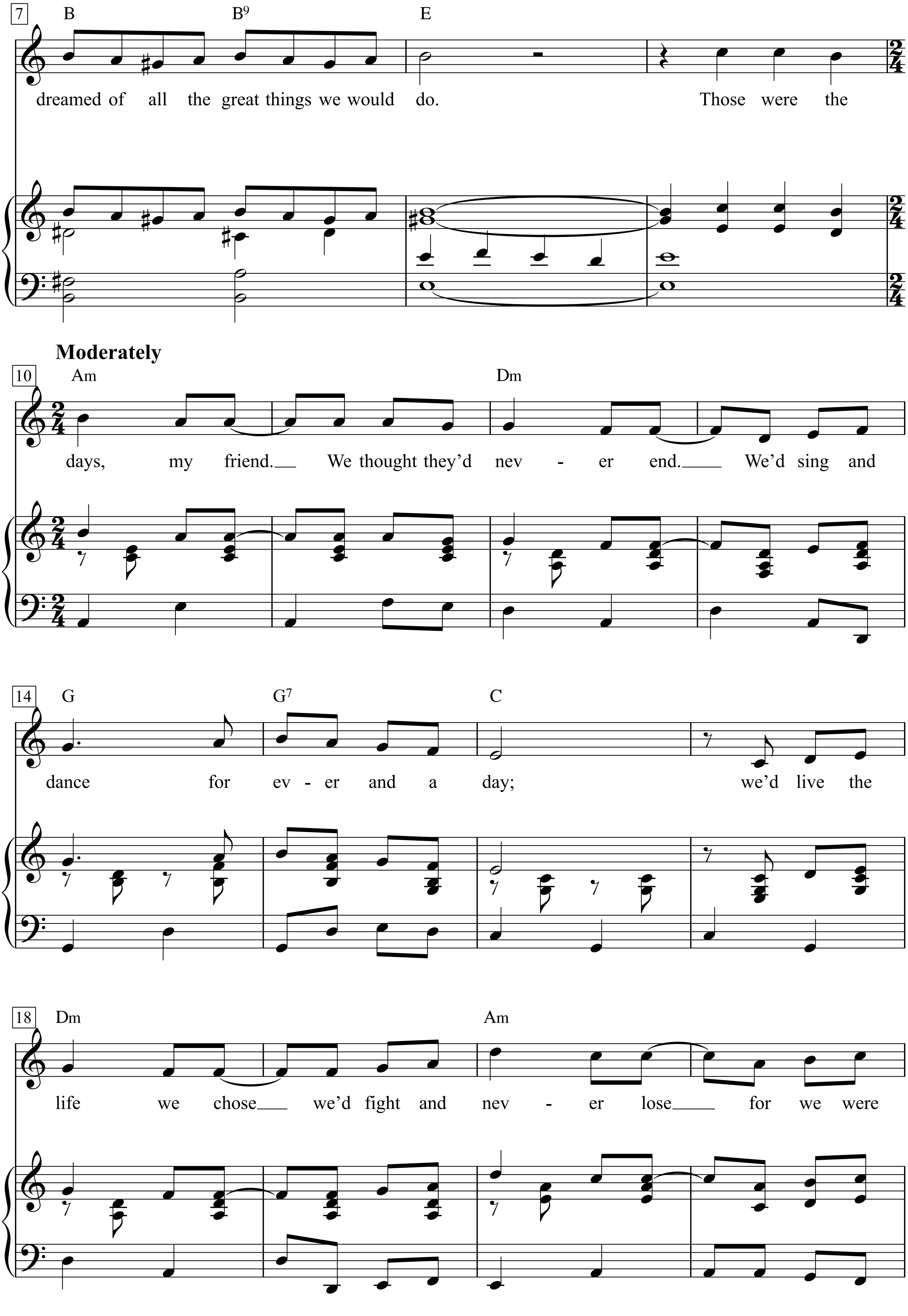
Those Were The Days

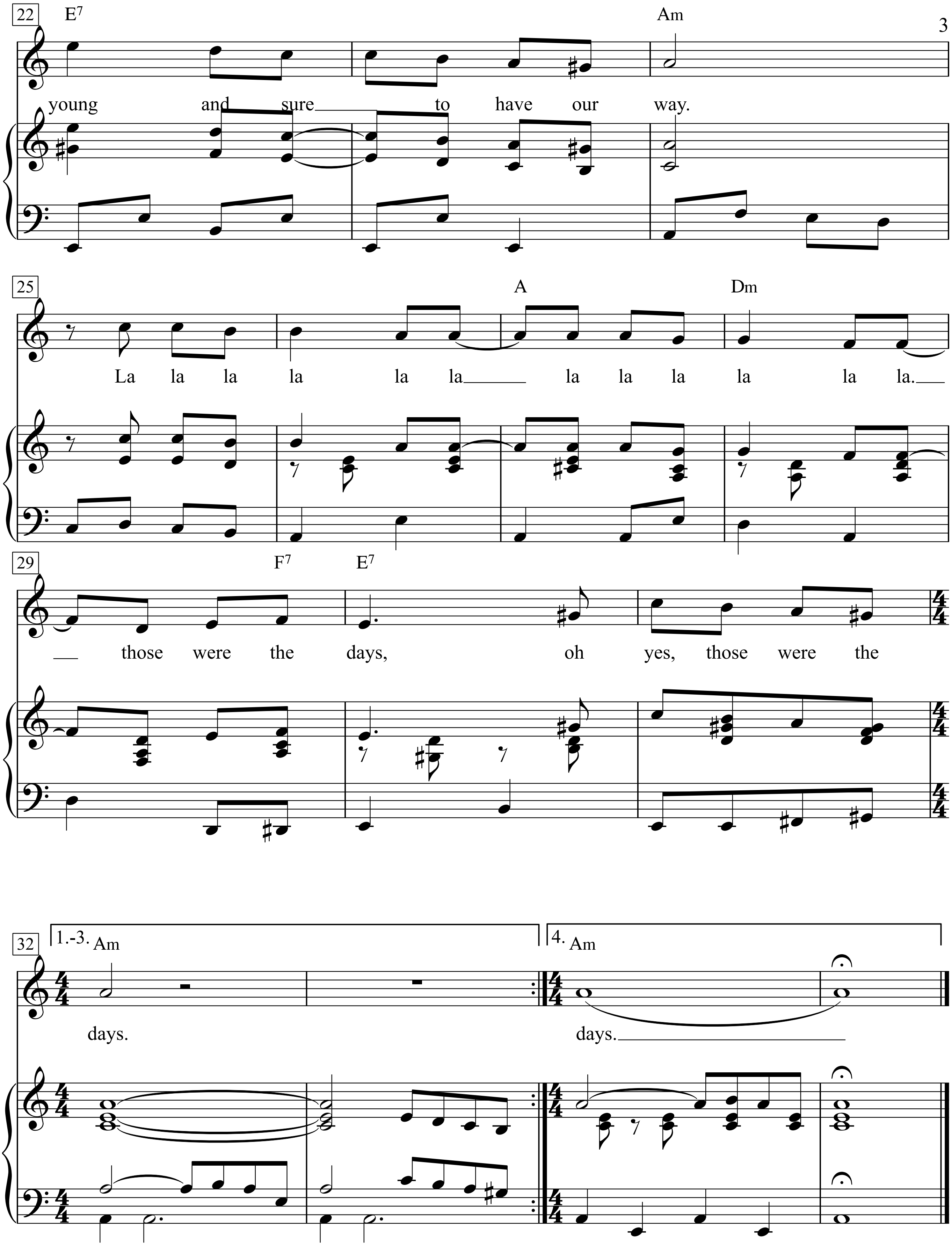
(Дорогой длинною)

Words & Music by Gene Ruskin
Boris Fomin
(Mary Hopkin)

Freely

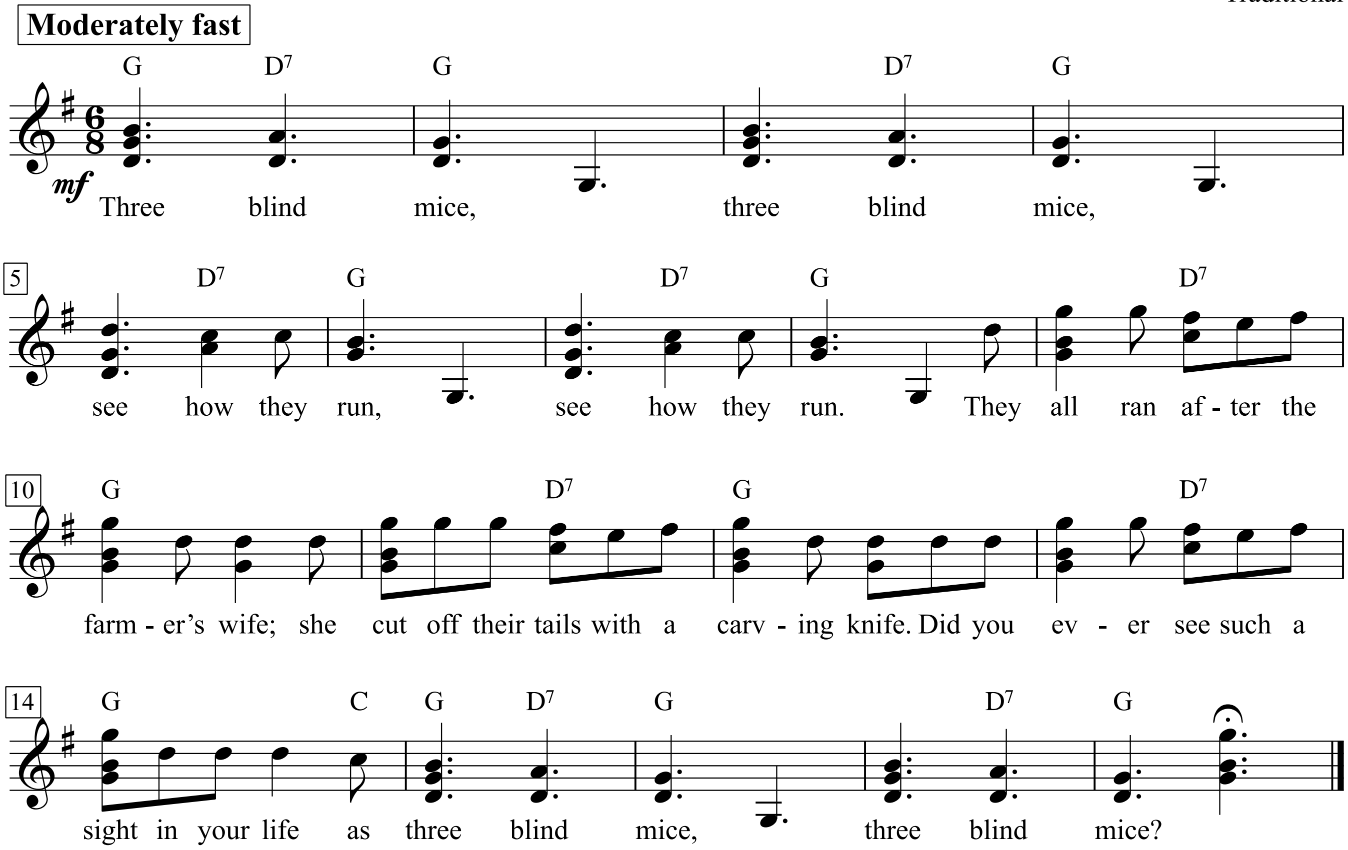



7
B
B9
E
dreamed of all the great things we would do.
Those were the
Moderately
10
Am
Dm
days, my friend. We thought they'd nev - er end. We'd sing and
14
G
G7
C
dance for ev - er and a day;
we'd live the
18
Dm
Am
life we chose we'd fight and nev - er lose for we were


22
E7
Am
young and sure to have our way.
25
A
Dm
La la la la la la la la la la la la.
29
F7
E7
those were the days, oh yes, those were the
32
1.-3. Am
4. Am
days.
days.

Three Blind Mice

Traditional



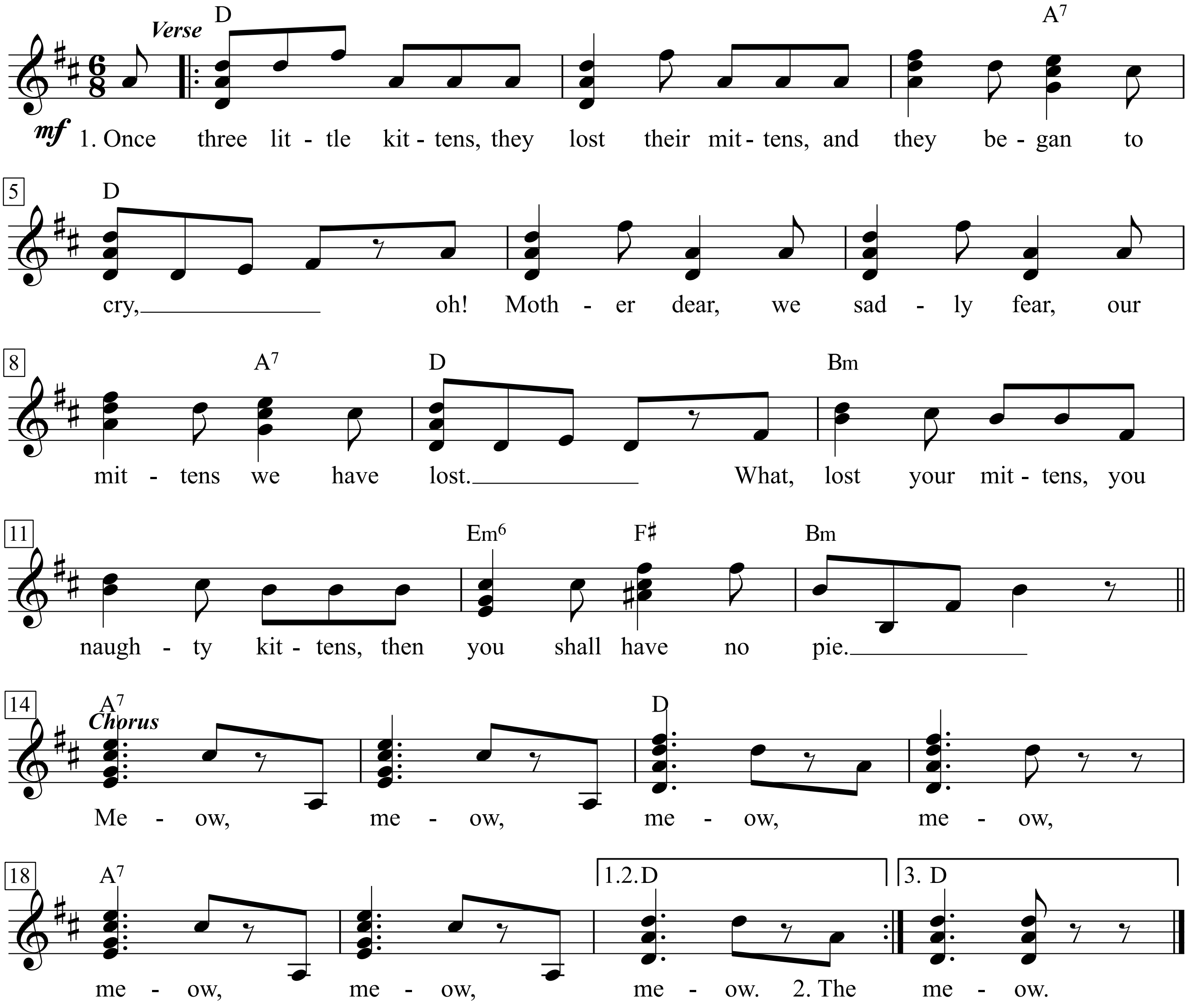
Three blind mice, three blind mice,
See how they run, see how they run.
They all ran after the farmer's wife;
She cut off their tails with a carving knife.
Did you ever see such a sight in your life
As three blind mice, three blind mice?

100 Songs For Kids (Hal Leonard, 2002), p. 117

Three Little Kittens

Moderately

Traditional



1. Once three little kittens,
They lost their mittens,
And they began to cry, oh!
Mother dear, we sadly fear,
Our mittens we have lost.
What, lost your mittens,
You naughty kittens,
Then you shall have no pie.

Chorus:
Meow, meow, meow, meow,
Meow, meow, meow.

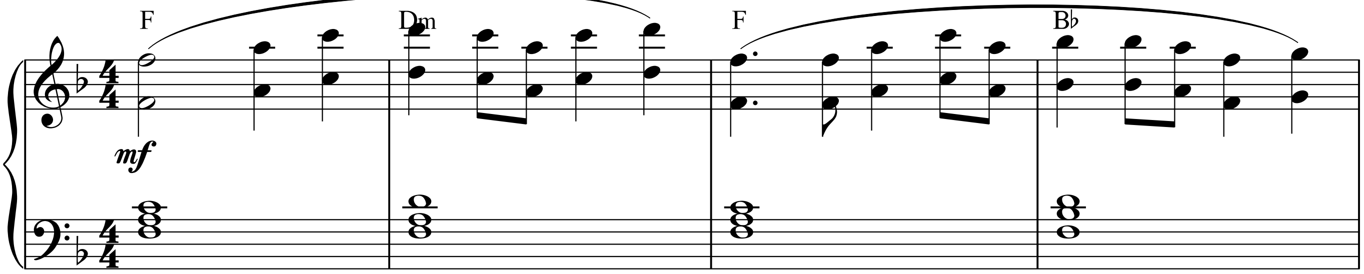
2. The three little kittens
They found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
Oh! Mother dear, see here, see here,
Our mittens we have found.
What, found your mittens,
you darling kittens,
Then you shall have some pie.

3. The three little kittens
Put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie,
Oh! Mother dear, we greatly fear,
Our mittens we have soil'd.
What, soil'd your mittens,
you naughty kittens,
Then they began to cry.

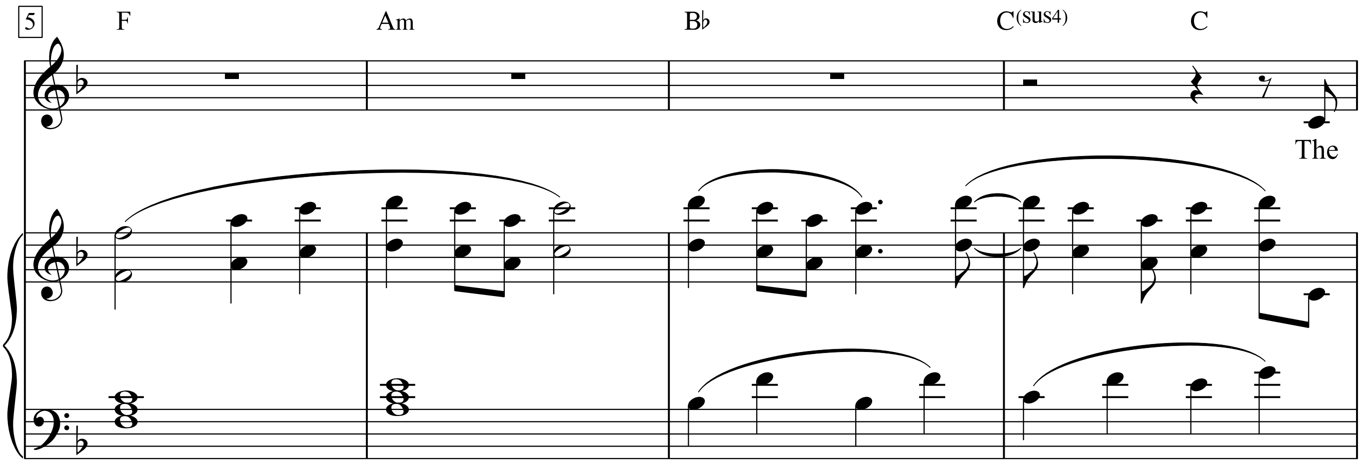
Thunder Road

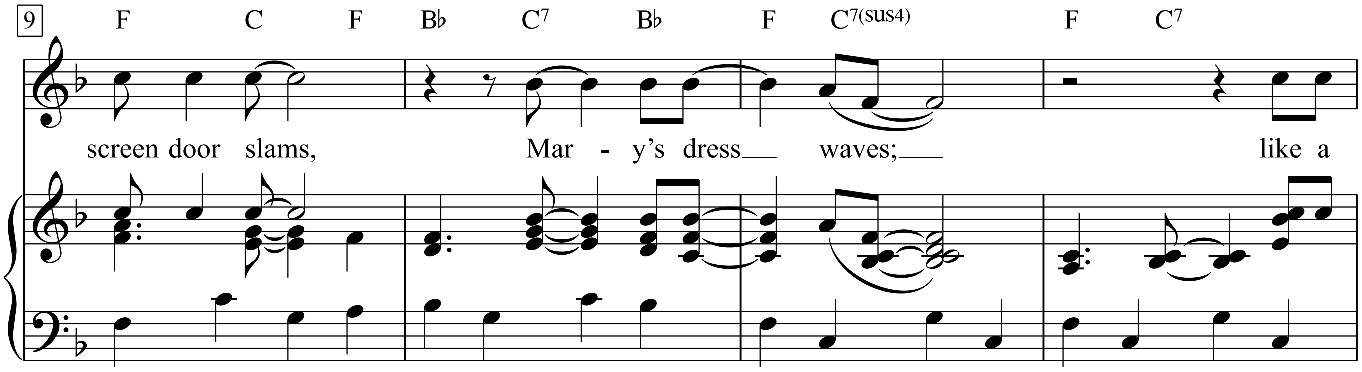
Feely, with motion

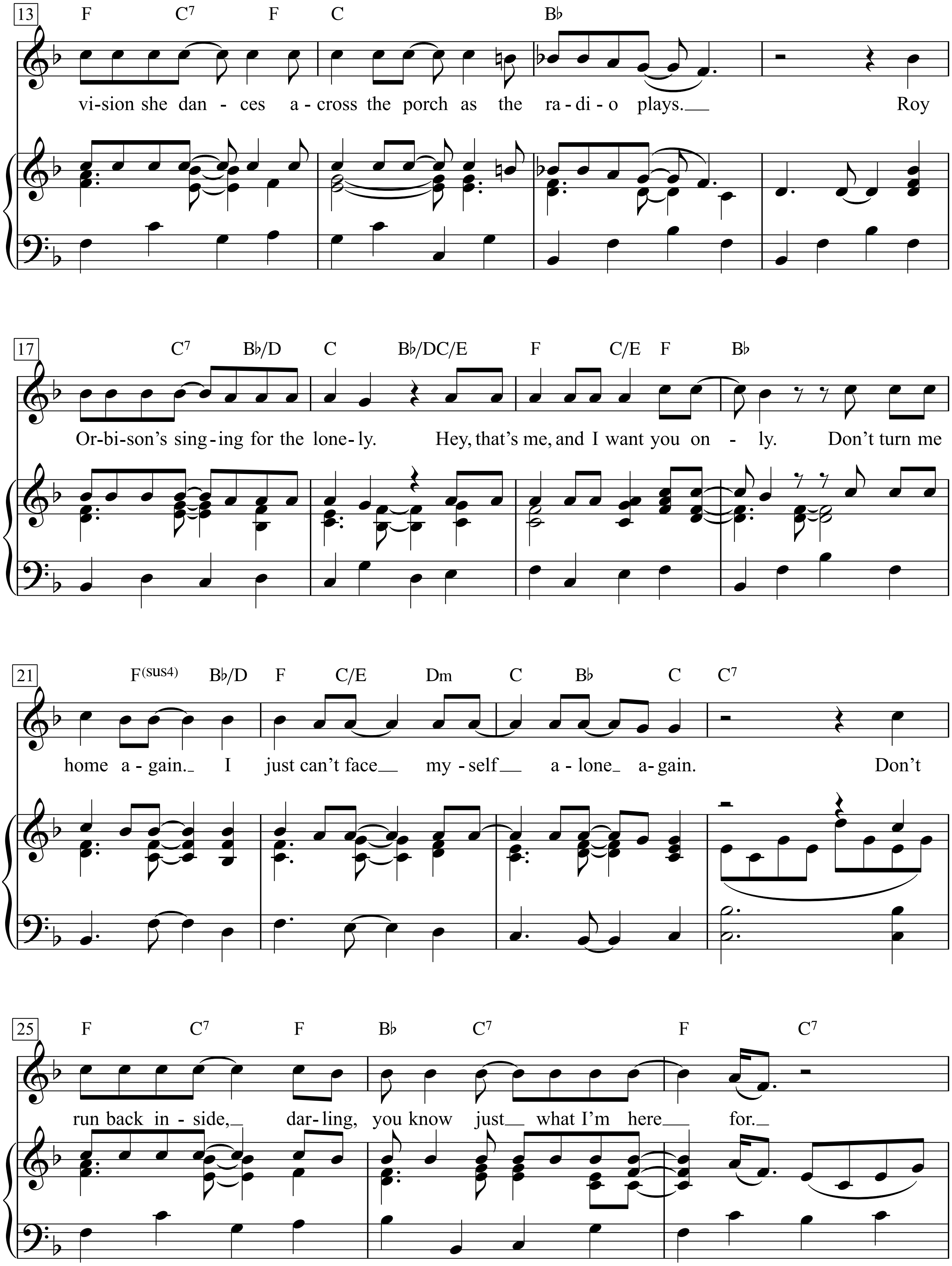
Words & Music by Bruce Springsteen
(Bruce Springsteen)

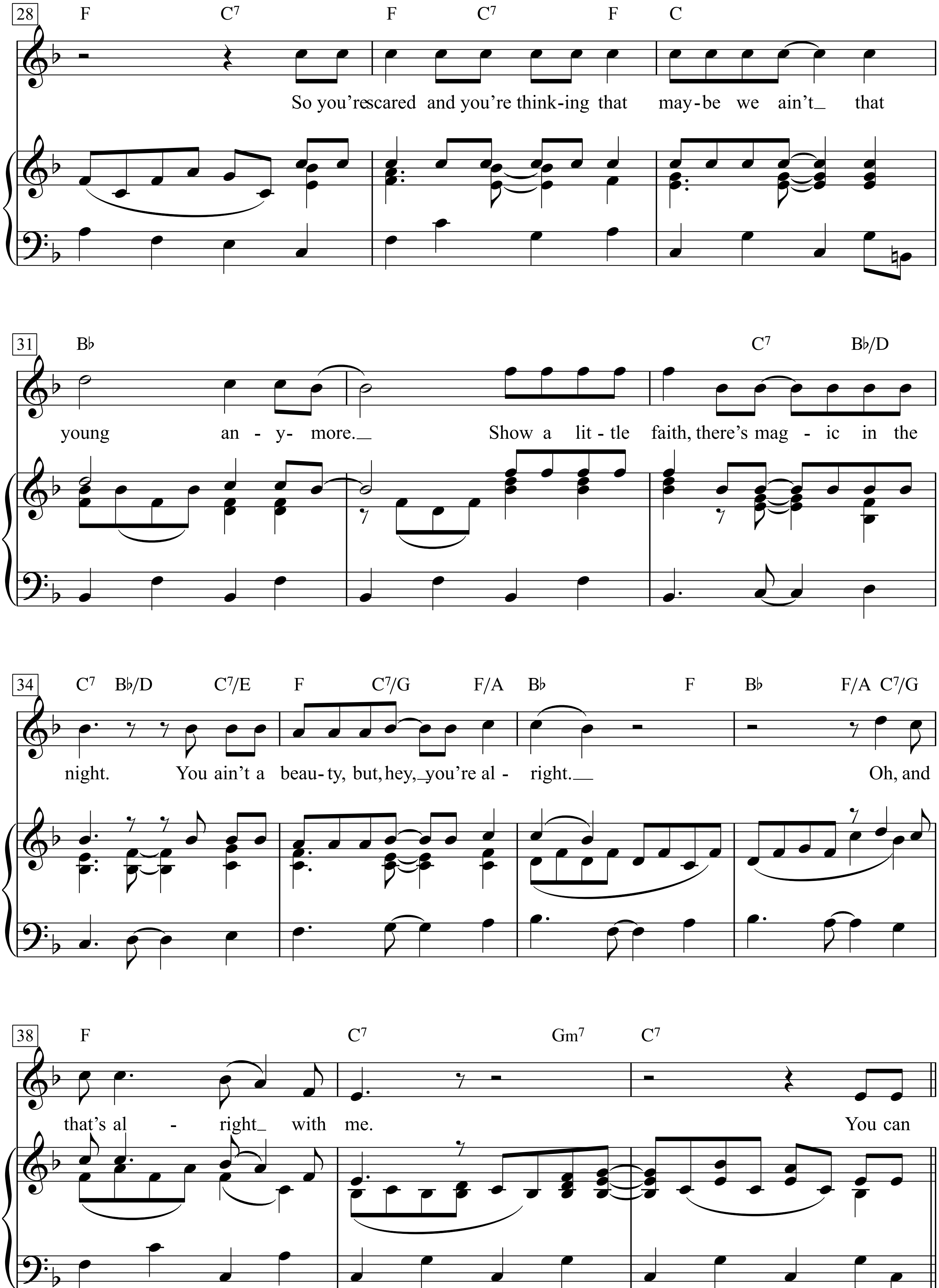


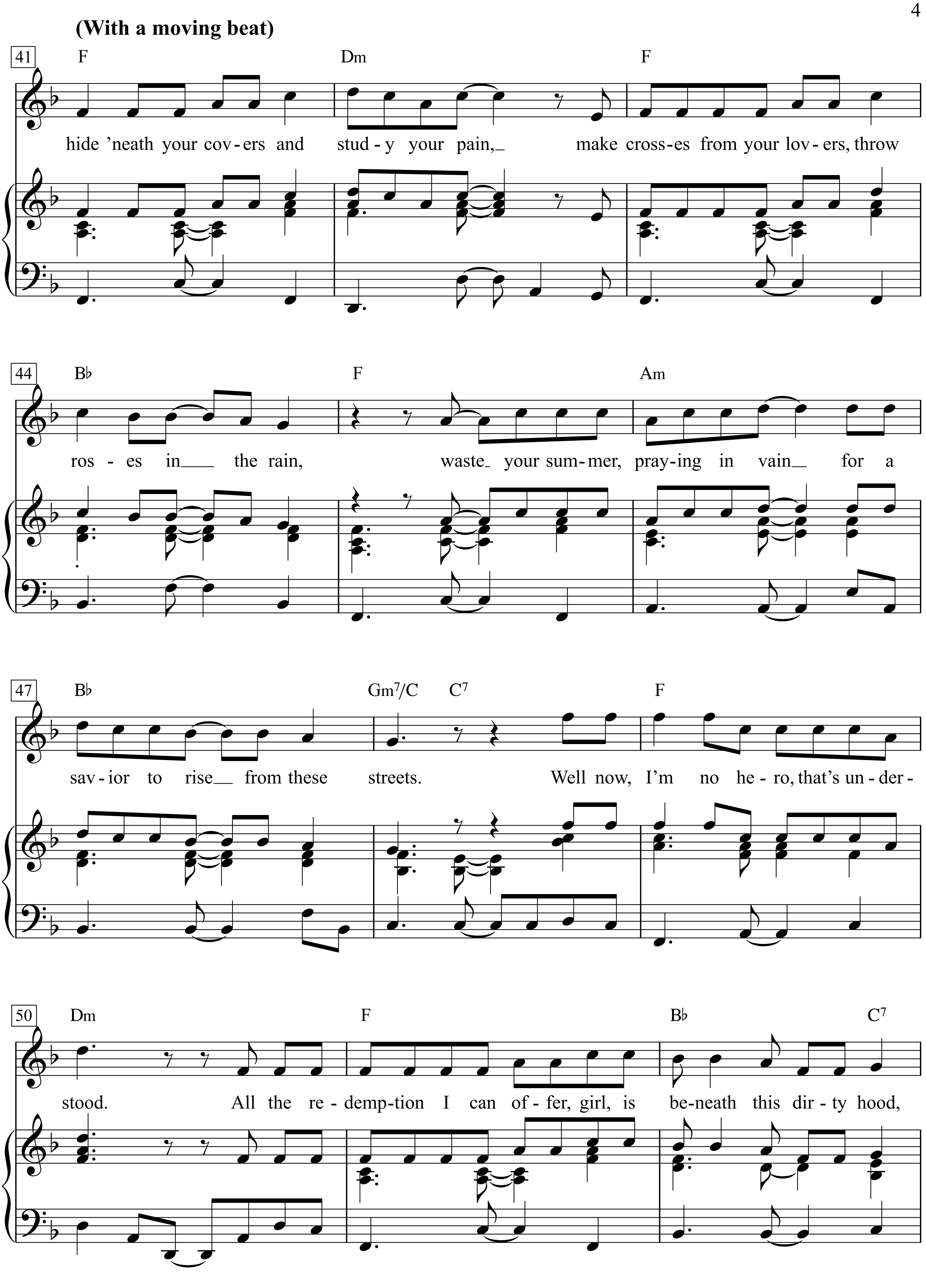
Brightly ♩ = 144

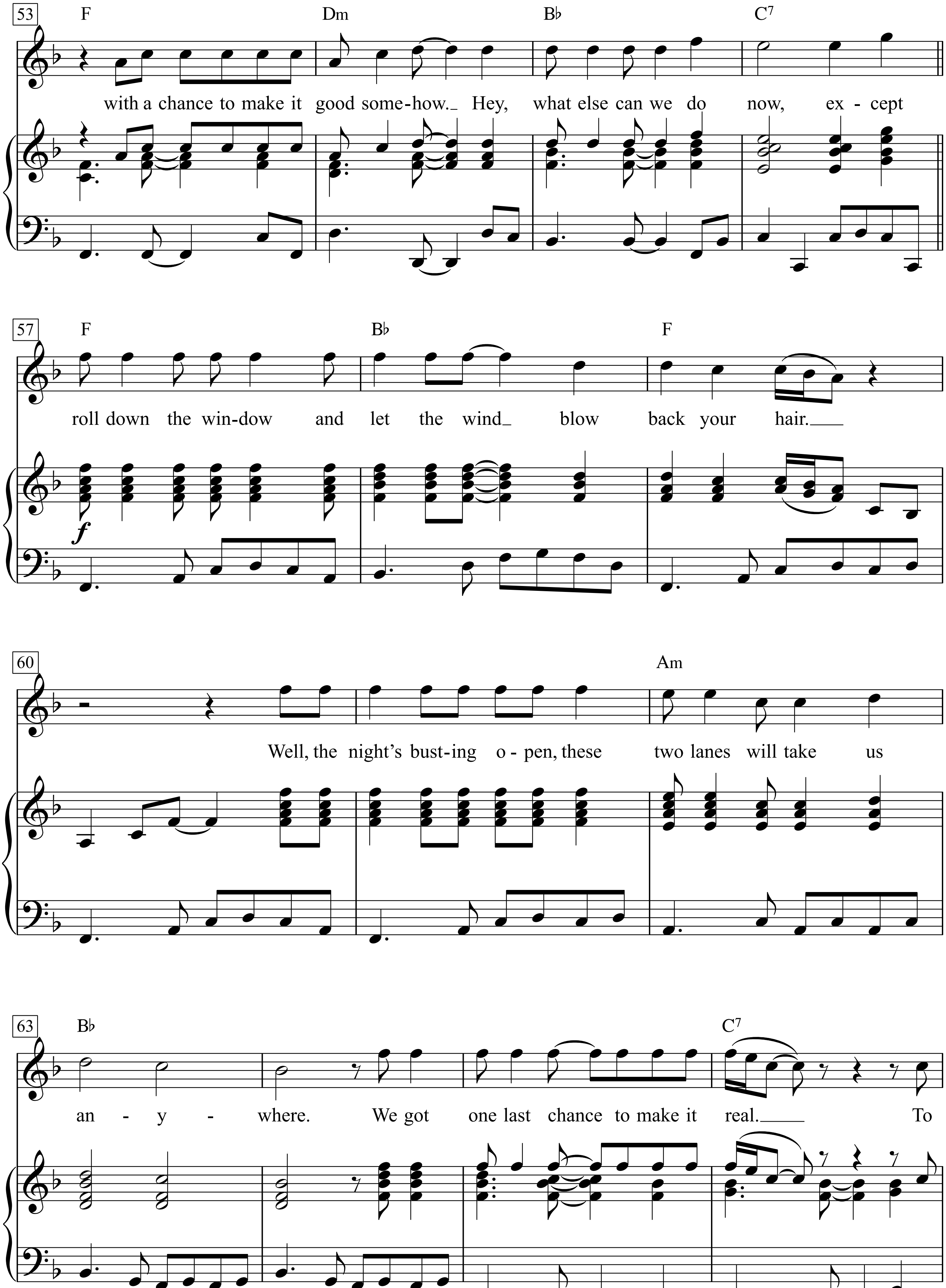


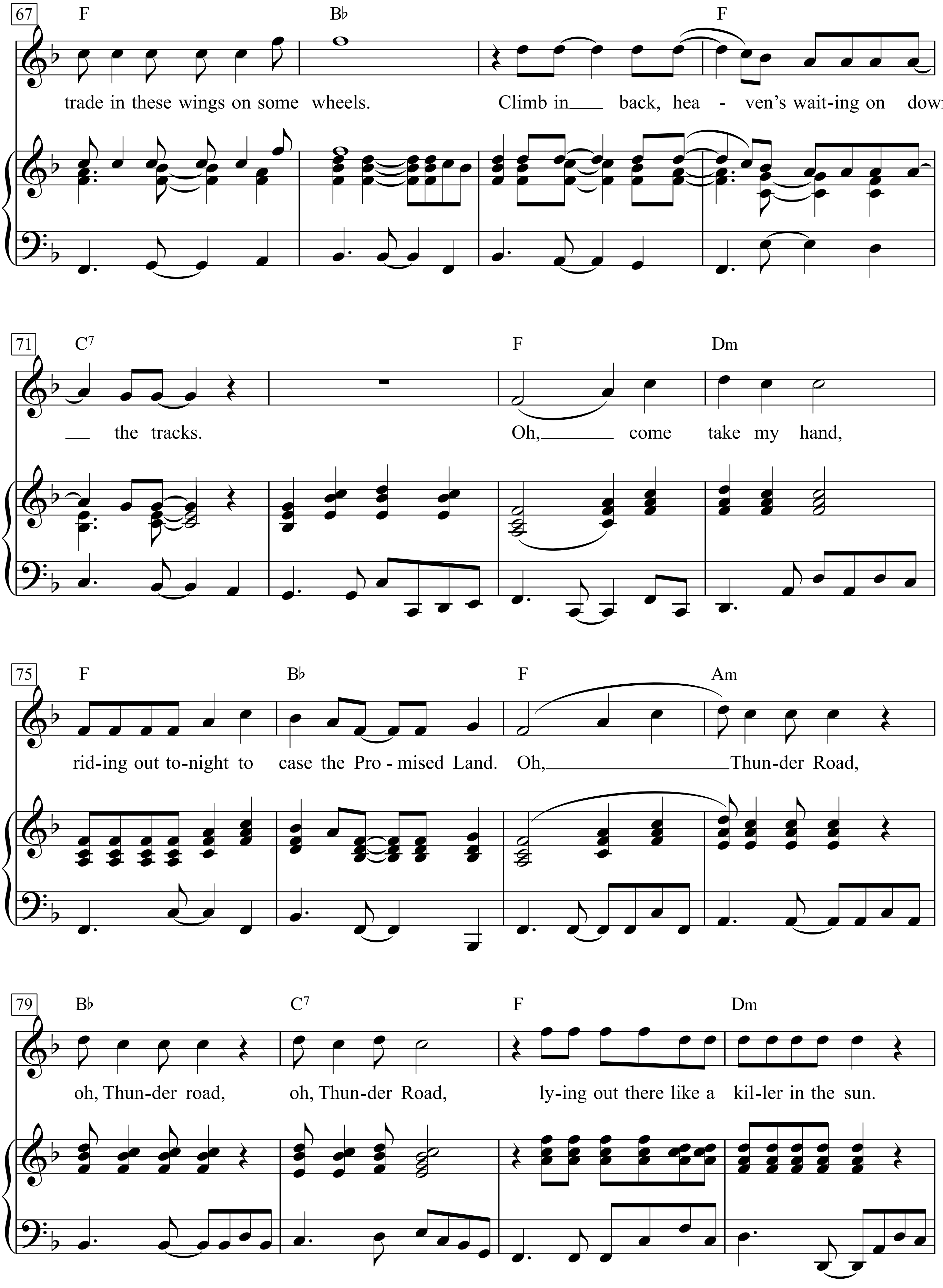


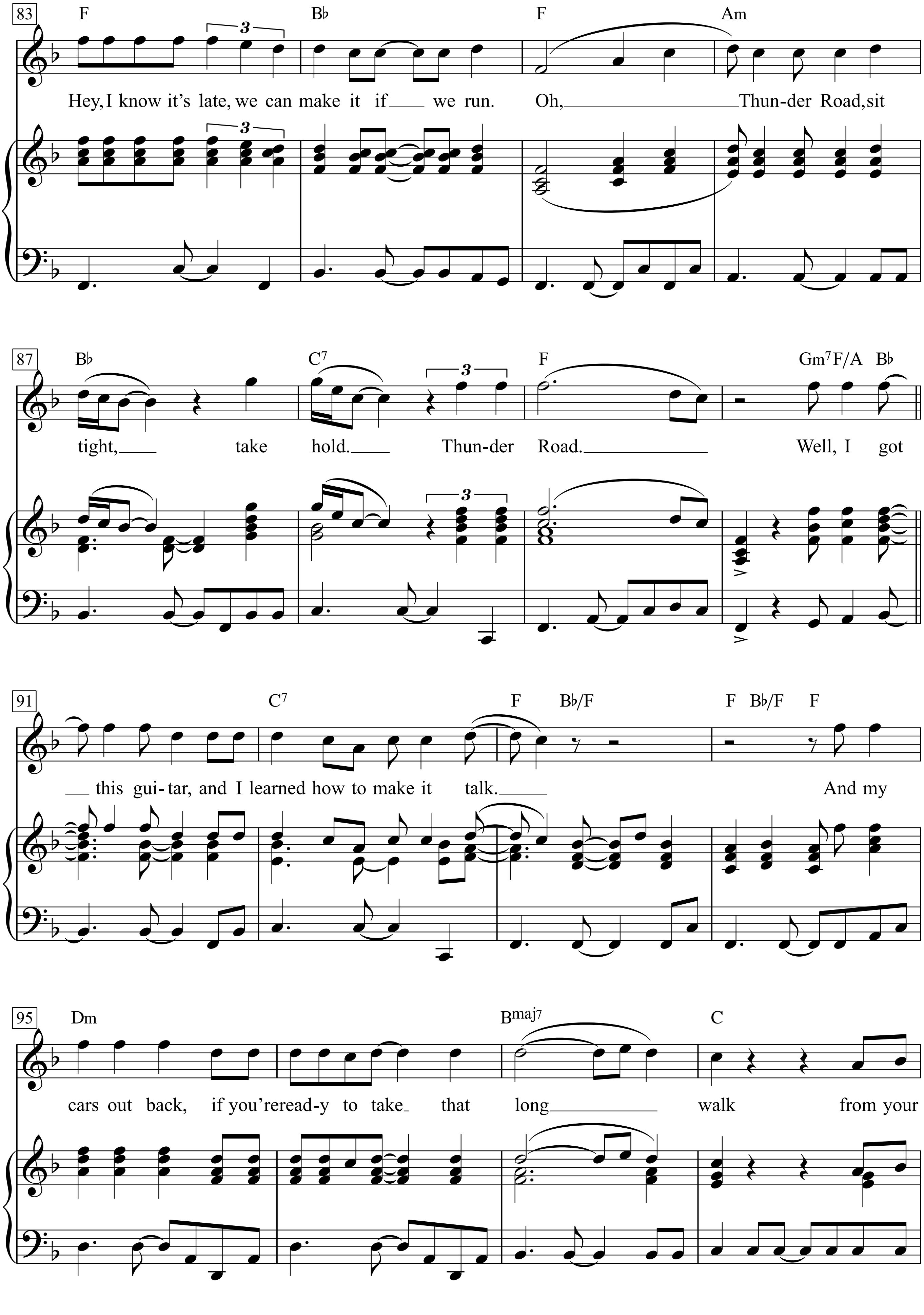

13
F C7 F C Bb
vi-sion she dan - ces a - cross the porch as the ra - di - o plays.
Roy
17
C7 Bb/D C Bb/DC/E F C/E F Bb
Or-bi-son's sing - ing for the lone - ly. Hey, that's me, and I want you on - ly. Don't turn me
21
F(sus4) Bb/D F C/E Dm C Bb C C7
home a - gain. I just can't face my - self a - lone a - gain. Don't
25
F C7 F Bb C7 F C7
run back in - side, dar - ling, you know just what I'm here for.

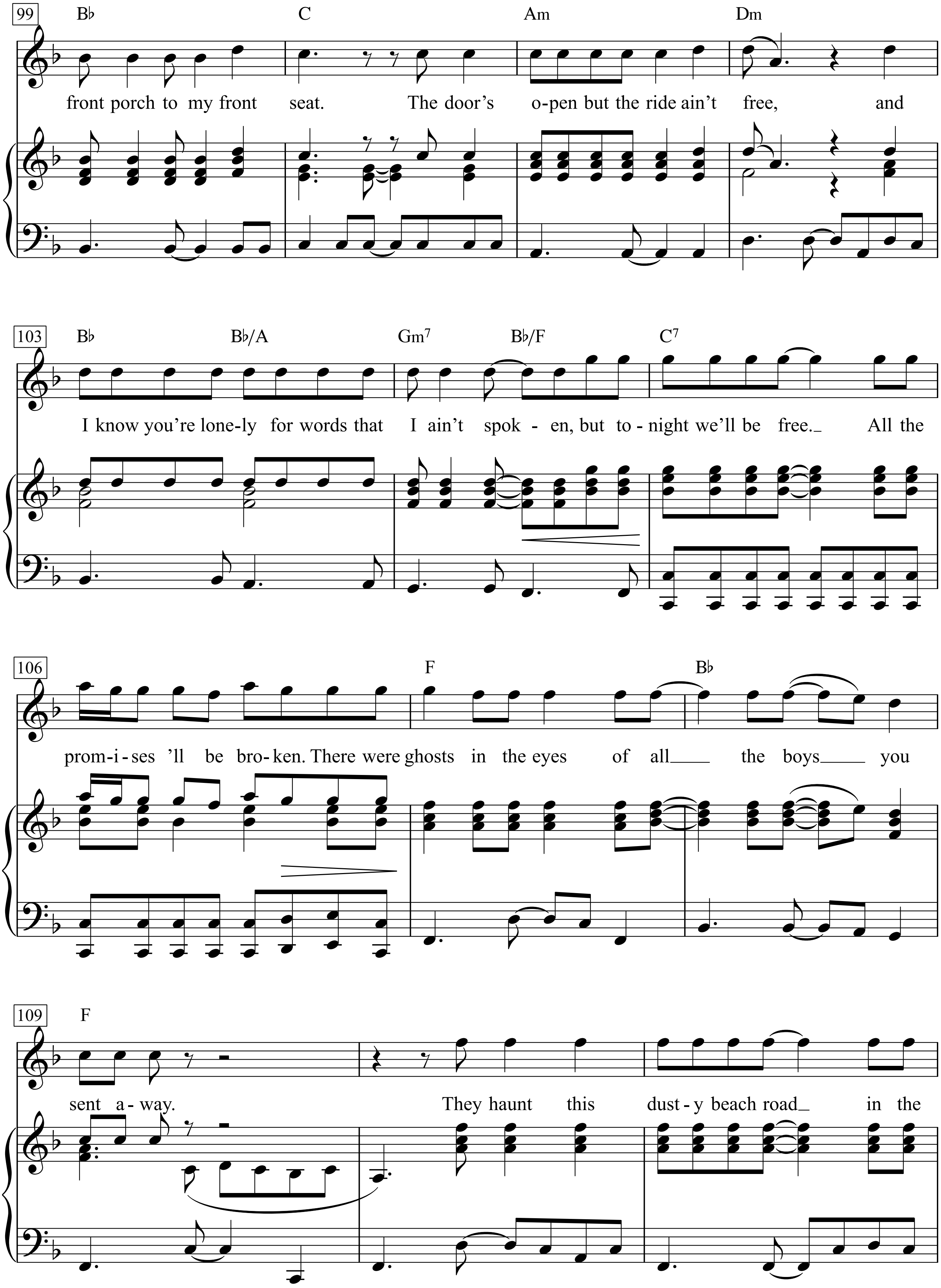

28
F C7 F C7 F C
So you're scared and you're think-ing that may-be we ain't_ that
31
B♭ C7 B♭/D
young an - y- more._ Show a lit - tle faith, there's mag - ic in the
34
C7 B♭/D C7/E F C7/G F/A B♭ F B♭ F/A C7/G
night. You ain't a beau-ty, but, hey,_you're al - right._ Oh, and
38
F C7 Gm7 C7
that's al - right_ with me. You can

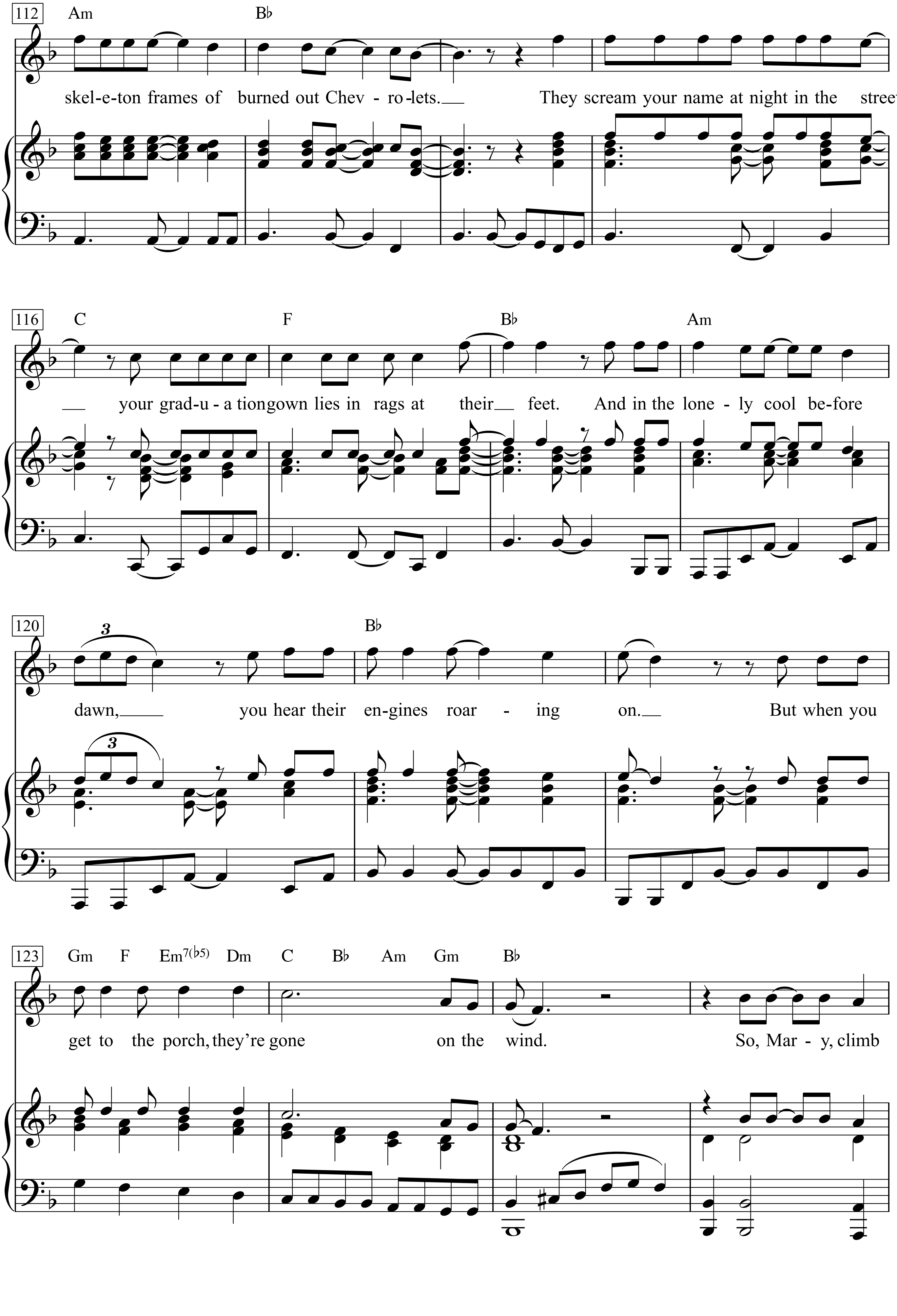

(With a moving beat)
41
F
Dm
F
hide 'neath your cov - ers and stud - y your pain, make cross - es from your lov - ers, throw
44
B♭
F
Am
ros - es in the rain, waste your sum - mer, pray - ing in vain for a
47
B♭
Gm7/C
C7
F
sav - ior to rise from these streets. Well now, I'm no he - ro, that's un - der -
50
Dm
F
B♭
C7
stood. All the re - demp - tion I can of - fer, girl, is be - neath this dir - ty hood,

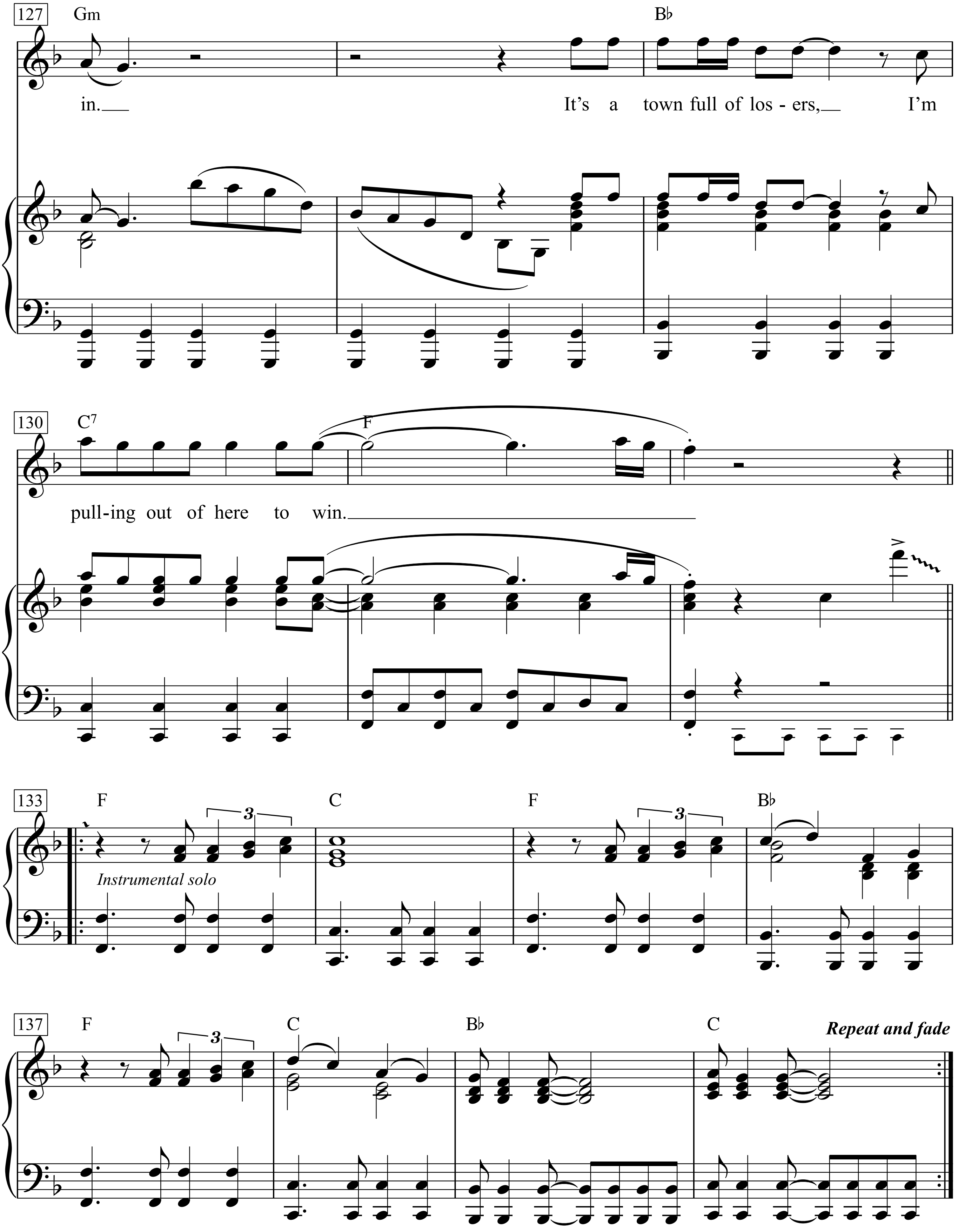

53
F
Dm
B♭
C7
with a chance to make it good some-how._ Hey, what else can we do now, ex - cept
57
F
B♭
F
roll down the win-dow and let the wind_ blow back your hair.___
f
60
Am
Well, the night's bust-ing o - pen, these two lanes will take us
63
B♭
C7
an - y - where. We got one last chance to make it real.____ To


67
F
B♭
F
trade in these wings on some wheels. Climb in back, hea - ven's wait-ing on down
71
C7
F
Dm
the tracks. Oh, come take my hand,
75
F
B♭
F
Am
rid-ing out to-night to case the Pro - mised Land. Oh, Thun-der Road,
79
B♭
C7
F
Dm
oh, Thun-der road, oh, Thun-der Road, ly-ing out there like a kil-ler in the sun.


83
F Bb F Am
Hey, I know it's late, we can make it if we run. Oh, Thun-der Road, sit
87
Bb C7 F Gm7 F/A Bb
tight, take hold. Thun-der Road. Well, I got
91
C7 F Bb/F F Bb/F F
this gui-tar, and I learned how to make it talk. And my
95
Dm Bmaj7 C
cars out back, if you're read-y to take that long walk from your


99
B♭ C Am Dm
front porch to my front seat. The door's o-pen but the ride ain't free, and
103
B♭ B♭/A Gm7 B♭/F C7
I know you're lone-ly for words that I ain't spok - en, but to - night we'll be free._ All the
106
F B♭
prom-i-ses 'll be bro-ken. There were ghosts in the eyes of all___ the boys___ you
109
F
sent a - way. They haunt this dust - y beach road_ in the


112
Am
B♭
skel-e-ton frames of burned out Chev - ro -lets.
They scream your name at night in the street,
116
C
F
B♭
Am
your grad-u - a tiongown lies in rags at their feet.
And in the lone - ly cool be-fore
120
3
B♭
dawn, you hear their en-gines roar - ing on.
But when you
123
Gm F Em7(♭5) Dm C B♭ Am Gm
B♭
get to the porch, they're gone on the wind.
So, Mar - y, climb

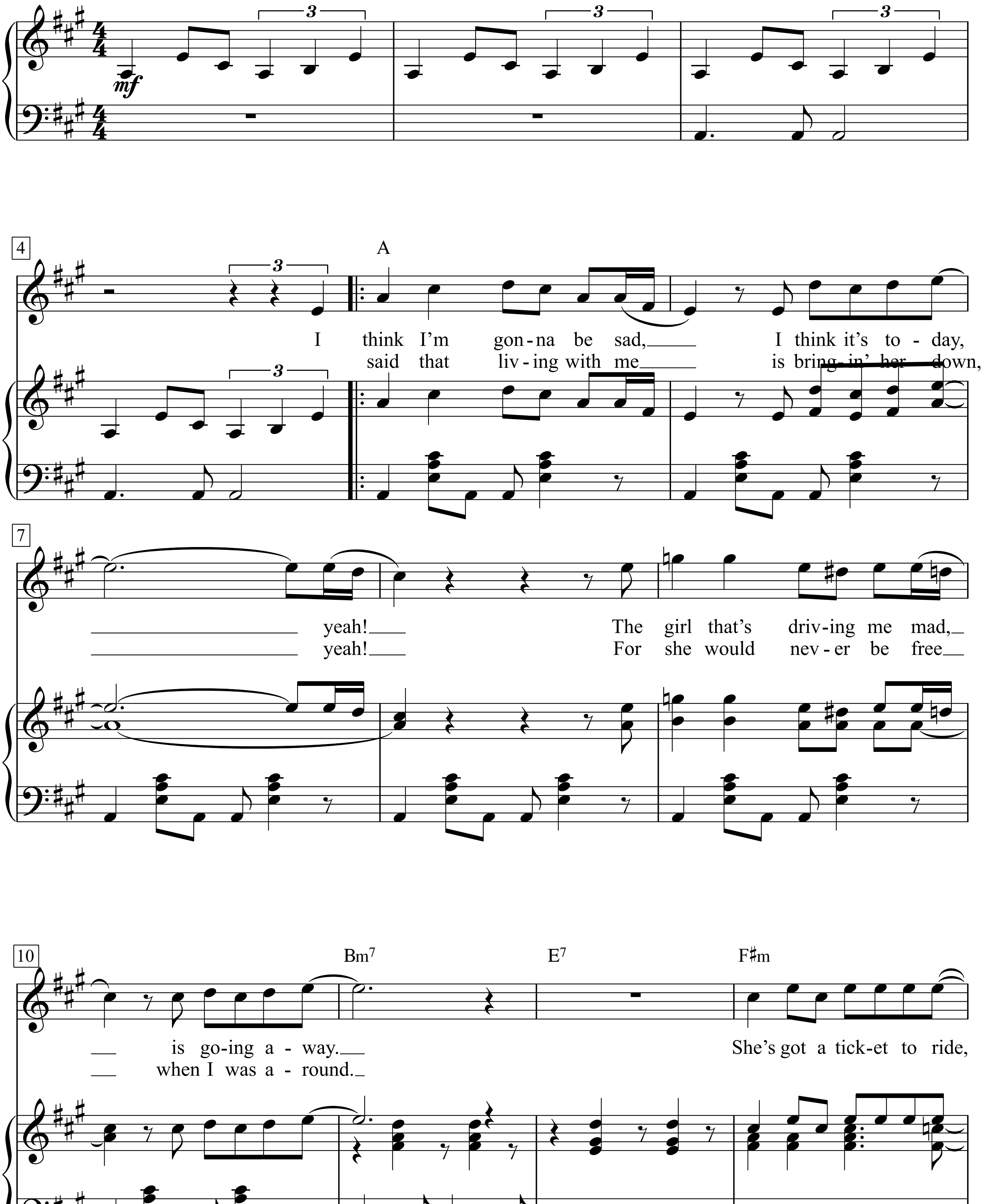

127
Gm
B♭
in.
It's a town full of los - ers,
I'm
130
C7
F
pull-ing out of here to win.
133
F
C
F
B♭
Instrumental solo
137
F
C
B♭
C
Repeat and fade

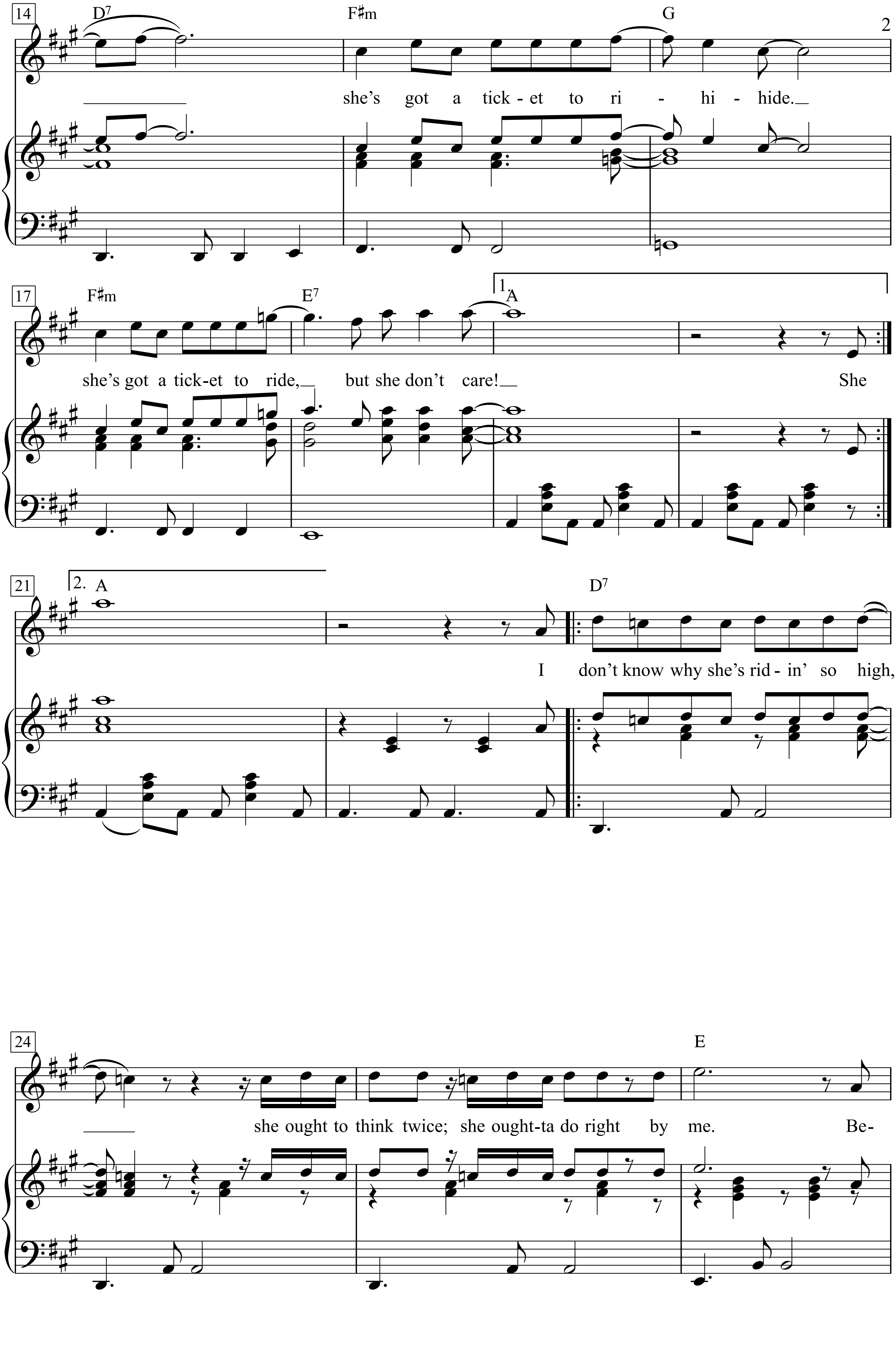
1.
The screen door slams,
Mary’s dress waves; like a vision she dances
across the porch as the radio plays.
Roy Orbison’s singing for the lonely.
Hey, that’s me, and I want you only.
Don’t turn me home again.
I just can’t face myself alone again.
Don’t run back inside, darling, you know just what I’m here for.
So you’re scared and you’re thinking
that maybe we ain’t that young anymore.
Show a little faith, there’s magic in the night.
You ain’t a beauty, but, hey, you’re alright.
Oh, and that’s alright with me.
You can hide ’neath your covers and study your pain,
make crosses from your lovers, throw roses in the rain,
waste your summer, praying in vain for a savior to rise from these streets.
Well now,
I’m no hero, that’s understood.
All the redemption I can offer, girl, is beneath this dirty hood,
with a chance to make it good somehow.
Hey, what else can we do now, except roll down the window
and let the wind blow back your hair.
Well, the night’s busting open, these two lanes will take us anywhere.
We got one last chance to make it real.
To trade in these wings on some wheels.
Climb in back, heaven’s waiting on down the tracks.
Oh, come take my hand, riding out tonight to case the Promised Land.
Oh, Thunder Road, oh,
Thunder road, oh,
Thunder Road, lying out there like a killer in the sun.
Hey, I know it’s late, we can make it if we run.
Oh, Thunder Road, sit tight, take hold.
Thunder Road.
Well, I got this guitar, and I learned how to make it talk.
And my cars out back, if you’re ready to take that long walk
from your front porch to my front seat.
The door’s open but the ride ain’t free, and I know you’re lonely
for words that I ain’t spoken, but tonight we’ll be free.
All the promises ’ll be broken.
There were ghosts in the eyes of all the boys you sent away.
They haunt this dusty beach road in the skeleton
frames of burned out Chevrolets.
They scream your name at night in the street, your
graduation gown lies in rags at their feet.
And in the lonely cool before dawn, you hear their engines roaring on.
But when you get to the porch, they’re gone on the wind.
So, Mary, climb in.
It’s a town full of losers,
I’m pulling out of here to win.

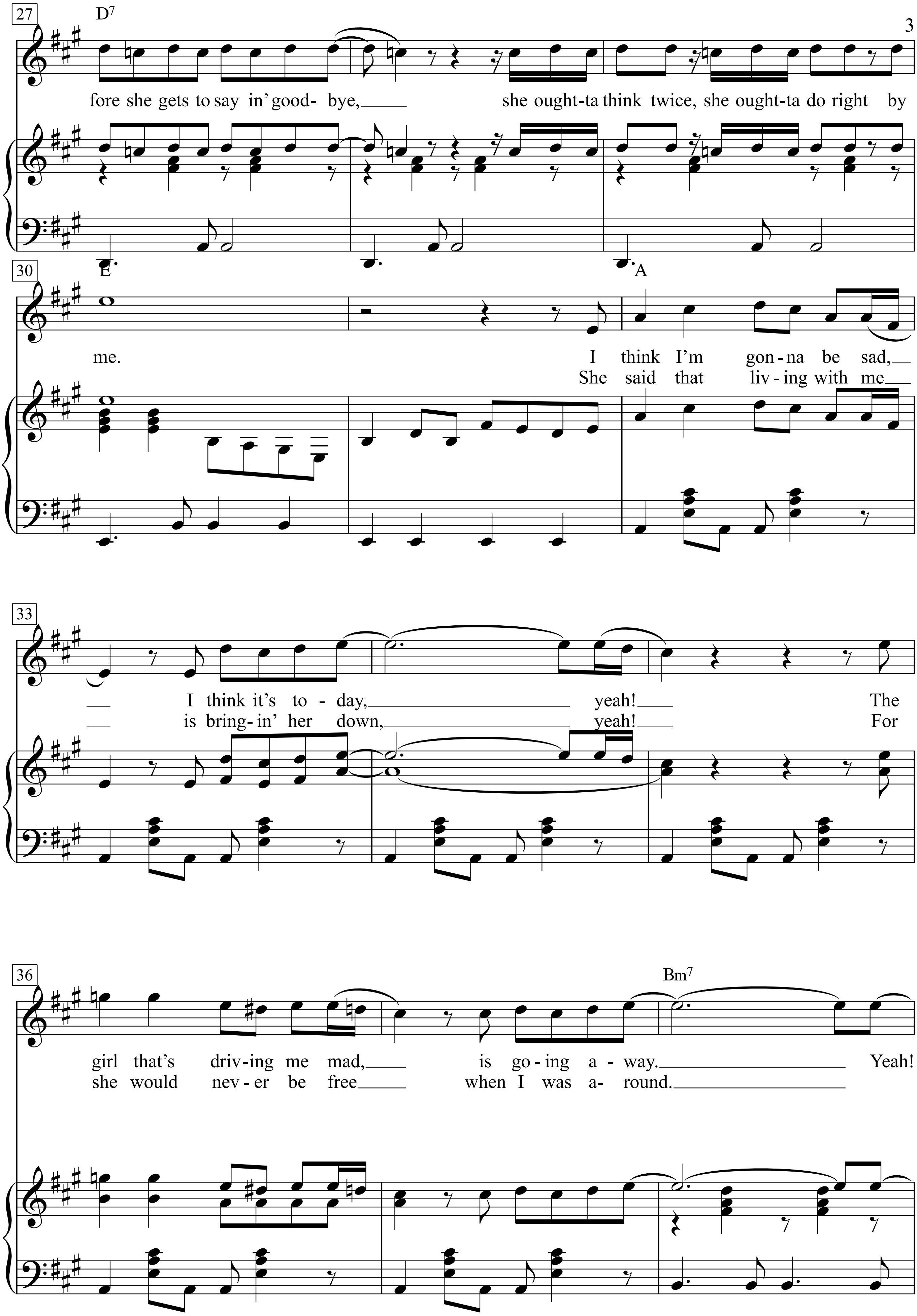
Ticket To Ride

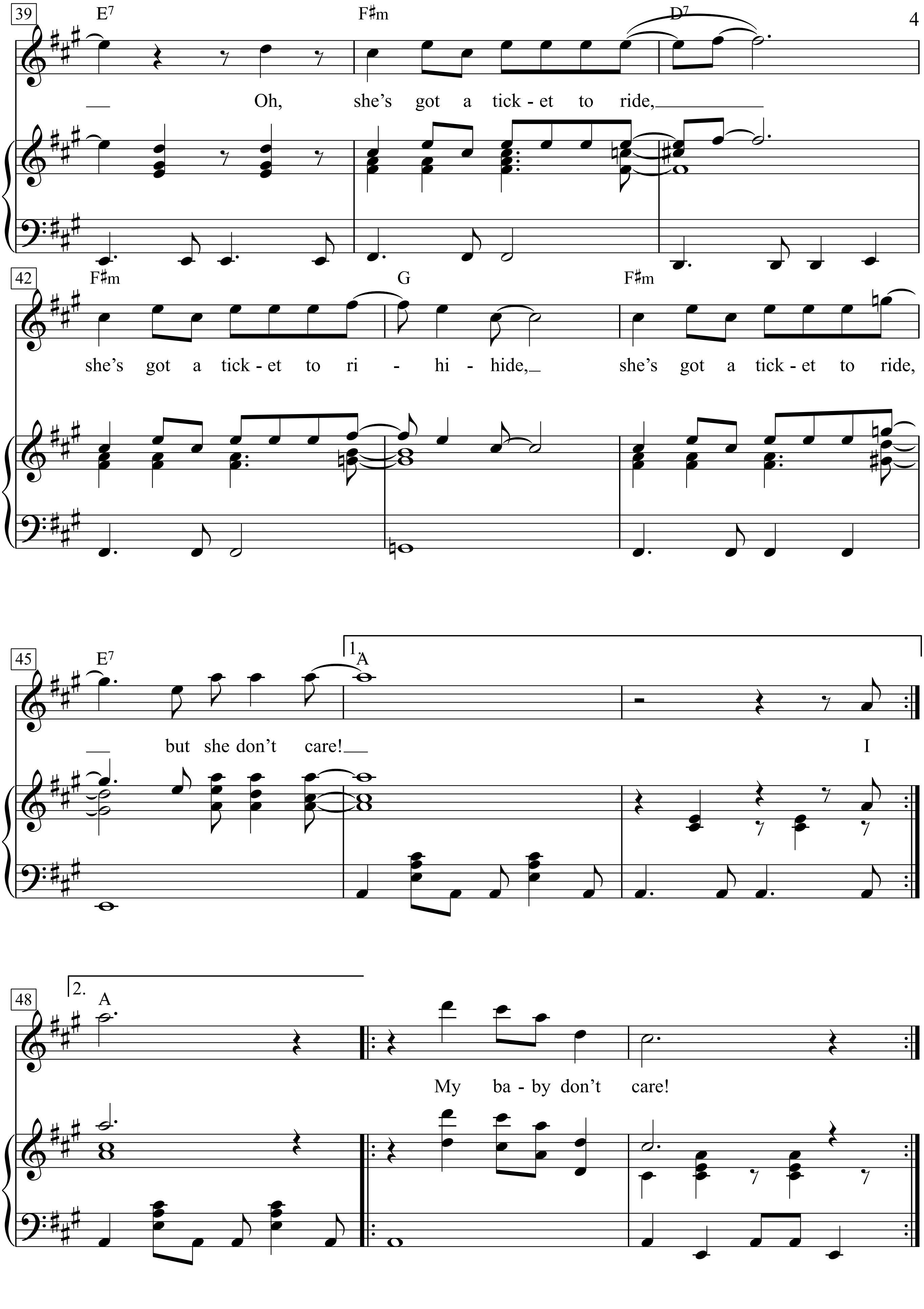
Words & Music by
John Lennon and Paul McCartney
(The Beatles)

Moderate rock tempo



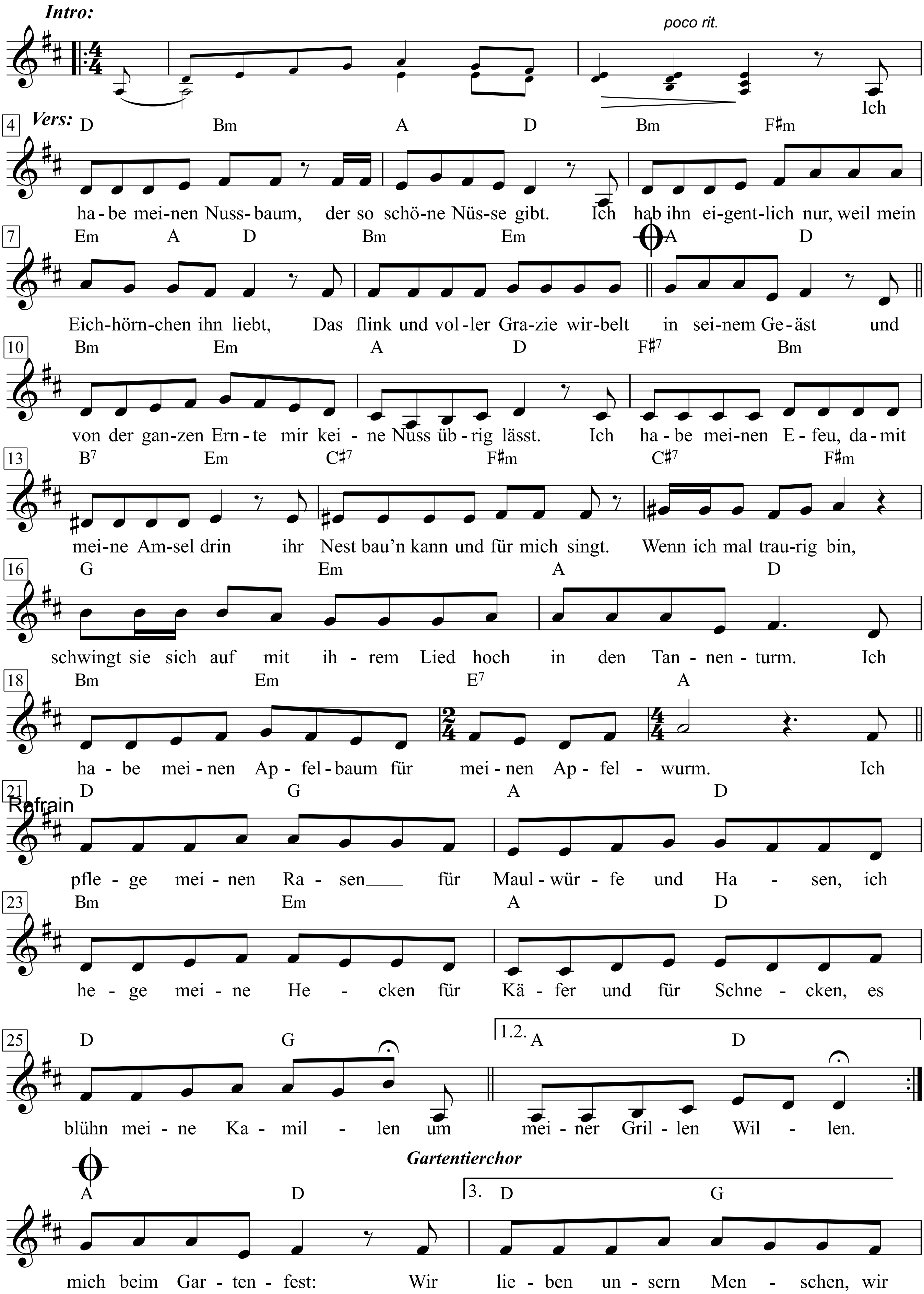

14
D7
F♯m
G
she's got a tick - et to ri - hi - hide.
17
F♯m
E7
1.
A
she's got a tick-et to ride, but she don't care!
She
21
2.
A
D7
I don't know why she's rid - in' so high,
24
E
she ought to think twice; she ought-ta do right by me.
Be-


27
D7
fore she gets to say in' good- bye,
she ought-ta think twice, she ought-ta do right by
30
E
A
me.
I think I'm gon-na be sad,
She said that liv-ing with me
33
I think it's to- day,
yeah!
The
is bring-in' her down,
yeah!
For
36
Bm7
girl that's driv-ing me mad,
is go-ing a- way.
Yeah!
she would nev-er be free
when I was a- round.

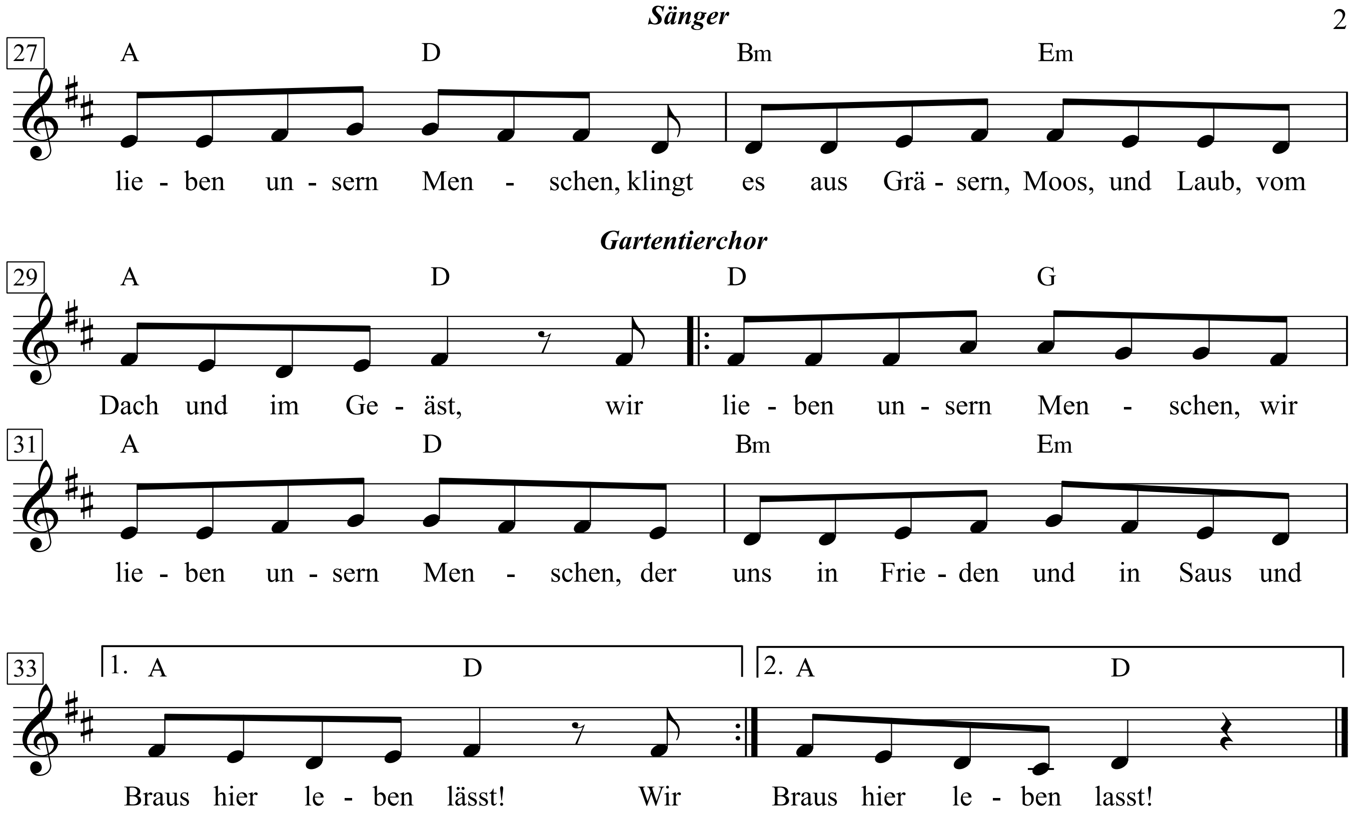

39
E7
F♯m
D7
Oh, she's got a tick - et to ride,
42
F♯m
G
F♯m
she's got a tick - et to ri - hi - hide, she's got a tick - et to ride,
45
E7
1.
A
but she don't care!
I
48
2.
A
My ba - by don't care!

Tiergarten

Reinhard Mey



2



1. Ich habe meinen Nussbaum, der so schöne Nüsse gibt.
Ich hab ihn eigentlich nur, weil mein Eichhörnchen ihn liebt,
das flink und voller Grazie wirbelt in seinem Geäst
und von der ganzen Ernte mir keine Nuss übrig lässt.
Ich habe meinen Efeu, damit meine Amsel drin
ihr Nest bau'n kann und für mich singt. Wenn ich mal traurig bin,
schwingt sie sich auf mit ihrem Lied hoch in den Tannenturm.
Ich habe meinen Apfelbaum für meinen Apfelwurm.
Ich pflege meinen Rasen für Maulwürfe und Hasen,
ich hege meine Hecken für Käfer und für Schnecken,
es blühn meine Kamillen um meiner Grillen Willen.

2. Ich gieße meine Katzenminze, weil sich dann vielleicht
die Katze freut, wenn sie bei Nacht durch meine Minze streicht.
Ich hätschle meinen Kirschbaum nur für einen Star, der dann
die Kirschen frisst und 'Gute Nacht, Freunde' nachpfeifen kann.
Die Blaumeise dribbelt den Meisenknödel um den Ast,
die schwere Hummel macht in meiner Glockenblume Rast.
In meiner Pflaume lebt die Made sorglos in den Tag,
fernab von allen Ängsten, was die Zukunft bringen mag.
Ich höre das Gras wachsen, ich hör' die Dachse flachsen,
ich hör die Knospe springen, ich hör' das Würmchen singen.
Hör den Insektenreigen und die Zikaden geigen.

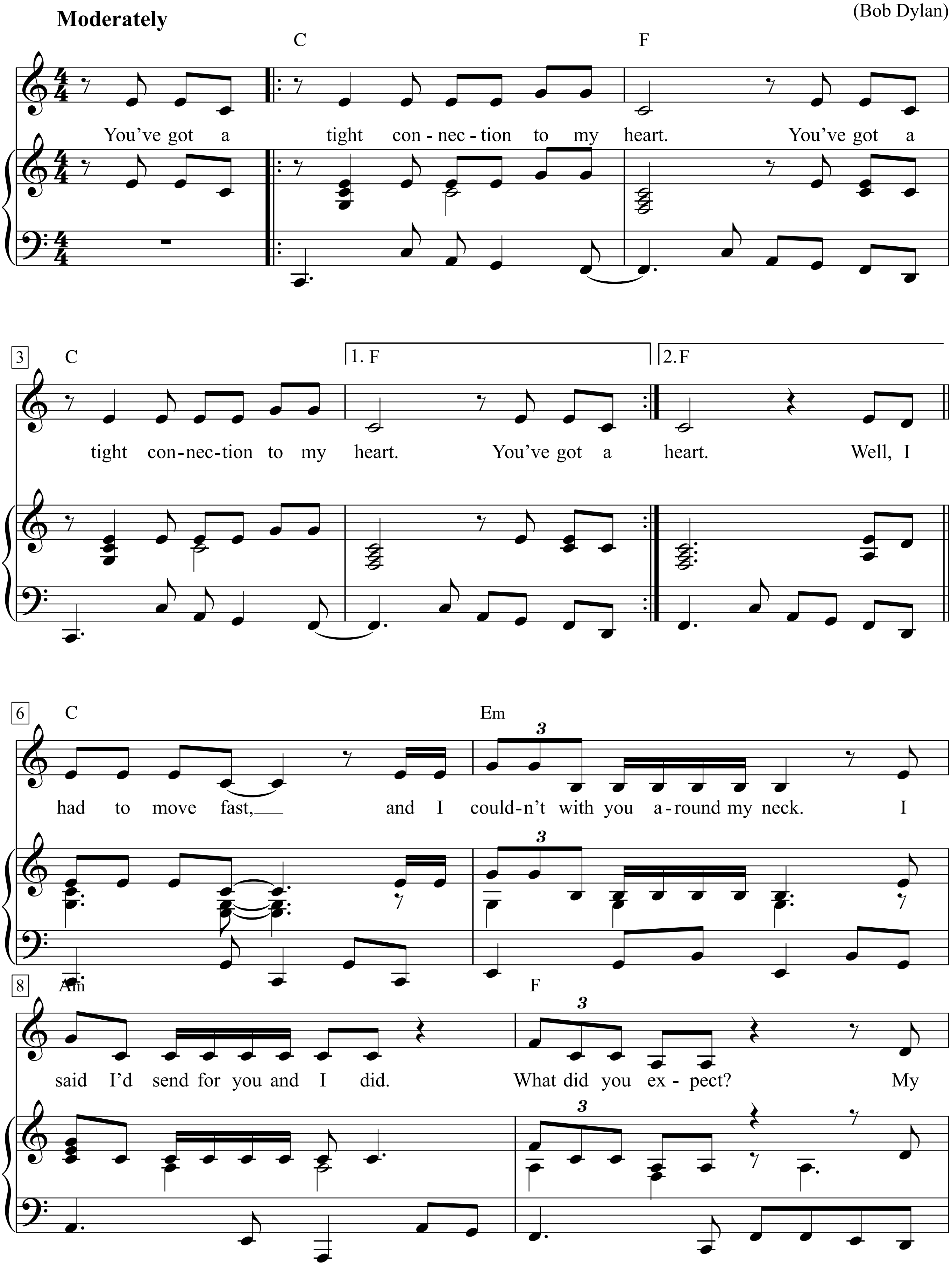
3. Es sieht in meinem Garten nicht wie Schöner Wohnen aus,
dafür sind alle Tiere drin willkommen und zu Haus.
Und alles singt, zirpt, piept im Chor für mich beim Gartenfest:
Wir lieben unsern Menschen, wir lieben unsern Menschen,
klingt es aus Gräsern, Moos, und Laub, vom Dach und im Geäst,

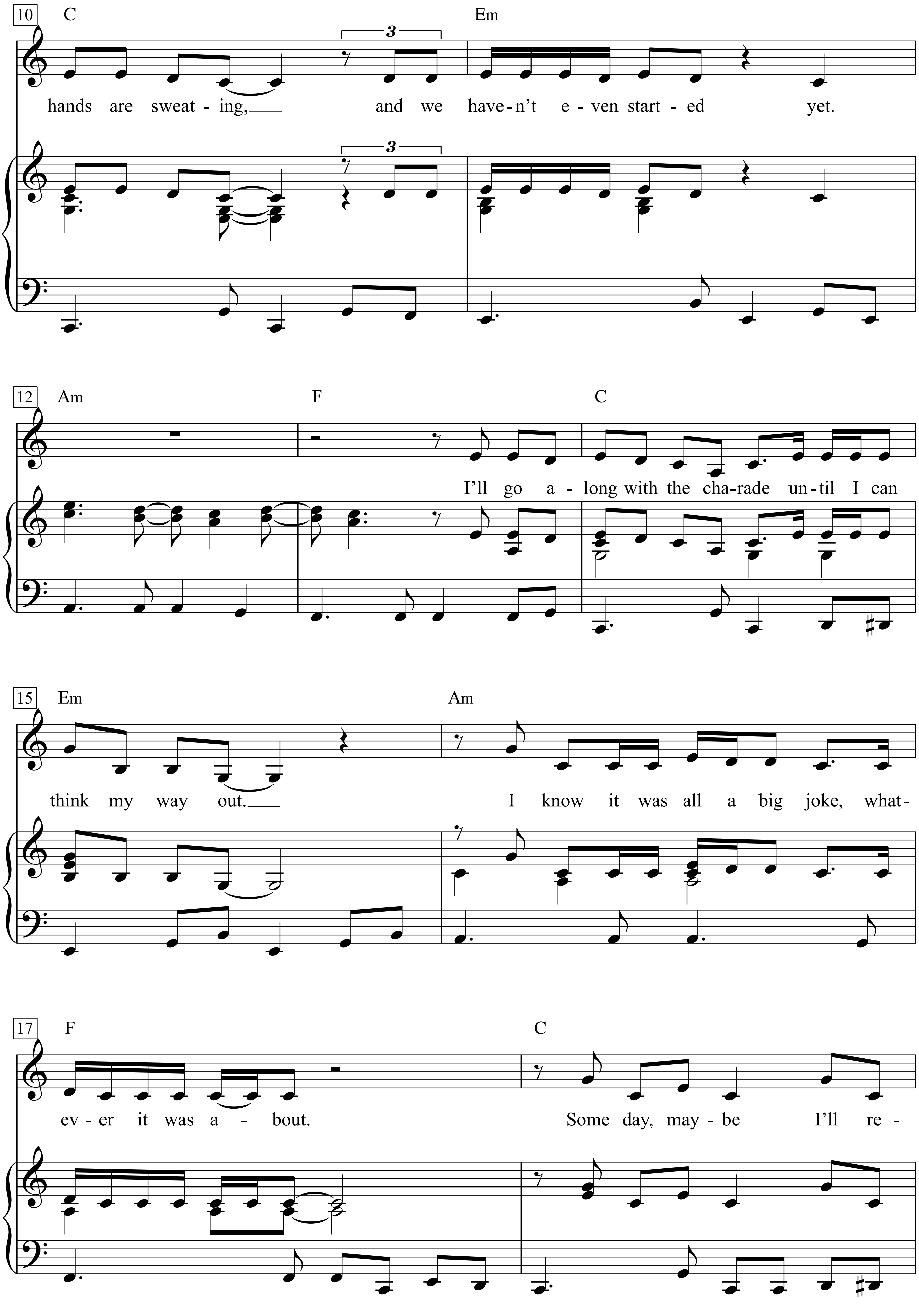
|: Wir lieben unsern Menschen, wir lieben unsern Menschen,
der uns in Frieden und in Saus und Braus hier leben lässt! :|

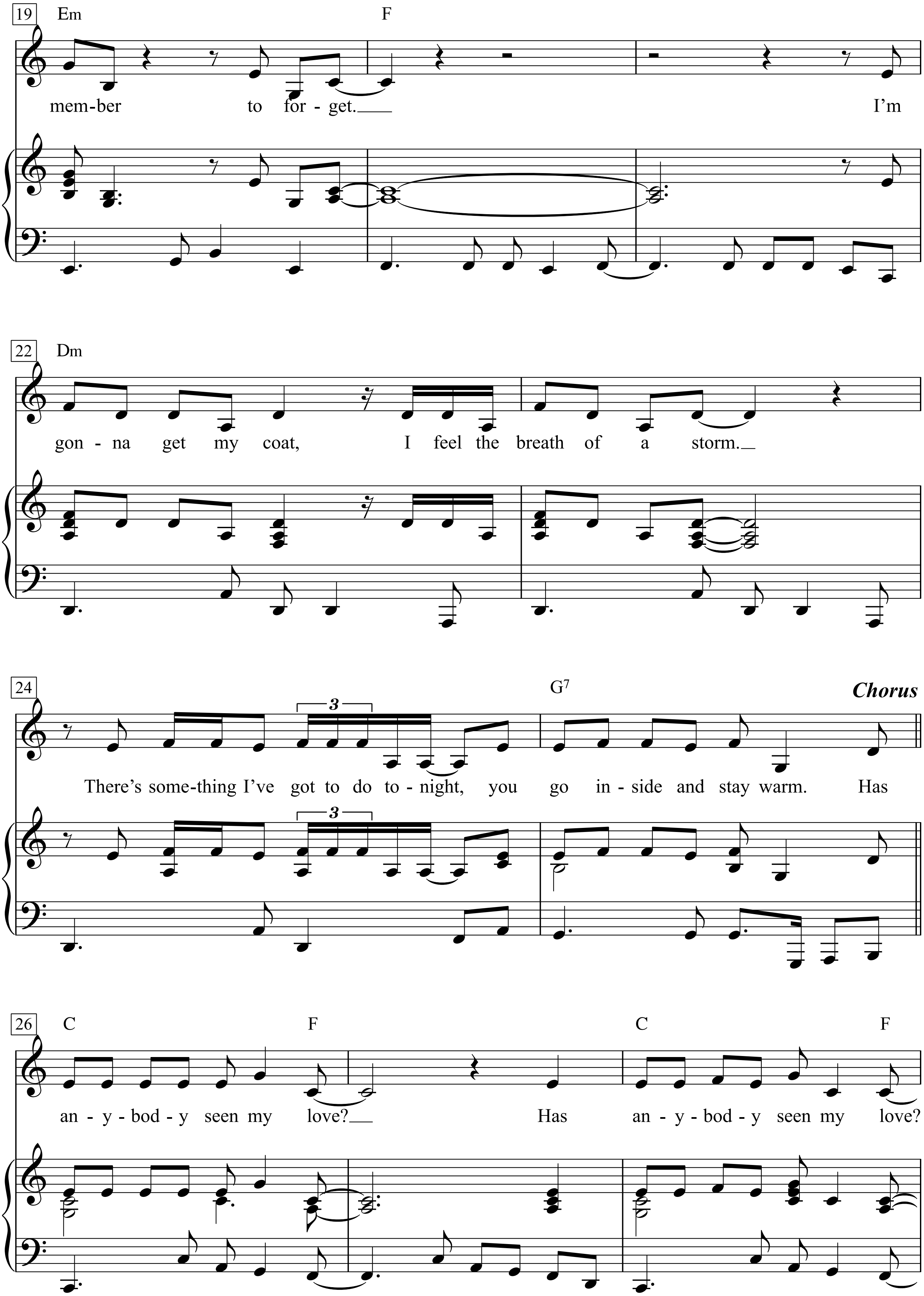
Tight Connection To My Heart

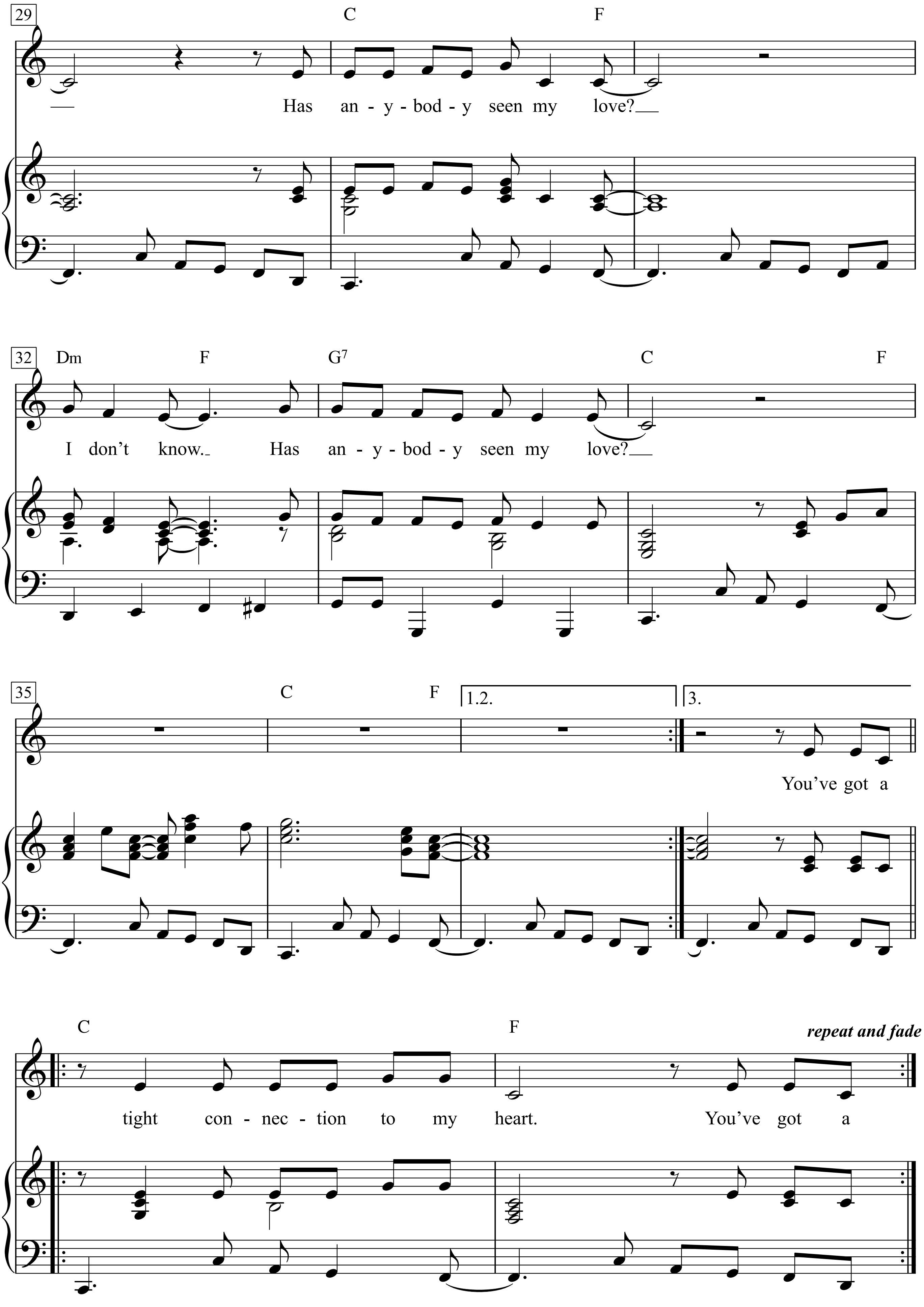
(Has Anybody Seen My Love?)

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




10
C
Em
3
hands are sweat - ing, and we have-n't e - ven start - ed yet.
12
Am
F
C
I'll go a - long with the cha-rade un-til I can
15
Em
Am
think my way out. I know it was all a big joke, what-
17
F
C
ev - er it was a - bout. Some day, may - be I'll re -


19
Em
F
mem-ber to for - get. I'm
22
Dm
gon - na get my coat, I feel the breath of a storm.
24
G7
Chorus
There's some-thing I've got to do to - night, you go in - side and stay warm. Has
26
C
F
C
F
an - y - bod - y seen my love? Has an - y - bod - y seen my love?


29
C
F
Has any-y-bod-y seen my love?
32
Dm
F
G7
C
F
I don't know. Has an-y-bod-y seen my love?
35
C
F
1.2.
3.
You've got a
C
F
repeat and fade
tight con-nec-tion to my heart. You've got a

You've got a tight connection to my heart.
You've got a tight connection to my heart.

Well, I had to move fast,
And I couldn't with you around my neck.
I said I'd send for you and I did.
What did you expect?
My hands are sweating,
And we haven't even started yet.
I'll go along with the charade
Until I can think my way out.
I know it was all a big joke,
Whatever it was about.
Some day, maybe
I'll remember to forget.

I'm gonna get my coat,
I feel the breath of a storm.
There's something I've got to do tonight,
You go inside and stay warm.

Chorus:
Has anybody seen my love?
Has anybody seen my love?
Has anybody seen my love?
I don't know.
Has anybody seen my love?

You want to talk to me,
Go ahead and talk.
Whatever you got to say to me
Won't come as any shock.
I must be guilty of something,
You just whisper it into my ear.
Madame Butterfly,
She lulled me to sleep
In a town without pity
Where the water runs deep.
She said, "Be easy, baby,
There ain't nothin' worth stealin' in here."

You're the one I've been looking for,
You're the one that's got the key.
But I can't figure out whether I'm too good for you
Or you're too good for me.

Chorus:

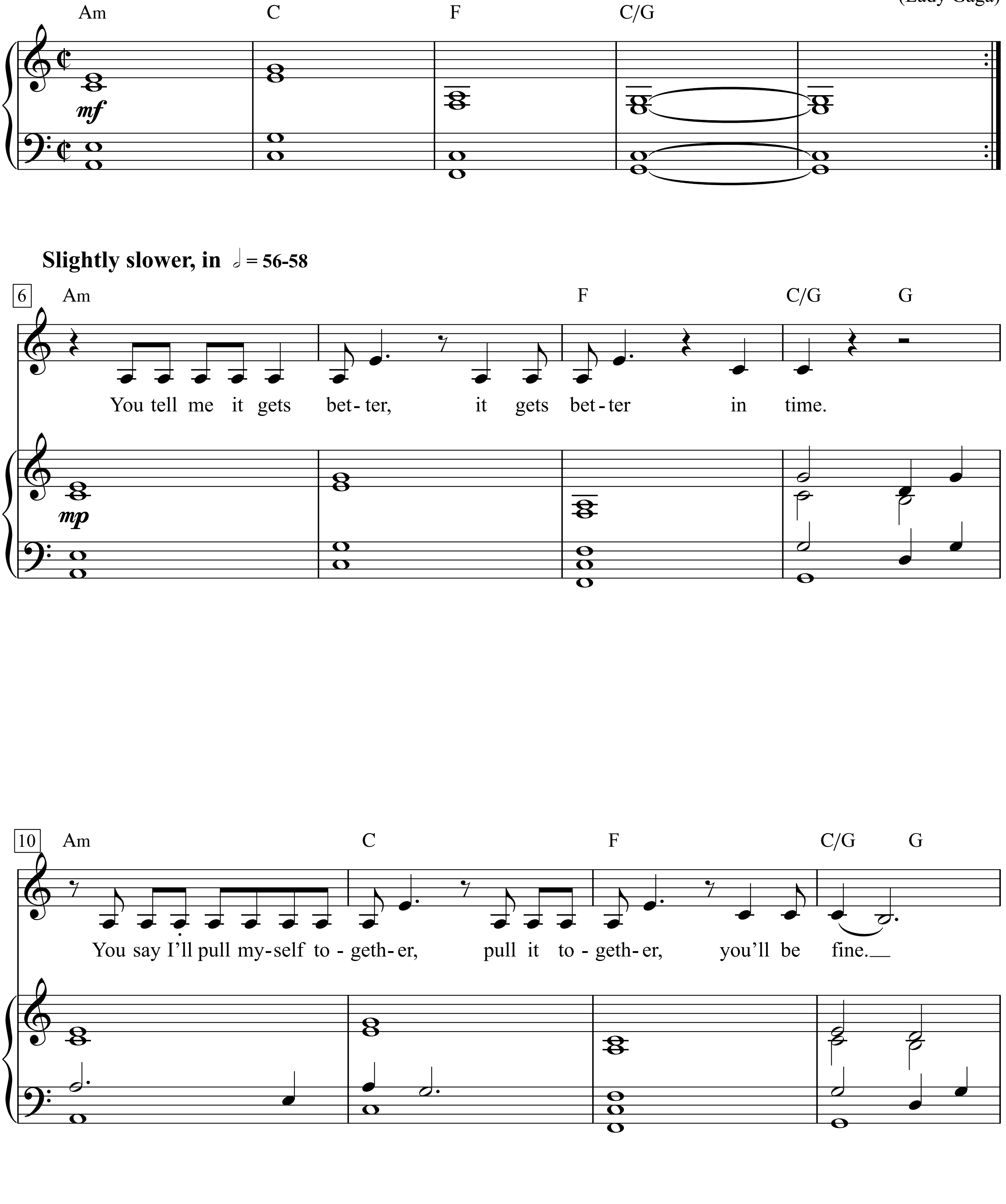
Well, they're not showing any lights tonight,
And there's no moon.
There's just a hot-blooded singer
Singing "Memphis in June,"
While they're beatin' the devil out of a guy
Who's wearing a powder-blue wig.
Later he'll be shot f
Or resisting arrest,
I can still hear his voice crying
In the wilderness.
What looks large from a distance,
Close up ain't never that big.

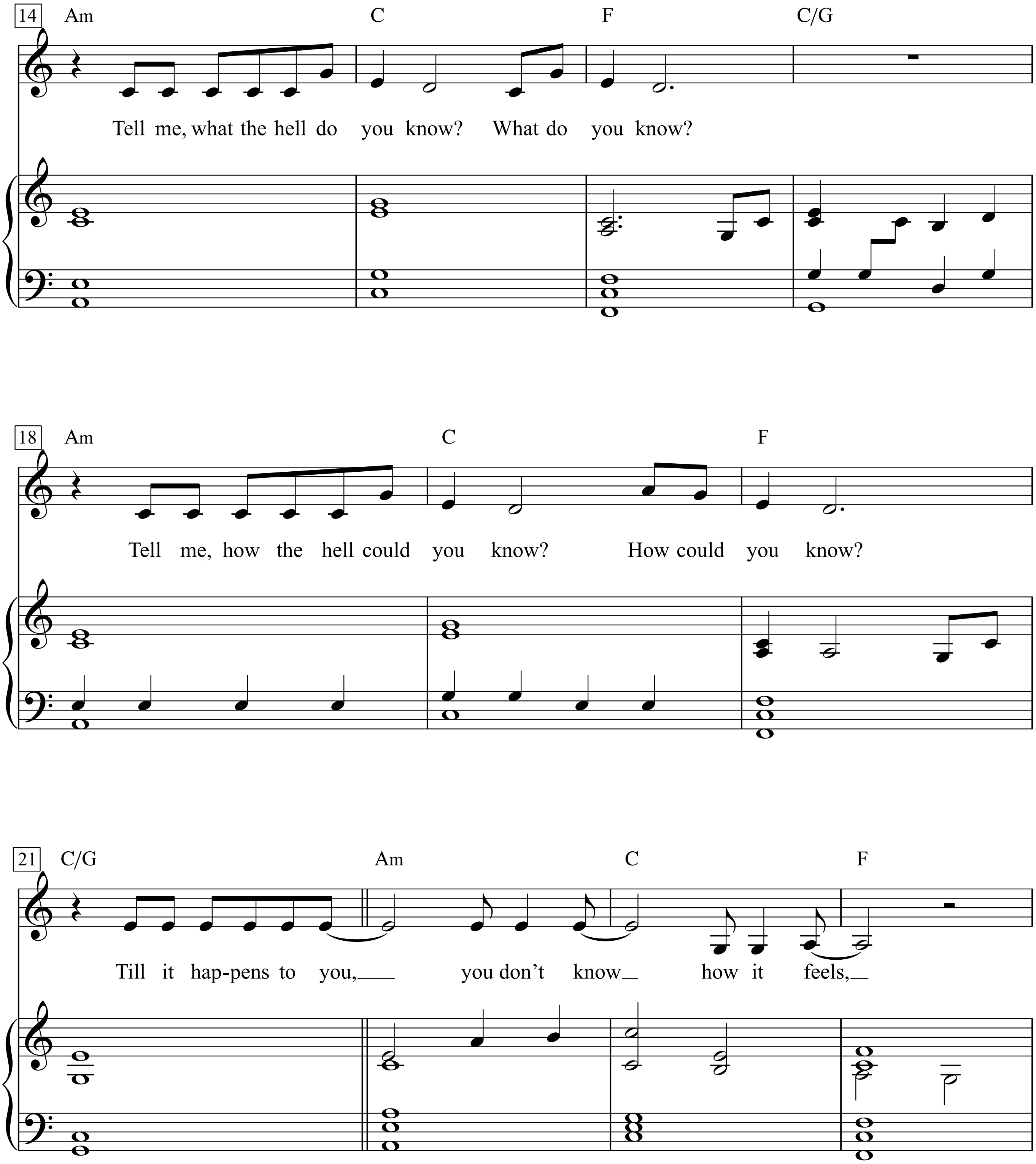
Til It Happens To You

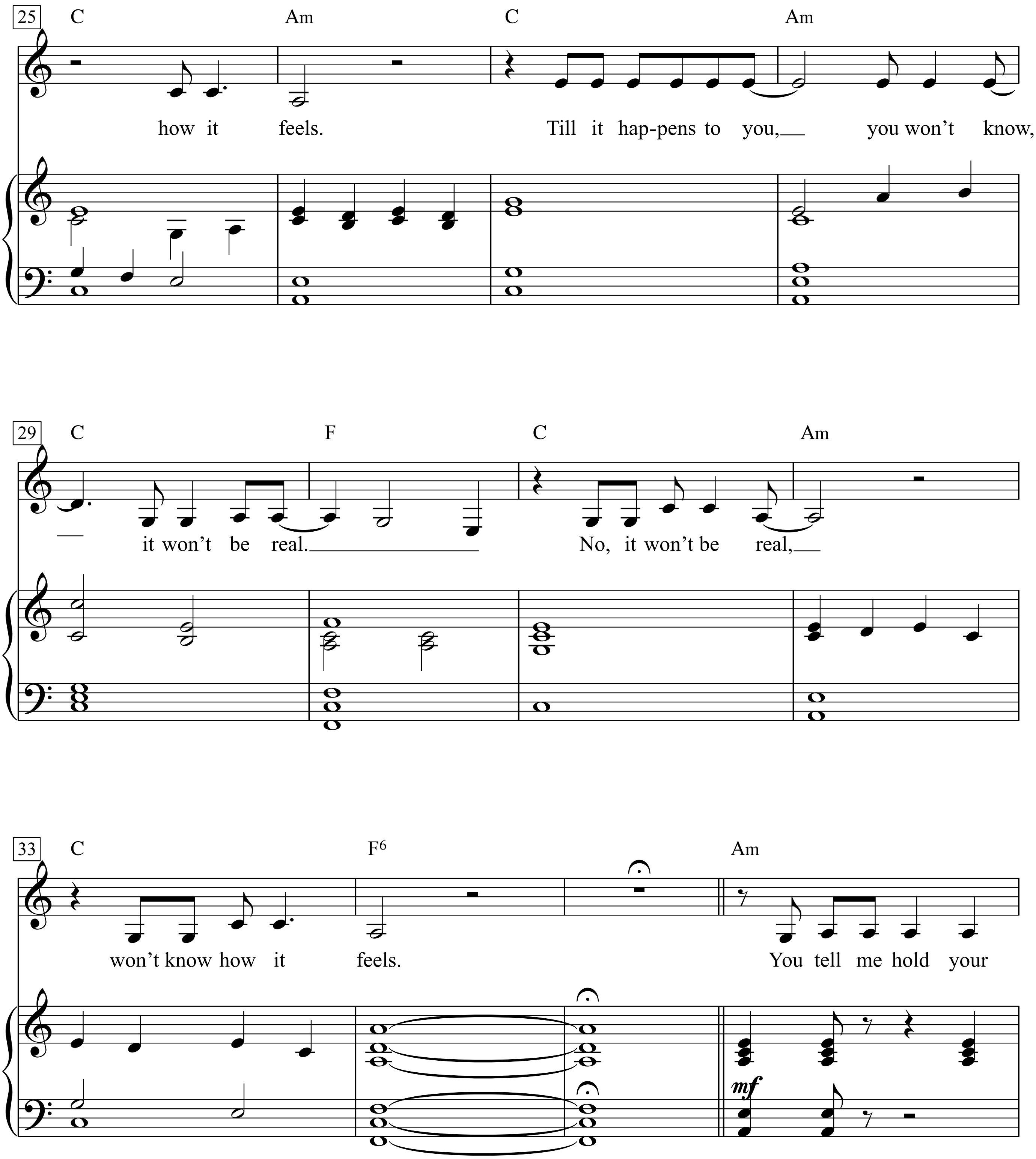
(*Film:* The Hunting Ground)

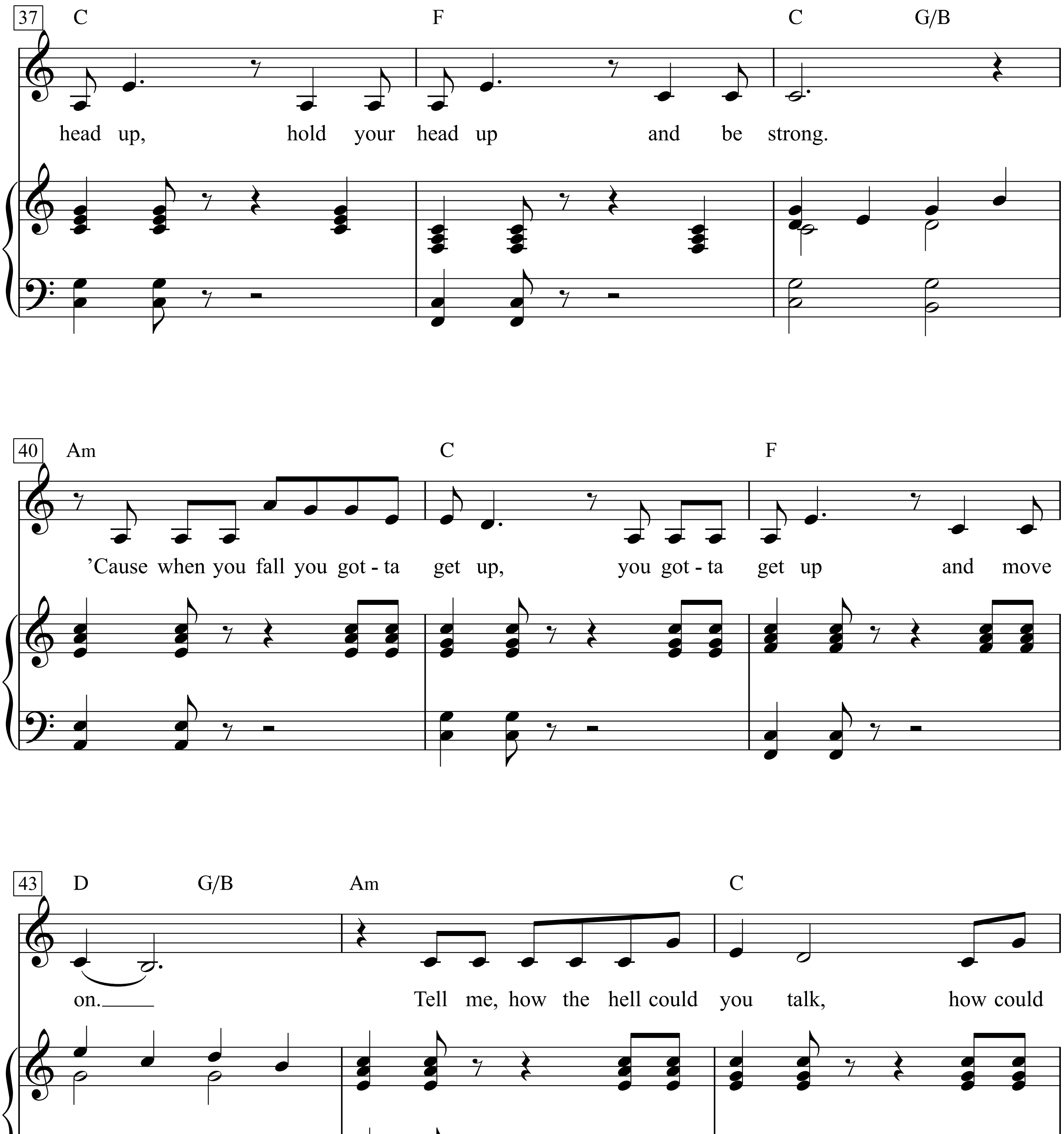
Words & Music by
Diane Warren and Stefani Germanotti
(Lady Gaga)

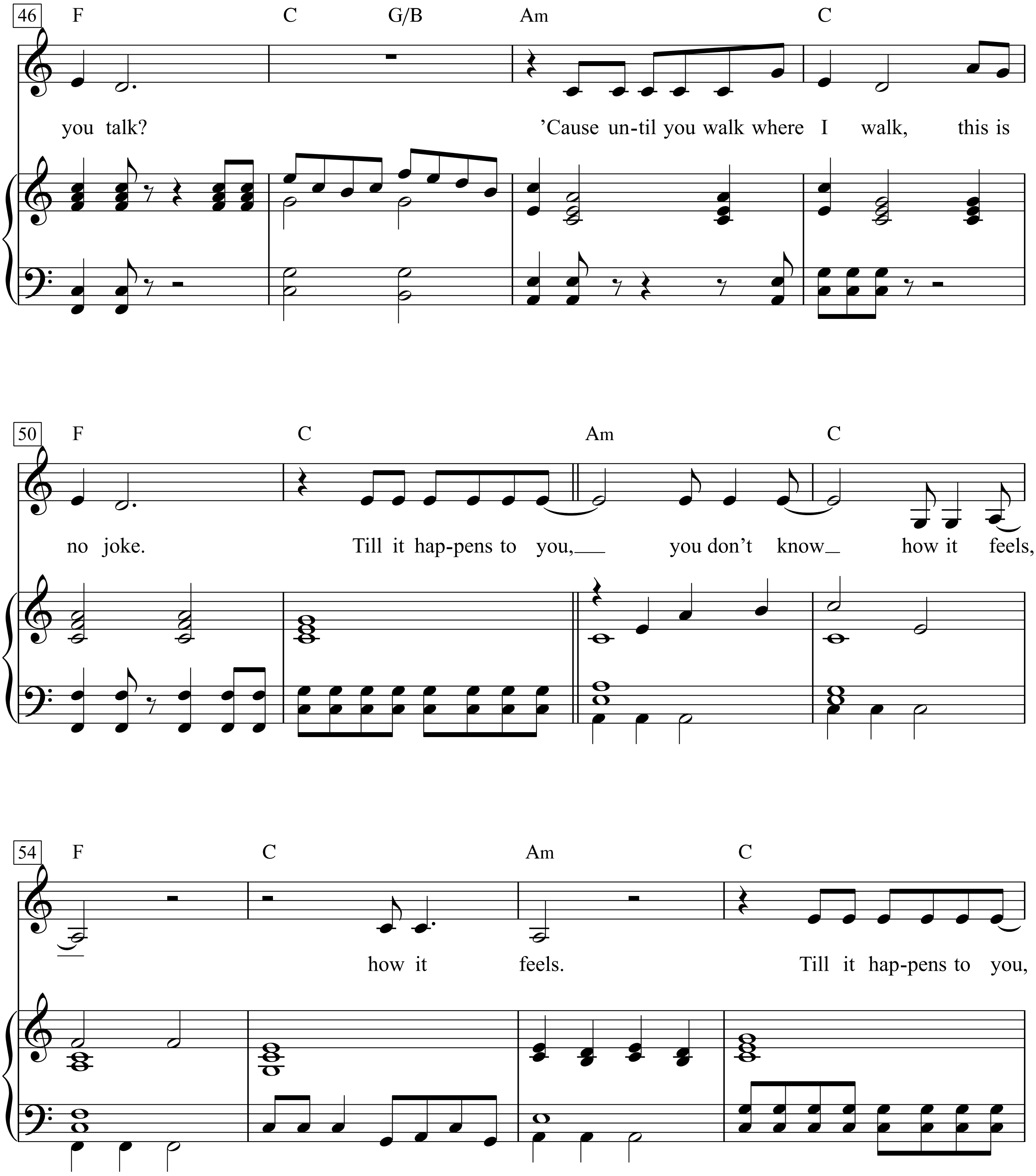
Slowly, in 2 𝅗𝅥 = 60

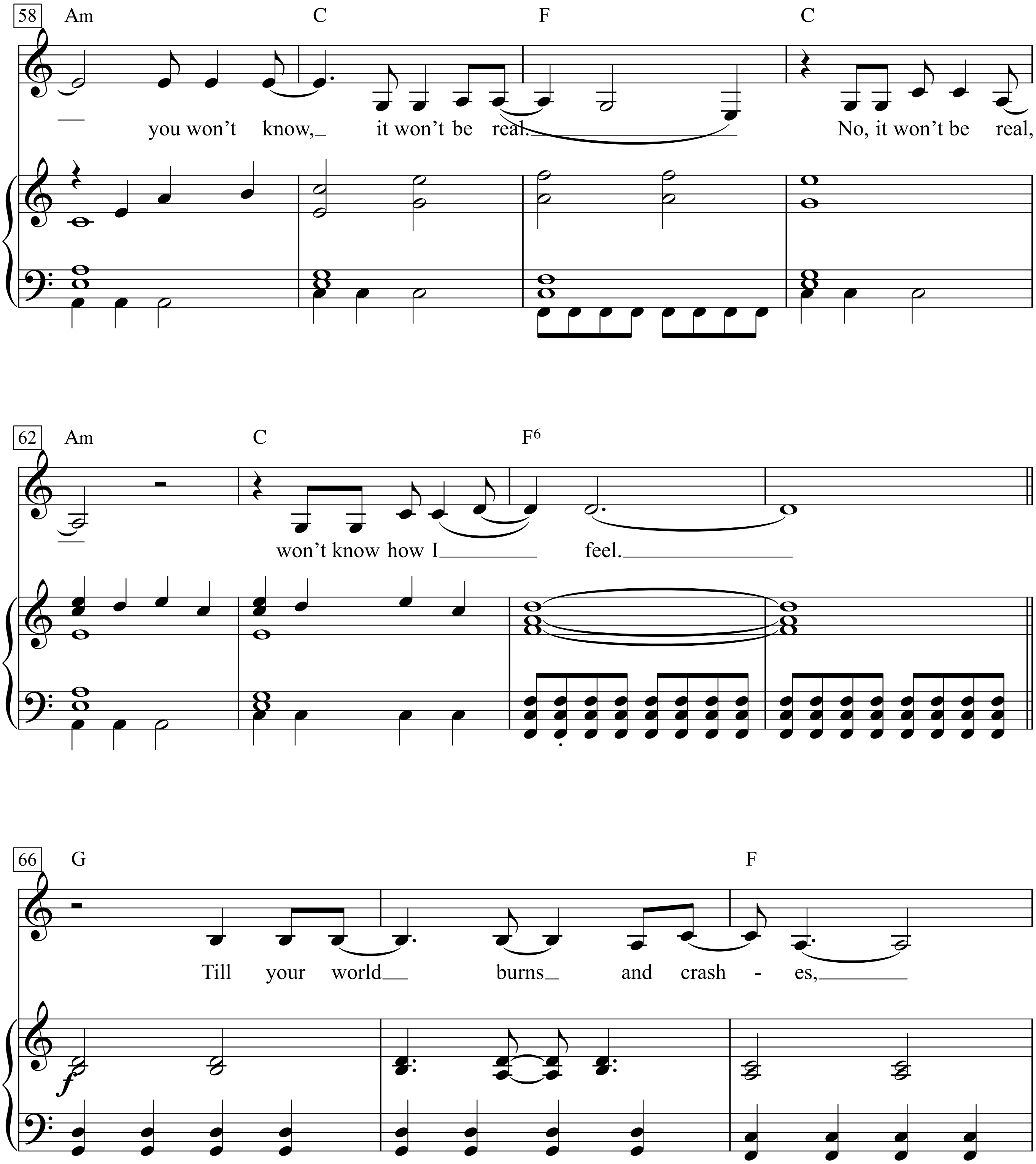


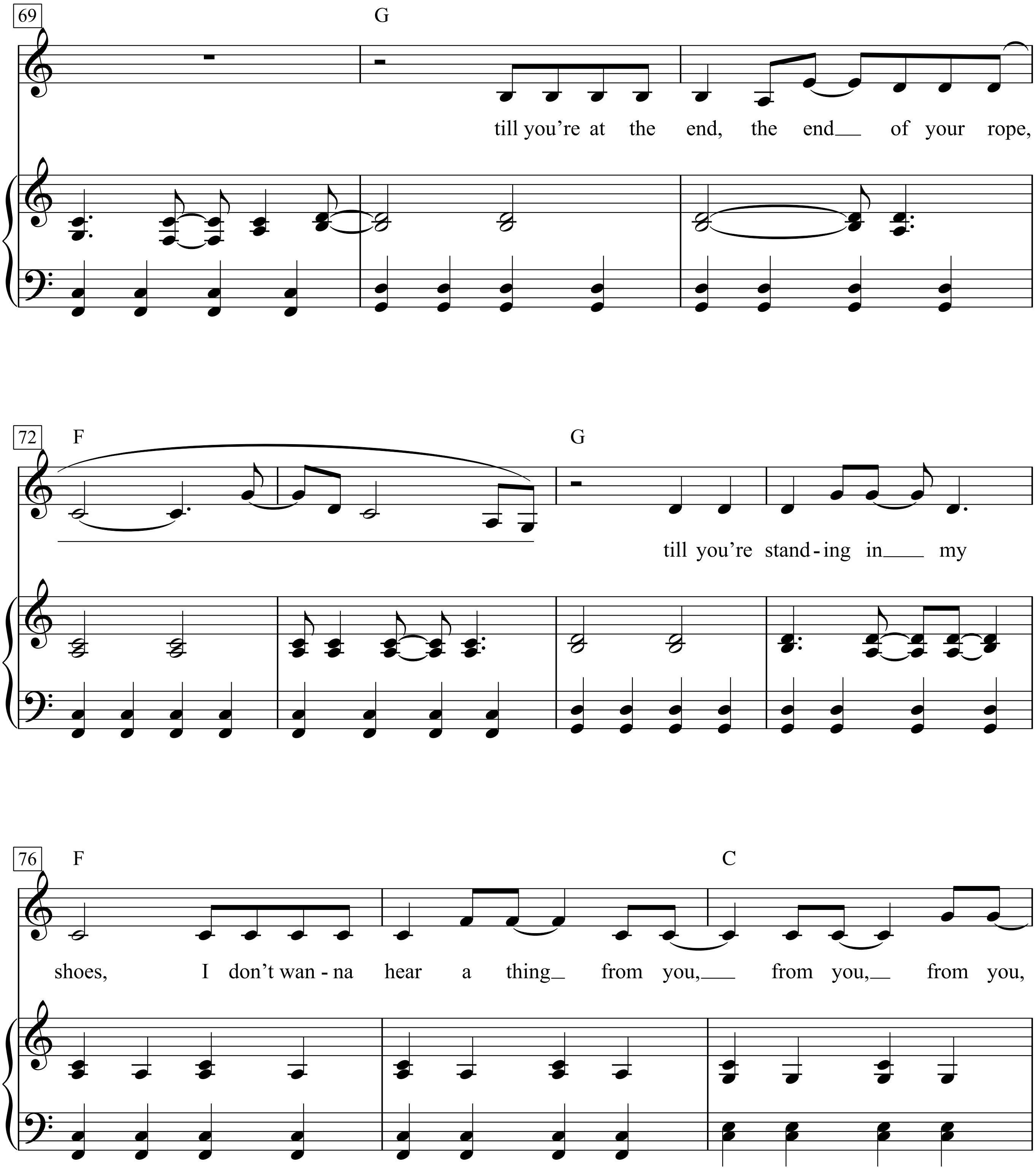

14
Am
C
F
C/G
Tell me, what the hell do you know? What do you know?
18
Am
C
F
Tell me, how the hell could you know? How could you know?
21
C/G
Am
C
F
Till it hap-pens to you, you don't know how it feels,

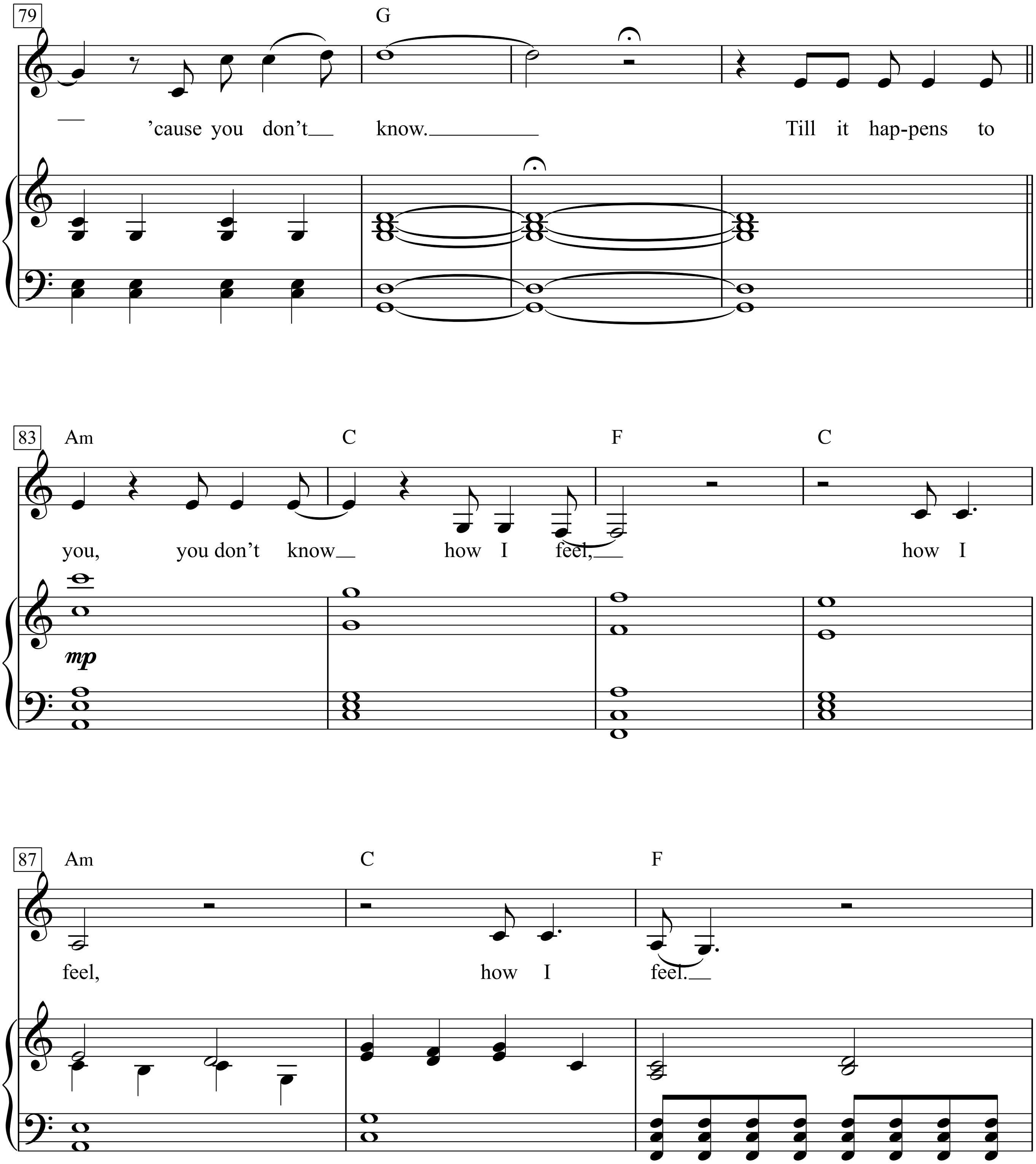

25
C
Am
C
Am
how it feels.
Till it hap-pens to you,
you won't know,
29
C
F
C
Am
it won't be real.
No, it won't be real,
33
C
F6
Am
won't know how it feels.
You tell me hold your
mf

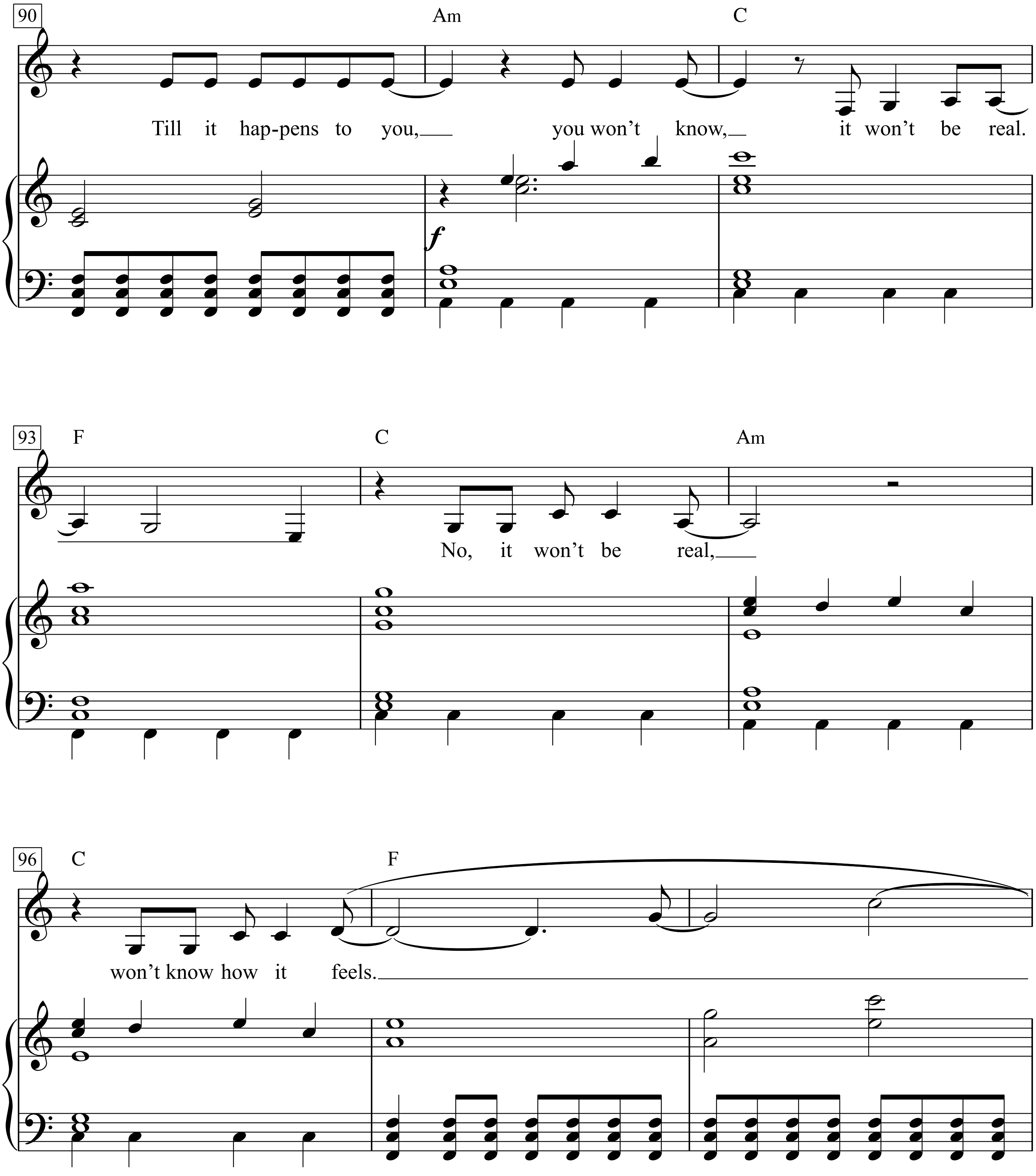

37
C
F
C
G/B
head up, hold your head up and be strong.
40
Am
C
F
'Cause when you fall you got - ta get up, you got - ta get up and move
43
D
G/B
Am
C
on.
Tell me, how the hell could you talk, how could

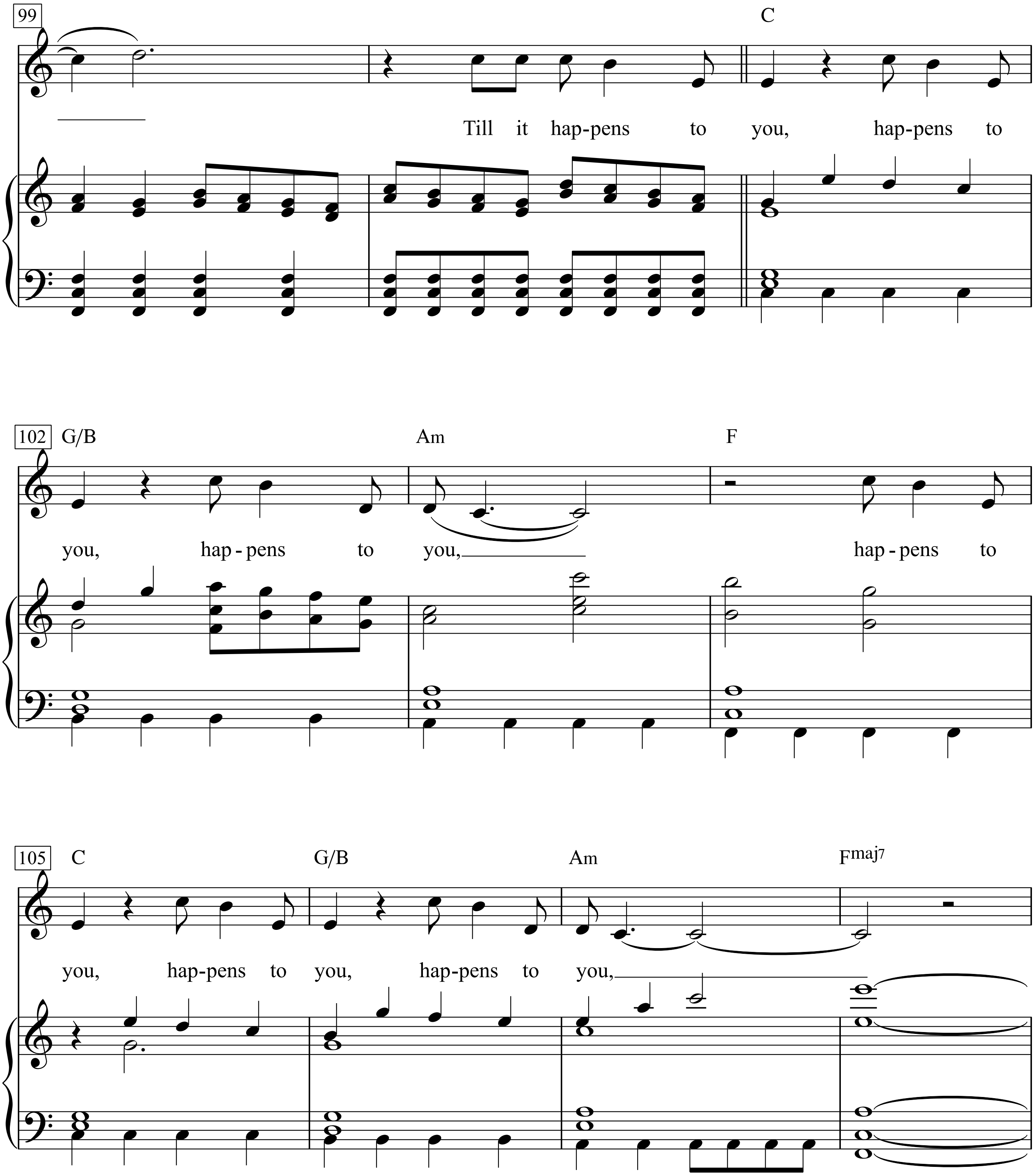

46
F C G/B Am C
you talk? 'Cause un-til you walk where I walk, this is
50
F C Am C
no joke. Till it hap-pens to you, you don't know how it feels,
54
F C Am C
how it feels. Till it hap-pens to you,

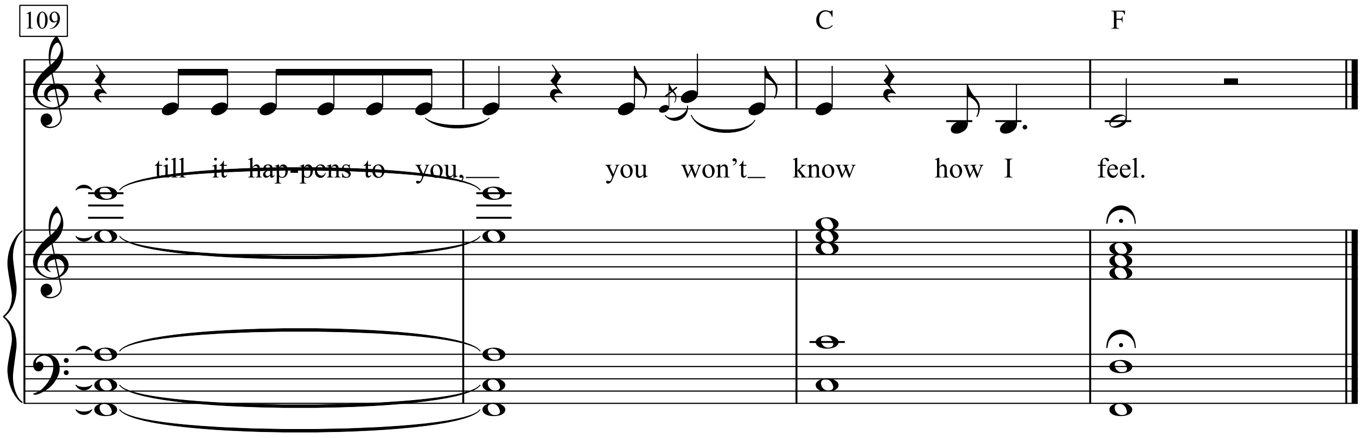

58
Am
C
F
C
you won't know, it won't be real.
No, it won't be real,
62
Am
C
F6
won't know how I feel.
66
G
F
Till your world burns and crash - es,


69
G
till you're at the end, the end of your rope,
72
F
G
till you're stand-ing in my
76
F
C
shoes, I don't wan-na hear a thing from you, from you, from you,


79
G
'cause you don't know.
Till it hap-pens to
83
Am
C
F
C
you, you don't know how I feel, how I
mp
87
Am
C
F
feel, how I feel.

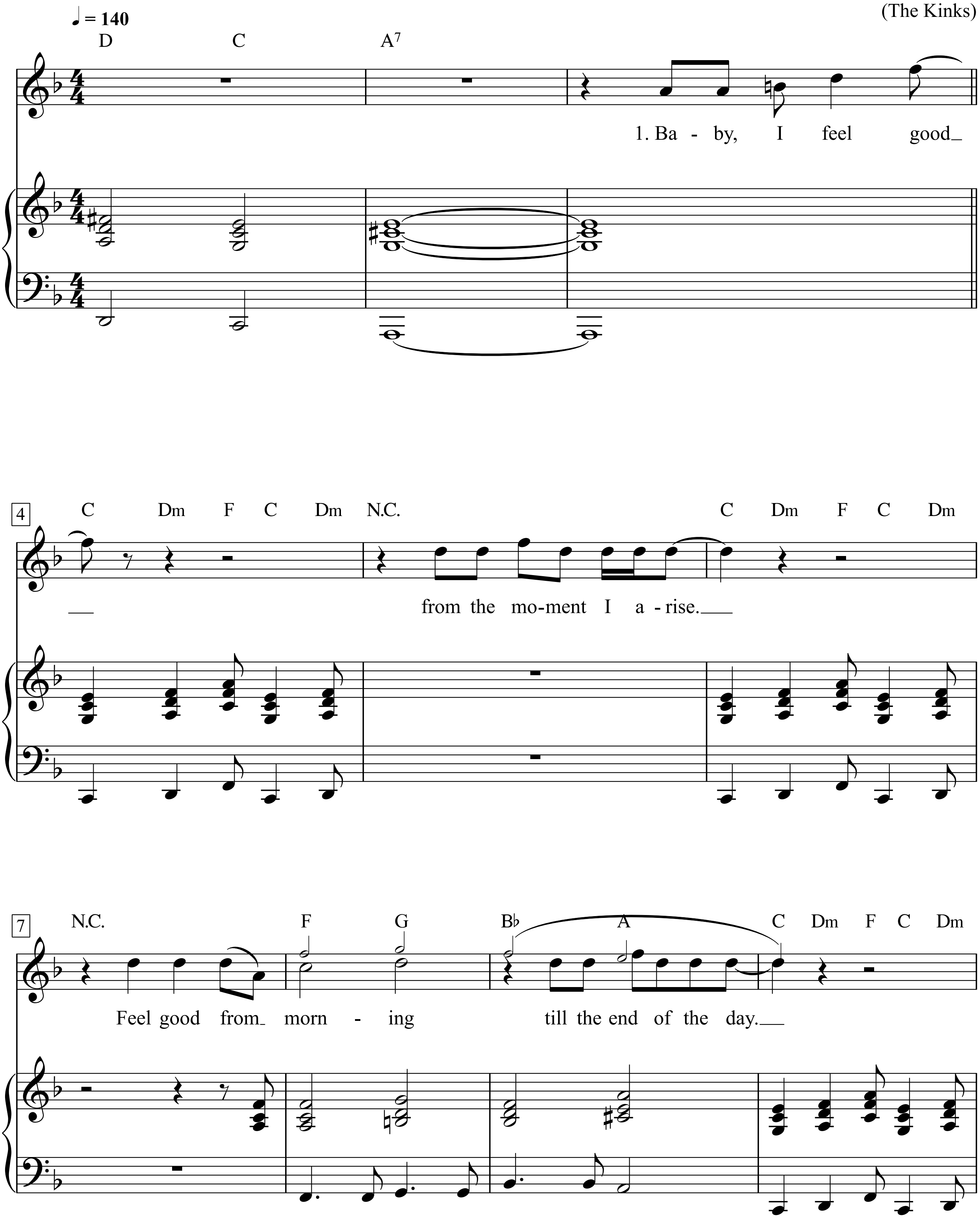

90
Am
C
Till it hap-pens to you,
you won't know,
it won't be real.
f
93
F
C
Am
No, it won't be real,
96
C
F
won't know how it feels.

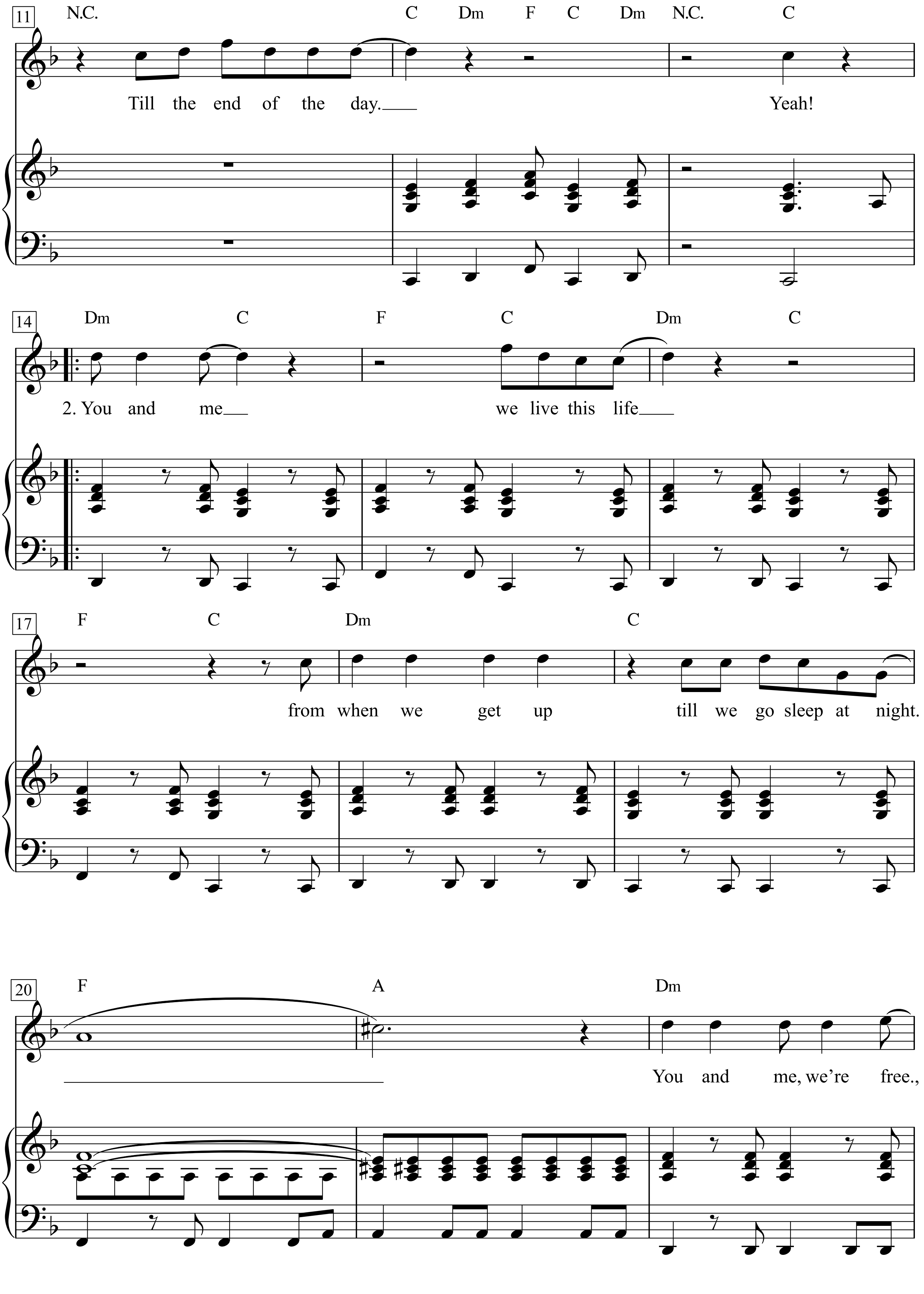

99
C
Till it hap-pens to you, hap-pens to
102
G/B
Am
F
you, hap - pens to you,
hap - pens to
105
C
G/B
Am
Fmaj7
you, hap-pens to you, hap-pens to you,

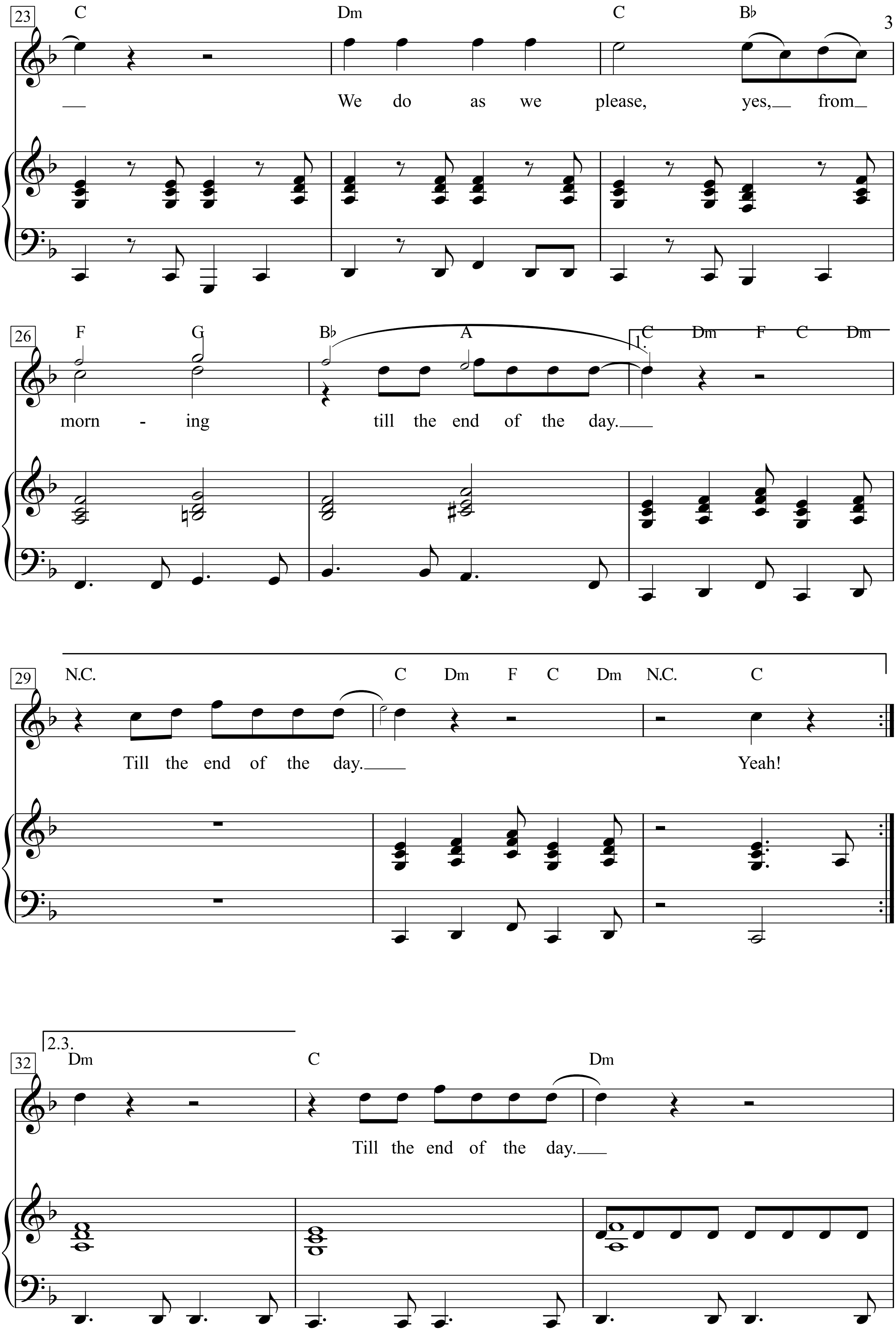

109
C
F
till it hap-pens to you,__ you won't_ know how I feel.

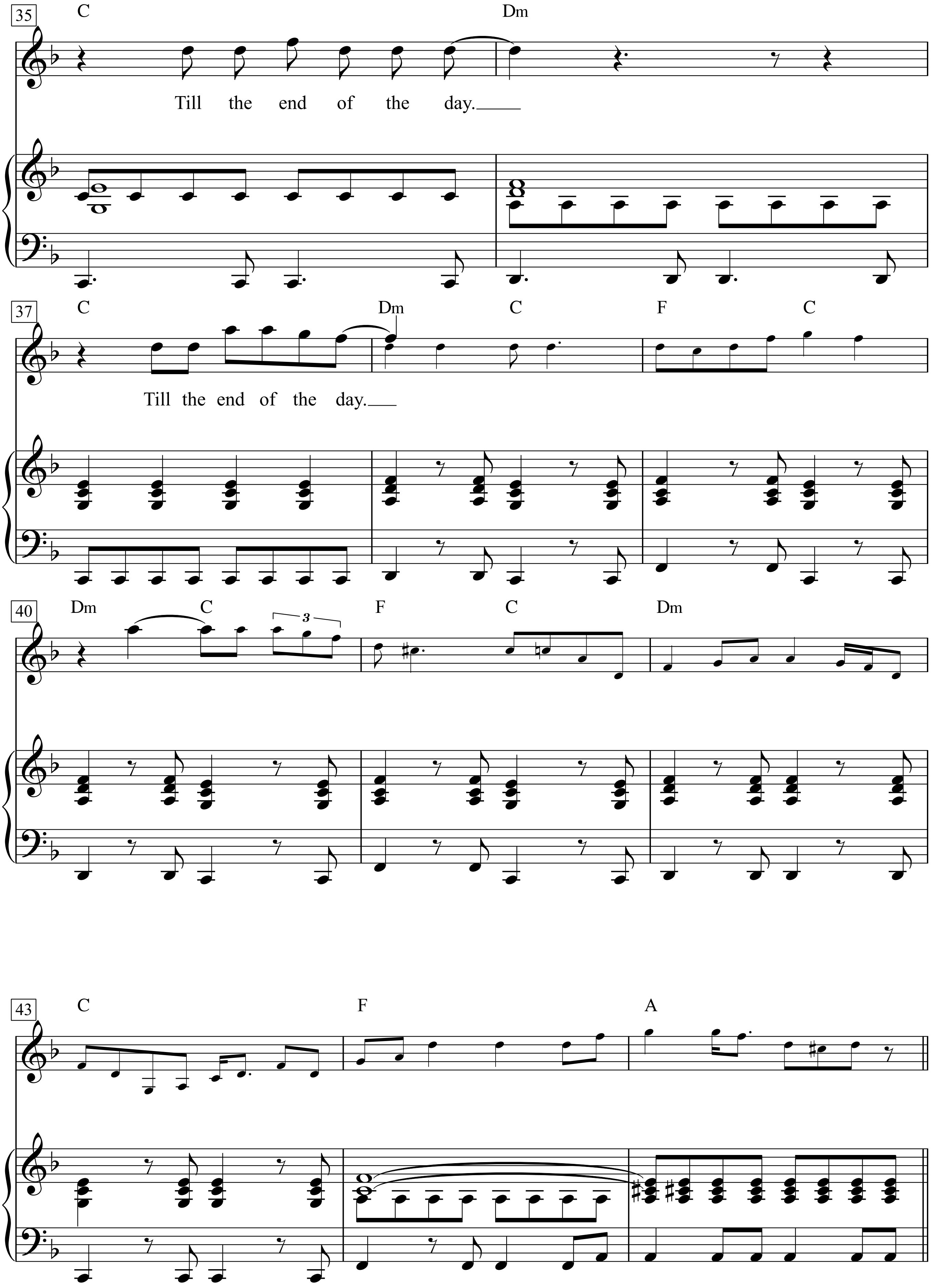
Till The End Of The Day

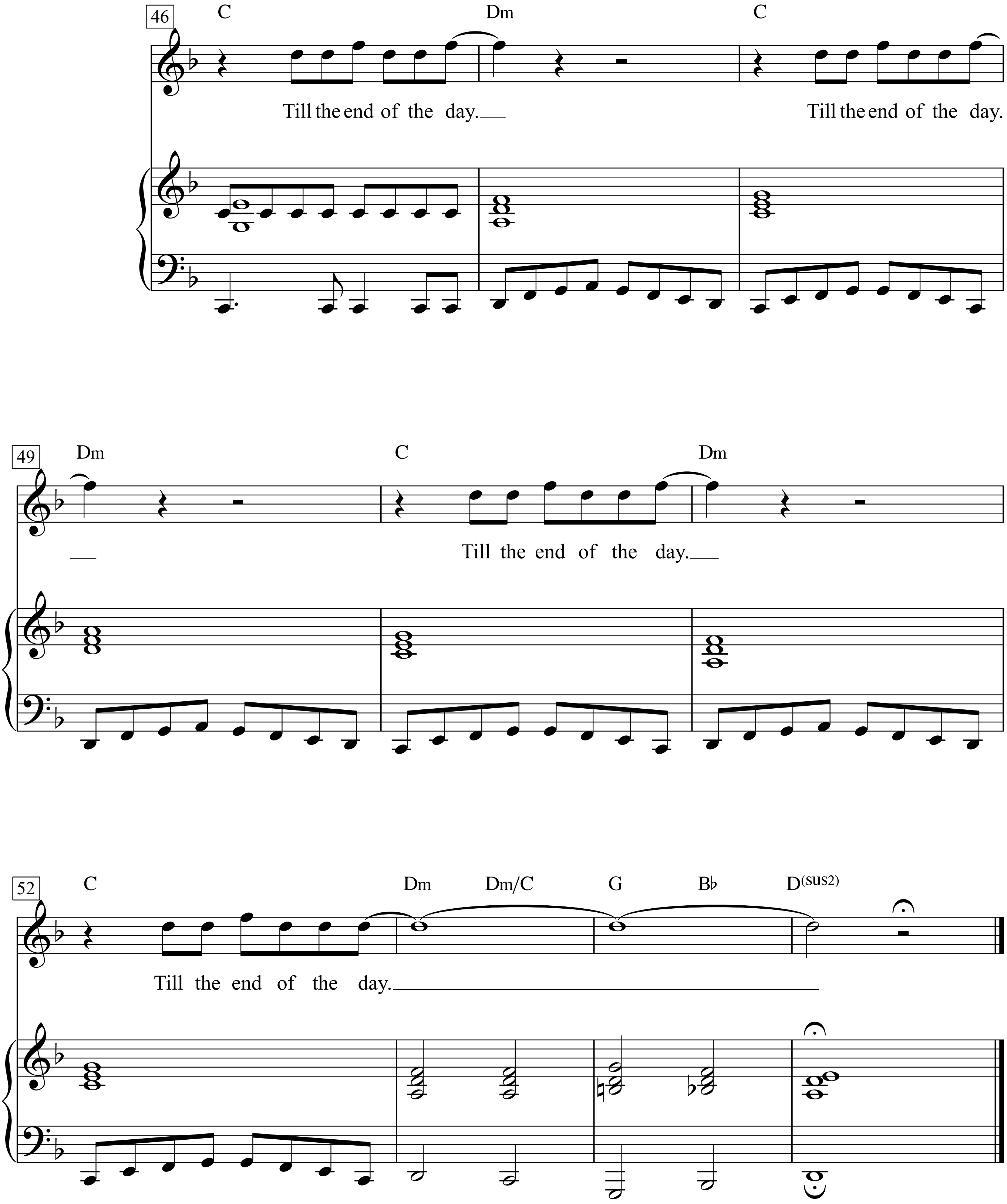
Words & Music by Ray Davies
(The Kinks)




11
N.C. C Dm F C Dm N.C. C
Till the end of the day.
Yeah!
14
Dm C F C Dm C
2. You and me
we live this life
17
F C Dm C
from when we get up till we go sleep at night.
20
F A Dm
You and me, we're free.,


23
C Dm C B♭
We do as we please, yes, from
26
F G B♭ A
1.
C Dm F C Dm
morn - ing till the end of the day.
29
N.C. C Dm F C Dm N.C. C
Till the end of the day. Yeah!
2.3.
32
Dm C Dm
Till the end of the day.


35
C
Dm
Till the end of the day.
37
C
Dm
C
F
C
Till the end of the day.
40
Dm
C
3
F
C
Dm
43
C
F
A


46
C
Dm
C
Till the end of the day.
Till the end of the day.
49
Dm
C
Dm
Till the end of the day.
52
C
Dm
Dm/C
G
B♭
D(sus2)
Till the end of the day.

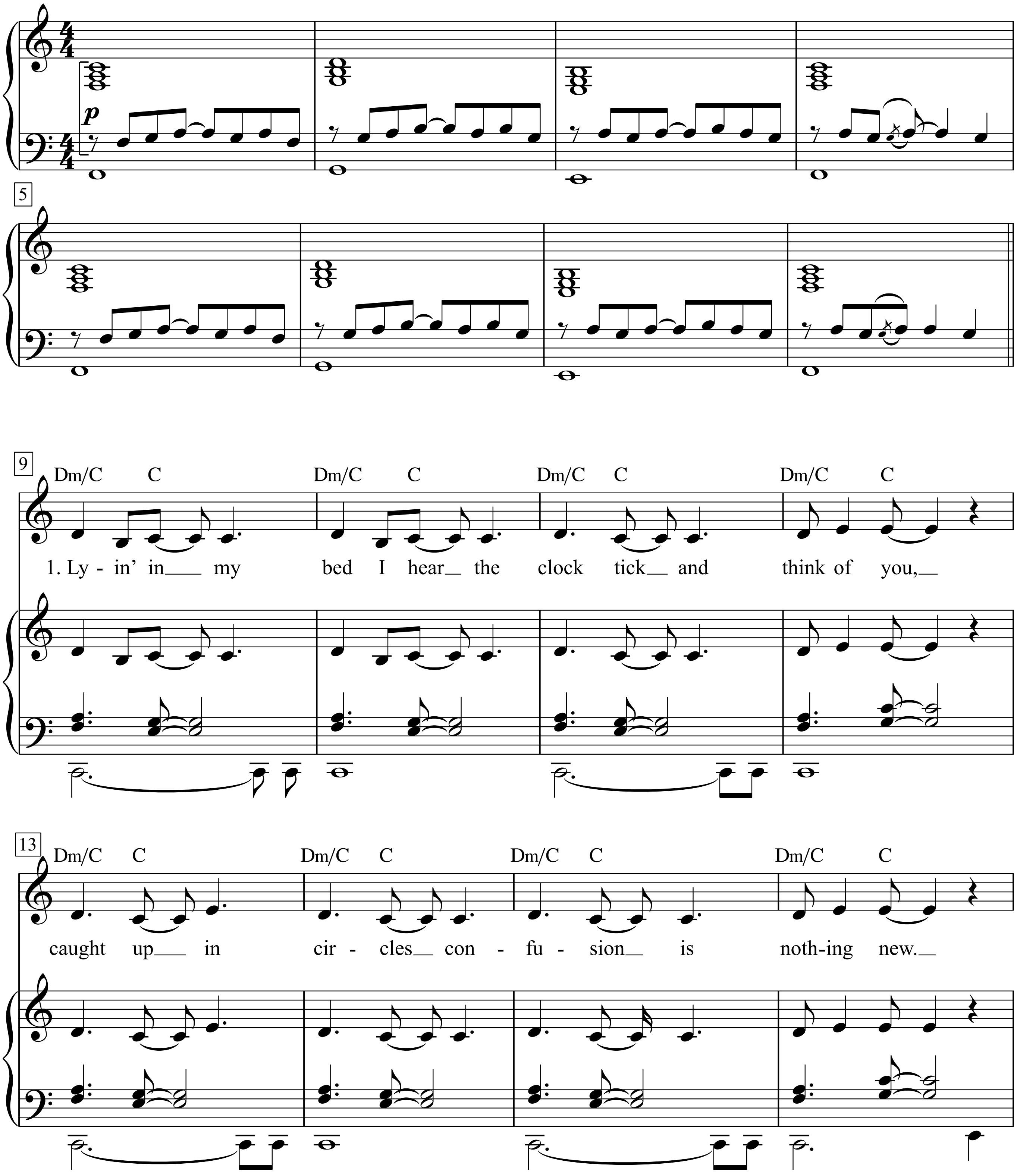
Verse 3:
I get up and I see the sun up
I feel good coz my life has begun

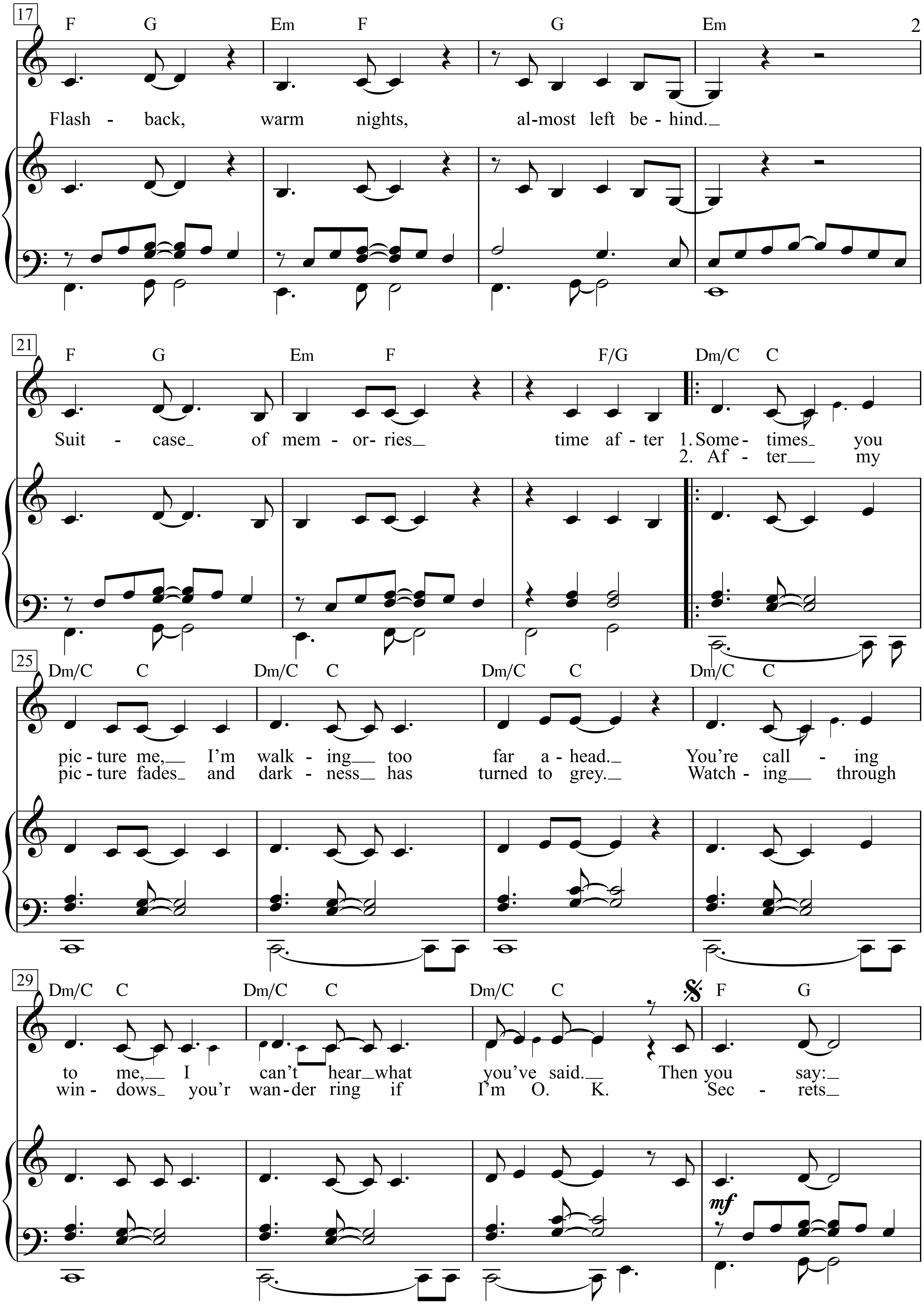
You and me we're free *etc.*

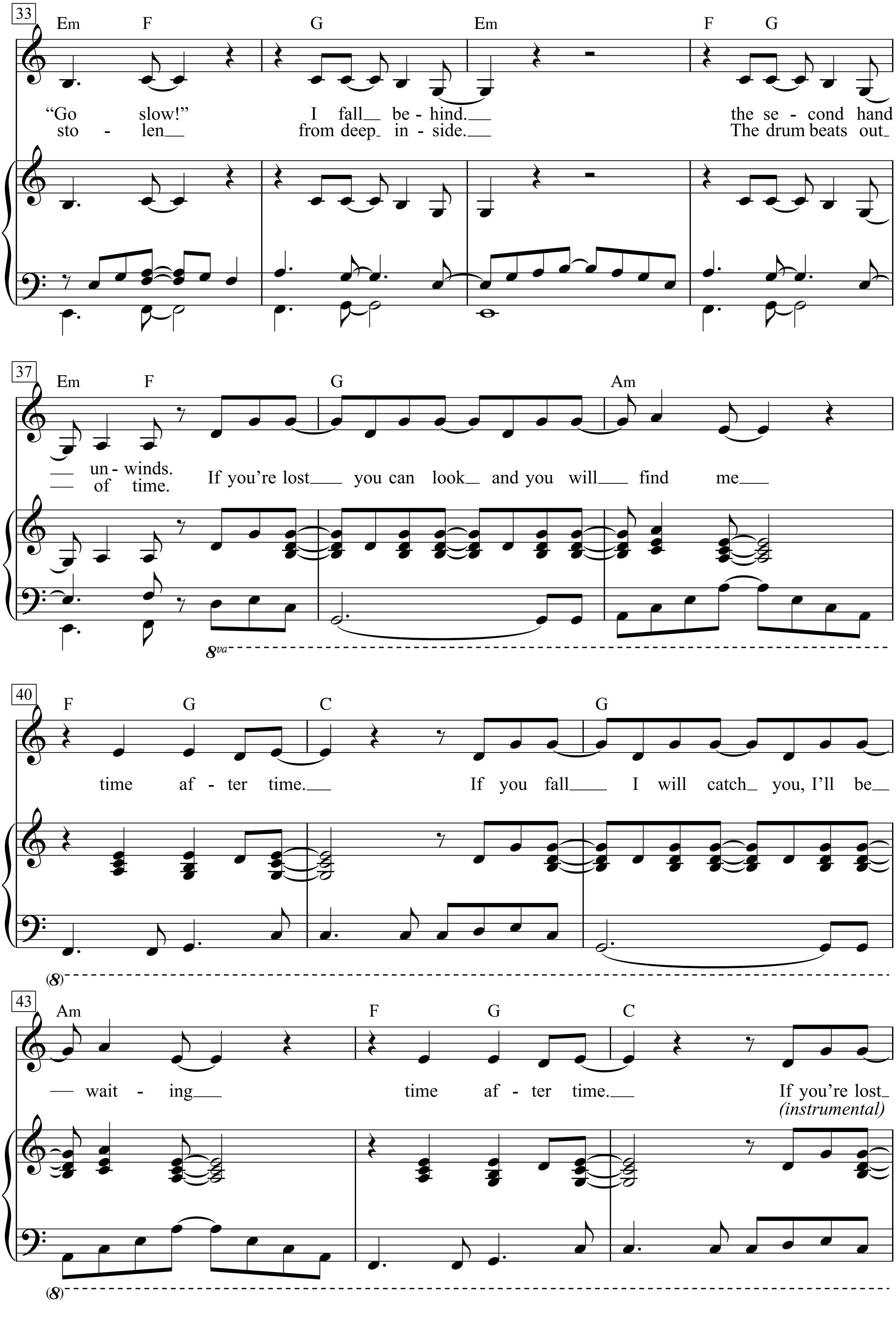
Time after time

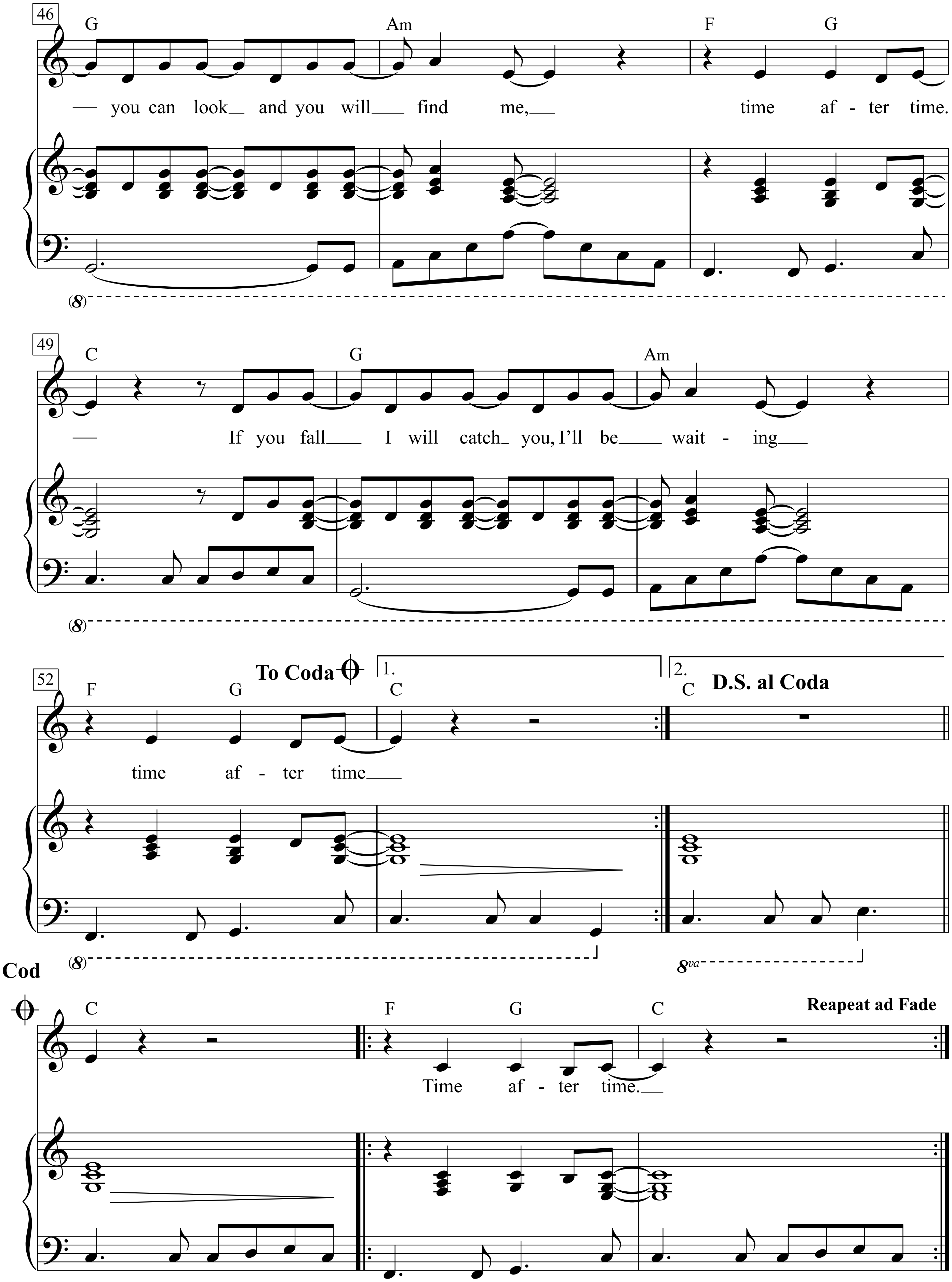
Words & Music:
Cyndi Lauper & Rob Hyman

Moderately Fast Rock




17
F G Em F G Em
Flash - back, warm nights, al-most left be - hind._
21
F G Em F F/G Dm/C C
Suit - case_ of mem - or- ries_ time af - ter 1. Some - times_ you
2. Af - ter___ my
25
Dm/C C Dm/C C Dm/C C Dm/C C
pic - ture me,__ I'm walk - ing__ too far a - head._ You're call - ing
pic - ture fades_ and dark - ness__ has turned to grey._ Watch - ing__ through
29
Dm/C C Dm/C C Dm/C C F G
to me,__ I can't hear_what you've said.__ Then you say:_
win - dows_ you'r wan - der ring if I'm O. K. Sec - rets_
mf


33
Em F G Em F G
"Go slow!" I fall be - hind. the se - cond hand
sto - len from deep in - side. The drum beats out
37
Em F G Am
un - winds. If you're lost you can look and you will find me
of time.
8va
40
F G C G
time af - ter time. If you fall I will catch you, I'll be
(8)
43
Am F G C
wait - ing time af - ter time. If you're lost
(instrumental)
(8)


46
G Am F G
— you can look and you will find me, time af - ter time.
(8)
49
C G Am
— If you fall I will catch you, I'll be wait - ing
(8)
52
To Coda
1.
2.
F G C C D.S. al Coda
time af - ter time
(8)
8va
Cod
C F G C Reapeat ad Fade
Time af - ter time.

1. Lyin' in my bed I hear the clock tick and think of you,
caught up in circles confusion is nothing new.
Flashback, warm nights, almost left behind.
Suitcases of memories time after.

2. Sometimes you picture me,
I'm walking too far ahead.
You're calling to me, I can't hear what you have said.
Then you say: "Go slow!" I fall behind.
The second hand unwinds.

If you're lost you can look and you will find me
time after time.
If you fall I will catch you,
I'll be waiting time after time.
If you're lost you can look and you will find me
time after time.
If you fall I will catch you,
I'll be waiting time after time.

(instrumental)

3. After my picture fades and darkness has turned to grey.
Watching through windows you're wond'ring if I'm O. K.
Secrets stolen from deep inside,
the drum beats out of time.

If you're lost you can look and you will find me
time after time.
If you fall I will catch you,
I'll be waiting time after time.

(instrumental)

Then you say: "Go slow!" I fall behind,
the second hand unwinds.
If you're lost you can look and you will find me
time after time.
If you fall I will catch you,
I'll be waiting time after time.
If you're lost you can look and you will find me
time after time.
If you fall I will catch you,
I'll be waiting time after time ... ,

Liege in meinem Bett, ich höre die Uhr ticken und denke an d
Gefangen in Kreisen, Verwirrung ist nichts Neues
Rückblende zu warmen Nächten- beinahe hinter sich gelassen
Koffer mit Erinnerungen von Zeit zu-

Manchmal betrachtest du mich Ich gehe zu weit voraus
Du rufst nach mir, ich kann nicht hören was du gesagt hast
Dann sagst du, geh langsam Ich falle nach hinten
Die zweite Hand löst sich

Wenn du verloren bist, kannst du suchen und du wirst mich fi
immer wieder
Wenn du fällst, werde ich dich fangen, ich werde warten
immer wieder
Wenn du verloren bist, kannst du suchen und du wirst mich fi
immer wieder
Wenn du fällst, werde ich dich fangen, ich werde warten
immer wieder

Nachdem meine Bilder verblassen
und Dunkelheit zu einem grau geworden ist
Durch das Fenster schauend,
wunderst du dich, wenn ich ok bin
Geheimnisse, gestohlen, von tief drinnen
Die Trommel schlägt aus dem Takt

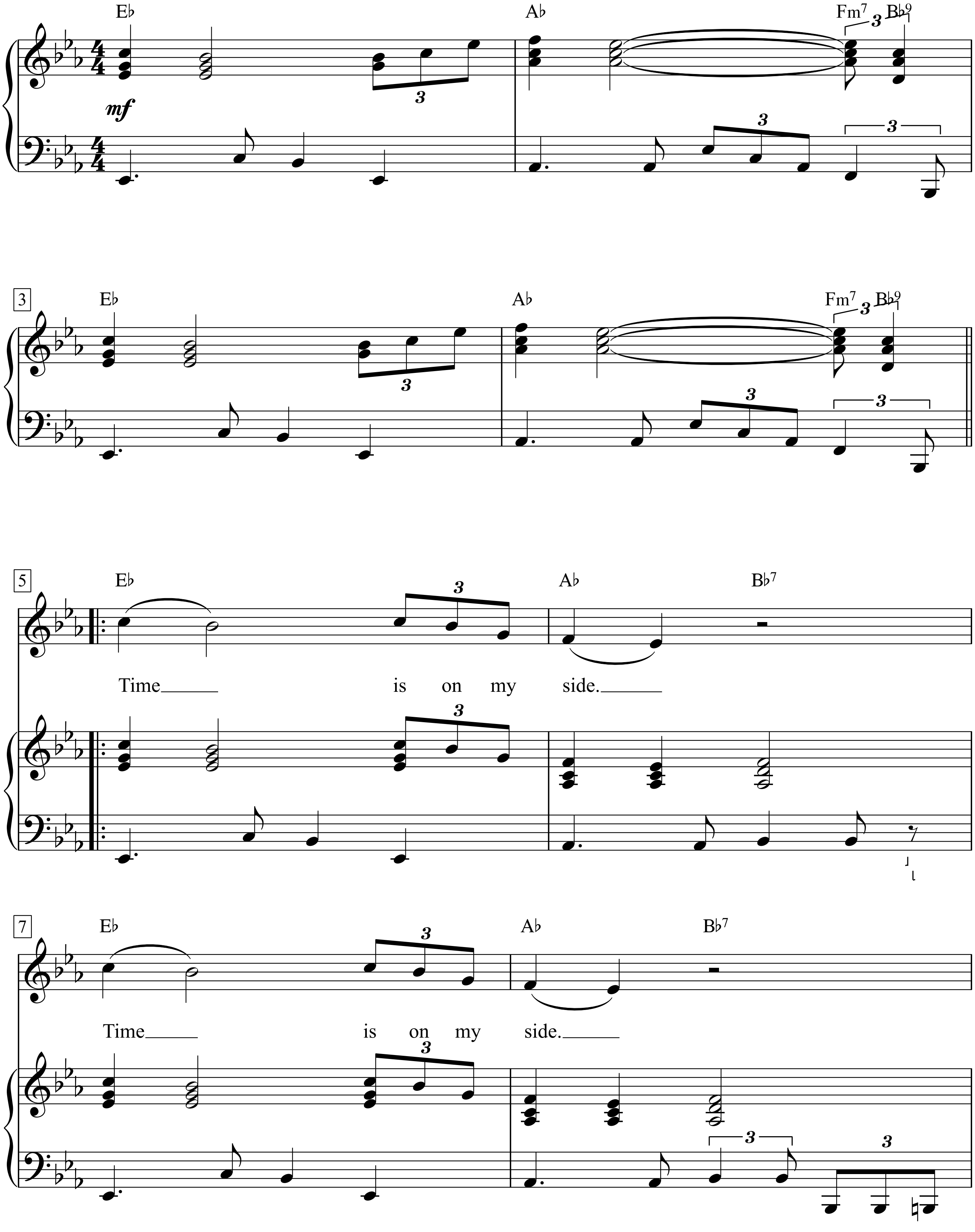
Wenn du verloren bist,
kannst du suchen und du wirst mich finden,
immer wieder
Wenn du fällst, werde ich dich fangen, ich werde warten
immer wieder
Wenn du verloren bist, kannst du suchen und du wirst mich fi
immer wieder
Wenn du fällst, werde ich dich fangen, ich werde warten
immer wieder

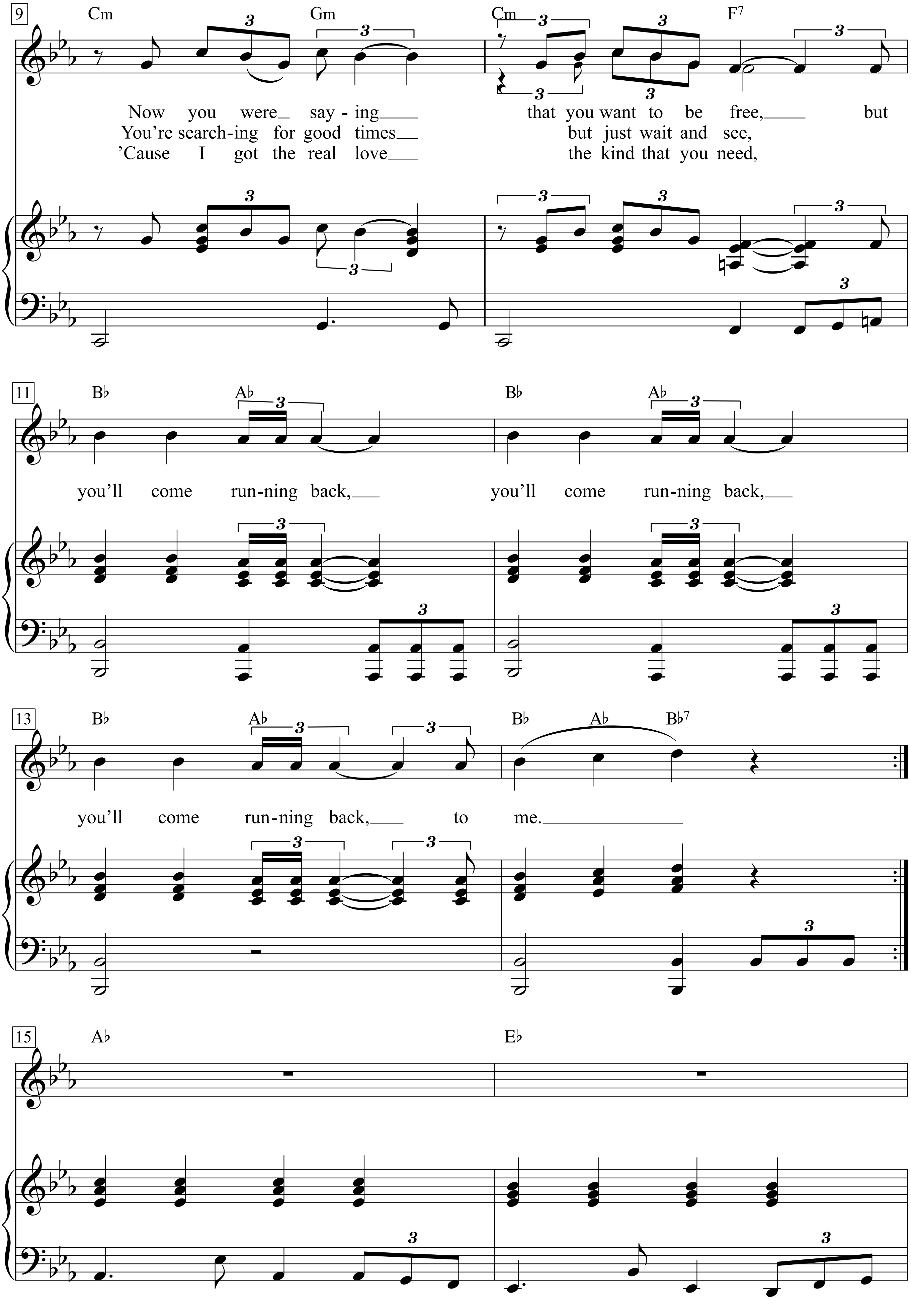
Du sagst, geh langsam, ich falle nach hinten,
die zwiete Hand löst sich
Wenn du verloren bist, kannst du suchen und du wirst mich fi
immer wieder
Wenn du fällst, werde ich dich fangen, ich werde warten
immer wieder
Wenn du verloren bist, kannst du suchen und du wirst mich fi
immer wieder
Wenn du fällst, werde ich dich fangen, ich werde warten
immer wieder

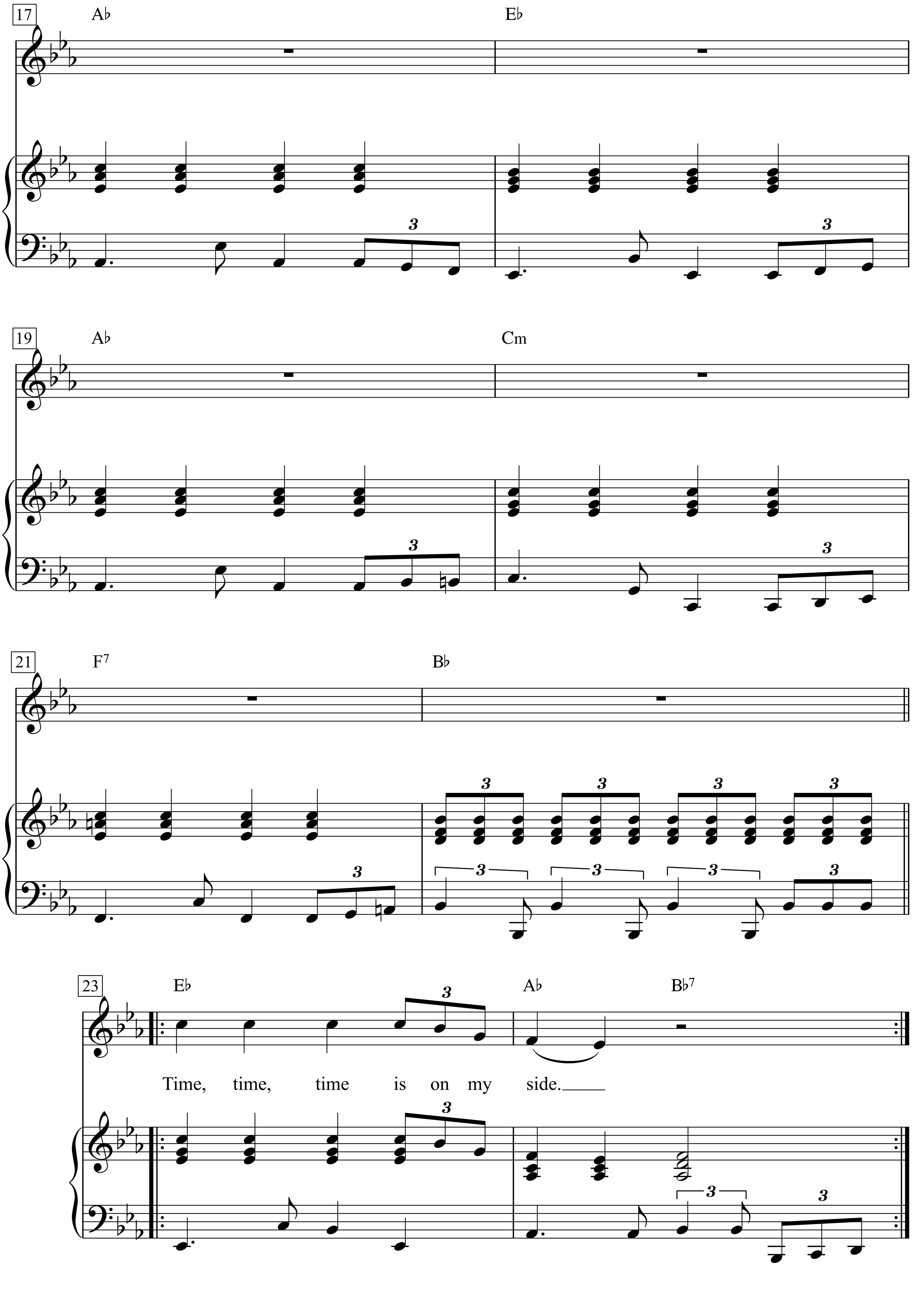
Time Is On My Side

Slowly

Words & Music by Jerry Ragovoy
(The Rolling Stones)




9
Cm
Gm
Cm
F7
Now you were say - ing that you want to be free, but
You're search-ing for good times but just wait and see,
'Cause I got the real love the kind that you need,
11
B♭
A♭
B♭
A♭
you'll come run-ning back, you'll come run-ning back,
13
B♭
A♭
B♭
A♭
B♭7
you'll come run-ning back, to me.
15
A♭
E♭

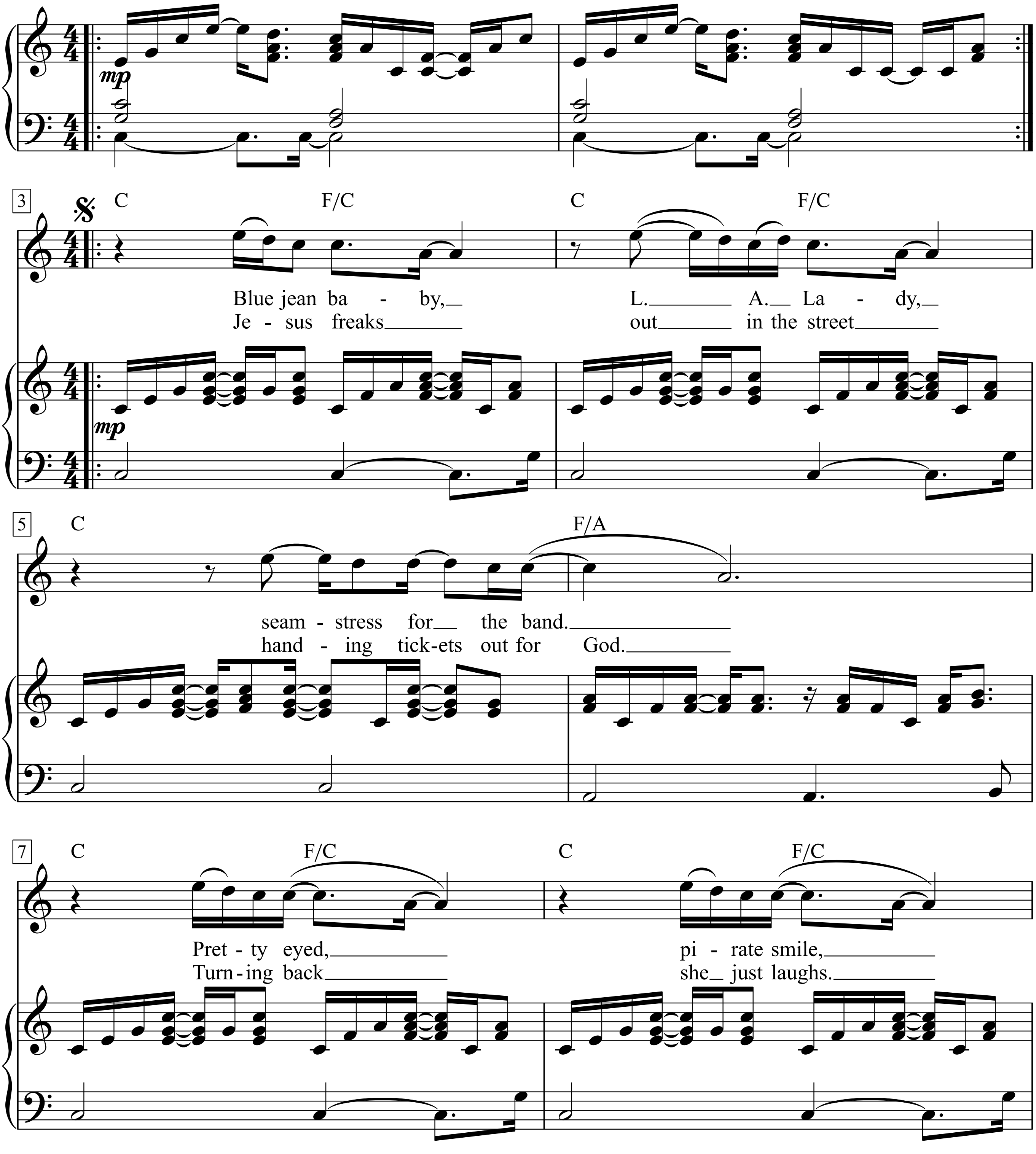

17
A♭
E♭
3
3
19
A♭
Cm
3
3
21
F7
B♭
3
3
3
3
3
3
3
3
3
3
23
E♭
A♭
B♭7
3
Time, time, time is on my side.
3
3
3

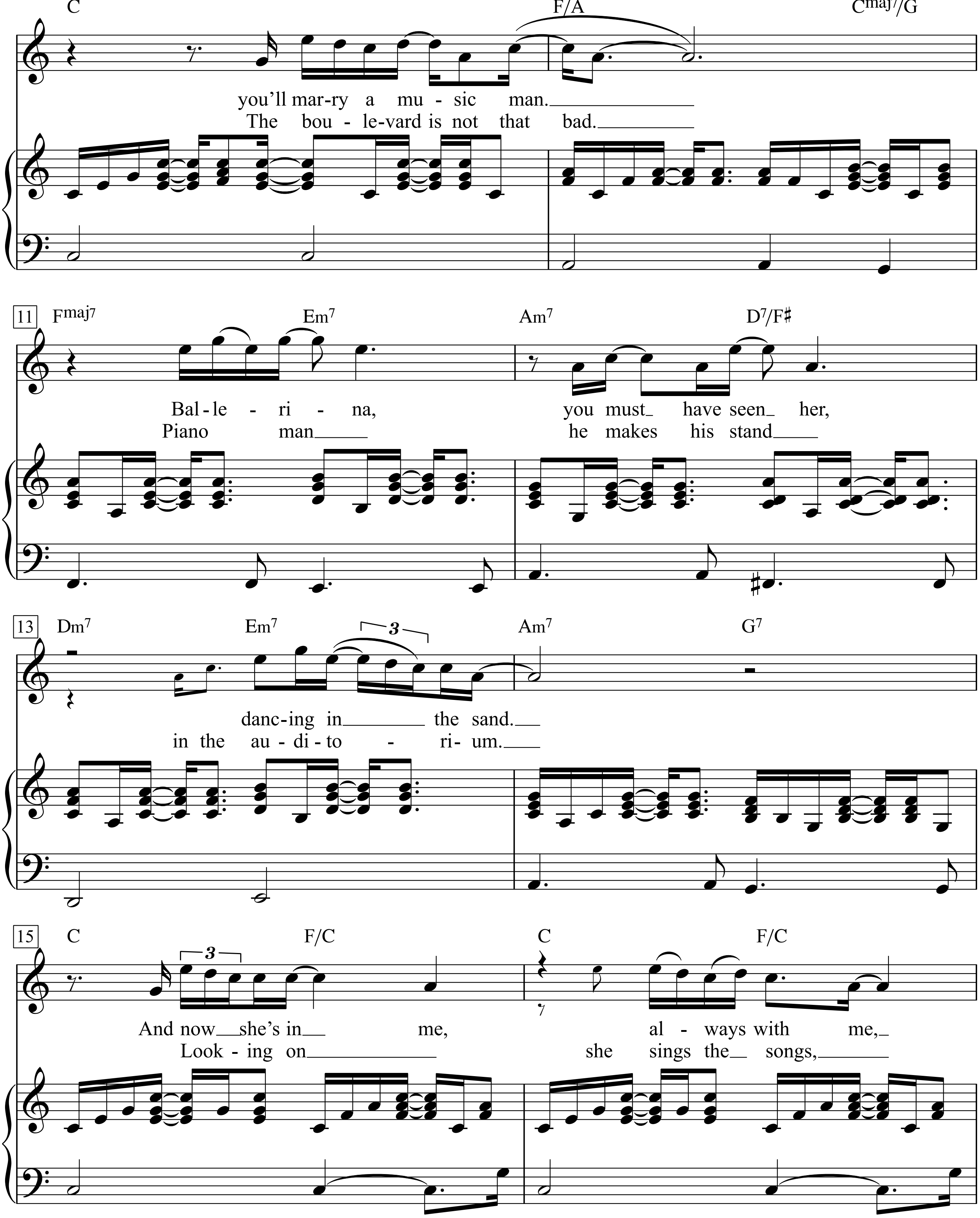
Go ahead, go ahead and light up the town
baby, do everything your heart desires.
Remember, I’ll always be around.
And I know, like I told you so many times before.
You’re gonna come back, baby,
you’re gonna come back knockin’
right on my door!

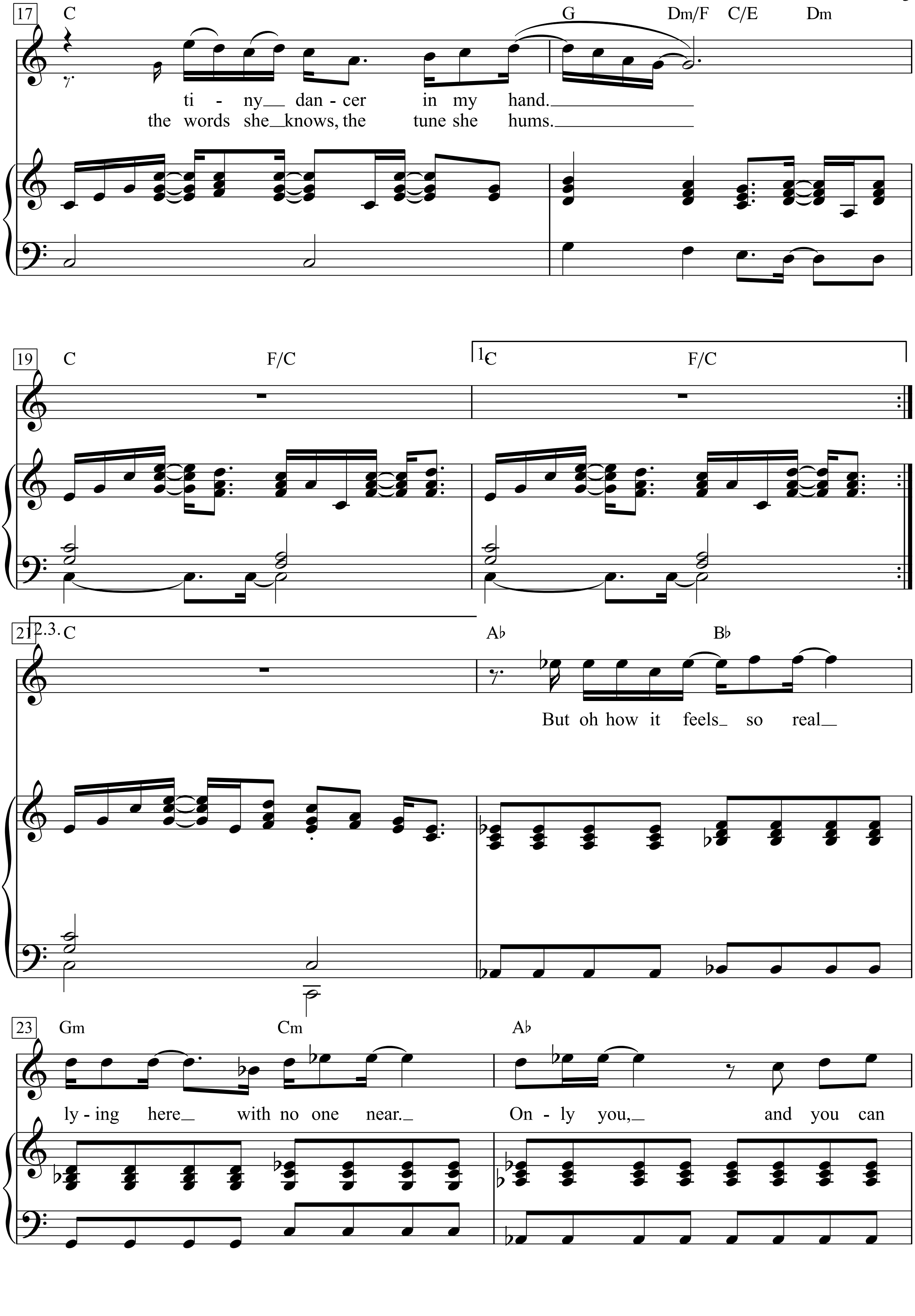
Tiny Dancer

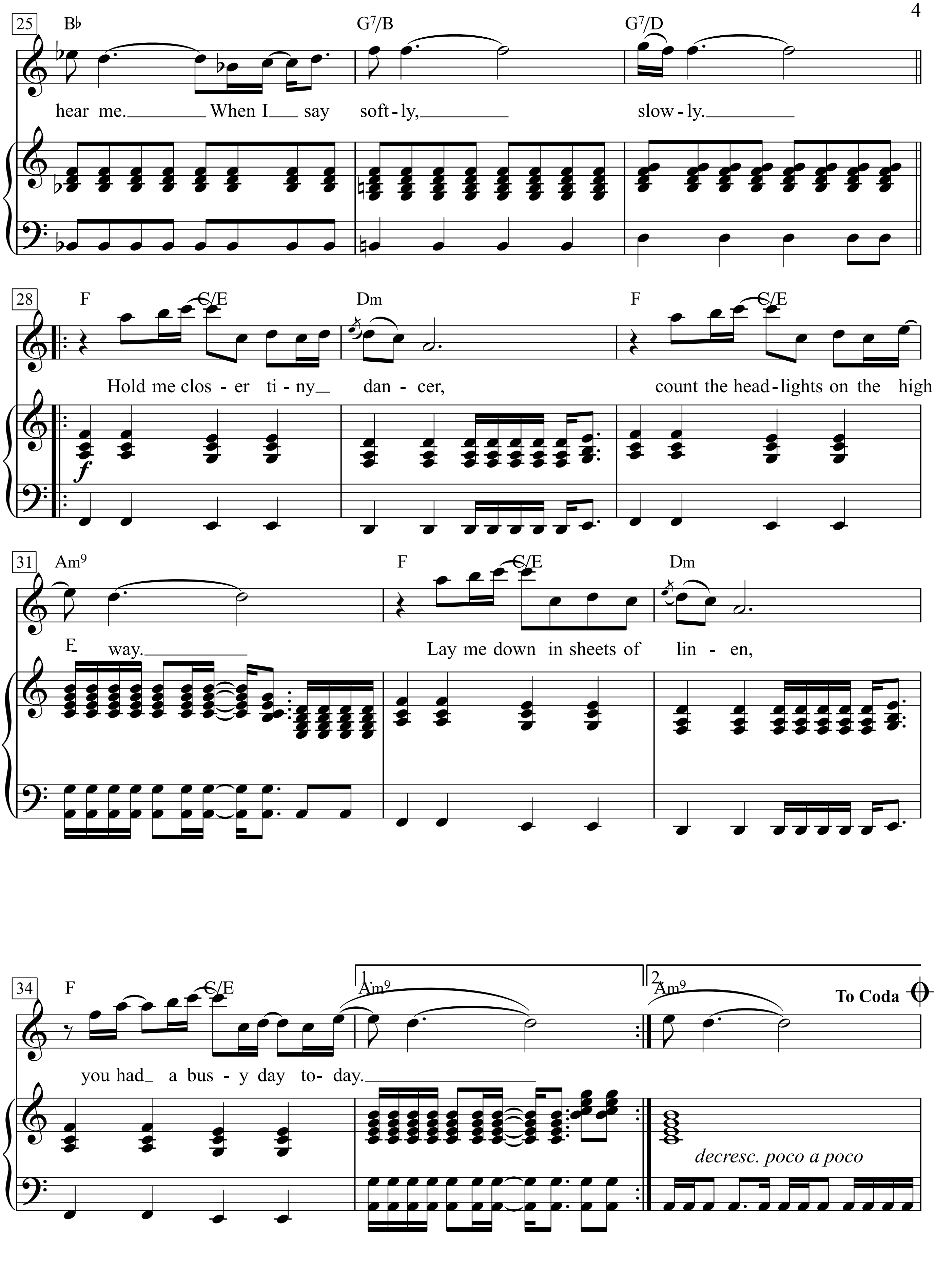
Moderately slow, with a beat

Words & Music by
Elton John and Bernie Taupin
(Elton John)

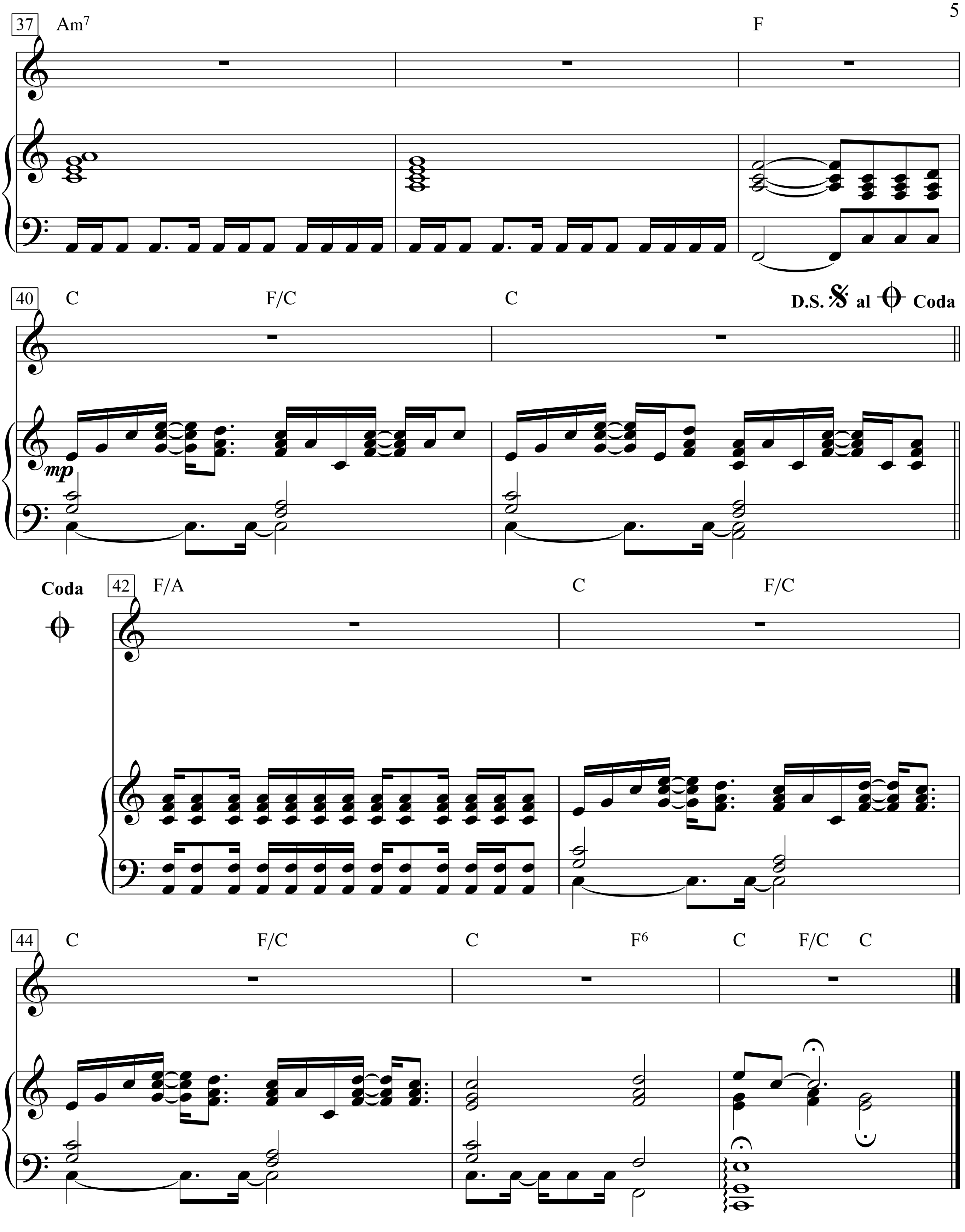



C F/A Cmaj7/G
you'll mar-ry a mu - sic man.
The bou - le-vard is not that bad.
11 Fmaj7 Em7 Am7 D7/F♯
Bal-le - ri - na, you must have seen her,
Piano man he makes his stand
13 Dm7 Em7 3 Am7 G7
danc-ing in the sand.
in the au-di-to - ri- um.
15 C 3 F/C C F/C
And now she's in me, al - ways with me,
Look - ing on she sings the songs,


17
C
G Dm/F C/E Dm
ti - ny dan - cer in my hand.
the words she knows, the tune she hums.
19
C F/C
1.C F/C
21 2.3. C
A♭ B♭
But oh how it feels so real
23
Gm Cm
A♭
ly - ing here with no one near.
On - ly you, and you can



25
B♭
G7/B
G7/D
hear me. When I say soft-ly, slow-ly.
28
F
C/E
Dm
F
C/E
Hold me clos-er ti-ny dan-cer, count the head-lights on the high
31
Am9
F
C/E
Dm
E way. Lay me down in sheets of lin-en,
34
F
C/E
1. Am9
2. Am9
To Coda
you had a bus-y day to-day.
decresc. poco a poco


37
Am7
F
40
C
F/C
C
D.S. 𝄋 al 𝄌 Coda
mp
Coda
42
F/A
C
F/C
44
C
F/C
C
F6
C
F/C
C

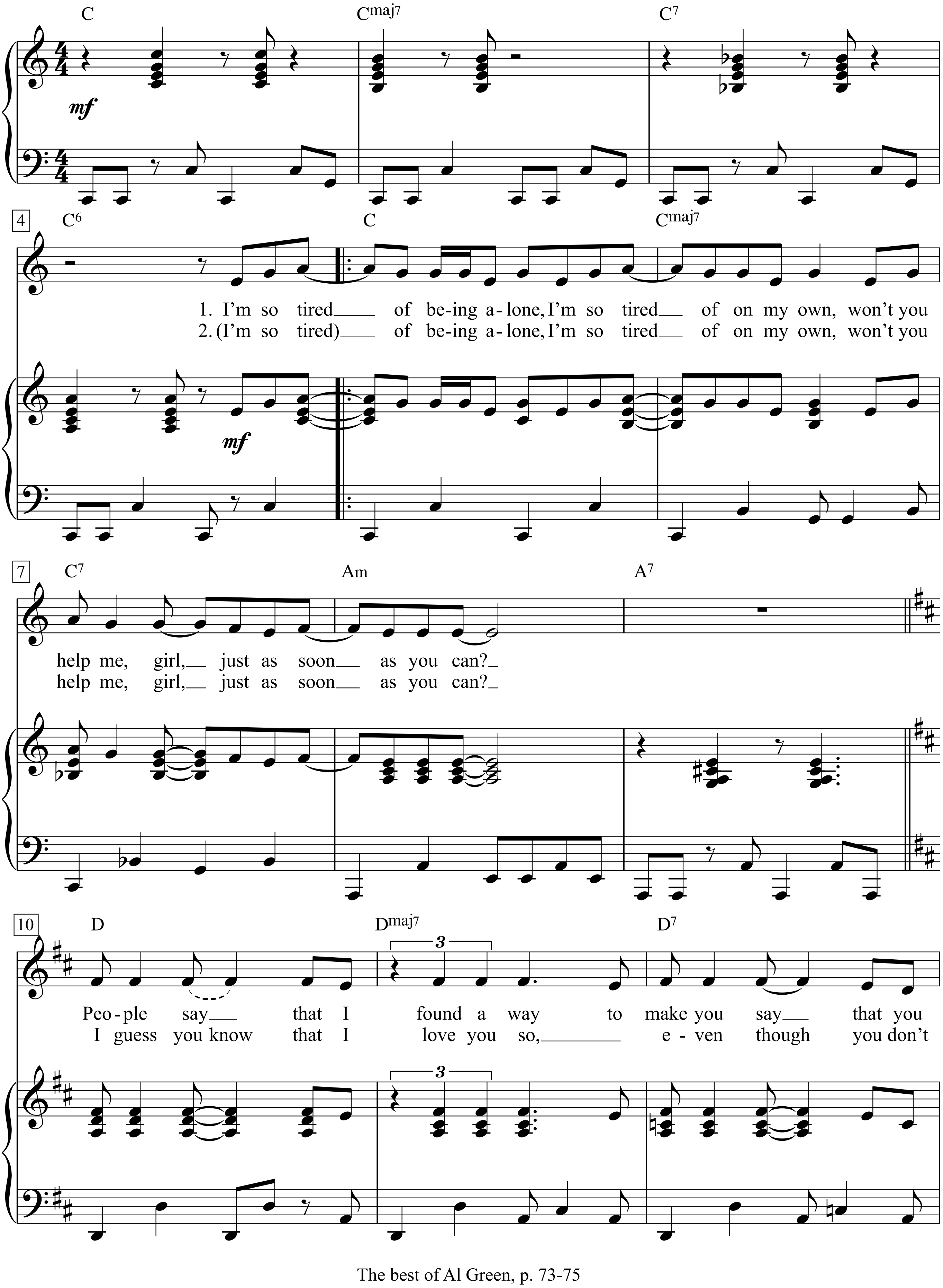
Blue jean baby, L.A. Lady, seamstress for the band.
Pretty eyed, pirate smile, you'll marry a music man.
Ballerina, you must have seen her, dancing in the sand.
And now she's in me, always with me, tiny dancer in my hand.
But oh how it feels so real lying here with no one near.
Only you, and you can hear me.
When I say softly, slowly.
Hold me closer tiny dancer, count the headlights on the highway.
Lay me down in sheets of linen, you had a busy day today.

2. Jesus freaks out in the street handing tickets out for God.
Turning back she just laughs.
The boulevard is not that bad.
Pianoman he makes his stand in the auditorium.
Looking on she sings the songs, the words she knows, the tune she hums.

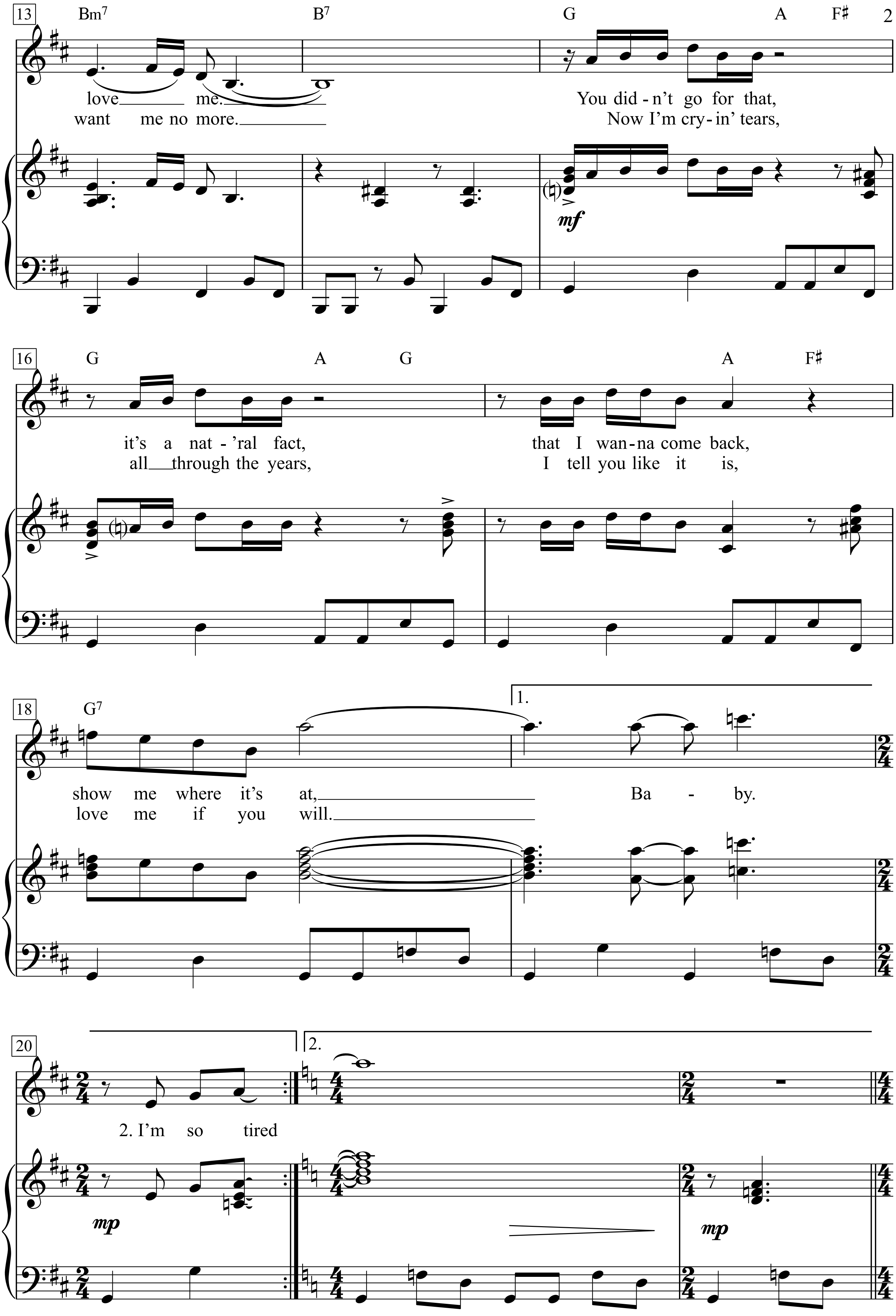
Tired of Being Alone

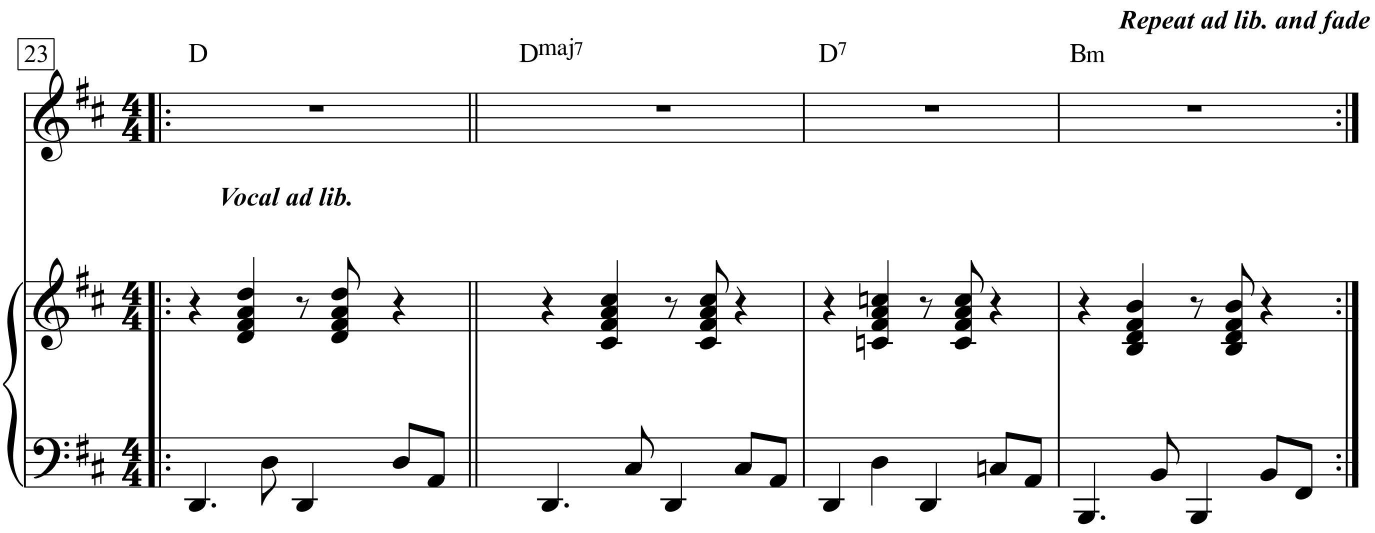
Moderately funk rock ♩ = 96

Words & Music by Al Green
(Al Green)



The best of Al Green, p. 73-75


13
Bm7 B7 G A F♯
love me. You did-n't go for that,
want me no more. Now I'm cry-in' tears,
mf
16
G A G A F♯
it's a nat-'ral fact, that I wan-na come back,
all through the years, I tell you like it is,
18
G7
1.
show me where it's at, Ba - by.
love me if you will.
20
2.
2. I'm so tired
mp
mp



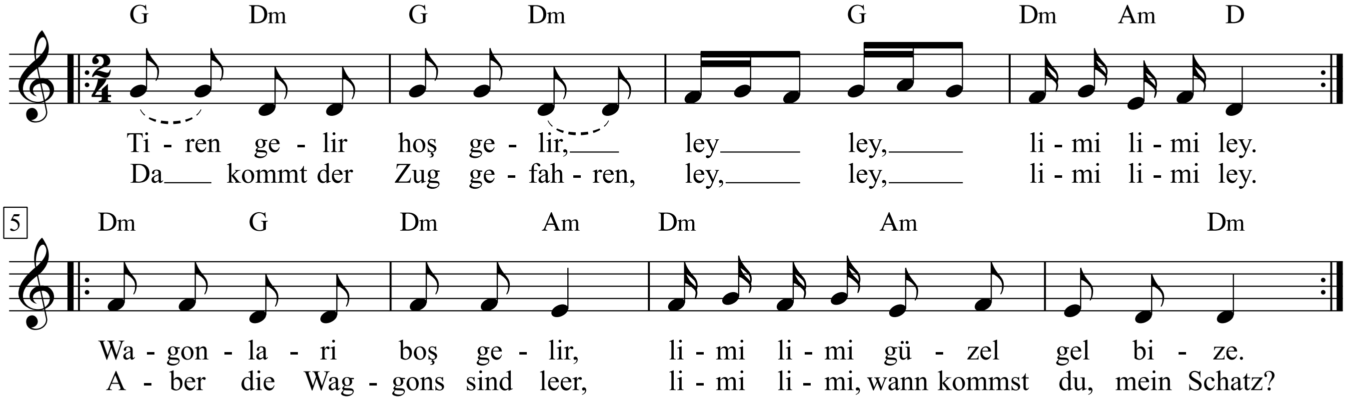
1. I’m so tired of being alone,
I’m so tired of on my own,
won’t you help me, girl,
just as soon as you can?
People say that I found a way
to make you say that you love me.
You didn’t go for that, it’s a nat’ral fact,
that I wanna come back,
show me where it’s at, Baby.

2. I’m so tired of being alone,
I’m so tired of on my own,
won’t you help me, girl,
just as soon as you can?
I guess you know that I love you so,
even though you don’t want me no more.
Now I’m cryin’ tears, all through the years,
I tell you like it is, love me if you will.

Tiren gelir - Der Zug kommt

deutsche Textfassung:
S. Oyat, Irmgard Merkt

Text & Melodie:
aus der Türkei



1. Tiren gelir hoş gelir,
ley, ley, limi limi ley.
Wagonlari boş gelir,
limi limi güzel gel bize.

2. Erciyasa kar yağar,
ley, ley, limi limi ley.
Hep altinda güller var,
limi limi güzel gel bize.

3. Duydum yar bize gelmiş,
ley, ley, limi limi ley.
Safa gelmiş, hos gelmiş,
limi limi güzel gel bize.

1. *Da kommt der Zug gefahren,*
ley, ley, limi limi ley.
Aber die Waggons sind leer,
limi limi, wann kommst du, mein Schatz?

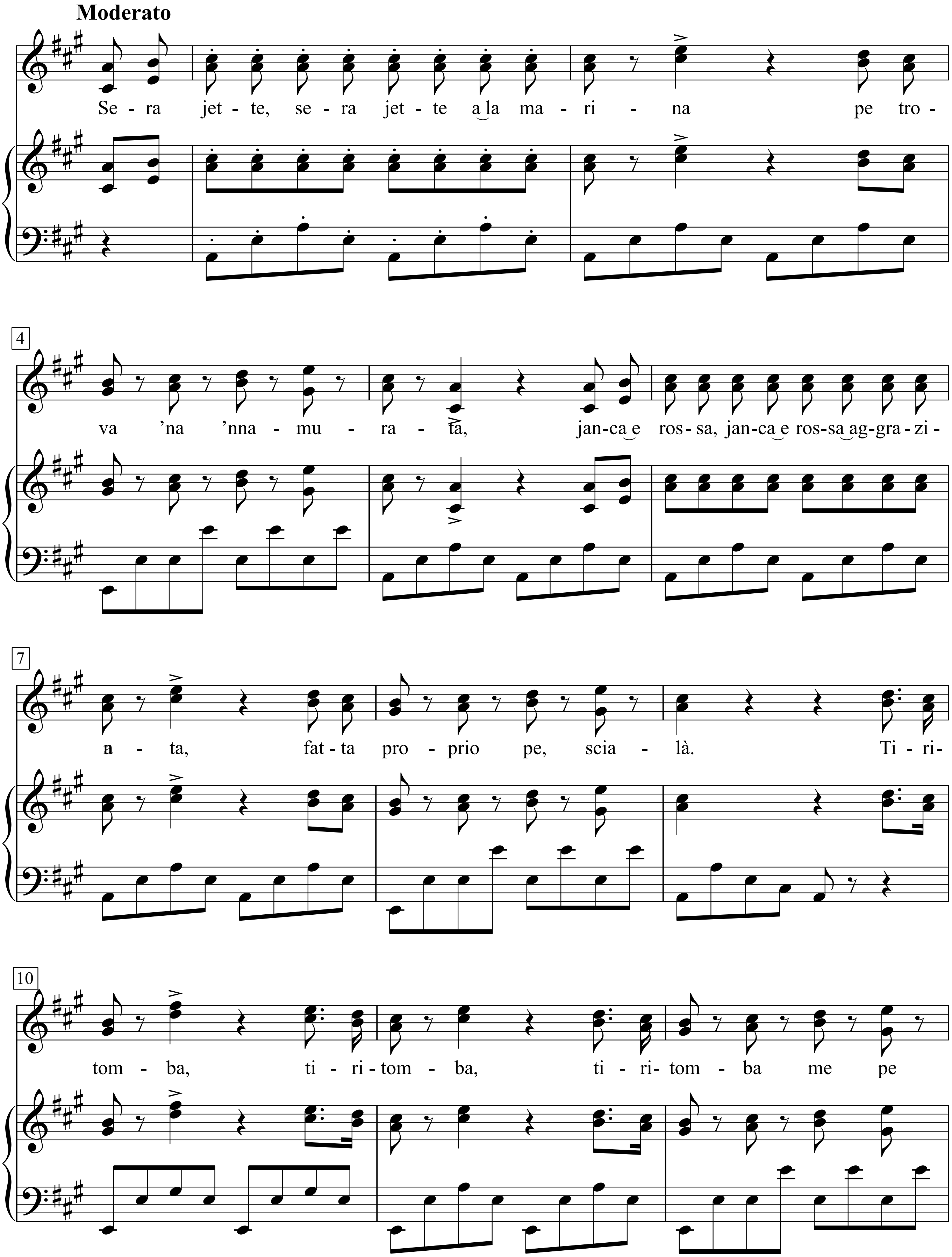
2. Auf dem Erciyas liegt Schnee,
ley, ley, limi limi ley.
Drunter wachsen rote Rosen,
limi, limi, wann kommst du, mein Schatz?

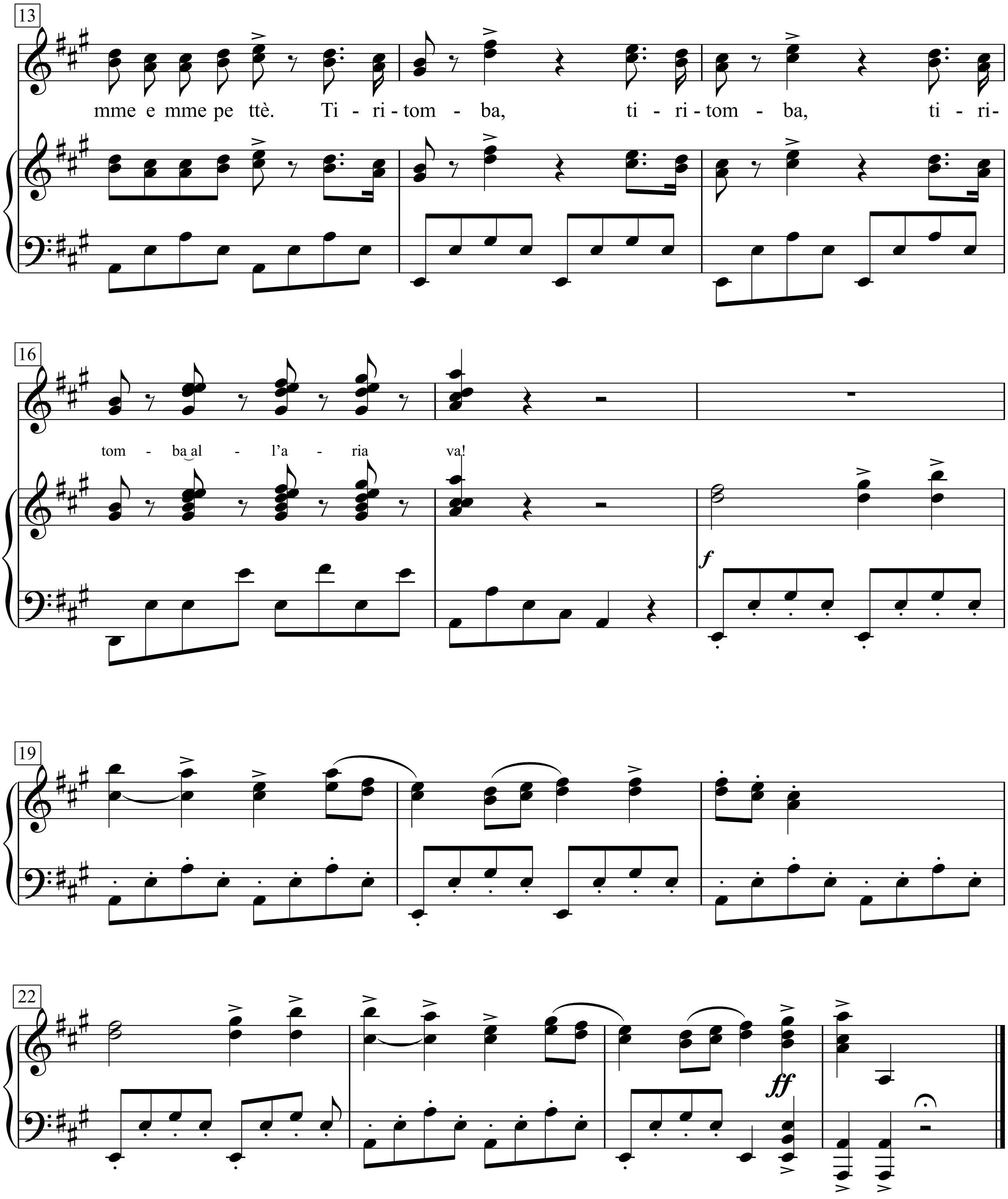
3. Wenn mein Schatz dann endlich kommt,
ley, ley, limi limi ley,
werde ich ihn froh begrüßen,
limi, limi, wann kommst du, mein Schatz?

Tiritomba

Duett

Guillaume Louis Cottrau

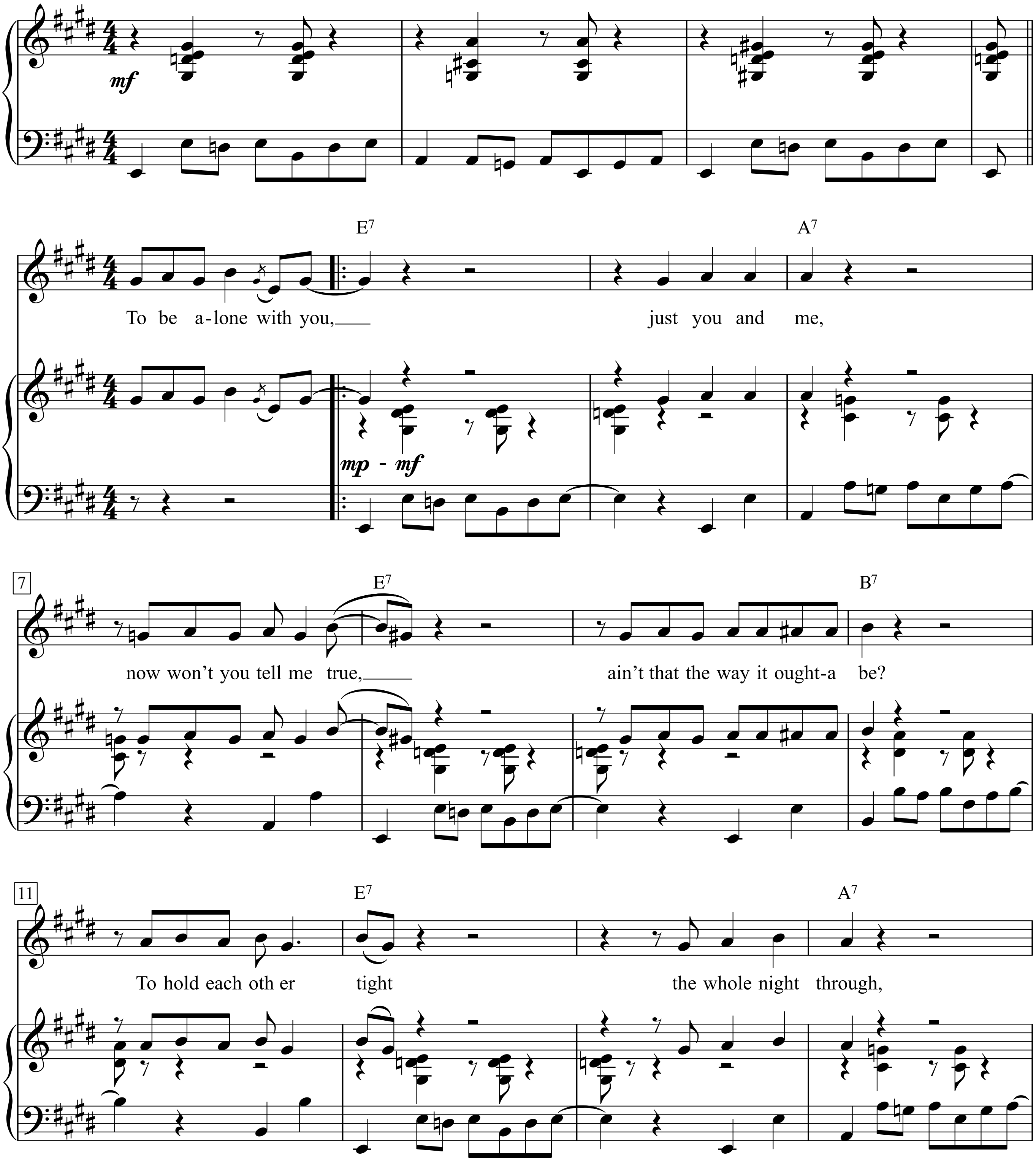


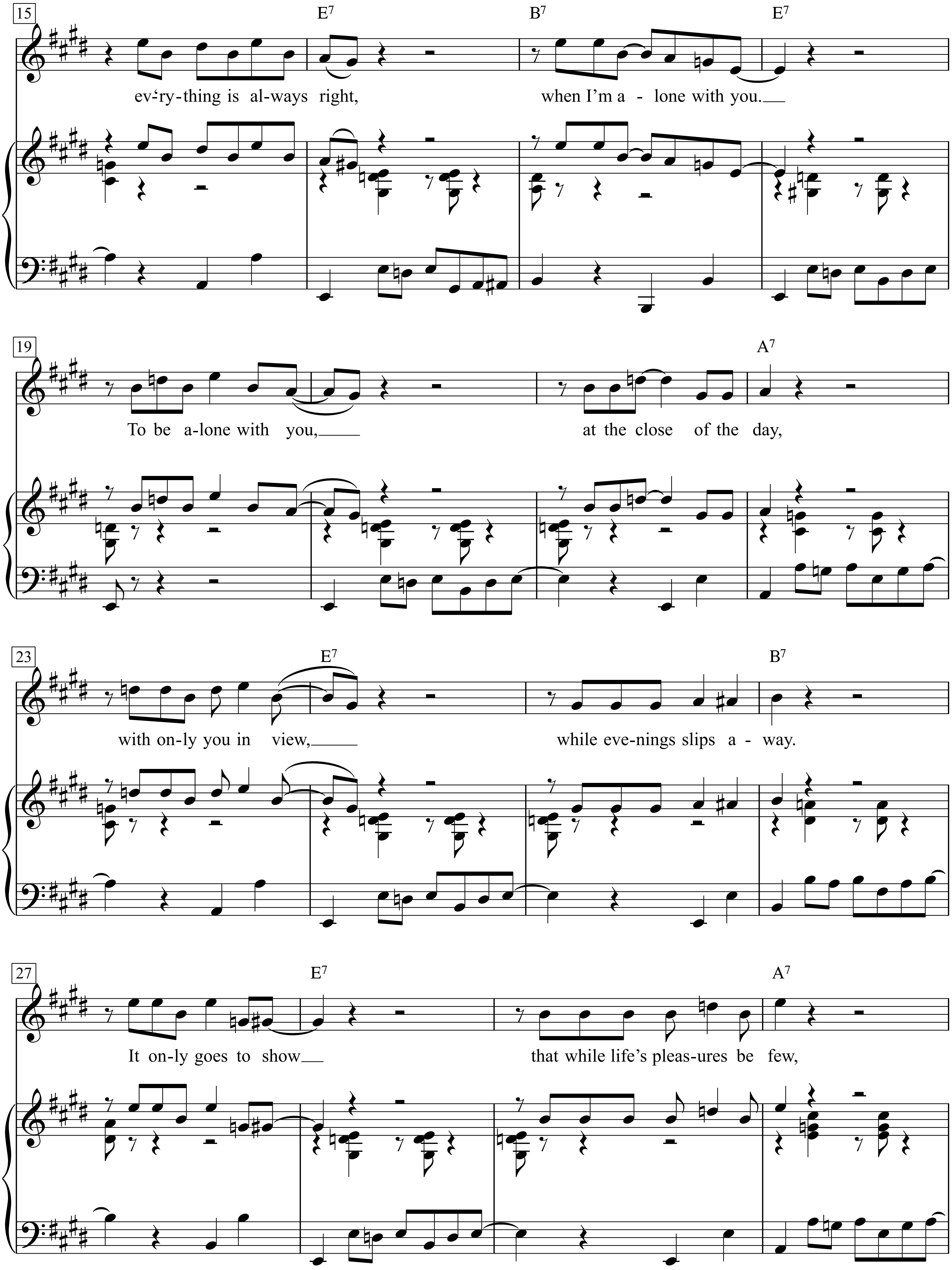

13
mme e mme pe ttè. Ti - ri - tom - ba, ti - ri - tom - ba, ti - ri-
16
tom - ba al - l'a - ria va!
f
19
22
ff

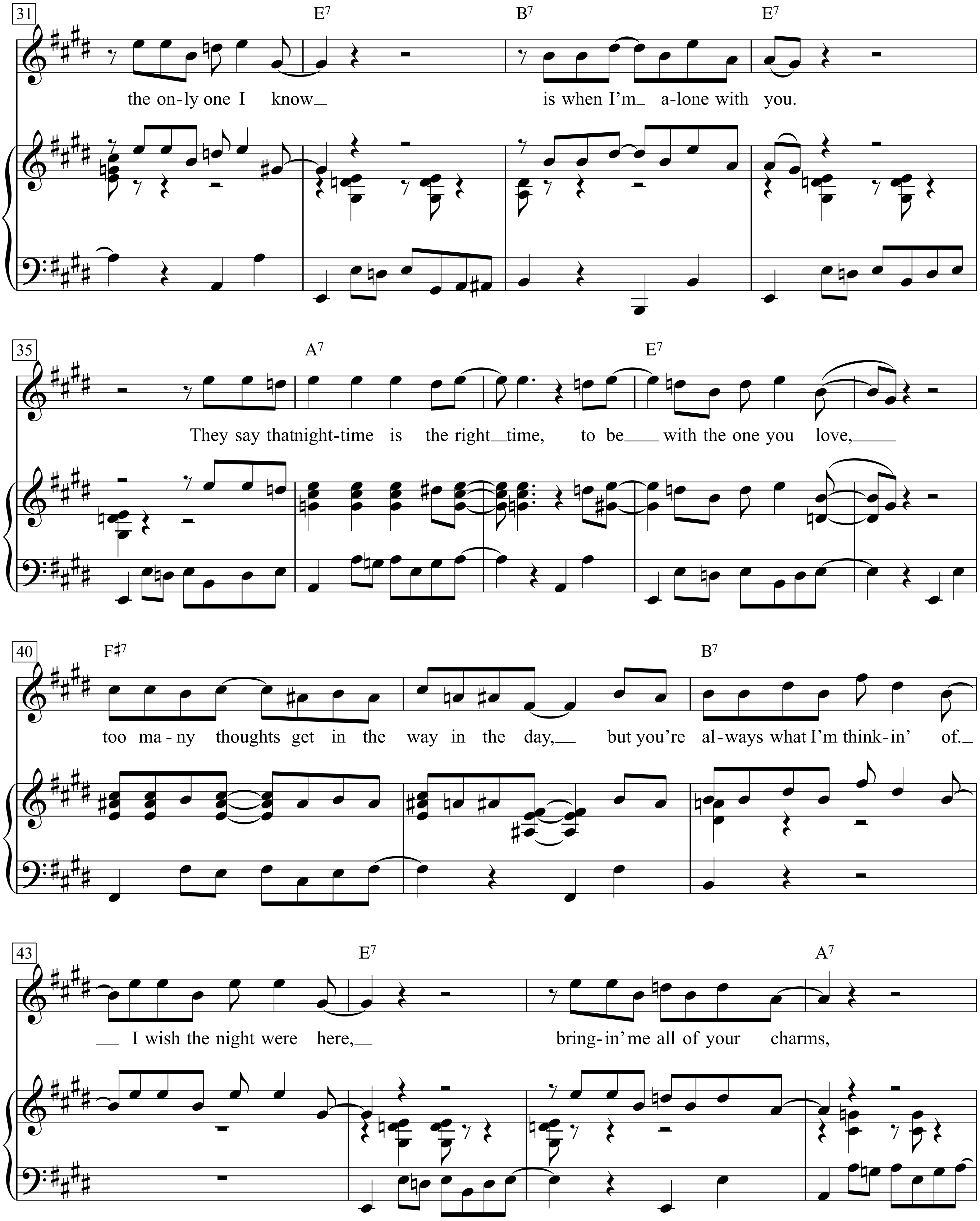
To Be Alone With You

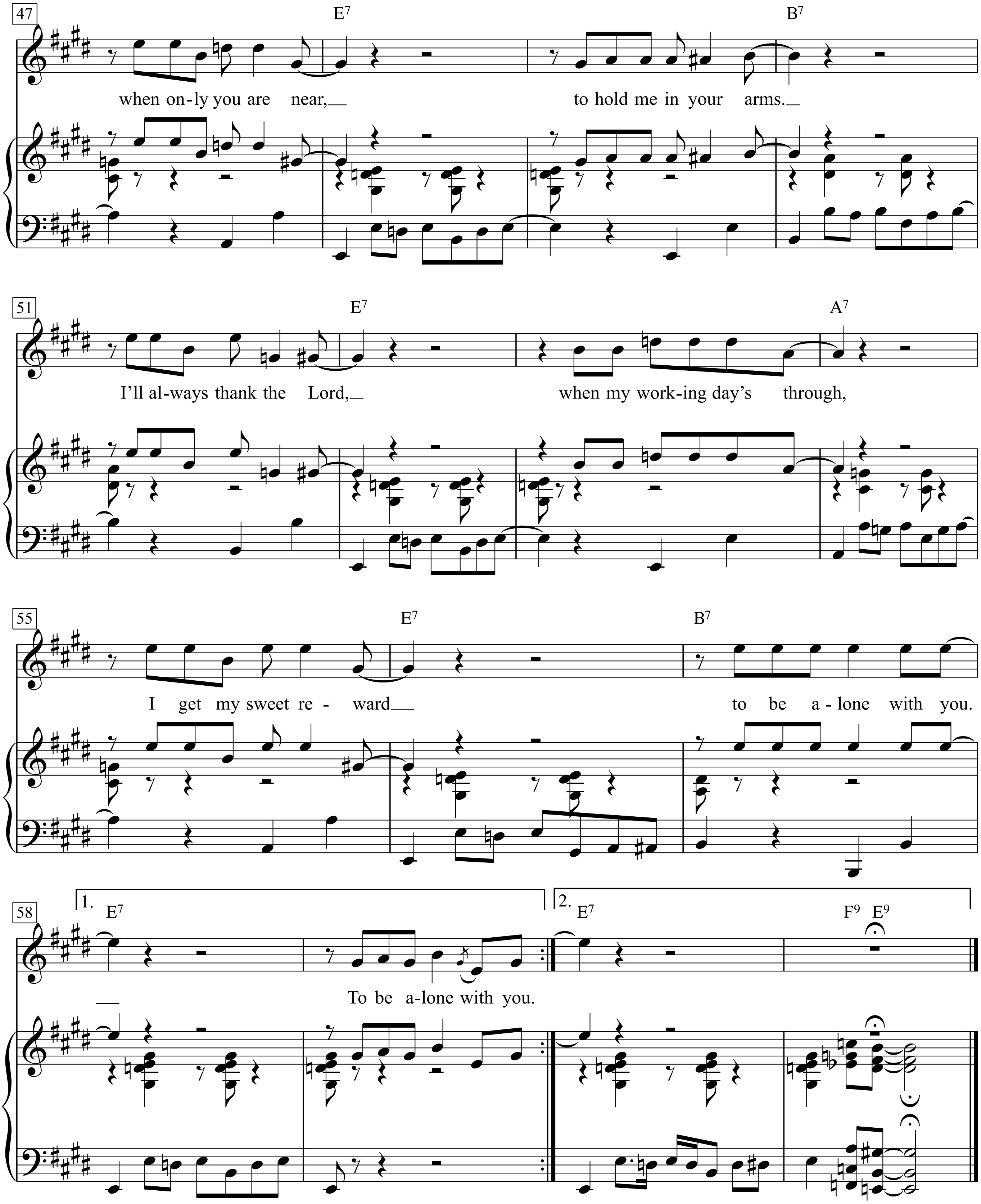
Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)

Moderate Boogie Rock




15
E7
B7
E7
ev-'ry-thing is al-ways right, when I'm a - lone with you.
19
A7
To be a-lone with you, at the close of the day,
23
E7
B7
with on-ly you in view, while eve-nings slips a - way.
27
E7
A7
It on-ly goes to show that while life's pleas-ures be few,


31
E7
B7
E7
the on-ly one I know
is when I'm a-lone with you.
35
A7
E7
They say that night-time is the right time, to be with the one you love,
40
F♯7
B7
too ma-ny thoughts get in the way in the day, but you're al-ways what I'm think-in' of.
43
E7
A7
I wish the night were here, bring-in' me all of your charms,


47
E7
B7
when on-ly you are near,
to hold me in your arms.
51
E7
A7
I'll al-ways thank the Lord,
when my work-ing day's through,
55
E7
B7
I get my sweet re - ward
to be a - lone with you.
58
1.
E7
To be a-lone with you.
2.
E7
F9
E9

To be alone with you
Just you and me
Now won’t you tell me true
Ain’t that the way it oughta be?
To hold each other tight
The whole night through
Ev’rything is always right
When I’m alone with you

To be alone with you
At the close of the day
With only you in view
While evenings slips away
It only goes to show
That while life’s pleasures be few
The only one I know
Is when I’m alone with you

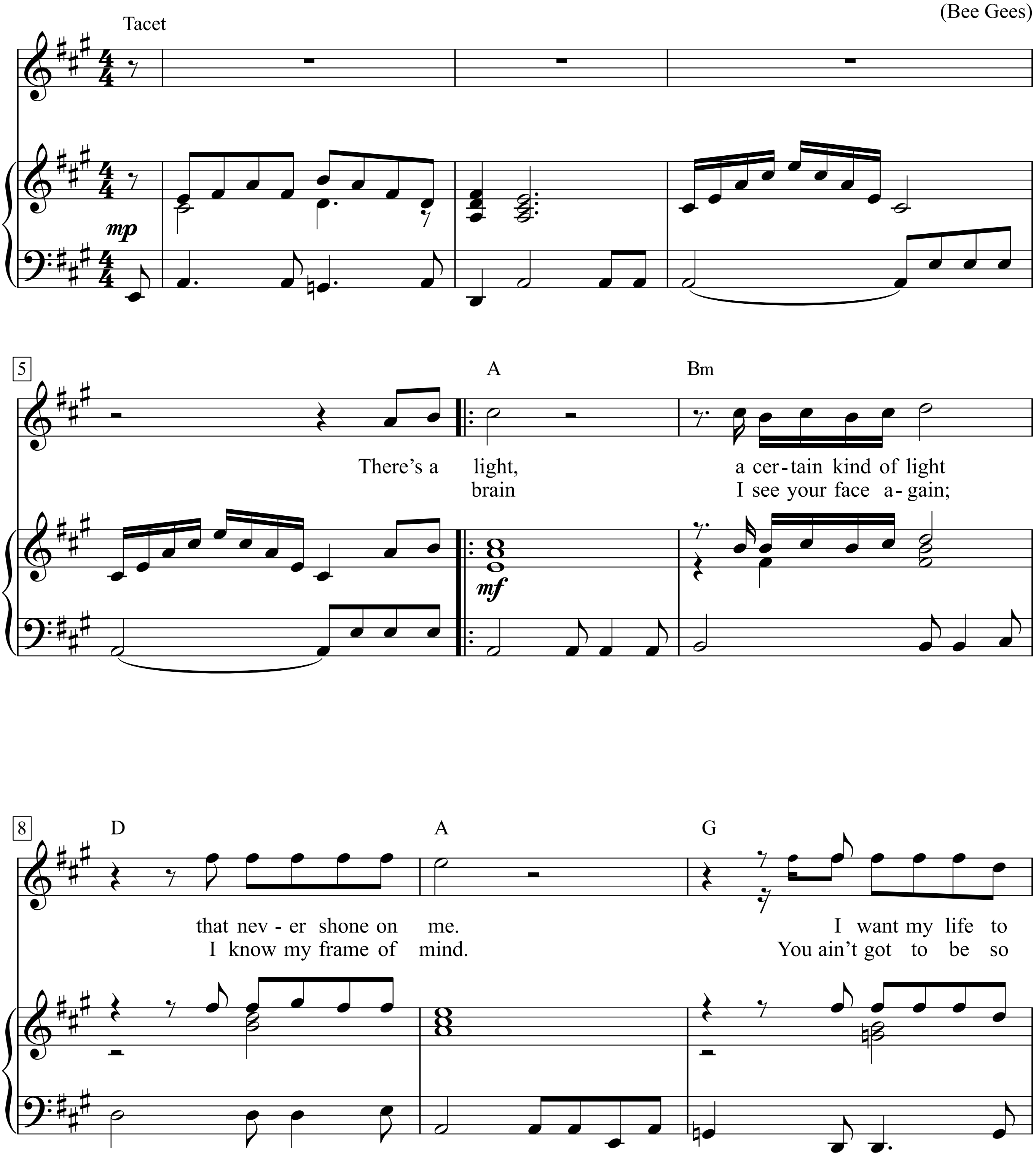
They say that nighttime is the right time
To be with the one you love
Too many thoughts get in the way in the day
But you’re always what I’m thinkin’ of

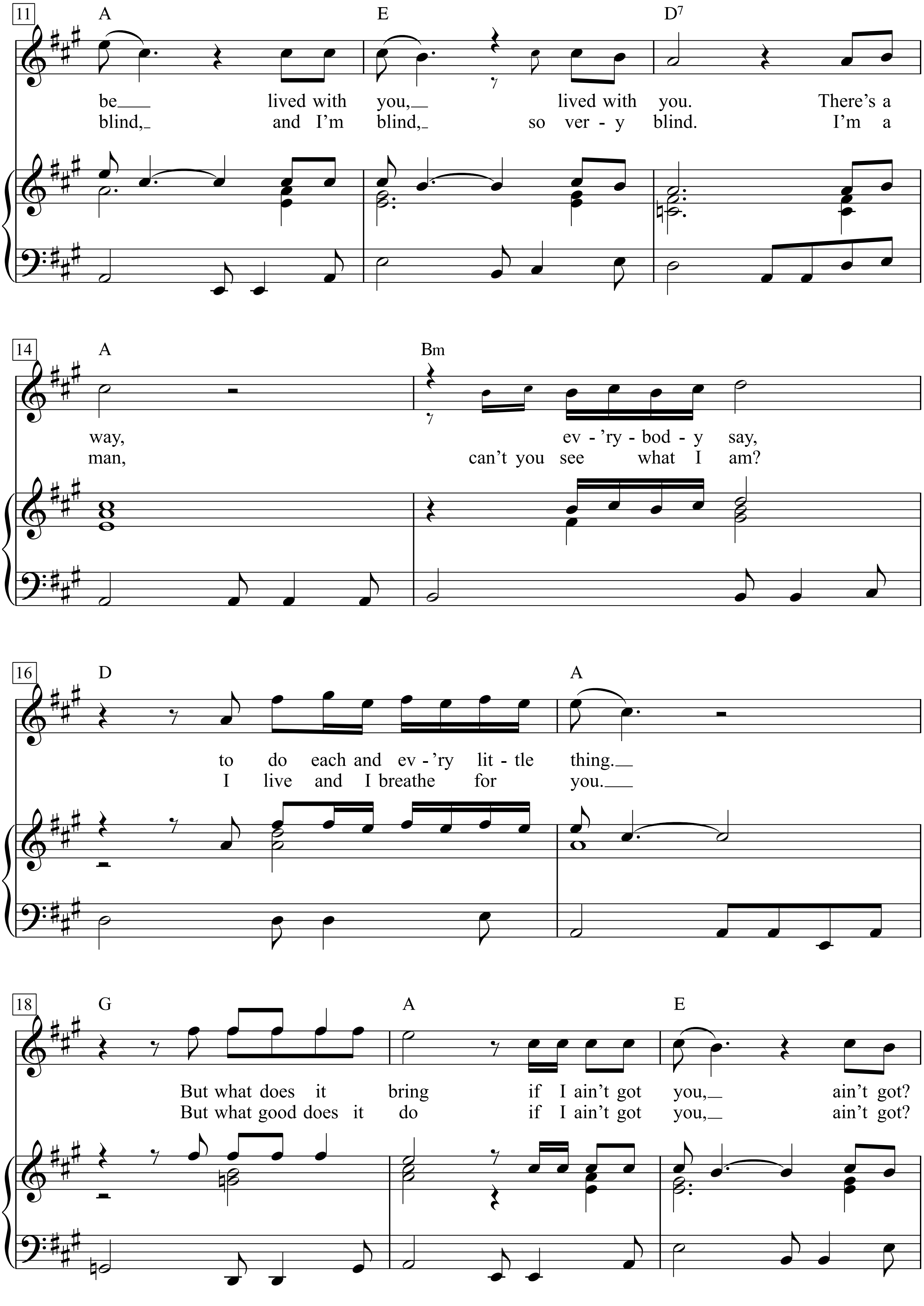
I wish the night were here
Bringin’ me all of your charms
When only you are near
To hold me in your arms
I’ll always thank the Lord
When my working day’s through
I get my sweet reward
To be alone with you

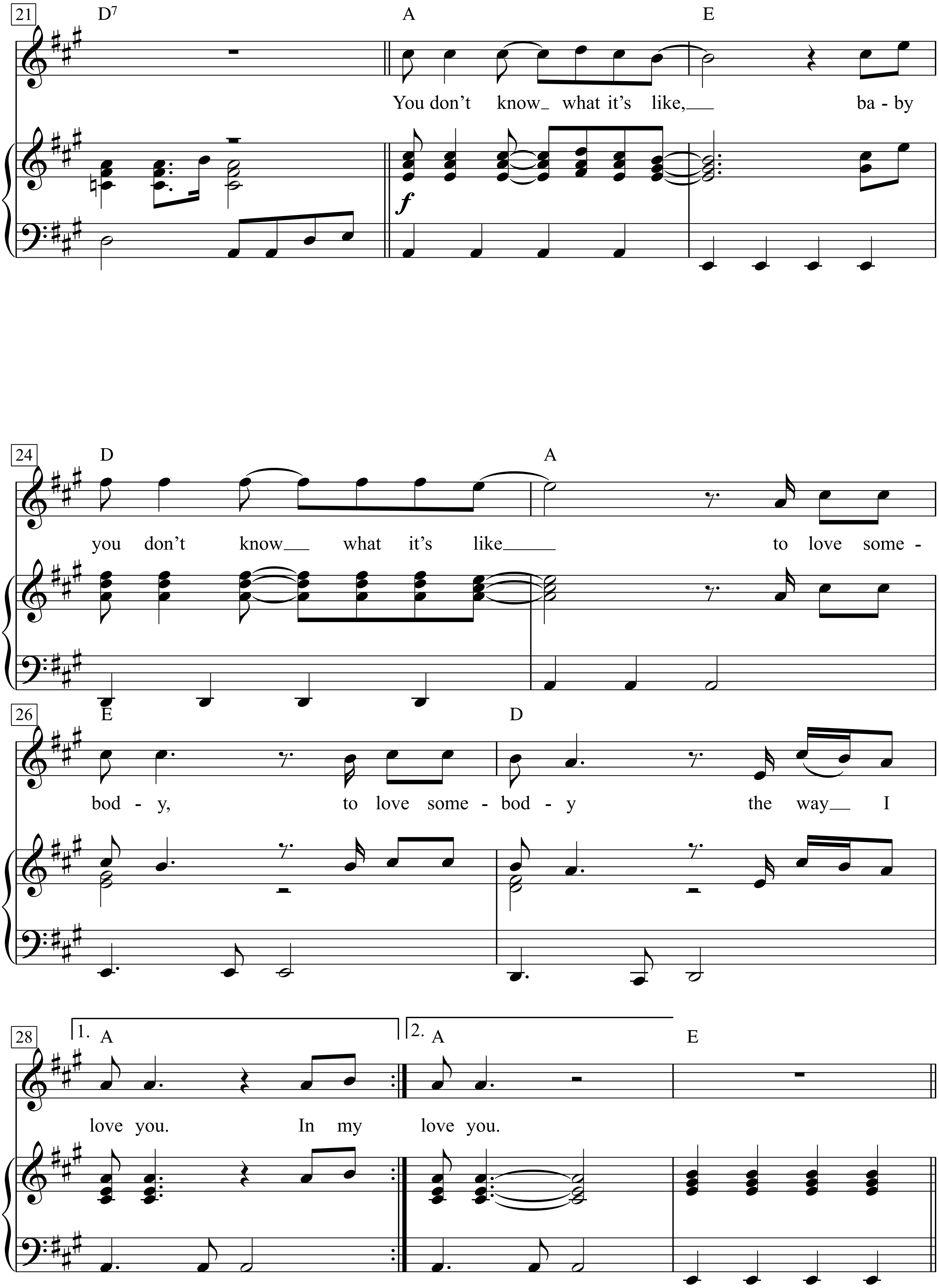
To Love Somebody

Moderately

Words & Music by
Barry Gibb, Maurice Gib and Robin Gibb
(Bee Gees)

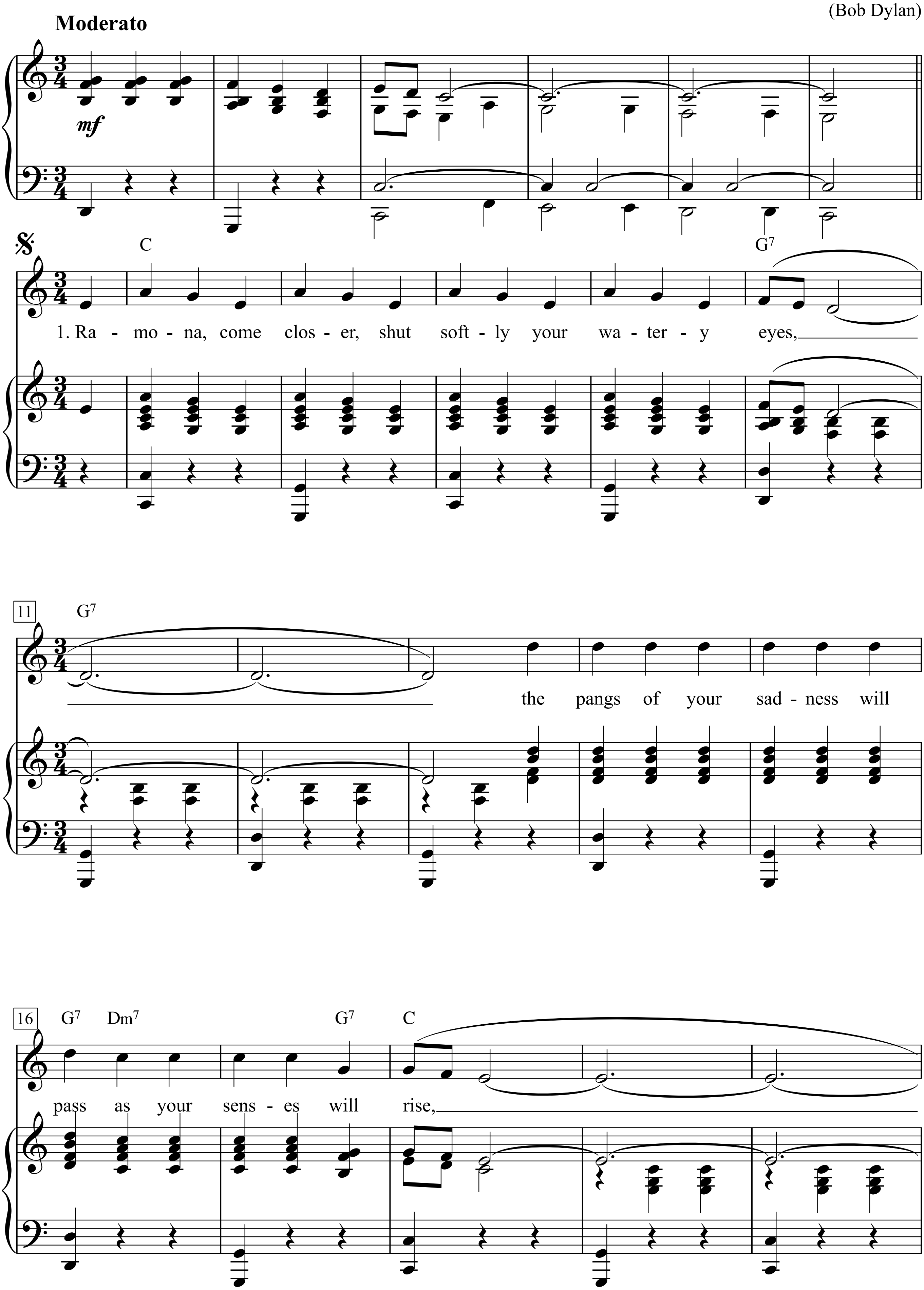


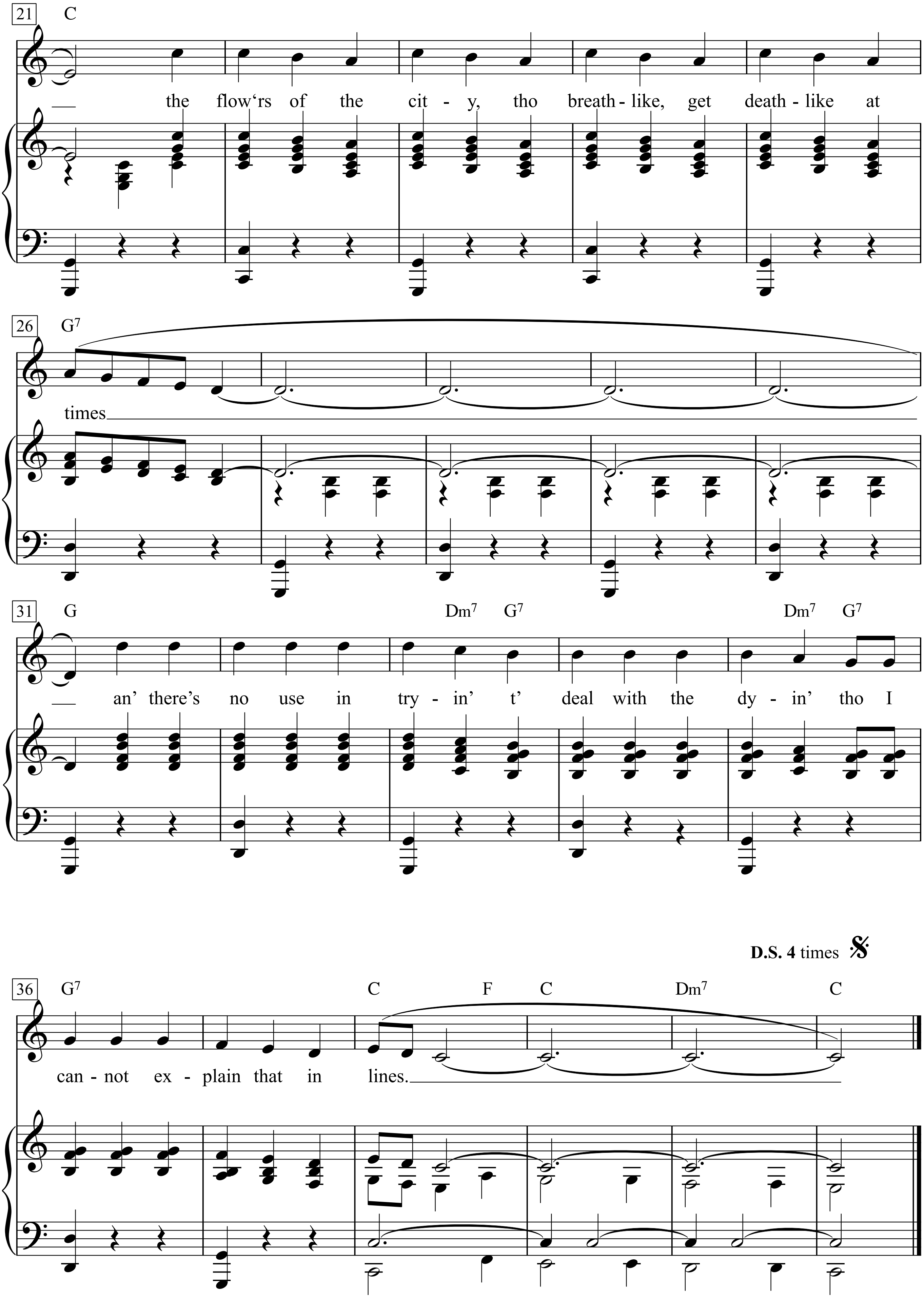

11
A
E
D7
be___ lived with you,___ lived with you. There's a
blind,_ and I'm blind,_ so ver - y blind. I'm a
14
A
Bm
way, ev - 'ry - bod - y say,
man, can't you see what I am?
16
D
A
to do each and ev - 'ry lit - tle thing.___
I live and I breathe for you.___
18
G
A
E
But what does it bring if I ain't got you,_ ain't got?
But what good does it do if I ain't got you,_ ain't got?


21
D7
A
E
You don't know what it's like, baby
24
D
A
you don't know what it's like to love some-
26
E
D
bod - y, to love some - bod - y the way I
28
1. A
2. A
E
love you. In my love you.

To Ramona

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




21
C
— the flow'rs of the cit - y, tho breath - like, get death - like at
26
G7
times
31
G
Dm7 G7
Dm7 G7
— an' there's no use in try - in' t' deal with the dy - in' tho I
D.S. 4 times
36
G7
C
F
C
Dm7
C
can - not ex - plain that in lines.

1. Ramona,
Come closer,
Shut softly your watery eyes,
The pangs of your sadness
Will pass as your senses will rise,
The flow'rs of the city,
Tho'?? breathlike,
Get deathlike at times
An' there's no use in tryin'
???t' deal with the dyin'
Tho'?? I cannot explain that in lines.

2. Your cracked country lips
I still wish to kiss
As to be under the strength of your skin,
Your magnetic movements
Still capture the minutes I'm in,
But it grieves my heart, love,
To see you tryin' to be a part of
A world that just don't exist;
It's all just a dream, Babe,
A vacuum, a scheme, Babe,
That sucks you into feelin' like this.

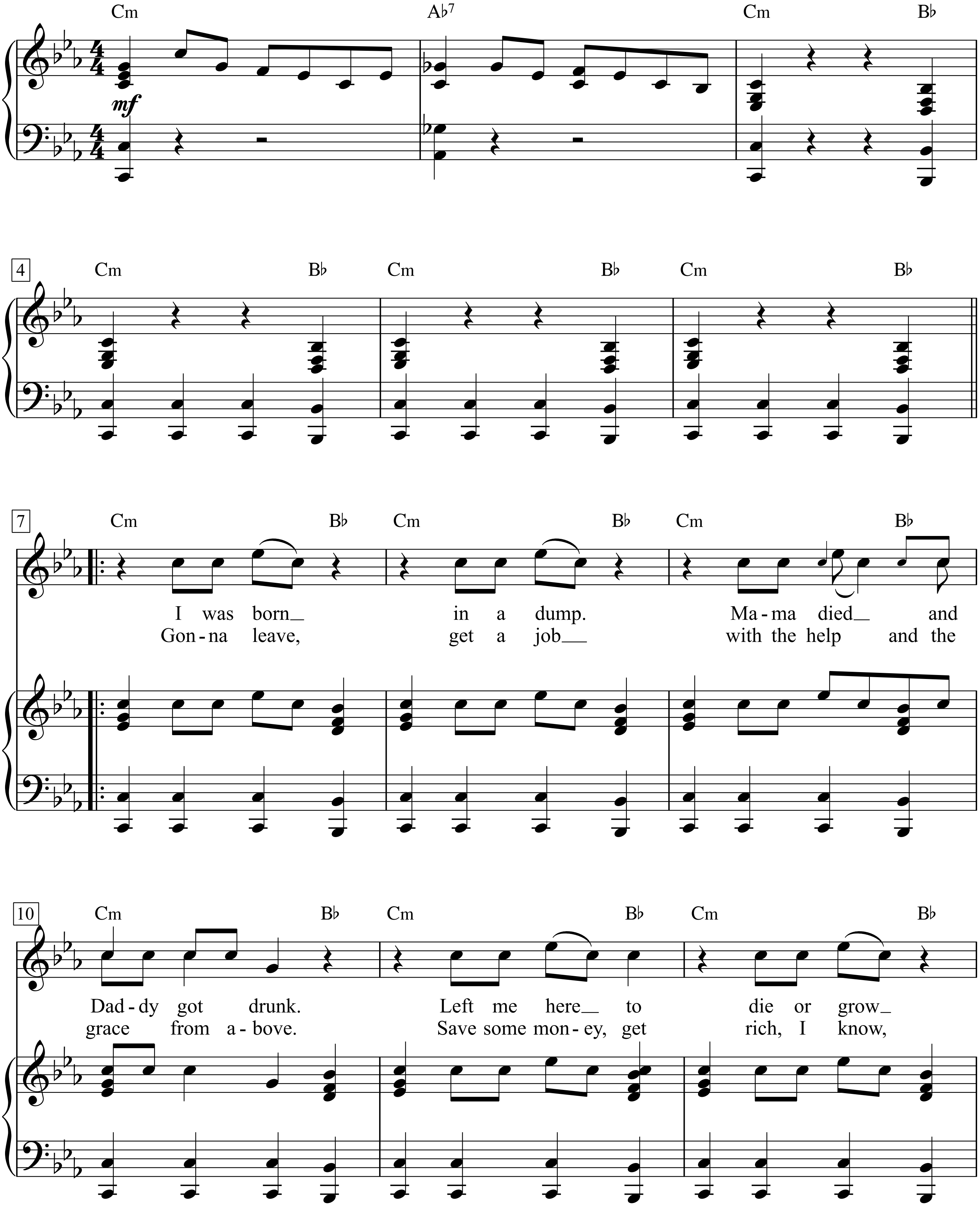
3. I can see that your head
Has been twisted and fed
By worthless foam from the mouth,
I can tell you are torn
Between stayin' and returnin'
On back to the south,
You've been fooled into thinking
That the finishin' end is at hand,
Yet there's no one to beat you,
No one t' defeat you,
'Cept the thoughts of yourself feeling bad.

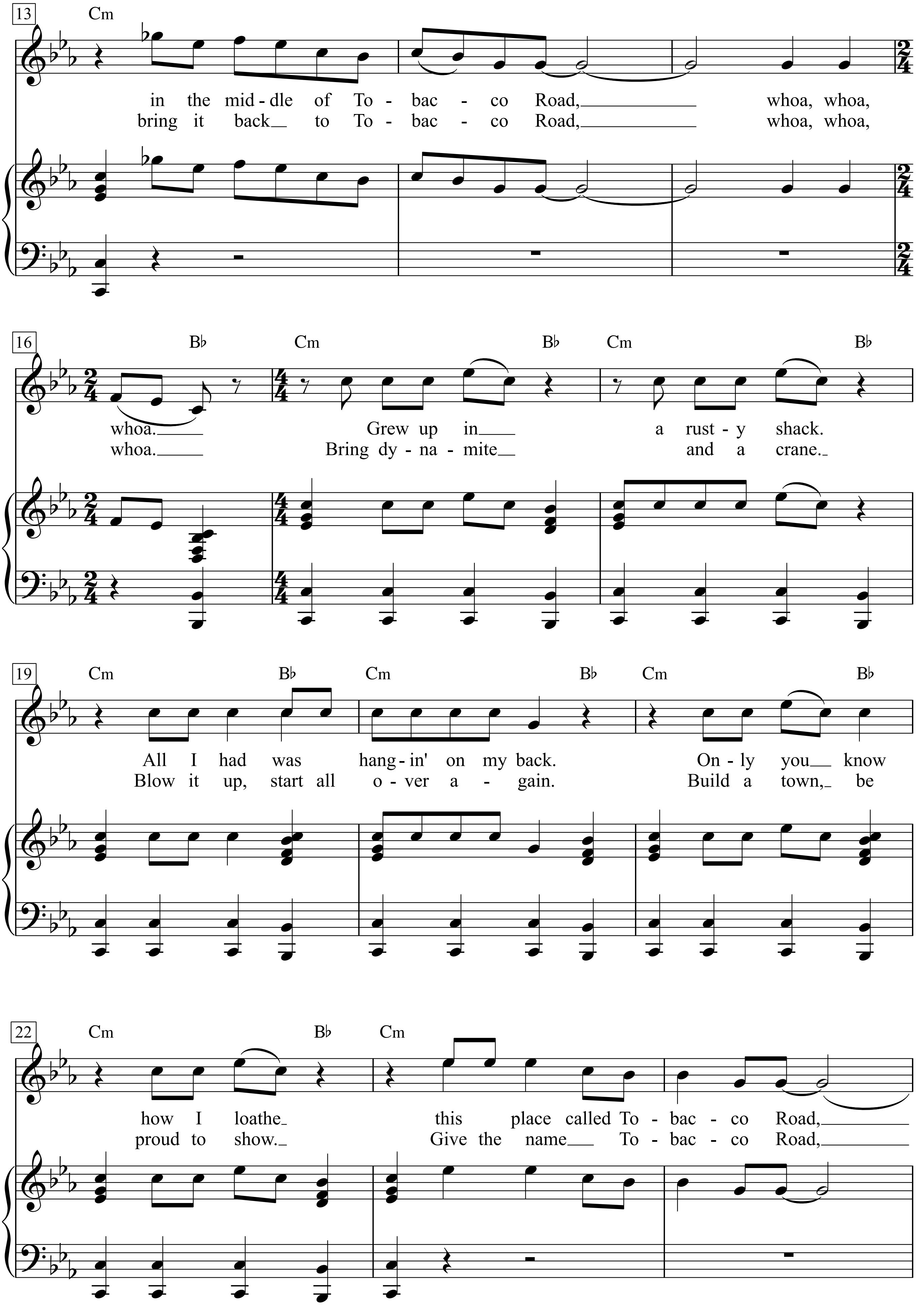
4. I've heard you say many times
That you're better'n no one
An' no one is better'n you,
If you really believe that,
You know you got
Nothin‘ to win, and nothin' to lose,
From fixtures an' forces an' friends
Your sorrow does stem,
That hype you and type you,
Makin' you feel
That you must be exactly like them.

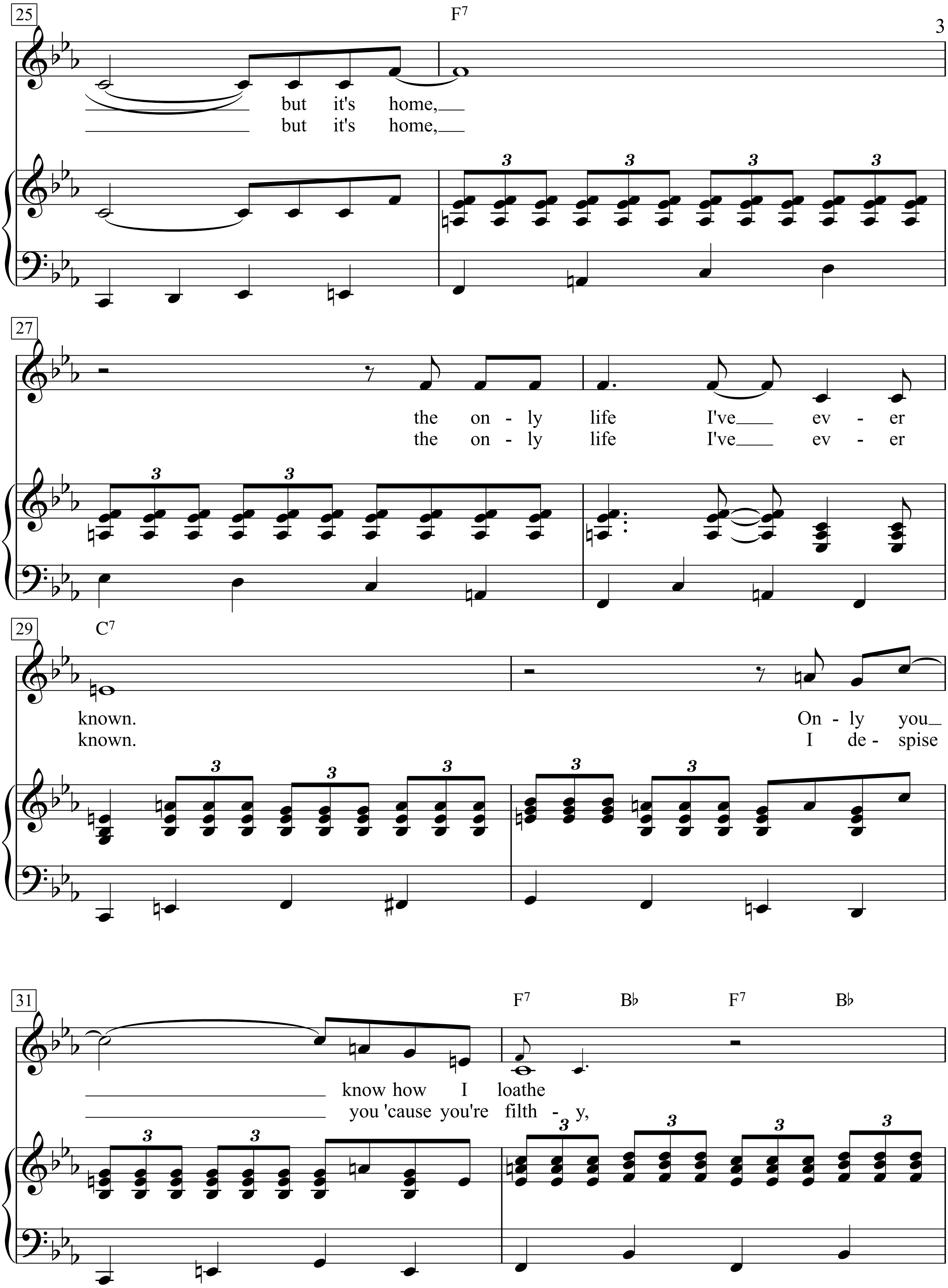
5. I'd forever talk to you
But soon my words,
They would turn into a meaningless ring,
For deep in my heart
I know there is no help I can bring,
Everything passes
Everything changes,
Just do what you think you should do,
As someday maybe,
Who knows, Baby,
I'll come and be cryin' to you.

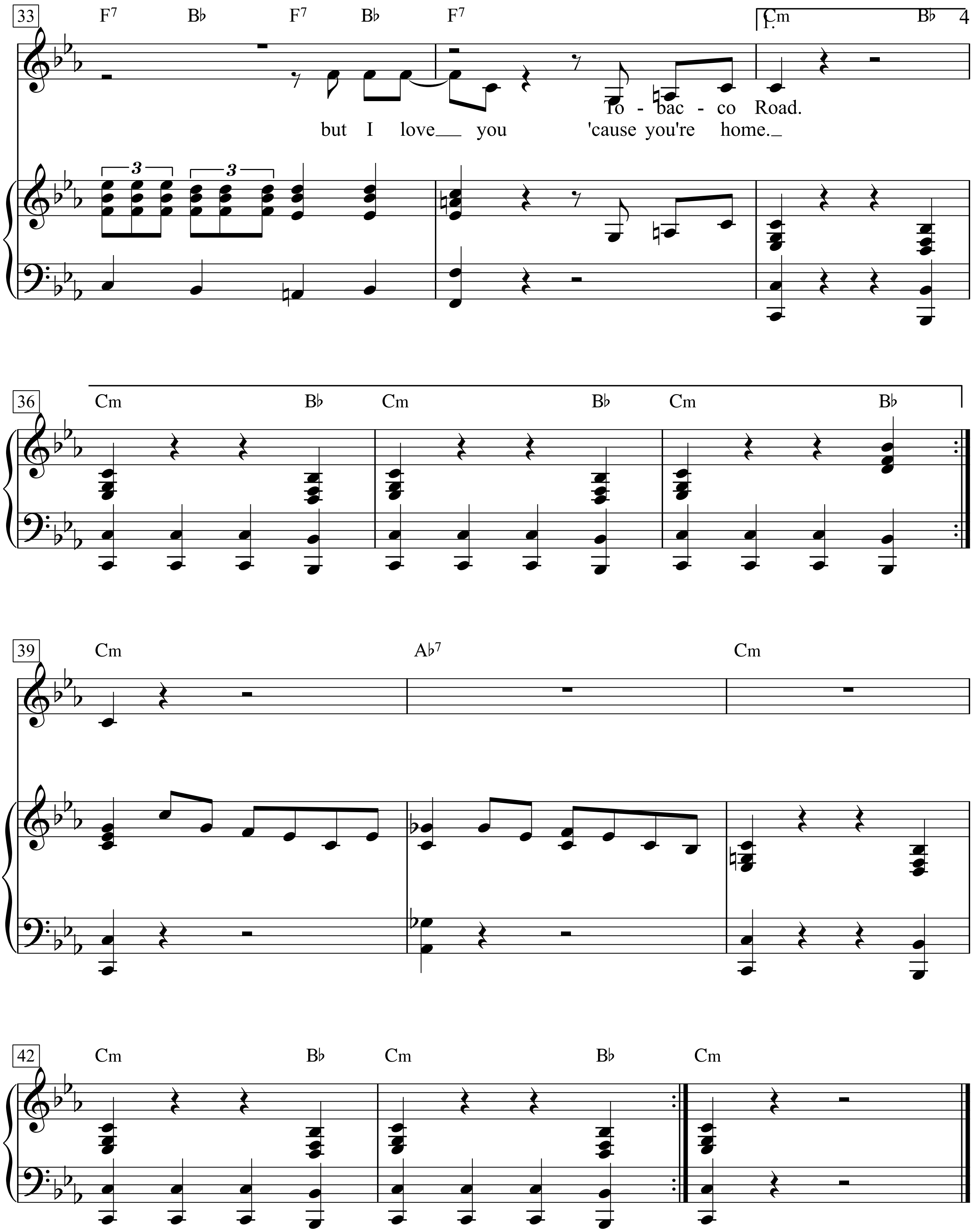
Tobacco Road

Words & Music: John D. Loudermilk



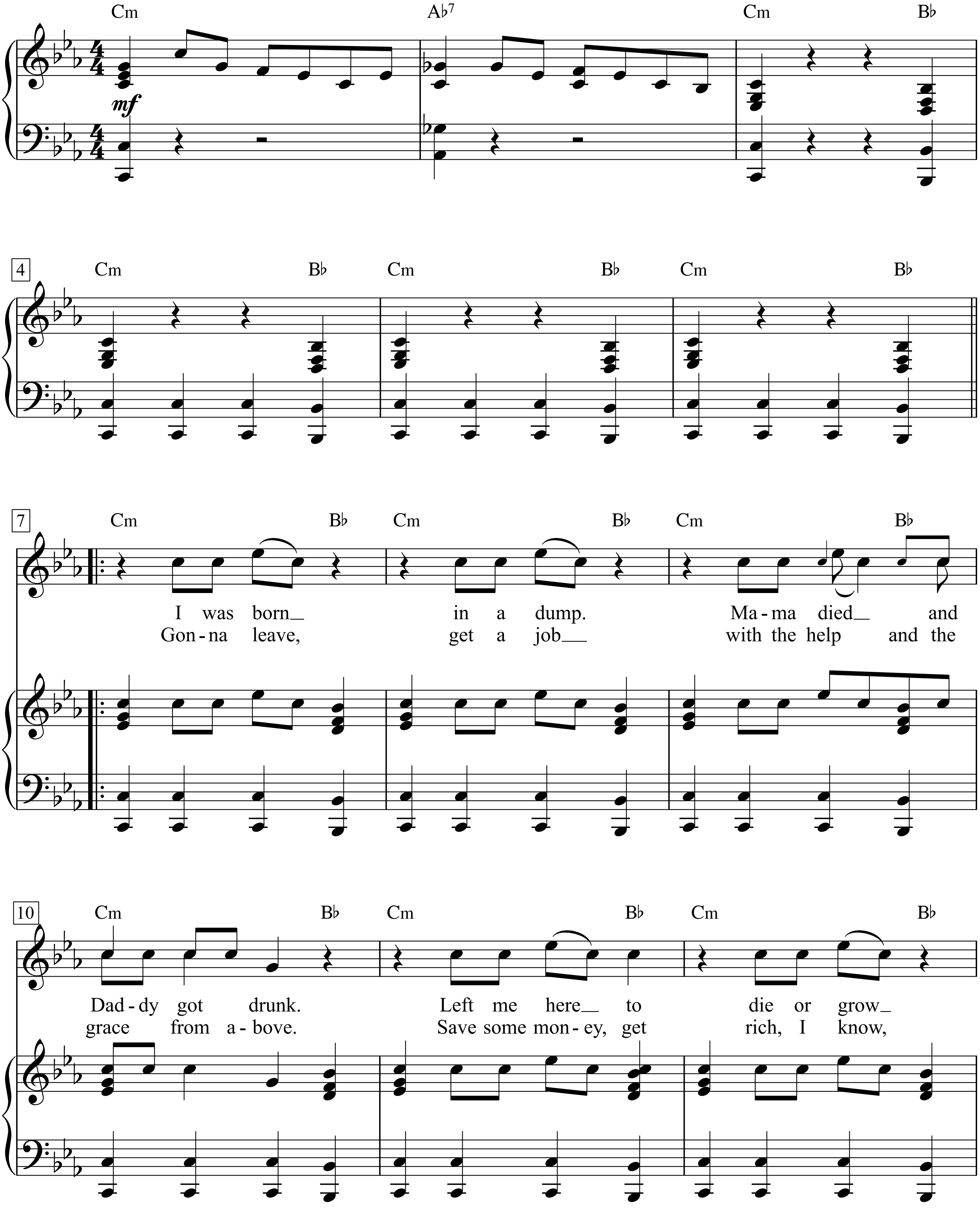

13
Cm
in the mid - dle of To - bac - co Road, whoa, whoa,
bring it back to To - bac - co Road, whoa, whoa,
16
B♭ Cm B♭ Cm B♭
whoa. Grew up in a rust - y shack.
whoa. Bring dy - na - mite and a crane.
19
Cm B♭ Cm B♭ Cm B♭
All I had was hang - in' on my back. On - ly you know
Blow it up, start all o - ver a - gain. Build a town, be
22
Cm B♭ Cm
how I loathe this place called To - bac - co Road,
proud to show. Give the name To - bac - co Road,

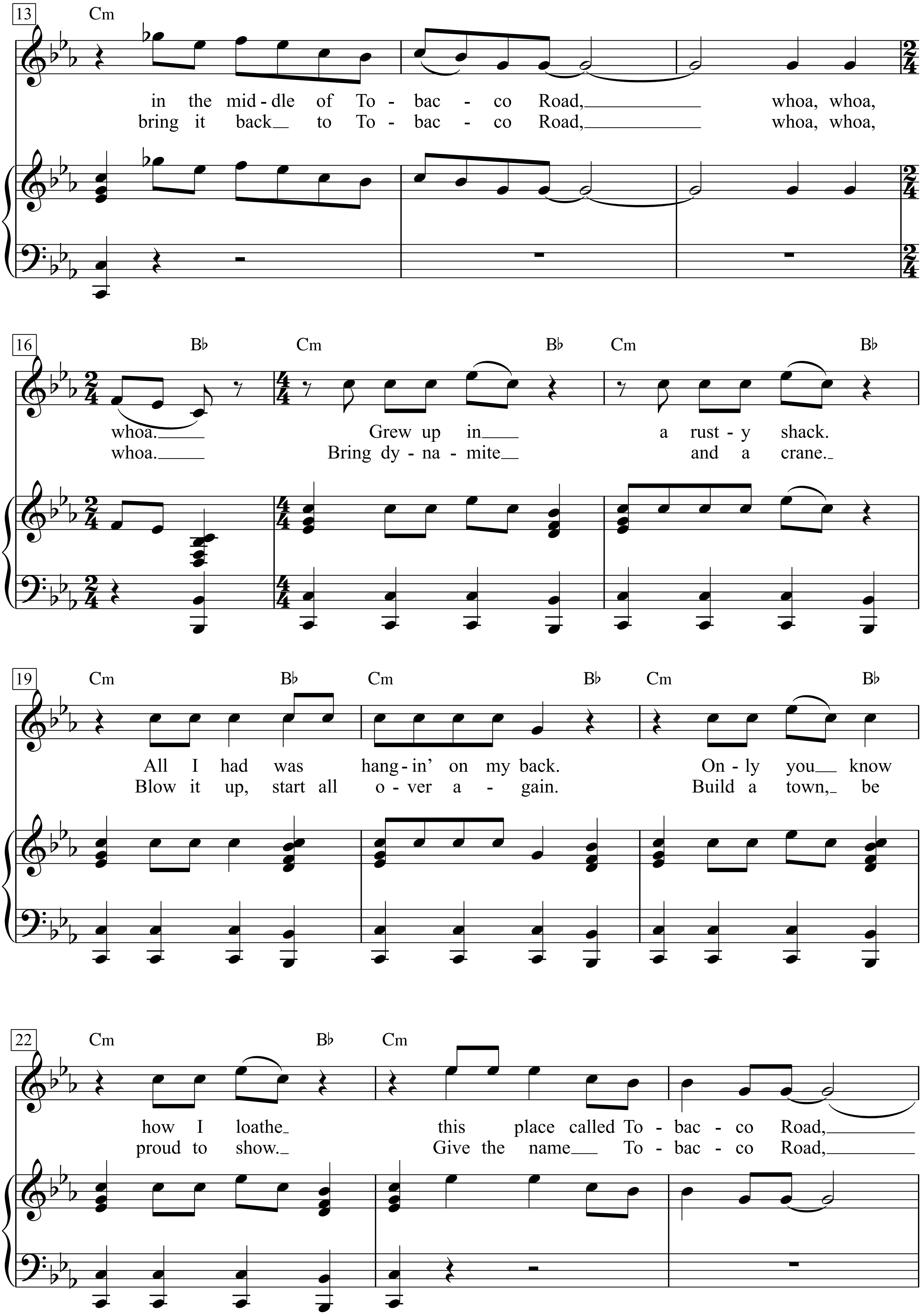

25
F7
but it's home,
but it's home,
27
the on - ly life I've ev - er
the on - ly life I've ev - er
29
C7
known.
known.
On - ly you
I de - spise
31
F7 B♭ F7 B♭
know how I loathe
you 'cause you're filth - y,


33
F7 B♭ F7 B♭ F7
1. Cm B♭
To - bac - co Road.
but I love___ you 'cause you're home._
36
Cm B♭ Cm B♭ Cm B♭
39
Cm A♭7 Cm
42
Cm B♭ Cm B♭ Cm

Tobacco Road

Words & Music: John D. Loudermilk




13
Cm
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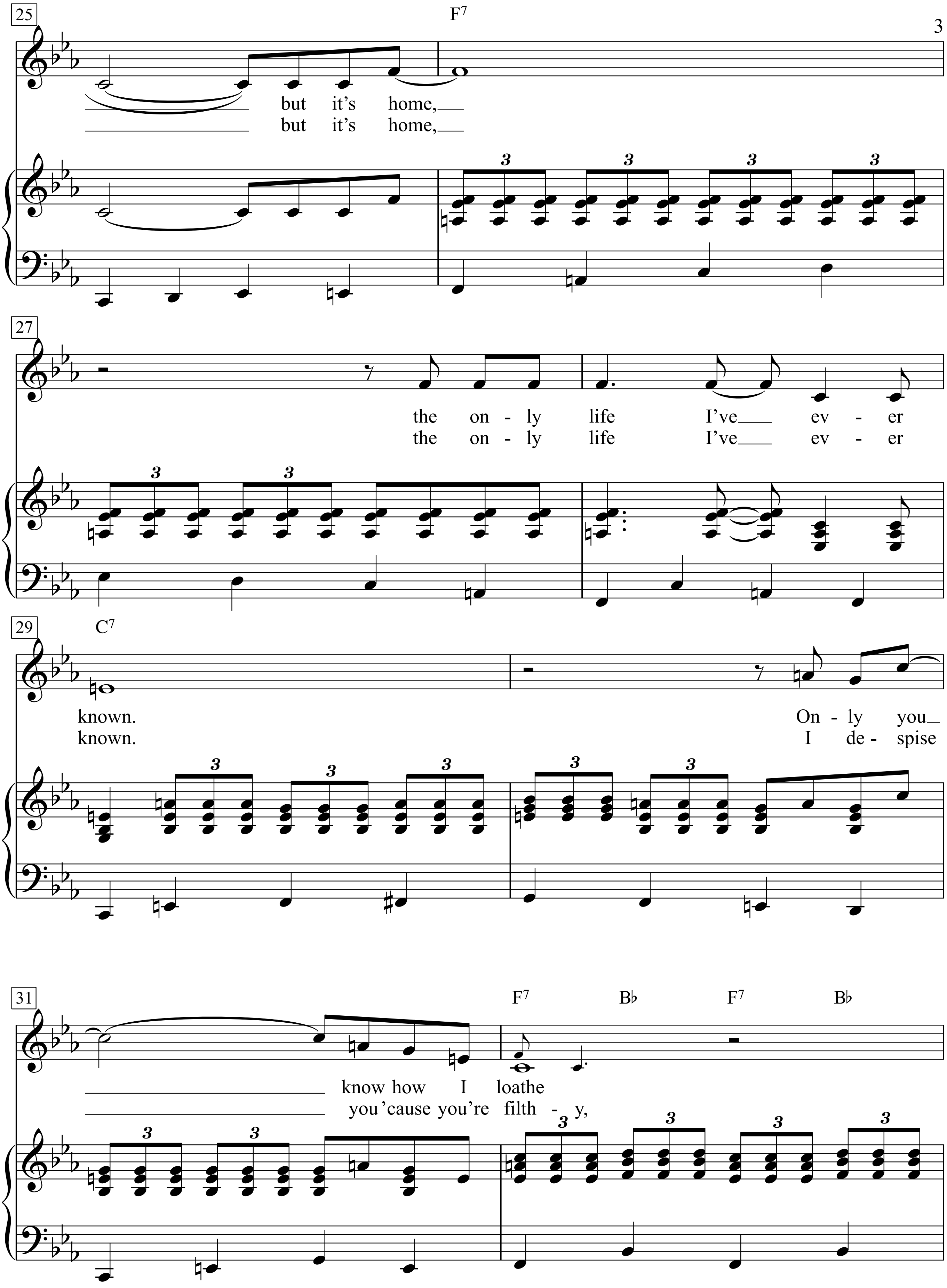
bring it back to To - bac - co Road, whoa, whoa,
16
B♭ Cm B♭ Cm B♭
whoa. Grew up in a rust - y shack.
whoa. Bring dy - na - mite and a crane.
19
Cm B♭ Cm B♭ Cm B♭
All I had was hang - in' on my back. On - ly you know
Blow it up, start all o - ver a - gain. Build a town, be
22
Cm B♭ Cm
how I loathe this place called To - bac - co Road,
proud to show. Give the name To - bac - co Road,


25
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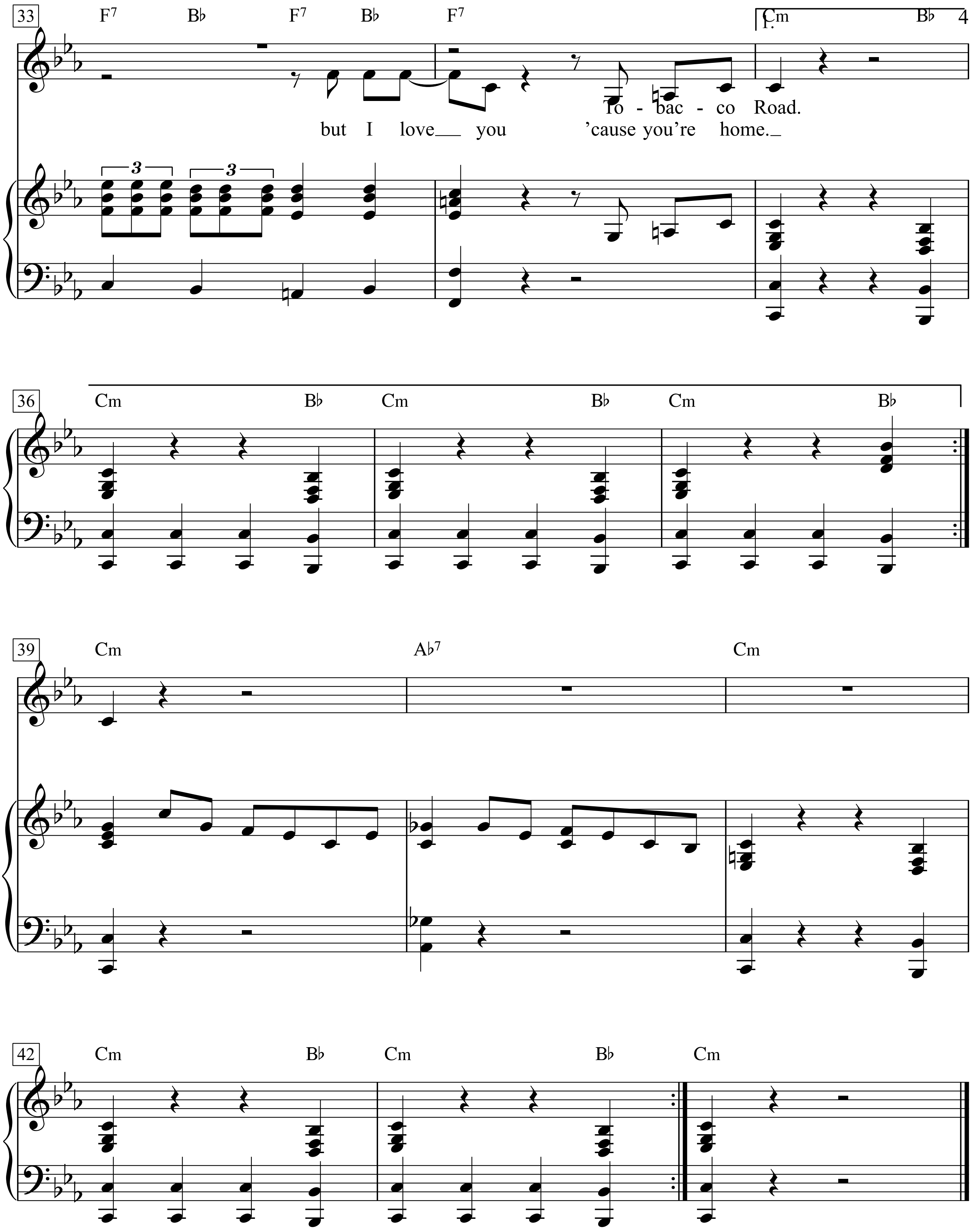
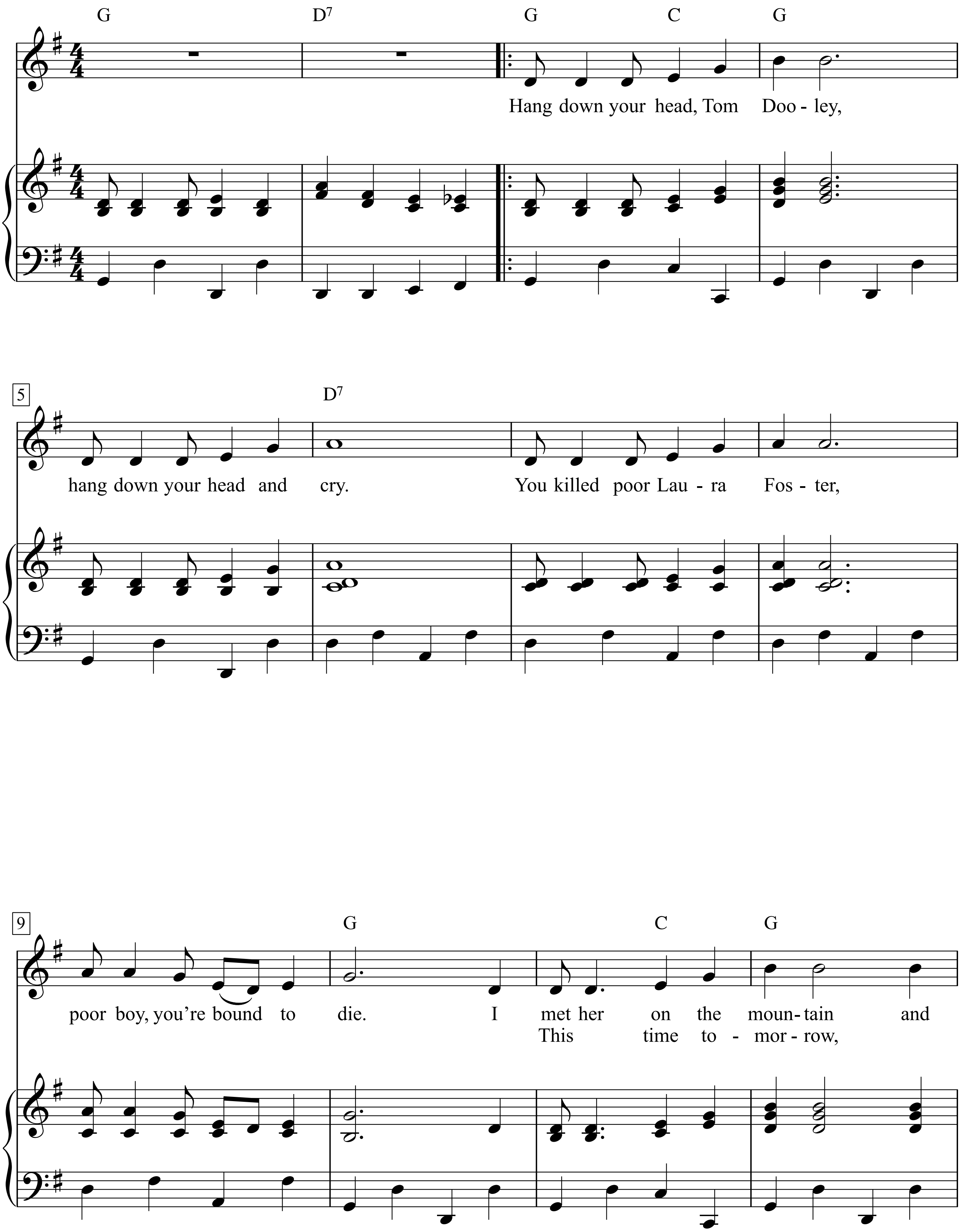
but it's home,
but it's home,
27
the on - ly life I've ev - er
the on - ly life I've ev - er
29
C7
known. On - ly you
known. I de - spise
31
F7 B♭ F7 B♭
know how I loathe
you 'cause you're filth - y,

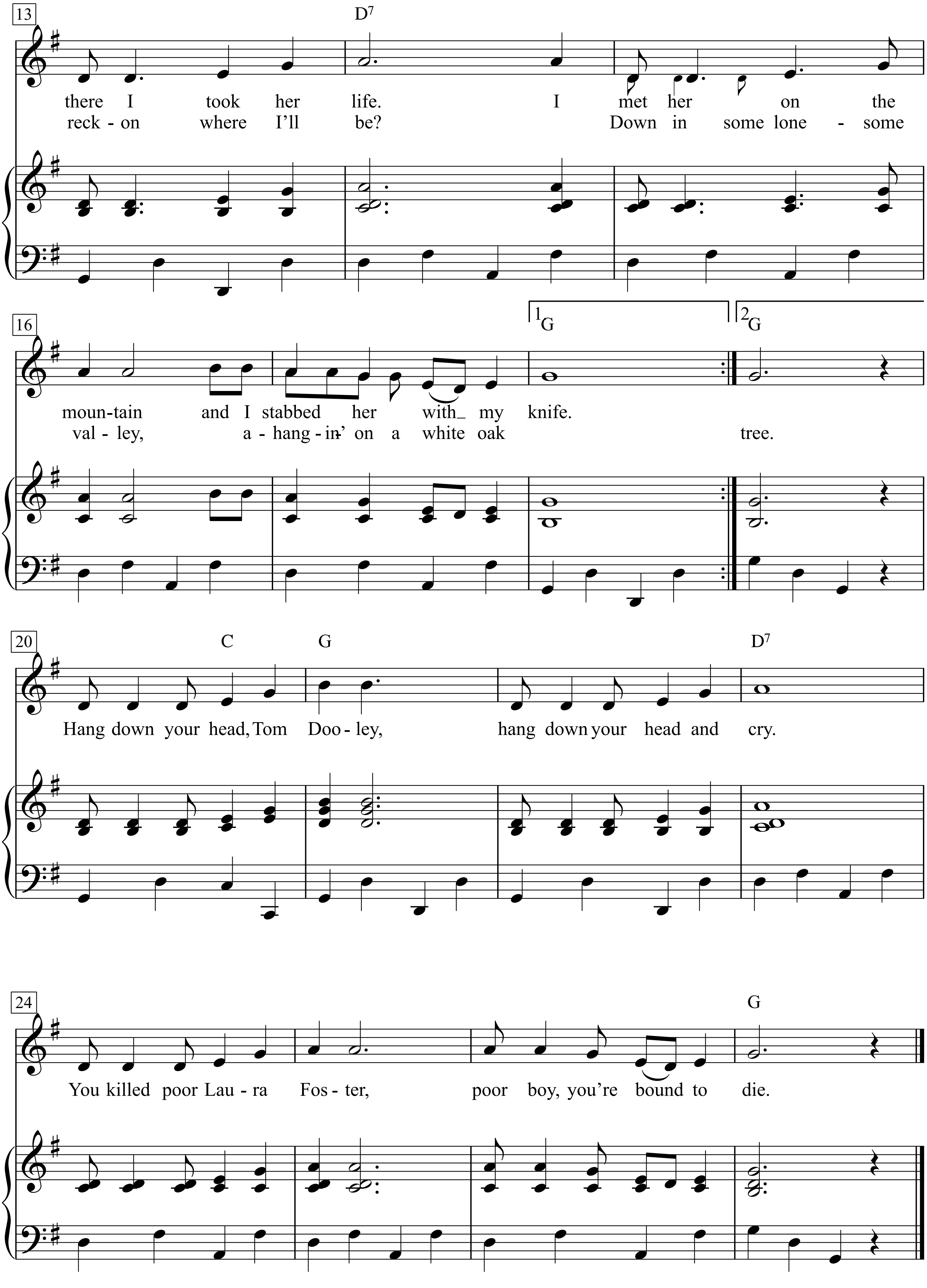

33
F7 B♭ F7 B♭ F7
1.
Cm B♭
To - bac - co Road.
but I love you 'cause you're home.
36
Cm B♭ Cm B♭ Cm B♭
39
Cm A♭7 Cm
42
Cm B♭ Cm B♭ Cm

Tom Dooley

Traditional Folk Song

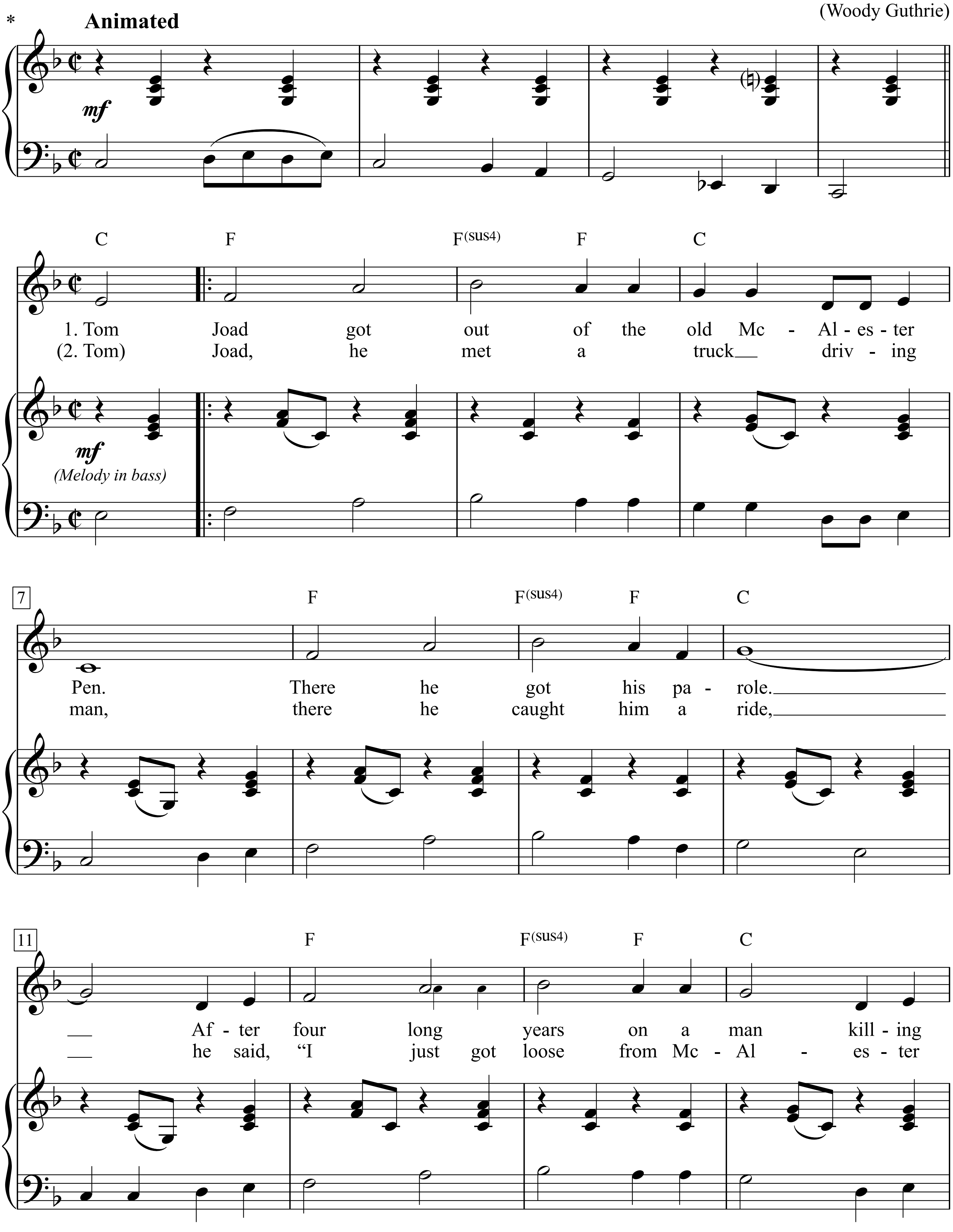
Moderately fast




13
D7
there I took her life. I met her on the
reck - on where I'll be? Down in some lone - some
16
1 G
2 G
moun-tain and I stabbed her with my knife.
val - ley, a - hang - in' on a white oak tree.
20
C
G
D7
Hang down your head, Tom Doo - ley, hang down your head and cry.
24
G
You killed poor Lau - ra Fos - ter, poor boy, you're bound to die.

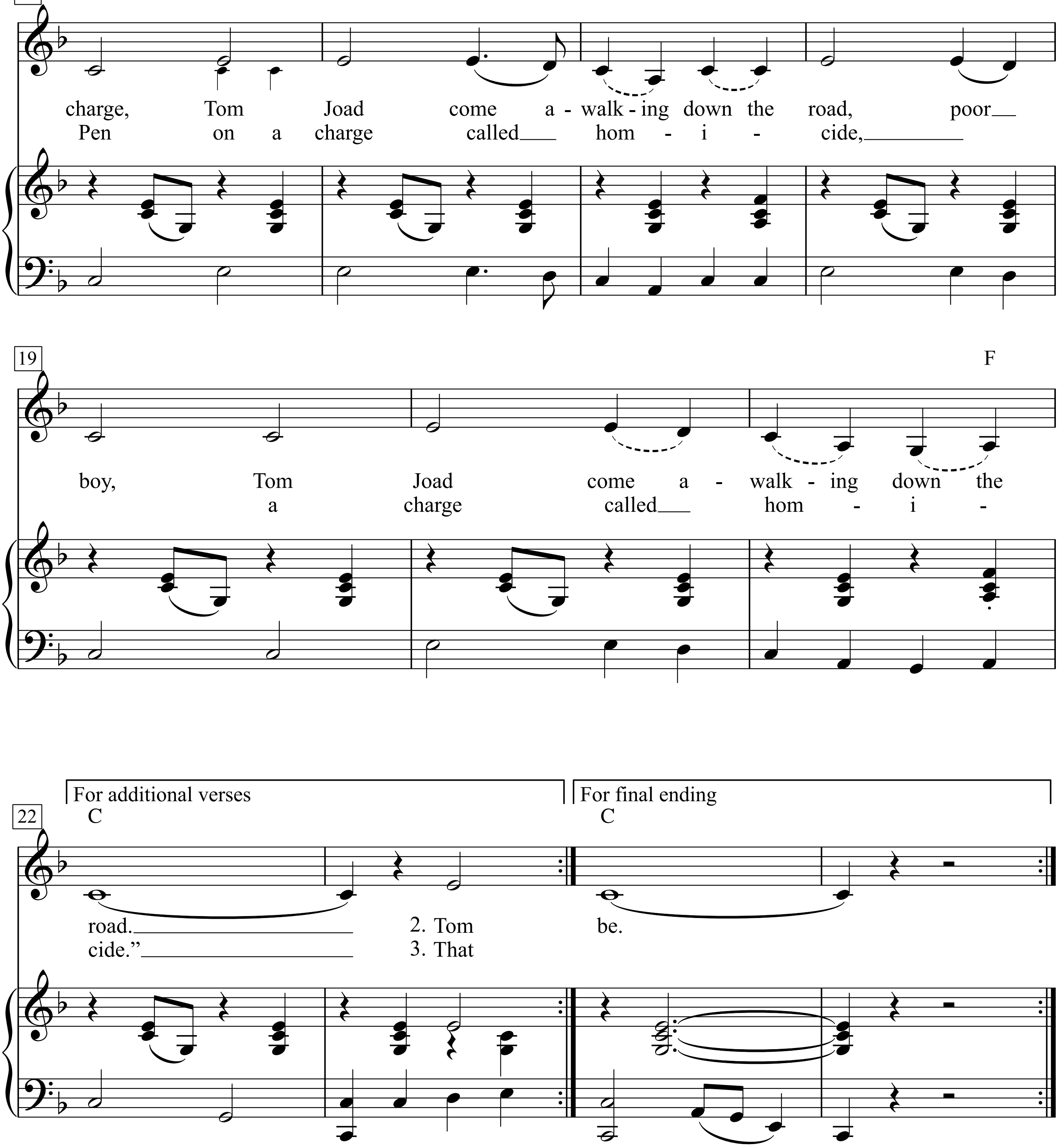
Tom Joad

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie
(Melody based on a traditional theme)
(Woody Guthrie)



**Not the key of F major, but a transposed Mixolydian mode on C. In orter words, a C major scale with aflatted 7th, C D E F G A Bb C:*

The Woody Guthrie Songbook, p. 228-231


15
F C
charge, Tom Joad come a - walk - ing down the road, poor
Pen on a charge called hom - i - cide,
19
F
boy, Tom Joad come a - walk - ing down the
a charge called hom - i -
For additional verses
For final ending
22
C
C
road. 2. Tom
cide." 3. That
be.

1.Tom Joad got out of the old McAlester Pen.
There he got his parole.
After four long years on a man killing charge,
Tom Joad come a-walking down the road, poor boy,
Tom Joad come a-walking down the road.

2. Tom Joad, he met a truck driving man,
There he caught him a ride,
He said, "I just got loose from McAlester Pen
On a charge called homicide,
A charge called homicide."

3. That truck rolled away in a cloud of dust,
Tommy turned his face toward home,
He met Preacher Casey and they had a little drink,
But they found that his family they was gone,
He found that his family they was gone.

4. He found his mother's old-fashioned shoe,
Found his daddy's hat,
And he found little Muley and Muley said:
"They've been tractored out by the cats.
They've been tractored out by the cats."

5. Tom Joad walked down to the neighbor's farm,
Found his family.
They took Preacher Casey and loaded in a car
And his mother said: "We've got to git away."
His mother said: "We've got to git away."

6. Now the twelve of the Joads made a mighty heavy load,
But Grandpa Joad did cry.
He picked up a handful of land in his hand,
Said: "I'm stayin' with the farm till I die.
Yes, I'm stayin' with my farm till I die."

7. They fed him short ribs and coffee and soothing syrup
And Grandpa Joad did die.
They buried Grandpa Joad by the side of the road,
Grandma on the California side.
They buried Grandma on the California side.

8. They stood on a mountain and they looked to the West;
And it looked like the promised land,
That bright green valley with a river running through,
There was work for every single hand, they thought.
There was work for every single hand.

9. The Joads rode away to jungle camp,
There they cooked a stew,
And the hungry little kids of the jungle camp
Said: "We'd like to have some too."
Said: "We'd like to have some too."

10. Now a deputy sheriff fired loose at a man,
Shot a woman in the back.
Before he could take his aim again
Preacher Casey dropped him in his tracks.
Preacher Casey dropped him in his tracks.

11. They handcuffed Casey and they took him to jail,
And then he got away.
And he met Tom Joad on the old river bridge,
And these few words he did say, poor boy,
These few words he did say:

12. "I preached for the Lord a mighty long time,
Preached about the rich and the poor.
Us workin' folks is all get together
'Cause we ain't got a chance anymore,
We ain't got a chance anymore."

13. Now the deputies come and Tom and Casey run
To the bridge where the water run down.
But the vigilante thugs hit Casey with a club,
They laid Preacher Casey on the ground, poor Casey,
They laid Preacher Casey on the ground.

14. Tom Joad he grabbed that deputy's club,
Hit him over the head.
Tom Joad took flight in the dark, rainy night,
And a deputy and a preacher lying dead, two men,
A deputy and a preacher lying dead.

15. Tom run back where his mother was asleep,
He woke her up out of bed.
Then he kissed goodbye to the mother that he loved.
Said what Preacher Casey said, Tom Joad,
He said what Preacher Casey said.

16. "Ev'rybody might be just one big soul,
Well it looks that-a way to me.
Everywhere that you look in the day or night
That's where I'm gonna be, Ma,
That's where I'm gonna be."

17. "Wherever little children are hungry and cry,
Wherever people ain't free,
Wherever men are fightin' for their rights,
That's where I'm gonna be, Ma,
That's where I'm gonna be."

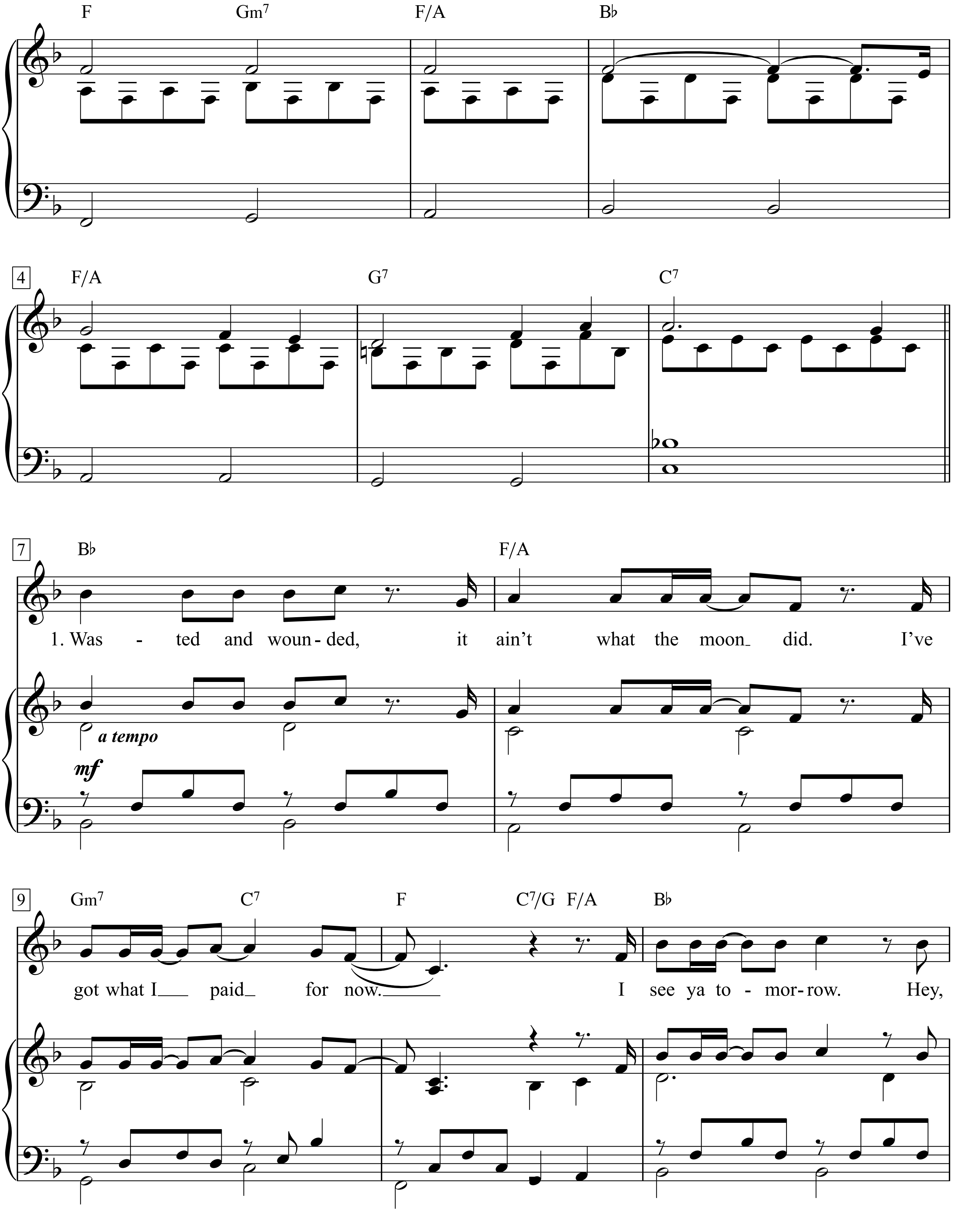
I wrote this song one night in New York. It was the night that I saw the moving picture, *The Grapes of Wrath* by John Steinbeck. If I could only think of the name of the friend that lived in that apartment I would sure like to say thank you. You are friendly and wine is good. And this is on a Victor Record.

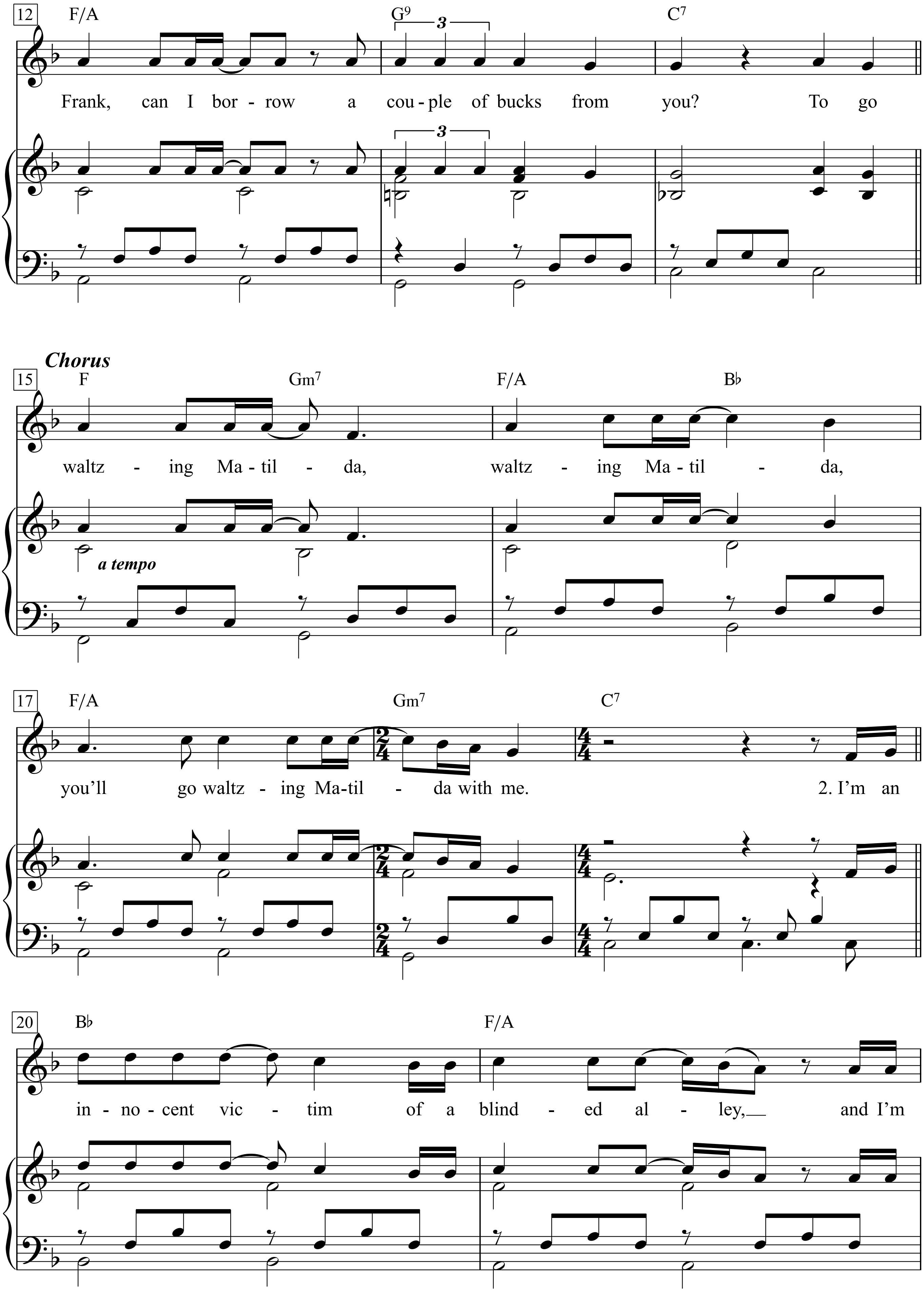
Tom Traubert's Blues

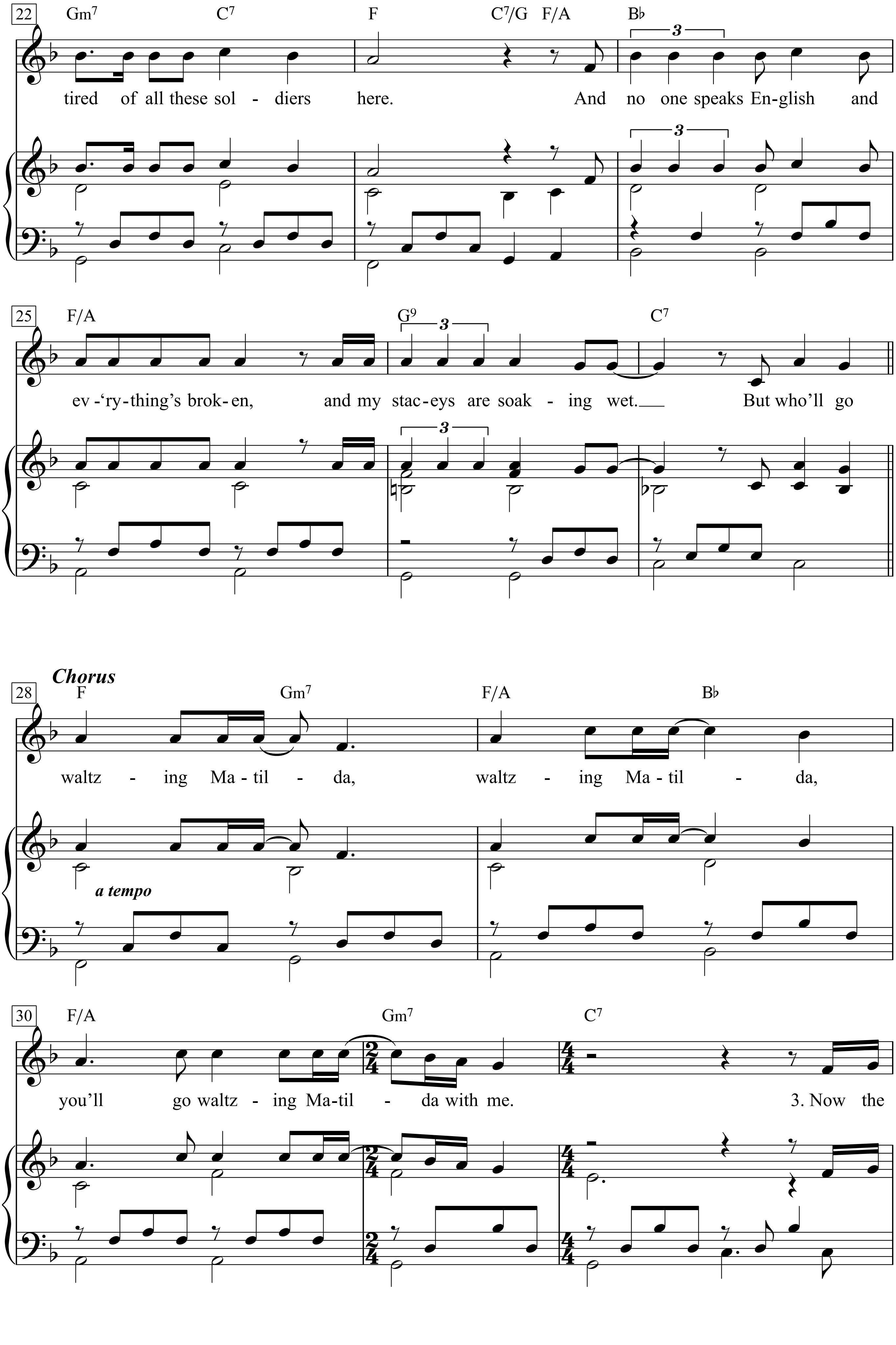
(Four Sheets to the Wind in Copenhagen)

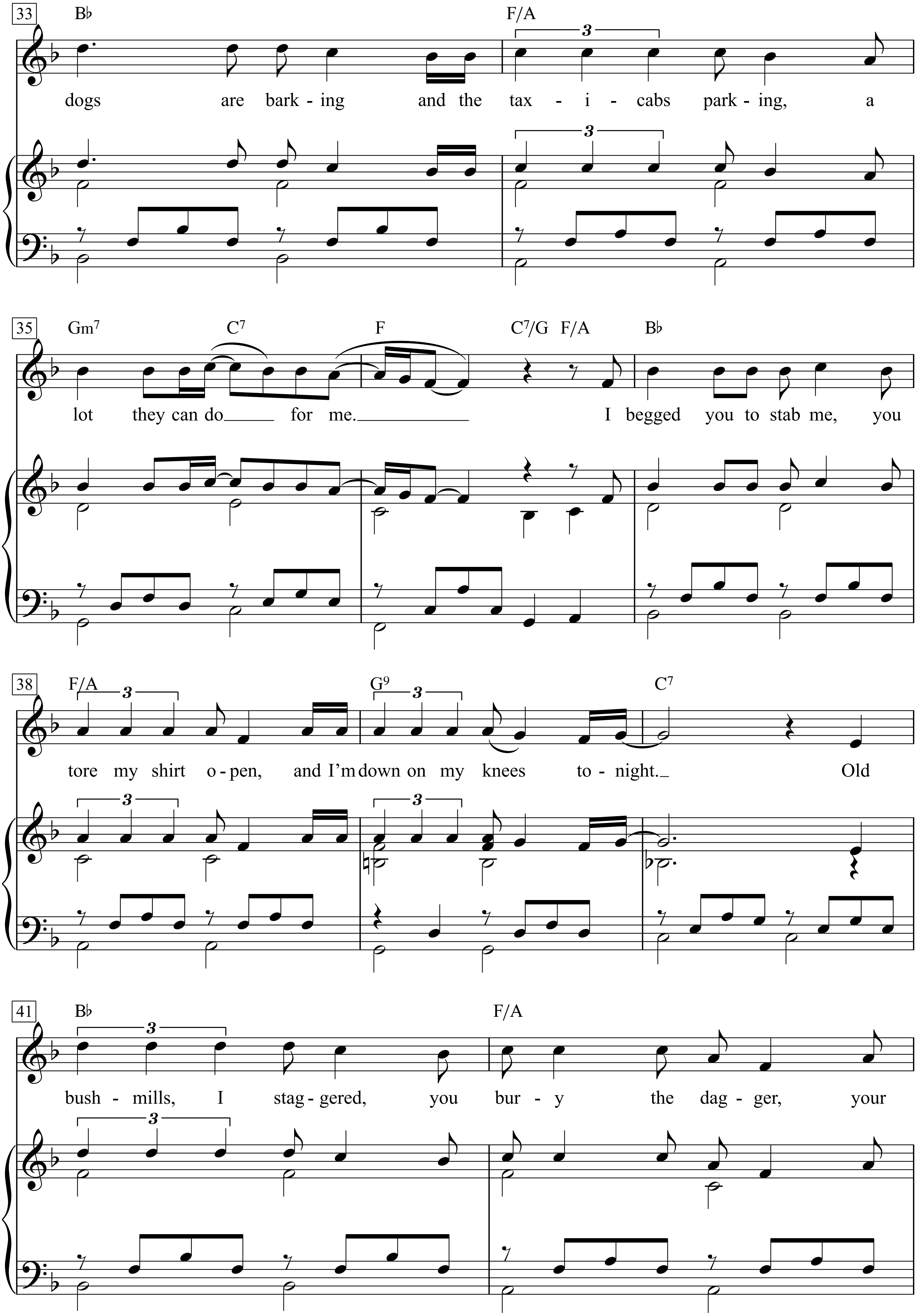
Words & Music by Tom Waits
(Tom Waits)

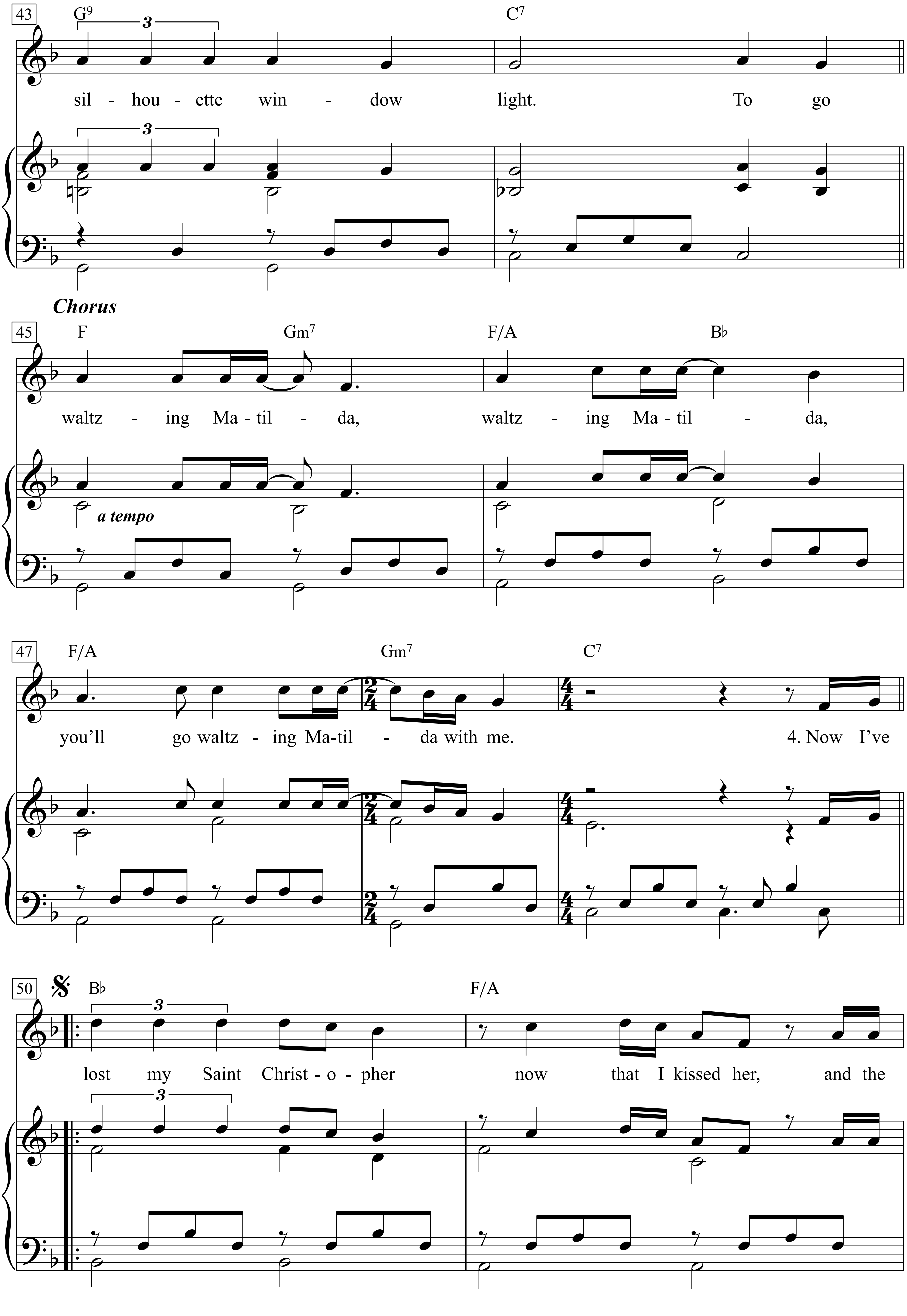
Slowly

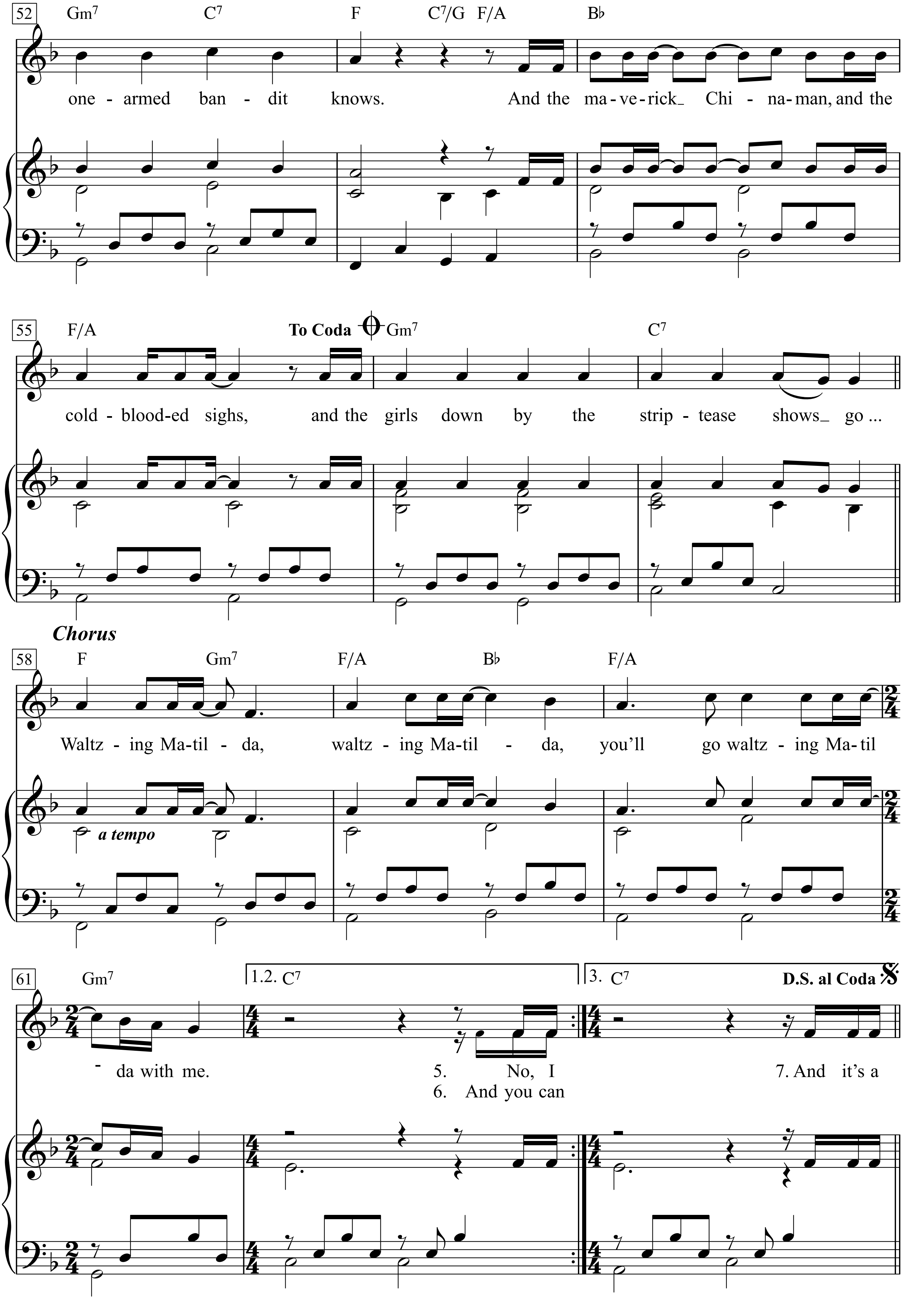



12
F/A
G9
C7
Frank, can I bor - row a cou - ple of bucks from you? To go
Chorus
15
F
Gm7
F/A
B♭
waltz - ing Ma - til - da, waltz - ing Ma - til - da,
a tempo
17
F/A
Gm7
C7
you'll go waltz - ing Ma-til - da with me. 2. I'm an
20
B♭
F/A
in - no - cent vic - tim of a blind - ed al - ley, and I'm

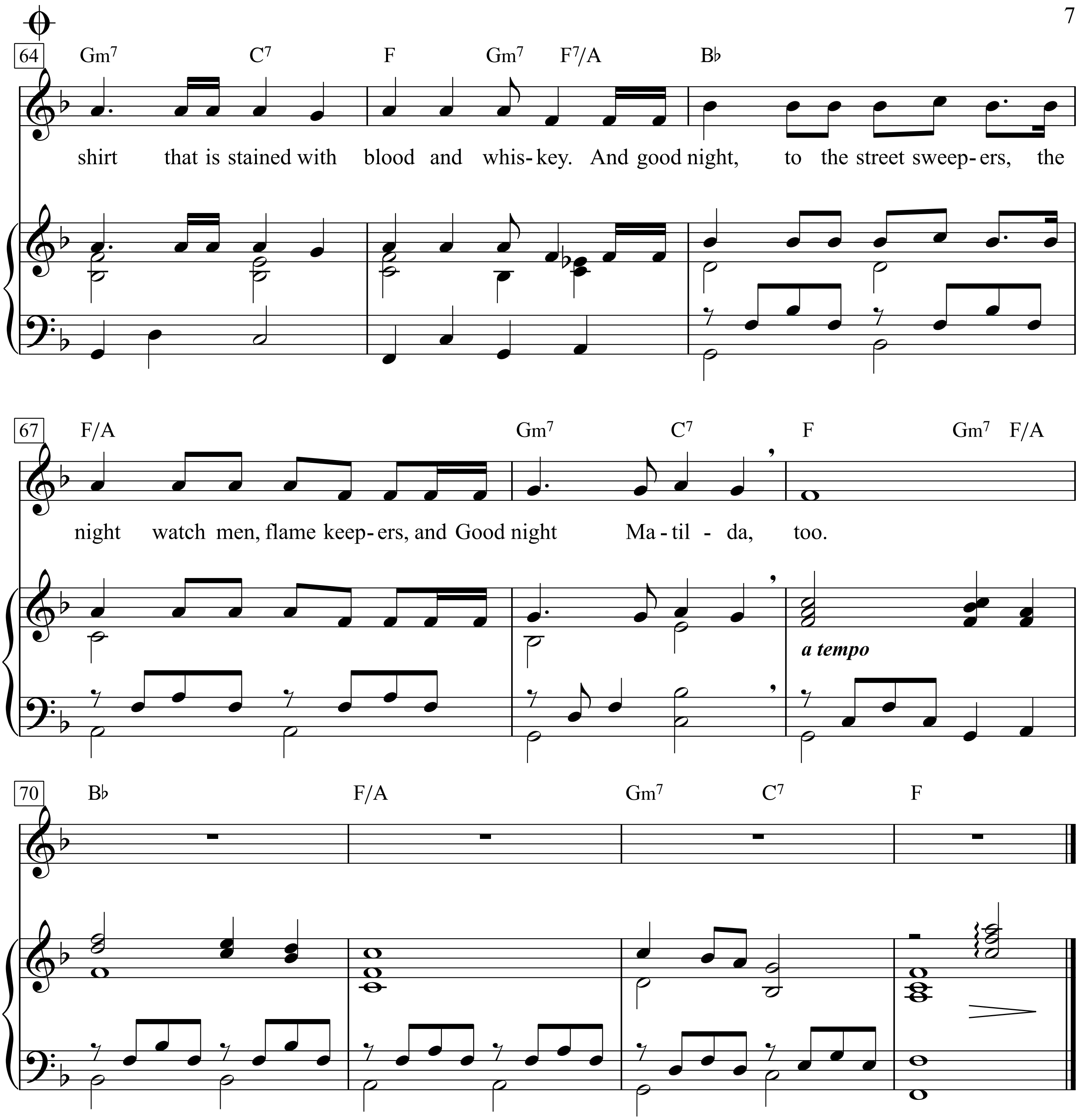

22
Gm7 C7 F C7/G F/A B♭
tired of all these sol - diers here. And no one speaks En-glish and
25
F/A G9 C7
ev -'ry-thing's brok-en, and my stac-eys are soak - ing wet. But who'll go
Chorus
28
F Gm7 F/A B♭
waltz - ing Ma - til - da, waltz - ing Ma - til - da,
a tempo
30
F/A Gm7 C7
you'll go waltz - ing Ma-til - da with me. 3. Now the


33
B♭
F/A
3
dogs are bark - ing and the tax - i - cabs park - ing, a
35
Gm7
C7
F
C7/G F/A
B♭
lot they can do for me.
I begged you to stab me, you
38
F/A
G9
C7
tore my shirt o - pen, and I'm down on my knees to - night.
Old
41
B♭
F/A
bush - mills, I stag - gered, you bur - y the dag - ger, your


43
G9
C7
sil - hou - ette win - dow light. To go
Chorus
45
F
Gm7
F/A
B♭
waltz - ing Ma - til - da, waltz - ing Ma - til - da,
a tempo
47
F/A
Gm7
C7
you'll go waltz - ing Ma-til - da with me. 4. Now I've
50
B♭
F/A
lost my Saint Christ - o - pher now that I kissed her, and the


52
Gm7 C7 F C7/G F/A B♭
one - armed ban - dit knows. And the ma - ve - rick_ Chi - na - man, and the
55
F/A To Coda Gm7 C7
cold - blood - ed sighs, and the girls down by the strip - tease shows_ go ...
Chorus
58
F Gm7 F/A B♭ F/A
Waltz - ing Ma - til - da, waltz - ing Ma - til - da, you'll go waltz - ing Ma - til
a tempo
61
Gm7 1.2. C7 3. C7 D.S. al Coda
- da with me. 5. No, I 7. And it's a
6. And you can

Coda


64
Gm7 C7 F Gm7 F7/A B♭
shirt that is stained with blood and whis- key. And good night, to the street sweep- ers, the
67
F/A Gm7 C7 F Gm7 F/A
night watch men, flame keep- ers, and Good night Ma - til - da, too.
a tempo
70
B♭ F/A Gm7 C7 F

1.Wasted and wounded, it ain’t what the moon did.
I’ve got what I paid for now.
I see ya tomorrow.
Hey, Frank, can I borrow
a couple of bucks from you?
To go Waltzing Matilda,
Waltzing Matilda,
you’ll go waltzing Matilda with me.

2. I’m an innocent victim of a blinded alley,
and I’m tired of all these soldiers here.
And no one speaks English and ev’rything’s broken,
and my staceys are soaking wet.
But who’ll go waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
you’ll go waltzing Matilda with me.

3. Now the dogs are barking and the taxicabs parking,
a lot they can do for me.
I begged you to stab me, you tore my shirt open,
and I’m down on my knees tonight.
Old bushmills, I staggered, you bury the dagger,
your silhouette window light.
To go waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
you’ll go waltzing Matilda with me.

4.Now I’ve lost my Saint Christopher
now that I kissed her,
and the onearmed bandit knows.
And the maverick Chinaman, and the coldblooded sighs,
and the girls down by the striptease shows go ...

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
you’ll go waltzing Matilda with me.

5. No, I don’t want your sympathy,
The fugitives say the streets aren’t for dreaming now.
Manslaughter dragnets and the ghosts that sell memories,
They want a piece of the action anyhow. Go ...
Chorus:

6. And you can ask any sailor,
And the keys from the jailer,
And the old men in wheelchairs know
That Matilda’s the defendant, and she killed about a hundred,
And she follows wherever you may go.
Chorus:

7. And it’s a battered old suitcase
to a hotel some place,
And a wound that will never heal.
No prima donna, the perfume
is on an old (shirt... *etc.*)

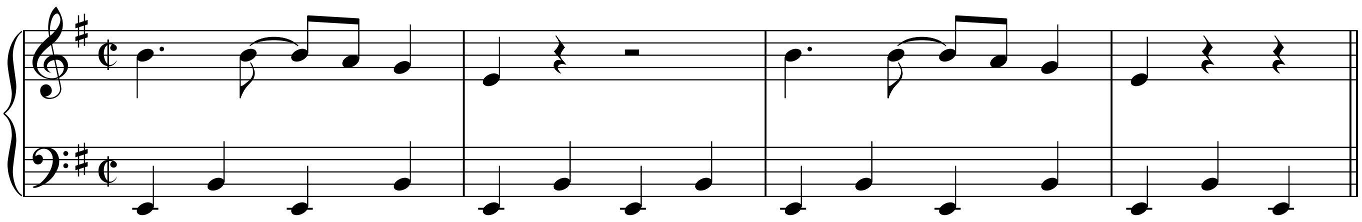
To Coda

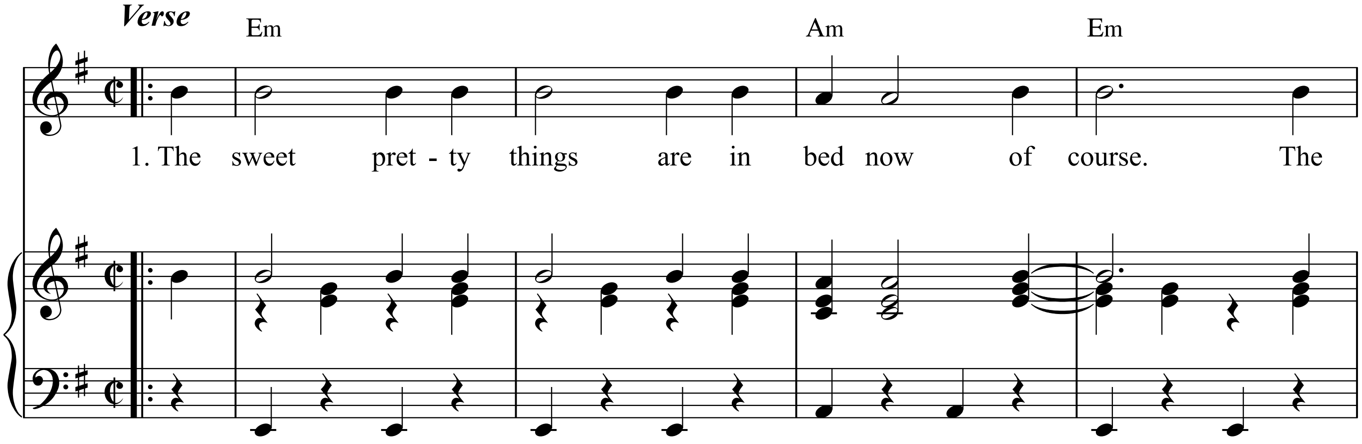
And it’s a shirt that is stained with blood and whiskey.
And goodnight, to the street sweepers,
the night watch men, flame keepers,
and Goodnight Matilda, too.

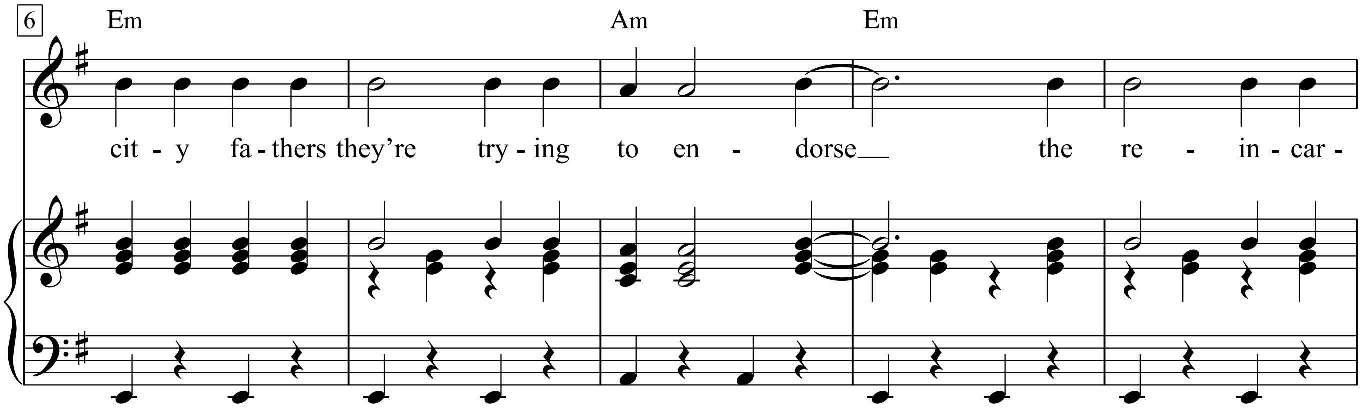
Tombstone Blues

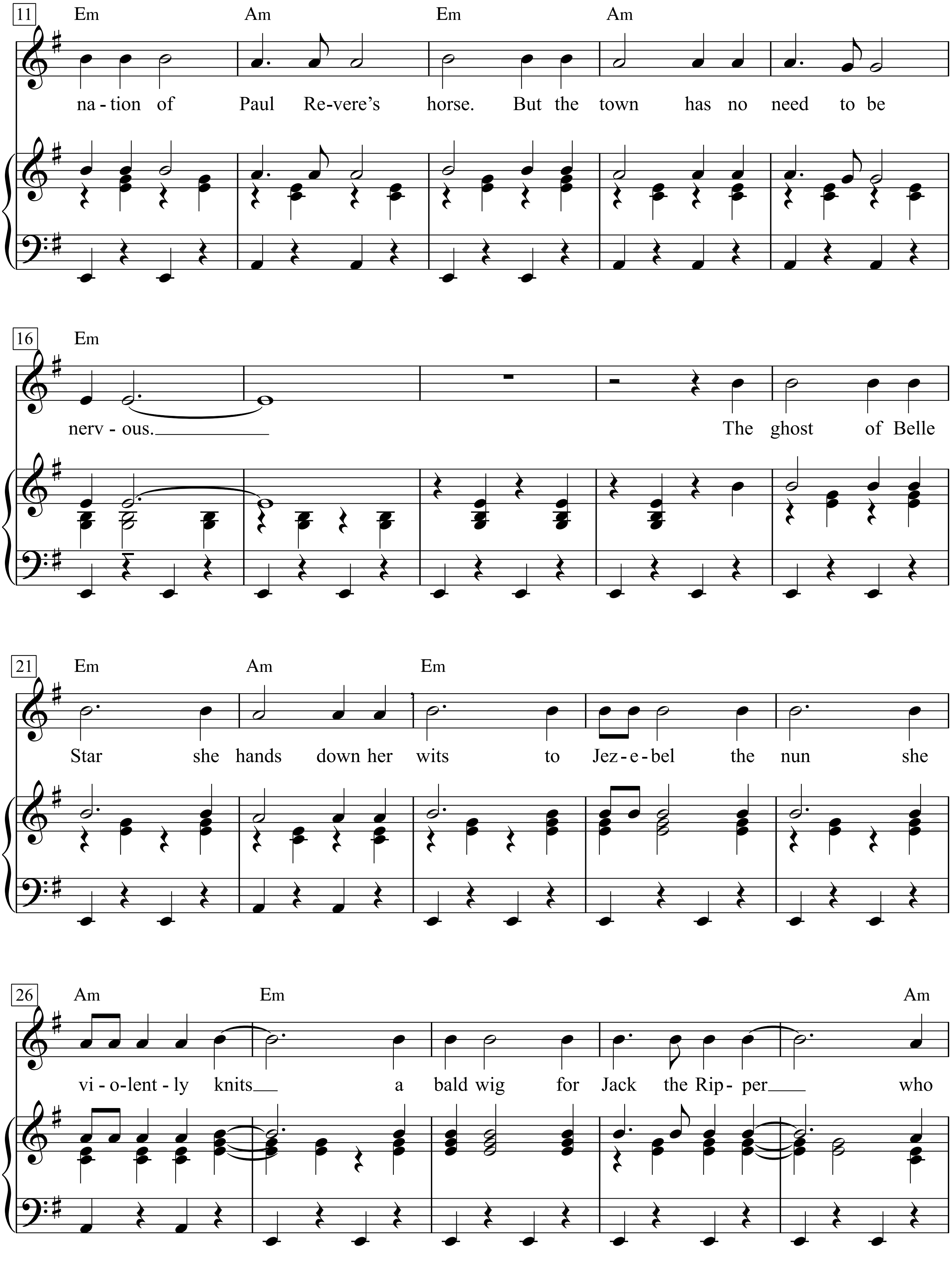
(*from the album* 'Highway 61 Revisited' 1965)

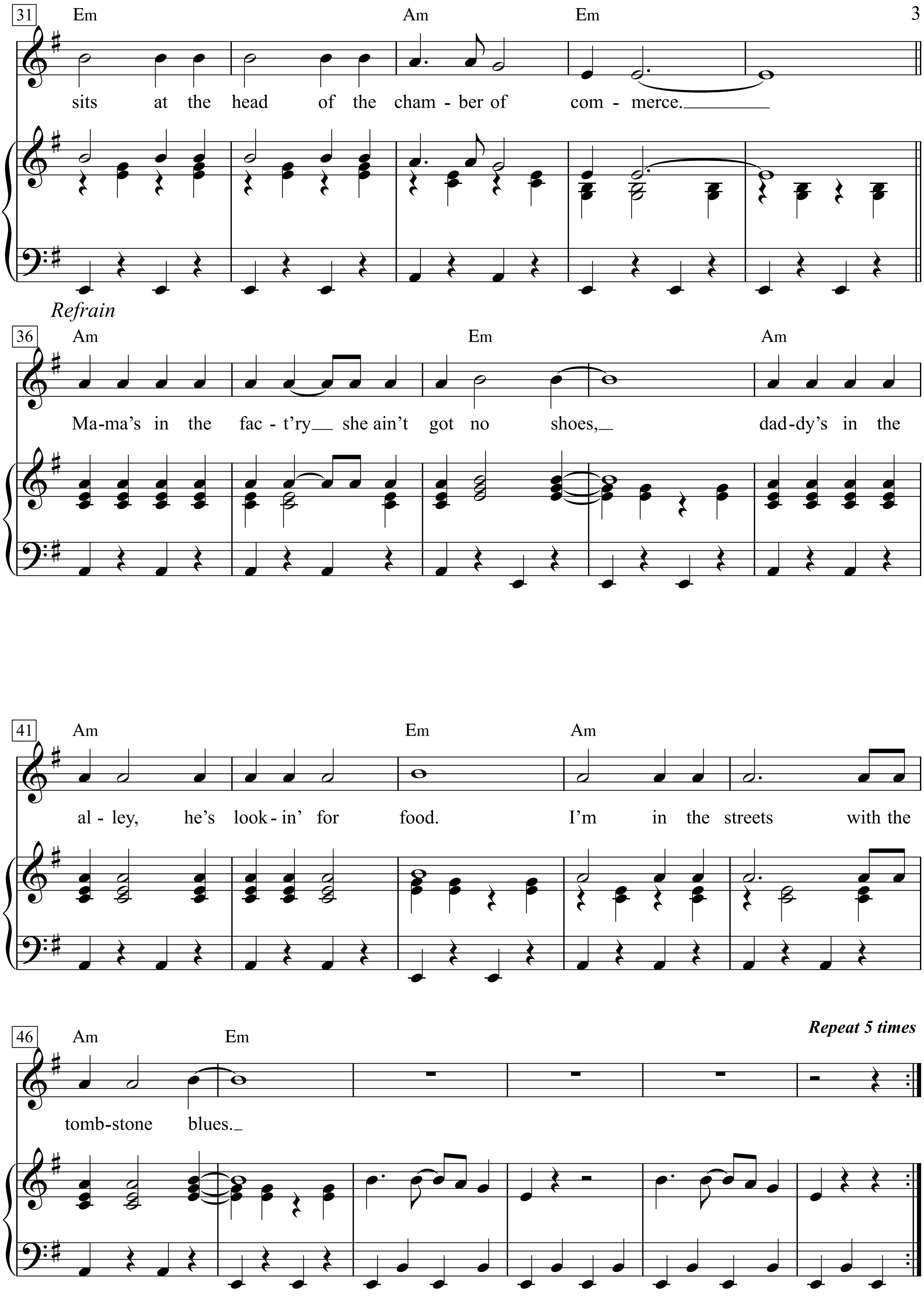
Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)








11
Em Am Em Am
na - tion of Paul Re-vere's horse. But the town has no need to be
16
Em
nerv - ous. The ghost of Belle
21
Em Am Em
Star she hands down her wits to Jez - e - bel the nun she
26
Am Em Am
vi - o-lent - ly knits a bald wig for Jack the Rip - per who


31
Em Am Em
sits at the head of the cham - ber of com - merce.
Refrain
36
Am Em Am
Ma-ma's in the fac - t'ry she ain't got no shoes,
dad-dy's in the
41
Am Em Am
al - ley, he's look - in' for food.
I'm in the streets with the
46
Am Em
tomb-stone blues.
Repeat 5 times

1. The sweet pretty things are in bed now of course.
The city fathers they're trying to endorse
The reincarnation of Paul Revere's horse.
But the town has no need to be nervous.

The ghost of Belle Star she hands down her wits
To Jezebel the nun she violently knits
A bald wig for Jack the Ripper who sits
At the head of the chamber of commerce.

Refrain:
Mama's in the fact'ry
She ain't got no shoes,
Daddy's in the alley,
He's lookin' for food.
I'm in the streets
With the tombstone blues.

2. The hysterical bride in the penny arcade
Screaming she moans I've just been made
Then sends out for the doctor who pulls down the shade
Who says my advice is to not let the boys in

Now the medicine man comes and he shuffles inside
He walks with a swagger and he says to the bride
"Stop all this weeping, swallow your pride
You will not die, it's not poison"

Refrain:

3. Well, John the Baptist after torturing a thief
Looks up at his hero the Commander-in-Chief
Saying tell me great hero but please make it brief
Is there a hole for me to get sick in

The Commander-in-Chief answers him while chasing a fly
Saying death to all those who would whimper and cry
And dropping a barbell he points to the sky
Saying the sun's not yellow it's chicken

Refrain:

4. The king of the Philistines his soldiers to save
Put jawbones on their tombstones and flatters their graves
Puts the pied pipers in prison and fattens the slaves
Then sends them out to the jungle

Gypsy Davey with a blow torch he bums out their camps
With his faithful slave Pedro behind him he tramps
With a fantastic collection of stamps
To win friends and influence his uncle

Refrain:

5. The geometry of innocence flesh on the bone
Causes Galileo's math book to get thrown
At Delilah who sits worthlessly alone
But the tears on her cheeks are from laughter

Now I wish I could give Brother Bill his great thrill
I would set him in chains at the top of the hill
Then send out for some pillars and Cecil B. DeMille
He could die happily ever after

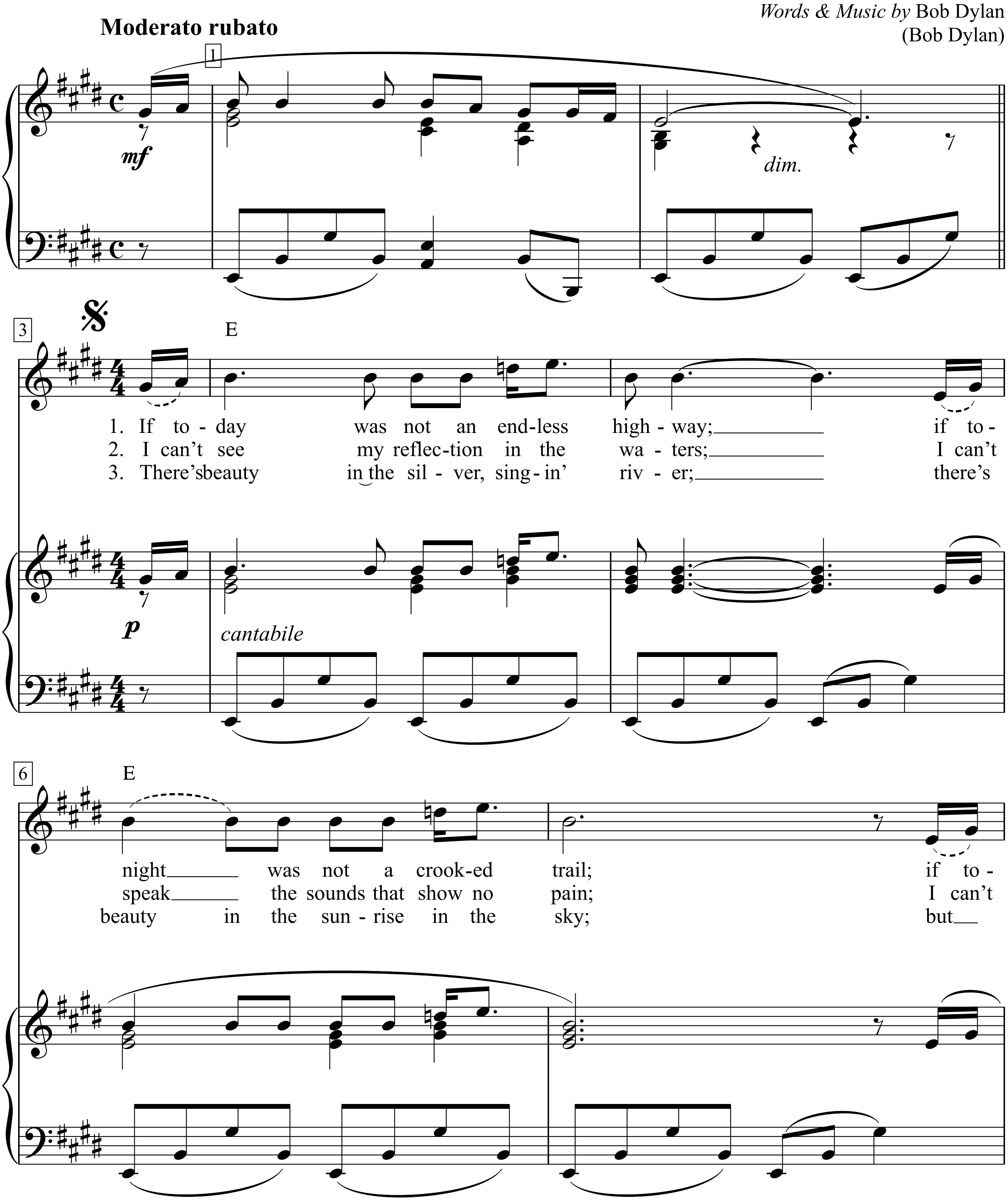
Refrain

6. Where Ma Raney and Beethoven once unwrapped their bed roll
Tuba players now rehearse around the flagpole
And the National Bank at a profit sells road maps for the soul
To the old folks home and die college
Now I wish I could write you a melody so plain
That could hold you dear lady from going insane
That could ease you and cool you and cease the pain
Of your useless and pointless knowledge

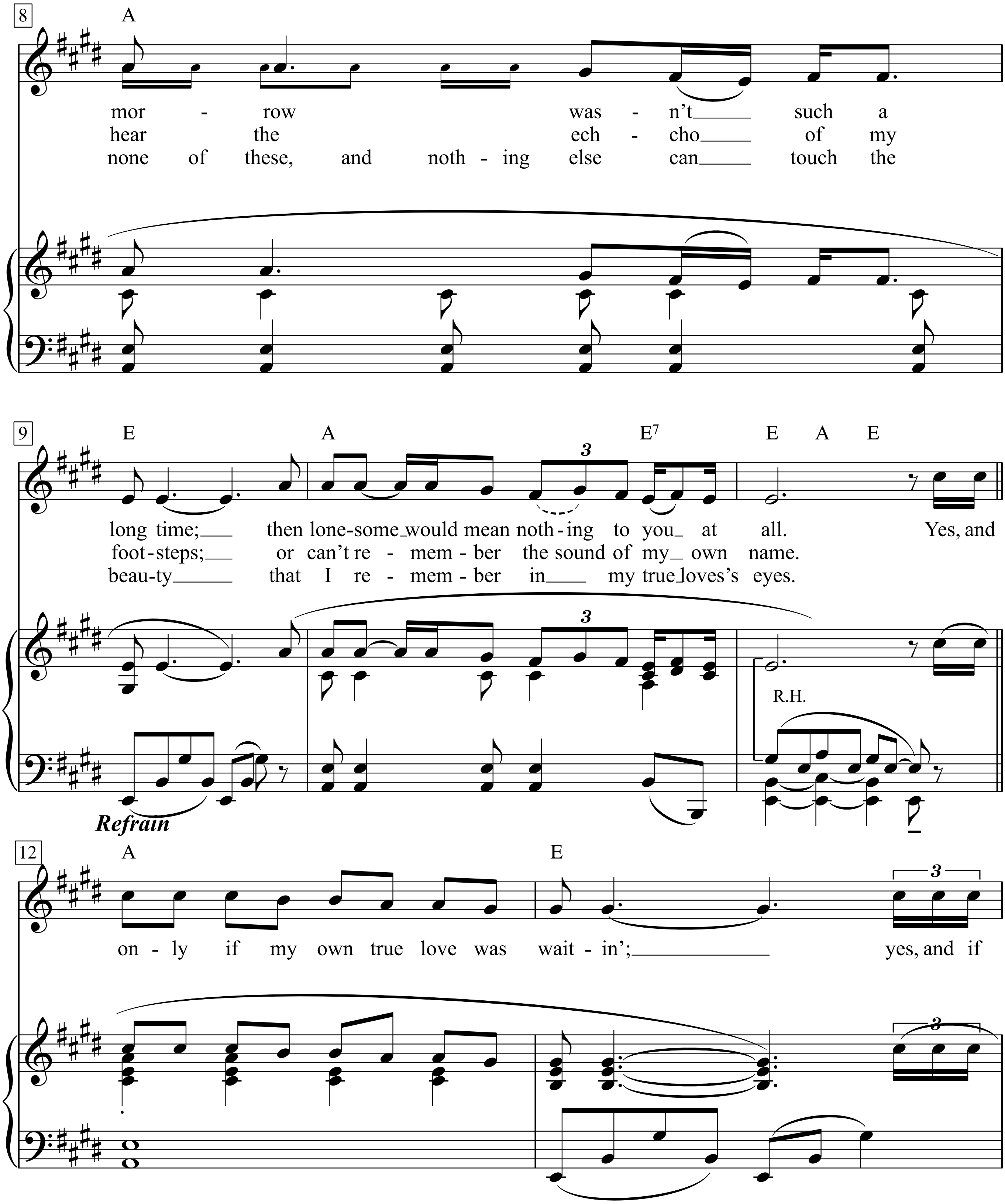
Refrain

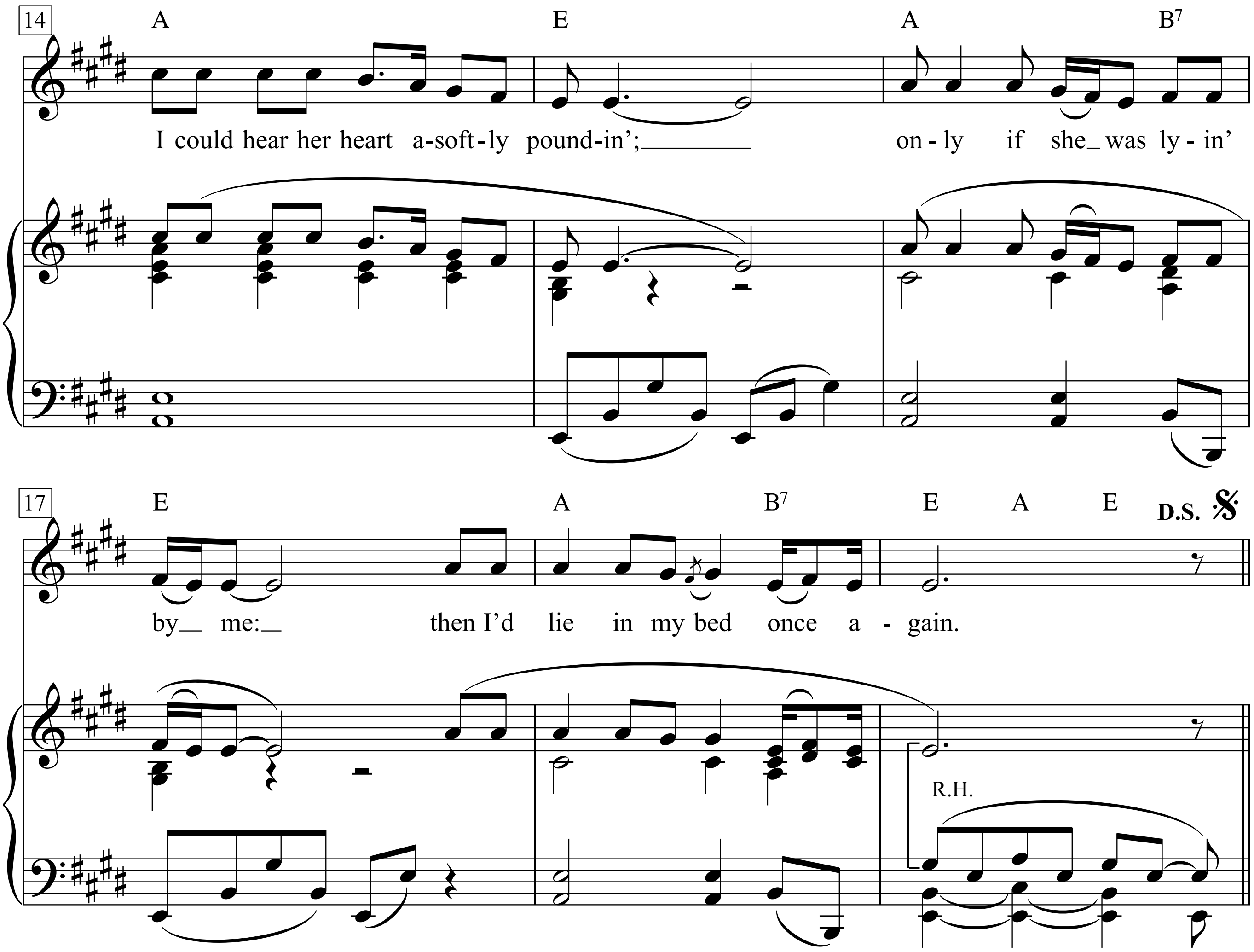
Tomorrow Is A Long Time

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)



* *ad lib. quasi recitative*


8
A
mor - row was - n't such a
hear the ech - cho of my
none of these, and noth - ing else can touch the
9
E A E7 E A E
long time; then lone-some would mean noth-ing to you at all. Yes, and
foot-steps; or can't re - mem - ber the sound of my own name.
beau-ty that I re - mem - ber in my true loves's eyes.
R.H.
Refrain
12
A E
on - ly if my own true love was wait - in'; yes, and if



1. If today was not an endless highway;
If tonight was not a crooked trail;
If tomorrow wasn't such a long time;
Then lonesome would mean nothing to you at all.

Refrain:
Yes, and only if my own true love was waitin';
Yes, and if I could hear her heart a-softly poundin';
Only if she was lyin' by me: then I'd lie in my bed once again.

2. I can't see my reflection in the waters;
I can't speak the sounds that show no pain;
I can't hear the echcho??? of my footsteps;
Or can't remember the sound of my own name.

Refrain:

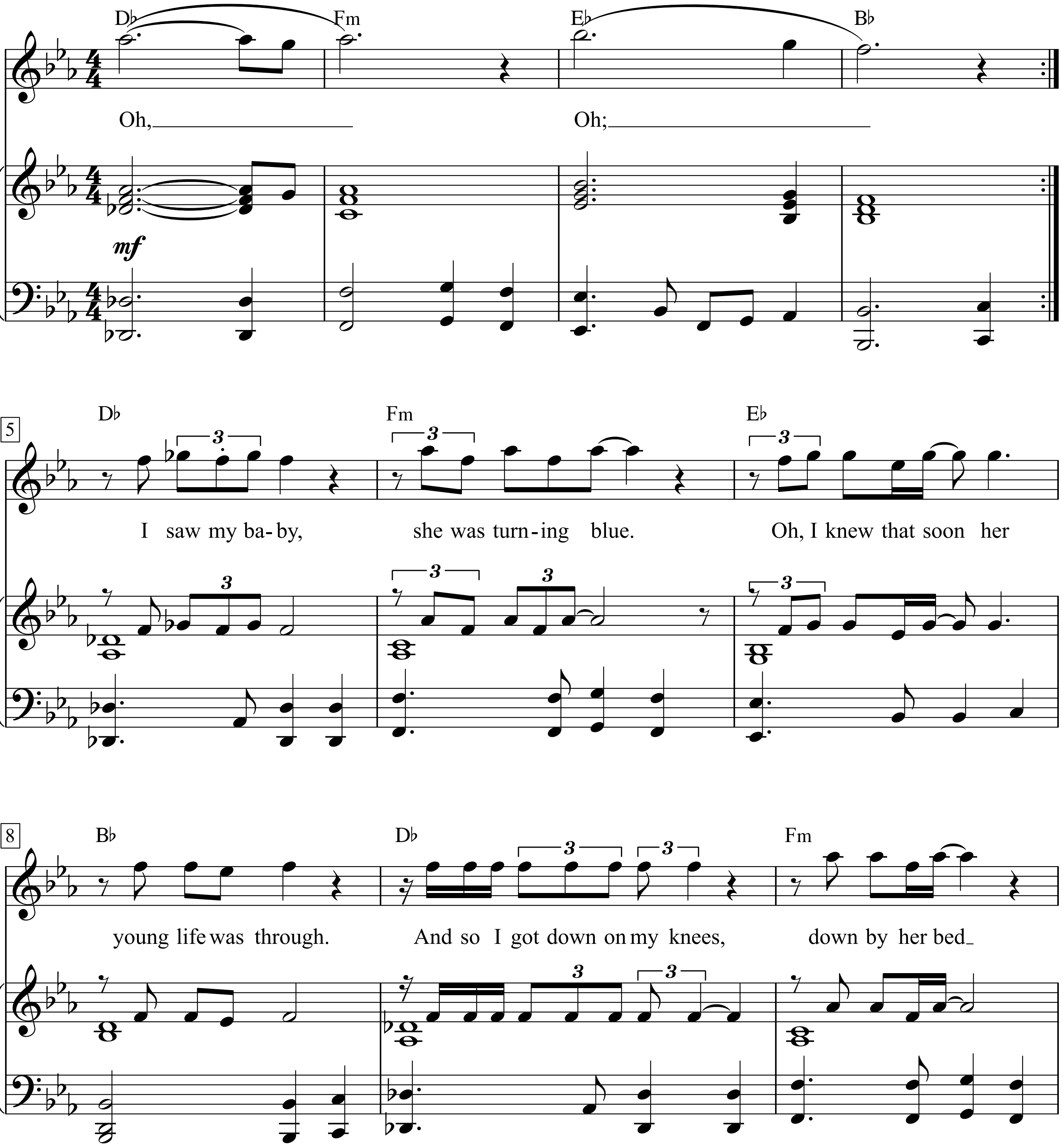
3. There's beauty in the silver, singin' river;
There's beauty in the sunrise in the sky;
But none of these, and nothing else can touch
The beauty that I remember in my true love's

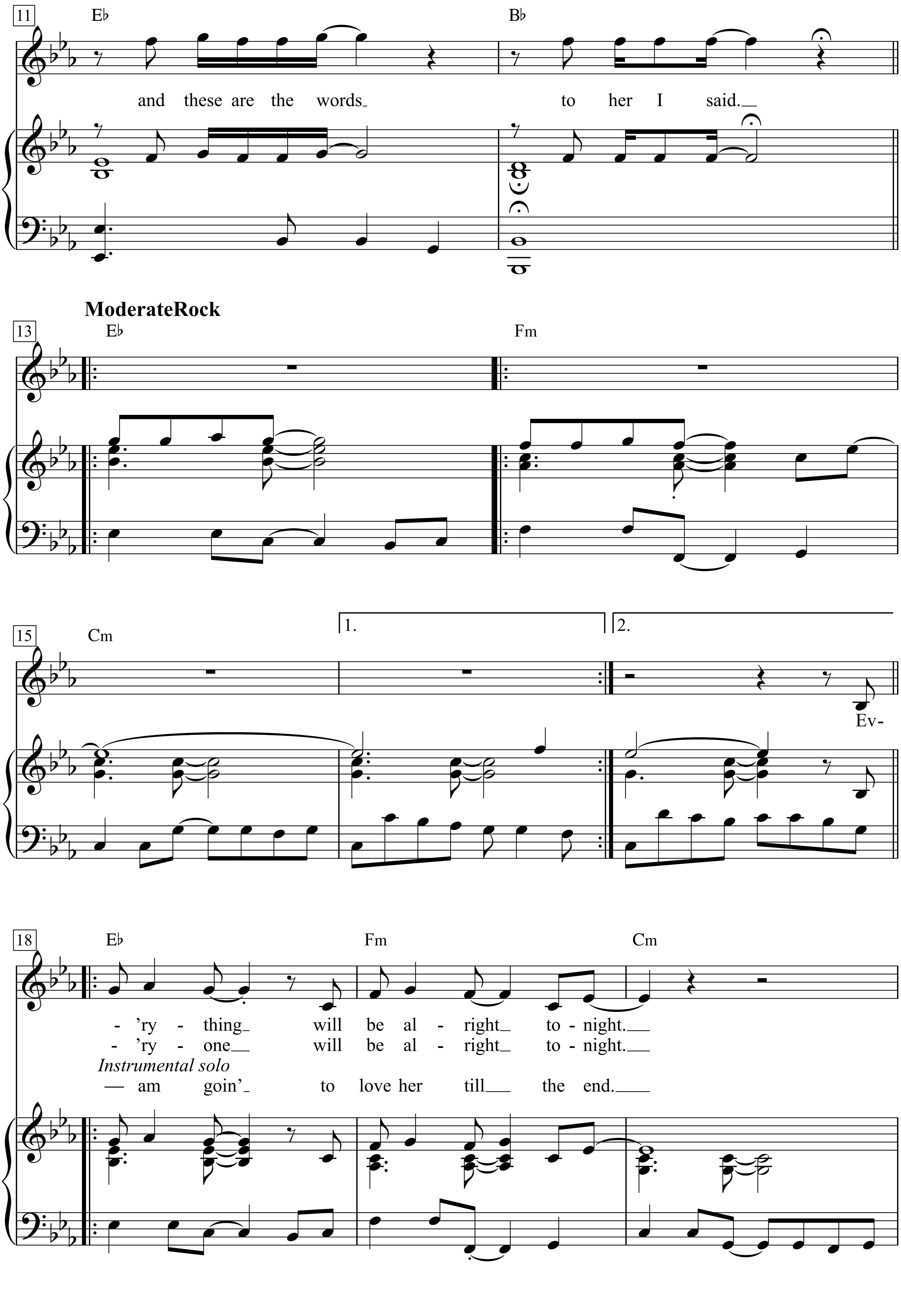
Refrain:

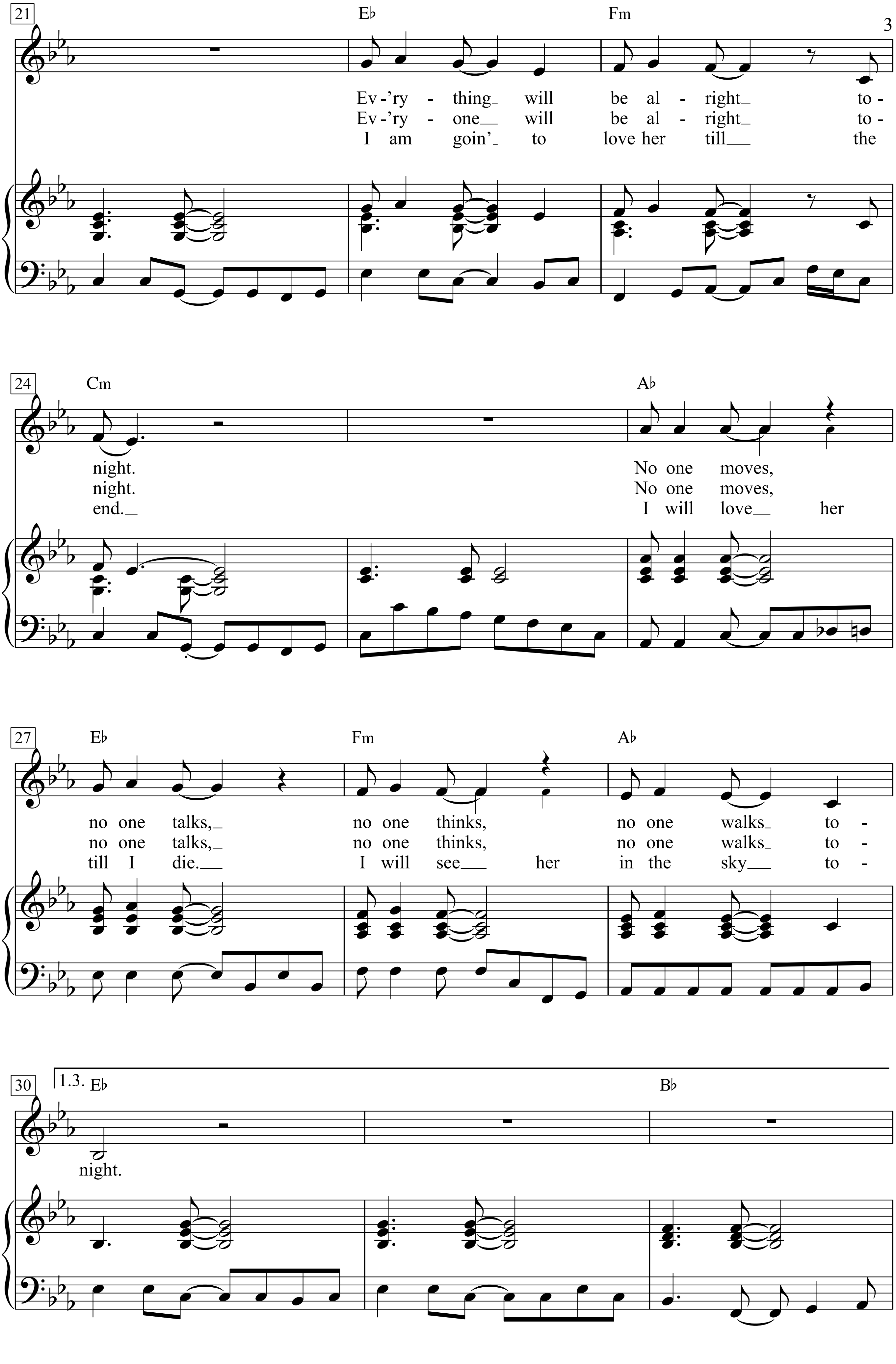
Tonight

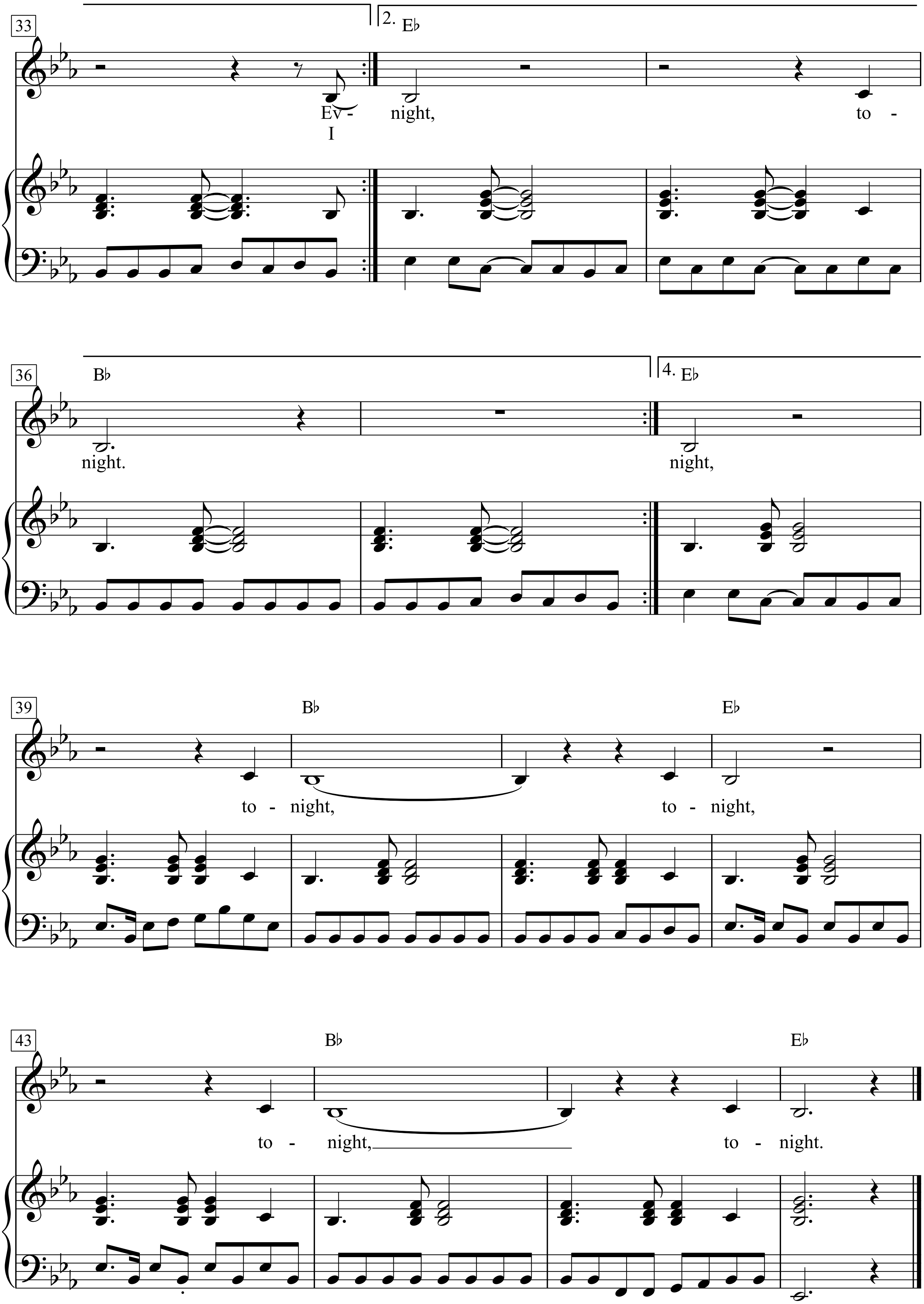
Words & Music by
Iggy Pop and David Bowie

Slow Rock, magestically




11
E♭
B♭
and these are the words
to her I said.
ModerateRock
13
E♭
Fm
15
Cm
1.
2.
Ev-
18
E♭
Fm
Cm
- 'ry - thing will be al - right to - night.
- 'ry - one will be al - right to - night.
Instrumental solo
— am goin' to love her till the end.


21
E♭
Fm
Ev - 'ry - thing will be al - right to -
Ev - 'ry - one will be al - right to -
I am goin' to love her till the
24
Cm
A♭
night.
night.
end.
No one moves,
No one moves,
I will love her
27
E♭
Fm
A♭
no one talks, no one thinks, no one walks to -
no one talks, no one thinks, no one walks to -
till I die. I will see her in the sky to -
30
1.3.
E♭
B♭
night.


33
2. E♭
Ev - night, to -
I
36
B♭
4. E♭
night. night,
39
B♭
E♭
to - night, to - night,
43
B♭
E♭
to - night, to - night.

Oh, Oh;
I saw my baby, she was turning blue.
Oh,
I knew that soon her young life was through.
And so I got down on my knees,
down by her bed
and these are the words to her I said.
Ev'rything will be alright tonight.
Ev'rything will be alright tonight.
No one moves, no one talks,
no one thinks, no one walks
tonight.

Ev'rything will be alright tonight.
Ev'ryone will be alright tonight.
No one moves, no one talks,
no one thinks, no one walks
tonight, tonight.

2. Ev'ryone will be alright tonight.
Ev'ryone will be alright tonight.
No one moves, no one talks,
no one thinks, no one walks toI

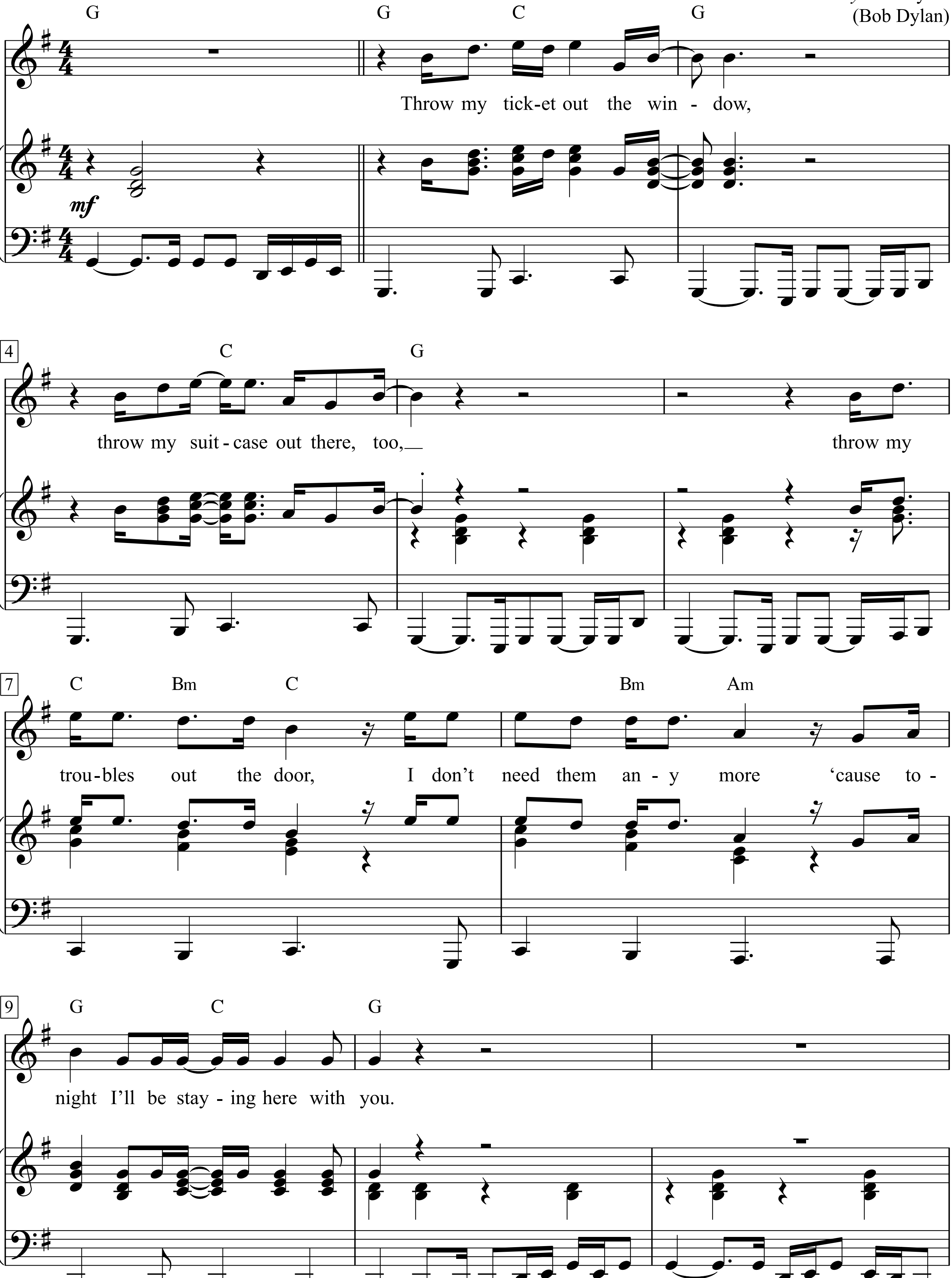
Instrumental solo

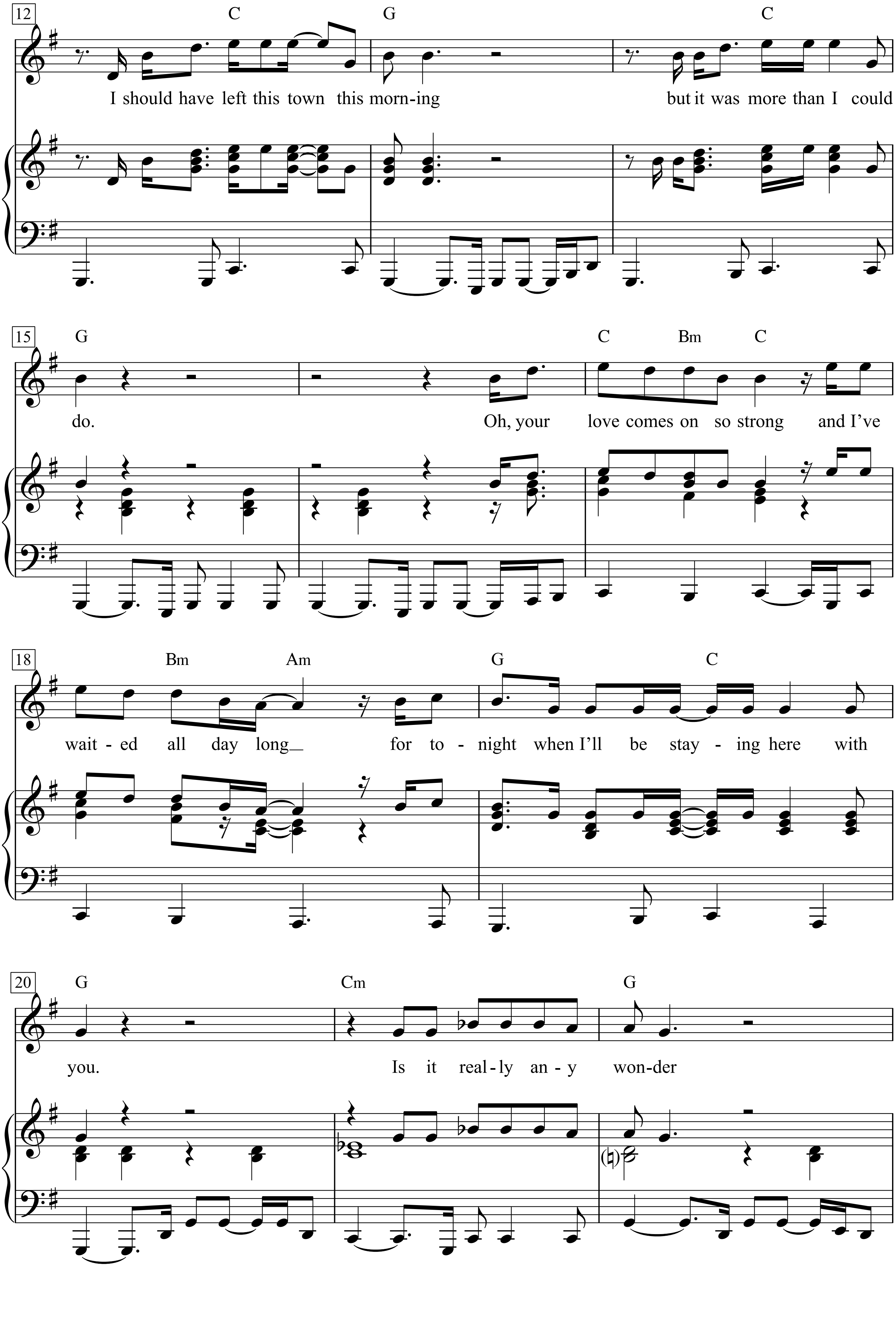
3. I am goin' to love her till the end.
I am goin' to love her till the end.
I will love her till I die.
I will see her in the sky
tonight, tonight, tonight, tonight.

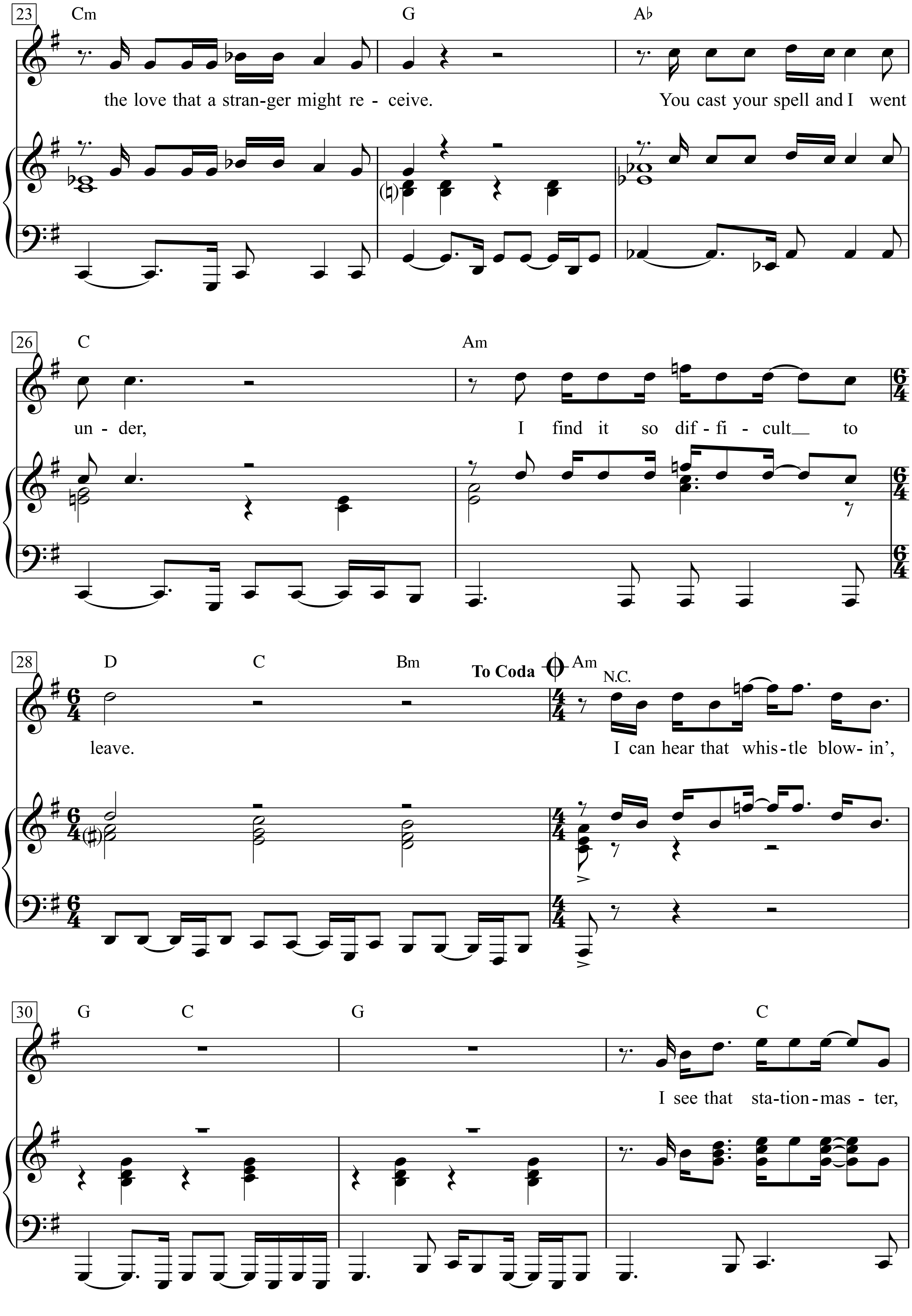
Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You

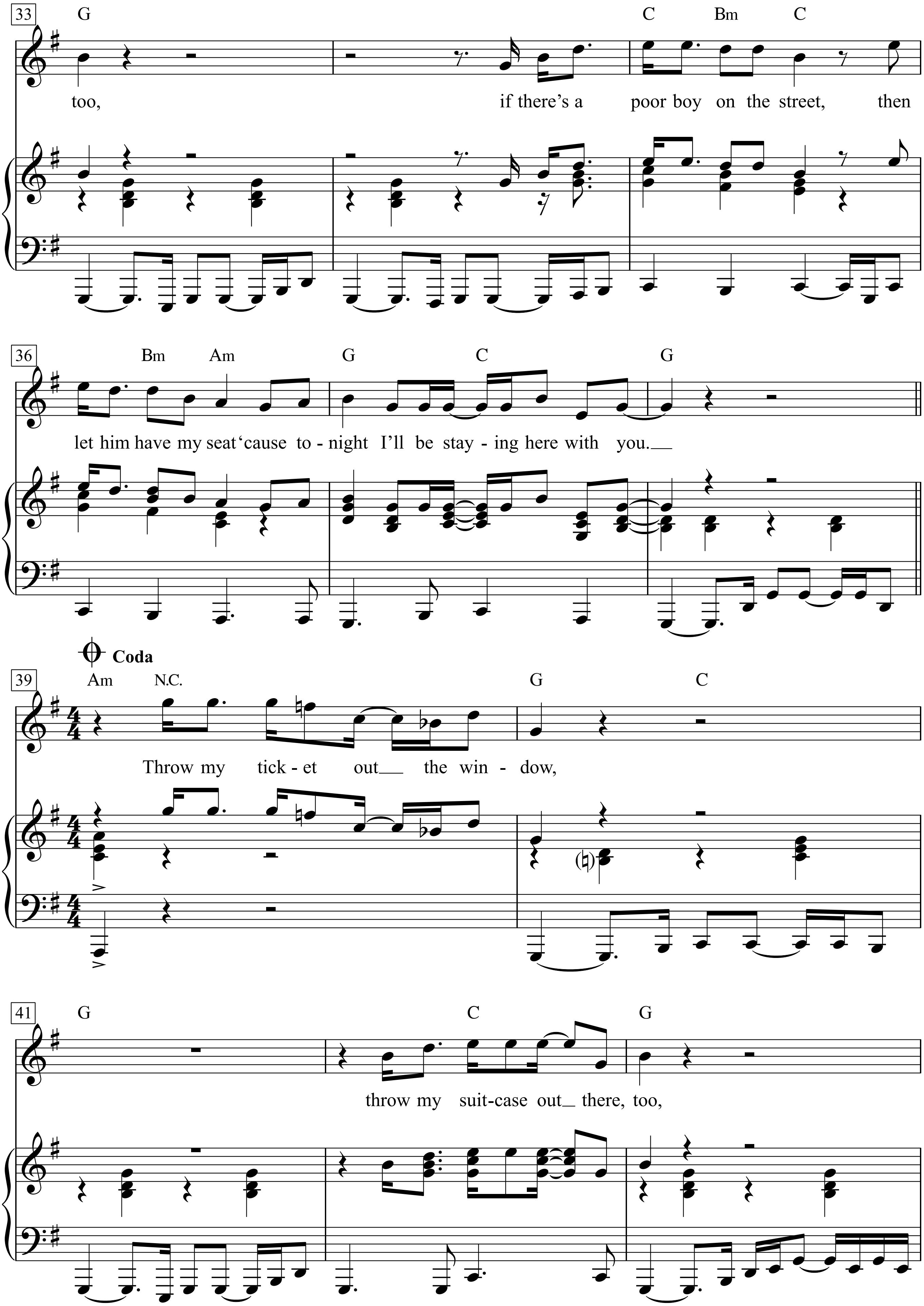
Moderately slow, with a beat

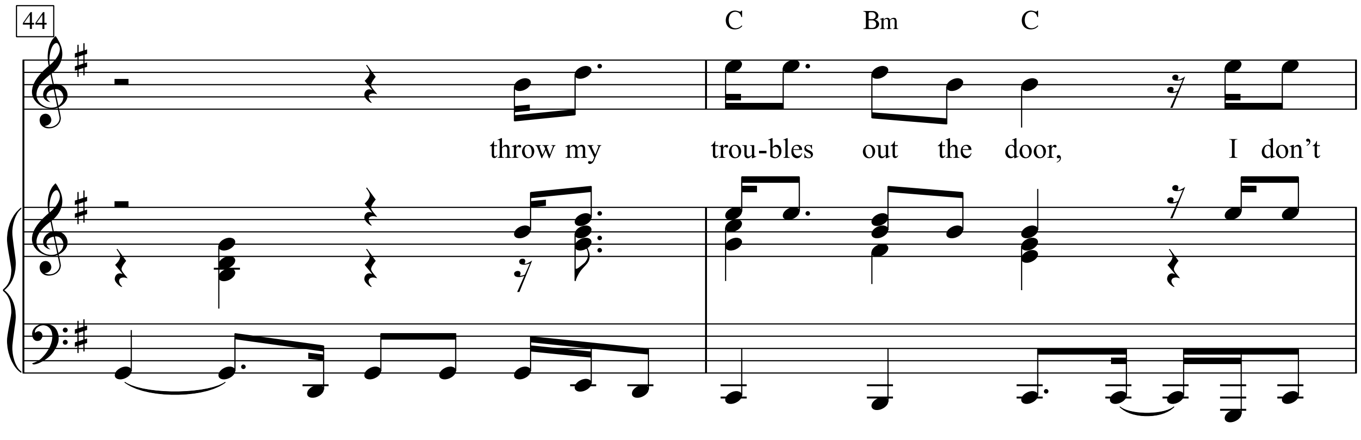
Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)

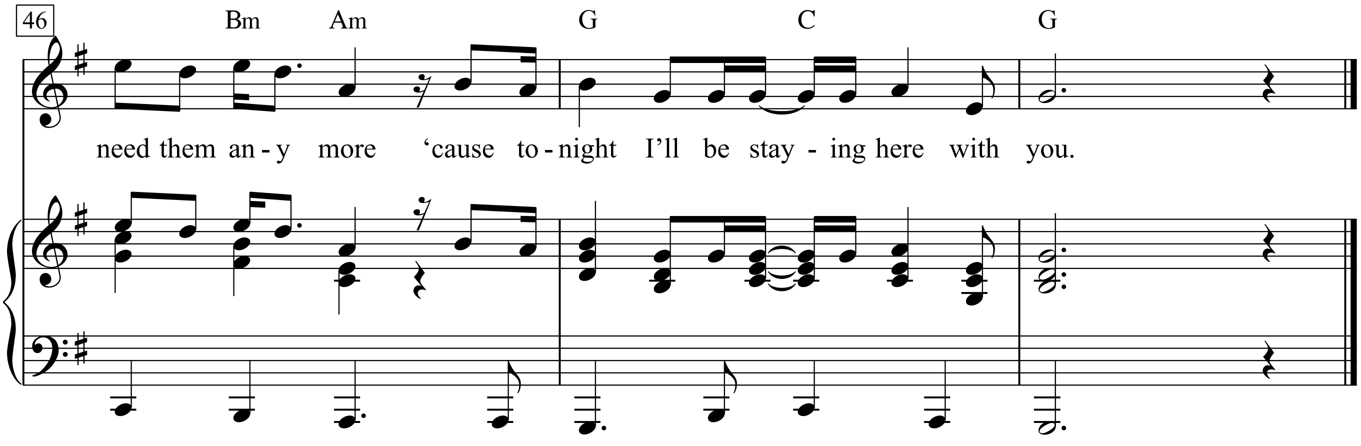



12
C G C
I should have left this town this morn-ing but it was more than I could
15
G C Bm C
do. Oh, your love comes on so strong and I've
18
Bm Am G C
wait - ed all day long for to - night when I'll be stay - ing here with
20
G Cm G
you. Is it real - ly an - y won-der


23
Cm G A♭
the love that a stran-ger might re - ceive.
You cast your spell and I went
26
C Am
un - der,
I find it so dif - fi - cult to
28
D C Bm
To Coda
Am
N.C.
leave.
I can hear that whis-tle blow- in',
30
G C G C
I see that sta-tion-mas - ter,


33
G
C Bm C
too, if there's a poor boy on the street, then
36
Bm Am G C G
let him have my seat 'cause to - night I'll be stay - ing here with you.
Coda
39
Am N.C. G C
Throw my tick - et out the win - dow,
41
G C G
throw my suit-case out there, too,





Throw my ticket out the window
Throw my suitcase out there, too
Throw my troubles out the door,
I don’t need them any more ‘cause tonight
I’ll be staying here with you

I should have left this town this morning
But it was more than I could do
Oh, your love comes on so strong
And I’ve waited all day long for tonight
When I’ll be staying here with you

Is it really any wonder
The love that a stranger might receive
You cast your spell and I went under
I find it so difficult to leave

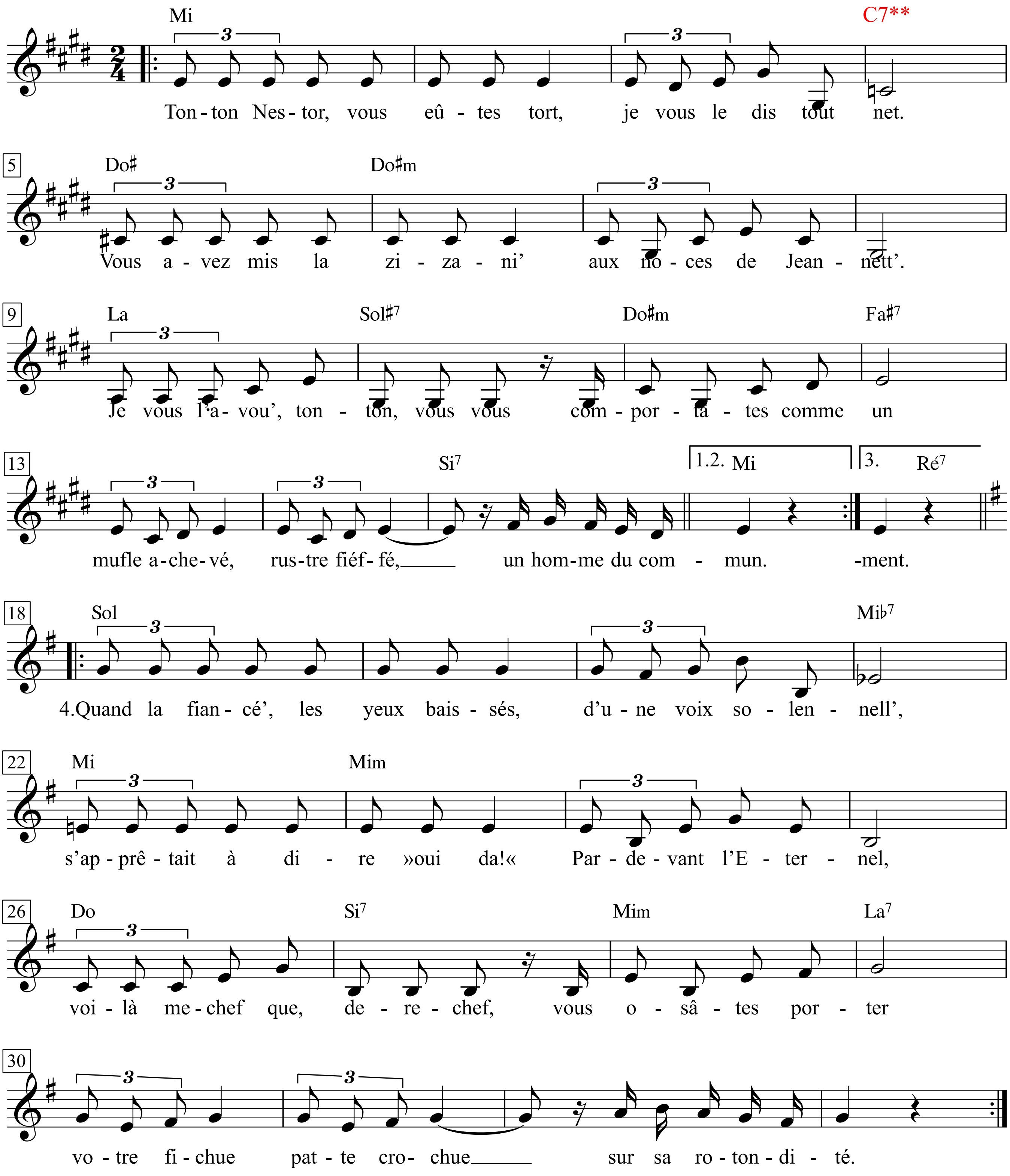
I can hear that whistle blowin’
I see that stationmaster, too
If there’s a poor boy on the street
Then let him have my seat
‘Cause tonight I’ll be staying here with you

Throw my ticket out the window
Throw my suitcase out there, too
Throw my troubles out the door
I don’t need them any more ‘cause tonight
I’ll be staying here with you

Tonton Nestor

(Onkel Nestor)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Tonton Nestor,
Vous eûtes tort,
Je vous le dis tout net.
Vous avez mis
La zizani'
Aux noces de Jeannett'.
Je vous l'avou',
Tonton, vous vous
Comportâtes comme un
Mufle achevé,
Rustre fiéffé,
Un homme du commun.

1. Onkel Nestor,
Sie hatten unrecht,
sag ich Ihnen ganz offen.
Sie haben
Zwietracht gesät
bei Jeannettes Hochzeit.
Onkel, Sie haben sich
benommen, sag
ich Ihnen,
wie ein ausgemachter Rüpel,
ein abgefeimter Lump,
und ziemlich ordinär.

2. Quand la fiancé',
Les yeux baissés,
Des larmes pleins les cils,
S'apprêtait à
Dire »oui da!«
A l'officier civil,
Qu'est-c' qui vous prit,
Vieux malappris,
D'aller, sans retenue,
Faire un pinçon
Cruel en son
Éminence charnue?

2. Als die Braut,
die Augen gesenkt,
die Wimpern voller Tränen,
dem Standesbeamten
gerade sagen wollte
»Ja, ich will«,
was hat Sie da geritten,
Sie alter Strolch,
ihr hemmungslos
und sehr scharf
ins üppige
Gesäß zu kneifen?

3. Se retournant
Incontinent,
Eli' souffleta, flic-flac!
L' garçon d'honneur
Qui, par bonheur,
Avait un' tête à claqu',
Mais au lieu du
»Oui« attendu,
Ell' s'écria: »Maman!«
Et l' mair' lui dit:
»Non, mon petit,
Ce n'est pas le moment.«

3. Sie fuhr herum,
unbeherrscht,
und ohrfeigte rechts-links
den Ehrenknaben,
der zum Glück
ein Watschengesicht hatte;
aber statt des
erwarteten »Ja«
rief sie: »Mama!«
und der Bürgermeister
sagte: »Nein, Kindchen,
das ist nicht der richtige Moment.«

4. Quand la fiancé',
Les yeux baissés,
D'une voix solennell',
S'apprêtait à
Dire »oui da!«
Par-devant l'Eternel,
Voilà mechef
Que, derechef,
Vous osâtes porter
Votre fichue
Patte crochue
Sur sa rotondité.

4. Als die Braut
mit gesenkten Augen
und feierlicher Stimme
gerade vor dem
Ewigen »Ja, ich will«
sagen wollte,
da haben Sie es
wirklich nochmal
gewagt,
Ihre fiese schmierige Pfote
auf ihre Rundungen
zu legen.

5. Se retournant
Incontinent,
Elle moucha le nez
D'un enfant d'chœur
Qui, par bonheur,
Était enchifrené,
Mais au lieu du
»Oui« attendu,
De sa pauvre voix lass',
Au tonsuré
Désemparé
Elle a dit »merde«, hélas

5. Sie fuhr herum,
unbeherrscht,
und gab einen Nasenstüber
dem Messdiener,
der zum Glück
Stockschnupfen hatte;
aber statt des
erwarteten »Ja«, mit
dünner Stimme,
sagte sie zum
fassungslosen Tonsurträger
lauthals »Scheiße«.

6. Quoiqu'elle usât,
Qu'elle abusât
Du droit d'être fessu',
En la pinçant,
Mauvais plaisant,
Vous nous avez déçus.
Aussi, ma foi,
La prochain' fois
Qu'on mariera Jeannett',
On s' pass'ra d'vous,
Tonton, je vous,
Je vous le dis tout net.

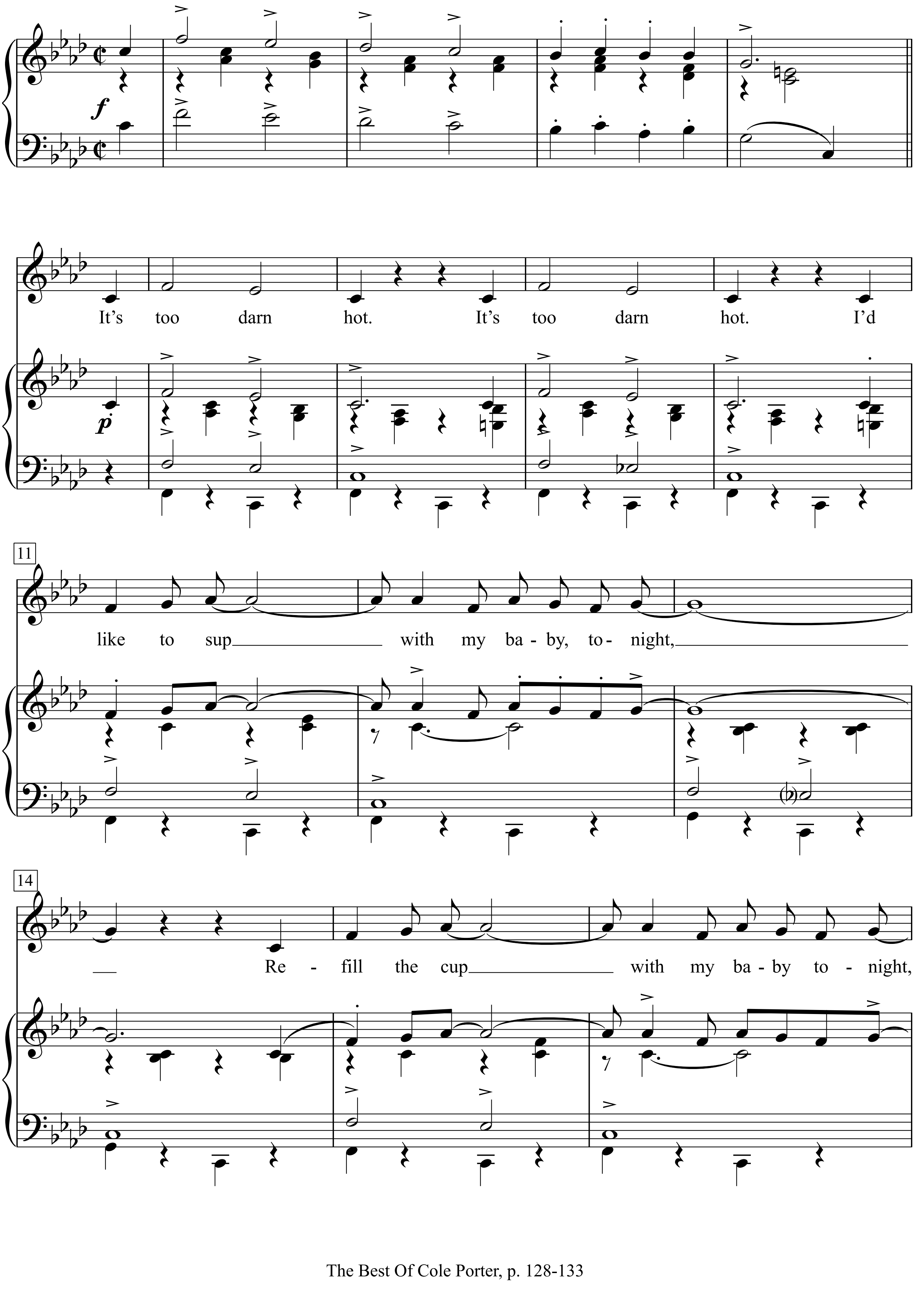
6. Wenn sie es auch
mehr als verdient hat,
den Arsch versohlt zu kriegen,
haben Sie uns doch
durch dieses Kneifen zur Unzeit
sehr verärgert.
Deshalb, ehrlich, wenn wir
das nächste Mal Jeannette
unter die Haube bringen,
laden wir Sie
nicht ein, Onkel,
sag ich Ihnen ganz deutlich.

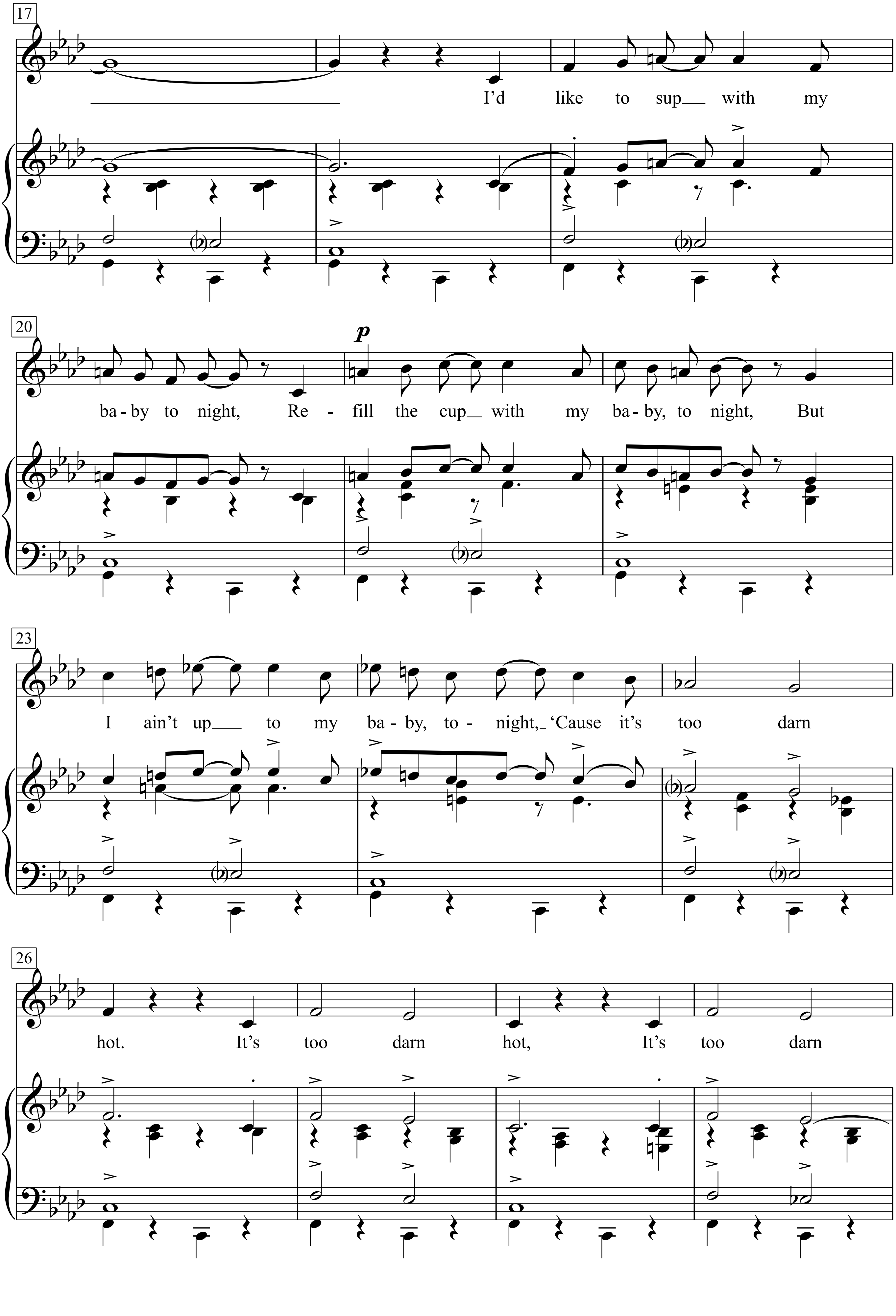
Too Darn Hot

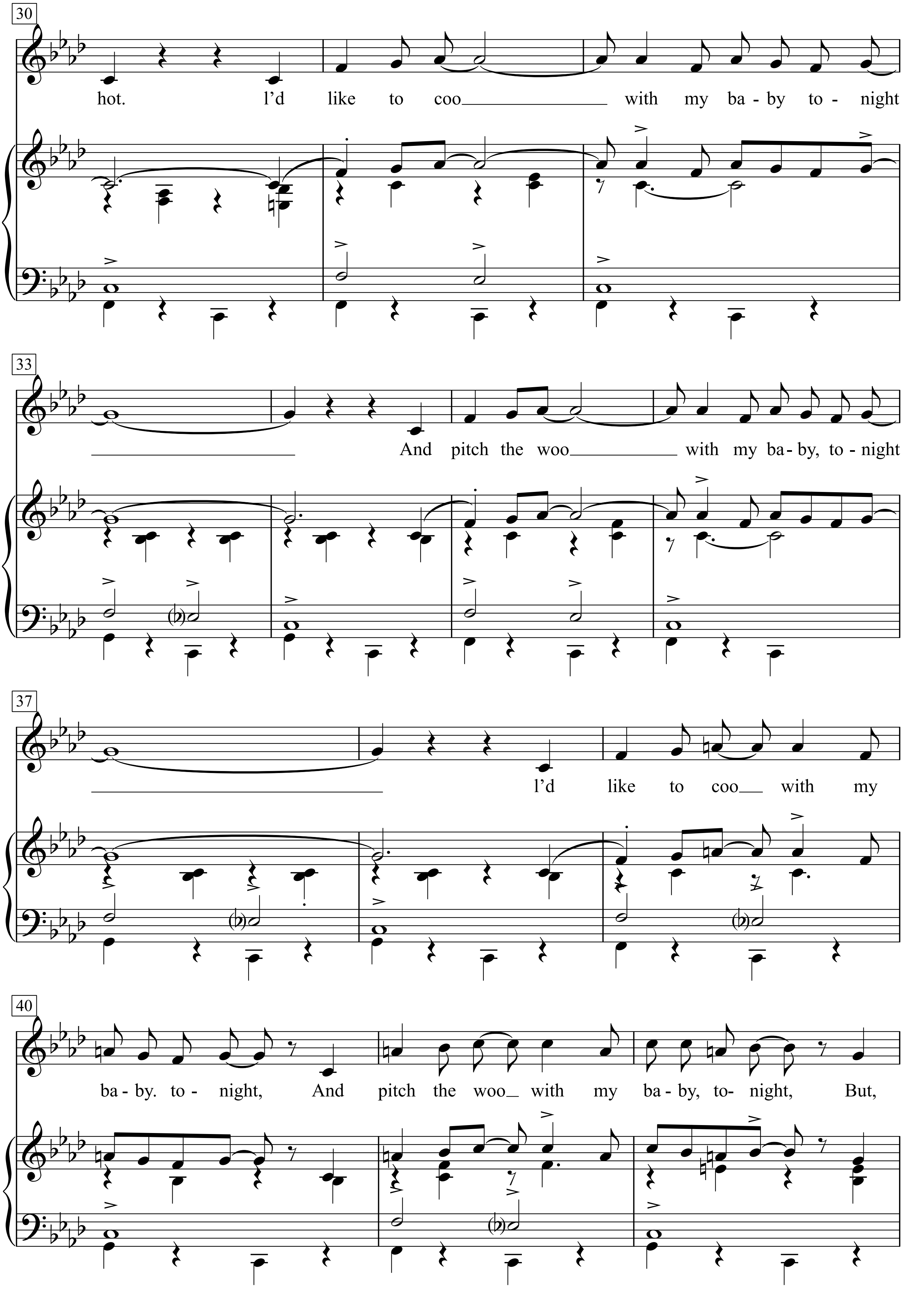
(*from* 'Kiss Me, Kate')

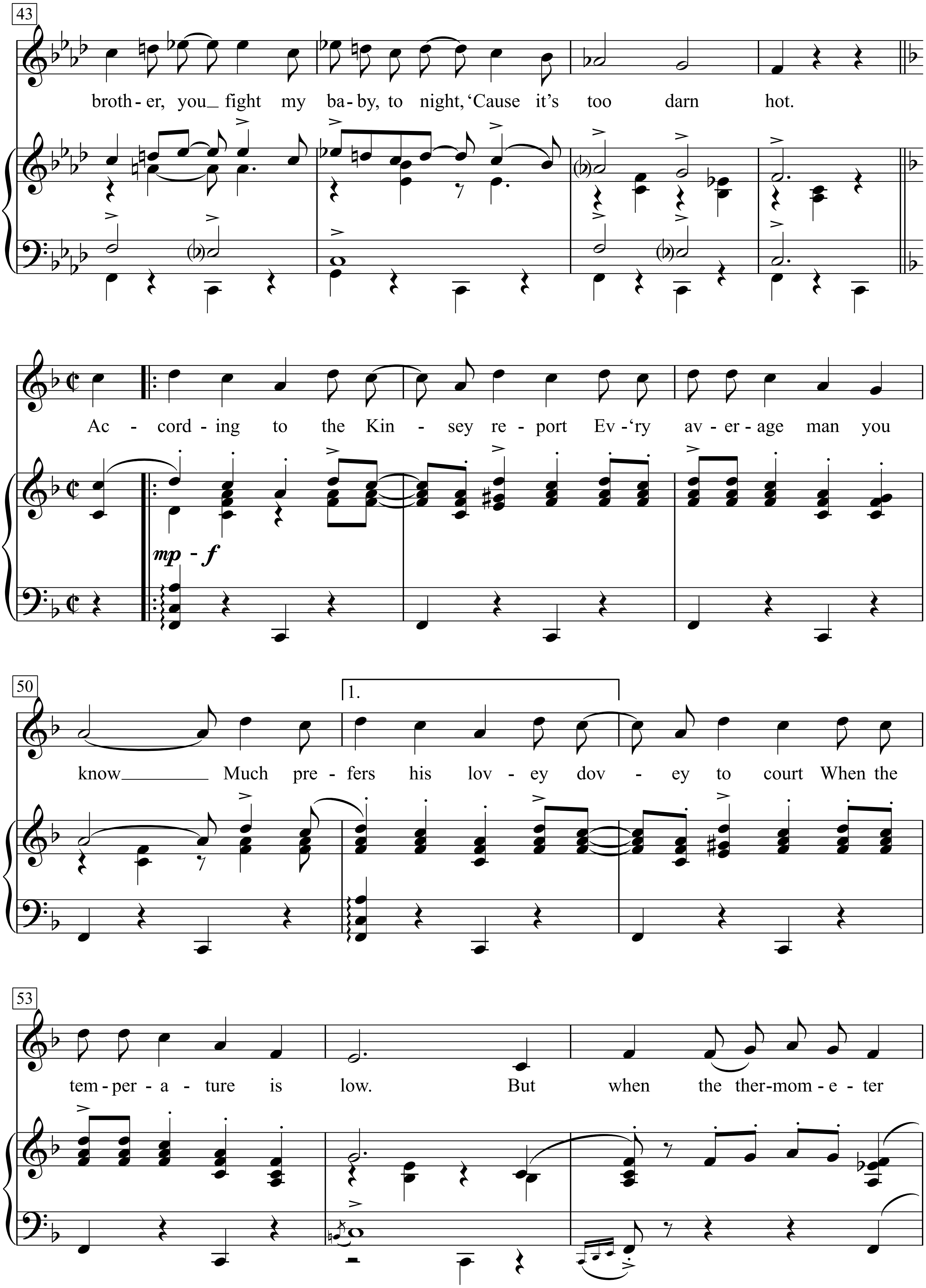
Easy Fox-trot tempo

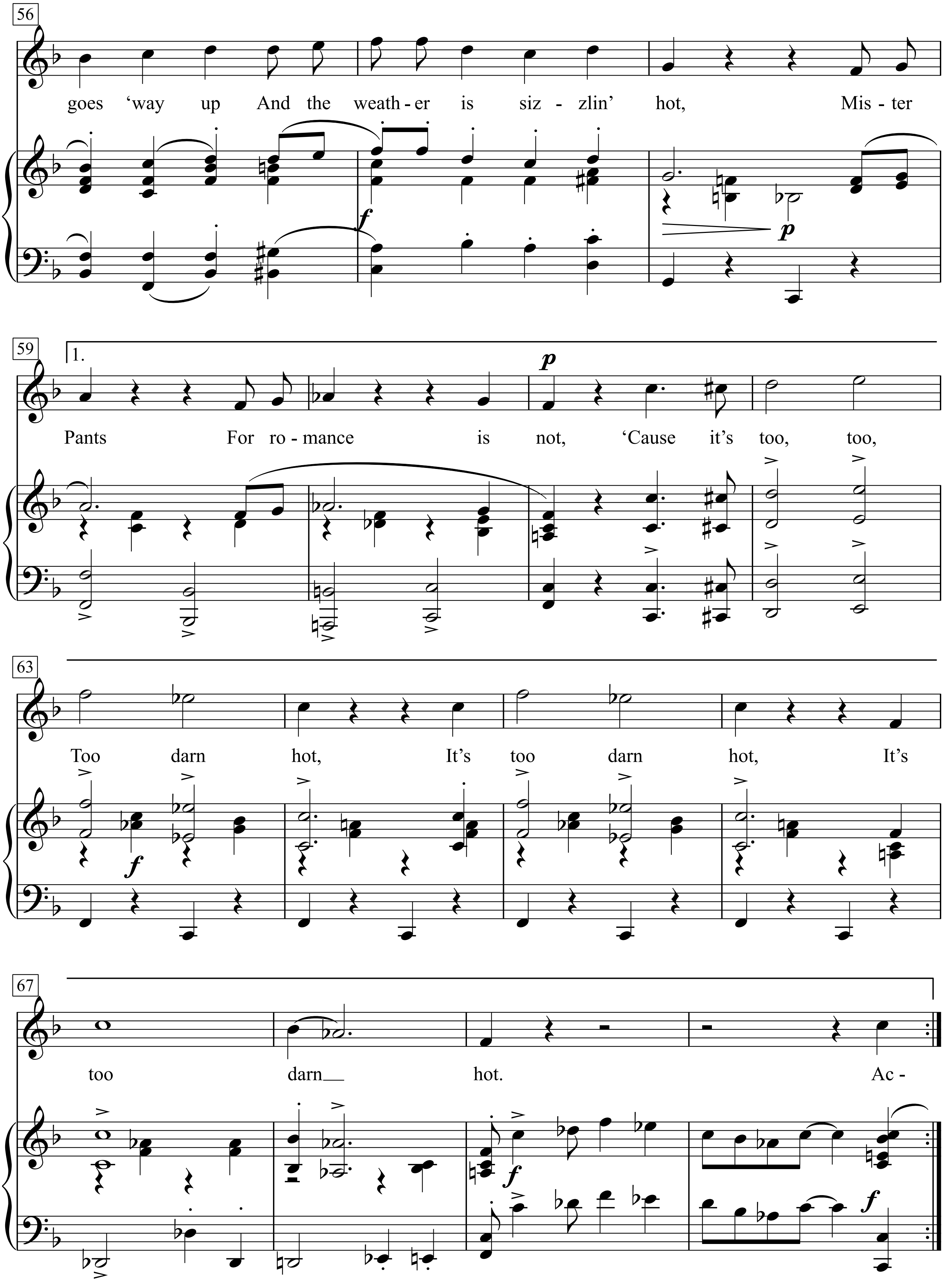
Words & Music by Cole Porter (1948)

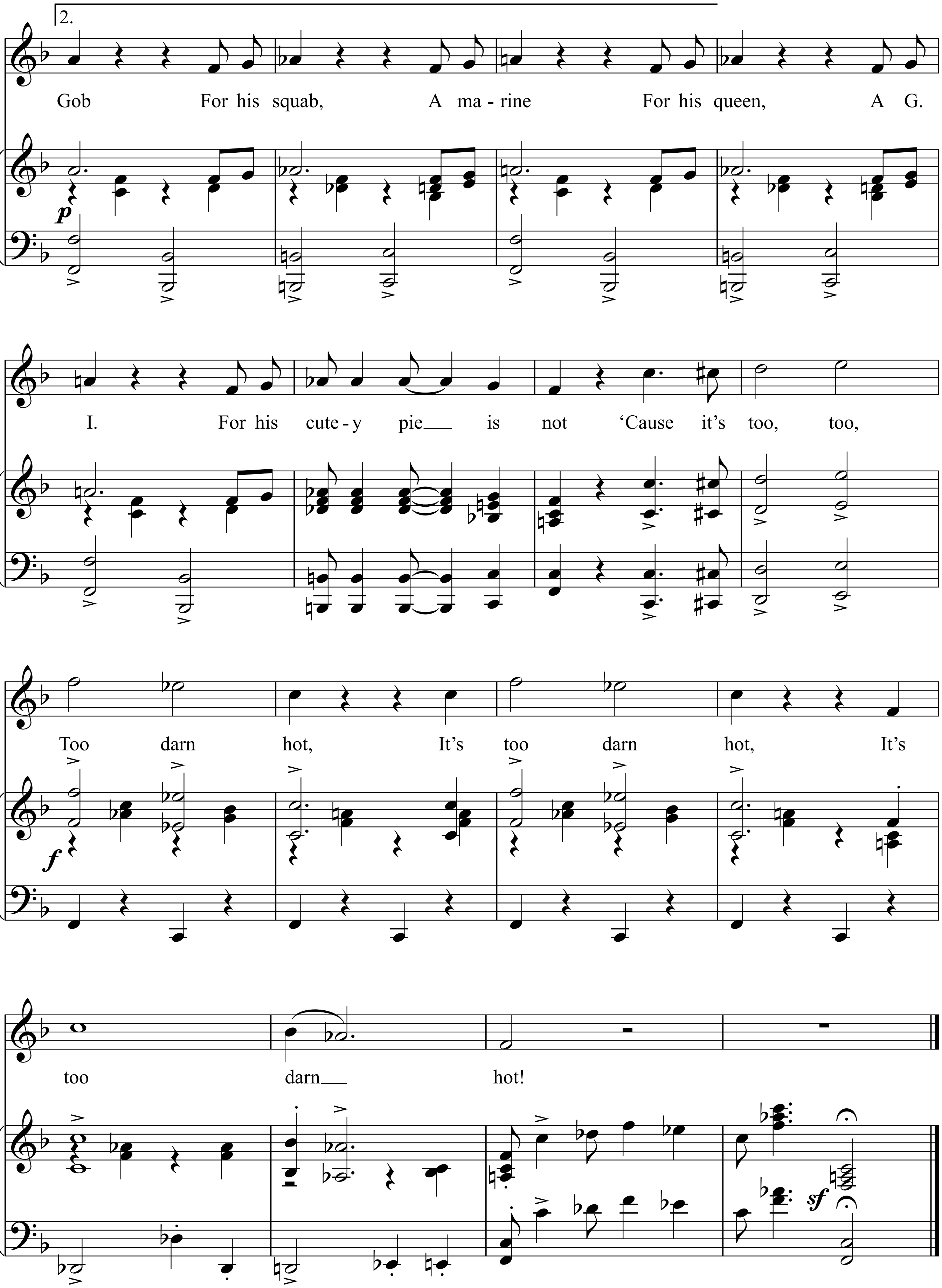



17
I'd like to sup__ with my
20
p
ba-by to night, Re - fill the cup__ with my ba-by, to night, But
23
I ain't up___ to my ba-by, to - night,_ 'Cause it's too darn
26
hot. It's too darn hot, It's too darn


30
hot. I'd like to coo with my ba - by to - night
33
And pitch the woo with my ba - by, to - night
37
I'd like to coo with my
40
ba - by. to - night, And pitch the woo with my ba - by, to- night, But,


43
broth - er, you_ fight my ba - by, to night, 'Cause it's too darn hot.
Ac - cord - ing to the Kin - sey re - port Ev - 'ry av - er - age man you
mp - f
50
1.
know Much pre - fers his lov - ey dov - ey to court When the
53
tem - per - a - ture is low. But when the ther - mom - e - ter


56
goes 'way up And the weath - er is siz - zlin' hot, Mis - ter
59
1.
Pants For ro - mance is not, 'Cause it's too, too,
63
Too darn hot, It's too darn hot, It's
67
too darn hot. Ac -

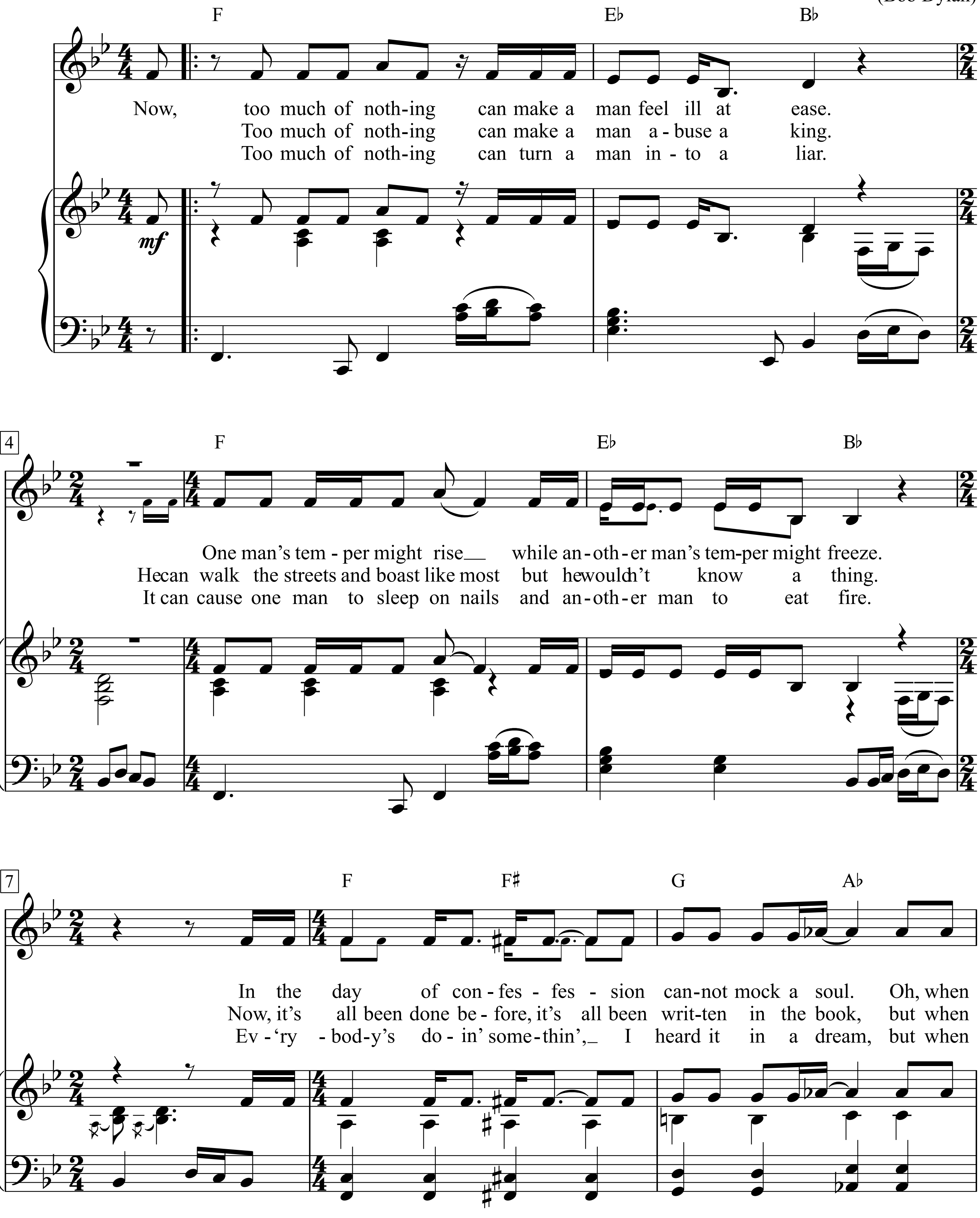

2.
Gob For his squab, A ma - rine For his queen, A G.
I. For his cute - y pie is not 'Cause it's too, too,
Too darn hot, It's too darn hot, It's
too darn hot!
p
f
sf

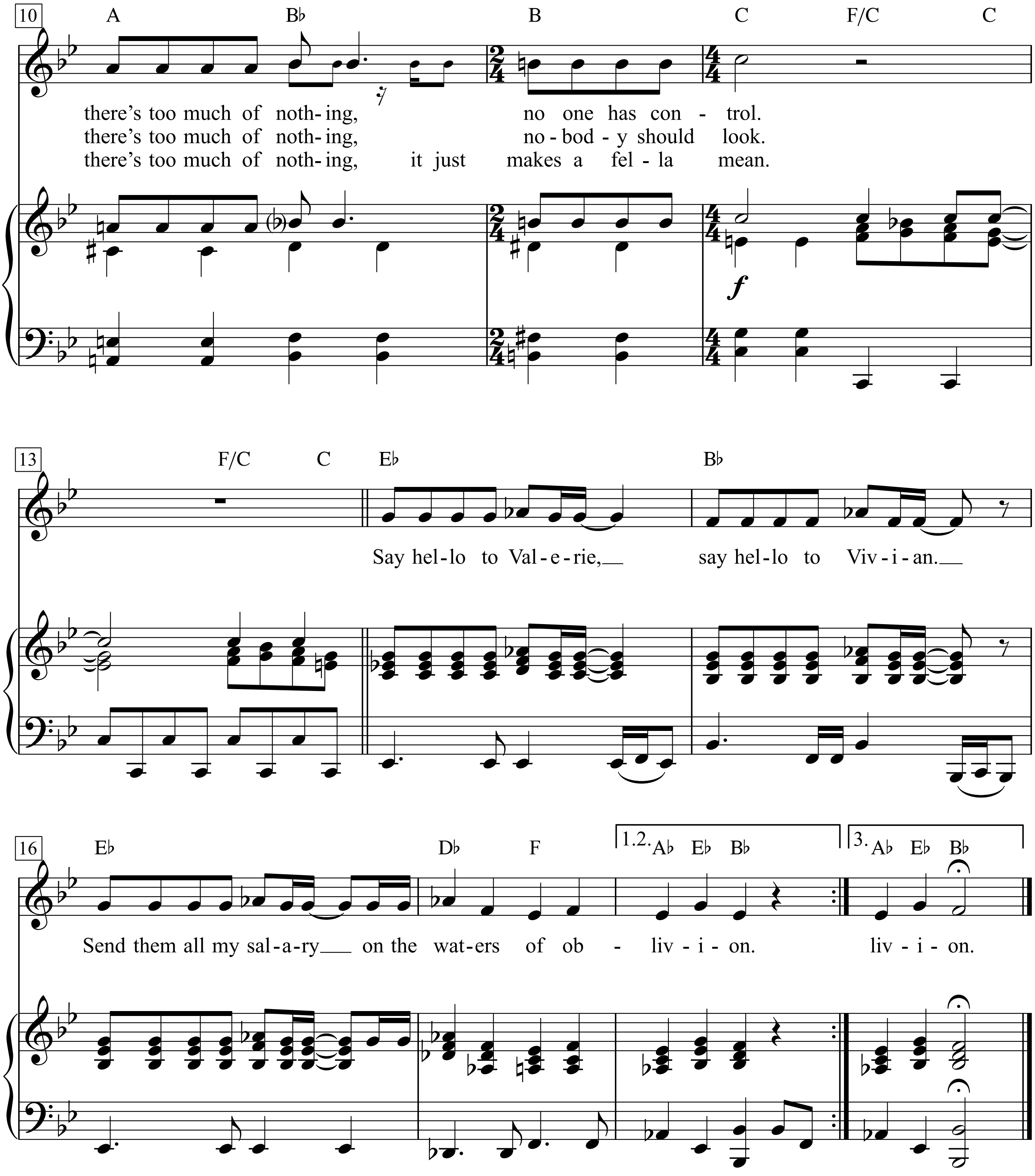
It’s too darn hot.
It’s too darn hot.
I’d like to sup with my baby, tonight,
Refill the cup with my baby tonight,
I’d like to sup with my baby tonight,
Refill the cup with my baby, tonight,
But I ain’t up to my baby, tonight,
‘Cause it’s too darn hot.
It’s too darn hot,
It’s too darn hot.
l’d like to coo with my baby tonight
And pitch the woo with my baby, tonight
l’d like to coo with my baby. tonight,
And pitch the woo with my baby, tonight,
But, brother, you fight my baby, tonight,
‘Cause it’s too darn hot.
According to the Kinsey report
Ev‘ry average man you know
Much prefers his lovey dovey to court
When the temperature is low.
But when the thermometer goes ‘way up
And the weather is sizzlin’ hot,
Mister Pants For romance is not,
‘Cause it’s too, too,
Too darn hot,
It’s too darn hot,
It’s too darn hot.
Gob For his squab,
A marine
For his queen,
A G. I.
For his cutey pie is not
‘Cause it’s too, too,
Too darn hot,
It’s too darn hot,
It’s too darn hot!

Too Much Of Nothing

Moderately slow

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




10
A Bb B C F/C C
there's too much of noth-ing, no one has con - trol.
there's too much of noth-ing, no - bod - y should look.
there's too much of noth-ing, it just makes a fel - la mean.
f
13
F/C C Eb Bb
Say hel-lo to Val-e-rie,
say hel-lo to Viv-i-an.
16
Eb Db F 1.2. Ab Eb Bb 3. Ab Eb Bb
Send them all my sal-a-ry on the wat-ers of ob - liv - i - on.
liv - i - on.

Now, too much of nothing
Can make a man feel ill at ease
One man’s temper might rise
While another man’s temper might freeze
In the day of confession
We cannot mock a soul
Oh, when there’s too much of nothing
No one has control

Say hello to Valerie
Say hello to Vivian
Send them all my salary
Can the waters of oblivion

2. Too much of nothing
Can make a man abuse a king
He can walk the streets and boast like most
But he wouldn’t know a thing
Now, it’s all been done before
It’s all been written in the book
But when there’s too much of nothing
Nobody should look

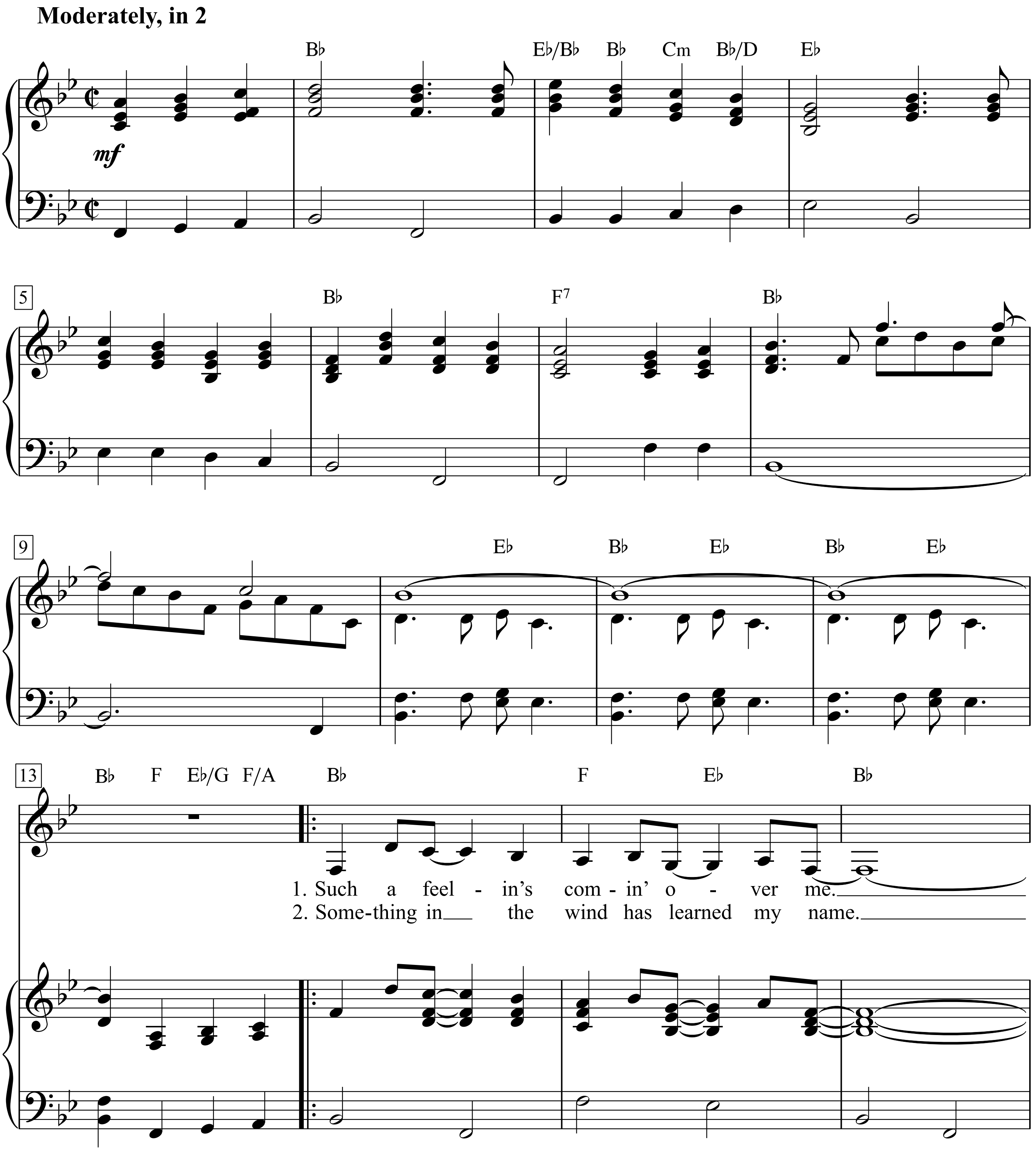
Say hello to Valerie
Say hello to Vivian.
Send them all my salary
On the waters of oblivion

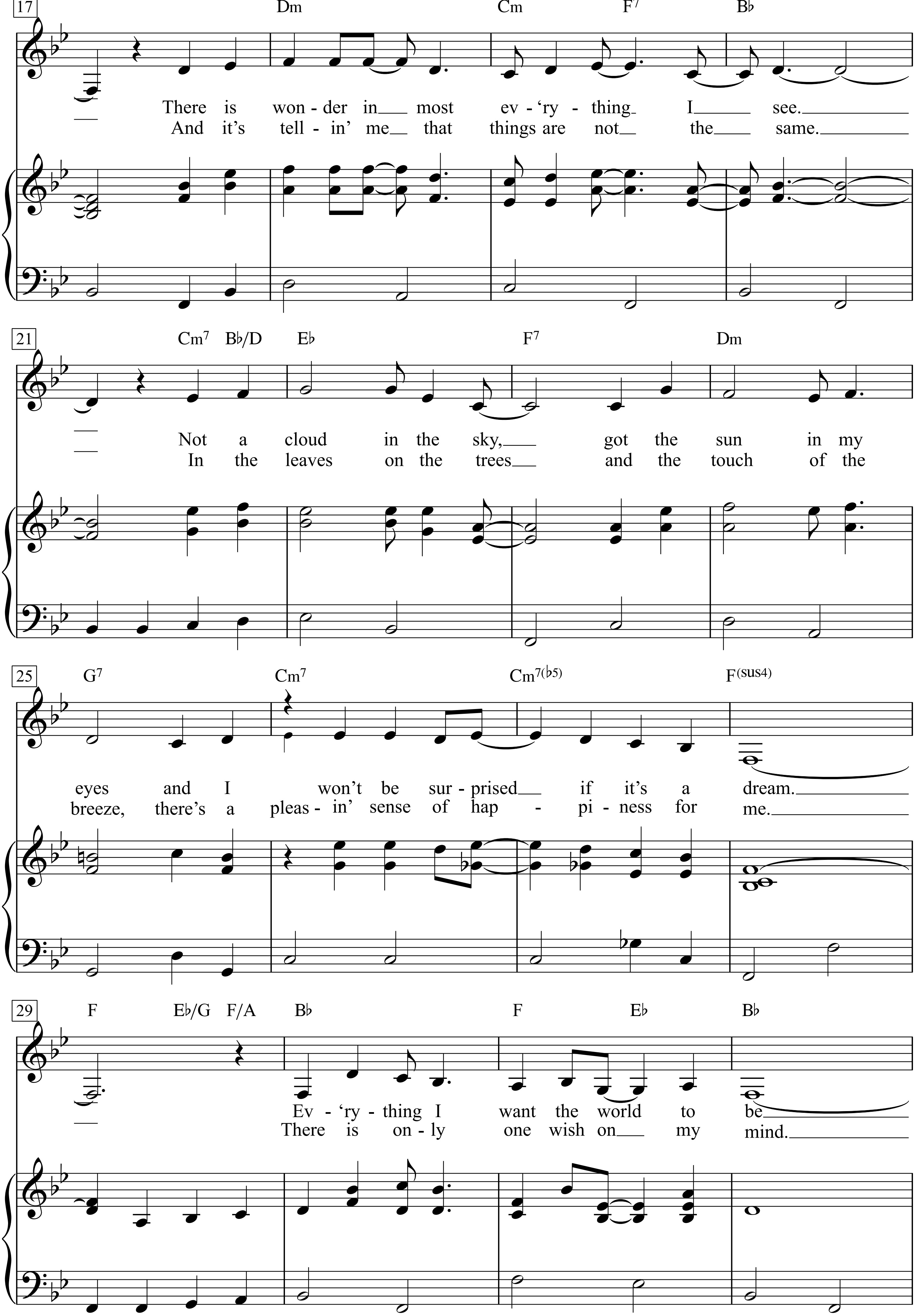
3. Too much of nothing
Can turn a man into a liar
It can cause one man to sleep on nails
And another man to eat fire
Ev‘rybody’s doin’ somethin’
I heard it in a dream
But when there’s too much of nothing
It just makes a fella mean

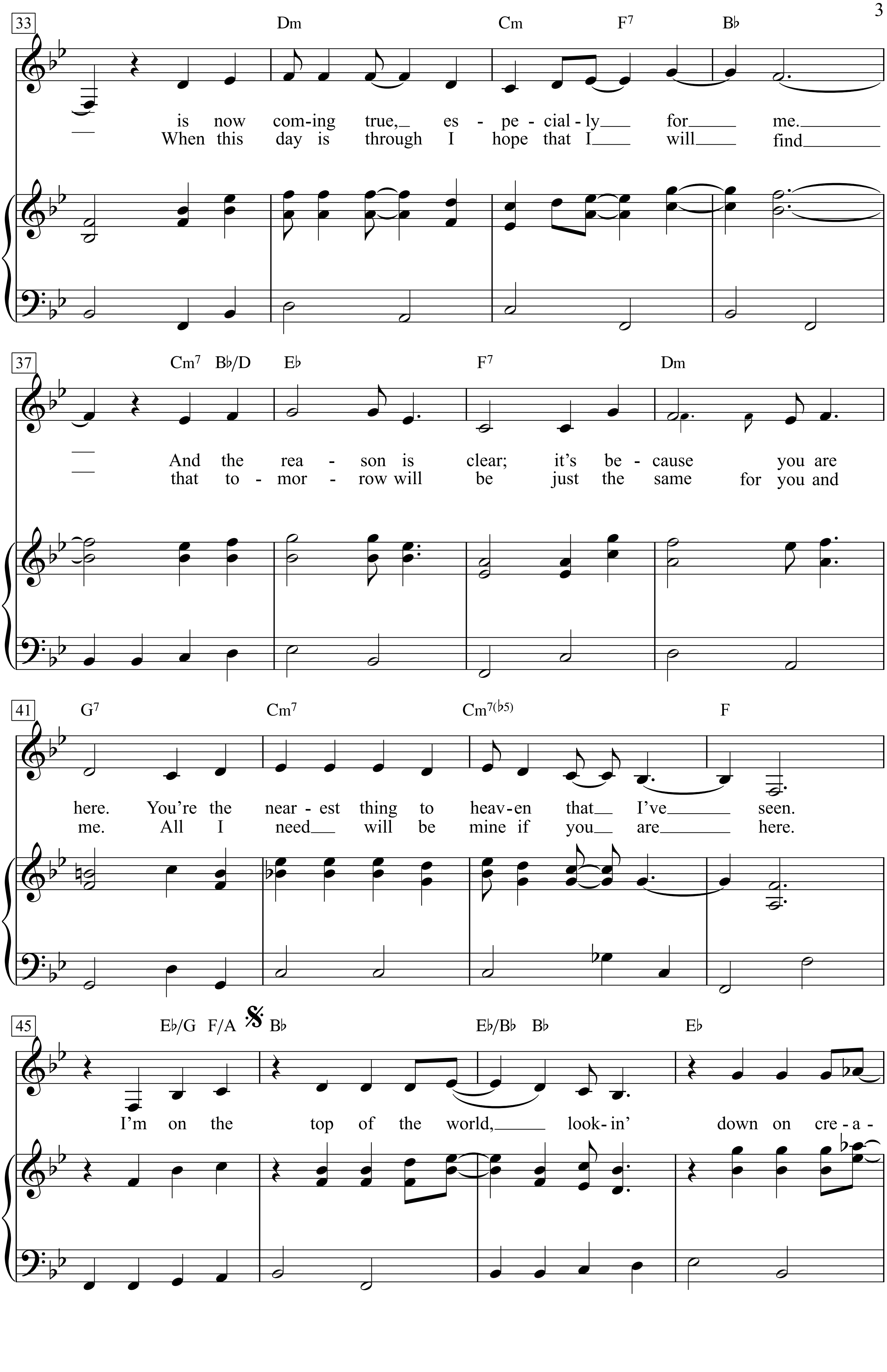
Say hello to Valerie
Say hello to Vivian
Send them all my salary
On the waters of oblivion

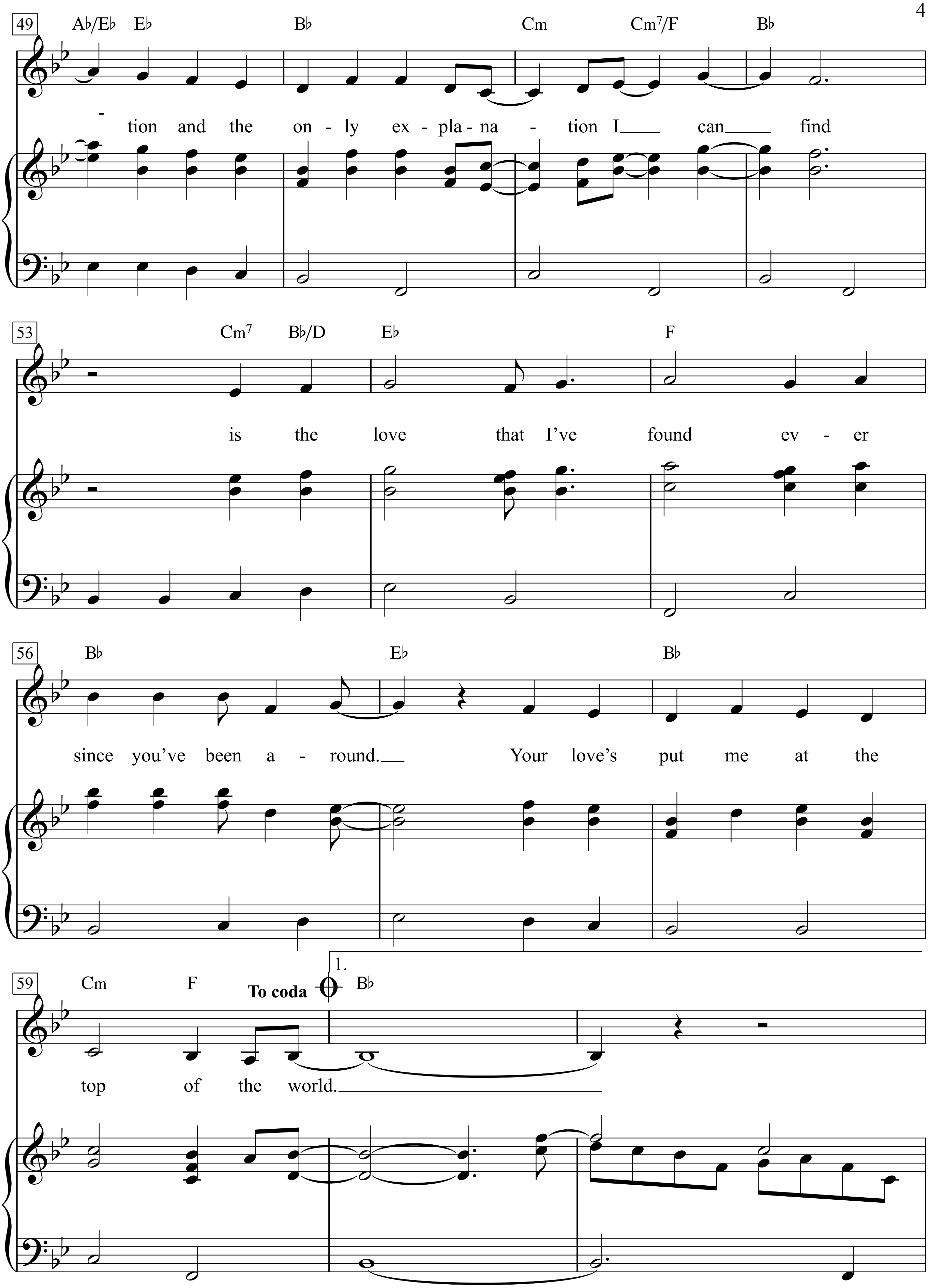
Top of the World

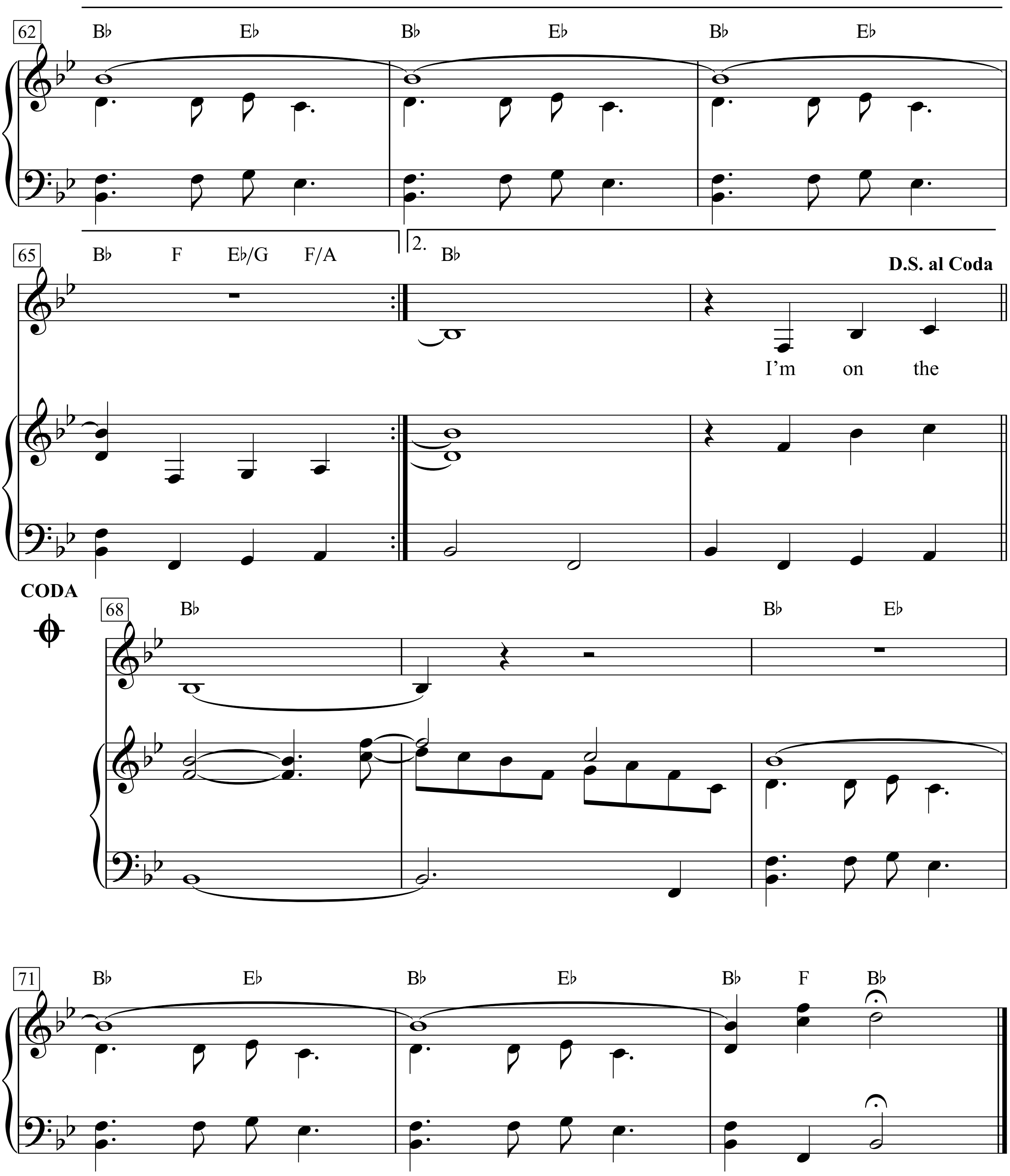
Words & Music by
John Bettis & Richard Carpenter
(The Carpenters)




17
Dm Cm F7 B♭
There is won - der in most ev - 'ry - thing I see.
And it's tell - in' me that things are not the same.
21
Cm7 B♭/D E♭ F7 Dm
Not a cloud in the sky, got the sun in my
In the leaves on the trees and the touch of the
25
G7 Cm7 Cm7(♭5) F(sus4)
eyes and I won't be sur - prised if it's a dream.
breeze, there's a pleas - in' sense of hap - pi - ness for me.
29
F E♭/G F/A B♭ F E♭ B♭
Ev - 'ry - thing I want the world to be
There is on - ly one wish on my mind.


33
Dm Cm F7 B♭
is now com-ing true, es - pe - cial - ly for me.
When this day is through I hope that I will find
37
Cm7 B♭/D E♭ F7 Dm
And the rea - son is clear; it's be - cause you are
that to - mor - row will be just the same for you and
41
G7 Cm7 Cm7(♭5) F
here. You're the near - est thing to heav-en that I've seen.
me. All I need will be mine if you are here.
45
E♭/G F/A B♭ E♭/B♭ B♭ E♭
I'm on the top of the world, look- in' down on cre - a -


49
Ab/Eb Eb Bb Cm Cm7/F Bb
- tion and the on - ly ex - pla - na - tion I can find
53
Cm7 Bb/D Eb F
is the love that I've found ev - er
56
Bb Eb Bb
since you've been a - round. Your love's put me at the
59
Cm F To coda 1. Bb
top of the world.


62
B♭ E♭ B♭ E♭ B♭ E♭
65
B♭ F E♭/G F/A
2.
B♭
D.S. al Coda
I'm on the
CODA
68
B♭
B♭ E♭
71
B♭ E♭ B♭ E♭ B♭ F B♭

1. Such a feelin's comin' over me.
There is wonder in most ev'rything I see.
Not a cloud in the sky, got the sun in my eyes
and I won't be surprised if it's a dream.

Ev'rything I want the world to be
is now coming true, especially for me.
And the reason is clear; it's because you are here.
You're the nearest thing to heaven that I've seen.

Refrain:
I'm on the top of the world, lookin' down on creation
and the only explanation I can find
is the love that I've found ever since you've been around.
Your love's put me at the top of the world.

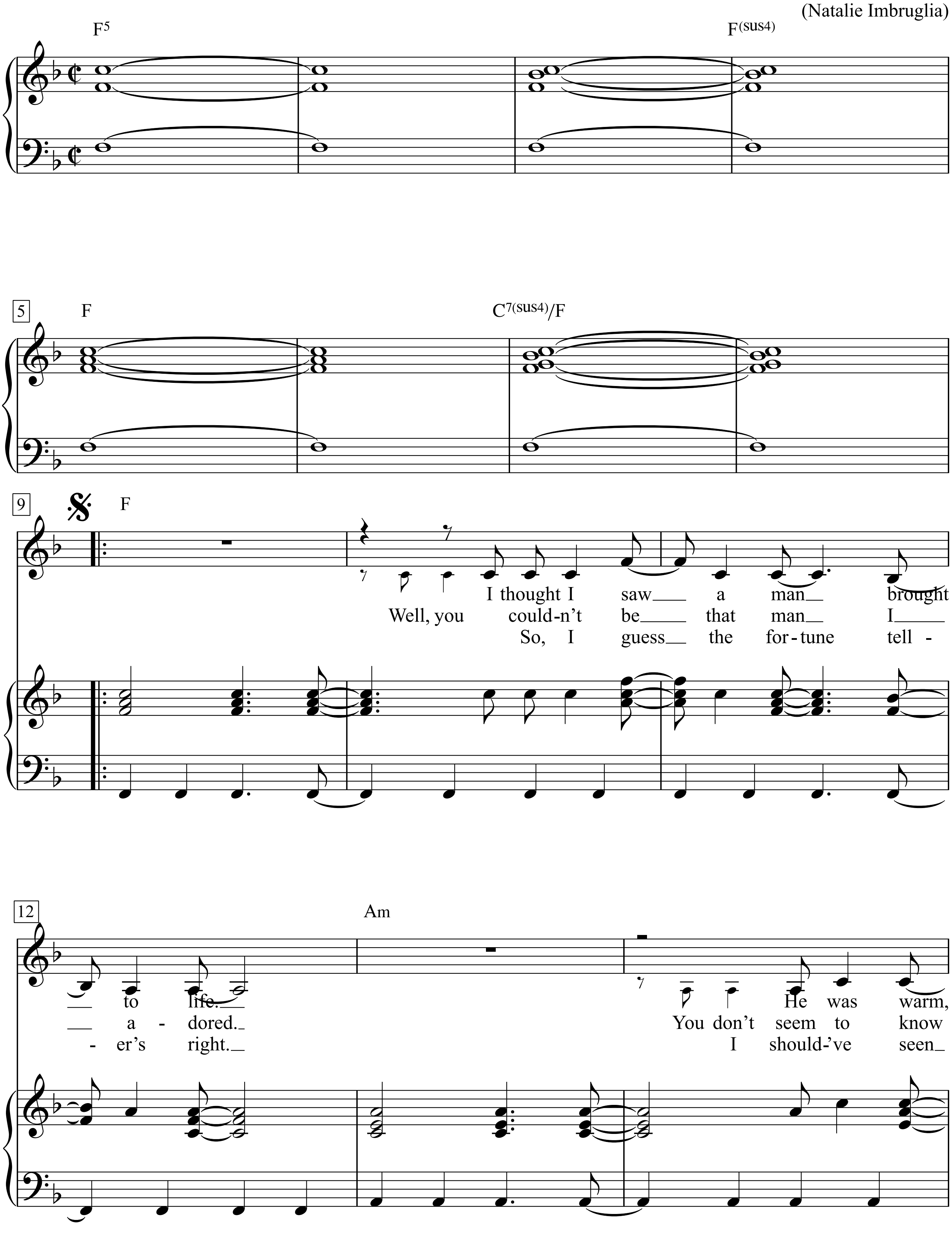
2. Something in the wind has learned my name.
And it's tellin' me that things are not the same.
In the leaves on the trees and the touch of the breeze,
there's a pleasin' sense of happiness for me.

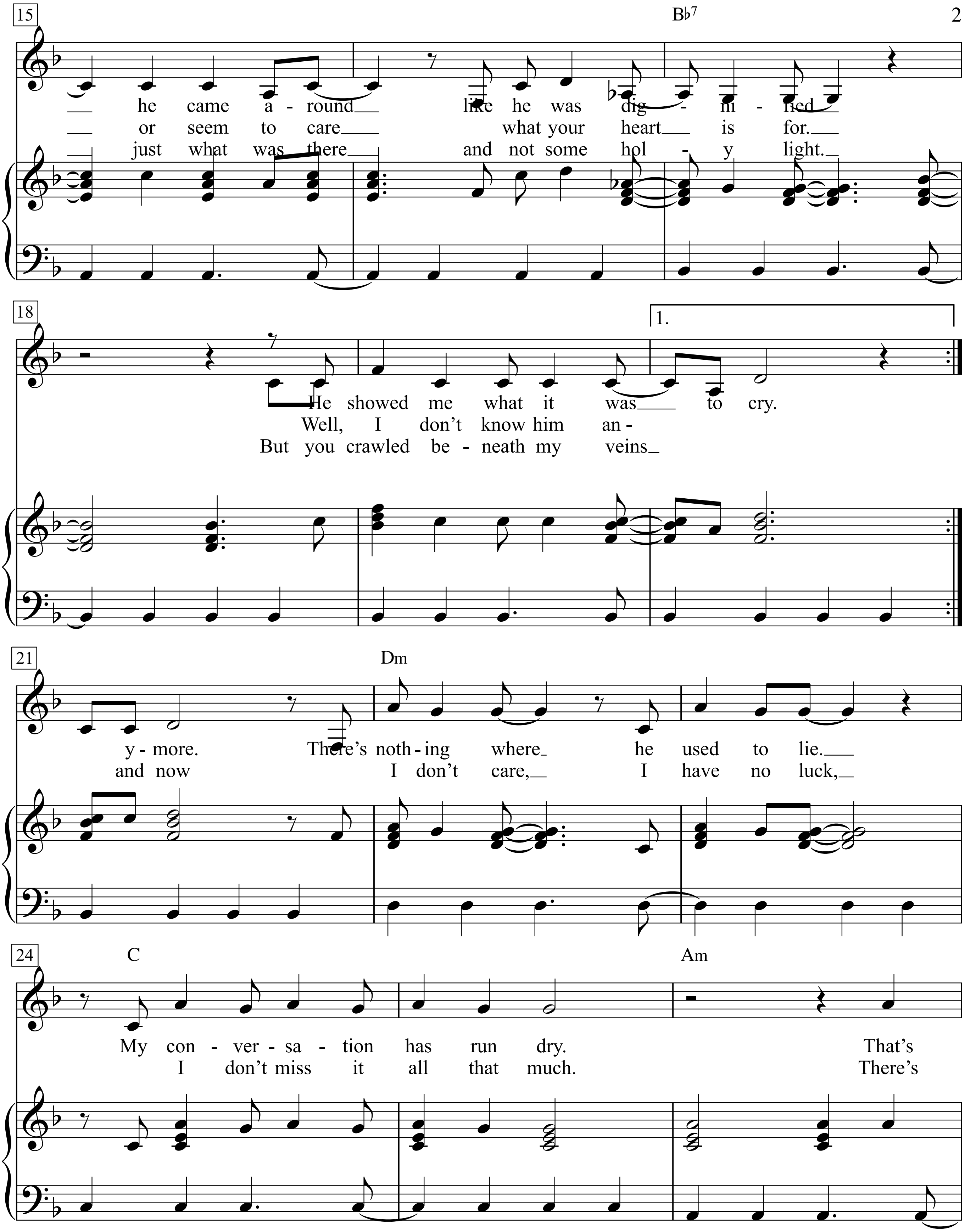
There is only one wish on my mind.
When this day is through I hope that I will find
that tomorrow will be just the same for you and me.
All I need will be mine if you are here.

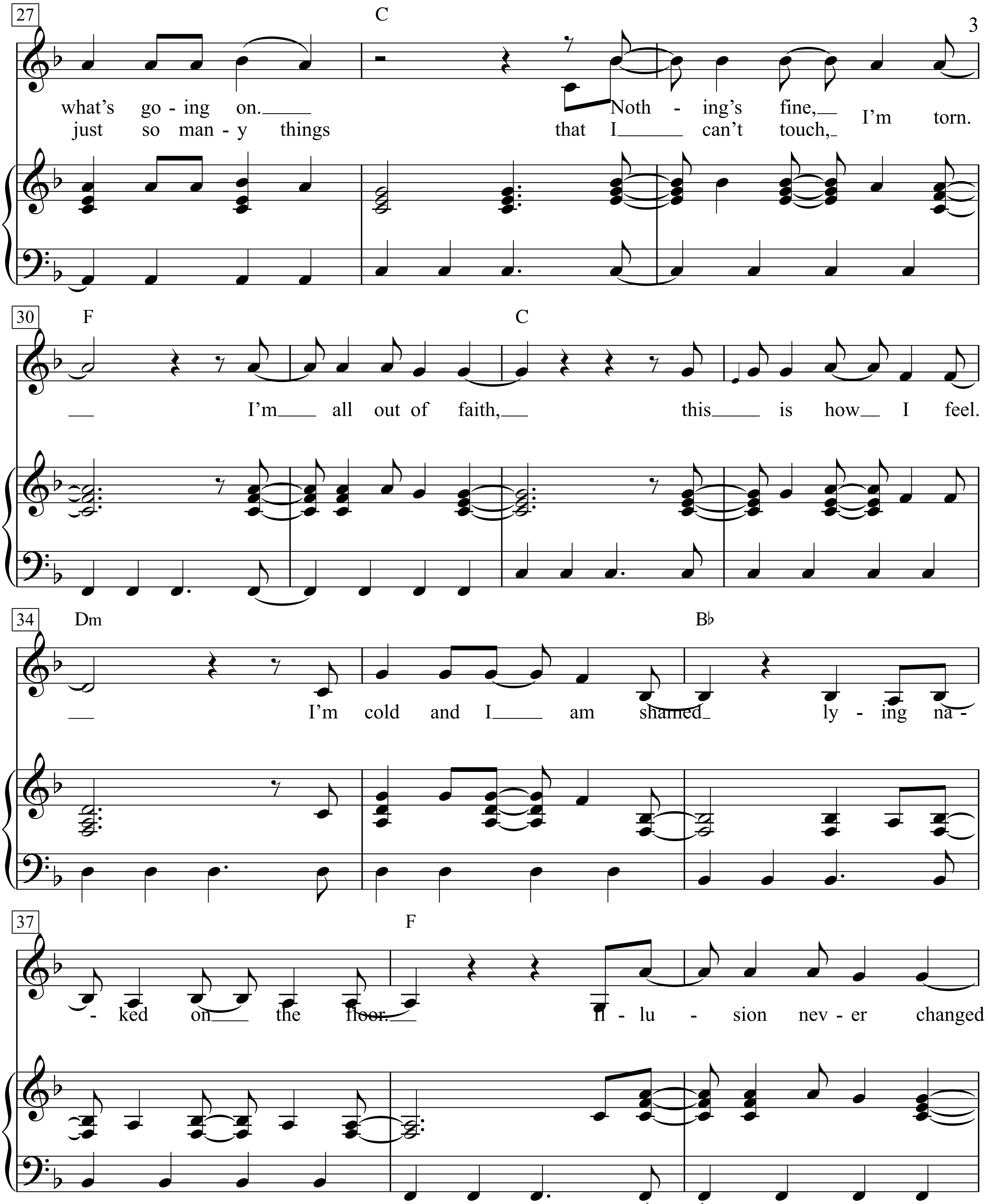
Torn

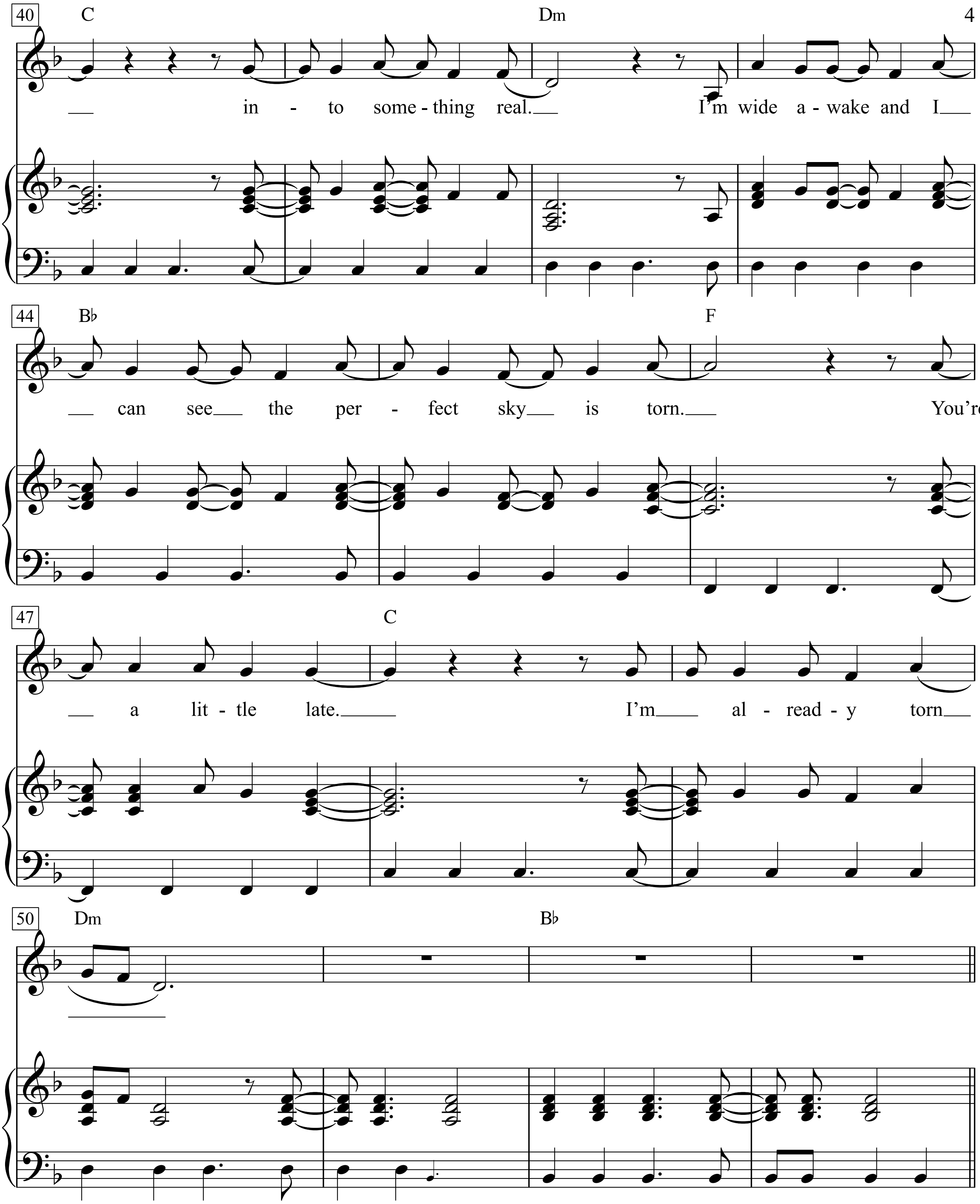
Moderate Rock

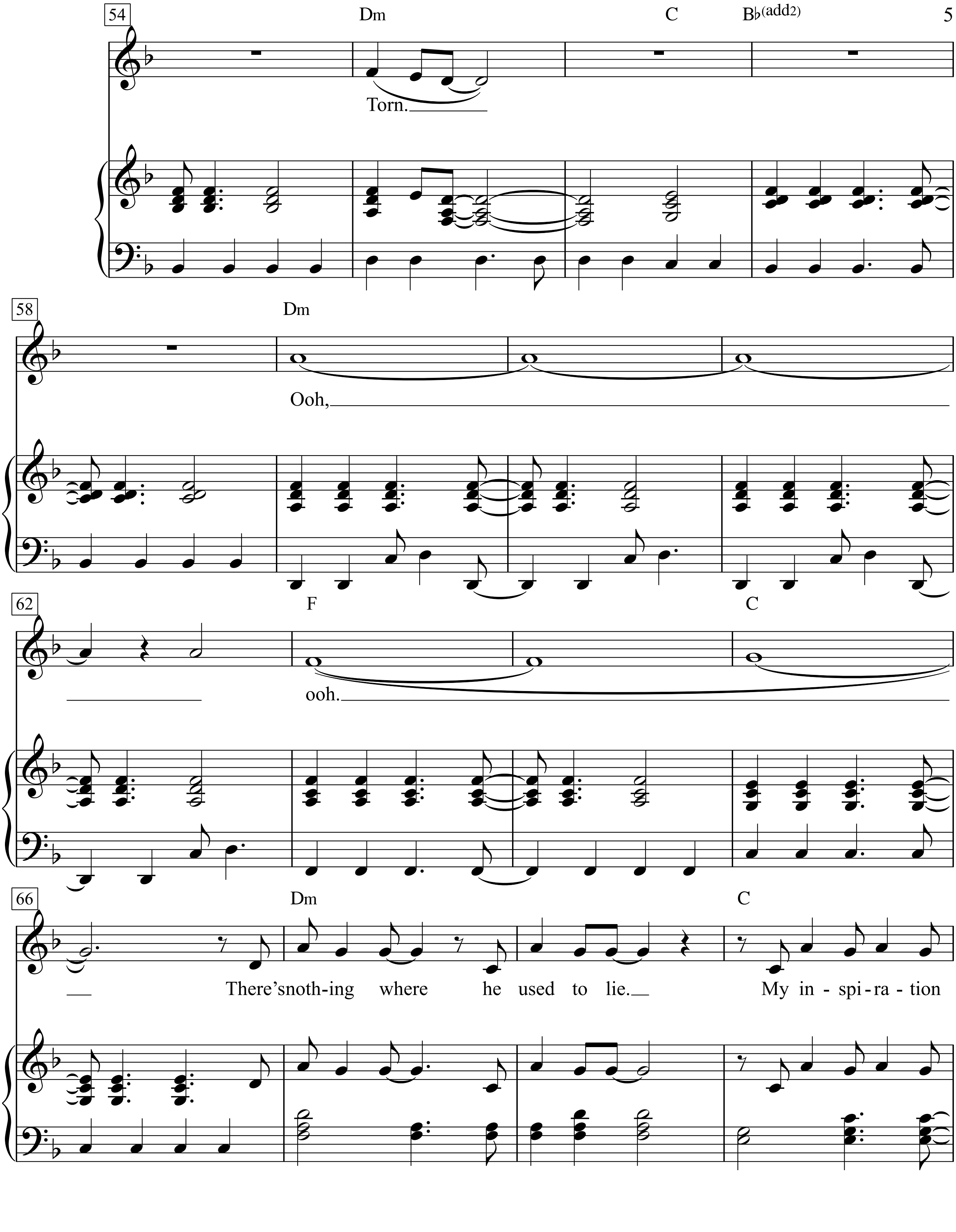
Words & Music by
Anne Previn, Phil Thornally and Scott Cutler
(Natalie Imbruglia)

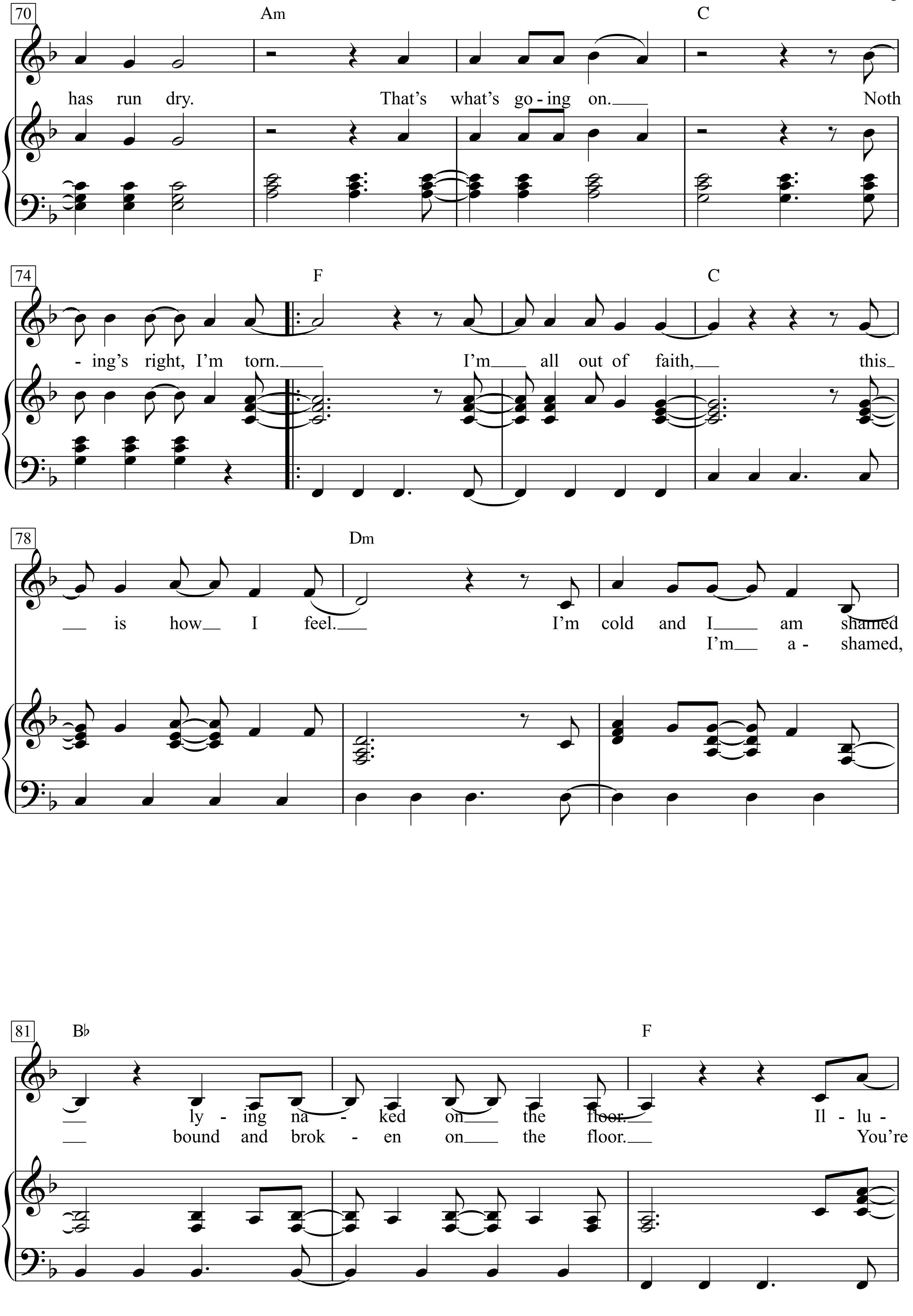


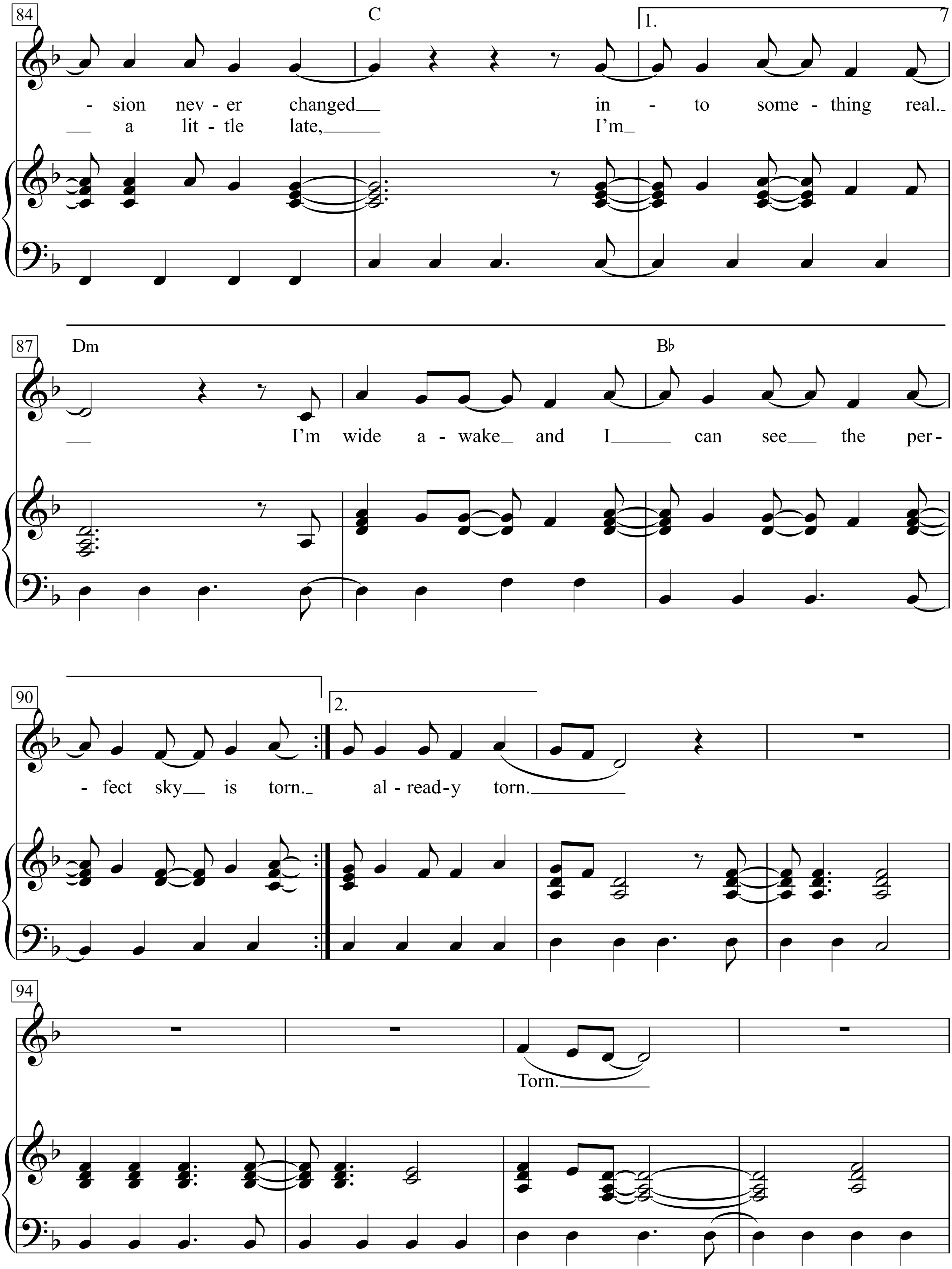

15
B♭7
he came a - round like he was dig - ni - fied
or seem to care what your heart is for.
just what was there and not some hol - y light.
18
1.
He showed me what it was to cry.
Well, I don't know him an -
But you crawled be - neath my veins
21
Dm
y - more. There's noth - ing where he used to lie.
and now I don't care, I have no luck,
24
C
Am
My con - ver - sa - tion has run dry. That's
I don't miss it all that much. There's

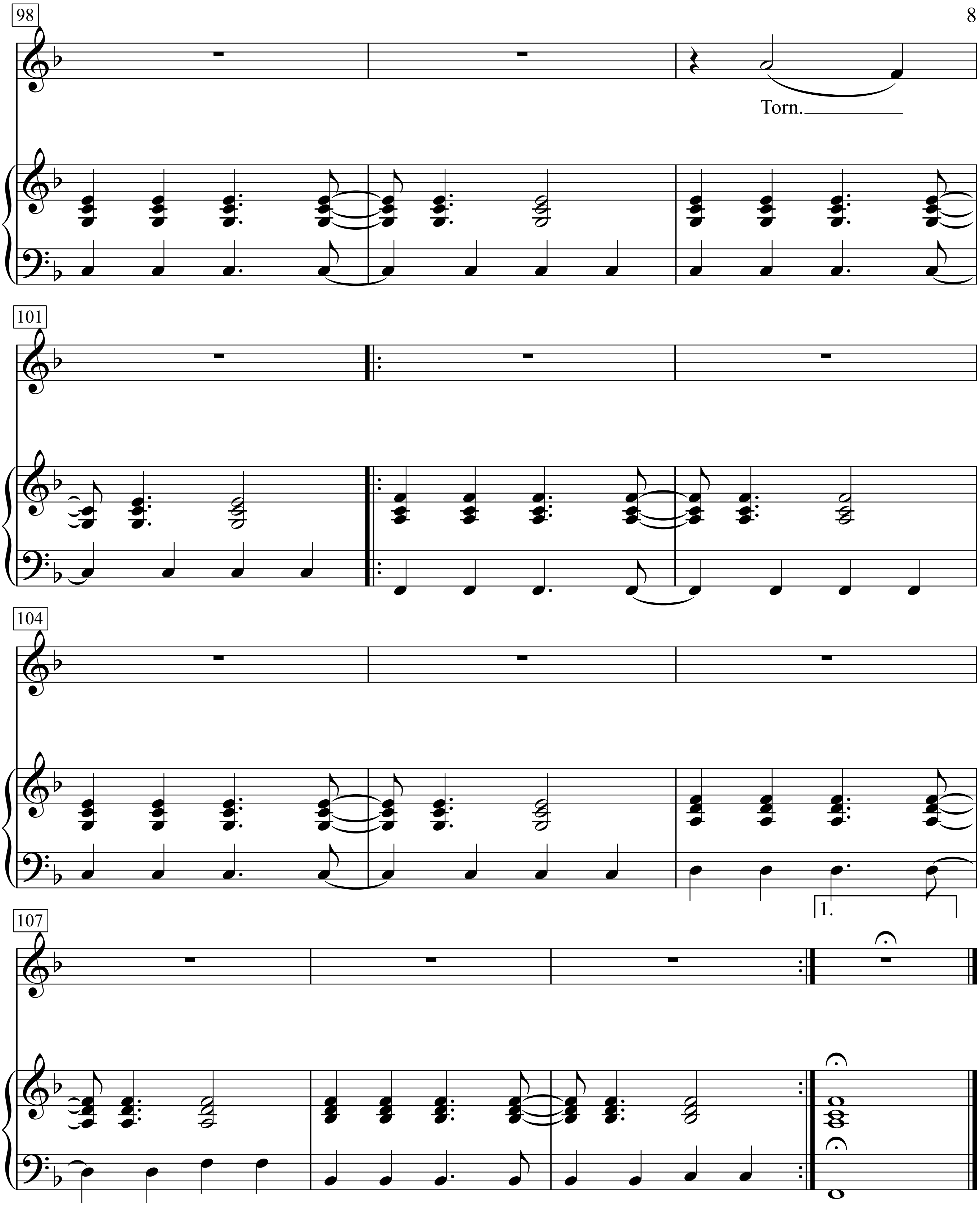

27
C
what's go - ing on.
just so man - y things
Noth - ing's fine, I'm torn.
that I can't touch,
30
F
C
I'm all out of faith,
this is how I feel.
34
Dm
B♭
I'm cold and I am shamed
ly - ing na -
37
F
- ked on the floor.
Il - lu - sion nev - er changed


40
C
Dm
— into something real.— I'm wide a-wake and I—
44
B♭
F
— can see— the per-fect sky— is torn.— You're
47
C
— a lit-tle late.— I'm— al-read-y torn—
50
Dm
B♭


54
Dm
C
B♭(add2)
Torn.
58
Dm
Ooh,
62
F
C
ooh.
66
Dm
C
There'snoth-ing where he used to lie.
My in-spi-ra-tion

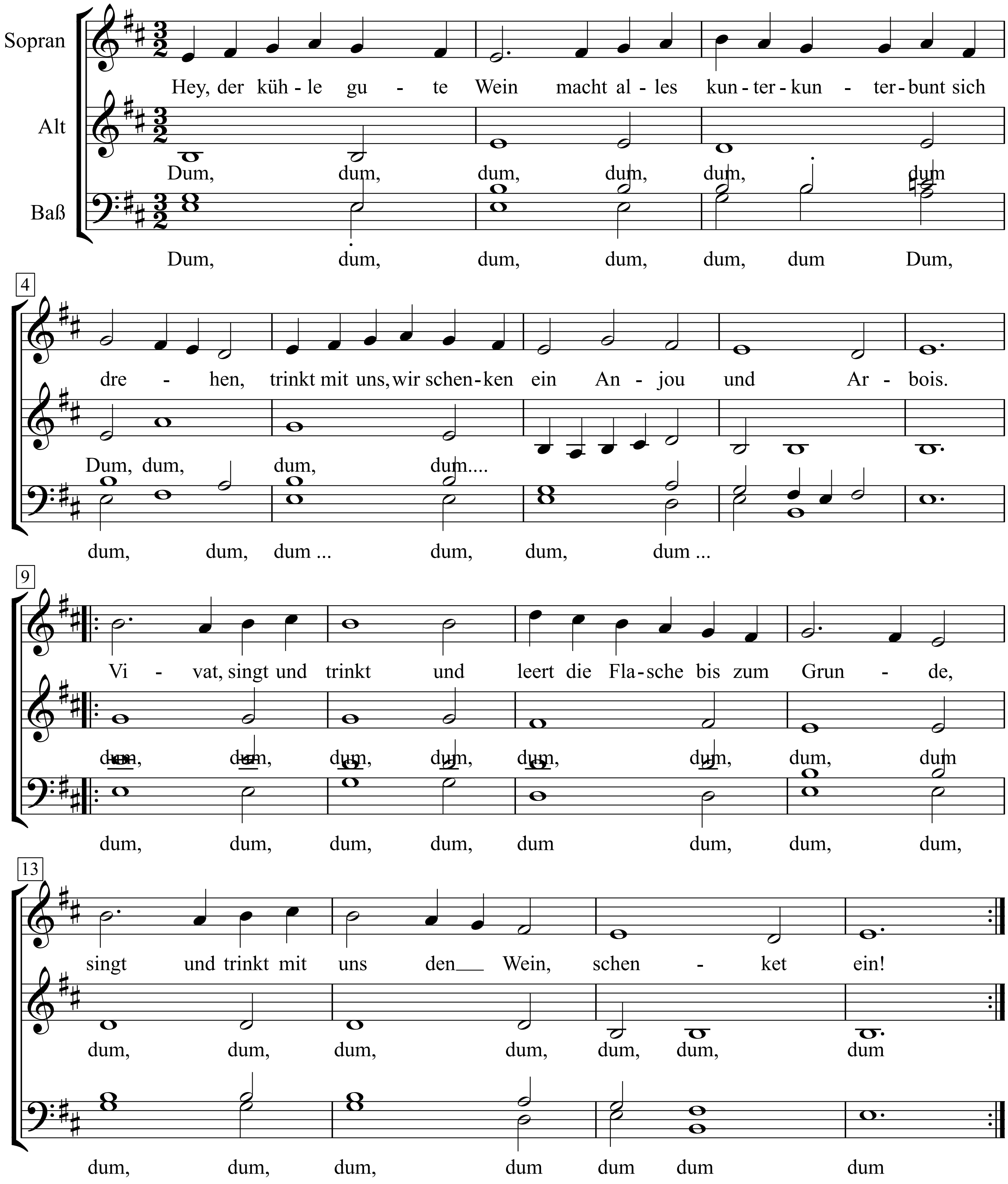

70
Am
C
has run dry. That's what's go - ing on.___ Noth
74
F
C
- ing's right, I'm torn.___ I'm___ all out of faith,___ this_
78
Dm
___ is how___ I feel.___ I'm cold and I___ am shamed
I'm___ a - shamed,
81
B♭
F
___ ly - ing na - ked on___ the floor.___ Il - lu -
___ bound and brok - en on___ the floor.___ You're


84
C
1.
- sion nev - er changed in - to some - thing real.
a lit - tle late, I'm
87
Dm
B♭
I'm wide a - wake and I can see the per -
90
2.
- fect sky is torn. al - read - y torn.
94
Torn.


98
Torn.
101
104
1.
107

Tourdion

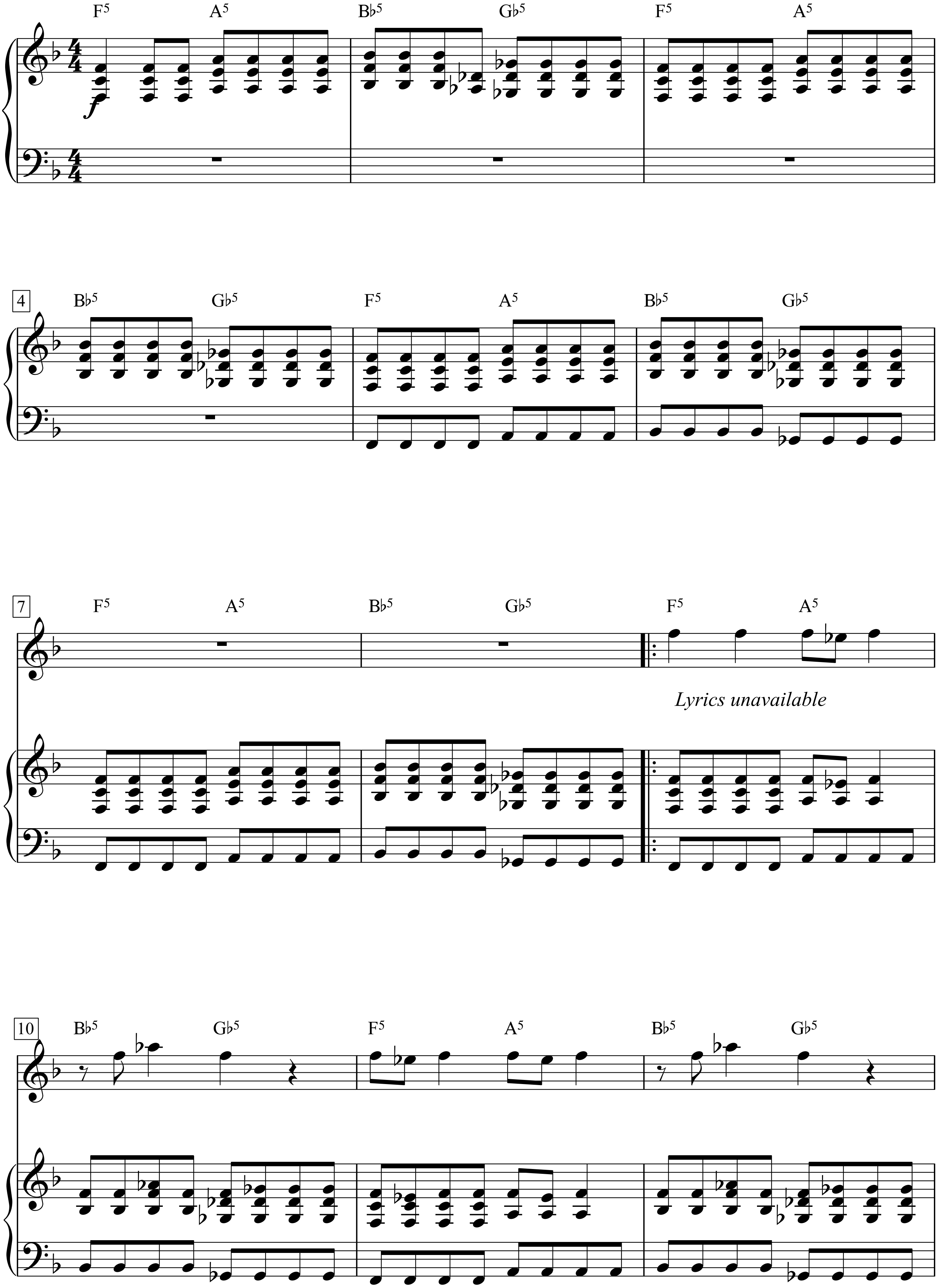
Pierre Attaingnant

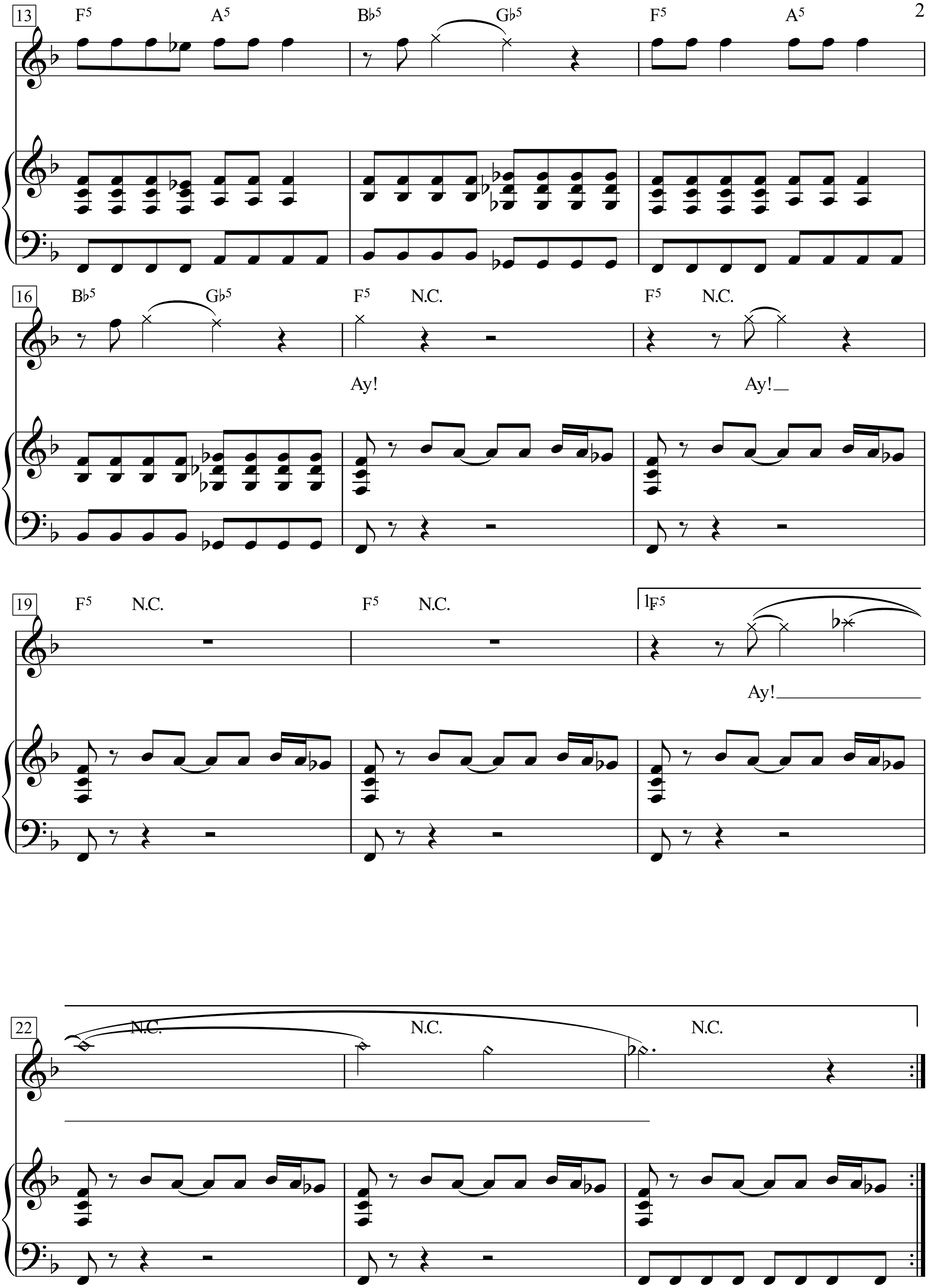


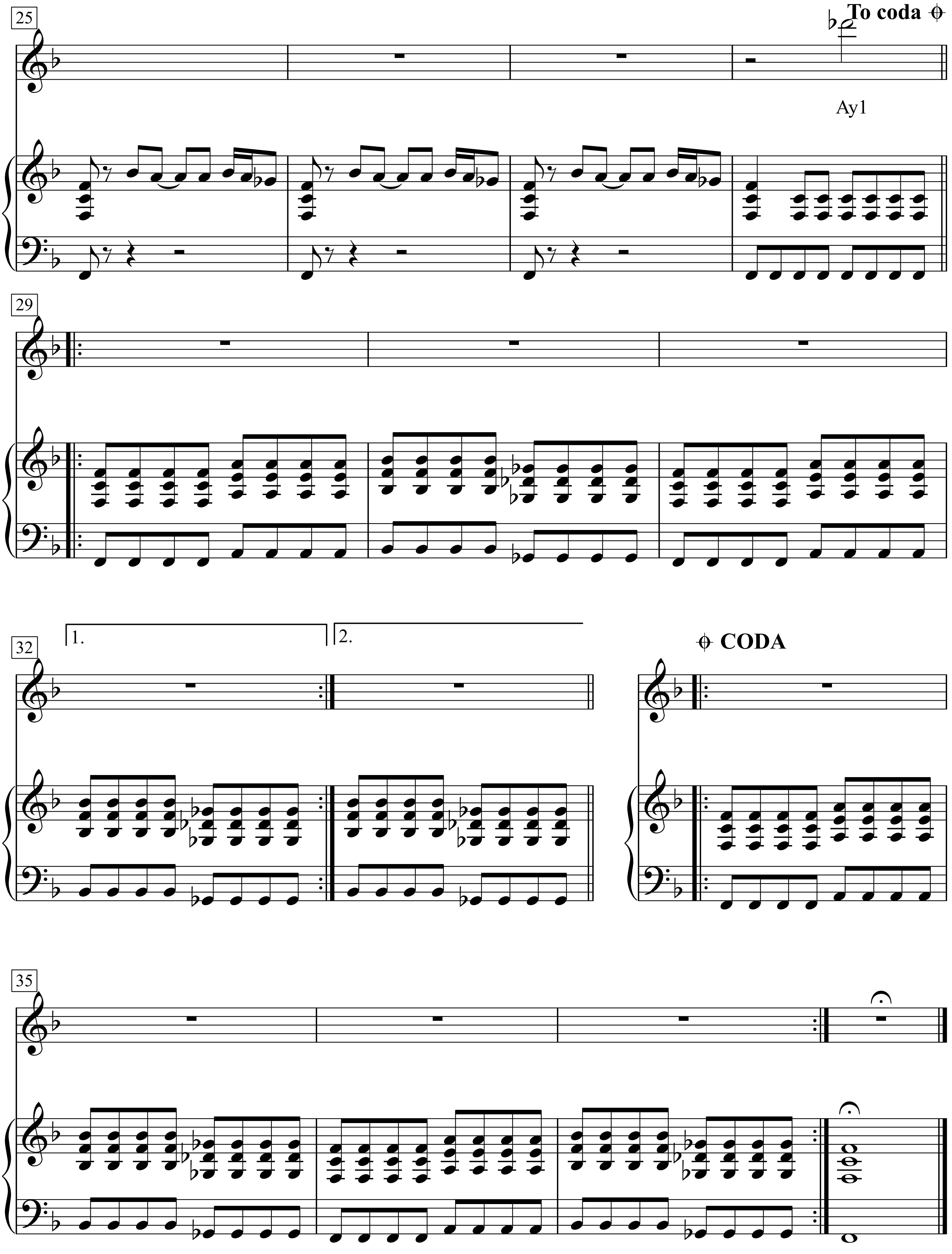
Tourette's

Words & Music by Kurt Cobain
(Nirvana)

Fast Rock




13
F5 A5 Bb5 Gb5 F5 A5
16
Bb5 Gb5 F5 N.C. F5 N.C.
Ay! Ay!
19
F5 N.C. F5 N.C. 1.F5
Ay!
22
N.C. N.C. N.C.


25
To coda
Ay1
29
32
1.
2.
CODA
35

Mayday every day, in my heart
Could've had a heart attack, in my heart
We don't know anything, in my heart
We all want something fair, in my heart
Hey!...

Out of town, out of sight, is my heart
Queen of lies, everyday, in my heart
One more at the phone, in my heart
One more at the door, at my heart
Hey!...

Mean heart, cold heart, cold heart, cold heart
Cold heart, cold heart, cold heart, cold heart

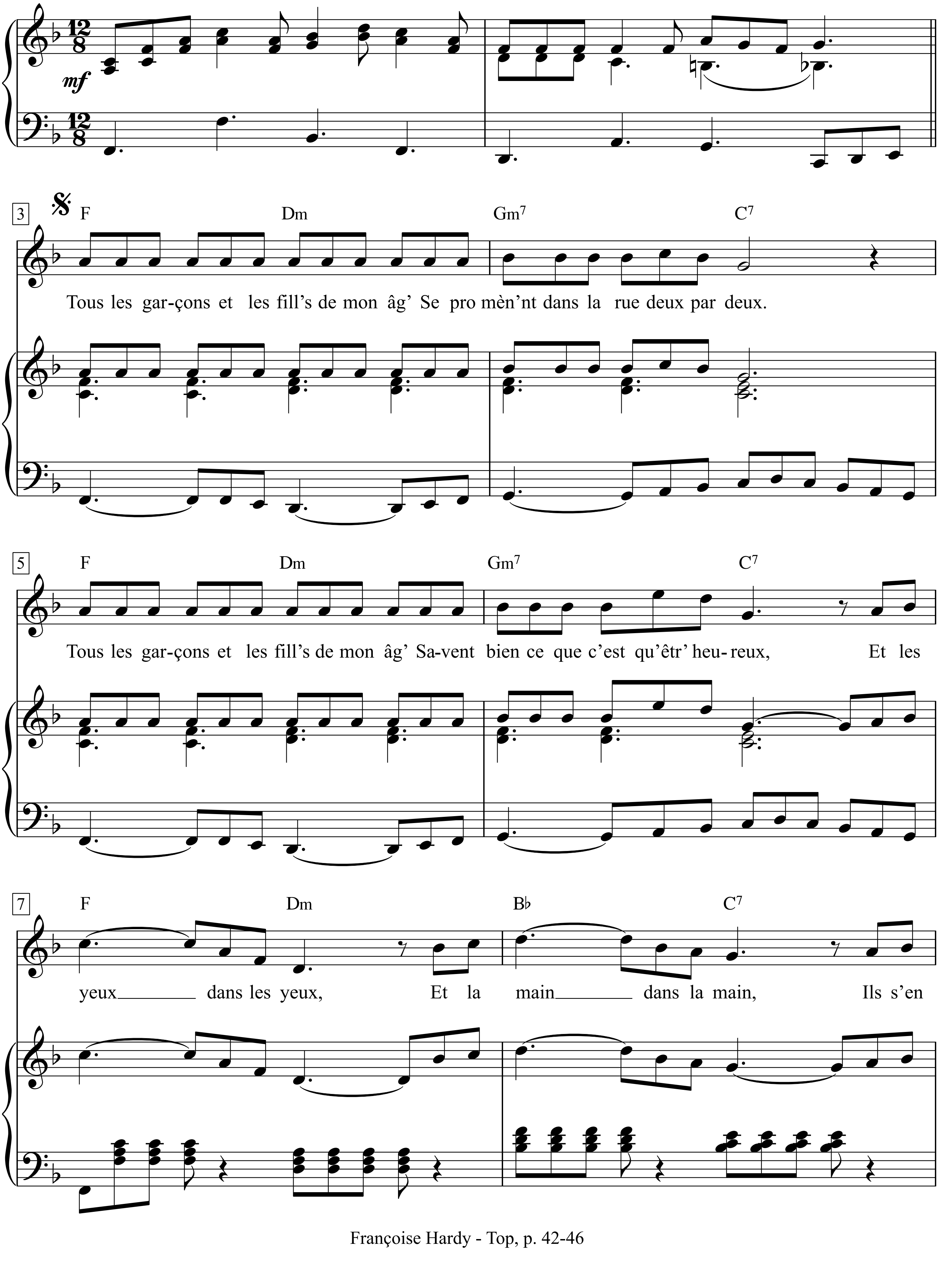
Only 92 seconds long, this is a mix of wailing vocals, overdriven guitars, and pulsating drum beats. The only completely understandable lyrics arrive at the end, with Kurt Cobain screaming, “Cold Heart.”
The song title refers to Tourette syndrome, a neurological disorder associated with tics like blinking, grimacing, sniffing and throat cleaning. In some cases, the tics can be inappropriate language; those cases are rare, but are often the focus of media attention.
Nirvana revealed this song to the public when they played it at the Reading Festival in Reading, England in 1992.The song was initially titled “The Eagles Has Landed.”

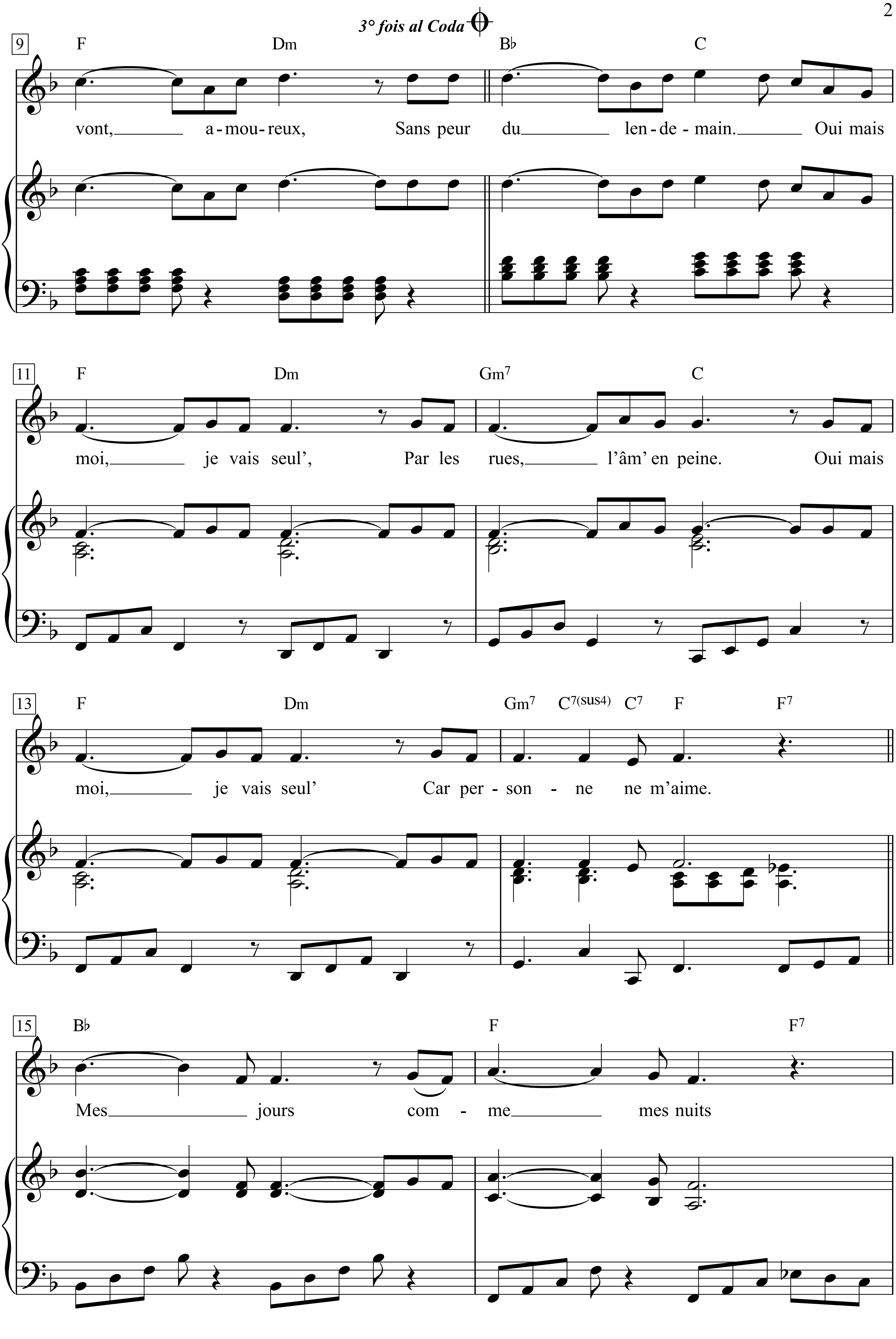
Tous les garçons et les filles

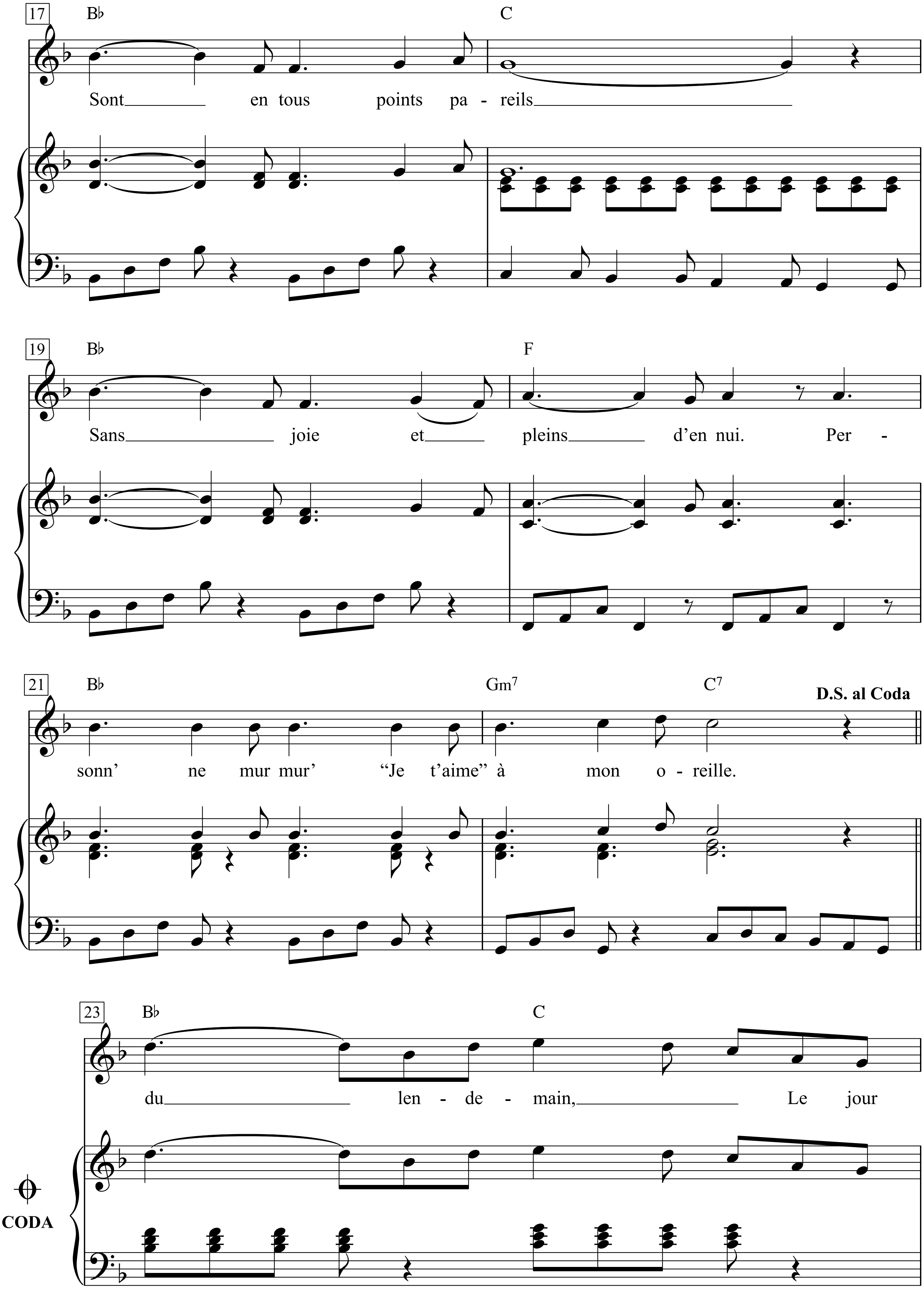
Paroles de
Françoise Hardy

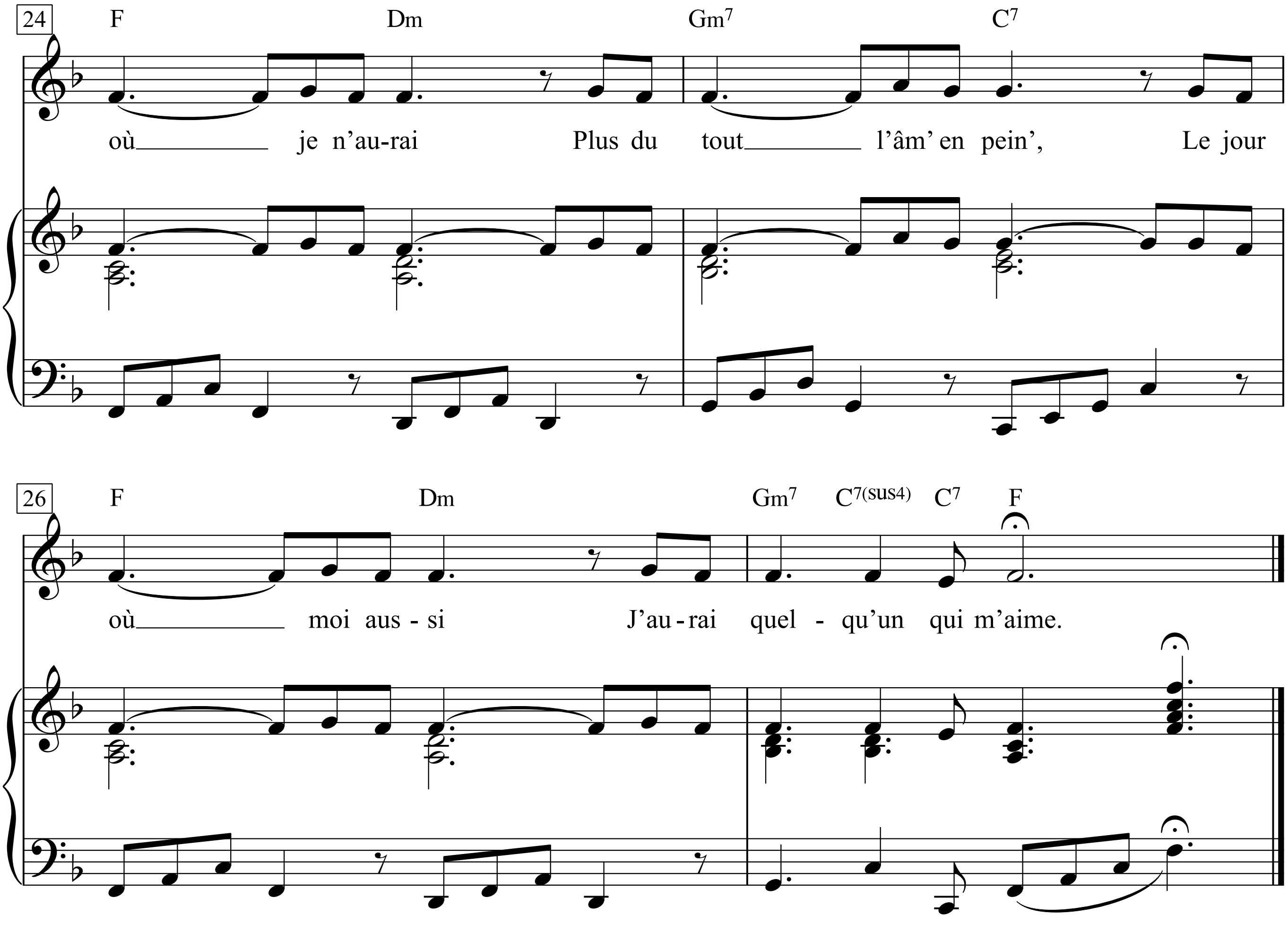
Musique de
Françoise Hardy & Roger Samyn
(Françoise Hardy)

T° di Slow-Rock ♩. = 70




3° fois al Coda
9
F Dm B♭ C
vont, a - mou - reux, Sans peur du len - de - main. Oui mais
11
F Dm Gm7 C
moi, je vais seul', Par les rues, l'âm' en peine. Oui mais
13
F Dm Gm7 C7(sus4) C7 F F7
moi, je vais seul' Car per - son - ne ne m'aime.
15
B♭ F F7
Mes jours com - me mes nuits


17 B♭ C
Sont en tous points pa - reils
19 B♭ F
Sans joie et pleins d'en nui. Per -
21 B♭ Gm7 C7 D.S. al Coda
sonn' ne mur mur' "Je t'aime" à mon o - reille.
23 B♭ C
du len - de - main, Le jour
CODA


24
F Dm Gm7 C7
où je n'au-rai Plus du tout l'âm' en pein', Le jour
26
F Dm Gm7 C7(sus4) C7 F
où moi aus - si J'au-rai quel - qu'un qui m'aime.

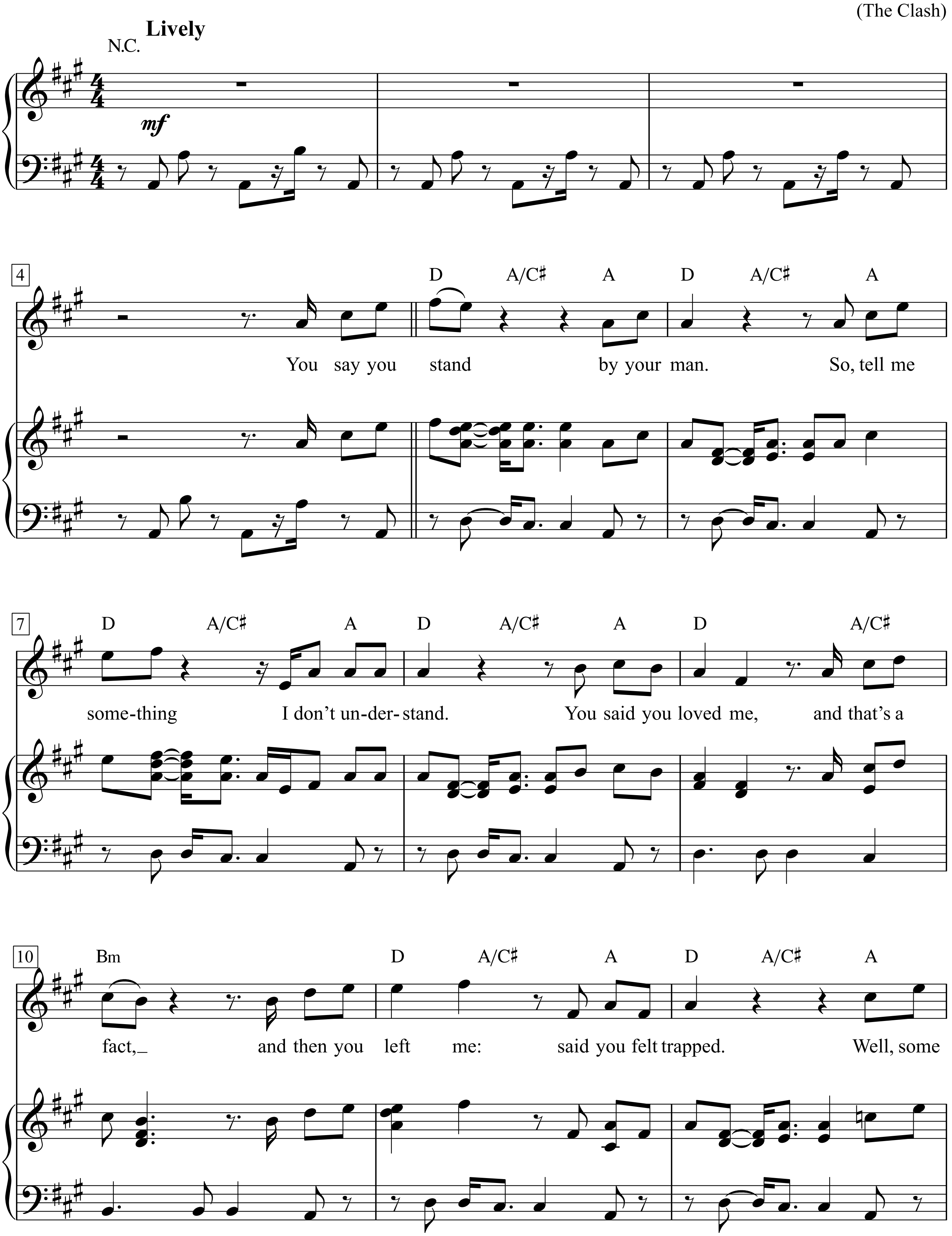
1. Tous les garçons et les filles de mon âge
Se promènent dans la rue deux par deux.
Tous les garçons et les filles de mon âge
Savent bien ce que c'est d'être heureux,
Et les yeux dans les yeux,
Et la main dans la main,
Ils s'en vont, amoureux,
Sans peur du lendemain.
Oui mais moi, je vais seule,
Par les rues, l'âme en peine.
Oui mais moi, je vais seule
Car personne ne m'aime.
Mes jours comme mes nuits
Sont en tous points pareils :
Sans joies et pleins d'ennuis.
Personne ne murmure "Je t'aime" à mon oreille.

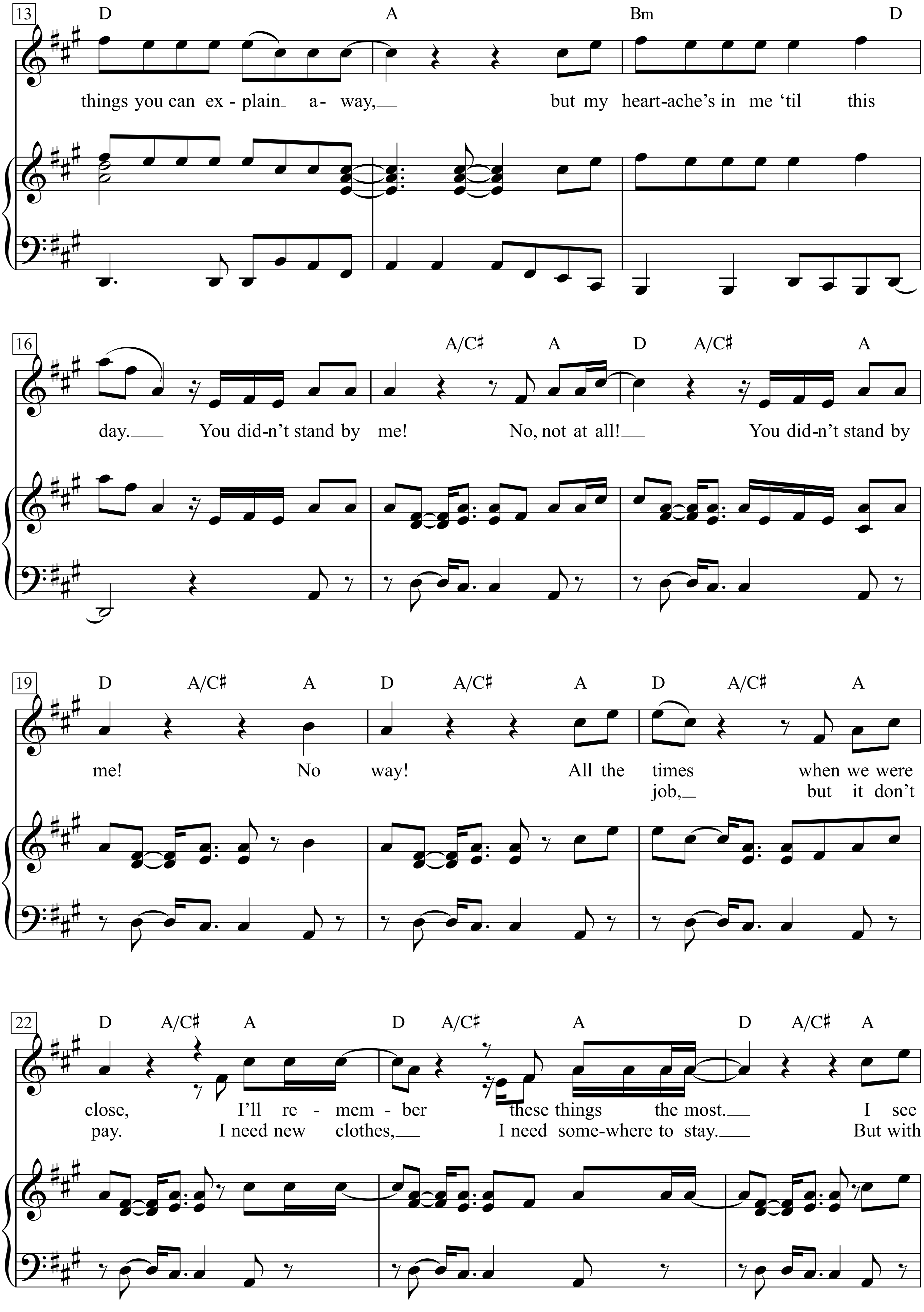
2. Tous les garçons et les filles de mon âge
Font ensemble des projets d'avenir.
Tous les garçons et les filles de mon âge
Savent bien ce qu'aimer veut dire.
Et les yeux dans les yeux,
Et la main dans la main,
Ils s'en vont, amoureux,
Sans peur du lendemain.
Oui mais moi, je vais seule,
Par les rues, l'âme en peine.
Oui mais moi, je vais seule
Car personne ne m'aime.
Mes jours comme mes nuits
Sont en tous points pareils :
Sans joies et pleins d'ennuis.
Oh, quand donc, pour moi, brillera le soleil?

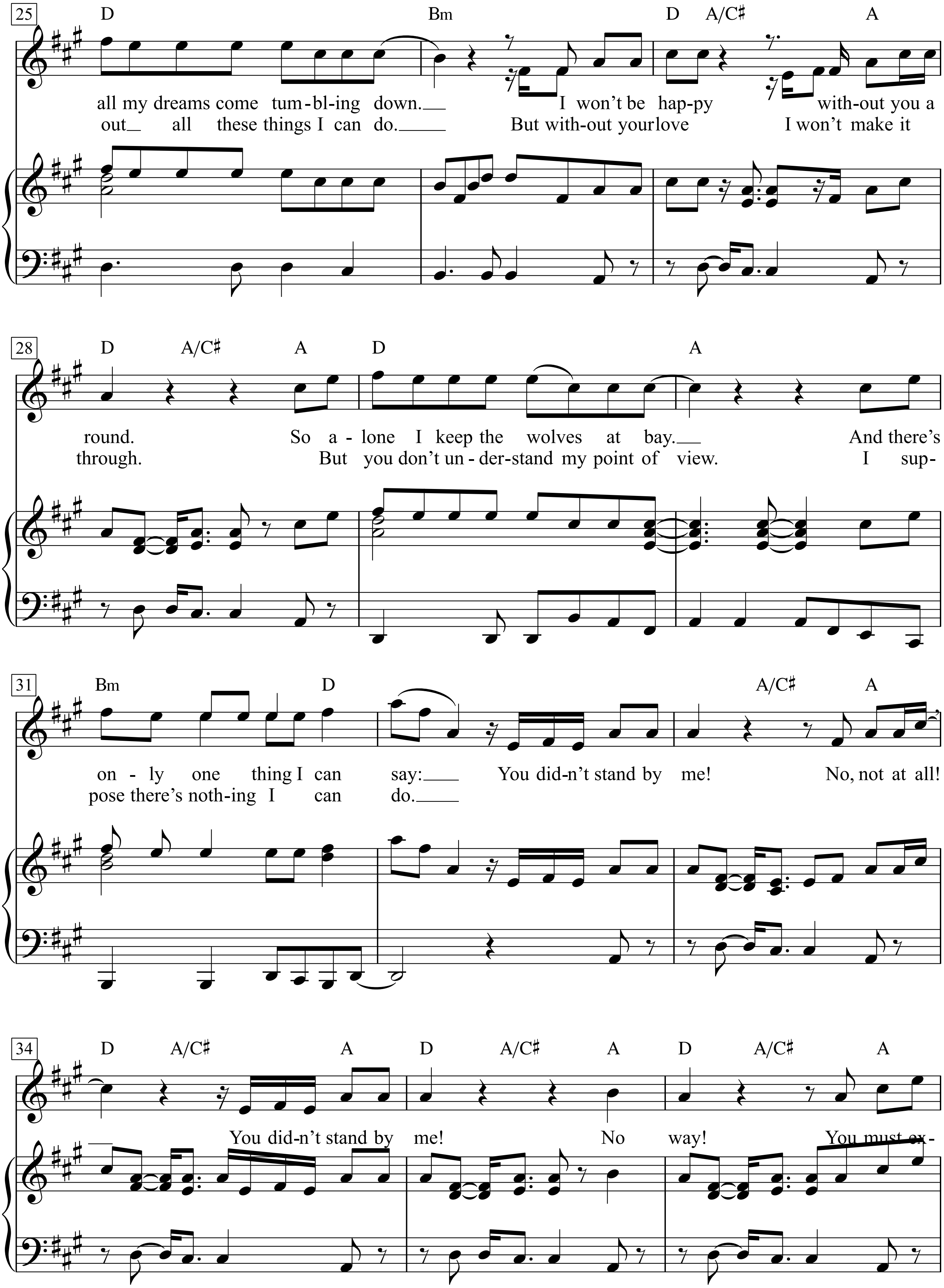
3. Comme les garçons et les filles de mon âge,
J'connaîtrai bientôt ce qu'est l'amour.
Comme les garçons et les filles de mon âge,
Je me demande quand viendra le jour
Où mes yeux dans ses yeux,
Où la main dans sa main
J'aurai le cœur heureux,
Sans peur du lendemain,
Le jour où je n'aurai
Plus du tout l'âme en peine,
Le jour où moi aussi
J'aurai quelqu'un qui m'aime.

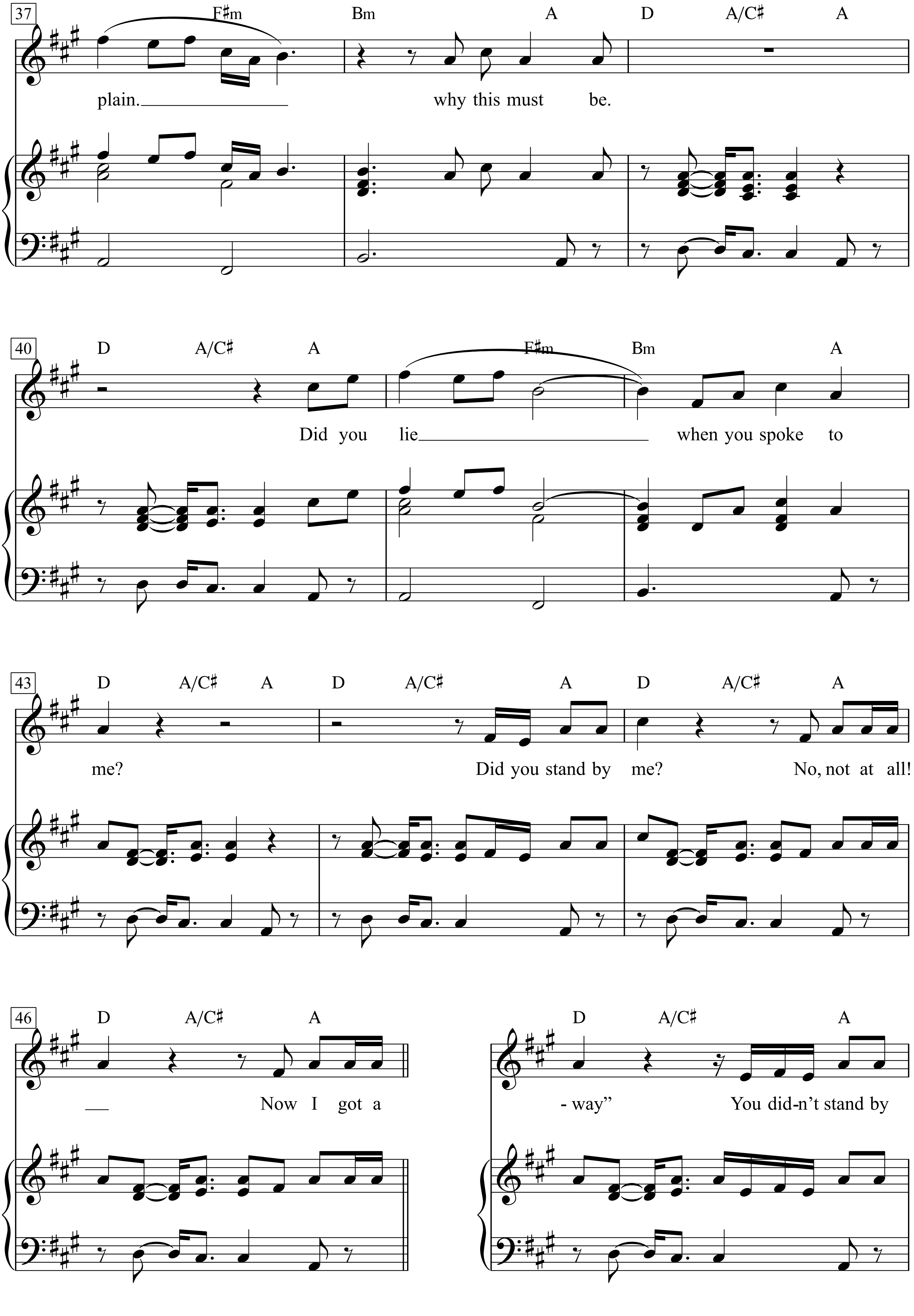
Train in Vain

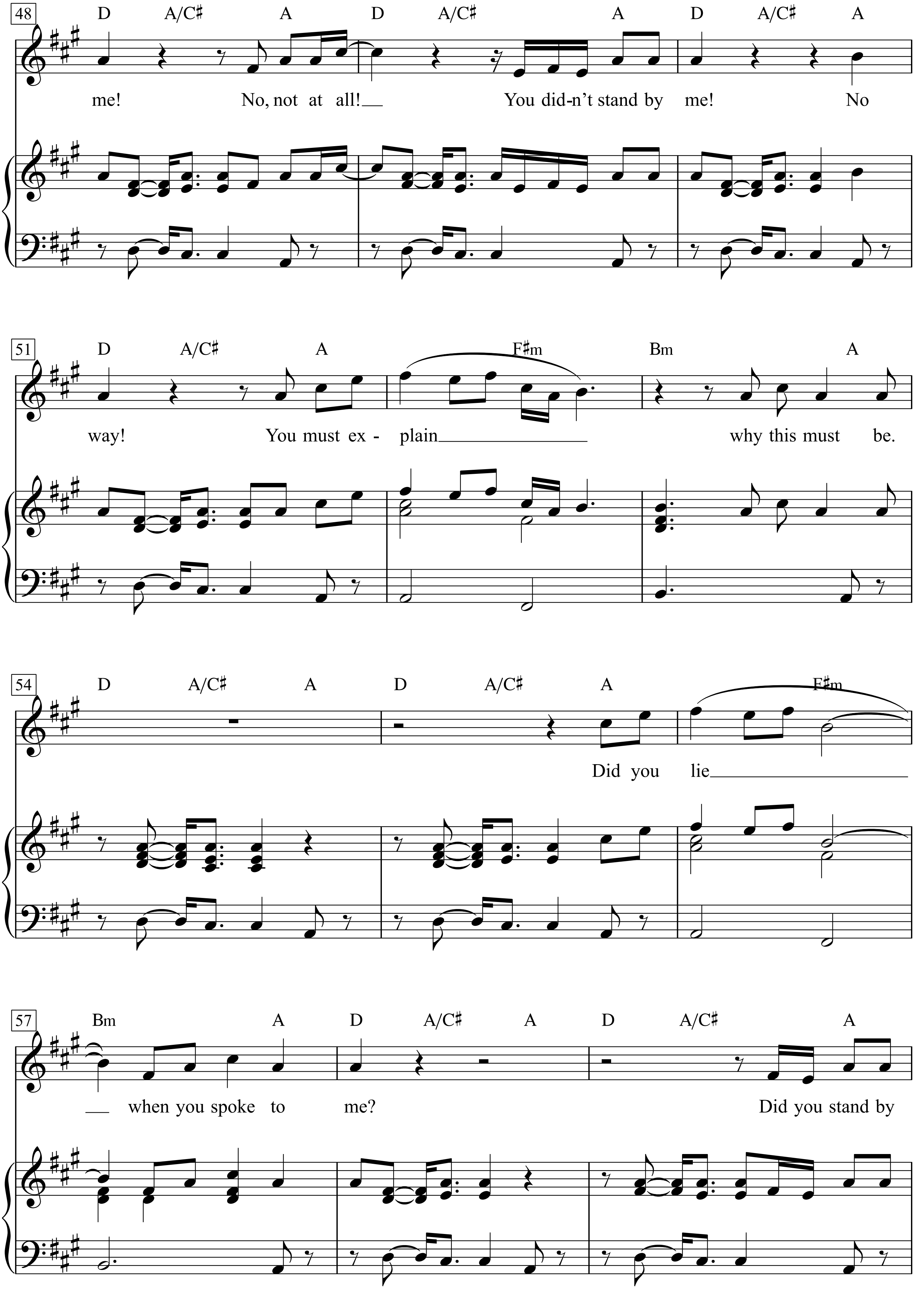
Words & Music by
Mick Jones and Joe Strummer
(The Clash)

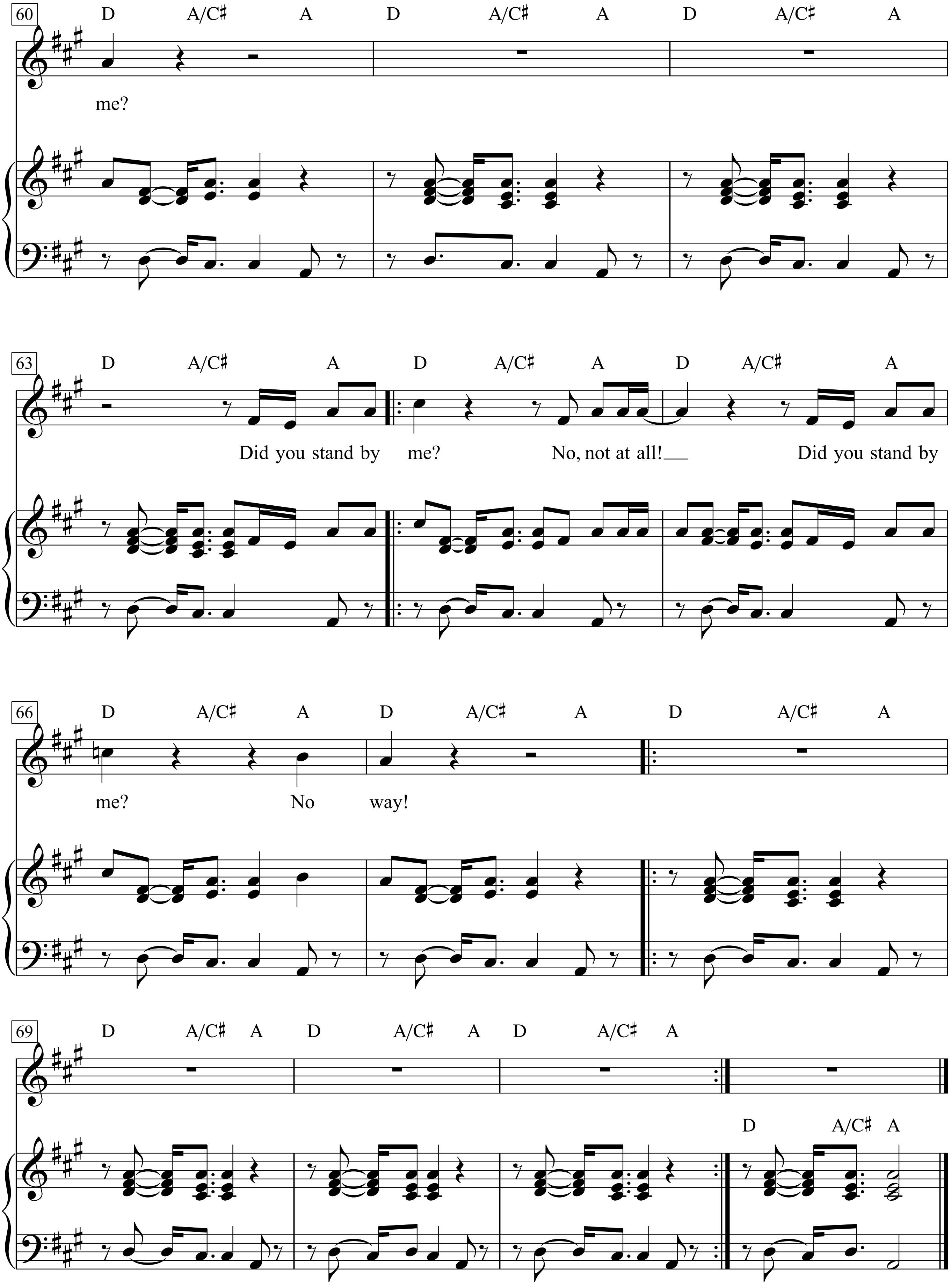



13
D A Bm D
things you can ex - plain a- way, but my heart-ache's in me 'til this
16
A/C♯ A D A/C♯ A
day. You did-n't stand by me! No, not at all! You did-n't stand by
19
D A/C♯ A D A/C♯ A D A/C♯ A
me! No way! All the times when we were
job, but it don't
22
D A/C♯ A D A/C♯ A D A/C♯ A
close, I'll re - mem - ber these things the most. I see
pay. I need new clothes, I need some-where to stay. But with


25
D
Bm
D A/C♯
A
all my dreams come tum-bl-ing down.
I won't be hap-py
with-out you a
out all these things I can do.
But with-out your love
I won't make it
28
D A/C♯
A
D
A
round.
So a - lone I keep the wolves at bay.
And there's
through.
But you don't un - der-stand my point of view.
I sup-
31
Bm
D
A/C♯
A
on - ly one thing I can say:
You did-n't stand by me!
No, not at all!
pose there's noth-ing I can do.
34
D A/C♯
A
D A/C♯
A
D A/C♯
A
You did-n't stand by me!
No way!
You must ex-


37
F♯m Bm A D A/C♯ A
plain. why this must be.
40
D A/C♯ A F♯m Bm A
Did you lie when you spoke to
43
D A/C♯ A D A/C♯ A D A/C♯ A
me? Did you stand by me? No, not at all!
46
D A/C♯ A
Now I got a
D A/C♯ A
- way" You did-n't stand by

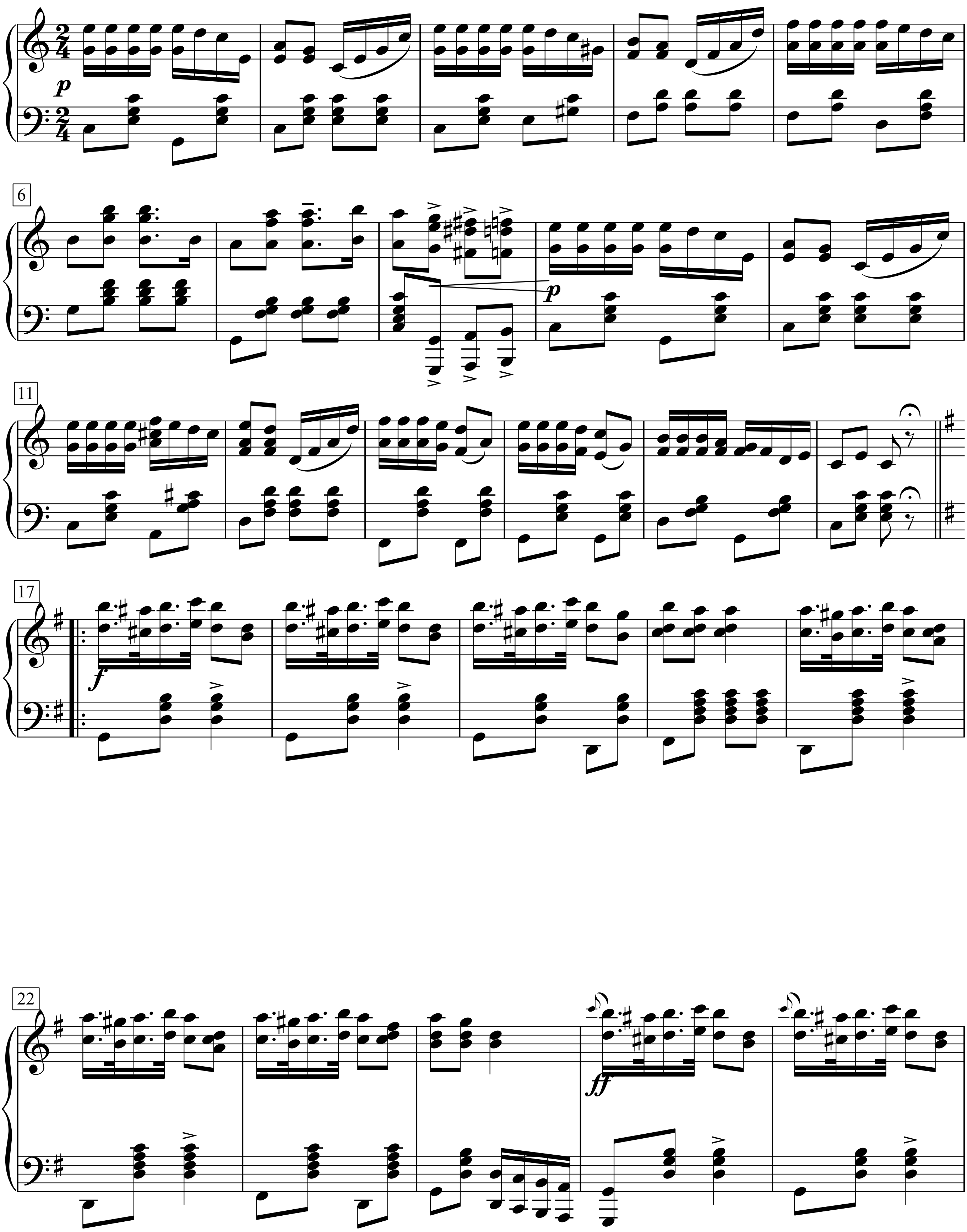

48
D A/C♯ A D A/C♯ A D A/C♯ A
me! No, not at all! You did-n't stand by me! No
51
D A/C♯ A F♯m Bm A
way! You must ex - plain why this must be.
54
D A/C♯ A D A/C♯ A F♯m
Did you lie
57
Bm A D A/C♯ A D A/C♯ A
when you spoke to me? Did you stand by

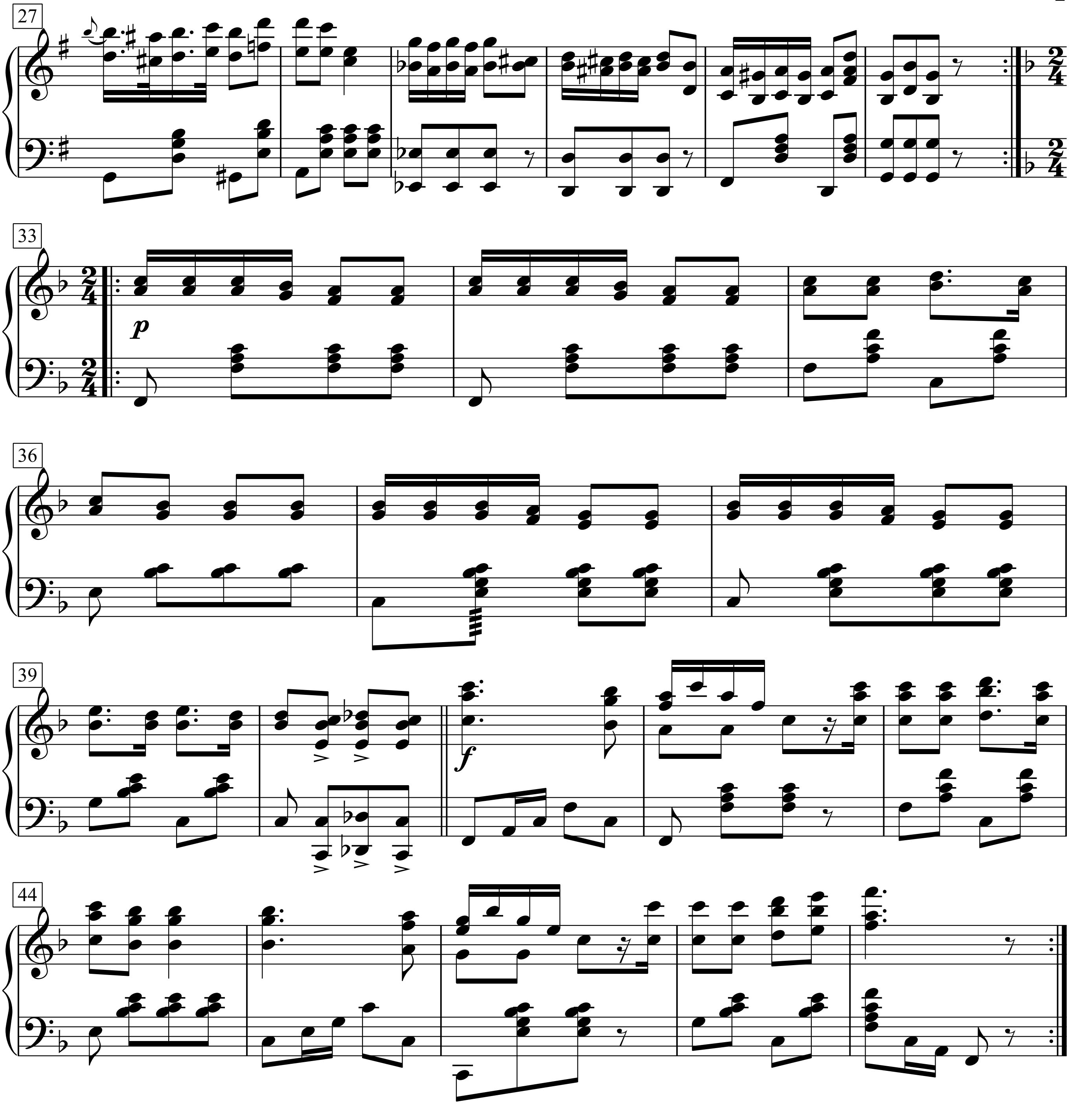

60
D A/C♯ A D A/C♯ A D A/C♯ A
me?
63
D A/C♯ A D A/C♯ A D A/C♯ A
Did you stand by me? No, not at all! Did you stand by
66
D A/C♯ A D A/C♯ A D A/C♯ A
me? No way!
69
D A/C♯ A D A/C♯ A D A/C♯ A
D A/C♯ A

Trink'n wir noch ein Tröpfchen

(O Susanna, wie ist sas Leben doch so schön!)

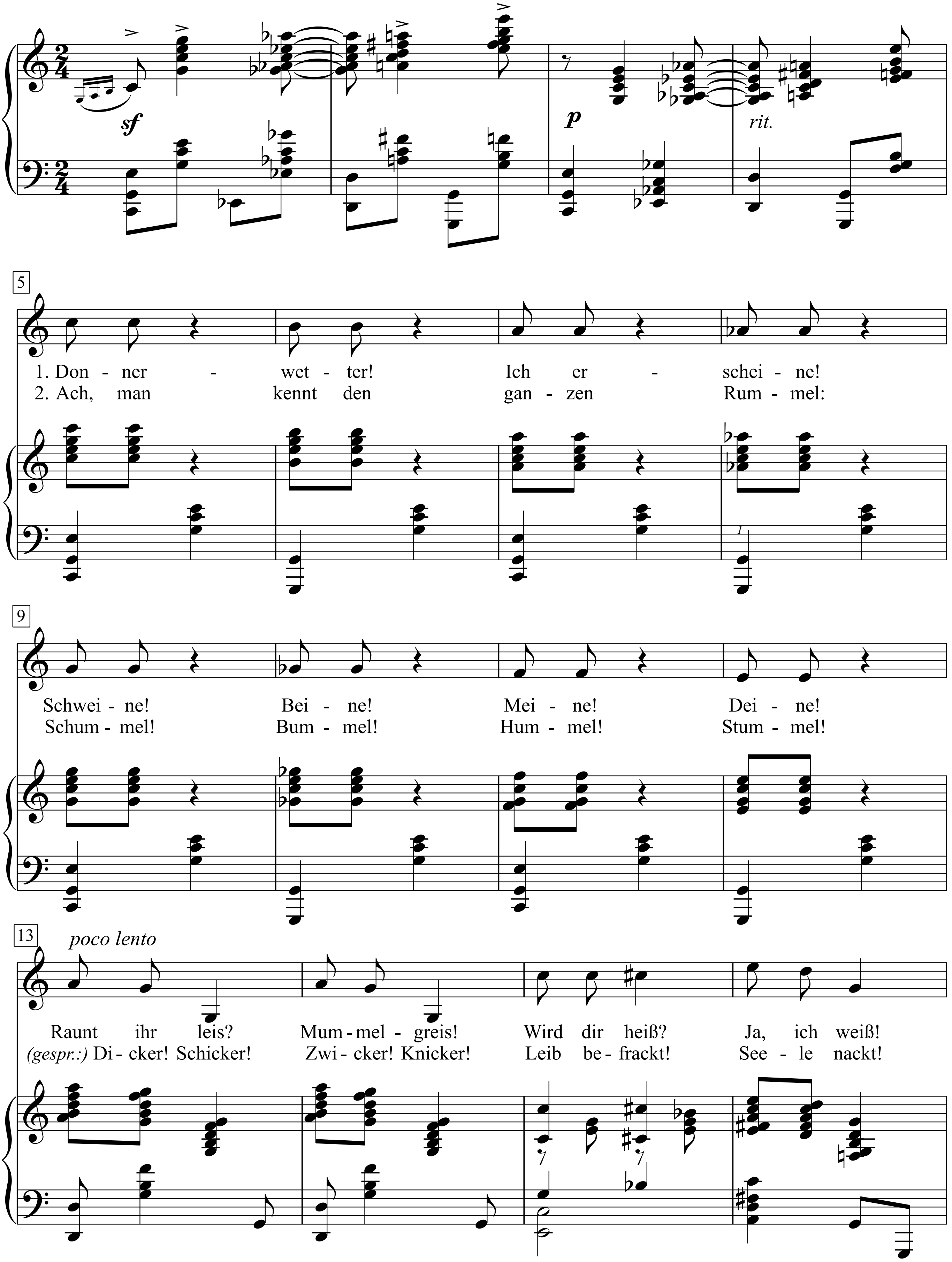
Wilhelm Hinsch

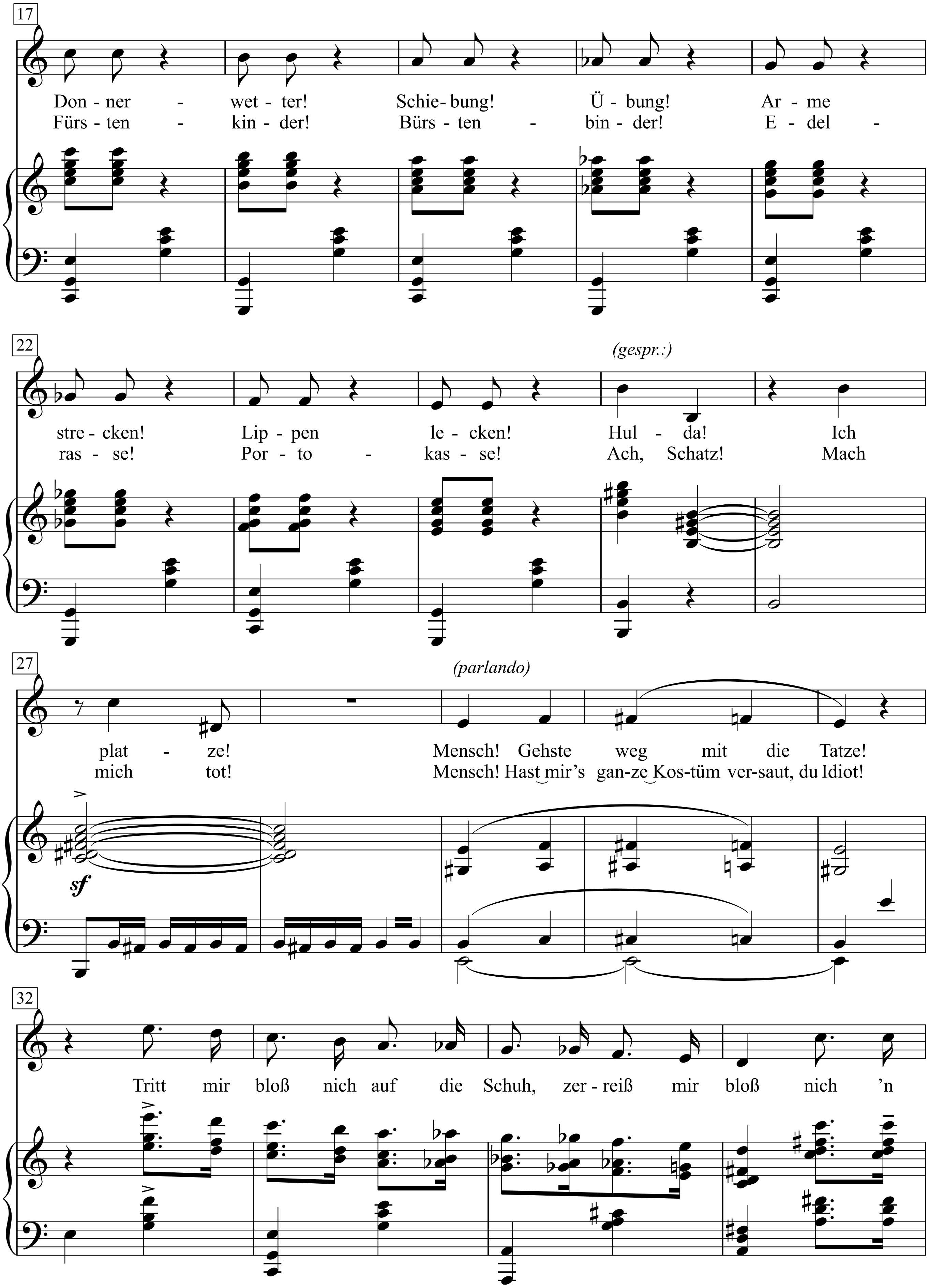


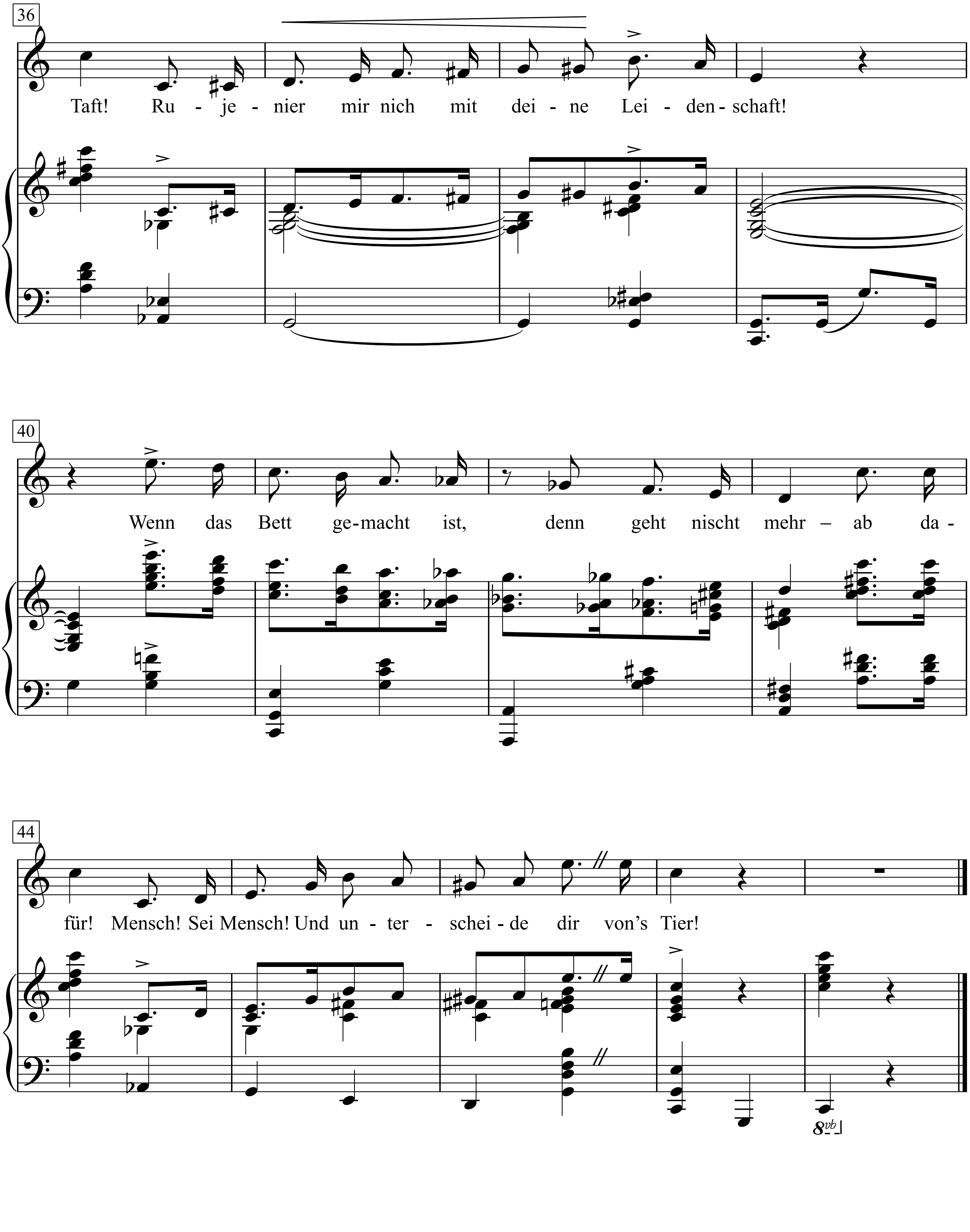

27
33
36
39
44

Tritt mir bloß nich auf die Schuh

Text & Musik: Friedrich Hollaender.




17
Don - ner - wet - ter! Schie - bung! Ü - bung! Ar - me
Fürs - ten - kin - der! Bürs - ten - bin - der! E - del -
22
(gespr.:)
stre - cken! Lip - pen le - cken! Hul - da! Ich
ras - se! Por - to - kas - se! Ach, Schatz! Mach
27
(parlando)
plat - ze! Mensch! Gehste weg mit die Tatze!
mich tot! Mensch! Hast mir's gan-ze Kos-tüm ver-saut, du Idiot!
sf
32
Tritt mir bloß nich auf die Schuh, zer - reiß mir bloß nich 'n


36
Taft! Ru - je - nier mir nich mit dei - ne Lei - den - schaft!
40
Wenn das Bett ge-macht ist, denn geht nischt mehr – ab da -
44
für! Mensch! Sei Mensch! Und un - ter - schei - de dir von's Tier!
8vb

1. Donnerwetter! Ich erscheine!
Schweine! Beine! Meine! Deine!
Raunt ihr leis?
Mummelgreis!
Wird dir heiß?
Ja, ich weiß!
Donnerwetter! Schiebung! Übung!
Arme strecken! Lippen lecken!
Hulda! Ich platze!
Mensch! Gehste weg mit die Tatze!

Refrain:
Tritt mir bloß nich auf die Schuh,
Zerreiß mir bloß nich'n Taft!
Rujenier mir nich mit deine Leidenschaft!
Wenn das Bett gemacht ist, denn geht nischt mehr – ab dafür!
Mensch! Sei Mensch!
Und unterscheide dir vons Tier!

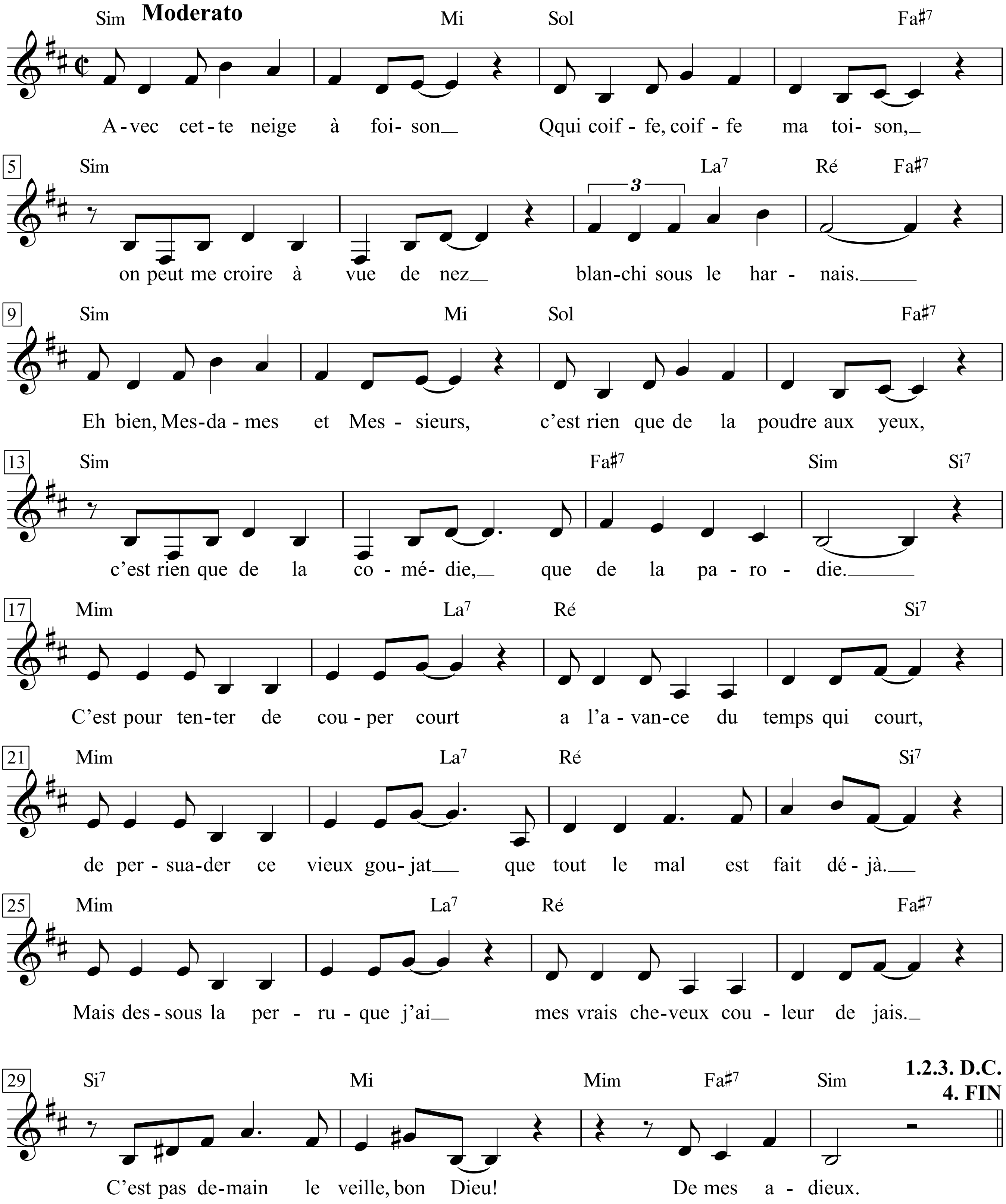
2. Ach, man kennt den ganzen Rummel:
Schummel! Bummel! Hummel! Stummel!
Dicker! Schicker!
Zwicker! Knicker!
Leib befrackt!
Seele nackt!
Fürstenkinder! Bürstenbinder!
Edelrasse! Portokasse!
Ach, Schatz! Mach mich tot!
Mensch! Hast mir's ganze Kostüm versaut, du Idiot!

Refrain:
Tritt mir bloß nich auf die Schuh,
Zerreiß mir bloß nich'n Taft!
Rujenier mir nich mit deine Leidenschaft!
Wenn das Bett gemacht ist, denn geht nischt mehr ab dafür!
Mensch! Sei Mensch!
Und unterscheide dir von's Tier!

Trompe la mort

(Fopp den Tod)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Avec cette neige à foison
Qui coiffe, coiffe ma toison,
On peut me croire à vue de nez
Blanchi sous le harnais.
Eh bien, Mesdames et Messieurs,
C'est rien que de la poudre aux yeux,
C'est rien que de la comédie,
Que de la parodie.
C'est pour tenter de couper court
A l'avance du temps qui court,
De persuader ce vieux goujat
Que tout le mal est fait déjà.
Mais dessous la perruque j'ai
Mes vrais cheveux couleur de jais.
C'est pas demain le veille, bon Dieu!
De mes adieux.

2. Et si j'ai l'air moins guilleret,
Moins solide sur mes jarrets,
Si je chemine avec lenteur
D'un train de sénateur,
N'allez pas dire » Il est perclus«
N'allez pas dire »Il n'en peut plus«.
C'est rien que de la comédie,
Que de la parodie.
Histoire d'endormir le temps,
Calculateur impénitent,
De tout brouiller, tout embrouiller
Dans le fatidique sablier.
En fait, à l'envers du décor,
Comme à vingt ans, je trotte encore.
C'est pas demain la veille, bon Dieu!
De mes adieux.

3. Et si mon cœur bat moins souvent
Et moins vite qu'auparavant,
Si je chasse avec moins de zèle
Les gentes demoiselles,
Pensez pas que je sois blasé
De leurs caresses, leurs baisers,
C'est rien que de la comédie,
Que de la parodie.
Pour convaincre le temps berné
Qu'mes fêtes galantes sont terminées,
Que je me retire en coulisse,
Que je n'entrerai plus en lice.
Mais je reste un sacré gaillard
Toujours actif, toujours paillard.
C'est pas demain la veille, bon Dieu!
De mes adieux.

4. Et si jamais au cimetière,
Un de ces quatre, on porte en terre,
Me ressemblant à s'y tromper,
Un genre de macchabée,
N'allez pas noyer le souffleur
En lâchant la bonde à vos pleurs,
Ce sera rien que comédie
Rien que fausse sortie.
Et puis, coup de théâtre, quand
Le temps aura levé le camp,
Estimant que la farce est jouée,
Moi tout heureux, tout enjoué,
J' m'exhumerai du caveau
Pour saluer sous les bravos.
C'est pas demain la veille, bon Dieu!
De mes adieux.

1. Bei dieser Menge Schnee,
die mein Vlies bedeckt,
könnte man mich auf den ersten Blick
für unterm Harnisch erblasst halten.
Nun denn, Mesdames et Messieurs,
das ist nichts als Sand für die Augen,
nichts als Komödie,
nichts als Parodie.
Es ist der Versuch, der vorauseilenden
Zeit den Weg abzuschneiden,
die alte Schlunze zu überzeugen,
dass alles Unheil schon geschehen ist.
Aber unter der Perücke hab ich
meine echten Haare, jettschwarz.
Morgen ist bei Gott noch nicht der Vorabend
für mein Lebewohl.

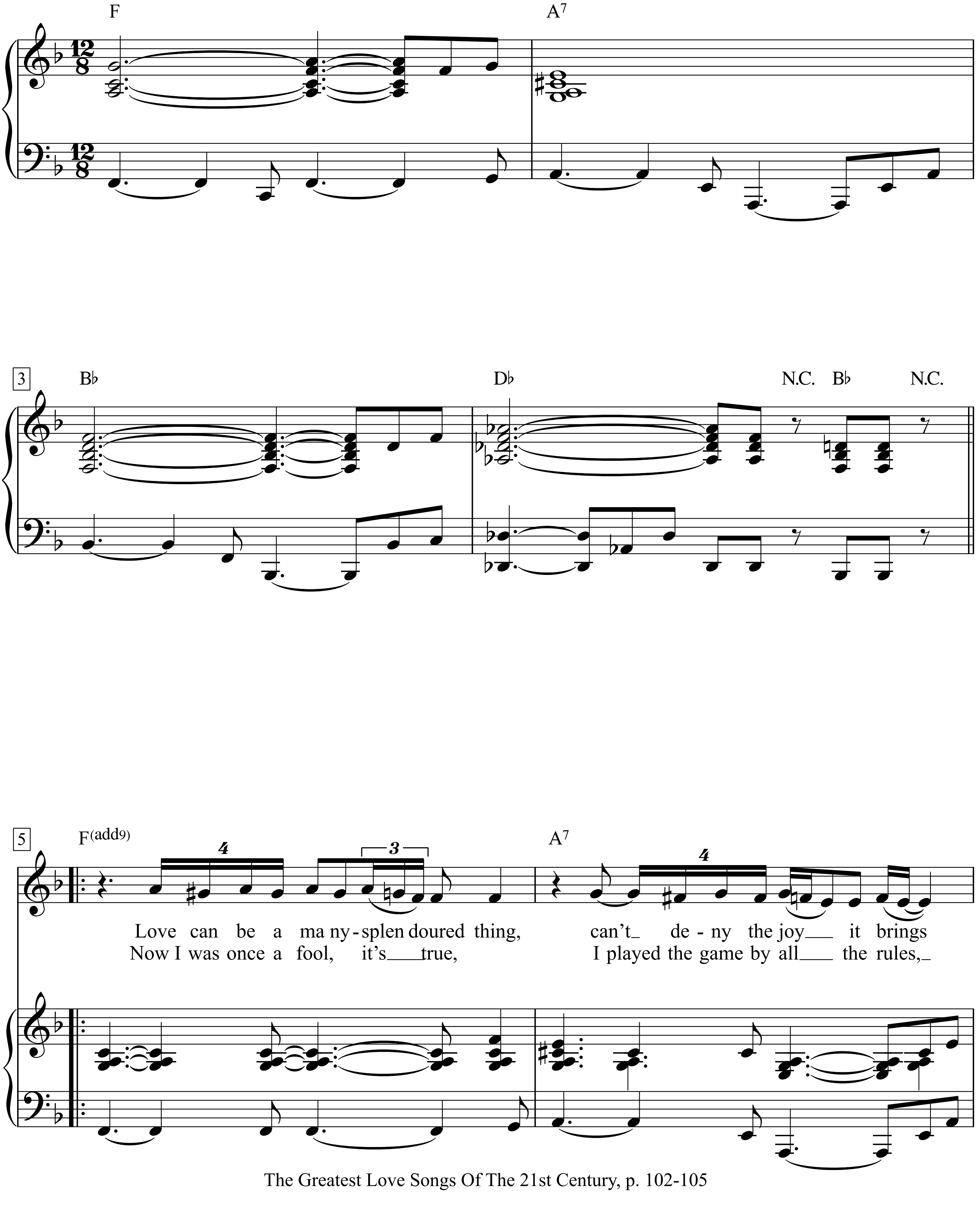
2. Und wenn ich weniger aufgekratzt wirke,
ein bisschen wacklig auf den Haxen,
wenn ich gemächlich schreite
wie ein Senatorenzug,
sagt deshalb nicht: »Er ist lahm und zitterig«,
sagt deshalb nicht: »Er macht schlapp«,
das ist nichts als Komödie,
nichts als Parodie.
Das ist, um die Zeit einzulullen
(ich verstockter Intrigant),
alles zu verwirren und zu verwickeln
in der schicksalhaften Sanduhr.
In Wahrheit, hinter den Kulissen,
trabe ich noch wie mit zwanzig.
Morgen ist bei Gott noch nicht der Vorabend
für mein Lebewohl.

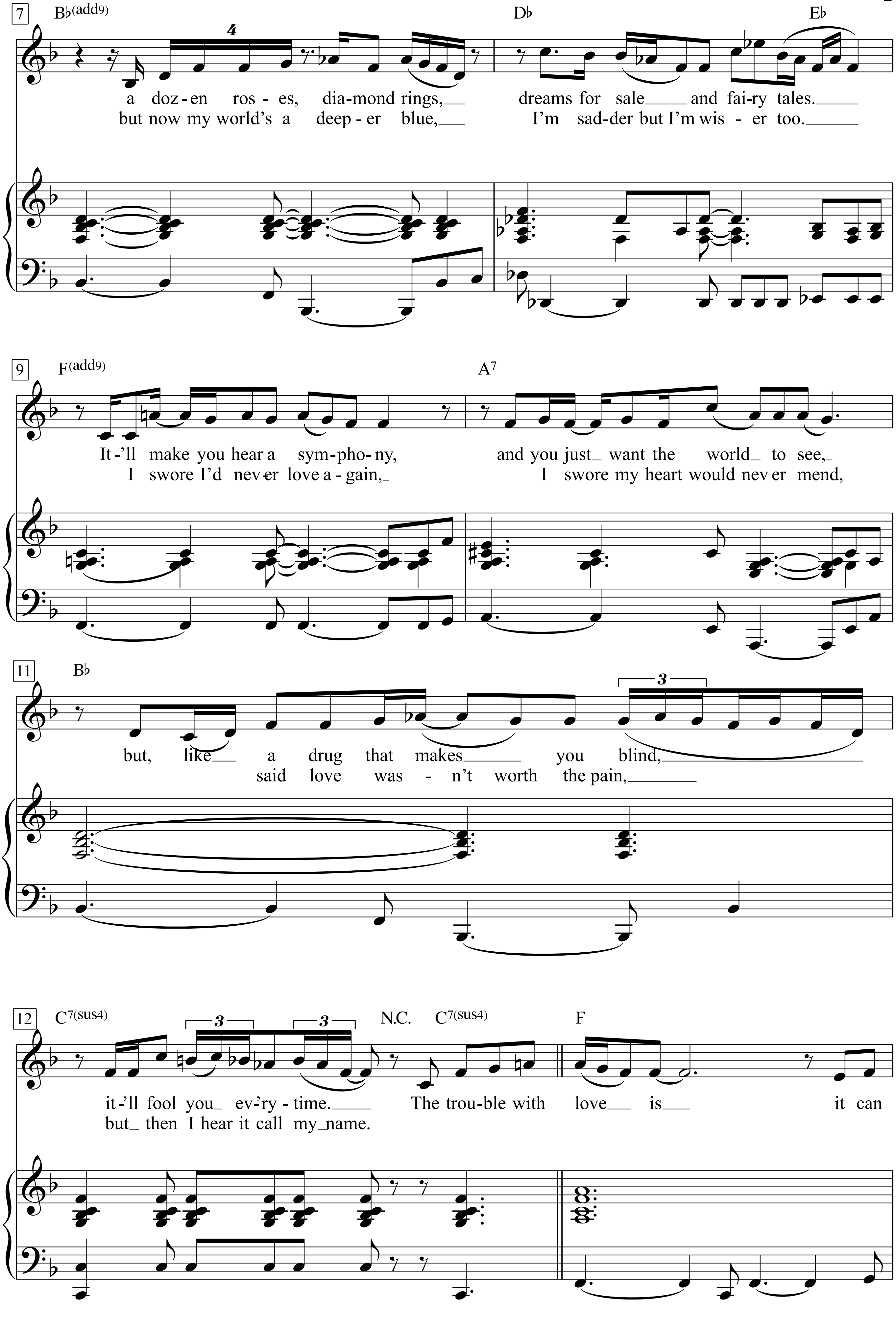
3. Und wenn mein Herz seltener pocht
und langsamer als zuvor,
wenn ich weniger eifrig jage
die netten jungen Damen,
glaubt nicht, ich sei blasiert
gegenüber Liebkosungen und Küssen,
das ist nichts als Komödie,
nichts als Parodie.
Um die gefoppte Zeit zu überzeugen,
dass meine galanten Feste vorbei sind,
dass ich von der Bühne abtrete,
nicht mehr in die Arena gehe.
Aber ich bleib standhaft stramm,
immer aktiv, immer dabei.
Morgen ist bei Gott noch nicht der Vorabend
für mein Lebewohl.

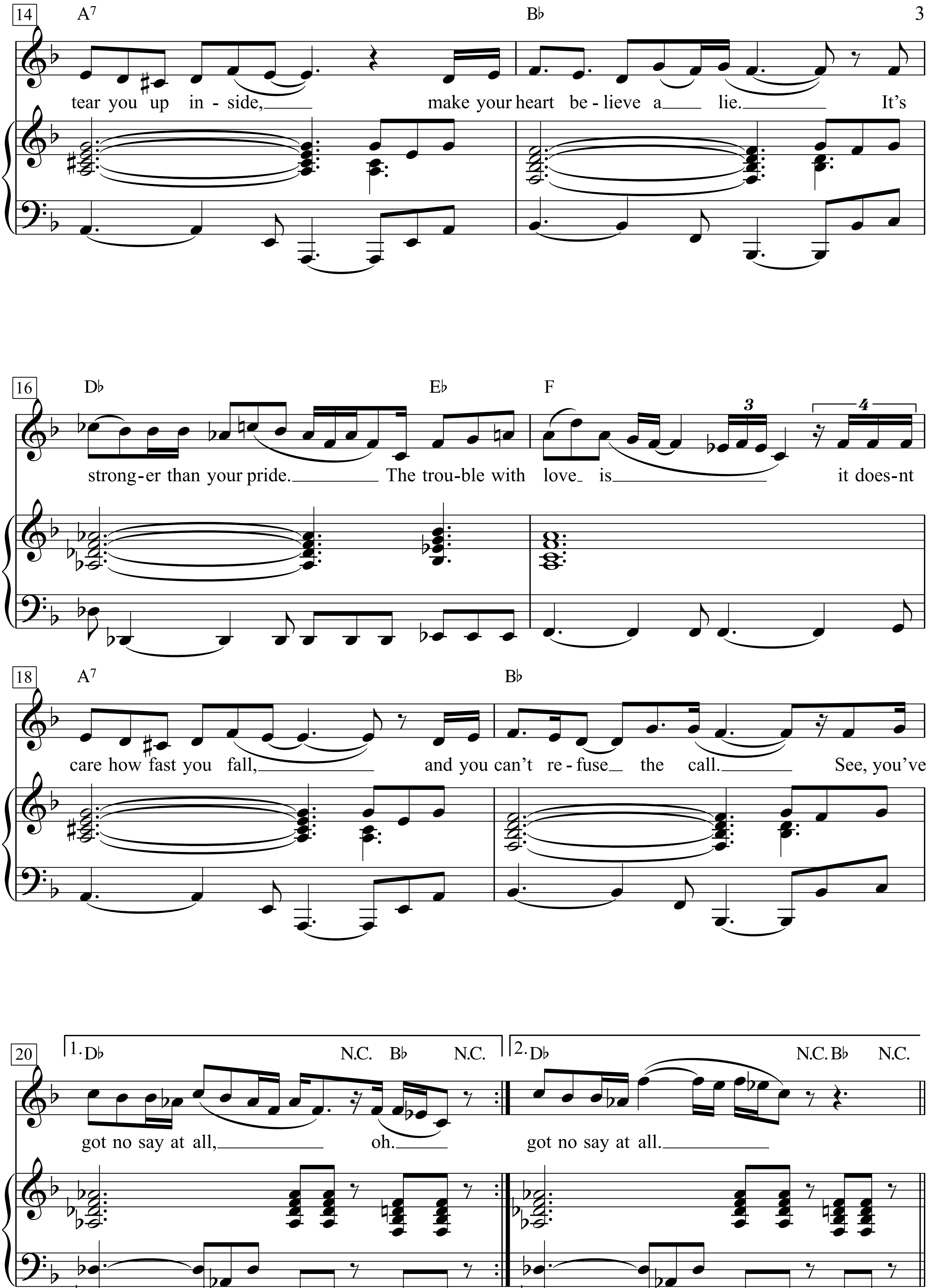
4. Und wenn irgendwann einmal
auf dem Friedhof in die Erde gesenkt wird
eine Art Leiche, die mir
täuschend ähnlich sieht,
ertränkt nicht den Souffleur,
indem ihr eure Tränen schießen lasst,
das wird nichts sein als Komödie,
nichts als ein Scheinabgang.
Und dann der Knalleffekt, wenn
die Zeit das Feld geräumt hat
in der Meinung, die Farce sei vorbei,
werd ich ganz munter, ganz fröhlich
mich aus der Grube recken
und die Bravos mit Gruß entgegennehmen.
Morgen ist bei Gott noch nicht der Vorabend
für mein Lebewohl.

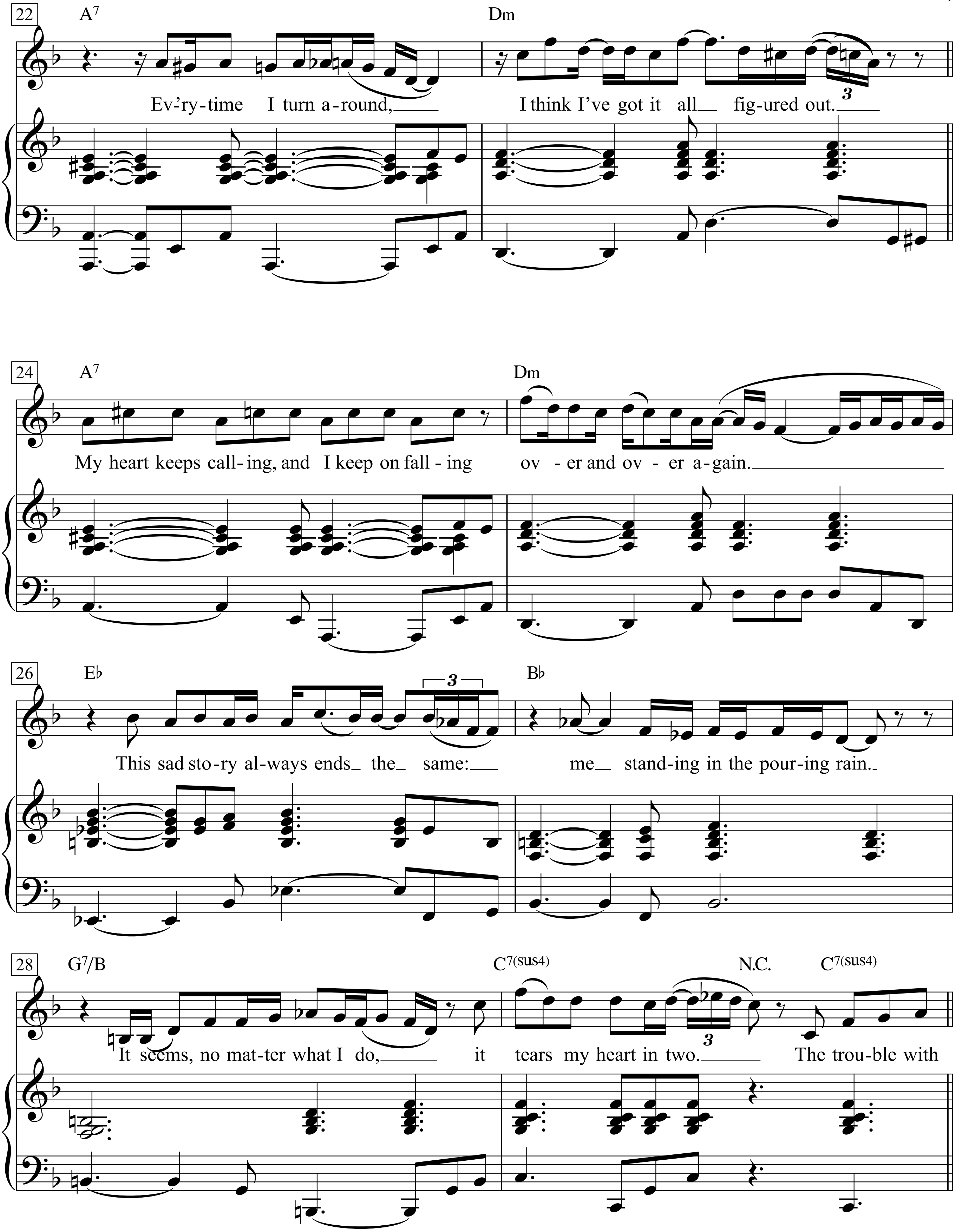
Trouble With Love Is

Words & Music by
Evan Rogers, Carl Sturken & Kelly Clarkson
(Kelly Clarkson)




7
B♭(add9)
D♭
E♭
4
a doz-en ros-es, dia-mond rings,
dreams for sale and fai-ry tales.
but now my world's a deep-er blue,
I'm sad-der but I'm wis-er too.
9
F(add9)
A7
It-'ll make you hear a sym-pho-ny,
and you just want the world to see,
I swore I'd nev-er love a-gain,
I swore my heart would nev-er mend,
11
B♭
3
but, like a drug that makes you blind,
said love was-n't worth the pain,
12
C7(sus4)
N.C.
C7(sus4)
F
3
3
it-'ll fool you ev-'ry-time.
The trou-ble with love is it can
but then I hear it call my name.

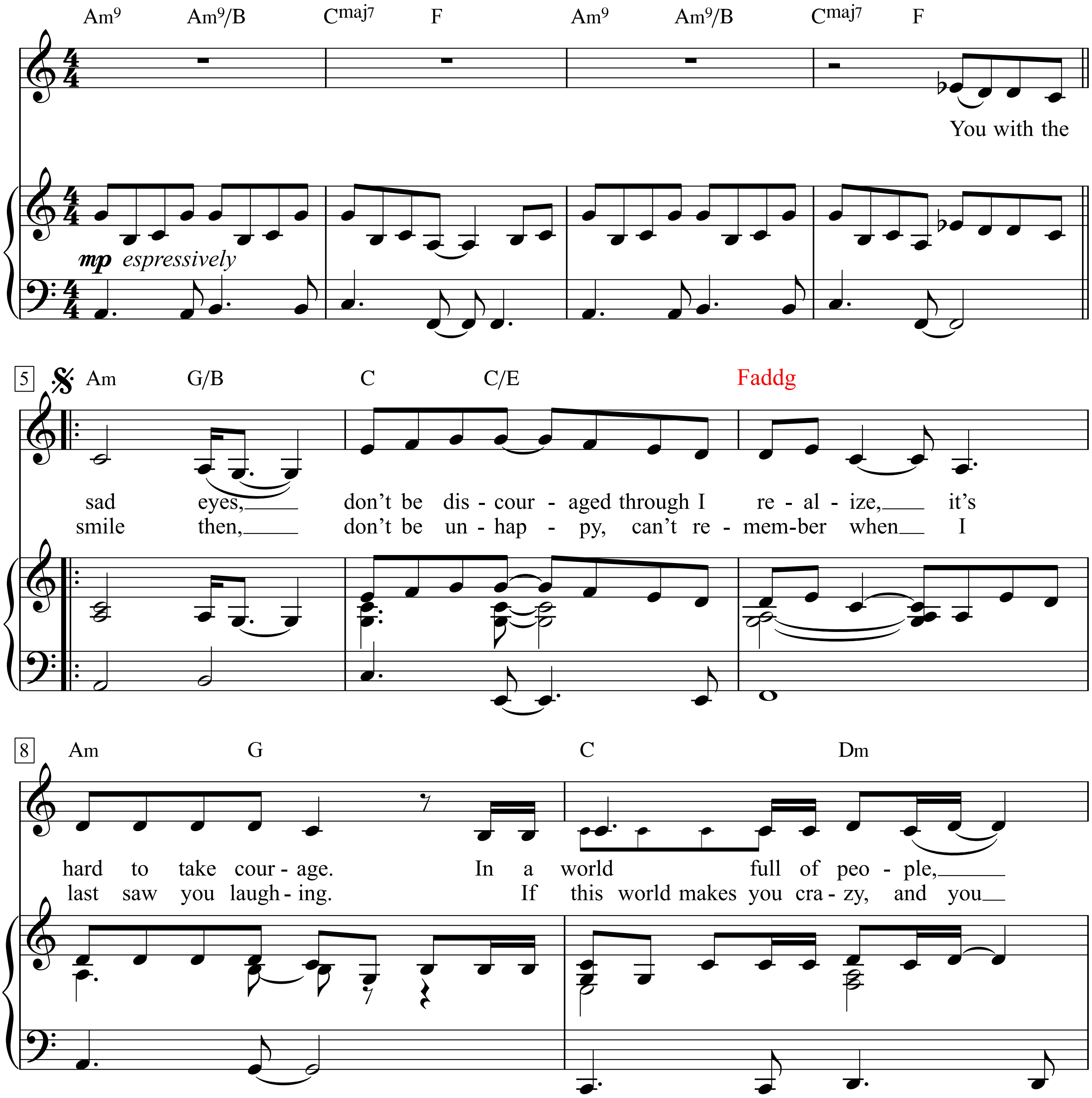

14
A7
B♭
tear you up in - side,
make your heart be - lieve a lie.
It's
16
D♭
E♭
F
3
4
strong - er than your pride.
The trou - ble with love is
it does - nt
18
A7
B♭
care how fast you fall,
and you can't re - fuse the call.
See, you've
20
1. D♭
N.C.
B♭
N.C.
2. D♭
N.C. B♭
N.C.
got no say at all,
oh.
got no say at all.

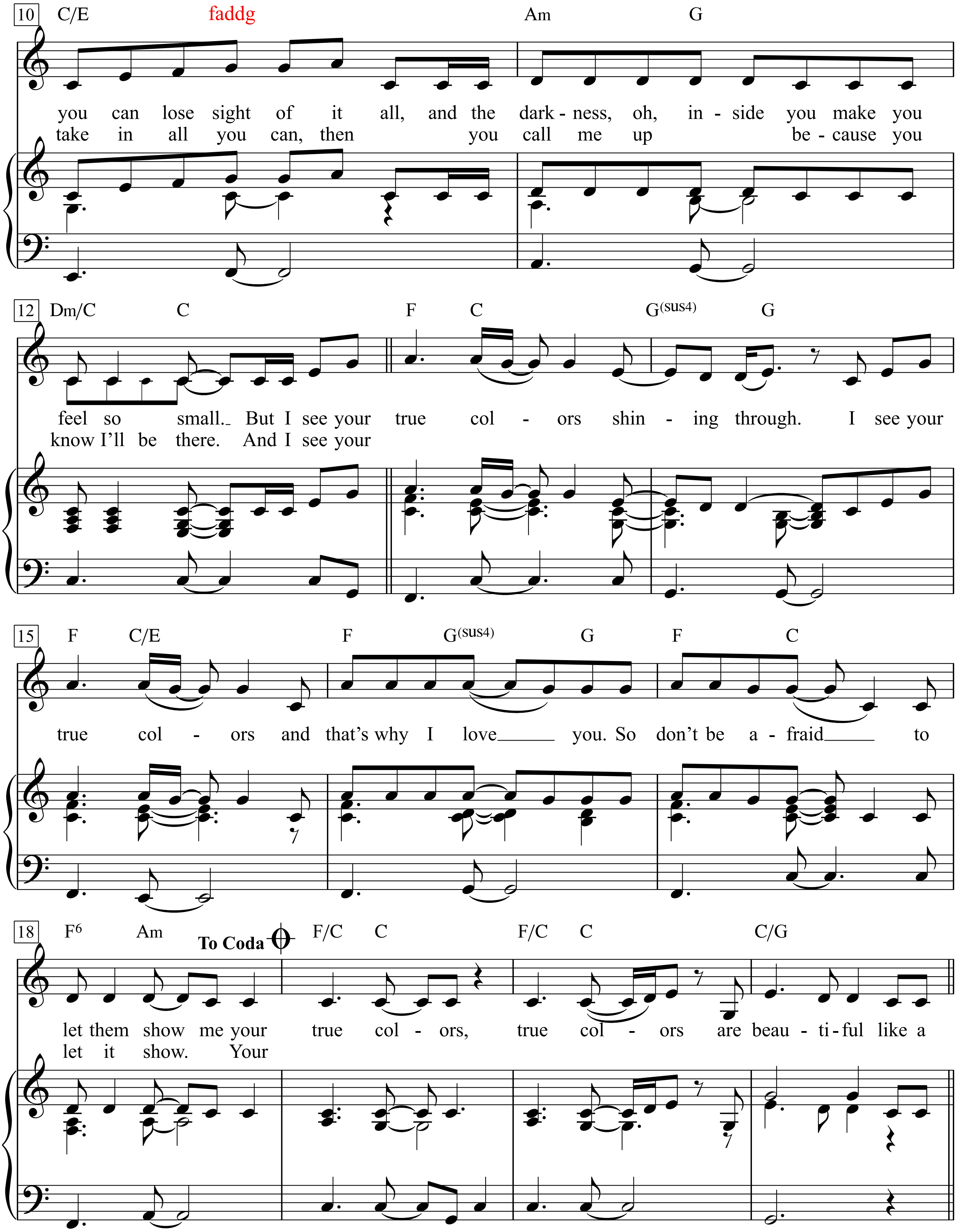

22
A7
Dm
Ev'ry-time I turn a-round,
I think I've got it all figured out.
3
24
A7
Dm
My heart keeps call-ing, and I keep on fall-ing
ov-er and ov-er a-gain.
26
E♭
B♭
3
This sad sto-ry al-ways ends the same:
me stand-ing in the pour-ing rain.
28
G7/B
C7(sus4)
N.C.
C7(sus4)
It seems, no mat-ter what I do,
it tears my heart in two.
3
The trou-ble with

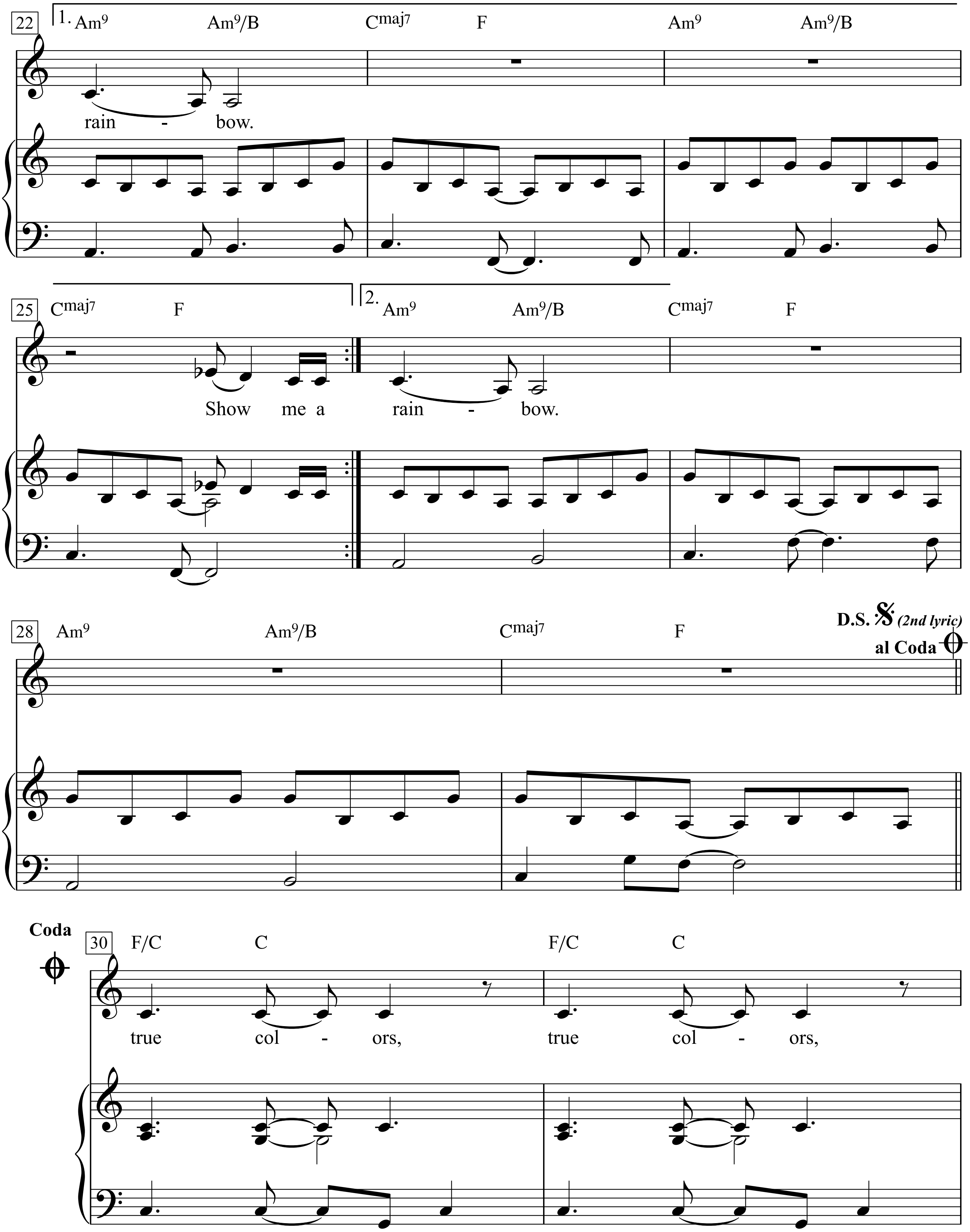
True Colors

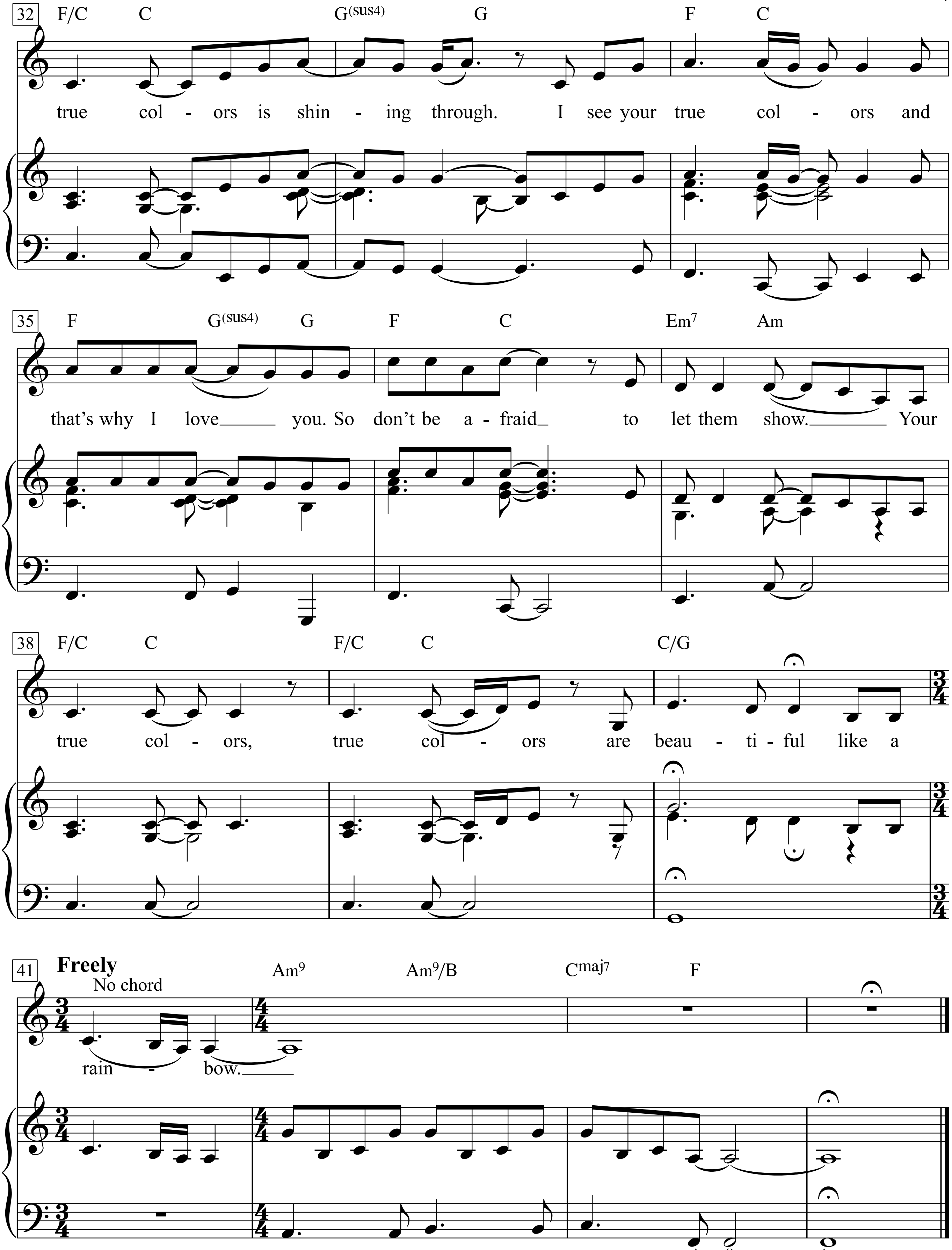
Words & Music by
Billy Steinberg and Tom Kelly
(Cyndi Lauper)

Moderately




10
C/E
faddg
Am
G
you can lose sight of it all, and the dark - ness, oh, in - side you make you
take in all you can, then you call me up be - cause you
12
Dm/C
C
F
C
G(sus4)
G
feel so small. But I see your true col - ors shin - ing through. I see your
know I'll be there. And I see your
15
F
C/E
F
G(sus4)
G
F
C
true col - ors and that's why I love you. So don't be a - fraid to
18
F6
Am
To Coda
F/C
C
F/C
C
C/G
let them show me your true col - ors, true col - ors are beau - ti - ful like a
let it show. Your


22
1. Am9 Am9/B Cmaj7 F Am9 Am9/B
rain - bow.
25
Cmaj7 F
Show me a
2. Am9 Am9/B Cmaj7 F
rain - bow.
28
Am9 Am9/B Cmaj7 F
D.S. (2nd lyric)
al Coda
Coda
30
F/C C F/C C
true col - ors, true col - ors,


32
F/C C G(sus4) G F C
true col - ors is shin - ing through. I see your true col - ors and
35
F G(sus4) G F C Em7 Am
that's why I love you. So don't be a - fraid to let them show. Your
38
F/C C F/C C C/G
true col - ors, true col - ors are beau - ti - ful like a
41
Freely
No chord Am9 Am9/B Cmaj7 F
rain - bow.

1. You with the sad eyes,
don’t be discouraged through I realize,
it’s hard to take courage.
In a world full of people,
you can lose sight of it all,
and the darkness, oh,
inside you make you feel so small.

But I see your true colors
shining through.
I see your true colors
and that’s why I love you.
So don’t be afraid to let them show
me your true colors,
true colors are beautiful like a rainbow.

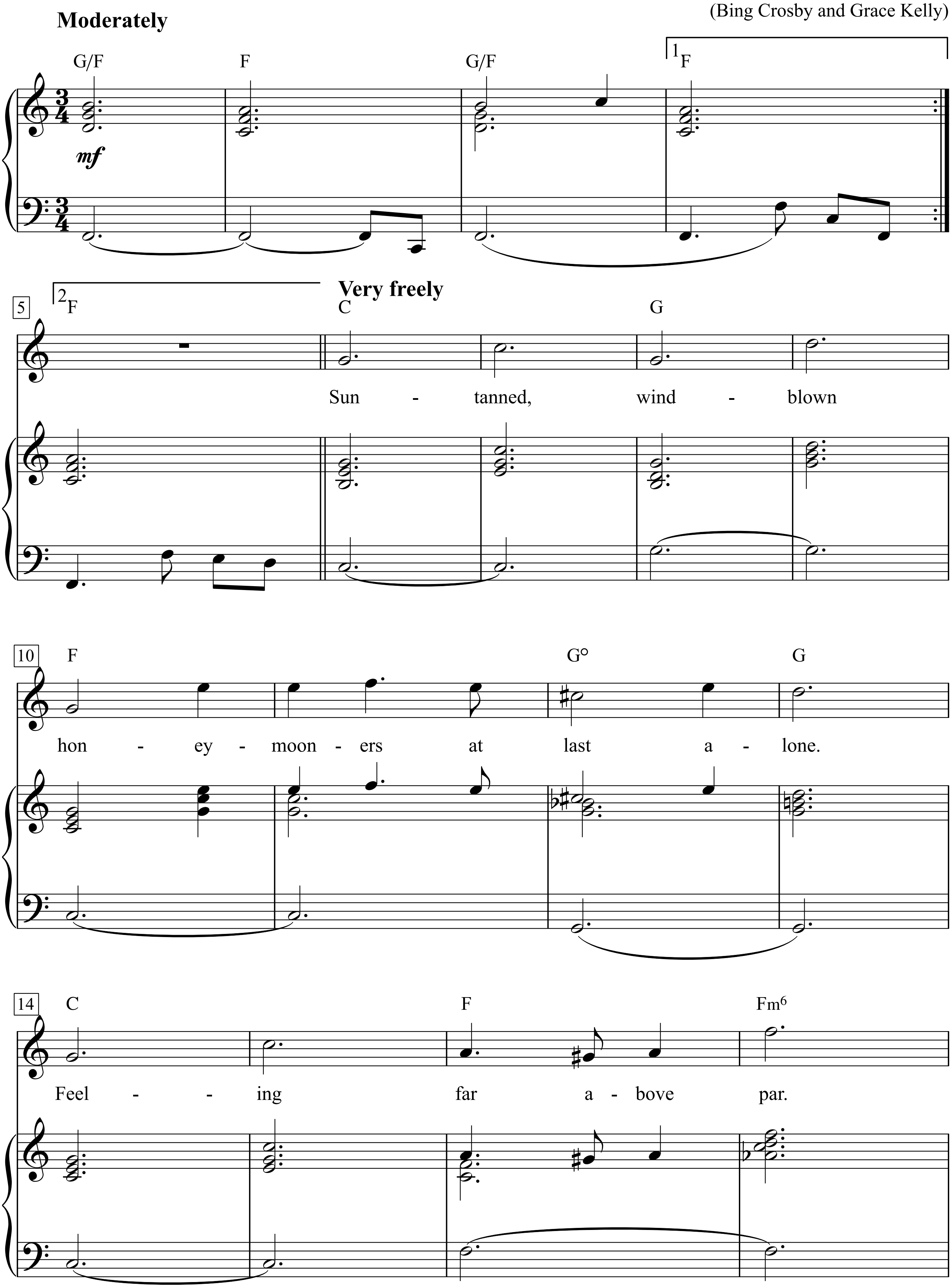
2. Show me a smile then,
don’t be unhappy,
can’t remember when I last saw you laughing.
If this world makes you crazy,
and you take in all you can,
then you call me up
because you know I’ll be there.

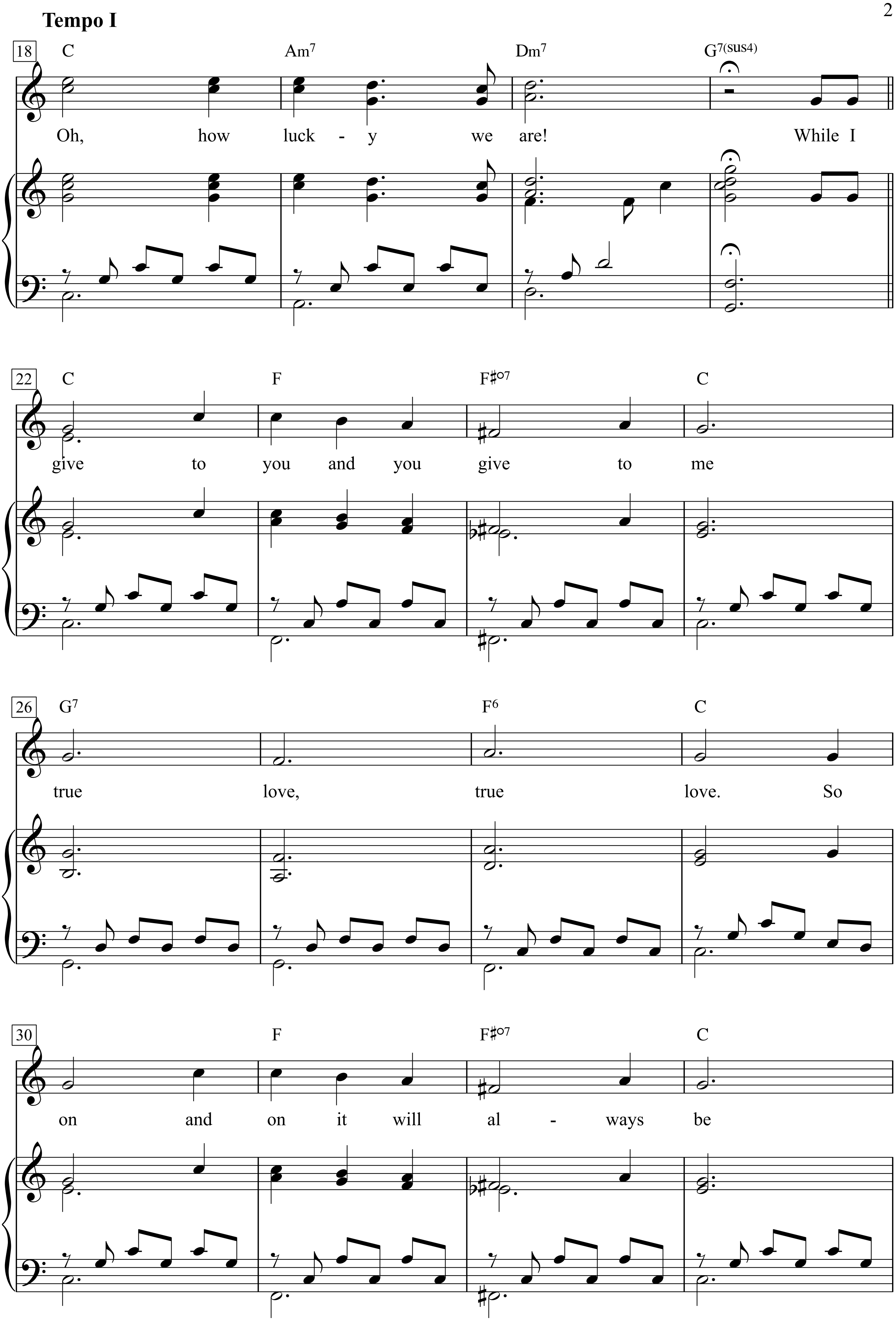
And I see your true colors
shining through.
I see your true colors
and that’s why I love you.
So don’t be afraid to let it show.
Your true colors, true colors
are beautiful like a rainbow.

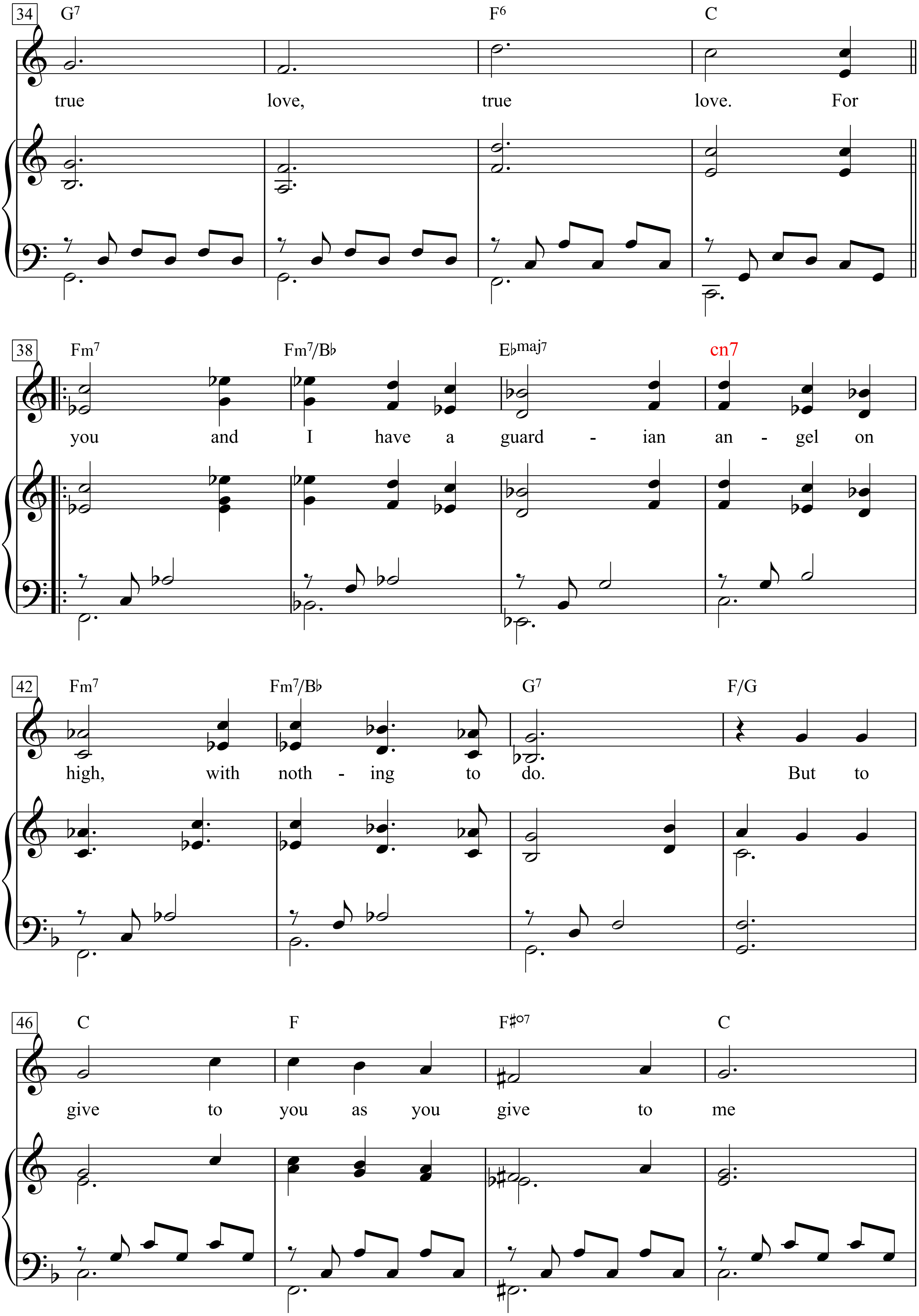
Coda:
true colors, true colors,
true colors is shining through.
I see your true colors
and that’s why I love you.
So don’t be afraid to let them show.
Your true colors, true colors
are beautiful like a rainbow.

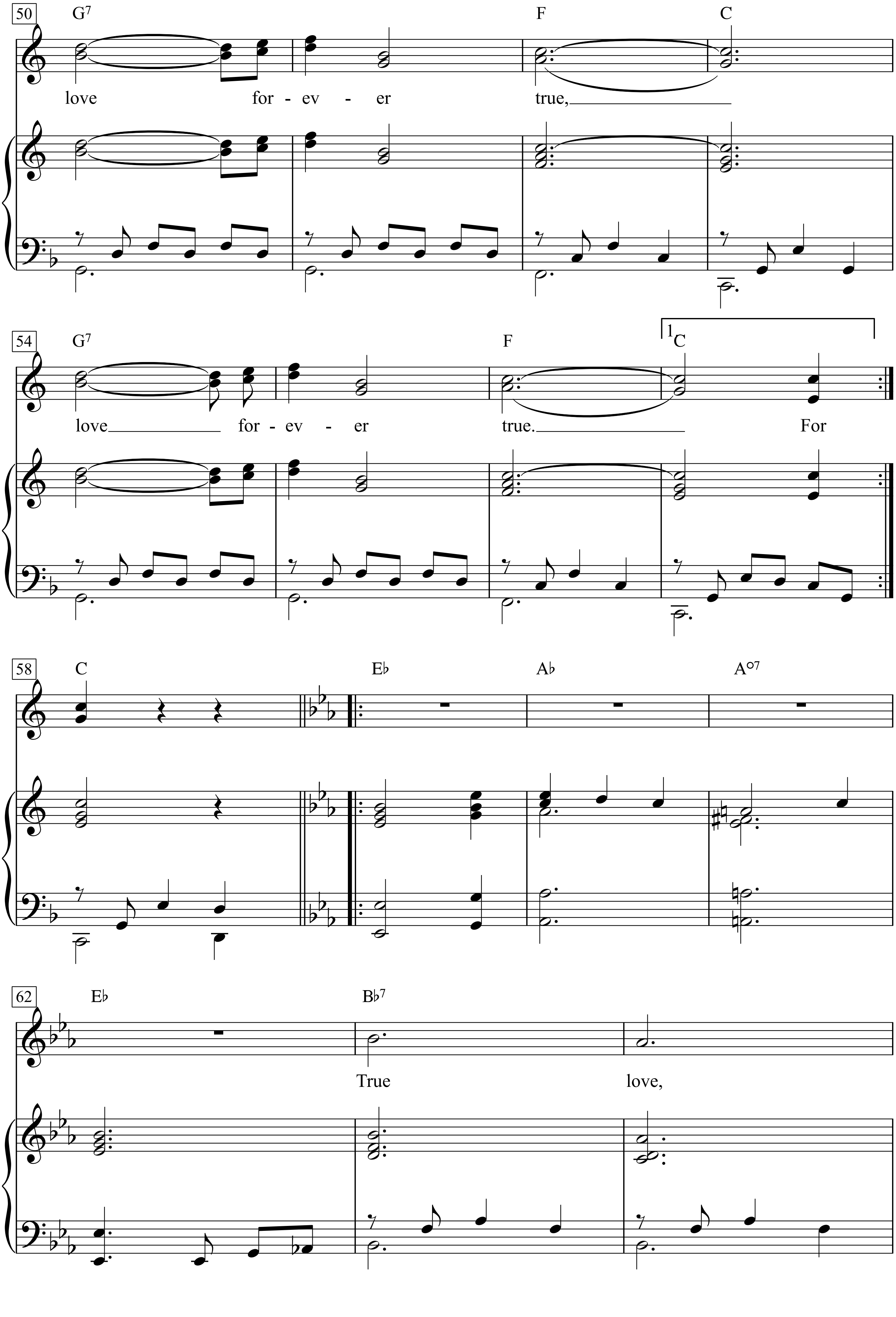
True Love

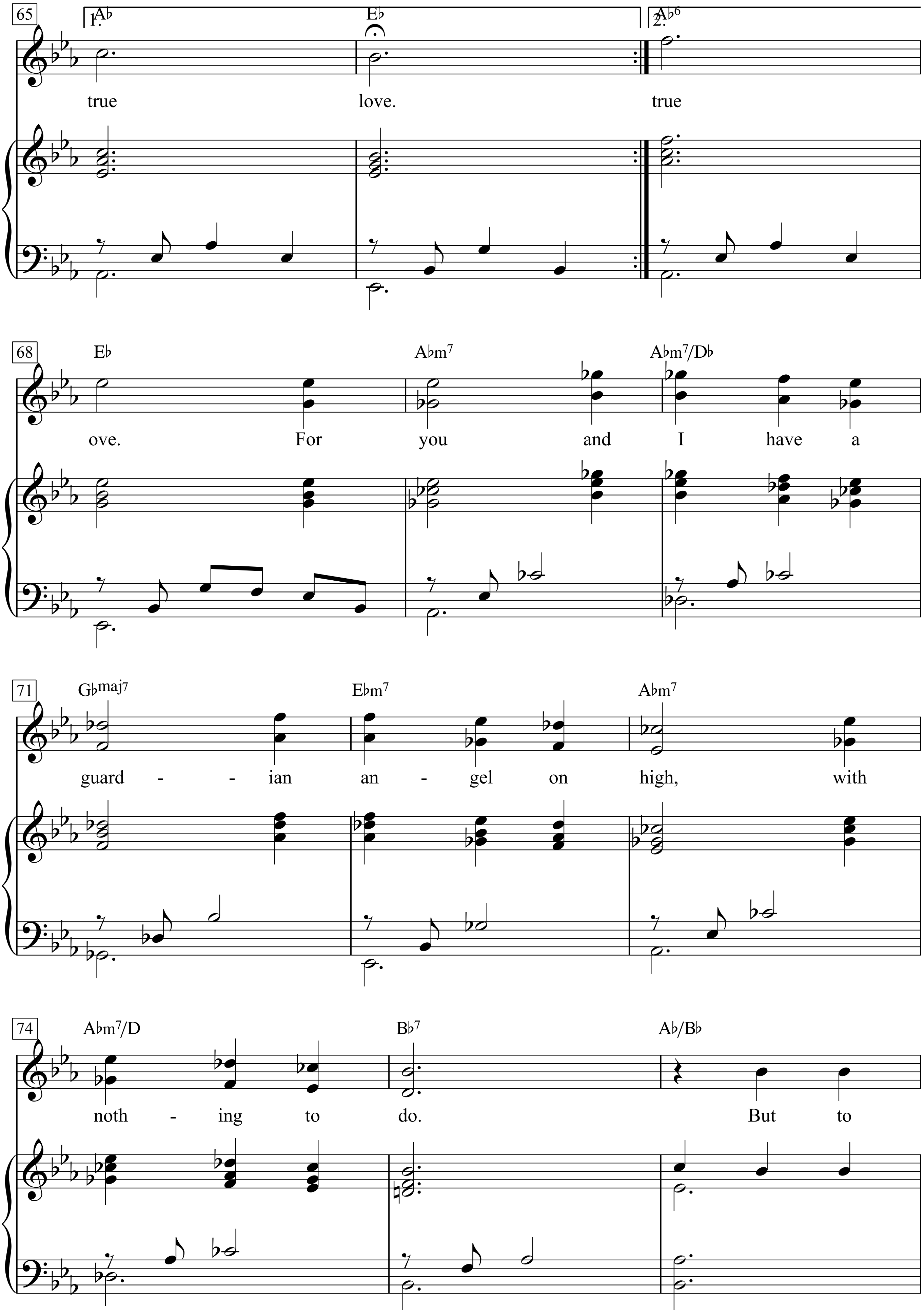
Words & Music by Cole Porter
(Bing Crosby and Grace Kelly)

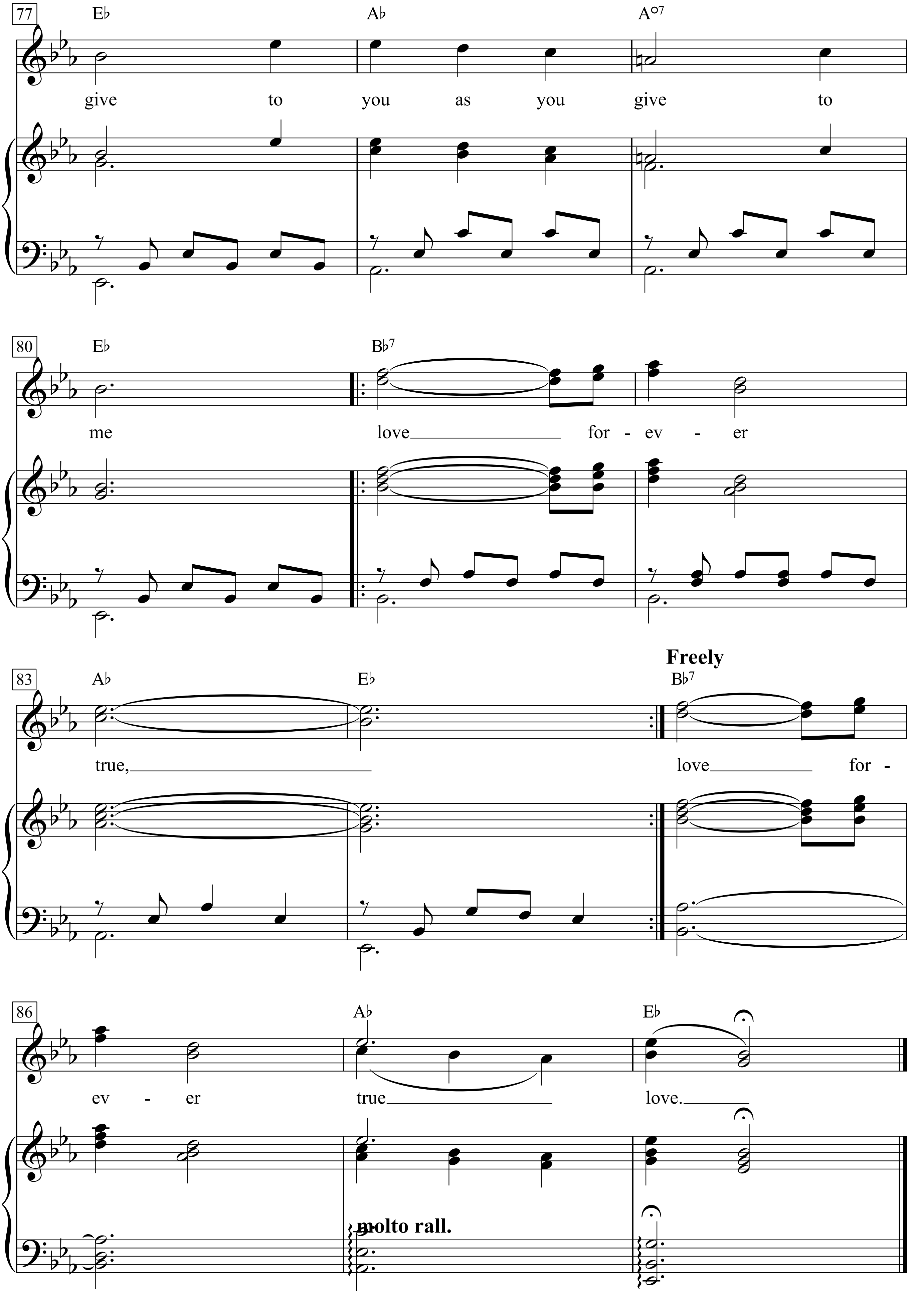



Tempo I
18
C Am7 Dm7 G7(sus4)
Oh, how luck - y we are! While I
22
C F F♯o7 C
give to you and you give to me
26
G7 F6 C
true love, true love. So
30
F F♯o7 C
on and on it will al - ways be


34
G7
F6
C
true love, true love. For
38
Fm7
Fm7/B♭
E♭maj7
cn7
you and I have a guard - ian an - gel on
42
Fm7
Fm7/B♭
G7
F/G
high, with noth - ing to do. But to
46
C
F
F♯o7
C
give to you as you give to me

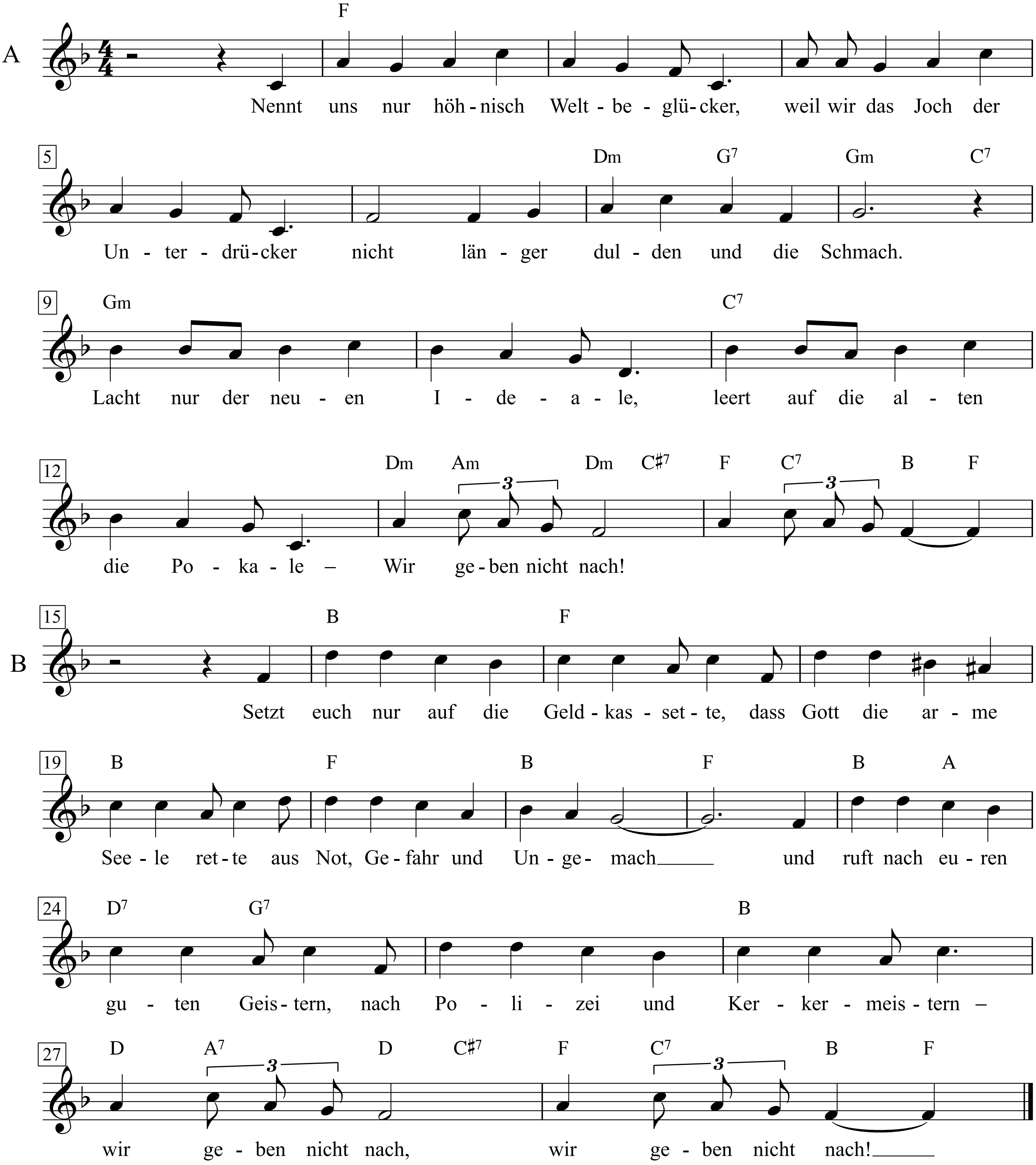

50
G7
F
C
love for - ev - er true,
54
G7
F
1C
love for - ev - er true. For
58
C
E♭
A♭
A°7
62
E♭
B♭7
True love,


65
1. A♭
E♭
2. A♭6
true
love.
true
68
E♭
A♭m7
A♭m7/D♭
ove.
For
you
and
I
have
a
71
G♭maj7
E♭m7
A♭m7
guard - - ian
an - gel
on
high,
with
74
A♭m7/D
B♭7
A♭/B♭
noth - ing
to
do.
But
to


77
E♭ A♭ A○7
give to you as you give to
80
E♭ B♭7
me love for - ev - er
83
A♭ E♭
Freely
B♭7
true, love for -
86
A♭ E♭
ev - er true love.
molto rall.

Trutzlied

Text: Erich Mühsam *Melodie:* Lutz Weißenstein



Friedenslieder - rororo 2981, S. 30+31

A
Nennt uns nur höhnisch Weltbeglücker,
Weil wir das Joch der Unterdrücker
Nicht länger dulden und die Schmach.
Lacht nur der neuen Ideale,
Leert auf die alten die Pokale –
    Wir geben nicht nach!

A
Legt nur die Stirn in ernste Falten,
Schreckt auf im Bette ungehalten
Und scheuert euch die Augen wach.
Flucht auf die unerwünschte Störung,
Reißt's Fenster auf und schreit: Empörung!
    Wir geben nicht nach!

B
Setzt euch nur auf die Geldkassette,
Dass Gott die arme Seele rette
Aus Not, Gefahr und Ungemach –
Und ruft nach euren guten Geistern,
Nach Polizei und Kerkermeistern –
    Wir geben nicht nach!

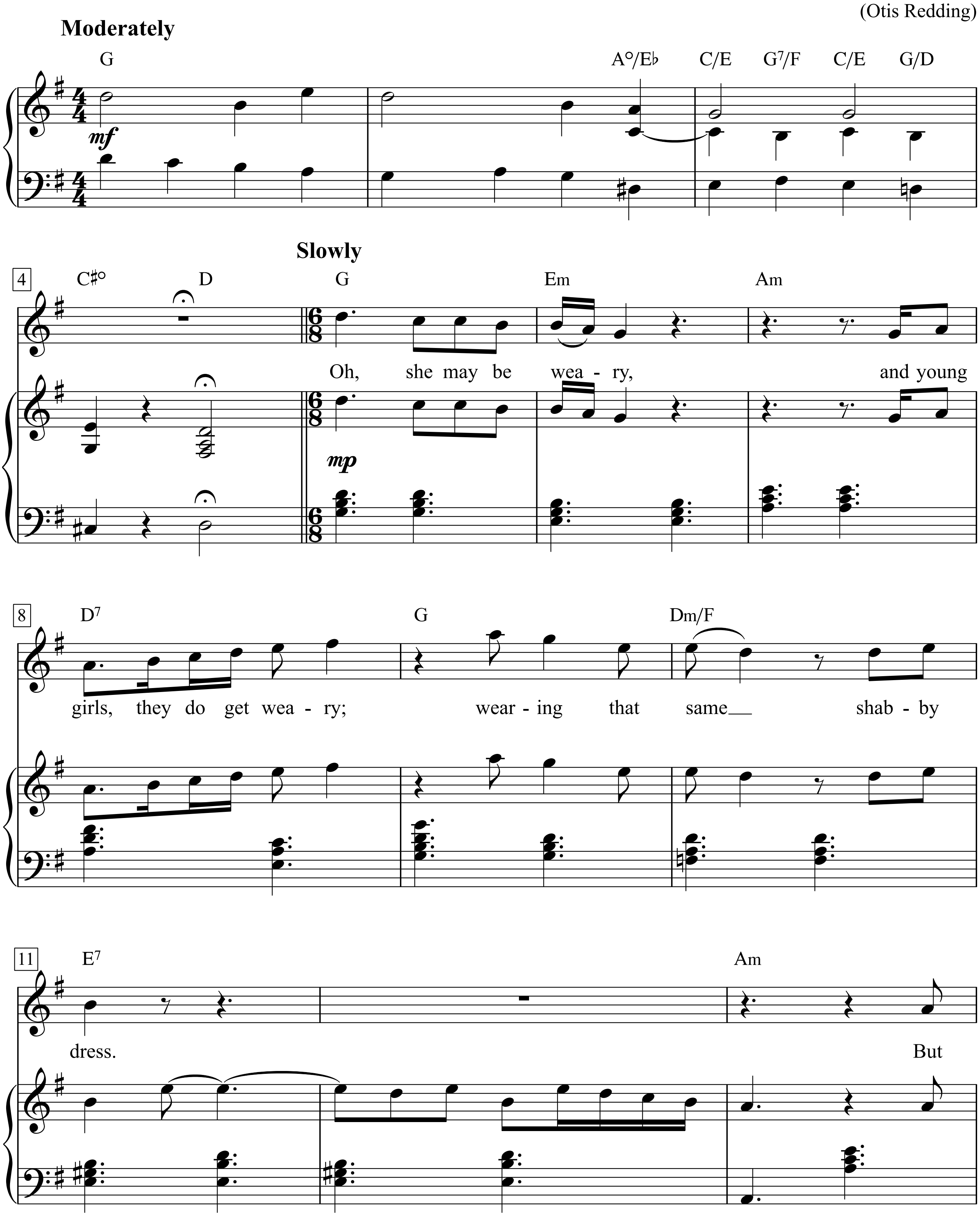
A
Dass den Verrat der Teufel hole,
Langt nur die Repetierpistole
Samt den Patronen aus dem Fach,
Und schmückt den Hut mit der Kokarde
Der geldsacktreuen weißen Garde –
    Wir geben nicht nach!

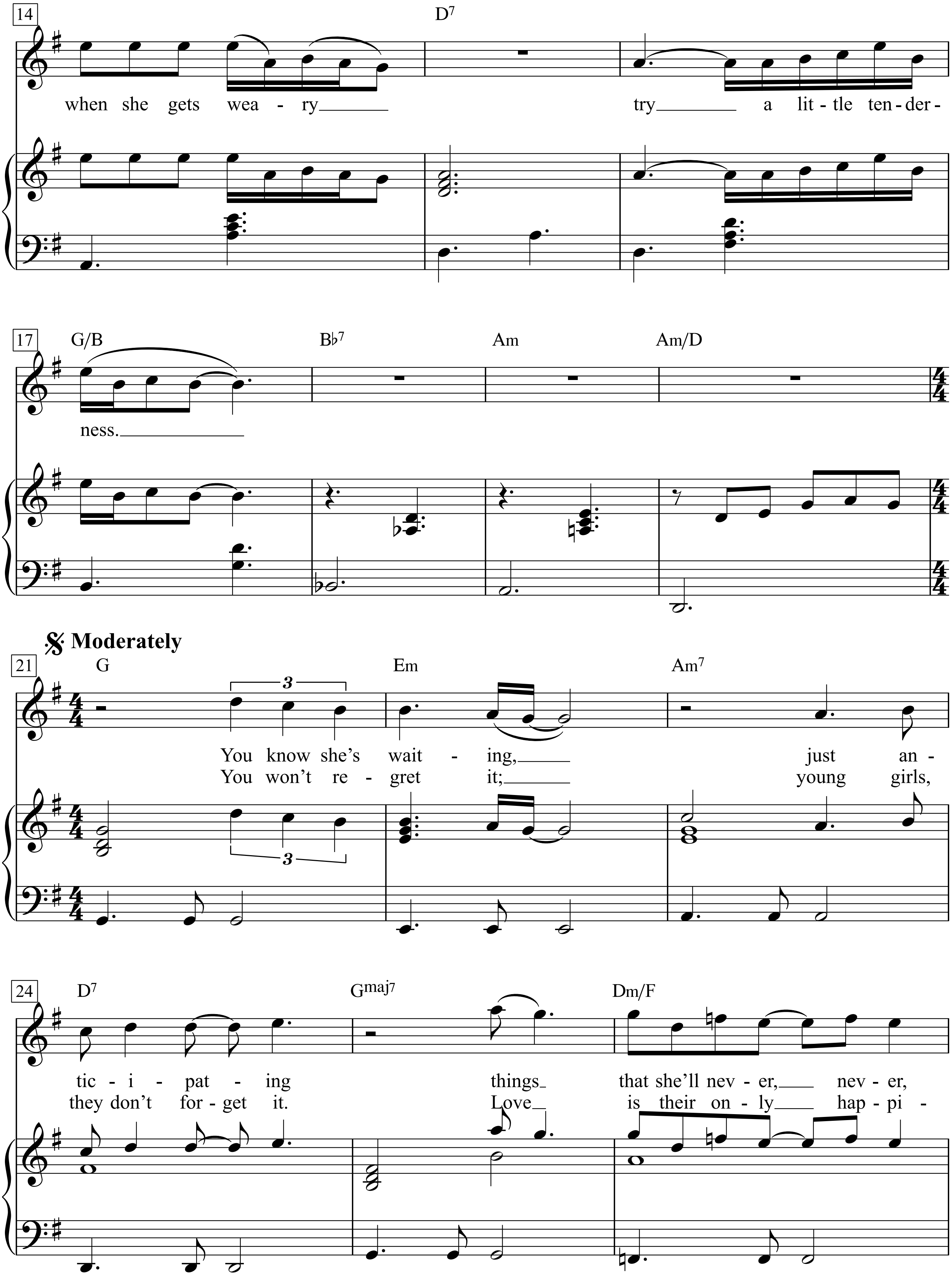
B
Lasst Volkes Blut in Strömen fließen,
Lasst uns erhängen und erschießen,
Setzt uns den roten Hahn aufs Dach.
Lasst Mörser und Haubitzen wüten,
Um euer Diebesgut zu hüten –
    Wir geben nicht nach!

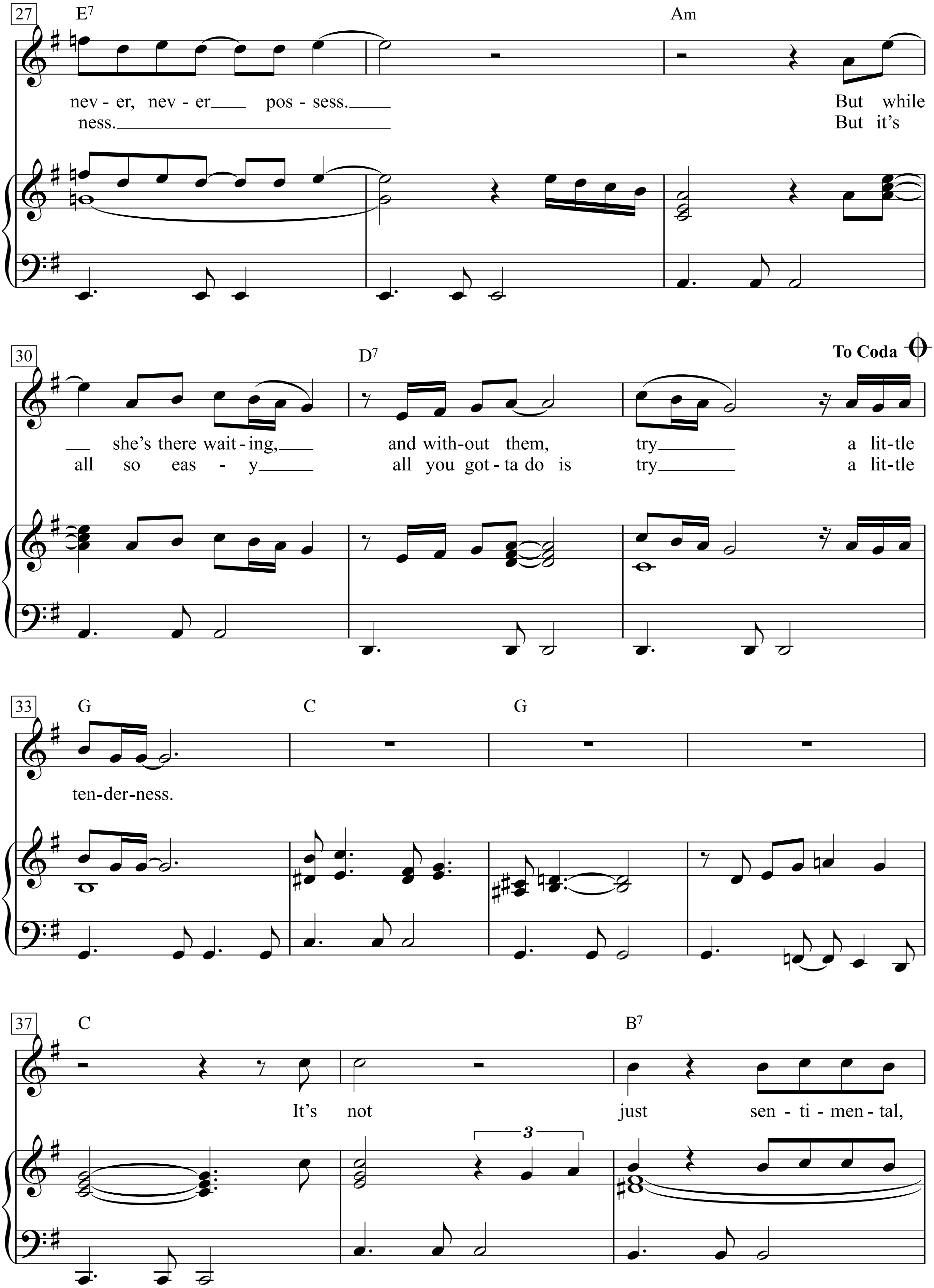
A
Lasst euer Höllenwerkzeug toben!
Die Sehnsucht selbst hat sich erhoben
Des Volks, das seine Ketten brach.
Freiheit und Recht stehn auf der Schanze.
Sieg oder Tod – jetzt geht's ums Ganze! –
    Wir geben nicht nach!

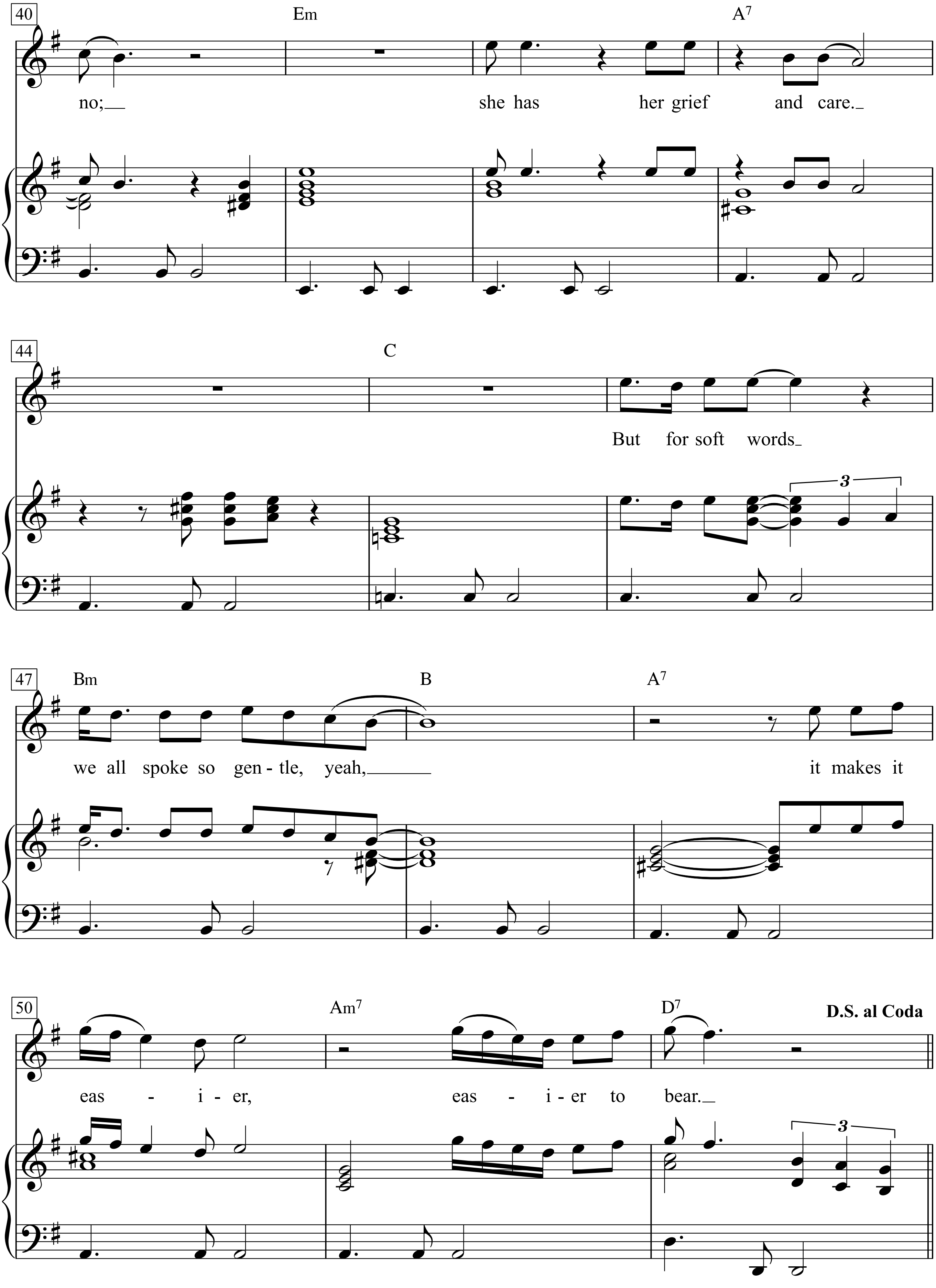
Try a Little Tenderness

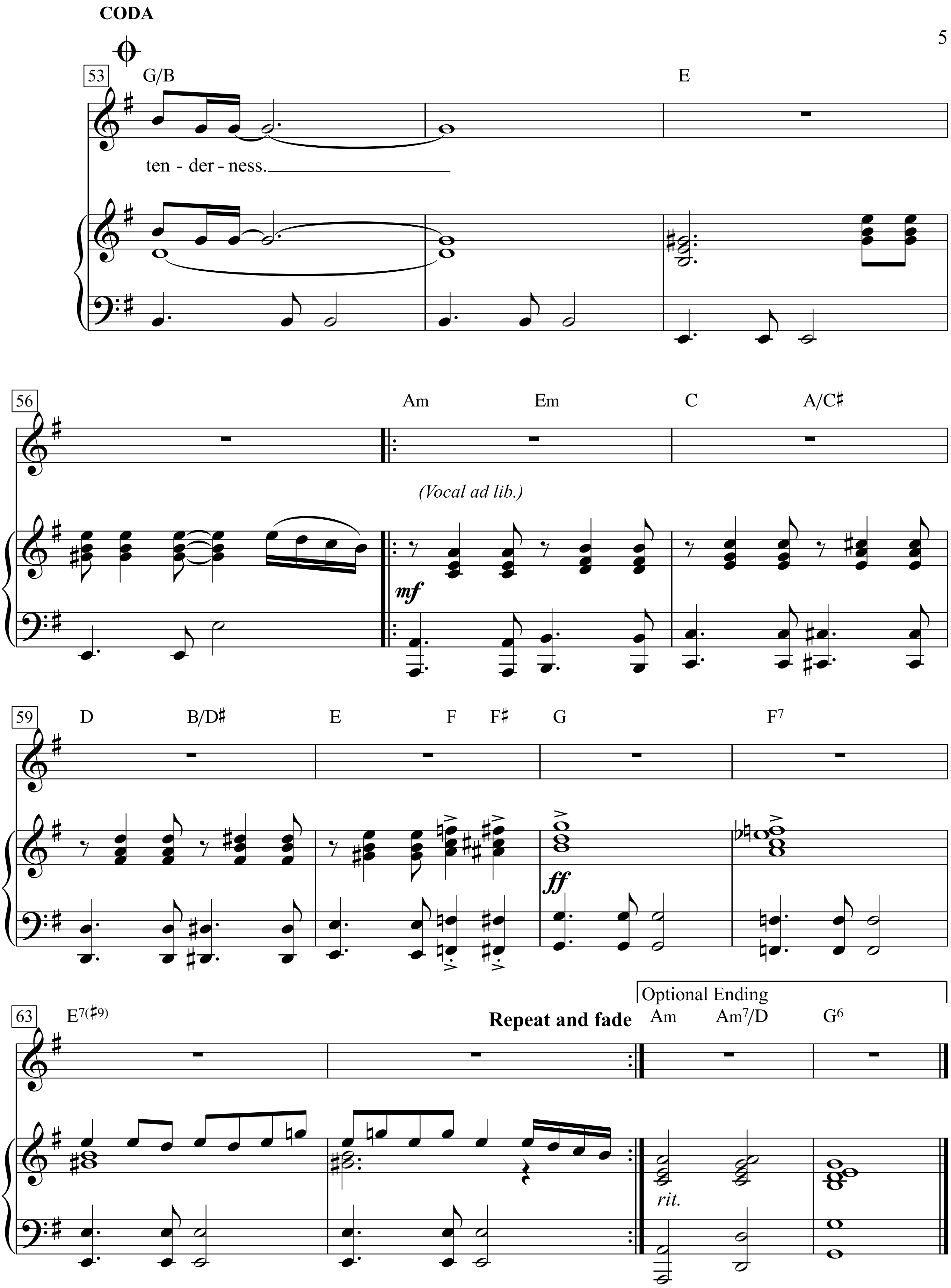
Words & Music by
Harry Woods, Jimmy Campbell and Reg Conelly
(Otis Redding)




14
D7
when she gets wea - ry try a lit - tle ten - der -
17
G/B
Bb7
Am
Am/D
ness.
Moderately
21
G
Em
Am7
You know she's wait - ing, just an -
You won't re - gret it; young girls,
24
D7
Gmaj7
Dm/F
tic - i - pat - ing things that she'll nev - er, nev - er,
they don't for - get it. Love is their on - ly hap - pi -


27
E7
Am
nev - er, nev - er pos - sess.
But while
ness.
But it's
30
D7
To Coda
she's there wait - ing,
and with-out them,
try
a lit-tle
all so eas - y
all you got - ta do is
try
a lit-tle
33
G
C
G
ten-der-ness.
37
C
B7
It's not
just
sen - ti - men - tal,
3


40
Em
A7
no;
she has
her grief
and care.
44
C
But
for soft
words
3
47
Bm
B
A7
we all
spoke so
gen - tle,
yeah,
it makes it
50
Am7
D7
D.S. al Coda
eas - i - er,
eas - i - er to
bear.
3


CODA
53
G/B
E
ten - der - ness.
56
Am
Em
C
A/C♯
(Vocal ad lib.)
mf
59
D
B/D♯
E
F
F♯
G
F7
ff
63
E7(♯9)
Repeat and fade
Optional Ending
Am
Am7/D
G6
rit.

Oh, she may be weary, and young girls,
they do get weary; wearing that same shabby dress.
But when she gets weary try a little tenderness.

You know she's waiting, just anticipating
things that she'll never, never, never, never possess.
But while she's there waiting,
and without them, try a little tenderness.

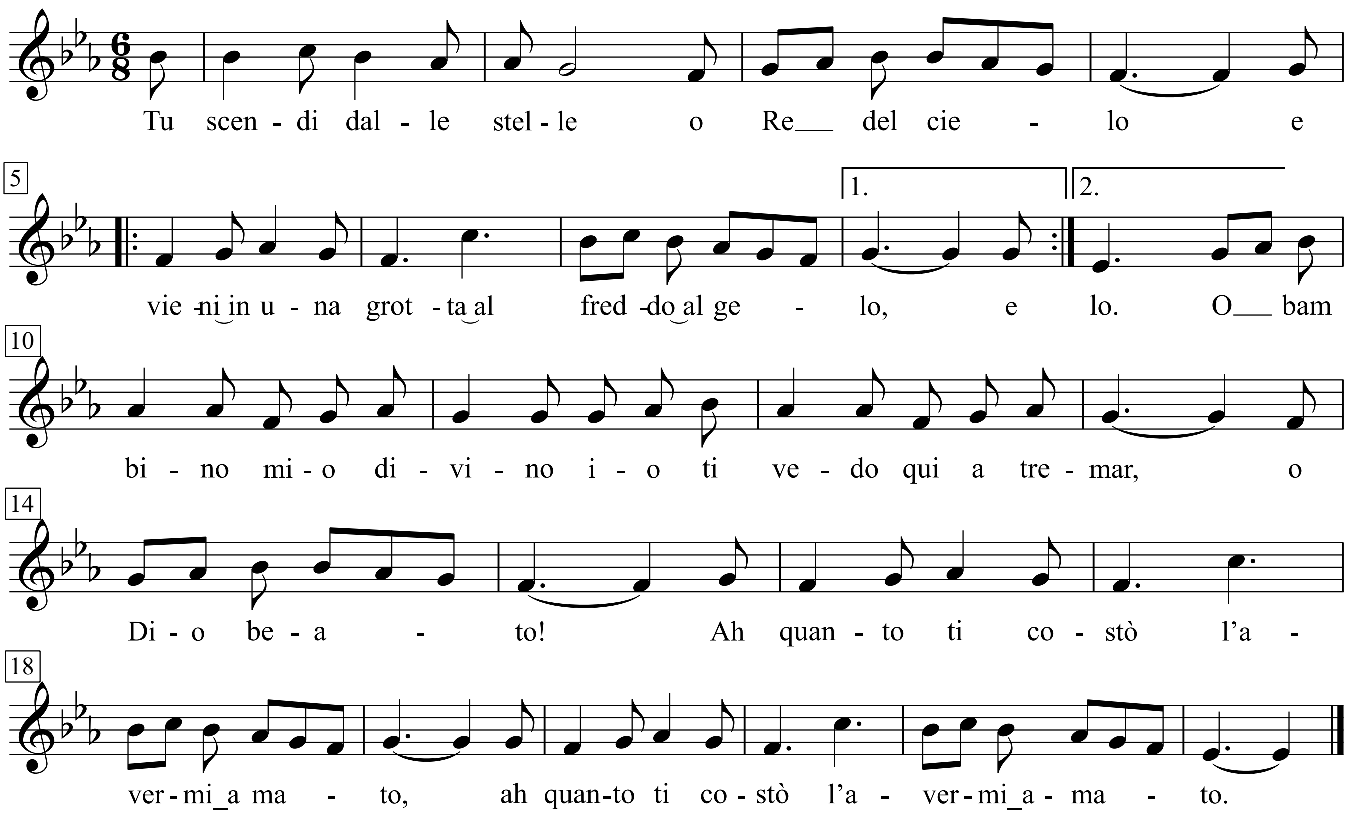
It's not just sentimental, no;
she has her grief and care.
But for soft words we all spoke so gentle,
yeah, it makes it easier, easier to bear.

You won't regret it;
young girls, they don't forget it.
Love is their only happiness.
But it's all so easy all you gotta do is try a little tenderness.

It's not just sentimental, no;
she has her grief and care.
But for soft words we all spoke so gentle,
yeah, it makes it easier, easier to bear.

Tu scendi dalle stelle

S. Alfonso Maria de’ Liguori (1696-1787)



Tu scendi dalle stelle
O Re del Cielo
|: E vieni in una grotta
Al freddo al gelo. :|

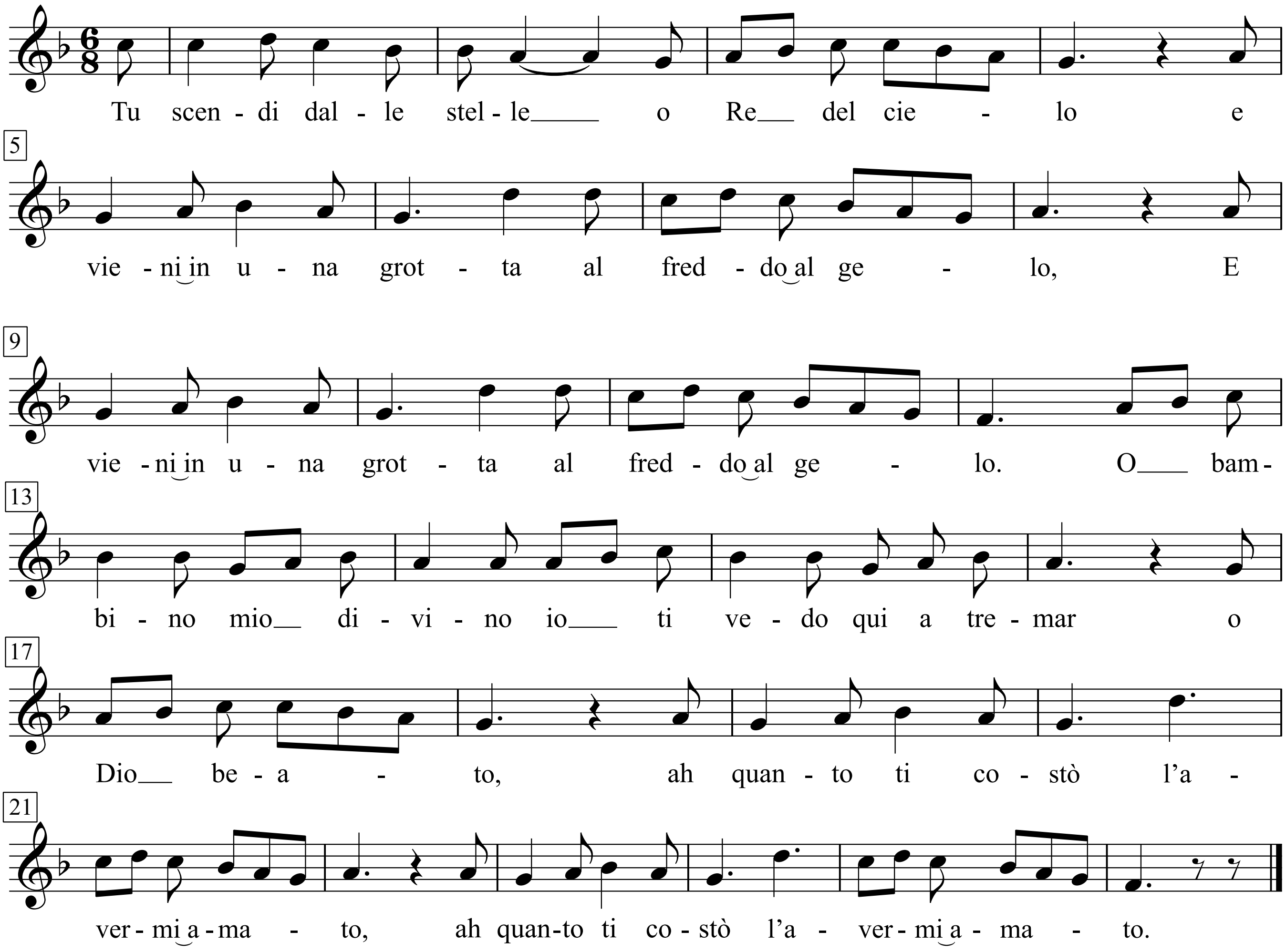
O Bambino mio Divino
Io ti vedo qui a tremar,
O Dio Beato!
|: Ah, quanto ti costò
L’avermi amato. :|

A te che sei del mondo,
Il creatore,
|: Mancano panni e fuoco,
O mio Signore. :|

Caro eletto pargoletto,
Quanto questa povertà
Più m’innamora,
|: Giacchè ti fece amor
Povero ancora. :|

Tu scendi dalle stelle

S. Alfonso Maria de' Liguori (1696-1787)



1. Tu scendi dalle stelle
O Re del Cielo
E vieni in una grotta
Al freddo al gelo
E vieni in una grotta
Al freddo al gelo.

O Bambino mio Divino
Io ti vedo qui a tremar,
O Dio Beato!
Ah, quanto ti costò
L'avermi amato.
Ah, quanto ti costò
L'avermi amato.

A te che sei del mondo,
Il creatore,
Mancano panni e fuoco,
O mio Signore.
Mancano panni e fuoco,
O mio Signore.

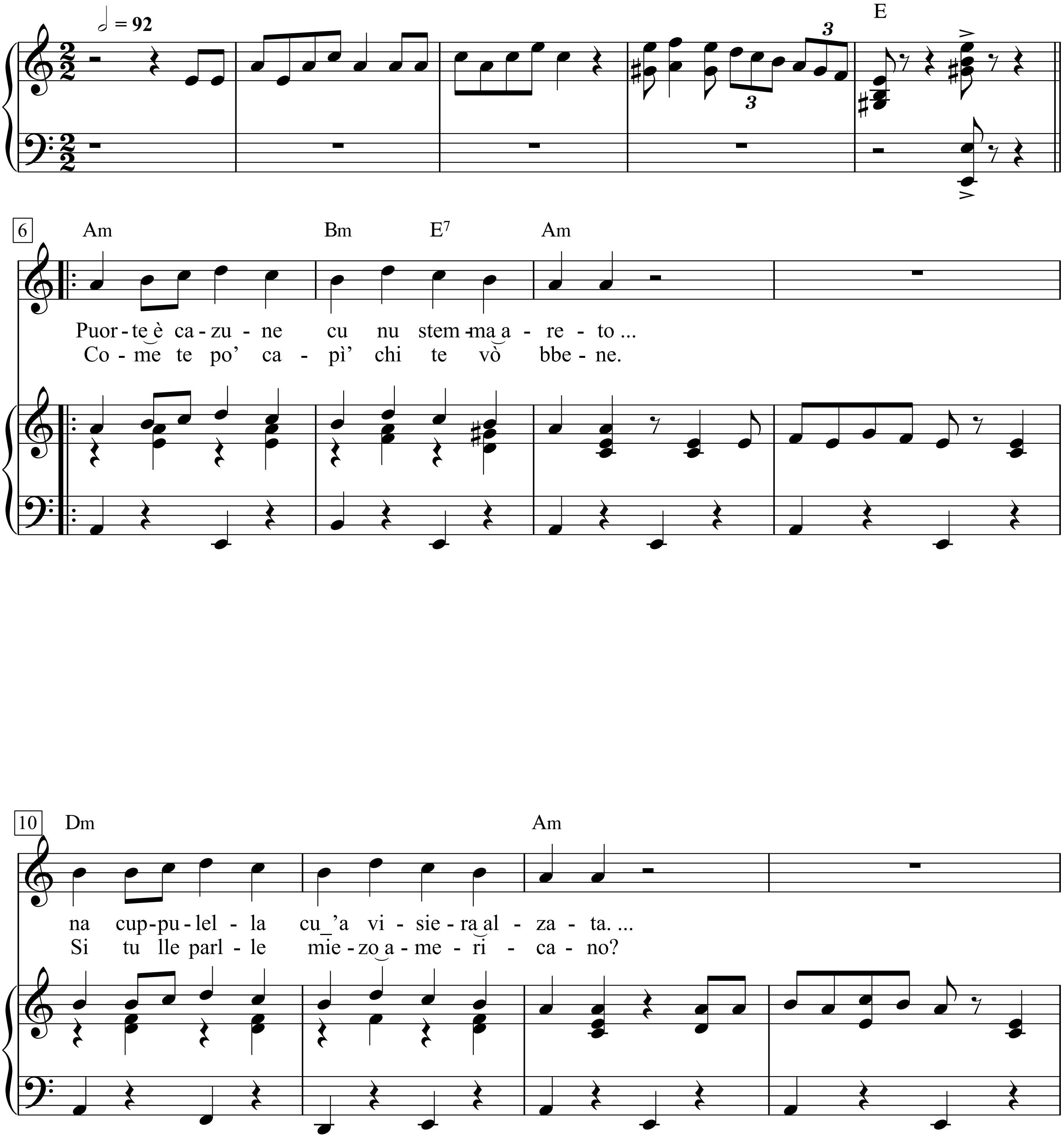
Caro eletto pargoletto,
Quanto questa povertà
Più mi innamora,
Giacchè ti fece amor
Povero ancora.
Giacchè ti fece amor
Povero ancora.

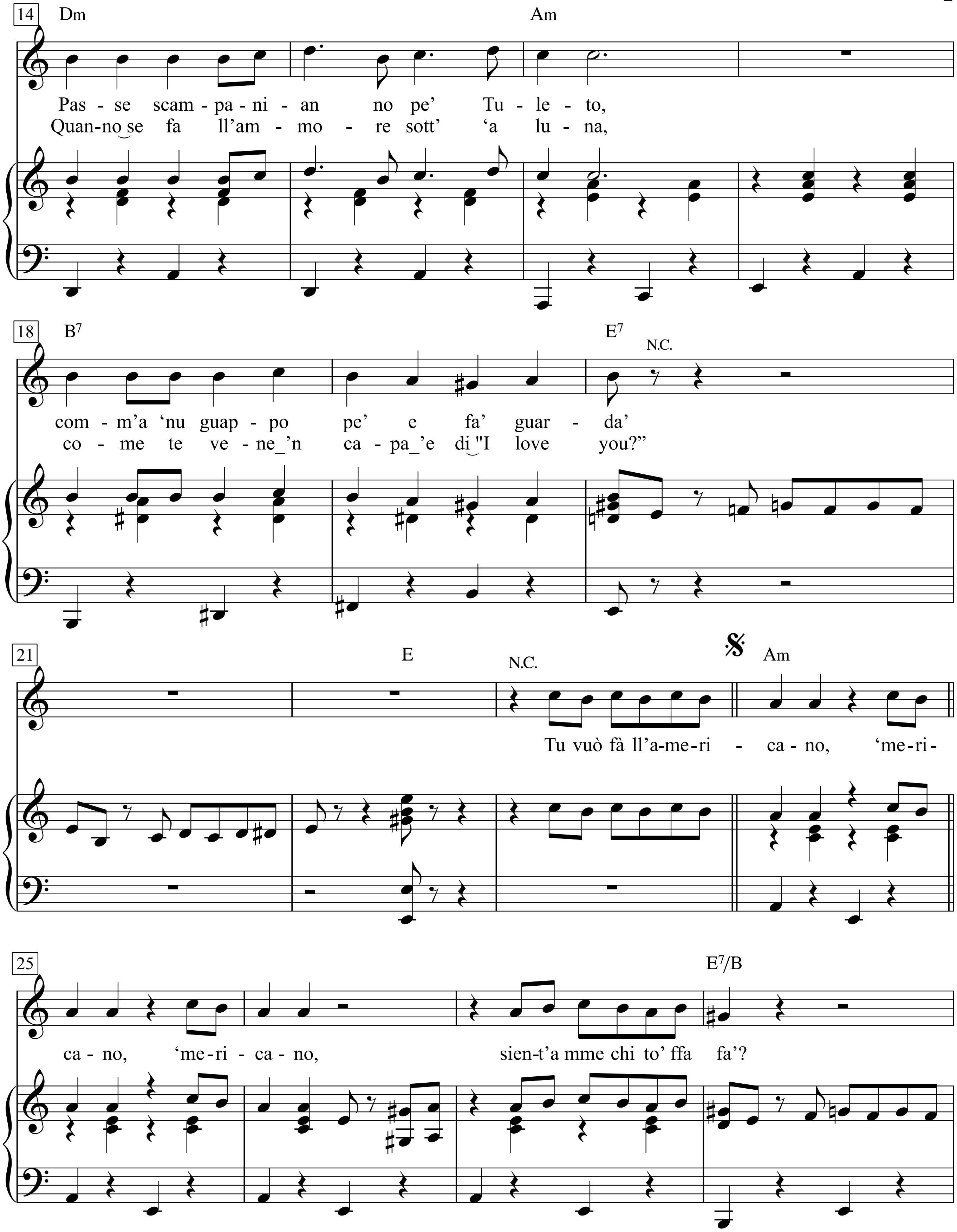
Tu vuo fa l'Americano

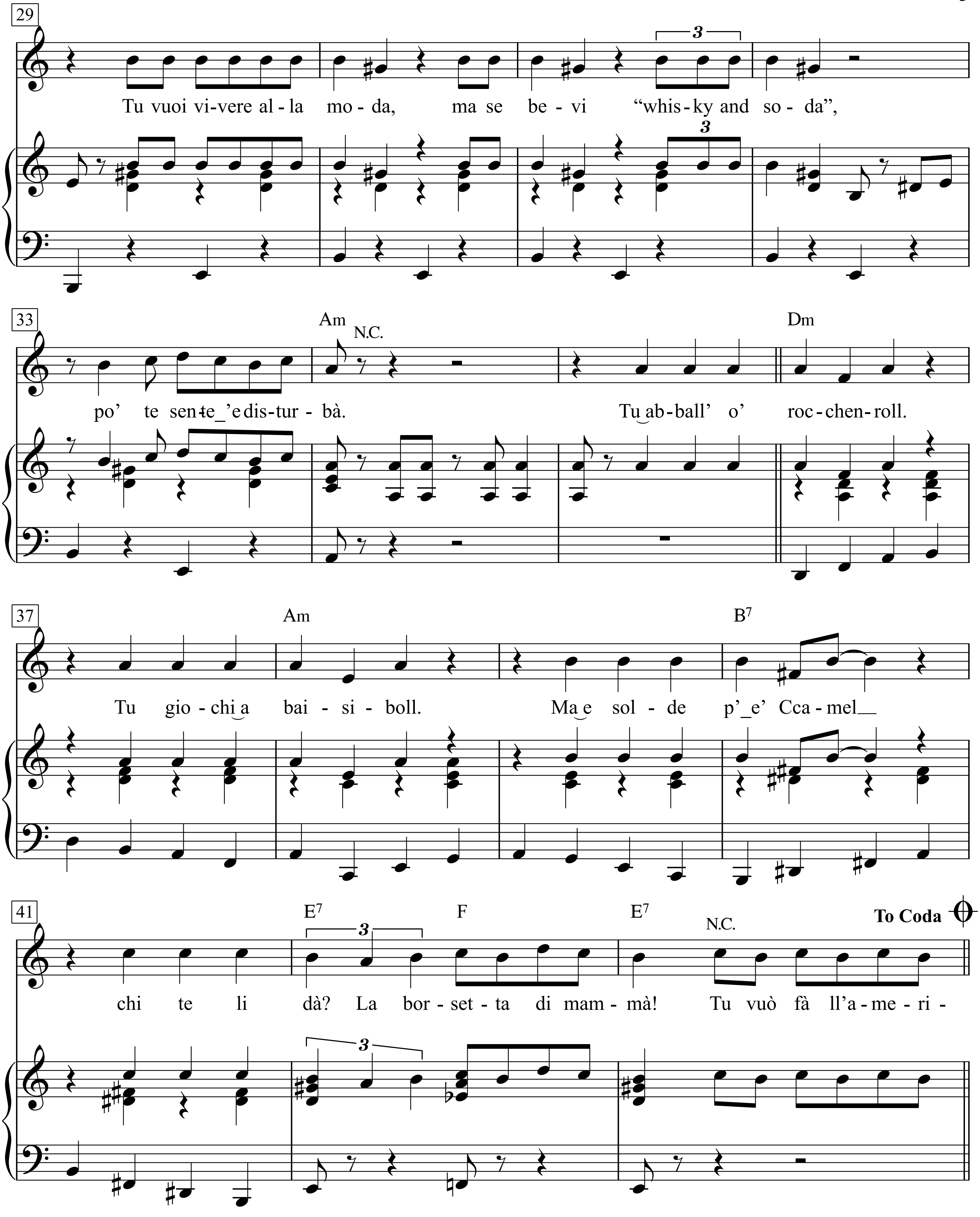
Letra di Nicola Salern

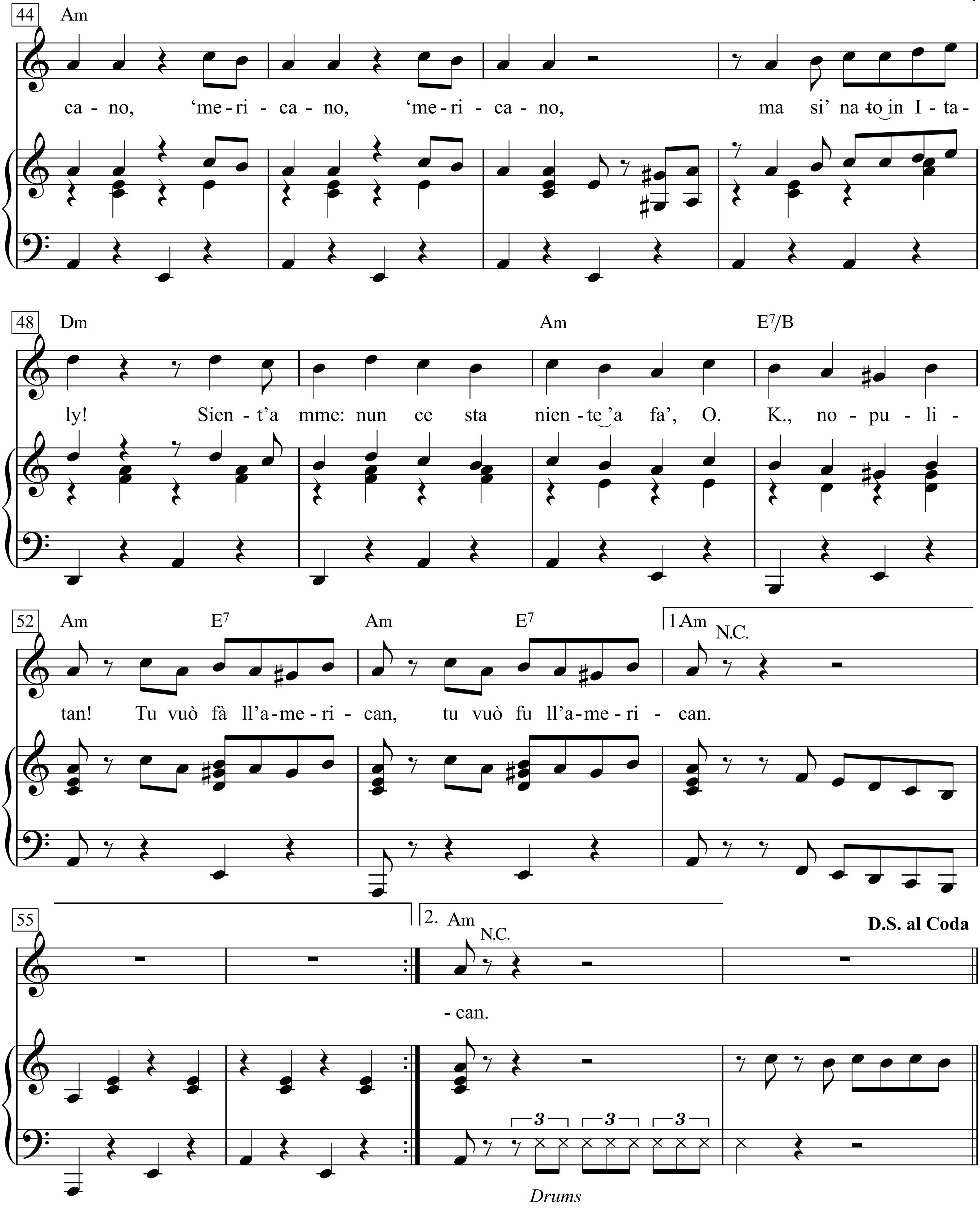
Musica di Renato Carosone

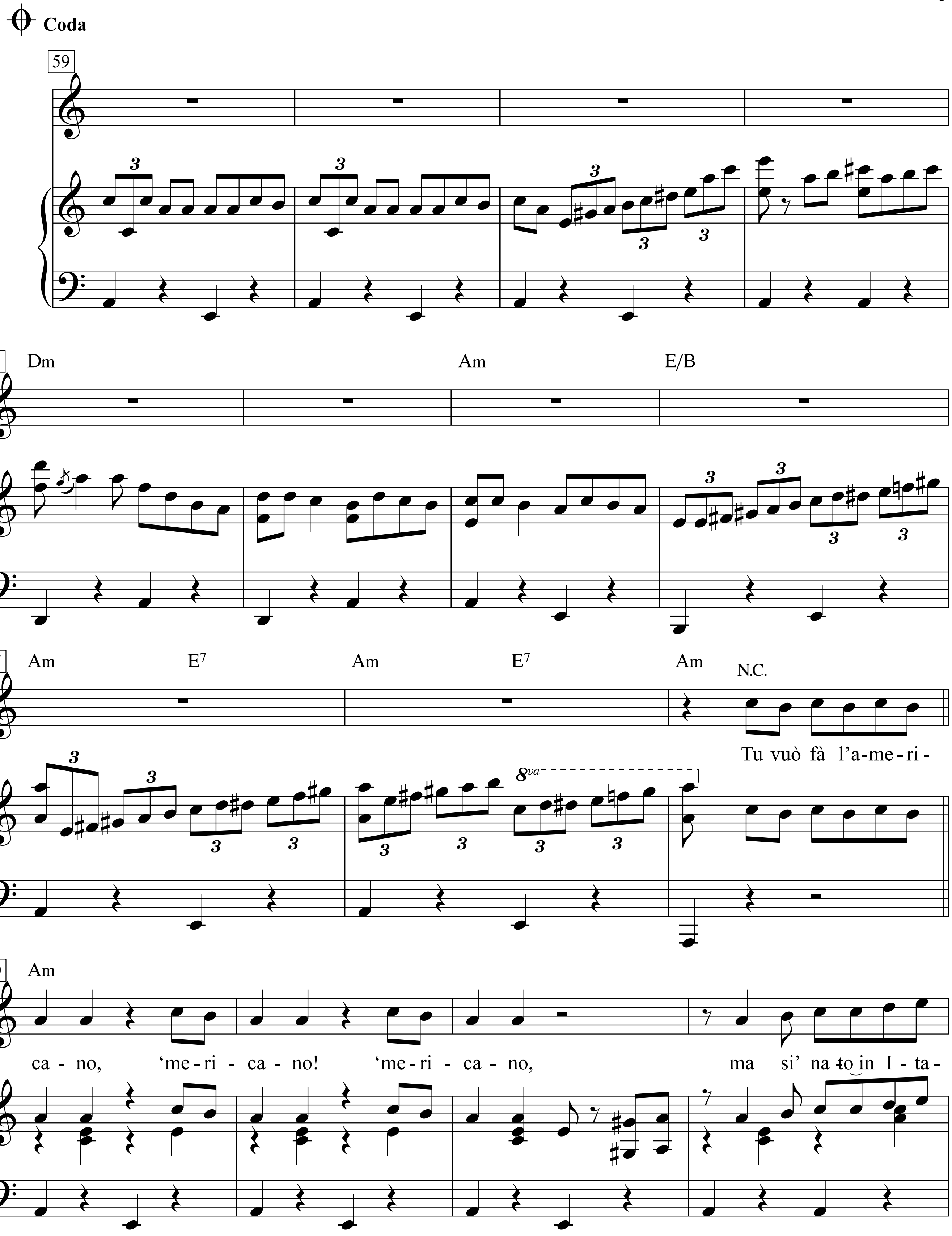
Original key Bb minor



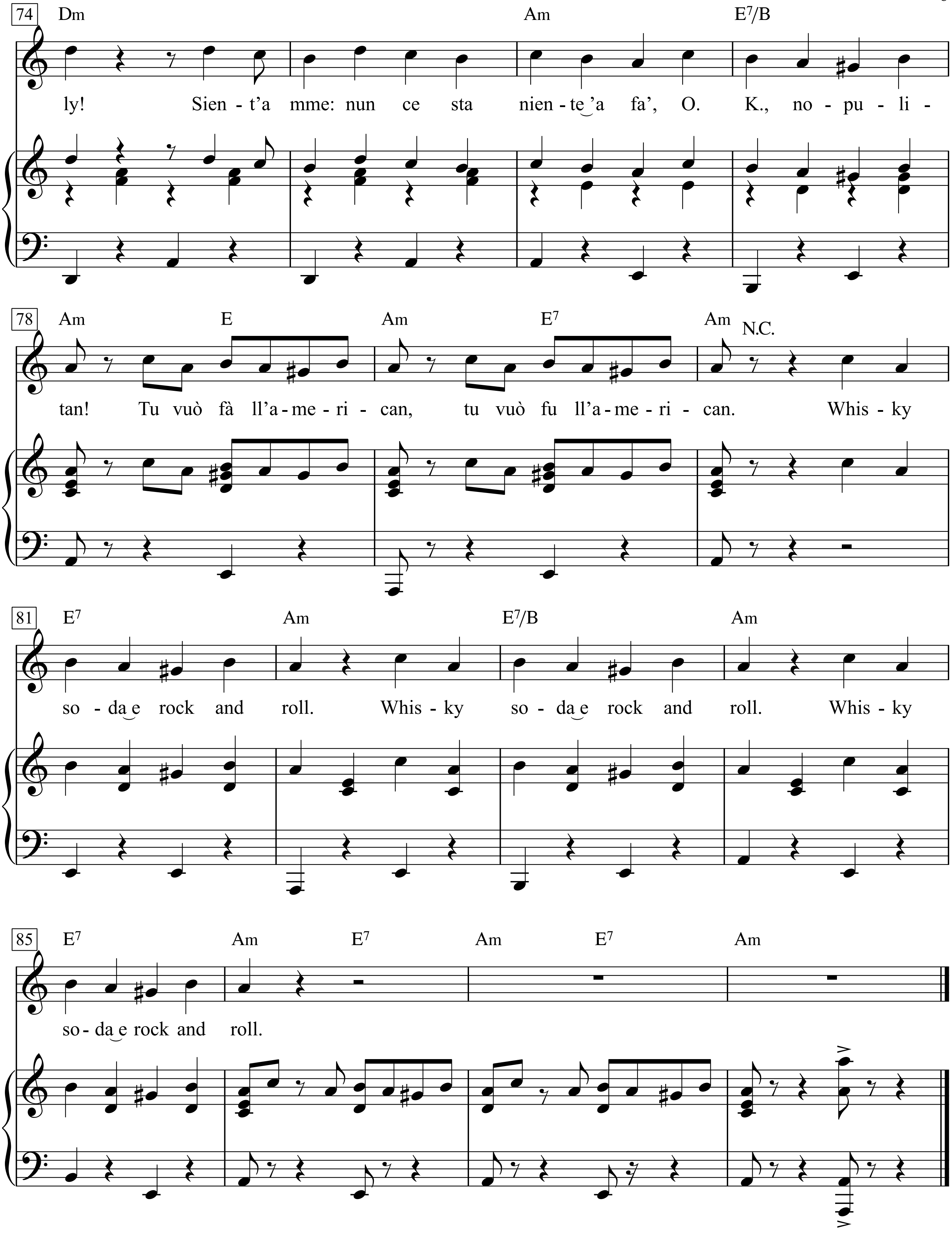

14 Dm Am
Pas - se scam - pa - ni - an no pe' Tu - le - to,
Quan-no se fa ll'am - mo - re sott' 'a lu - na,
18 B7 E7 N.C.
com - m'a 'nu guap - po pe' e fa' guar - da'
co - me te ve - ne_'n ca - pa_'e di "I love you?"
21 E N.C. Am
Tu vuò fà ll'a-me-ri - ca - no, 'me-ri-
25 E7/B
ca - no, 'me-ri - ca - no, sien-t'a mme chi to' ffa fa'?


29
Tu vuoi vi-vere al-la mo-da, ma se be-vi "whis-ky and so-da",
33
Am
N.C.
Dm
po' te sen-te_'e dis-tur-bà. Tu ab-ball' o' roc-chen-roll.
37
Am
B7
Tu gio-chi a bai-si-boll. Ma e sol-de p'_e' Cca-mel
41
E7
F
E7
N.C.
To Coda
chi te li dà? La bor-set-ta di mam-mà! Tu vuò fà ll'a-me-ri-


44
Am
ca - no, 'me - ri - ca - no, 'me - ri - ca - no, ma si' na - to in I - ta -
48
Dm
Am
E7/B
ly! Sien - t'a mme: nun ce sta nien - te 'a fa', O. K., no - pu - li -
52
Am
E7
Am
E7
1.Am
N.C.
tan! Tu vuò fà ll'a - me - ri - can, tu vuò fu ll'a - me - ri - can.
55
2. Am
N.C.
D.S. al Coda
- can.
Drums



Coda
59
63
Dm
Am
E/B
67
Am
E7
Am
E7
Am
N.C.
Tu vuò fà l'a-me-ri-
8va
70
Am
ca - no, 'me-ri - ca - no! 'me-ri - ca - no, ma si' na-to in I - ta-


74
Dm
Am
E7/B
ly! Sien - t'a mme: nun ce sta nien - te 'a fa', O. K., no - pu - li -
78
Am
E
Am
E7
Am
N.C.
tan! Tu vuò fà ll'a - me - ri - can, tu vuò fu ll'a - me - ri - can. Whis - ky
81
E7
Am
E7/B
Am
so - da e rock and roll. Whis - ky so - da e rock and roll. Whis - ky
85
E7
Am
E7
Am
E7
Am
so - da e rock and roll.

Puorte o cazone cu 'nu stemma arreto
'na cuppulella cu 'a visiera alzata.
Passe scampanianno pe' Tuleto
camme a 'nu guappo pe' te fa guardà!

Tu vuò fa l'americano!
mmericano! mmericano
sien-t'a mme chi t' to' ffa fa'?
tu vuoi vi-vere al-la mo-da,
ma se be-vi "whis-ky and so-da",
po' te sen-te'e dis-tur-bà.

Tuab-ball 'o roc-chen-roll.
Tu gio-chia bai-si-boll.
Mae sol-de p'e' Cca-mel
chi te li dà? ...
La bor-set-ta di mam-mà!

Tu vuò fà l' americano,
'mericano! 'mericano!
ma si' na-to in I-ta-ly!
Sien-t'a mme:
nun ce sta nien-te'a fa',
O. K., no-pu-li-tan!
Tu vuò fà ll' a-me-ri-can,
tu vuò fu ll'a-me-ri-can.

Com-e te po' ca-pì' chi te vò bbe-ne.
Si tu lle par-le mie-zoa-me-ri-ca-no?
Quan-dose fa ll'am-mo-re sott' 'a lu-na,
co-me te ve-ne'n-ca-pa'e di"I love you?'

Tu vuò fa l' americano
mmericano! mmericano
siente a me, chi t'ho fa fa?
tu vuoi vivere alla moda...

Du trägst Hosen mit einem Label hinten,
eine Cappie mit aufgestelltem Schirm...
Läufst den Landstrich um Toledo ab,
wie ein Camorrista, um dich zu zeigen...

Du willst den Amerikaner machen,
'merikaner, 'merikaner...
Hör mir zu: wer hat dir gesagt, das zu machen?
Du willst nach neuster Mode leben,
aber wenn du "Whisky und Soda" trinkst,
spürst du nur Schwindel.

Du tanzt den Rock'n'Roll,
du spielst Baseball...
Doch das Geld für die "Camels",
wer gibt dir es dir?
Die Brieftasche deiner Mama.

Du willst den Amerikaner machen,
'merikaner, 'merikaner...
aber bist in Italy geboren!
Hör mir zu: es bleibt dir nichts anderes übrig,
ok, Neapoletaner?
Du willst den Amerikaner machen,
du willst den Amerikaner machen!

Wie sollen dich die verstehen, die sich um dich sorgen,
wenn du zu ihnen halb Amerikanisch sprichst?
Wenn man gerade Liebe im Mondschein macht,
wie kommt man da darauf "I love you" zu sagen?

Du willst den Amerikaner machen,
'merikaner, 'merikaner...
Hör mir zu: wer hat dir gesagt, das zu machen?
Du willst nach neuster Mode leben,

aber wenn "Whisky und Soda" trinkst,
spürst du nur Schwindel.
Du tanzt den Rock'n'Roll,
du spielst Baseball...
Doch das Geld für die "Camels",
wer gibt dir es dir?
Die Brieftasche deiner Mama.

(2x)
Du willst den Amerikaner machen,
'merikaner, 'merikaner...
aber bist in Italy geboren!
Hör mir zu: es bleibt dir nichts anderes übrig,
ok, Neapoletaner?
Du willst den Amerikaner machen,
du willst den Amerikaner machen!

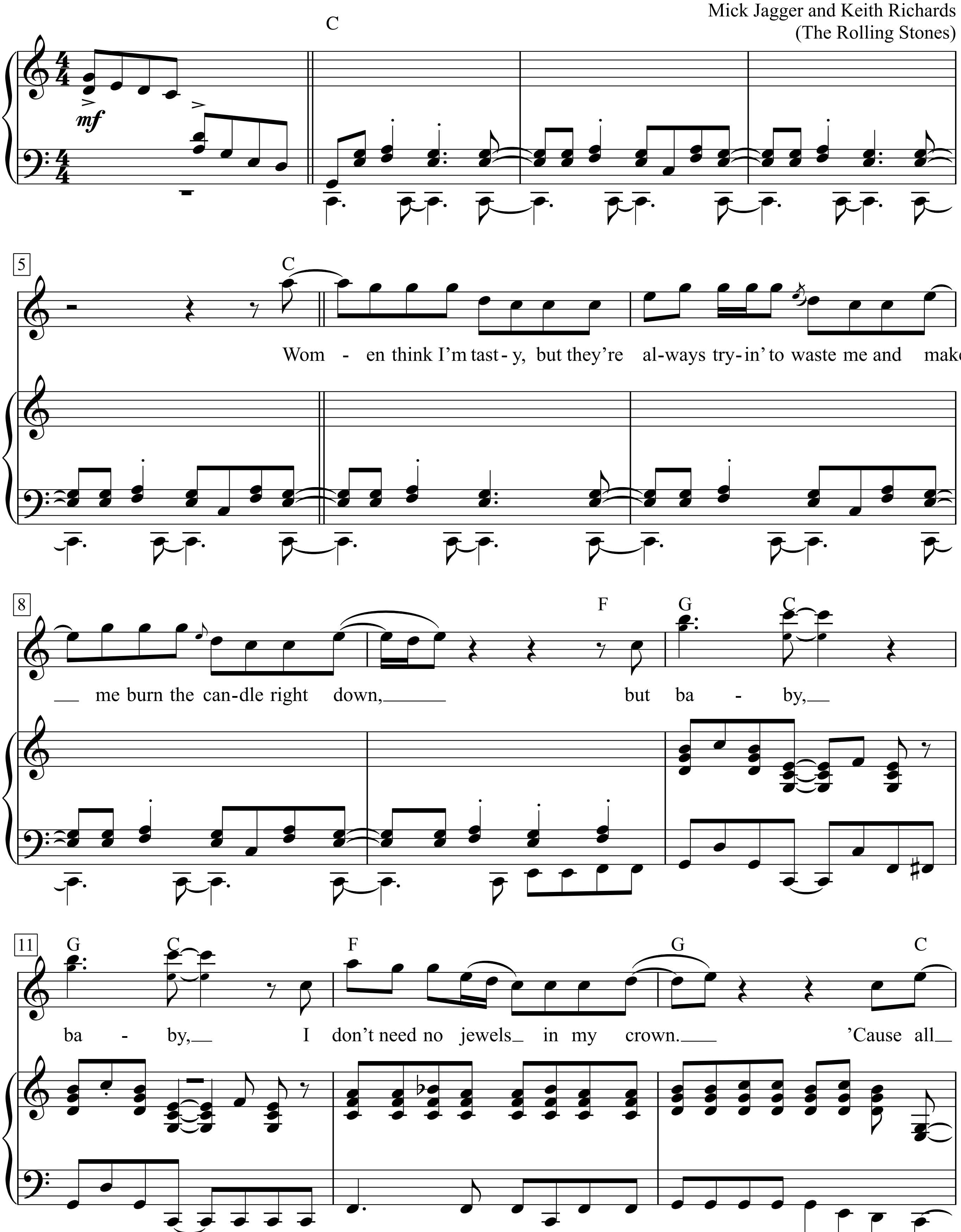
Whiskey und Soda, Rock'n'Roll
Whiskey und Soda, Rock'n'Roll
Whiskey und Soda, Rock'n'Roll

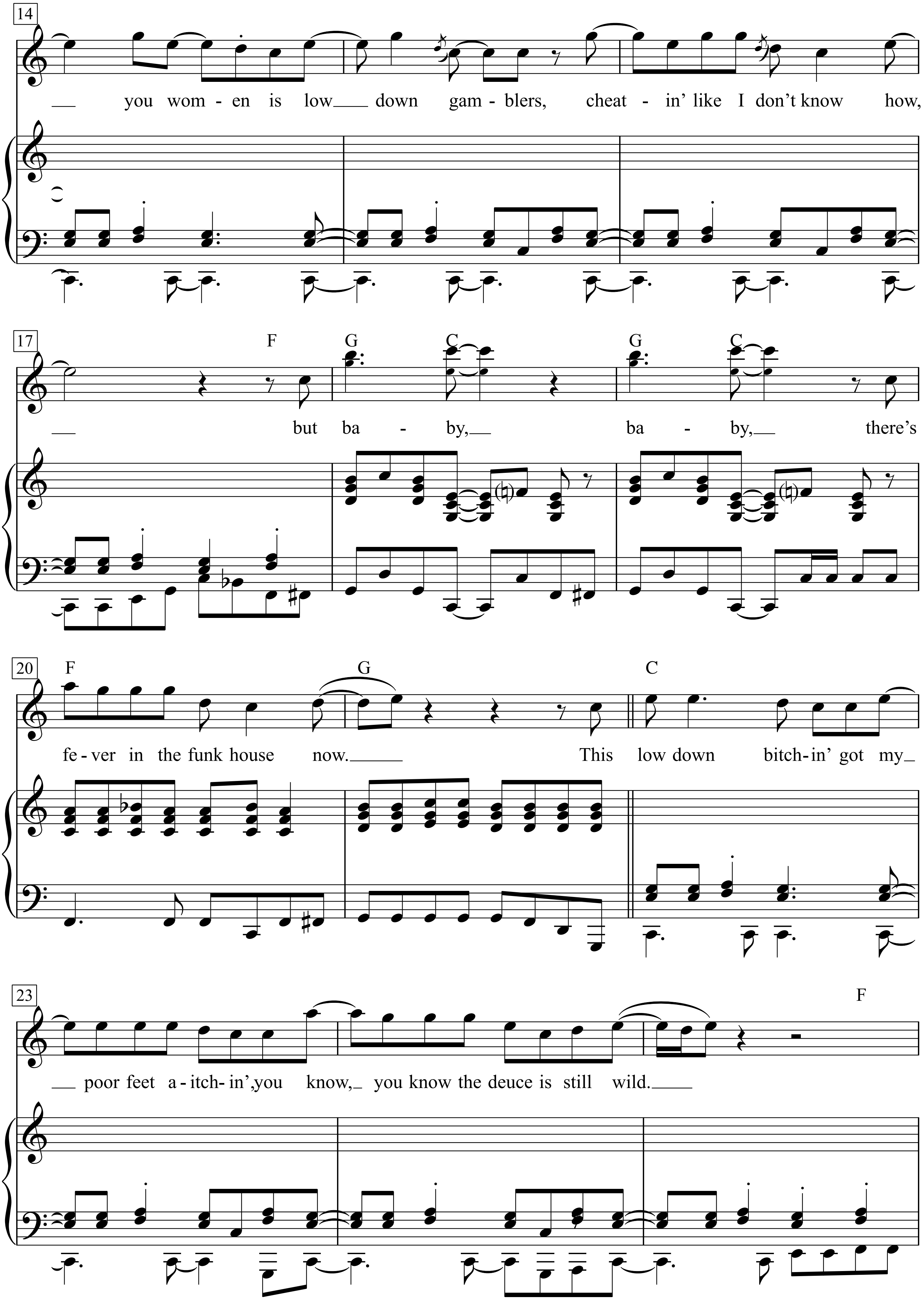
Du willst den Amerikaner machen,
du willst den Amerikaner machen,
du willst den Amerikaner machen!

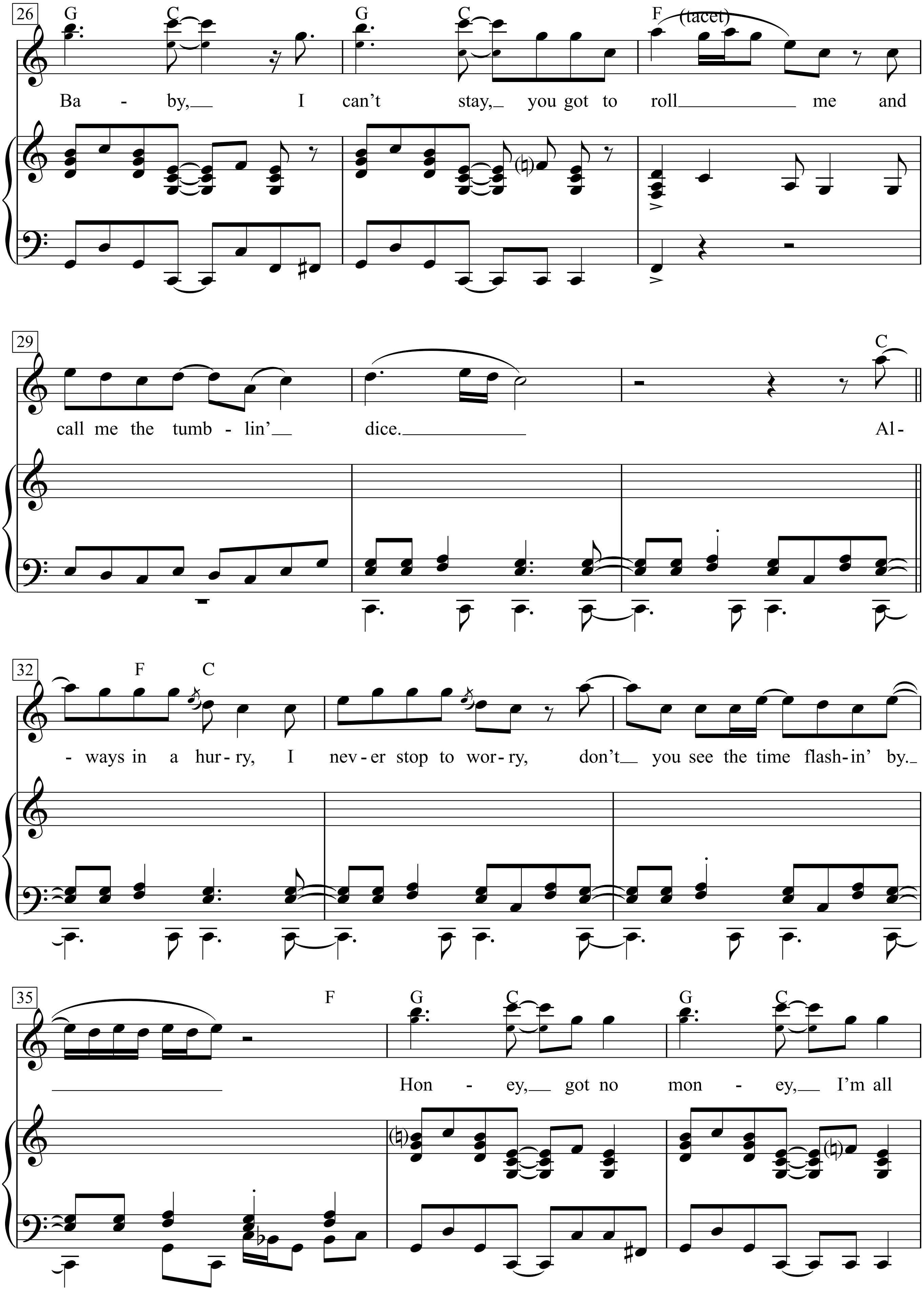
Tumbling Dice

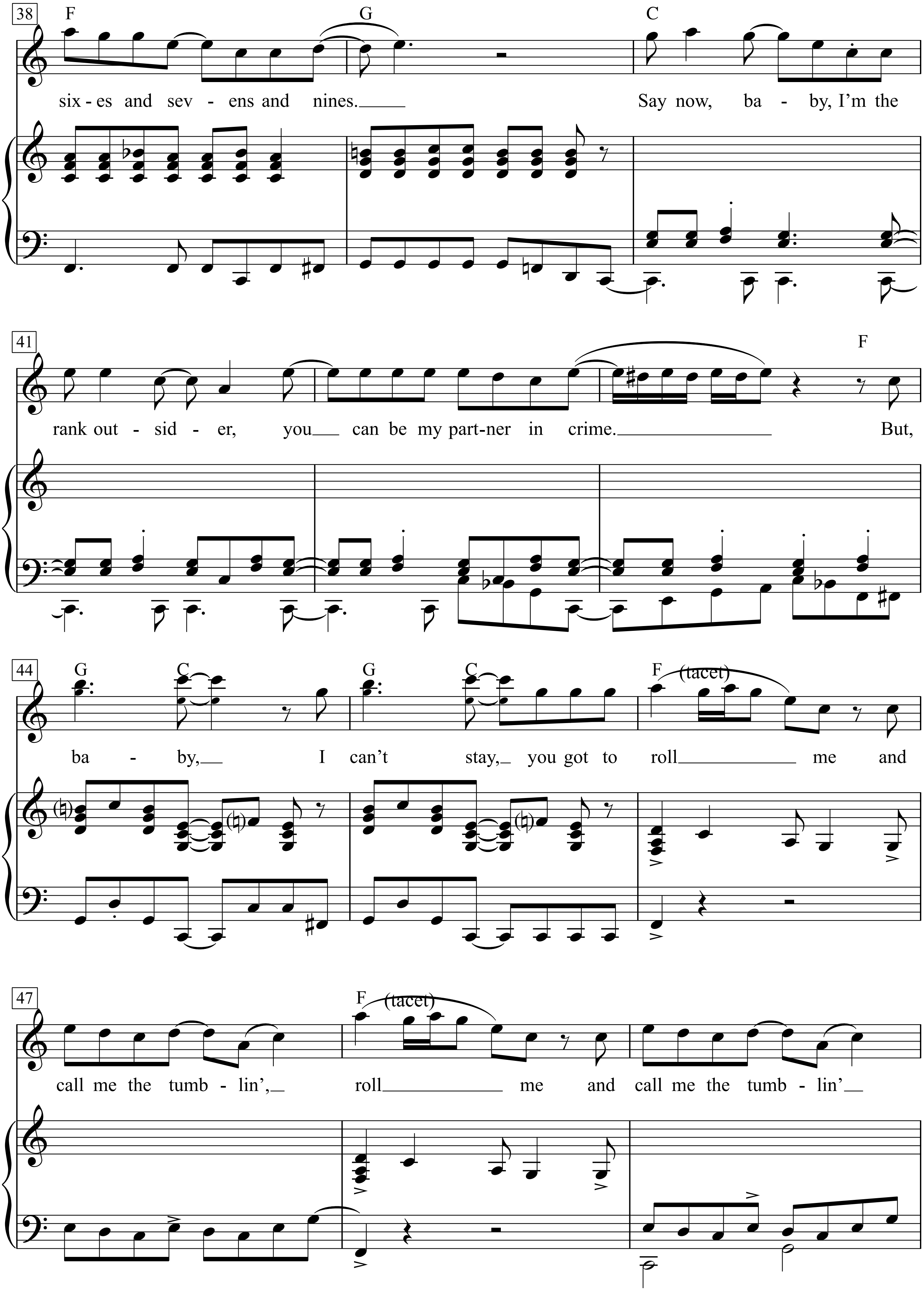
Moderate rock

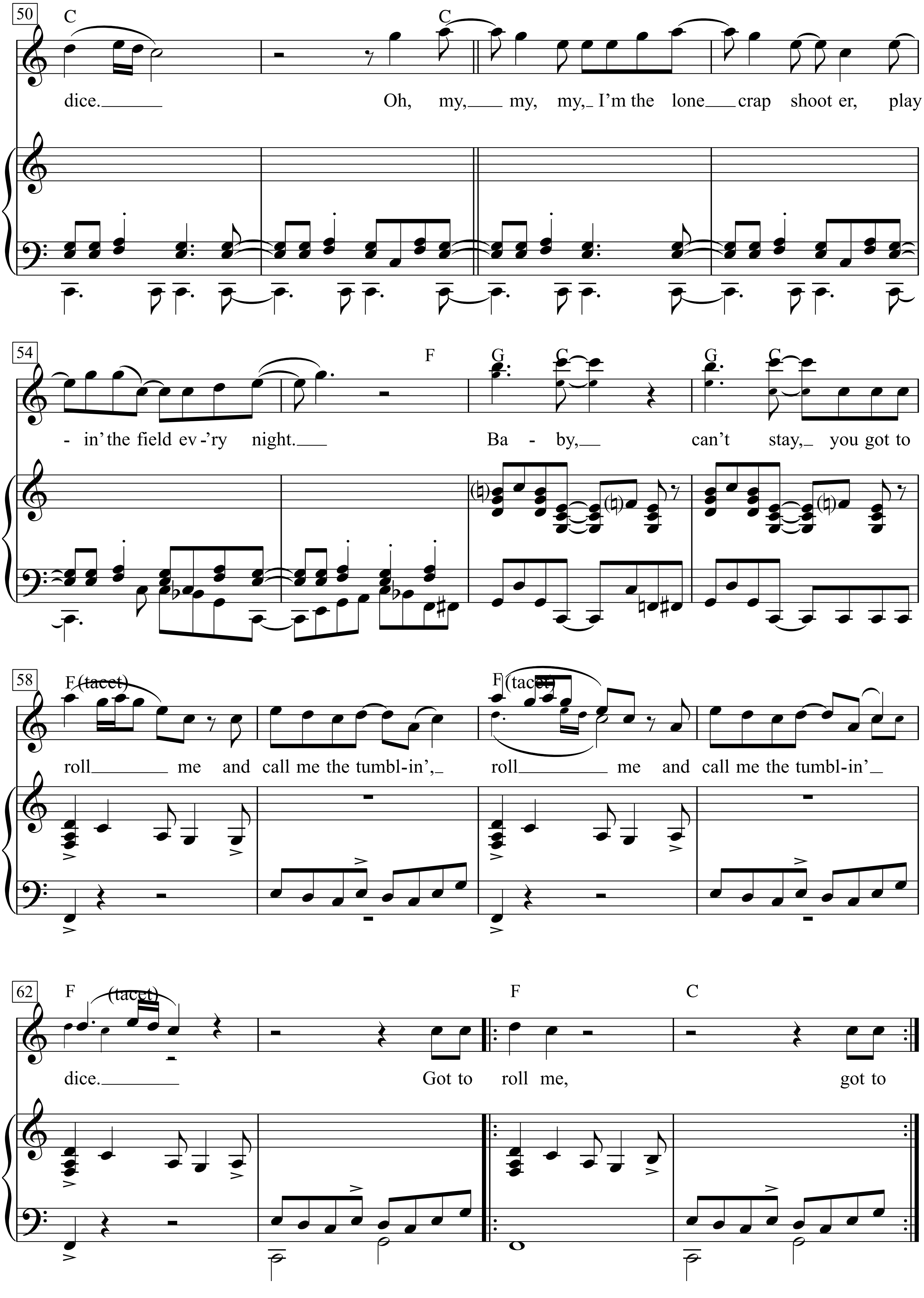
Word & Music by
Mick Jagger and Keith Richards
(The Rolling Stones)




14
you wom - en is low down gam - blers, cheat - in' like I don't know how,
17
F
G
C
G
C
but ba - by, ba - by, there's
20
F
G
C
fe - ver in the funk house now. This low down bitch - in' got my
23
F
poor feet a - itch - in', you know, you know the deuce is still wild.

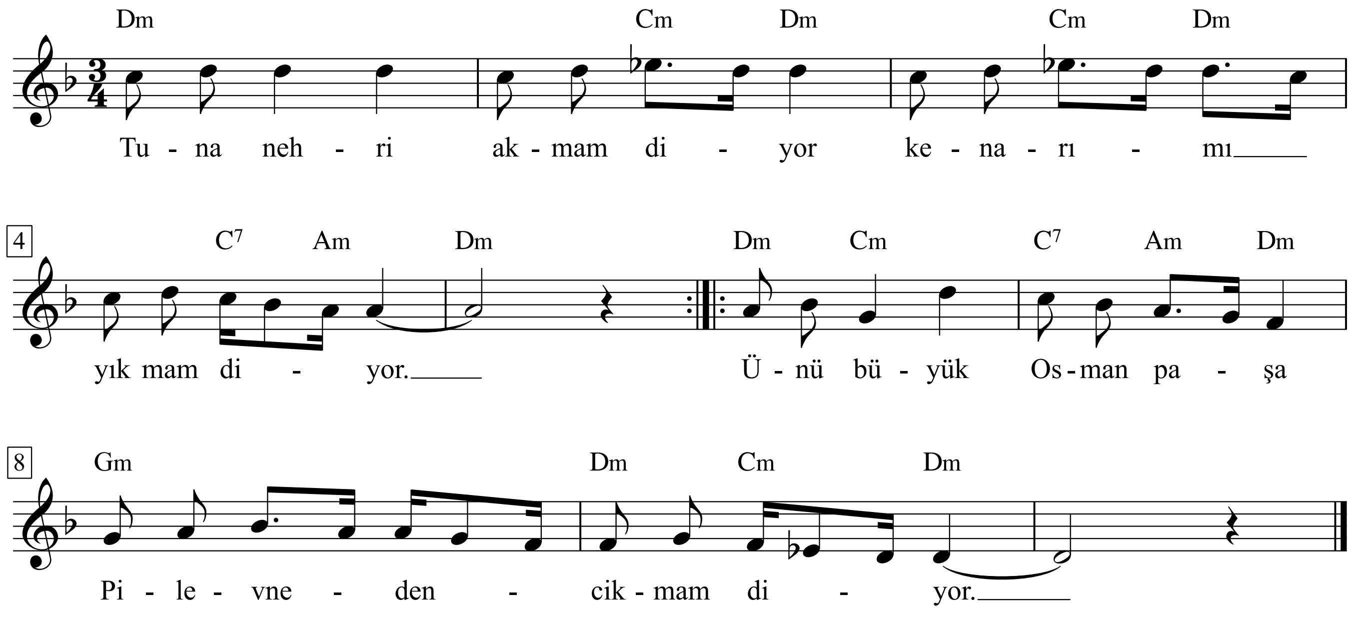

26
G C G C F (tacet)
Ba - by, I can't stay, you got to roll me and
29
C
call me the tumb - lin' dice. Al-
32
F C
- ways in a hur - ry, I nev - er stop to wor - ry, don't you see the time flash - in' by.
35
F G C G C
Hon - ey, got no mon - ey, I'm all


38
F
G
C
six - es and sev - ens and nines.
Say now, ba - by, I'm the
41
F
rank out - sid - er, you can be my part-ner in crime.
But,
44
G
C
G
C
F
(tacet)
ba - by, I can't stay, you got to roll me and
47
F
(tacet)
call me the tumb - lin', roll me and call me the tumb - lin'


50
C
C
dice. Oh, my, my, my, I'm the lone crap shoot er, play
54
F
G
C
G
C
- in' the field ev-'ry night. Ba - by, can't stay, you got to
58
F (tacet)
F (tacet)
roll me and call me the tumbl-in', roll me and call me the tumbl-in'
62
F
(tacet)
F
C
dice. Got to roll me, got to

Tuna nehri

Volkslied aus der Türkei



1. |: Tuna nehri akmam diyor kenarımı yık mam diyor, :|
|: Ünü büyük Osman paşa Pilevnedençıkmam diyor. :|

2. |: Düşman Tunayı atladı karakolları yokladı, :|
|: Osman paşanın kolundan beşbin top bird patladi. :|

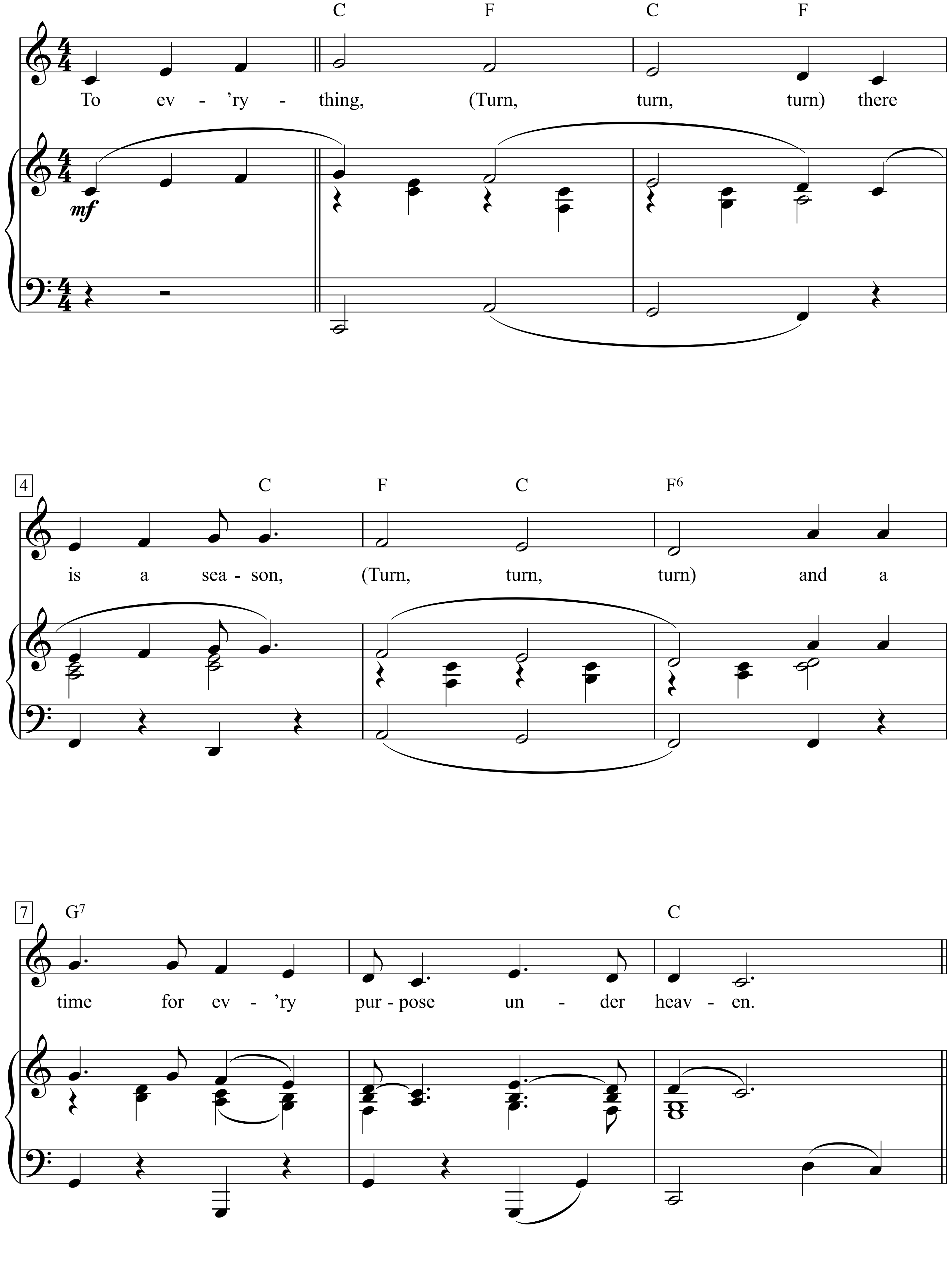
3. |: Kılıcımı vurdum taşa taş yarıldı baştan başa. :|
|: Ünü büyük Osman paşa askerinle binlev yaşa! :|

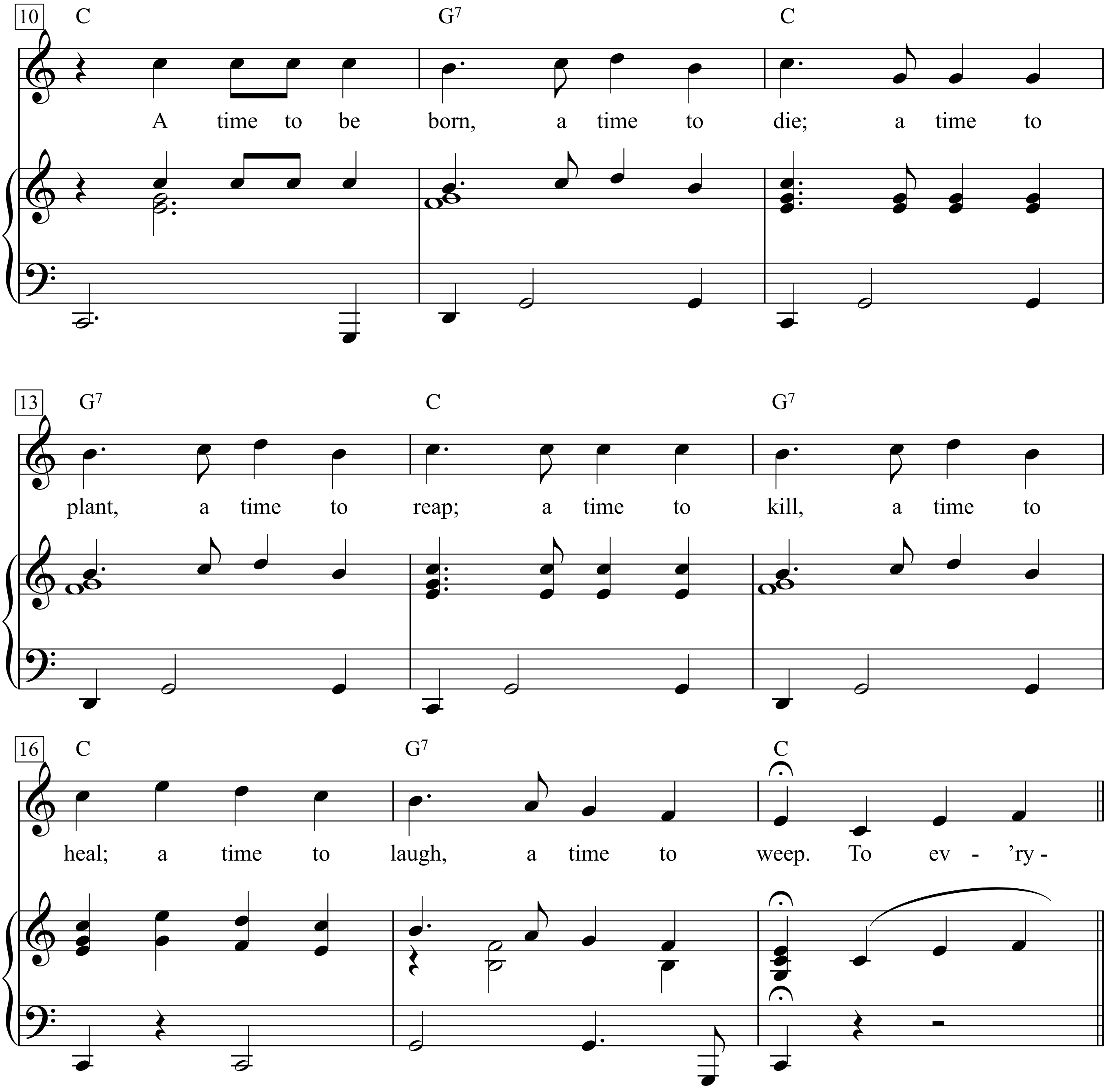
Turn! Turn! Turn!
(To Everything There Is a Season)

Words from the Book of Eccleslastes

Adaption & Music by Pete Seeger
(The Byrds)

Moderately *(Not too fast)*




10
C
G7
C
A time to be born, a time to die; a time to
13
G7
C
G7
plant, a time to reap; a time to kill, a time to
16
C
G7
C
heal; a time to laugh, a time to weep. To ev - 'ry -

Refrain:
To ev’rything, turn, turn, turn.
There is a season, turn, turn, turn.
And a time for ev’ry purpose under heaven.

1. A time to be born, a time to die,
a time to plant, a time to reap;
a time to kill, a time to heal;
a time to laugh, a time to weep.

2. A time to build up, a time to break down;
A time to dance, a time to mourn;
A time to cast away stones.
A time to gather stones together.
Refrain:

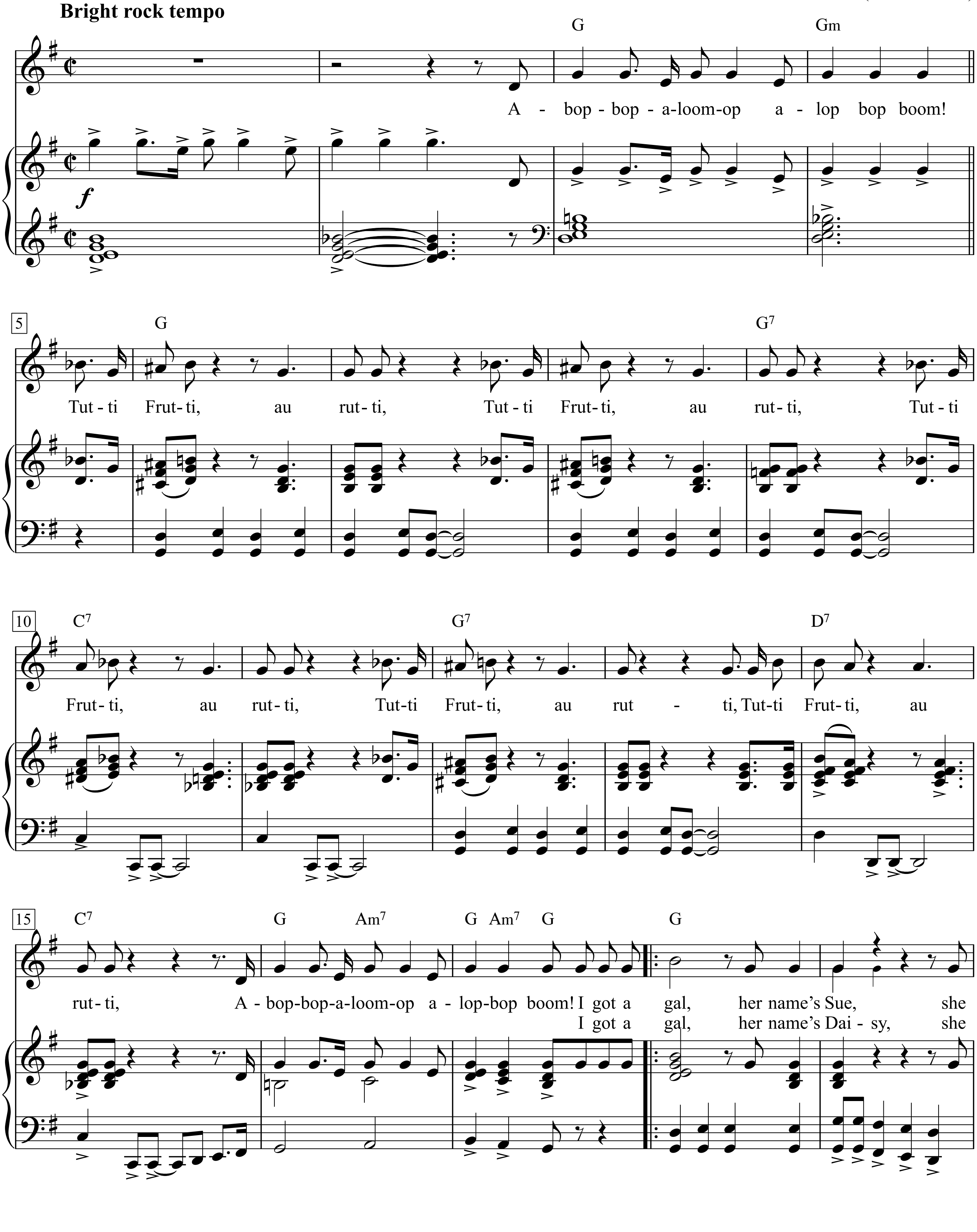
3. A time of love, a time of hate;
A time of war, a time of peace;
A time you may embrace,
A time to refrain from embracing.
Refrain:

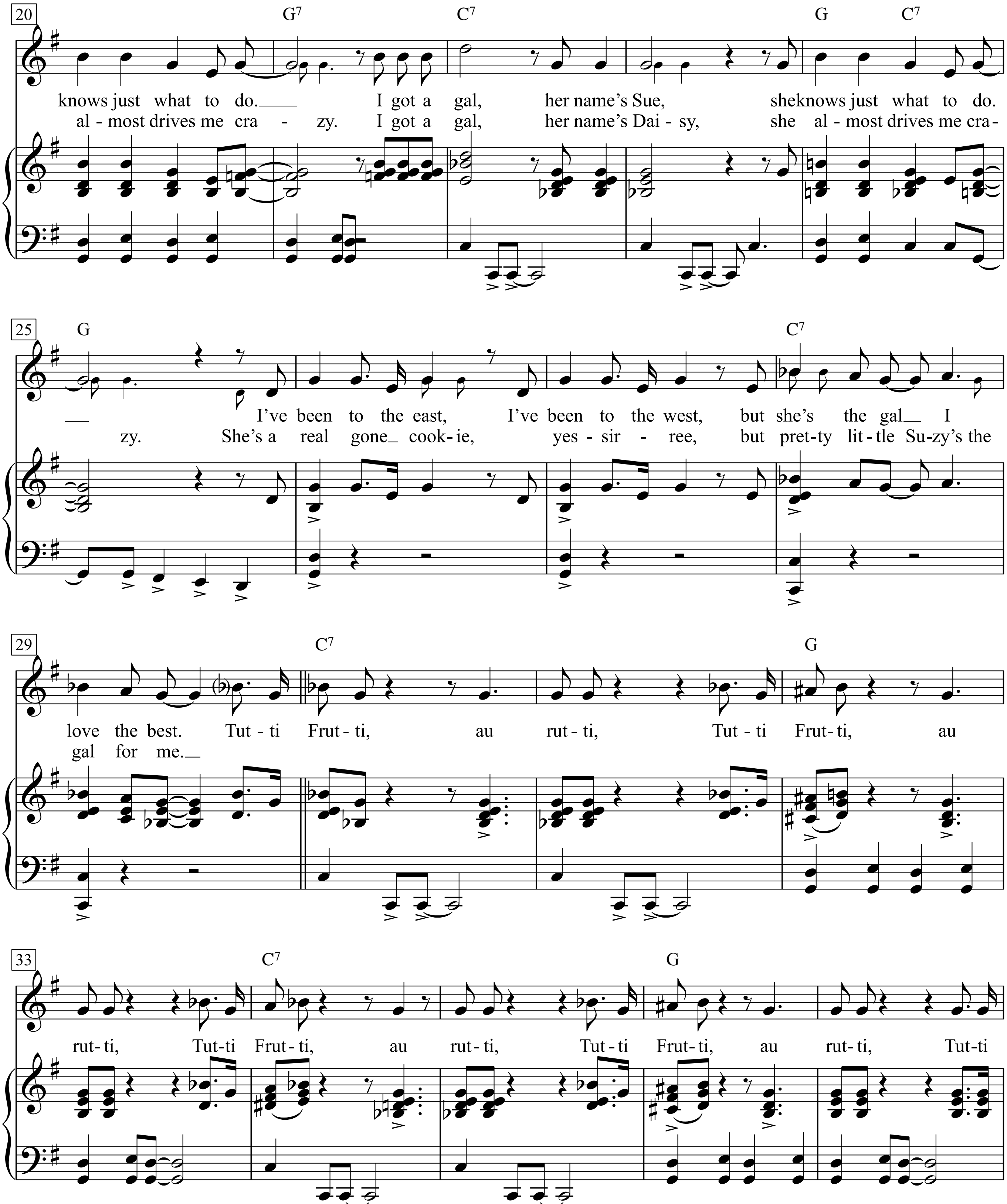
4. A time to gain, a time to lose;
A time to rend, a time to sew;
A time to love, a time to hate;
A time for peace, I swear it’s not too late.
Refrain:

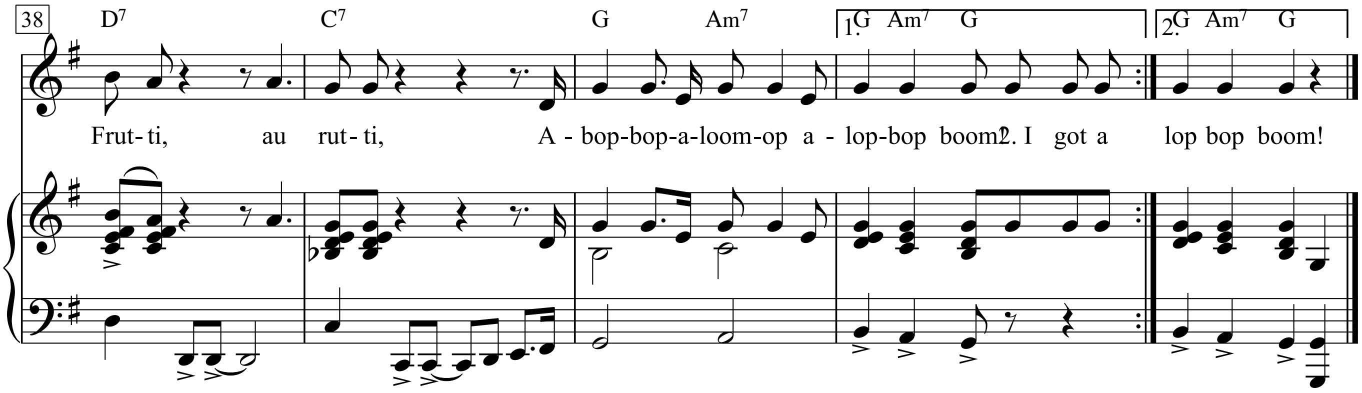
Tutti Frutti

Words & Music by
Richard Penniman and Dorothy LaBostrie
(Little Richard)

Bright rock tempo




20
G7
C7
G
C7
knows just what to do. I got a gal, her name's Sue, she knows just what to do.
al - most drives me cra - zy. I got a gal, her name's Dai - sy, she al - most drives me cra -
25
G
C7
I've been to the east, I've been to the west, but she's the gal I
zy. She's a real gone cook - ie, yes - sir - ree, but pret - ty lit - tle Su - zy's the
29
C7
G
love the best. Tut - ti Frut - ti, au rut - ti, Tut - ti Frut - ti, au
gal for me.
33
C7
G
rut - ti, Tut - ti Frut - ti, au rut - ti, Tut - ti Frut - ti, au rut - ti, Tut - ti


38
D7 C7 G Am7
1. G Am7 G
2. G Am7 G
Frut- ti, au rut- ti, A - bop-bop-a-loom-op a - lop-bop boom! 2. I got a lop bop boom!

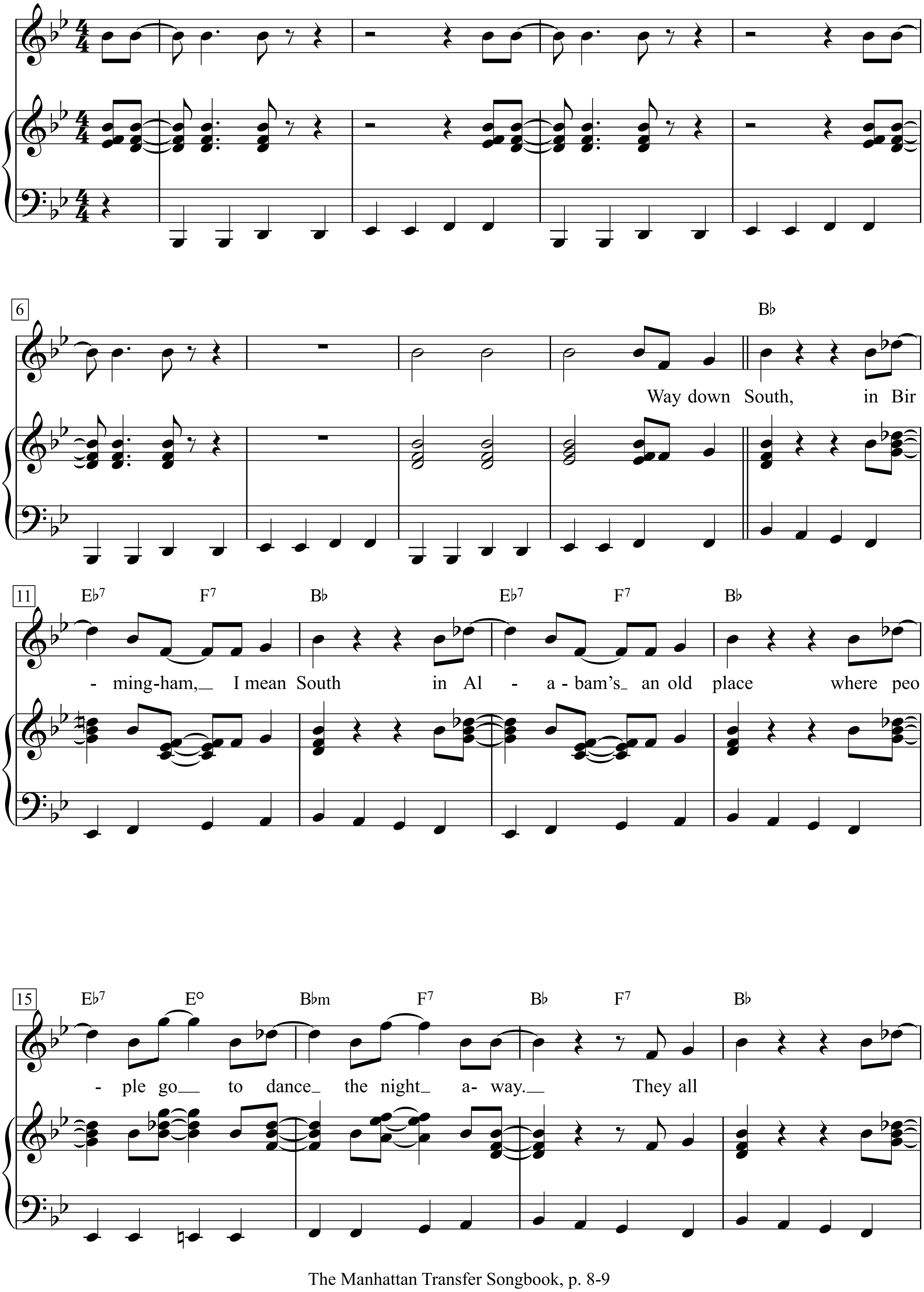
1.
Abopbopaloomop alopbop boom!
Tutti Frutti, au rutti,
Tutti Frutti, au rutti,
Tutti Frutti, au rutti,
Tutti Frutti, au rutti,
Tutti Frutti, au rutti,
A-bop-bop-a-loom-op a-lop-bop boom!
I got a gal, her name's Sue, she knows just what to do.
I got a gal, her name's Sue, she knows just what to do.
I've been to the east,
I've been to the west, but she's the gal I love the best.
Tutti Frutti, au rutti,
Tutti Frutti, au rutti,
Tutti Frutti, au rutti,
Tutti Frutti, au rutti,
Tutti Frutti, au rutti,
A-bop-bop-a-loom-op a-lop-bop boom!
2. I got a lop bop boom!

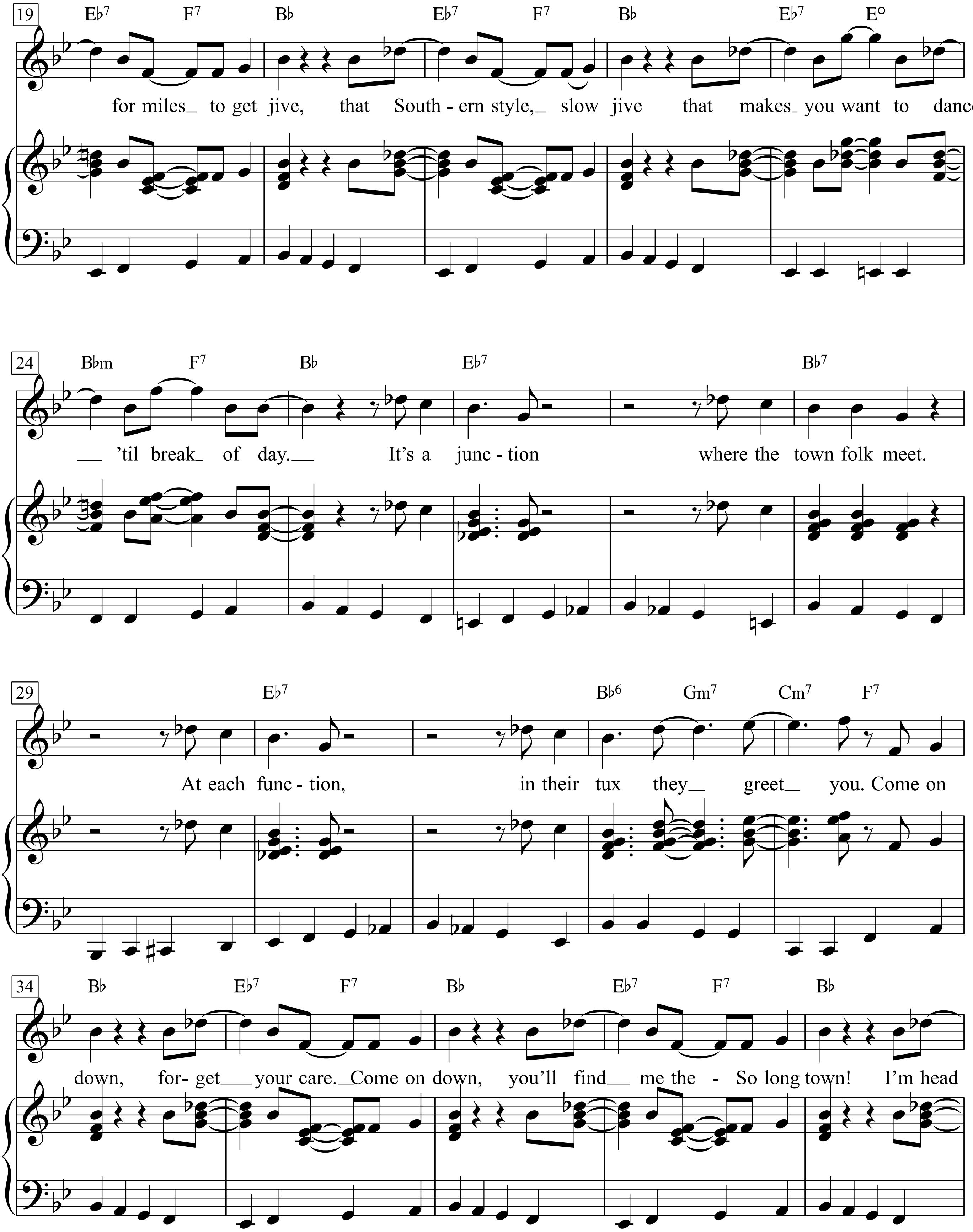
2. I got a gal, her name's Daisy, she almost drives me crazy.
I got a gal, her name's Daisy, she almost drives me crazy.
She's a real gone cookie, yessirree ???,
but pretty little Suzy's the gal for me.

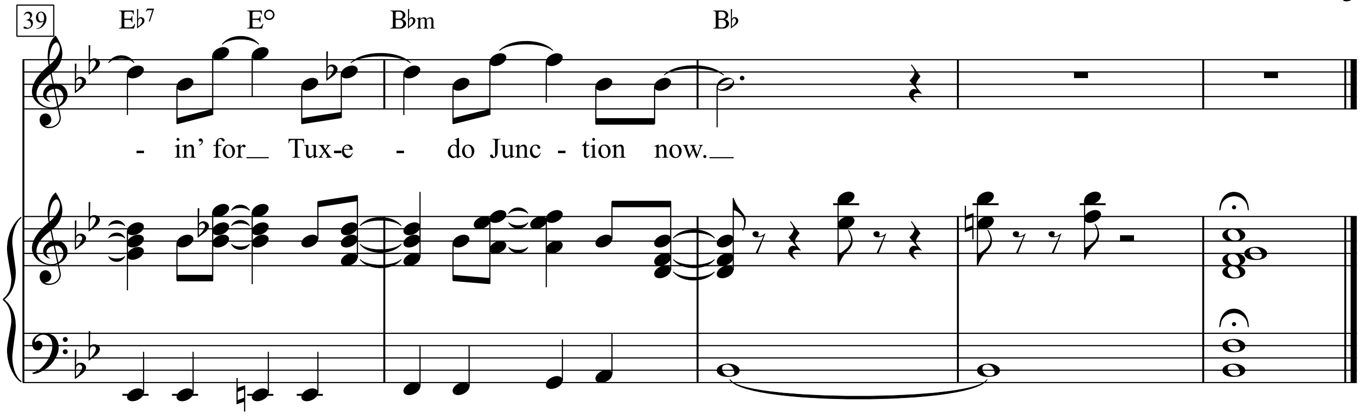
Tuxedo Junction

Words by Buddy Feyne

Music by Erskind Hawkins, William Johnson and Julian Dash
(The Manhattan Transfer)




19
E♭7 F7 B♭ E♭7 F7 B♭ E♭7 E°
for miles_ to get jive, that South - ern style,_ slow jive that makes_ you want to dance
24
B♭m F7 B♭ E♭7 B♭7
_ 'til break_ of day._ It's a junc - tion where the town folk meet.
29
E♭7 B♭6 Gm7 Cm7 F7
At each func - tion, in their tux they_ greet_ you. Come on
34
B♭ E♭7 F7 B♭ E♭7 F7 B♭
down, for- get_ your care._ Come on down, you'll find_ me the - So long town! I'm head

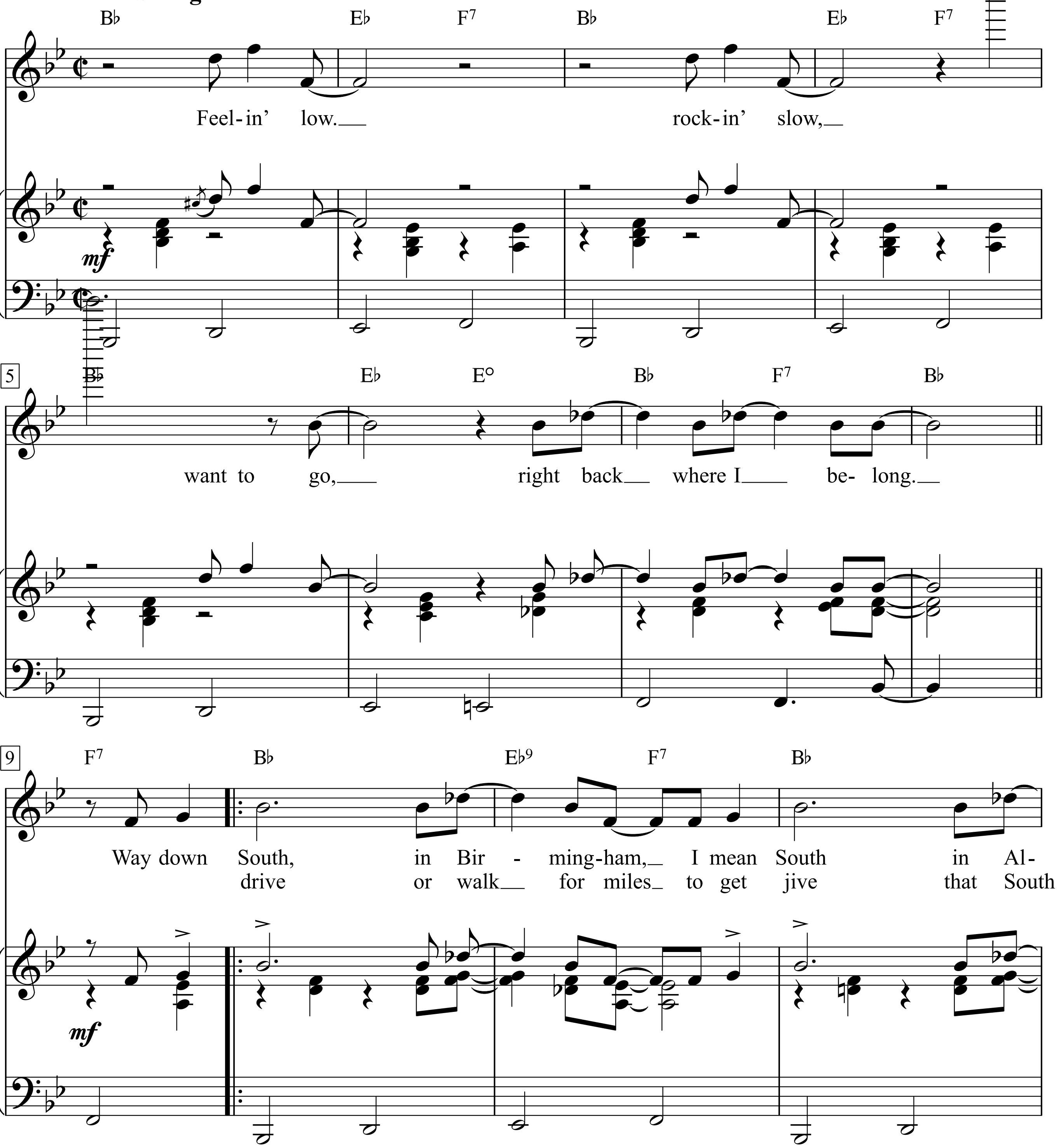

39
E♭7 E° B♭m B♭
- in' for Tux-e - do Junc - tion now.

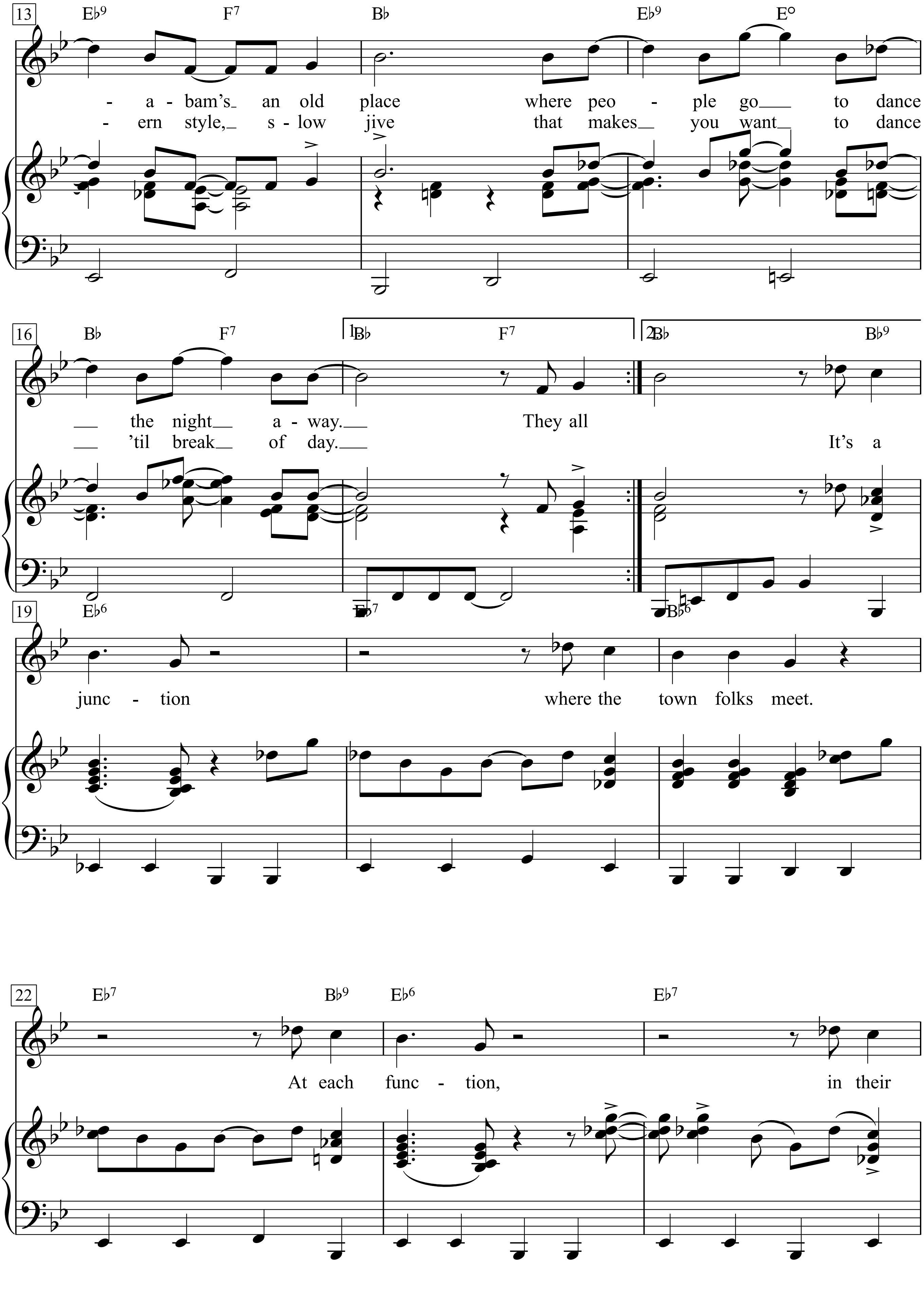
Tuxedo Junction

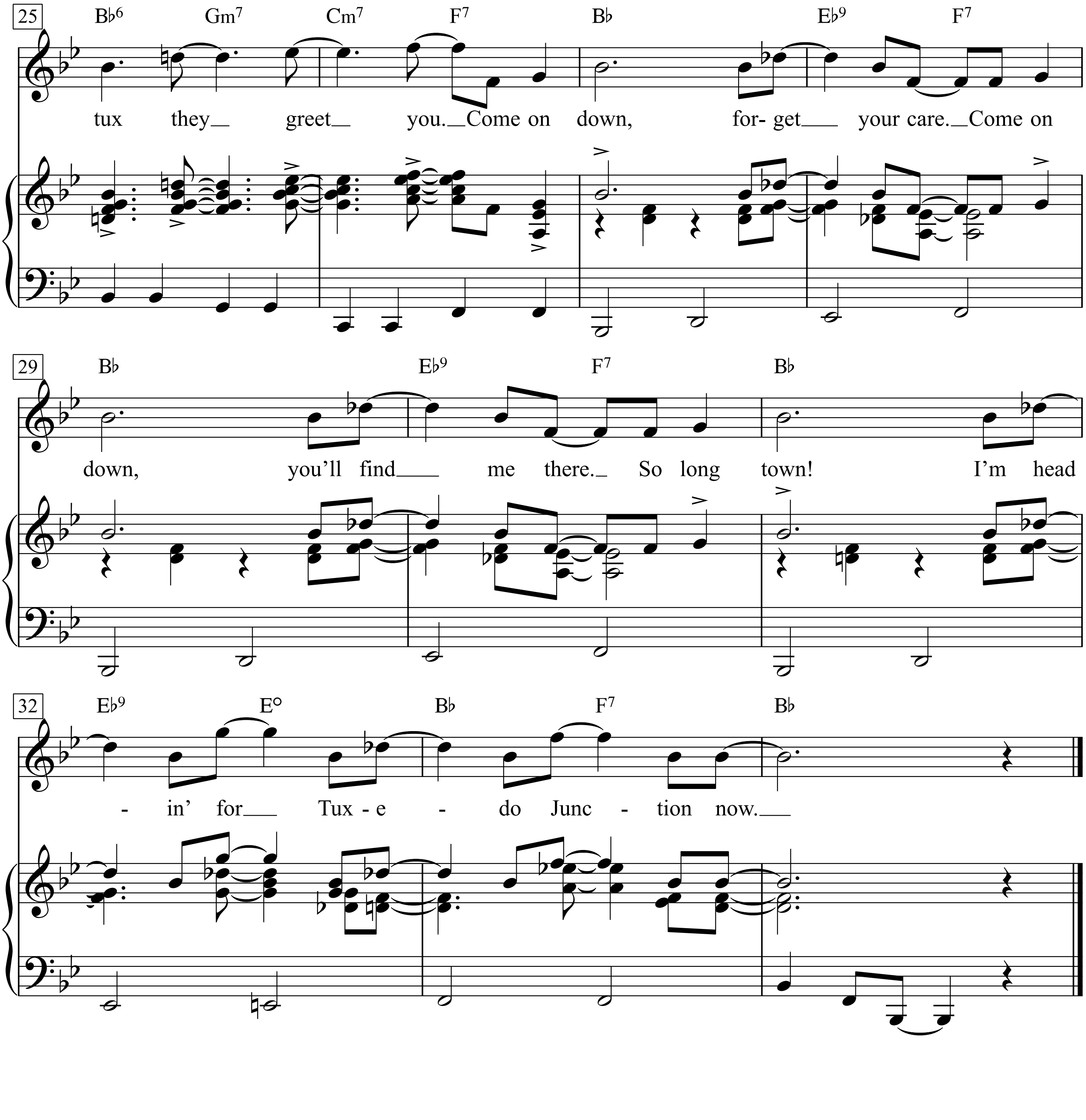
Words by Buddy Fayne

Music by
Erskine Hawkins, William
Johnso and Julian Dash

Moderate Swing



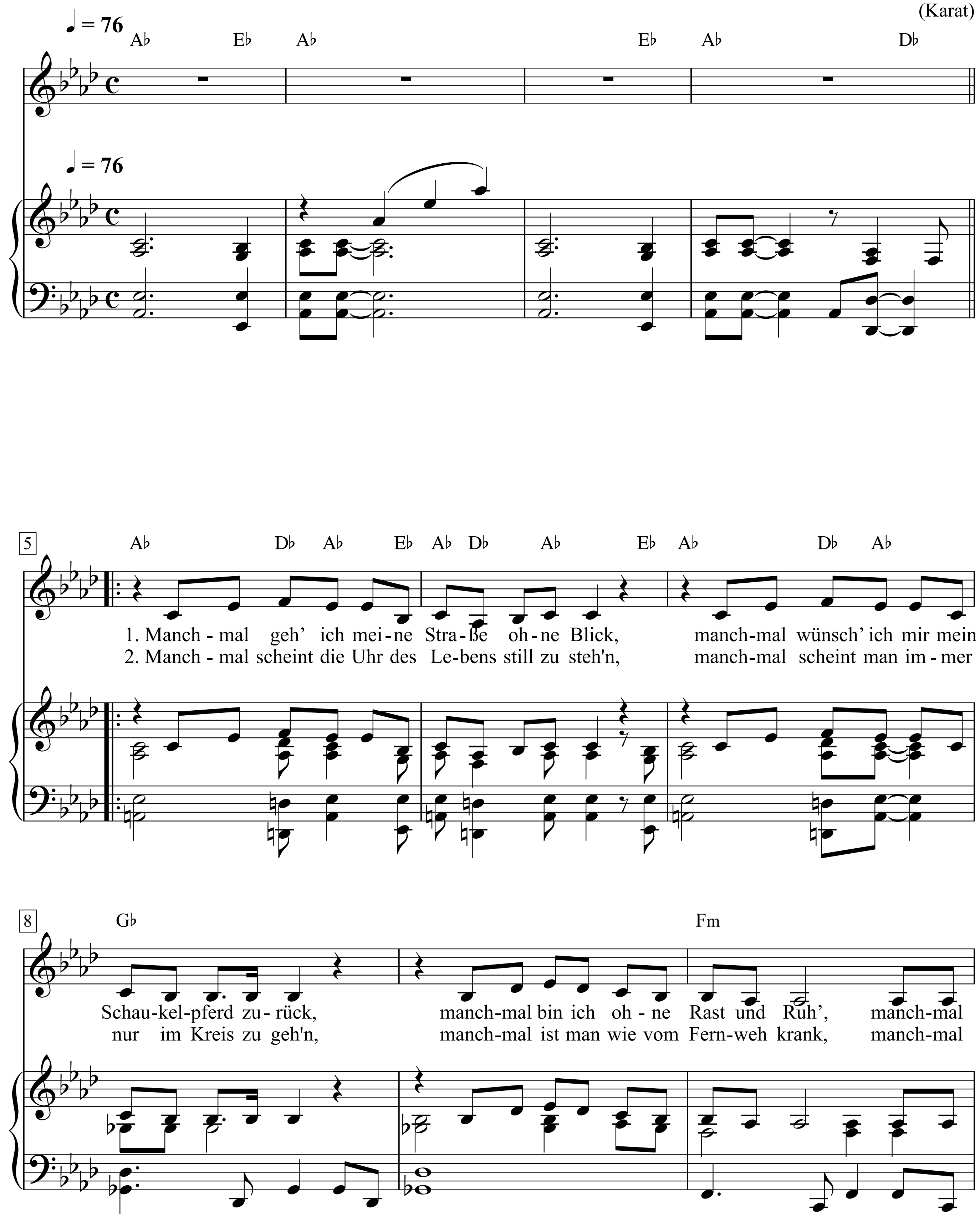

13
E♭9 F7 B♭ E♭9 E°
- a - bam's an old place where peo - ple go to dance
- ern style, s - low jive that makes you want to dance
16
B♭ F7 1.B♭ F7 2.B♭ B♭9
the night a - way. They all
'til break of day. It's a
19
E♭6 E♭7 B♭6
junc - tion where the town folks meet.
22
E♭7 B♭9 E♭6 E♭7
At each func - tion, in their

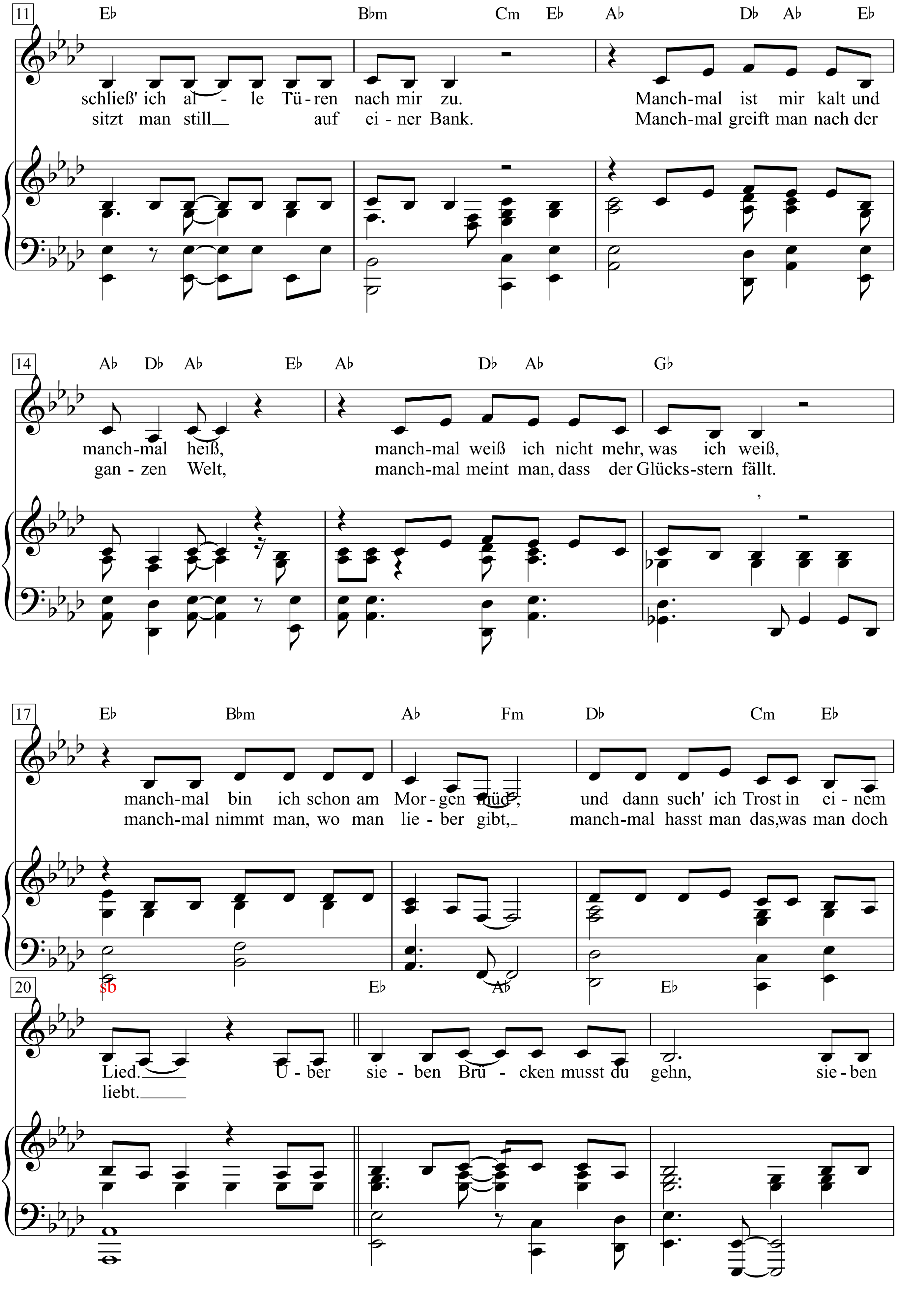

25
B♭6 Gm7 Cm7 F7 B♭ E♭9 F7
tux they greet you. Come on down, for- get your care. Come on
29
B♭ E♭9 F7 B♭
down, you'll find me there. So long town! I'm head
32
E♭9 E° B♭ F7 B♭
- in' for Tux - e - do Junc - tion now.

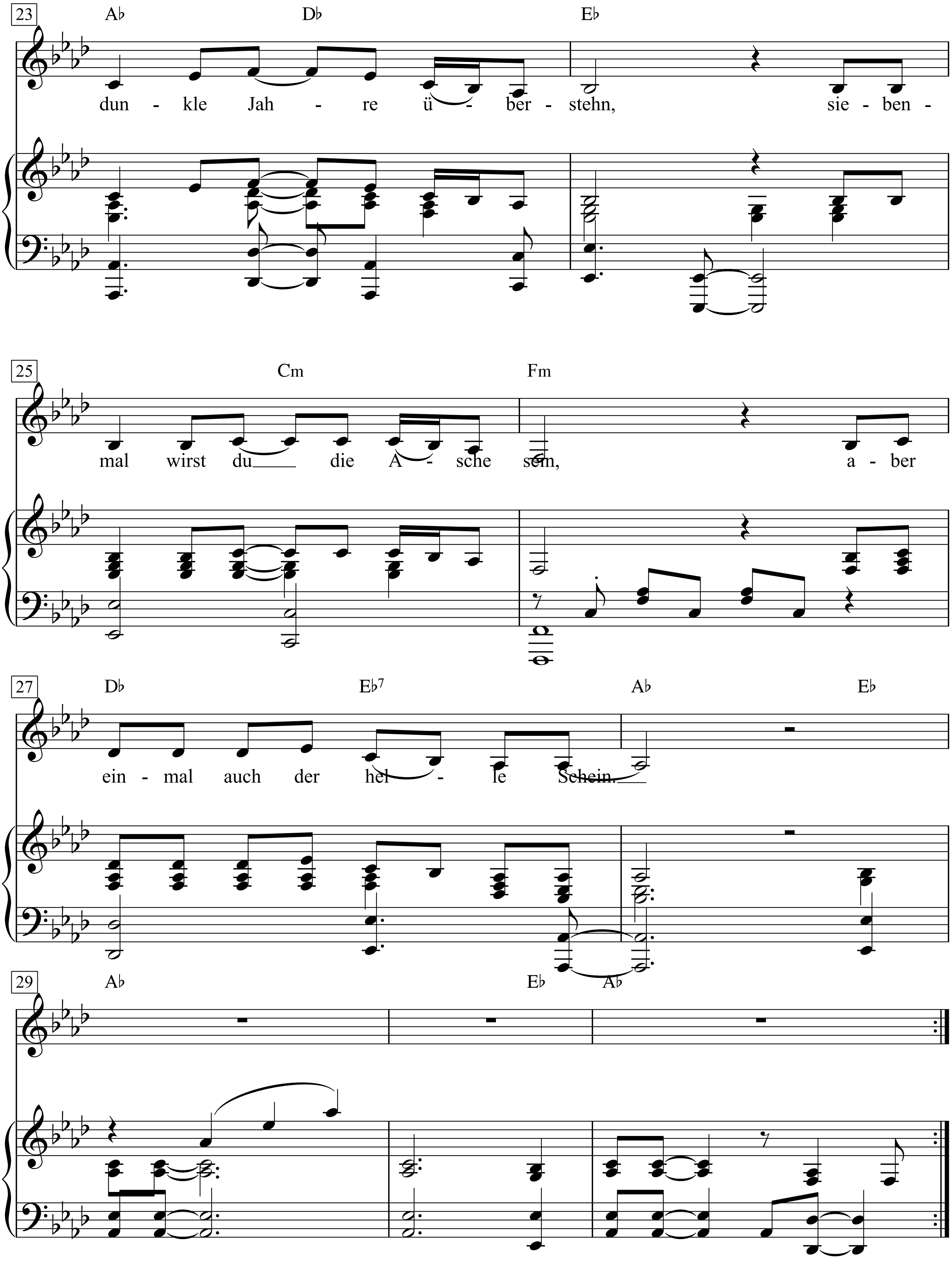
Über sieben Brücken musst du geh'n

Text: Helmut Richter

Musik: Ulrich Swillms
Bebeitung_Jürgen Moser
(Karat)




11
E♭ B♭m Cm E♭ A♭ D♭ A♭ E♭
schließ' ich al - le Tü-ren nach mir zu. Manch-mal ist mir kalt und
sitzt man still_ auf ei - ner Bank. Manch-mal greift man nach der
14
A♭ D♭ A♭ E♭ A♭ D♭ A♭ G♭
manch-mal heiß, manch-mal weiß ich nicht mehr, was ich weiß,
gan - zen Welt, manch-mal meint man, dass der Glücks-stern fällt.
17
E♭ B♭m A♭ Fm D♭ Cm E♭
manch-mal bin ich schon am Mor-gen müd', und dann such' ich Trost in ei - nem
manch-mal nimmt man, wo man lie - ber gibt,_ manch-mal hasst man das,was man doch
20
s♭ E♭ A♭ E♭
Lied._ Ü - ber sie - ben Brü - cken musst du gehn, sie-ben
liebt._


23
A♭ D♭ E♭
dun - kle Jah - re ü - ber - stehn, sie - ben -
25
Cm Fm
mal wirst du die A - sche sein, a - ber
27
D♭ E♭7 A♭ E♭
ein - mal auch der hel - le Schein.
29
A♭ E♭ A♭

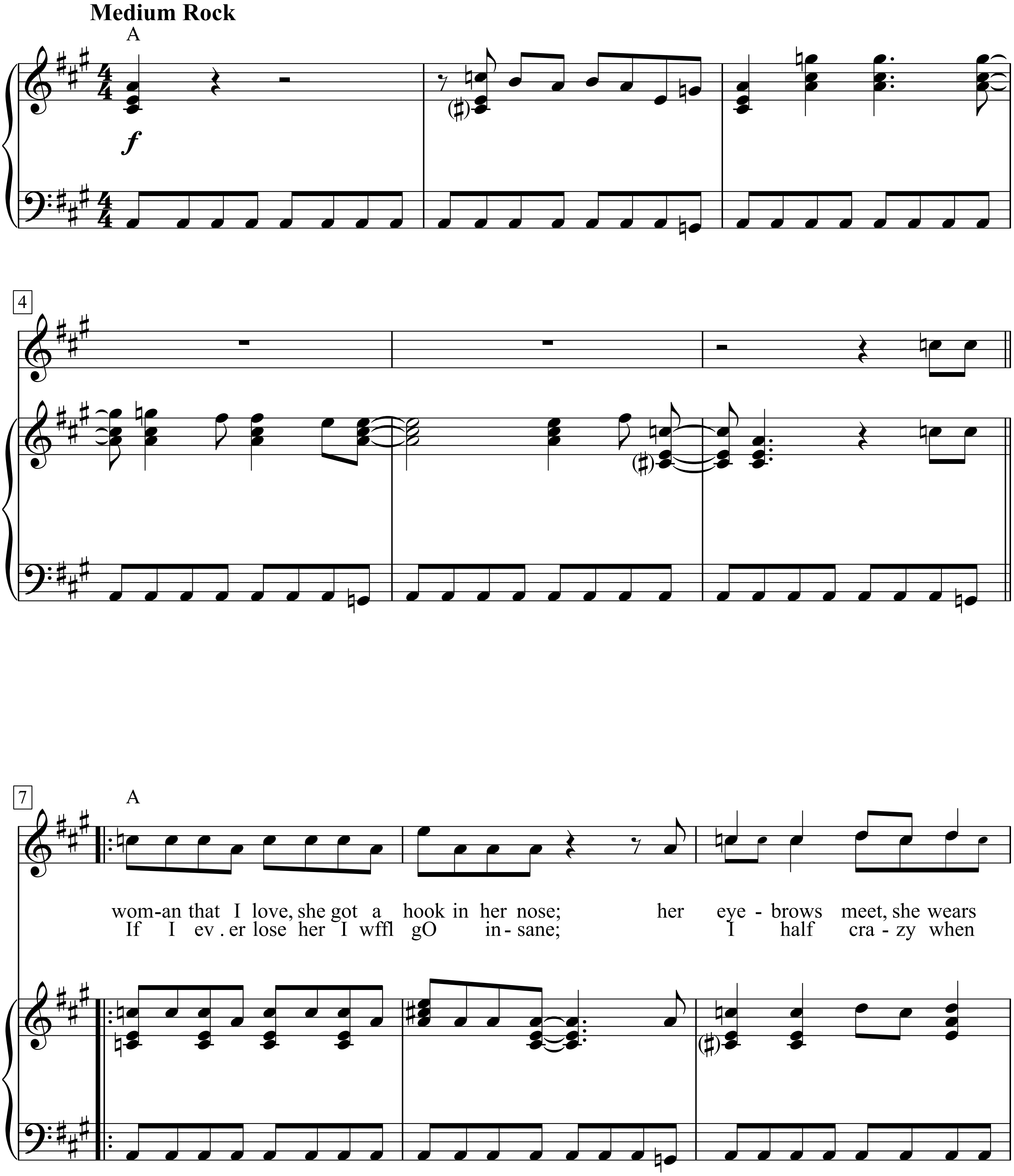
1. Manchmal geh’ ich meine Straße ohne Blick,
manchmal wünsch’ ich mir mein Schaukelpferd zurück,
manchmal bin ich ohne Rast und Ruh’,
manchmal schließ' ich alle Türen nach mir zu.
Manchmal ist mir kalt und manchmal heiß,
manchmal weiß ich nicht mehr, was ich weiß.
Manchmal bin ich schon am Morgen müd’,
und dann such' ich Trost in einem Lied.

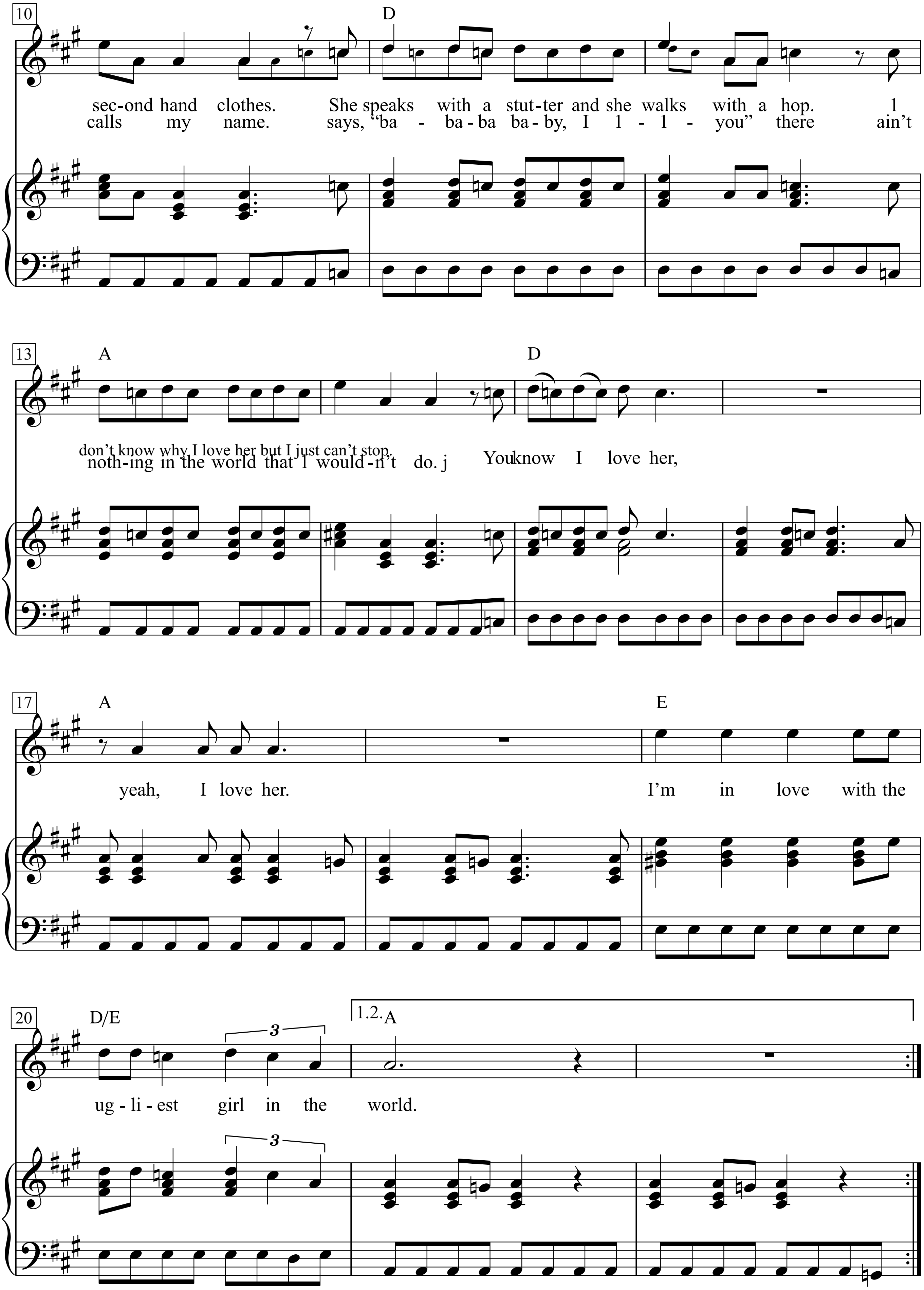
Über sieben Brücken musst du gehn,
sieben dunkle Jahre überstehn,
siebenmal wirst du die Asche sein,
aber einmal auch der helle Schein.

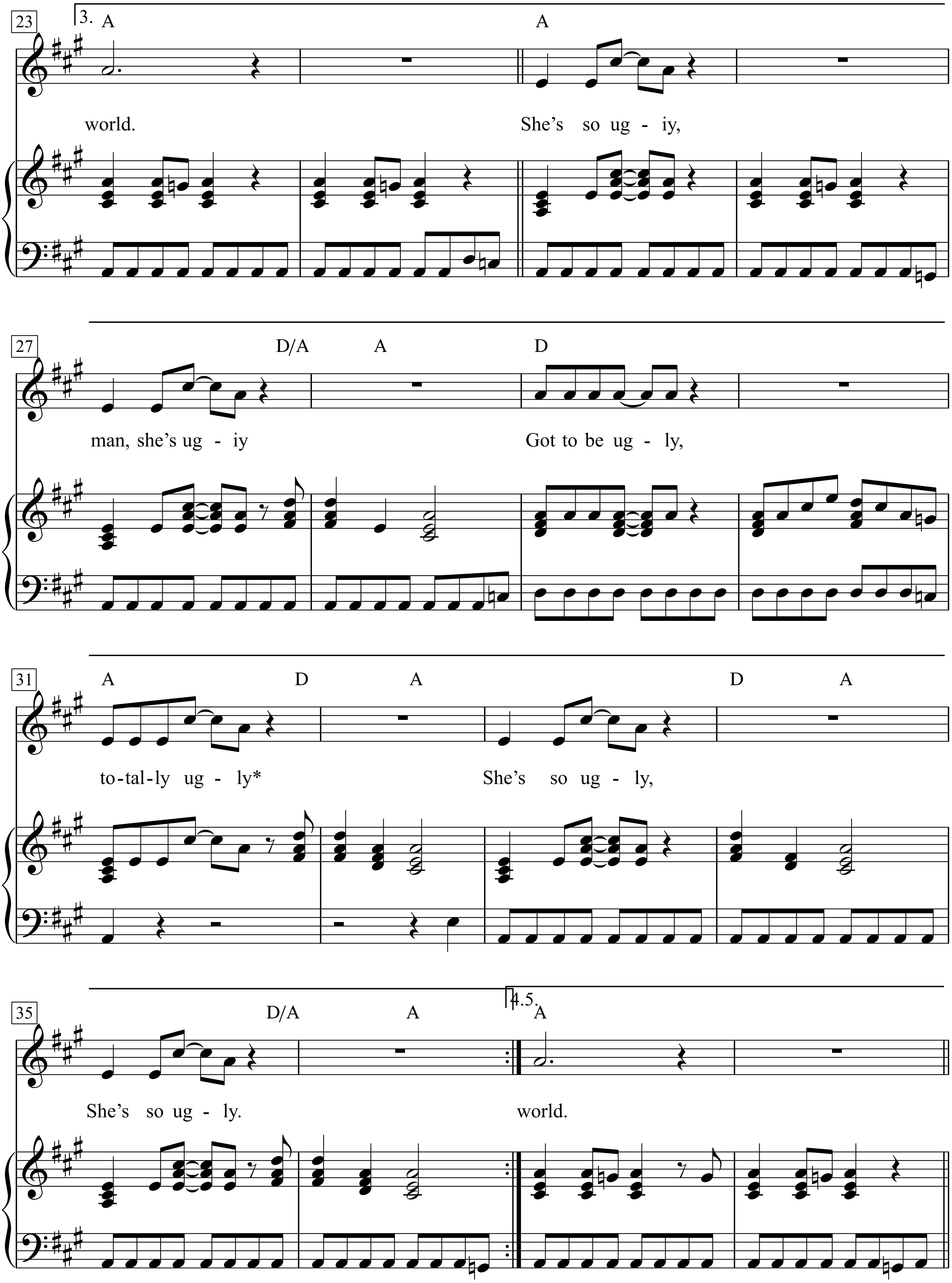
2. Manchmal scheint die Uhr des Lebens still zu steh'n,
manchmal scheint man immer nur im Kreis zu geh'n,
manchmal ist man wie vom Fernweh krank,
manchmal sitzt man still auf einer Bank.
Manchmal greift man nach der ganzen Welt,
manchmal meint man, dass der Glücksstern fällt.
Manchmal nimmt man, wo man lieber gibt,
manchmal hasst man das, was man doch liebt.

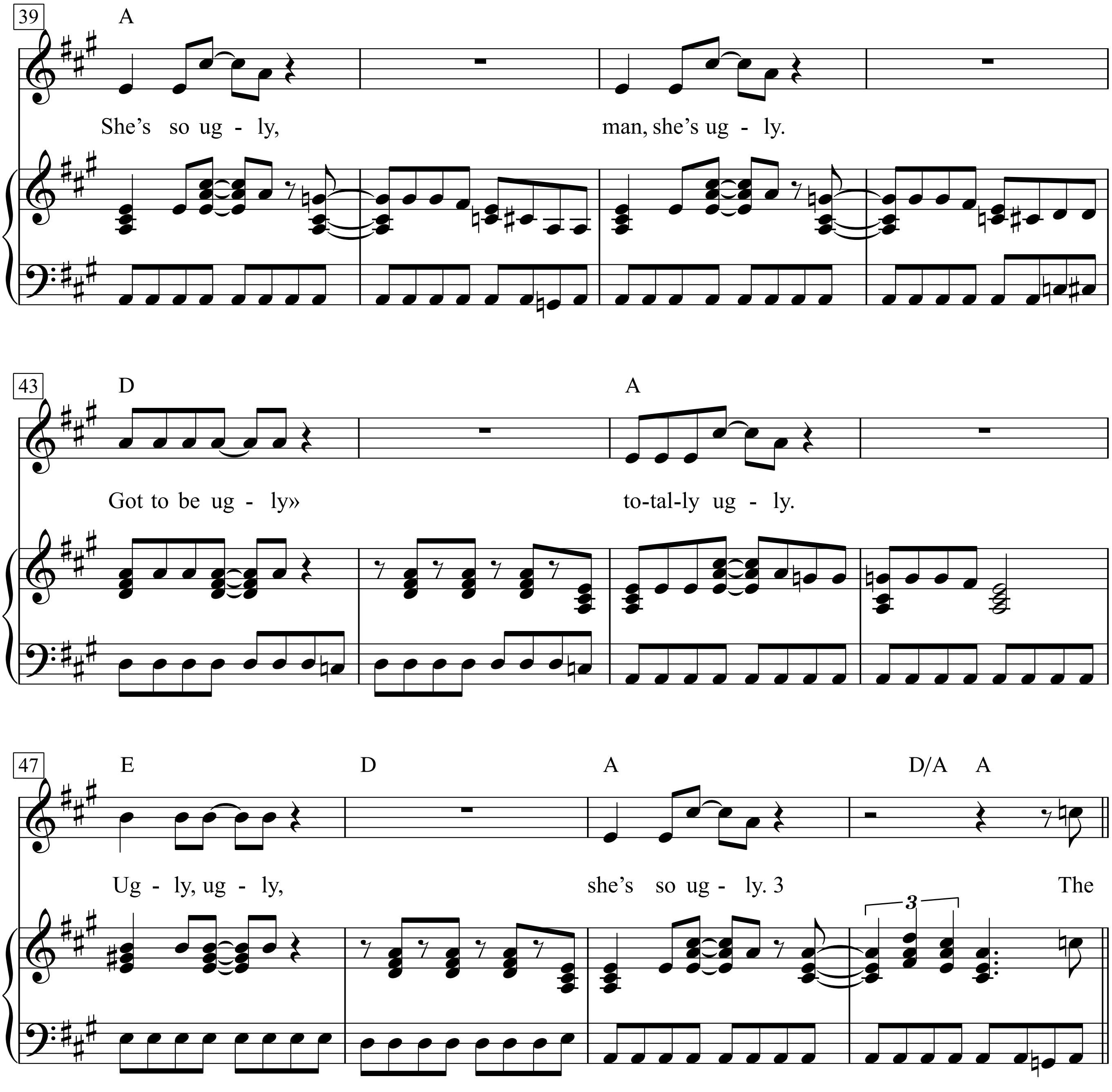
Ugliest Girl In The World

Words and Music by
Bob Dylan and Robert Hunter




10
D
sec-ond hand clothes. She speaks with a stut-ter and she walks with a hop. I
calls my name. says, "ba - ba-ba ba-by, I l - l - you" there ain't
13
A
D
don't know why I love her but I just can't stop.
noth-ing in the world that I would-n't do. You know I love her,
17
A
E
yeah, I love her. I'm in love with the
20
D/E
3
1.2.
A
ug - li - est girl in the world.

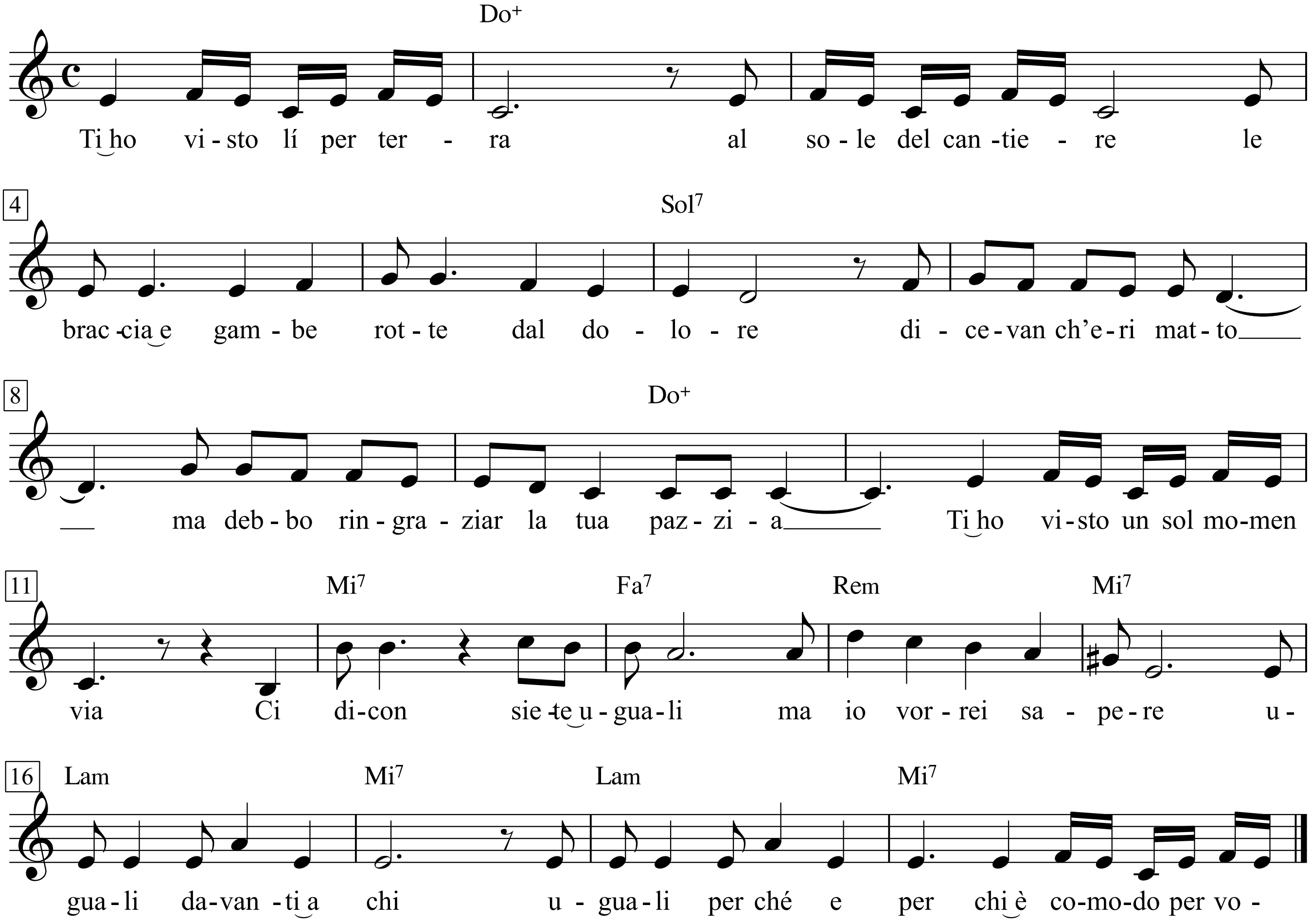

23
3.
A
A
world.
She's so ug - iy,
27
D/A
A
D
man, she's ug - iy
Got to be ug - ly,
31
A
D
A
D
A
to-tal-ly ug - ly*
She's so ug - ly,
35
D/A
A
4.5.
A
She's so ug - ly.
world.



Additional Lyrics
3. The woman that Ilove, she got two flat feet;
Her knees knock together walking down the street.
She cracks her knuckles and she snores in bed.
She ain't much to look at but like I said:
Chorus
4. I don't mean to say that she got nothing goin',
She got a weird sense of humor that's all her own.
When I get low3 she sets me on my feet;
Got a five inch smile but her breath is sweet.
Chorus

Uguaglianza

Paolo Pietrangeli



Ti ho visto lí per terra
al sole del cantiere
le braccia e gambe rotte dal dolore
dicevan ch'eri matto
ma debbo ringraziar la tua pazzia

Ti ho visto un sol momento
poi ti ha coperto il viso
la giacca del padrone che ti ha ucciso
ti hanno nascosto subito
eri per loro ormai da buttar via

Ci dicon siete uguali
ma io vorrei sapere
uguali davanti a chi
uguali perché e per chi

È comodo per voi
dire che siamo uguali
davanti a una giustizia partigiana
che è questa giustizia
se non la vostra guardia quotidiana

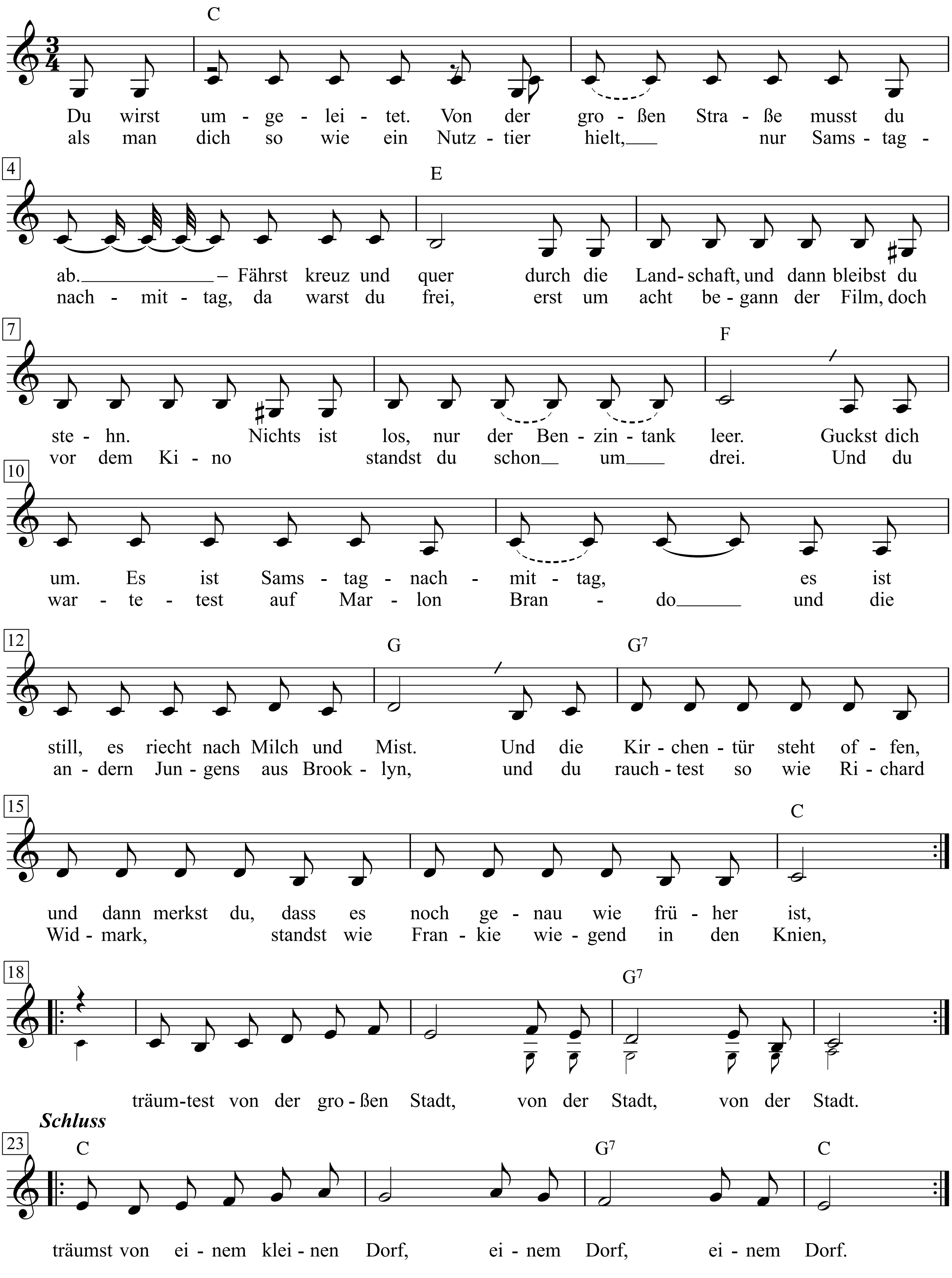
Ci dicon siete uguali ecc.

È comodo per voi
che avete in mano tutto
dire che siamo uguali davanti a Dio
è un Dio ch'è tutto vostro
è un Dio che non accetto e non conosco

Dicevi questo ed altro
e ti chiamavan matto
ma quello in cui credevi verrà fatto
alla legge del padrone
risponderemo con rivoluzione

Umleitung

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



1. Du wirst umgeleitet. Von der großen Straße
musst du ab. – Fährst kreuz und quer
durch die Landschaft, und dann bleibst du stehn.
Nichts ist los, nur der Benzintank leer.
Guckst dich um. Es ist Samstagnachmittag,
es ist still, es riecht nach Milch und Mist.
Und die Kirchentür steht offen, und dann merkst du,
dass es noch genau wie früher ist,
als man dich so wie ein Nutztier hielt,
nur Samstagnachmittag, da warst du frei,
erst um acht begann der Film, doch
vor dem Kino standst du schon um drei.
Und du wartetest auf Marion Brando
und die andern Jungens aus Brooklyn,
und du rauchtest so wie Richard Widmark,
standst wie Frankie wiegend in den Knien,
träumtest von der großen Stadt,
von der Stadt, von der Stadt.

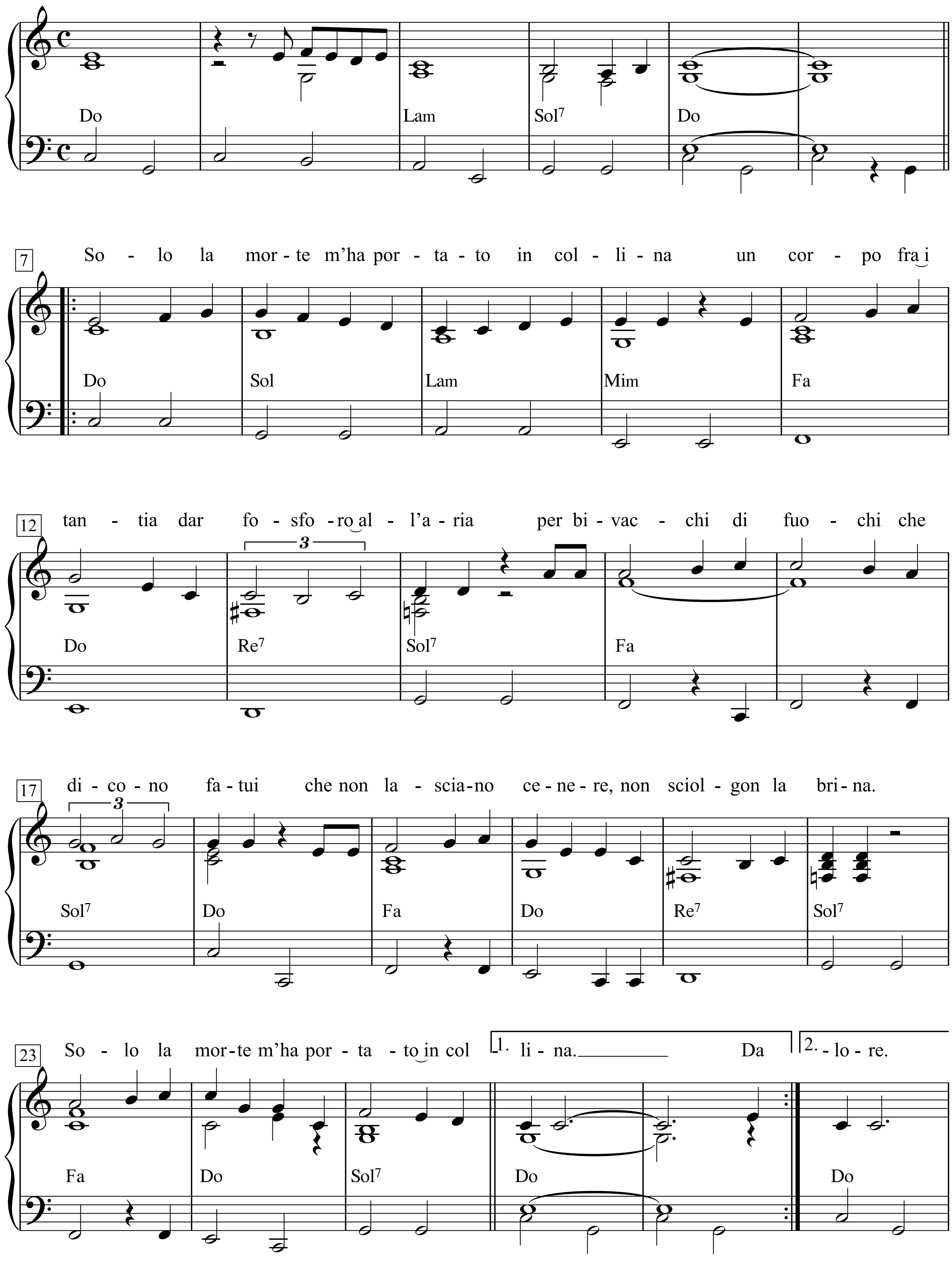
2. Den Benzinkanister in der Hand
ziehst du die Dorfstraße entlang.
Und der Bauer drüben sitzt genauso
wie dein Vater dick und fest auf seiner Bank.
Und genauso wie dein Vater sieht er dich nicht,
raucht und träumt von Korn und Speck.
Du wirst schwindelig, und deine Hand verkrampft sich,
doch dann rauchst du einfach und schaust weg.
In den Himmel zeichnet grad ein Starkampffighter
lautlos eine weiße Maus.
Ein paar Kinder hüpfen, wolln zum Beichten,
und sie tauschen ihre Sünden aus.
Die Benzinzapfstelle. Und da schellst du.
Und da kommt was. Du stehst starr, mit offnem Mund:
Lange, schwarze Haare, Äpfel, Pflaumenhintern,
und du siehst in ihre Augen, und
die träumen von der großen Stadt,
von der Stadt, von der Stadt.

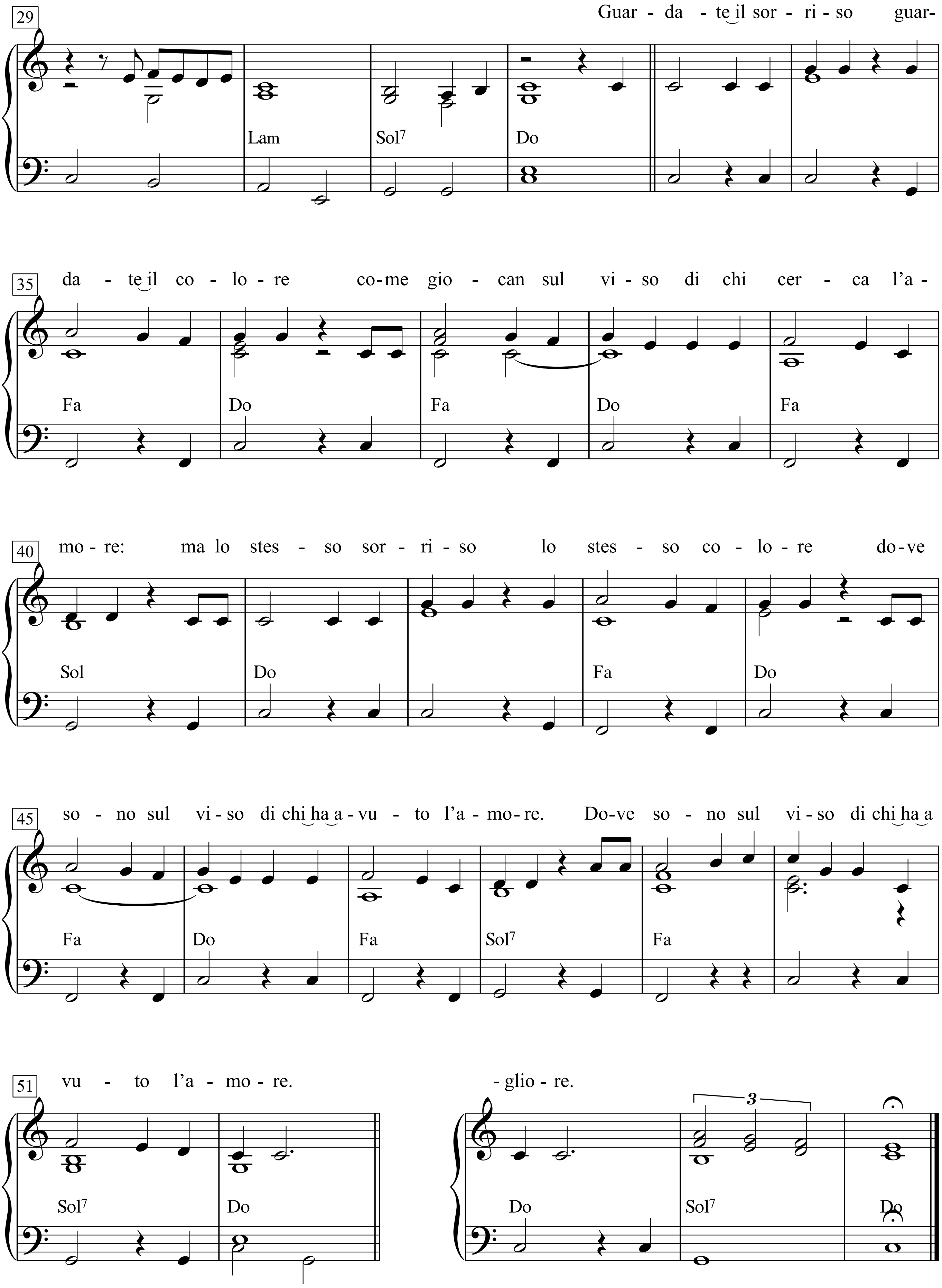
3. »Den Kanister«, sagst du, »bitte voll«, sie lächelt,
«Super», fragt sie, »oder Einfach», du sagst »Ja.
»Es ist heiß hier«, sagst du, »Och, es geht noch«,
sagt sie. Ihre Eltern warn nicht da.
»Nimm mich mit«, hat sie gesagt. Gewitterhagel
schlug die Fensterscheiben aus.
Und die Bürschchen auf den Fotos an den Wänden
flatterten zum Fenster raus.
Glocken läuten. Es ist Maiandacht.
Schwalben zappeln lustlos überm Mist.
Eine Ehrenrunde drehst du, winkst noch einmal
und glaubst wirklich, dass du sie nicht mehr vergisst.
Hinterm Regenbogen, auf der großen Straße
hupen Wagen wütend auf dich ein.
Doch du fährst ganz langsam weiter,
summst ein Liedchen, lässt dich ruhig mal reaktionär sein,
träumst von einem kleinen Dorf,
einem Dorf, einem Dorf.

Un chimico

Testi di Fabrizio De Andrè - Giuseppe Bentivoglio

Musica di Fabrizio De Andrè - Nicola Piovani




29
Guar - da - te il sor - ri - so guar-
Lam
Sol7
Do
35
da - te il co - lo - re co-me gio - can sul vi - so di chi cer - ca l'a -
Fa
Do
Fa
Do
Fa
40
mo - re: ma lo stes - so sor - ri - so lo stes - so co - lo - re do-ve
Sol
Do
Fa
Do
45
so - no sul vi - so di chi ha a - vu - to l'a - mo - re. Do-ve so - no sul vi - so di chi ha a
Fa
Do
Fa
Sol7
Fa
51
vu - to l'a - mo - re.
Sol7
Do
- glio - re.
3
Do
Sol7
Do

Solo la morte m'ha portato in collina
un corpo fra i tanti a dar fosforo all'aria
per bivacchi di fuochi che dicono fatui
che non lasciano cenere, non sciolgon la brina.
Solo la morte m'ha portato in collina .

Da chimico un giorno avevo il potere
di sposar gli elementi e di farli reagire,
ma gli uomini mai mi riuscì di capire
perché si combinassero attraverso l'amore.
Affidando ad un gioco la gioia e il dolore.

Guardate il sorriso guardate il colore
come giocan sul viso di chi cerca l'amore:
ma lo stesso sorriso lo stesso colore
dove sono sul viso di chi ha avuto l'amore.
Dove sono sul viso di chi ha avuto l'amore.

Che strano andarsene senza soffrire,
senza un volto di donna da dover ricordare.
Ma è forse diverso il vostro morire
voi che uscite all'amore che cedete all'aprile.
Cosa c'è di diverso nel vostro morire.

Primavera non bussa lei entra sicura
come il fumo lei penetra in ogni fessura
ha le labbra di carne i capelli di grano
che paura, che voglia che ti prenda per mano
Che paura, che voglia che ti porti lontano.

Ma guardate l'idrogeno tacere nel mare
guardate l'ossigeno al suo fianco dormire:
Soltanto una legge che io riesco a capire.
ha potuto sposarli senza farli scoppiare.
Soltanto una legge che io riesco a capire.

Fui chimico e, no, non mi volli sposare.
Non sapevo con chi e chi avrei generato:
son morto in un esperimento sbagliato
proprio come gli idioti che muoion d'amore.
E qualcuno dirà che ce un modo migliore.

Nur der Tod hat mich auf den Hügel gebracht
ein Körper unter vielen, um Phosphor an die Luft abzugeben
für Biwake von Feuern, die man Irrlichter nennt
Die keine Asche hinterlassen und den Reif nicht schmelzen
Nur der Tod hat mich auf den Hügel gebracht

Als Chemiker hatte ich eines Tages die Macht
die Elemente verbinden und reagieren zu lassen
aber es ist mir nie gelungen die Menschen zu verstehen.
warum sie durch die Liebe zusammenpassen
und die Freude und den Schmerz einem Spiel anvertrauten.

Schaut mal das Lächeln, schaut mal die Farbe,
wie sie auf dem Gesicht von dem spielen, der die Liebe sucht
Aber das selbe Lächeln, die selbe Farbe
wo sind sie dann auf dem Gesicht von dem, der die Liebe gehabt hat,
wo sind sie dann auf dem Gesicht von dem, der die Liebe gehabt hat?

Es ist merkwürdig, ohne Leiden wegzugehen
ohne ein Gesicht einer Frau, an das man sich erinnern muss.
Ist aber euer Sterben anders,
ihr, die ihr zur Liebe geht, und euch dem April ergebt
Was gibt es anderes in eurem Sterben?

Der Frühling klopft nicht, er kommt sicher rein
wie der Rauch durchdringt er jeden Schlitz
hat Lippen aus Fleisch und Haar aus Weizen
Was für eine Angst! Was für eine Lust, die dich an der Hand nimmt
Was für eine Angst! Was für eine Lust, die dich weit weg führt.

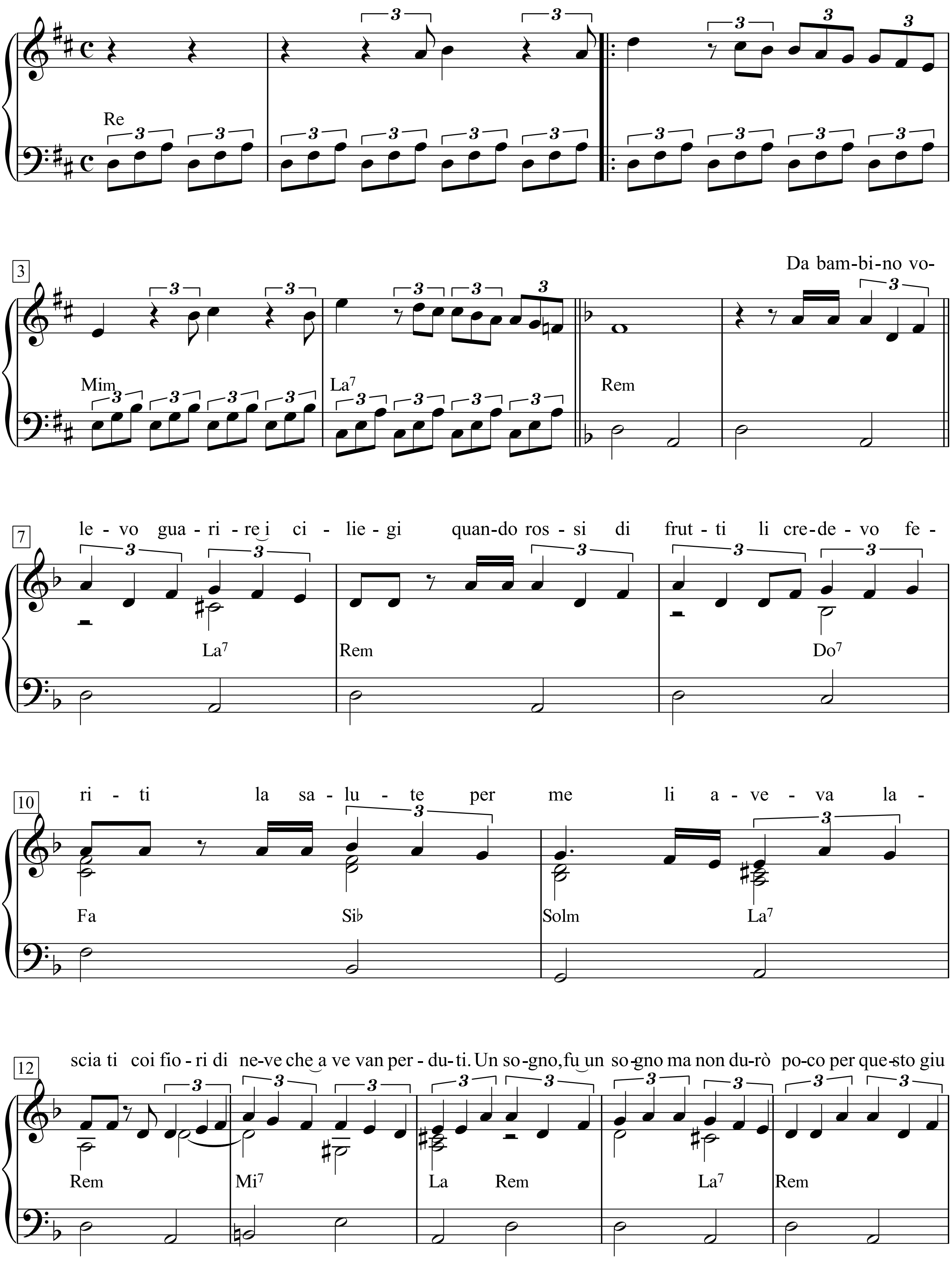
Aber seht den Wasserstoff im Meer schweigen
seht den Sauerstoff an seiner Seite schlafen:
nur ein Gesetz, das ich verstehen kann
Es konnt sie verbinden ohne dass sie explodierten
Nur das Gesetz, das ich verstehen kann.

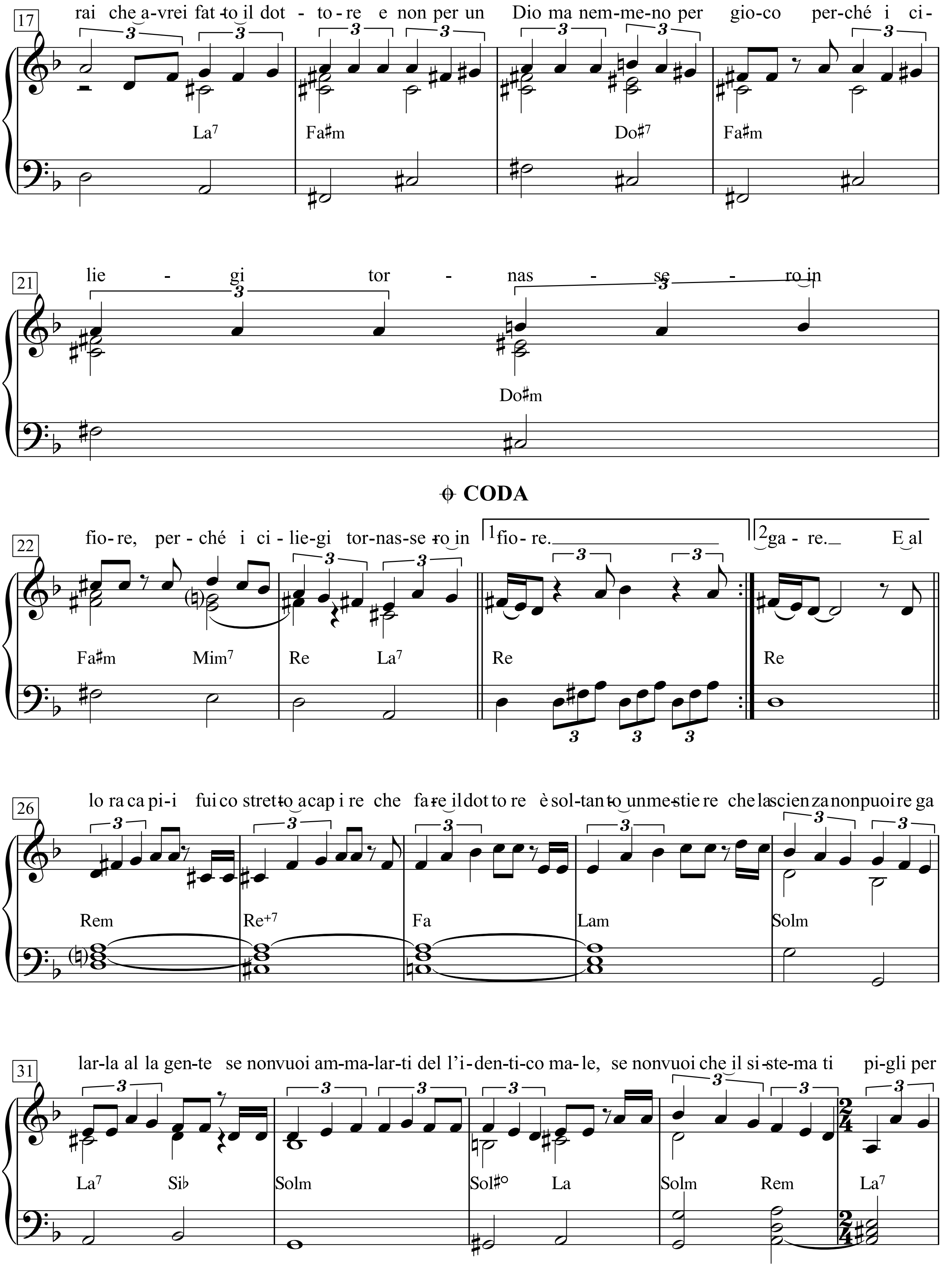
Ich war Chemiker, und nein, wollte nicht heiraten
ich wusste nicht wen, und wen ich gezeugt hätte:
Ich bin bei einem fehlerhaften Versuch gestorben
genauso wie die Idioten, die aus Liebe sterben
Und jemand wird sagen, es gibt einen besseren Weg.

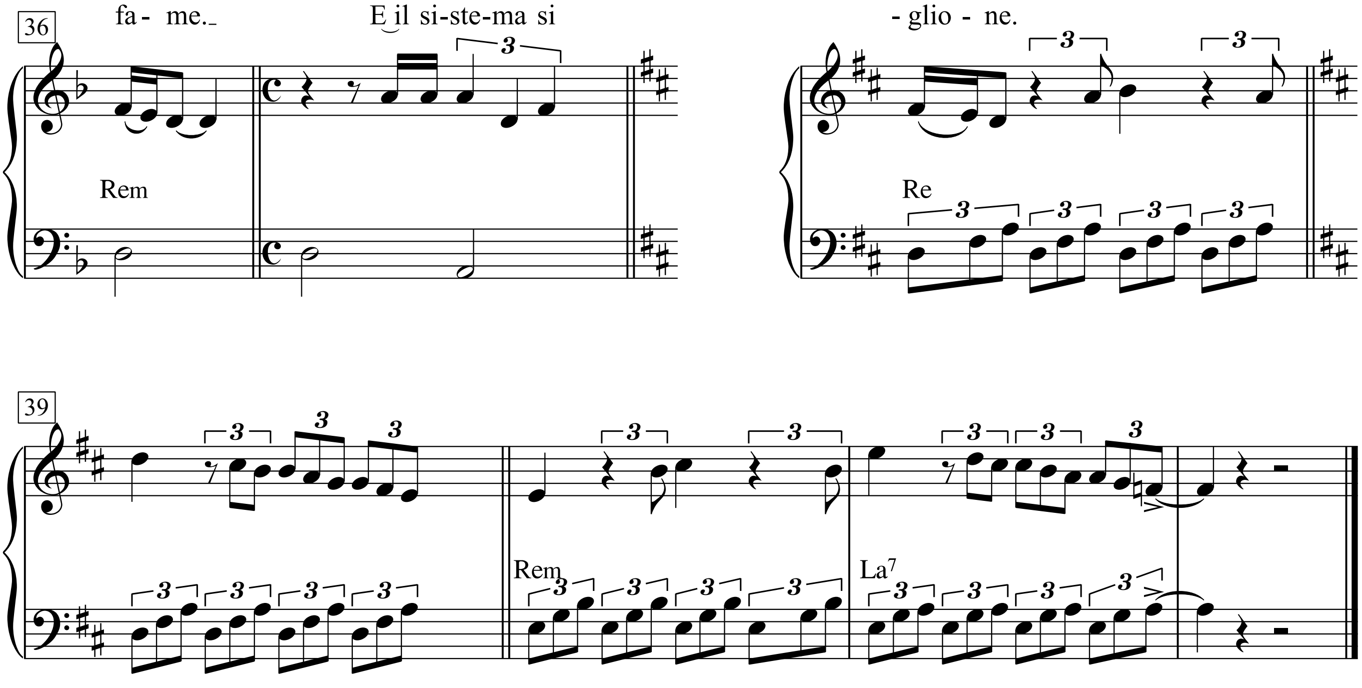
Un medico

Testi di Fabrizio De Andrè - Giuseppe Bentivoglio

Musica di Fabrizio De Andrè - Nicola Piovani




17
rai che a-vrei fat-to il dot - to-re e non per un Dio ma nem-me-no per gio-co per-ché i ci-
La7 Fa♯m Do♯7 Fa♯m
21
lie - gi tor - nas - se - ro in
Do♯m
CODA
22
fio-re, per-ché i ci-lie-gi tor-nas-se-ro in
1 fio-re.
2 ga-re. E al
Fa♯m Mim7 Re La7 Re Re
26
lo ra ca pi-i fui co stret-to a cap i re che fa-re il dot to re è sol-tan-to un me-stie re che la scien za non puoi re ga
Rem Re+7 Fa Lam Solm
31
lar-la al la gen-te se non vuoi am-ma-lar-ti del l'i-den-ti-co ma-le, se non vuoi che il si-ste-ma ti pi-gli per
La7 Si♭ Solm Sol♯o La Solm Rem La7


36
fa- me._
E il si-ste-ma si
-glio - ne.
Rem
Re
39
Rem
La7

Da bambino volevo guarire i ciliegi
quando rossi di frutti li credevo feriti
la salute per me li aveva lasciati
coi fiori di neve che avevan perduti.

Un sogno, fu un sogno ma non durò poco
per questo giurai che avrei fatto il dottore
e non per un Dio ma nemmeno per gioco :
perché i ciliegi tornassero in fiore,
perché i ciliegi tornassero in fiore.

E quando dottore lo fui finalmente
non volli tradire il bambino per l'uomo
e vennero in tanti e si chiamavano gente
ciliegi malati in ogni stagione.

E i colleghi d'accordo i colleghi contenti
nel leggermi in cuore tanta voglia d'amare
mi spedirono il meglio dei loro clienti
con la diagnosi in faccia e per tutti era uguale :
ammalato di fame incapace a pagare.

E allora capii fui costretto a capire
che fare il dottore è soltanto un mestiere
che la scienza non puoi regalarla alla gente
se non vuoi ammalarti dell'identico male,
se non vuoi che il sistema ti pigli per fame.

E il sistema sicuro è pigliarti per fame
nei tuoi figli in tua moglie che ormai ti disprezza,
perciò chiusi in bottiglia coi fiori di neve,
l'etichetta diceva : elisir di giovinezza.

E un giudice, un giudice con la faccia da uomo
mi spedì a sfogliare i tramonti in prigione
inutile al mondo ed alle mie dita
bollato per sempre truffatore imbroglione
dott. prof, truff. imbroglione.

Ein Arzt
Als Kind wollte ich die Kirschbäume heilen
rot mit Früchten hielt ich sie für verletzt,
meiner Meinung nach hatte die Gesundheit
mit den Schneeblumen, die sie verloren hatt

Ein Traum, es war ein Traum, er dauerte abe
Deswegen schwor ich, Arzt zu werden
und nicht für einen Gott und nicht einmal zu
damit die Kirschbäume wieder blühten,
damit die Kirschbäume wieder blühten.

Und als ich endlich Arzt war,
Wollte ich nicht das Kind für den Mann ver
Es kamen viele, und sie nannten sich "Mens
kranke Kirschbäume, in jeder Jahreszeit.

Und die Kollegen einverstanden, die Kolleg
Dass sie in meinem Herz so grossen Wunsc
Schickten sie mir das Beste ihrer Kunden
mit der Diagnose im Gesicht, und sie war fü
krank vor Hunger, unfähig zu bezahlen.

Und dann verstand ich, wurde ich gezwunge
dass Arzt zu sein nur ein Beruf ist,
dass du den Leuten die Wissenschaft nicht s
wenn du nicht an der gleichen Krankheit erk
wenn du nicht willst, dass dich das System z

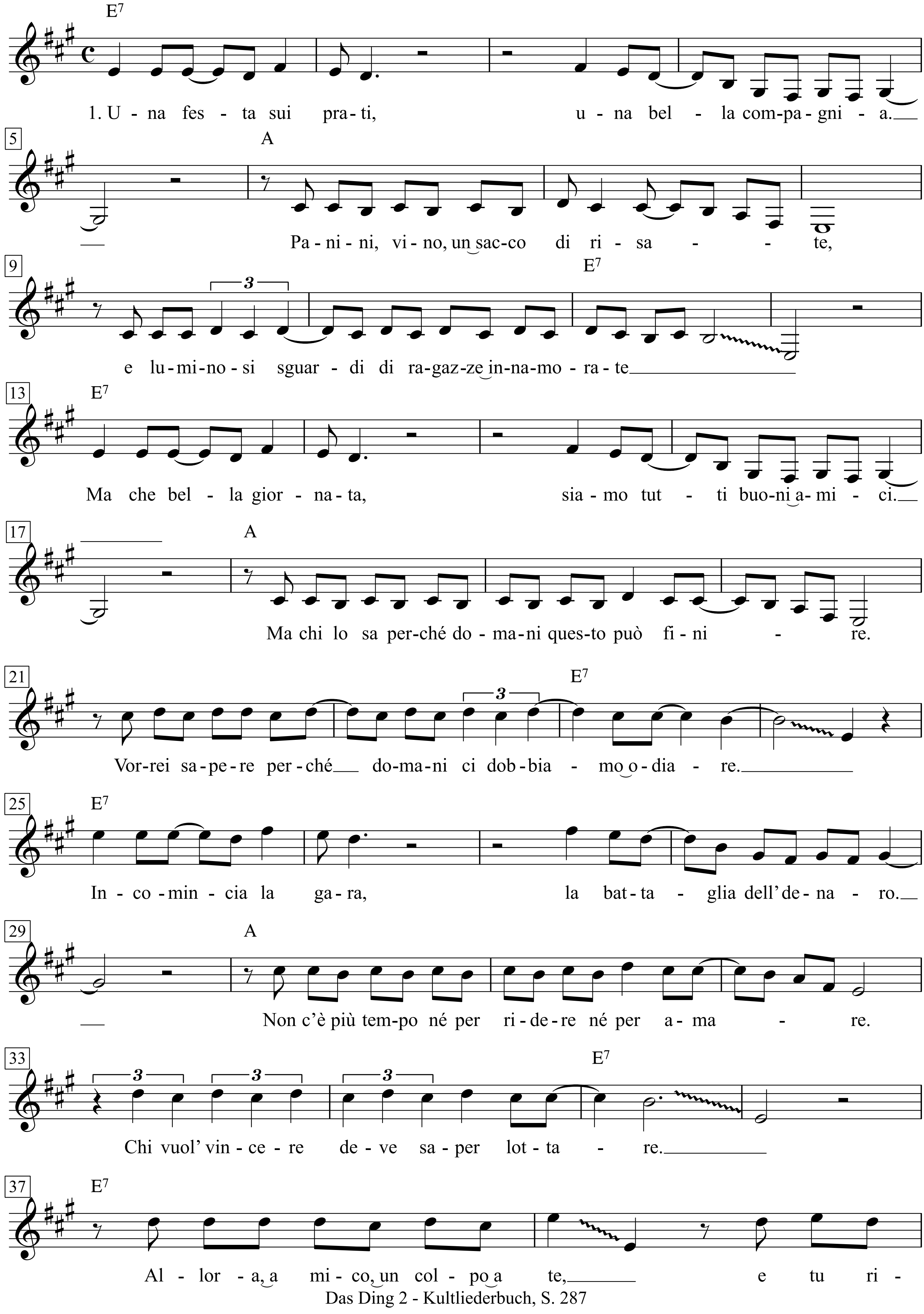
Und das sicherste System dich zum Hunger
durch deine Kinder, durch deine Frau, die d
deshalb schloss ich die Schneeblumen in ei
Das Etikett lautete: Jugendelixier.

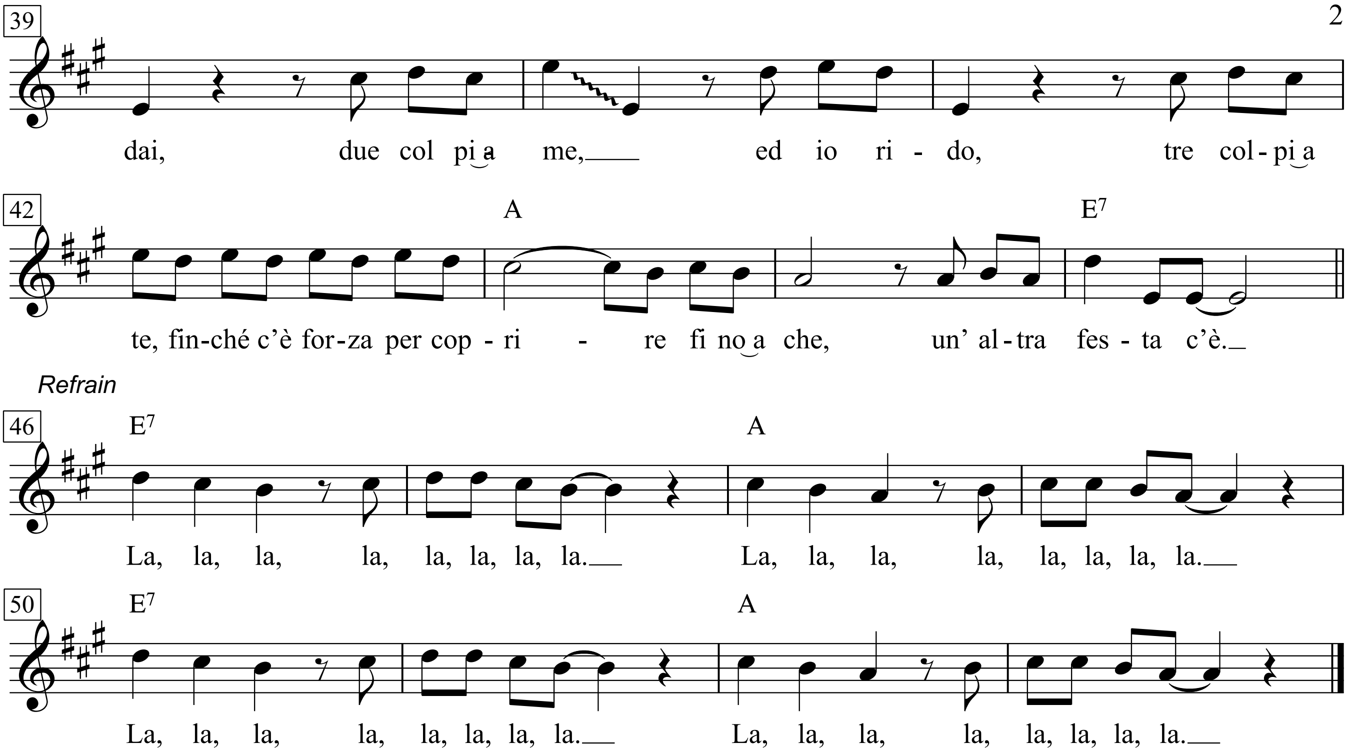
Und ein Richter, ein Richter mit dem Gesich
schickte mich ins Gefängnis um dort die So
nutzlos für die Welt und meine Finger
Für immer als Betrüger, als Schwindler abg
Professor Doktor Betrüger Schwindler.

Una festa sui prati

Luciano Beretta / Mogol / Miki Del Prete

Adriano Celentano & Mariano Detto





1. Una festa sui prati, una bella compagnia.
Panini, vino, un sacco di risate,
e luminosi sguardi di ragazze innamorate.
Ma che bella giornata, siamo tutti buoni amici.
Ma chi lo sa perché domani questo può finire.
Vorrei sapere perché domani ci dobbiamo odiare.
Incomincia la gara, la battaglia dell'denaro.
Non c'è più tempo né per ridere né per amare.
Chi vuol' vincere deve saper lottare.
Allora, amico, un colpo a te, e tu ridai,
due colpi a me, ed io ridò,
tre colpi a te, finché c'è forza per coprire fino a che,
un'altra festa c'è.

Refrain:
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

2. Nuova festa sui prati, nuova bella compagnia.
Panini, vino, un sacco di risate,
e luminosi sguardi di ragazze innamorate.
No, non deve finire, questa bella passeggiata.
Deve durare una intera vita,
se c'è una gara e solo quella dell'amore.
Allora do una mano a te, e tu la dai, due volte a me, ed io la do.
Tre volte a te, finché c'è forza per amare fino a che,
un'altra festa c'è.

Refrain:
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. La, la, la, ia, la, la, la, la.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Eine Party auf der Wiese

Eine Party auf der Wiese, eine schöne Gesellschaft,
Belegte Brötchen, Wein, viel Gelächter
Und strahlende Blicke verliebter Mädchen.
Was für ein schöner Tag, wir alle sind gute Freunde.
Aber, wer weiß, warum morgen damit Schluss ist.
Ich möchte wissen, warum wir uns morgen hassen müssen.
Der Wettstreit beginnt, die Schlacht ums Geld.
Es ist keine Zeit mehr, weder um zu lachen noch um zu lieben.
Wer gewinnen will, muss kämpfen können.
Also, Freund, ein Schlag für dich, und du schlägst zurück,
Zwei Schläge für mich, und ich schlage zurück,
Drei Schläge für dich, solange es Kraft zum Zuschlagen gibt, bis
Es eine andere Party gibt!

(Lalala, nanananana...)

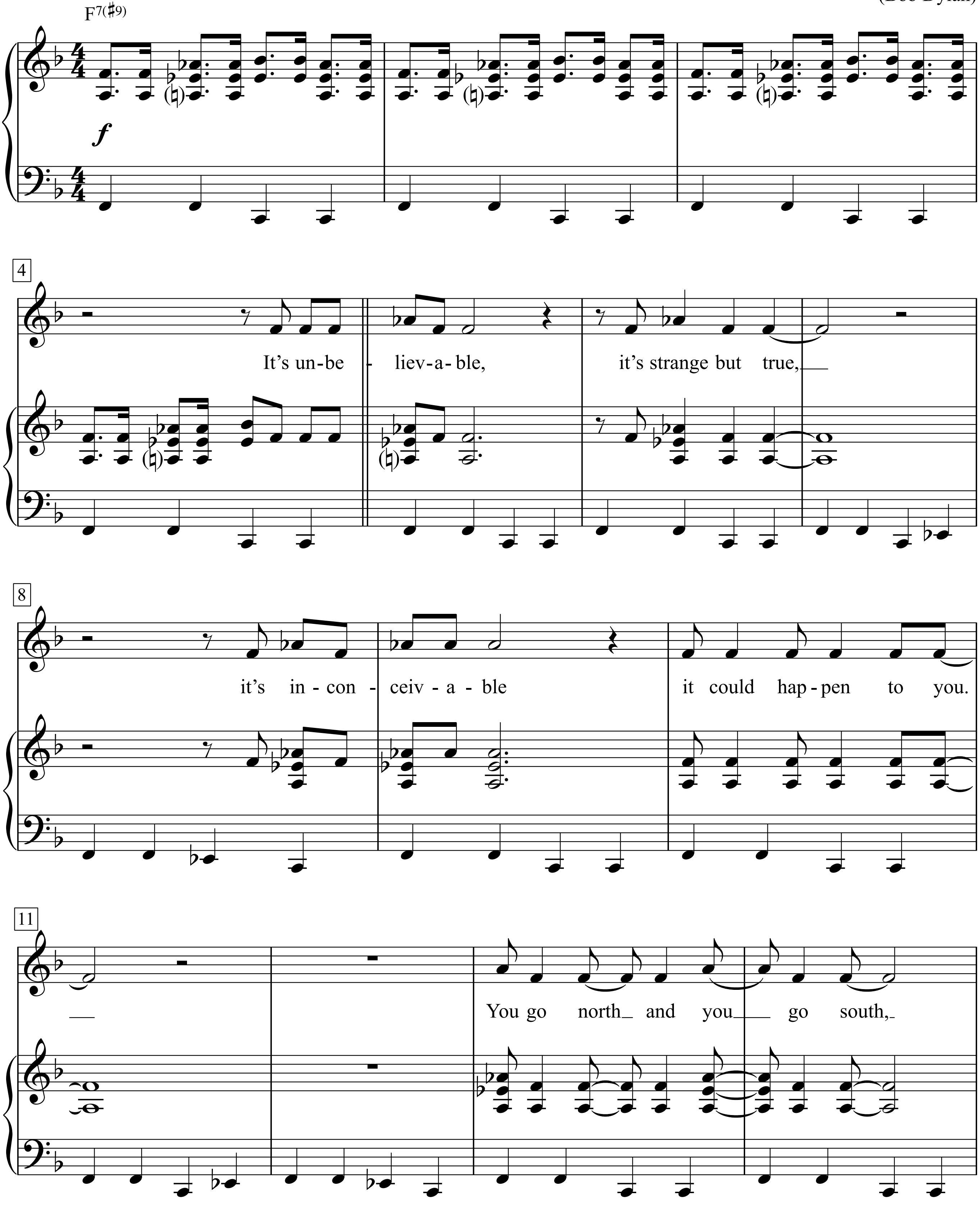
2. Eine neue Party auf der Wiese, eine neue schöne Gesellschaft,
Belegte Brötchen, Wein, viel Gelächter
Und strahlende Blicke verliebter Mädchen.
Nein, man darf diesen schönen Spaziergang nicht beenden.
Er muss ein ganzes Leben andauern.
Wenn es ein Wetteifern gibt,Dann nur ein Wetteifern der Liebe.
Also bin ich dir behilflich, und du mir,
Zweimal mir, und ich dir. dreimal dir, solange es Kraft zum Lieben gibt, bis
Es eine andere Party gibt!

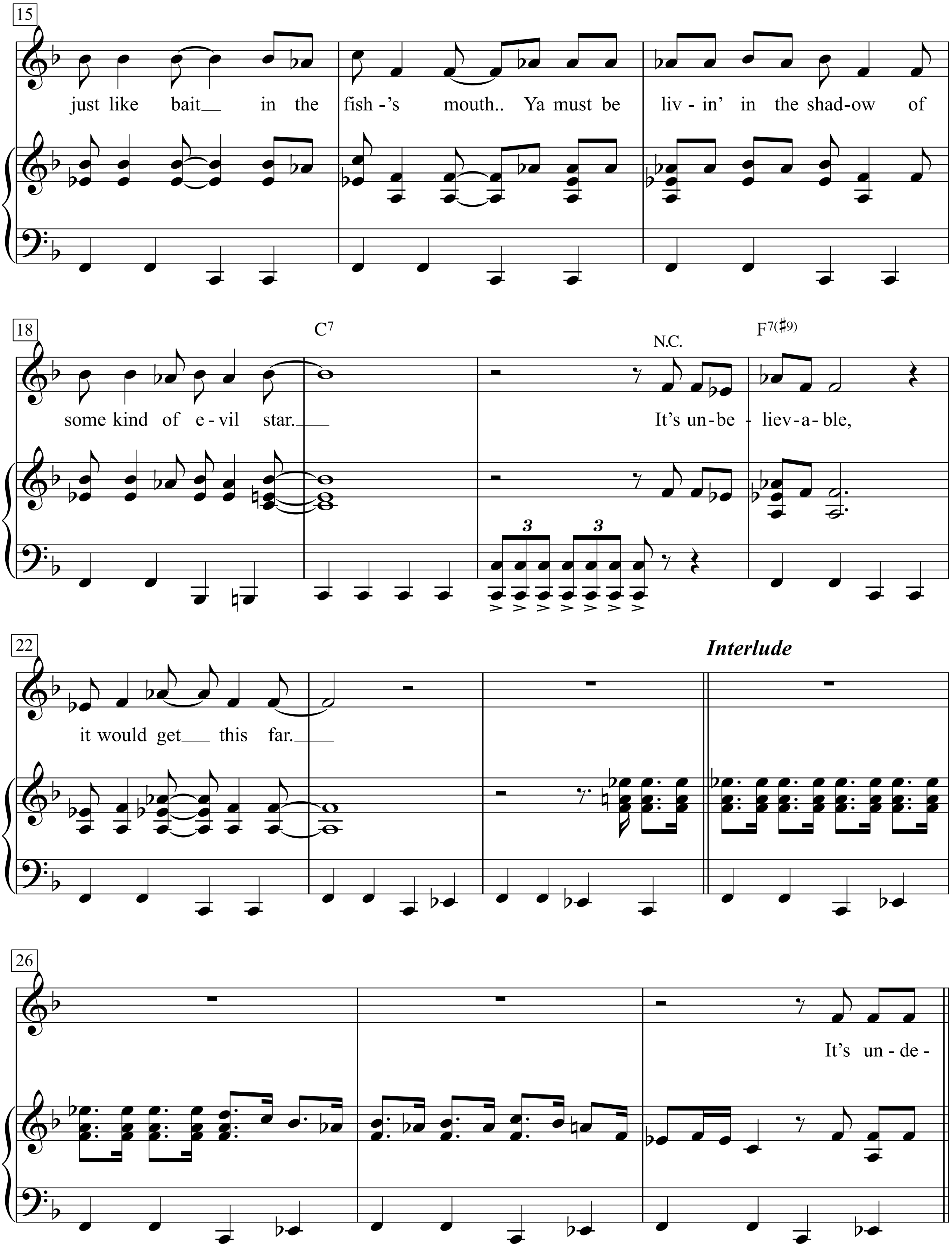
Nanana, nanananana...

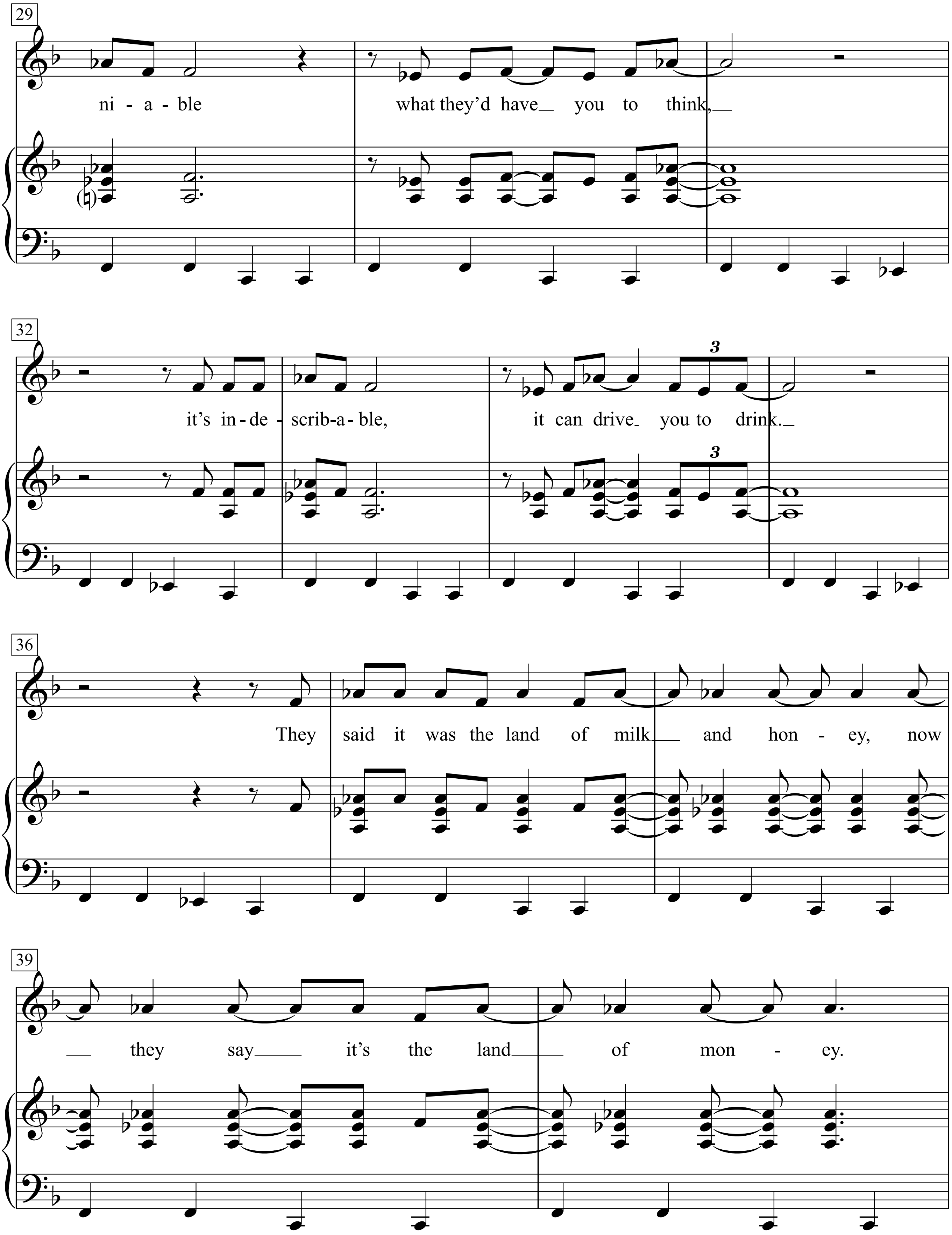
Unbelievable

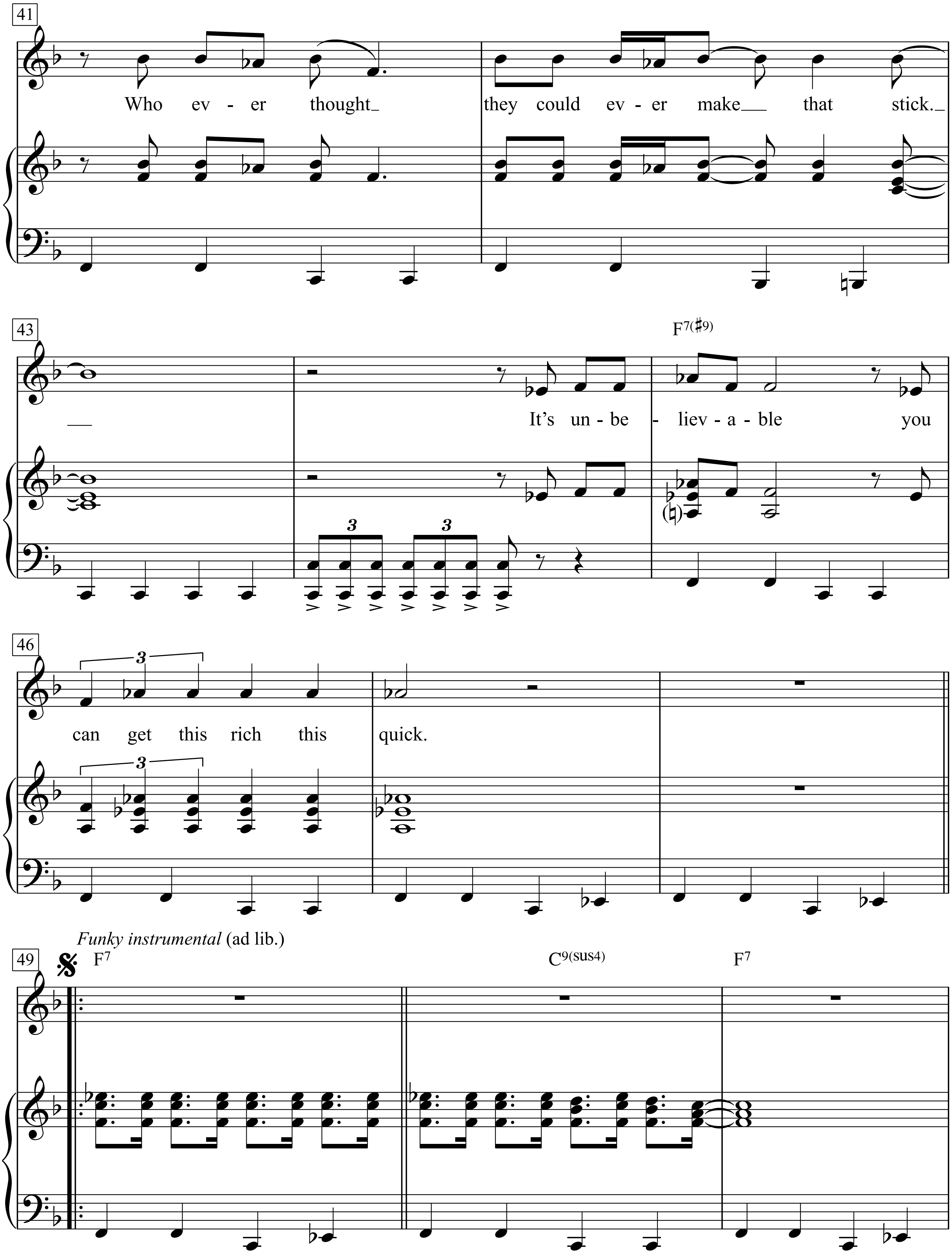
Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)

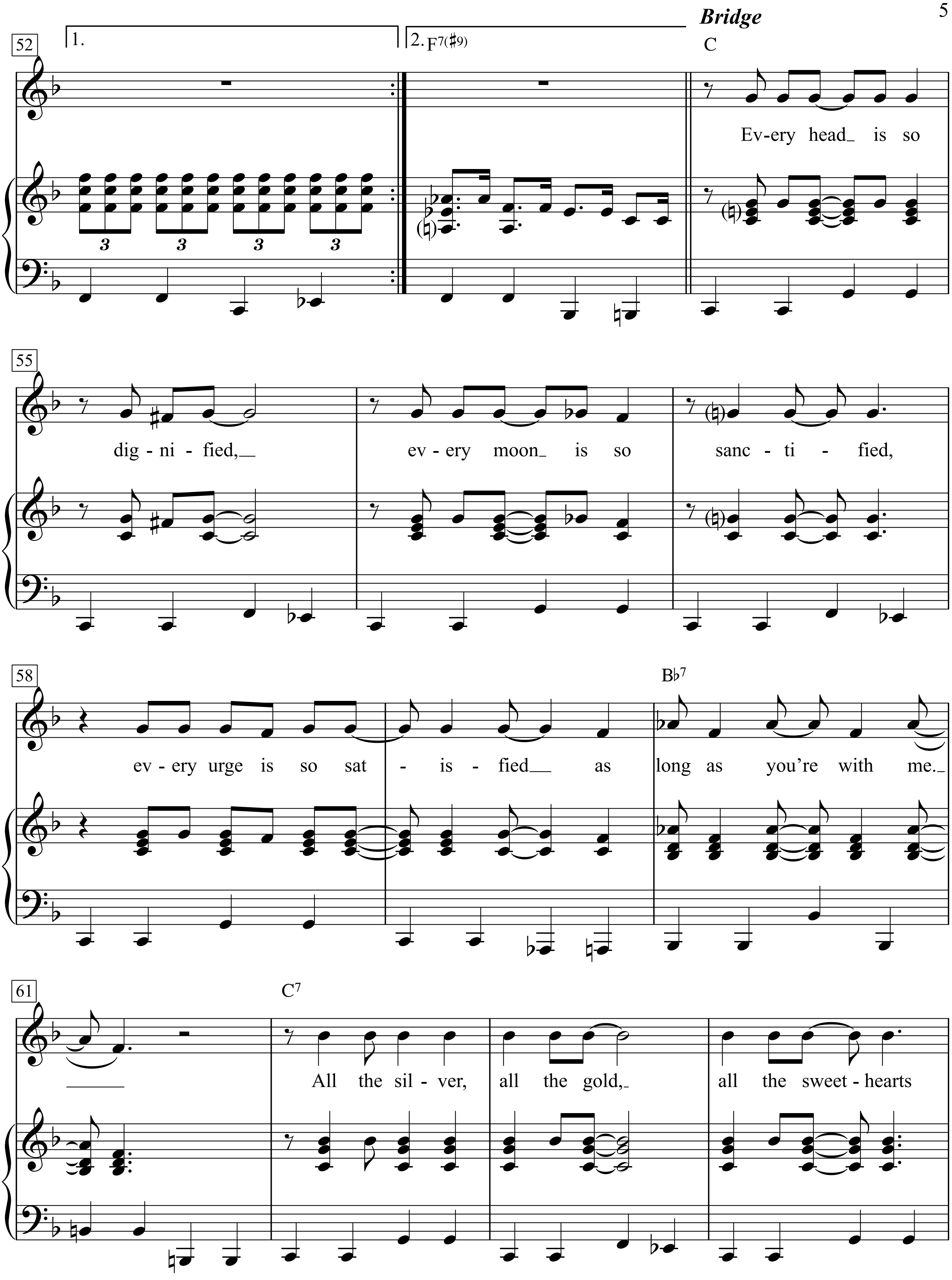
Moderately bright, with a driving shuffle beat (♩♫ = ♪. ♬)

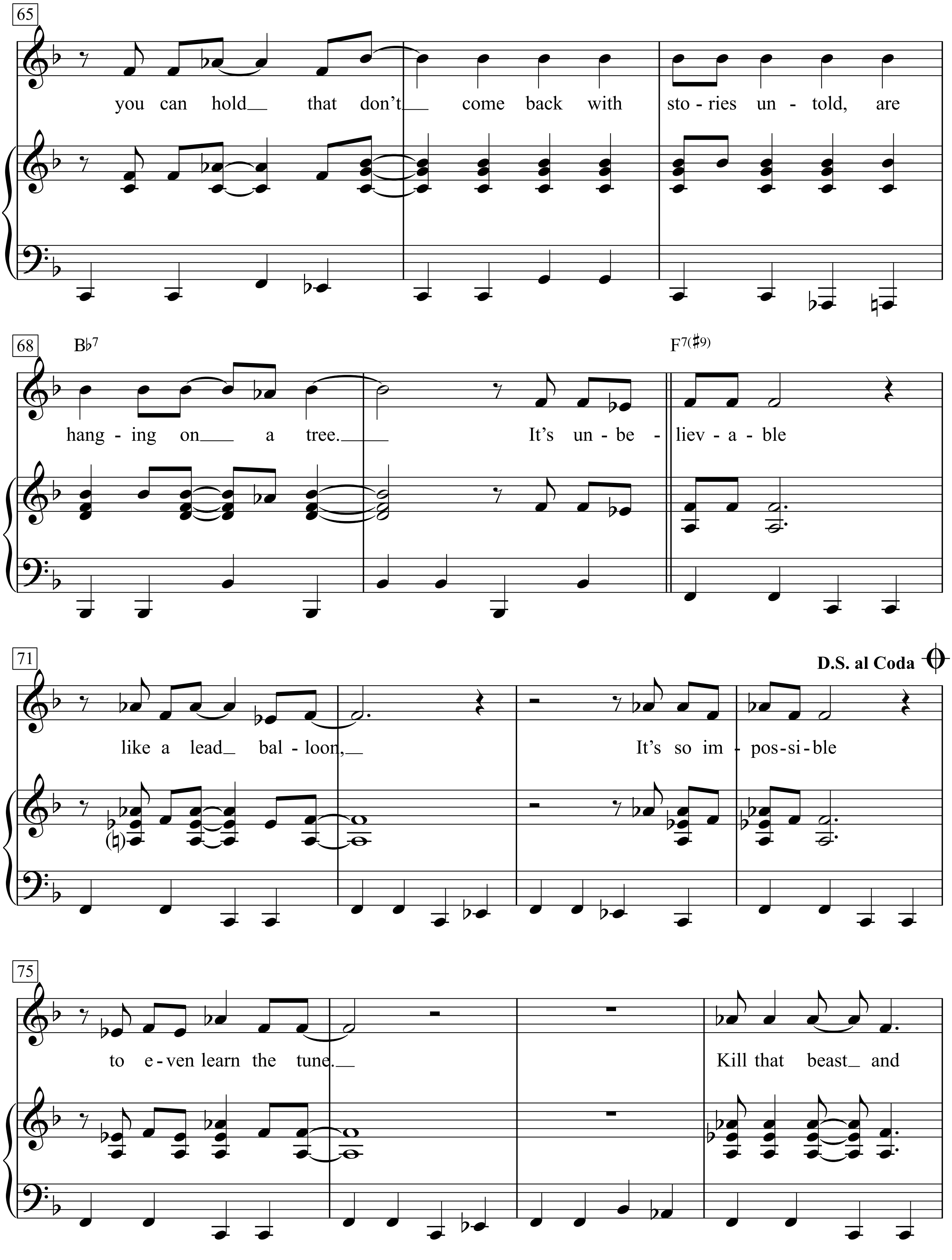


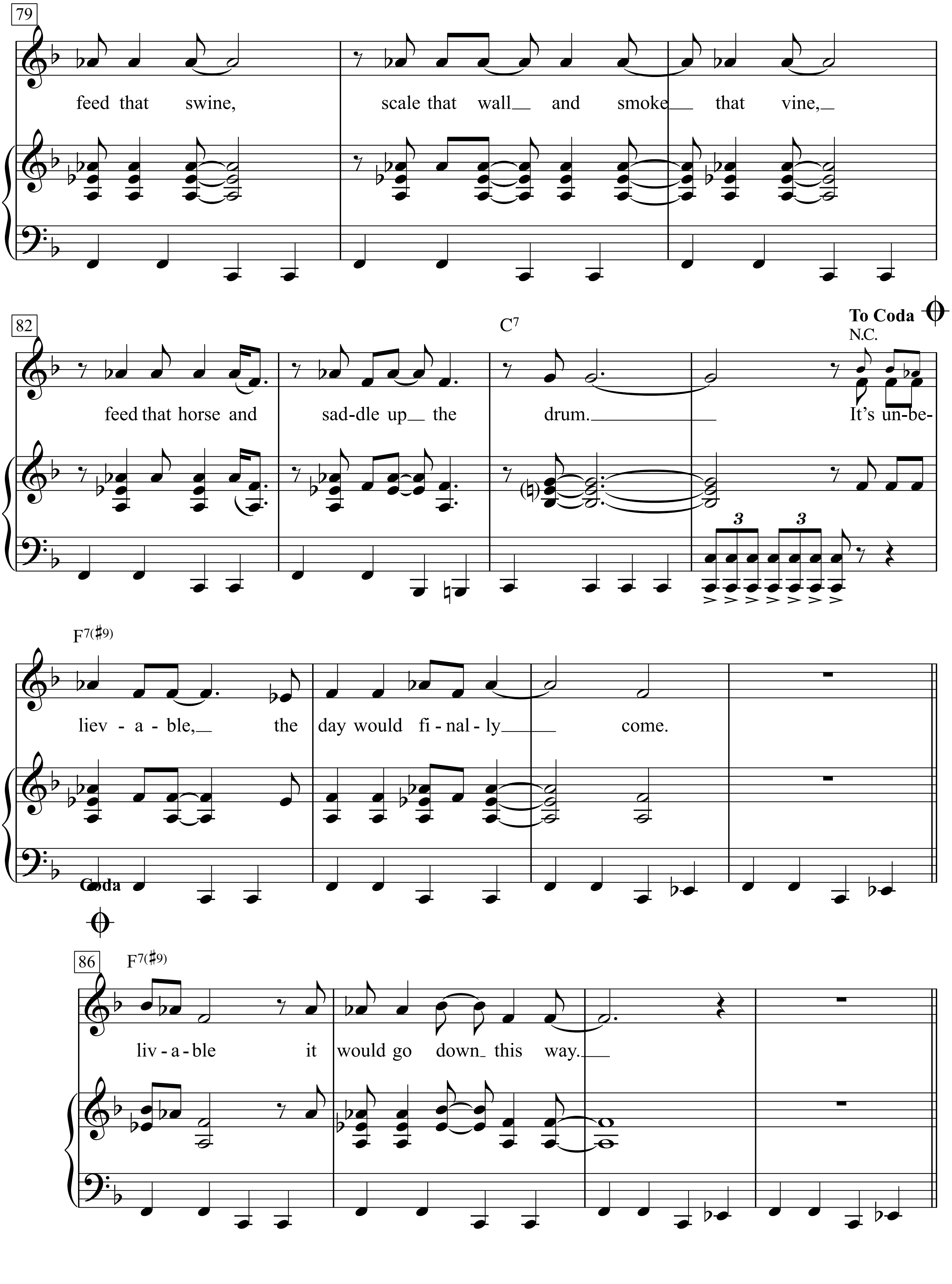

15
just like bait__ in the fish-'s mouth.. Ya must be liv-in' in the shad-ow of
18
C7
N.C.
F7(♯9)
some kind of e-vil star.__ It's un-be-liev-a-ble,
22
Interlude
it would get__ this far.__
26
It's un-de-


29
ni - a - ble
what they'd have you to think,
32
it's in - de - scrib-a - ble,
it can drive you to drink.
3
3
36
They said it was the land of milk and hon - ey, now
39
they say it's the land of mon - ey.


41
Who ev - er thought
they could ev - er make that stick.
43
It's un - be - liev - a - ble you
F7(♯9)
46
can get this rich this quick.
49
Funky instrumental (ad lib.)
F7
C9(sus4)
F7

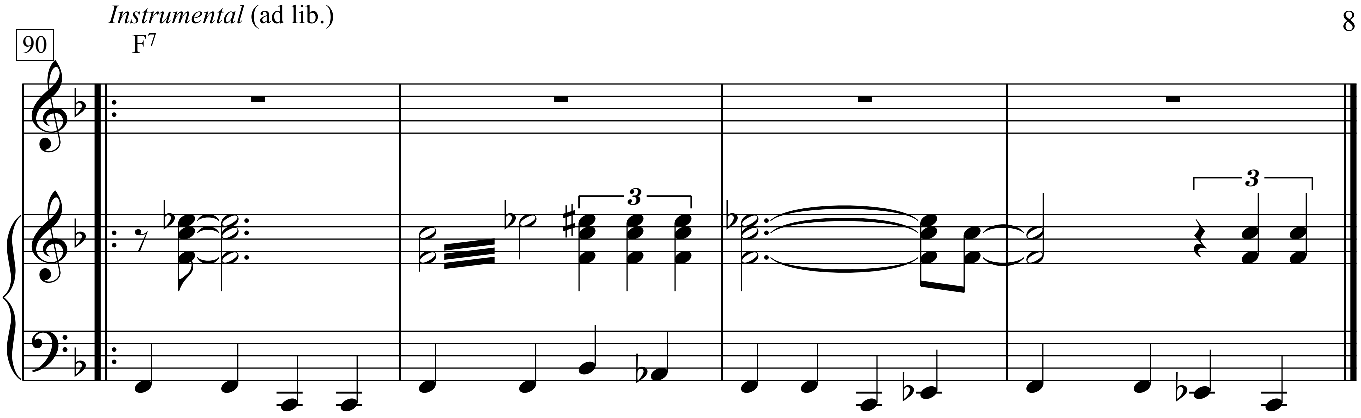

Bridge
52
1.
2. F7(♯9)
C
Ev-ery head_ is so
55
dig - ni - fied,__
ev - ery moon_ is so
sanc - ti - fied,
58
B♭7
ev - ery urge is so sat - is - fied__ as
long as you're with me._
61
C7
All the sil - ver,
all the gold,_
all the sweet - hearts


65
you can hold that don't come back with
sto - ries un - told, are
68
B♭7
F7(♯9)
hang - ing on a tree.
It's un - be - liev - a - ble
71
D.S. al Coda
like a lead bal - loon,
It's so im - pos - si - ble
75
to e - ven learn the tune.
Kill that beast and



repeat and fade

Instrumental (ad lib.)



It’s unbelievable, it’s strange but true,
It’s inconceivable it could happen to you.
You go north and you go south,
Just like bait in the fish’s mouth..
Ya must be livin’ in the shadow of some kind of evil star.
It’s unbelievable, it would get this far.

It’s undeniable what they’d have you to think,
It’s indescribable, it can drive you to drink.
They said it was the land of milk and honey,
Now they say it’s the land of money.
Who ever thought they could ever make that stick.
It’s unbelievable you can get this rich this quick.

Every head is so dignified,
Every moon is so sanctified,
Every urge is so satisfied as long as you’re with me.
All the silver, all the gold,
All the sweethearts you can hold
That don’t come back with stories untold,
Are hanging on a tree.

It’s unbelievable like a lead balloon,
It’s so impossible to even learn the tune.
Kill that beast and feed that swine,
Scale that wall and smoke that vine,
Feed that horse and saddle up the drum.
It’s unbelievable, the day would finally come.

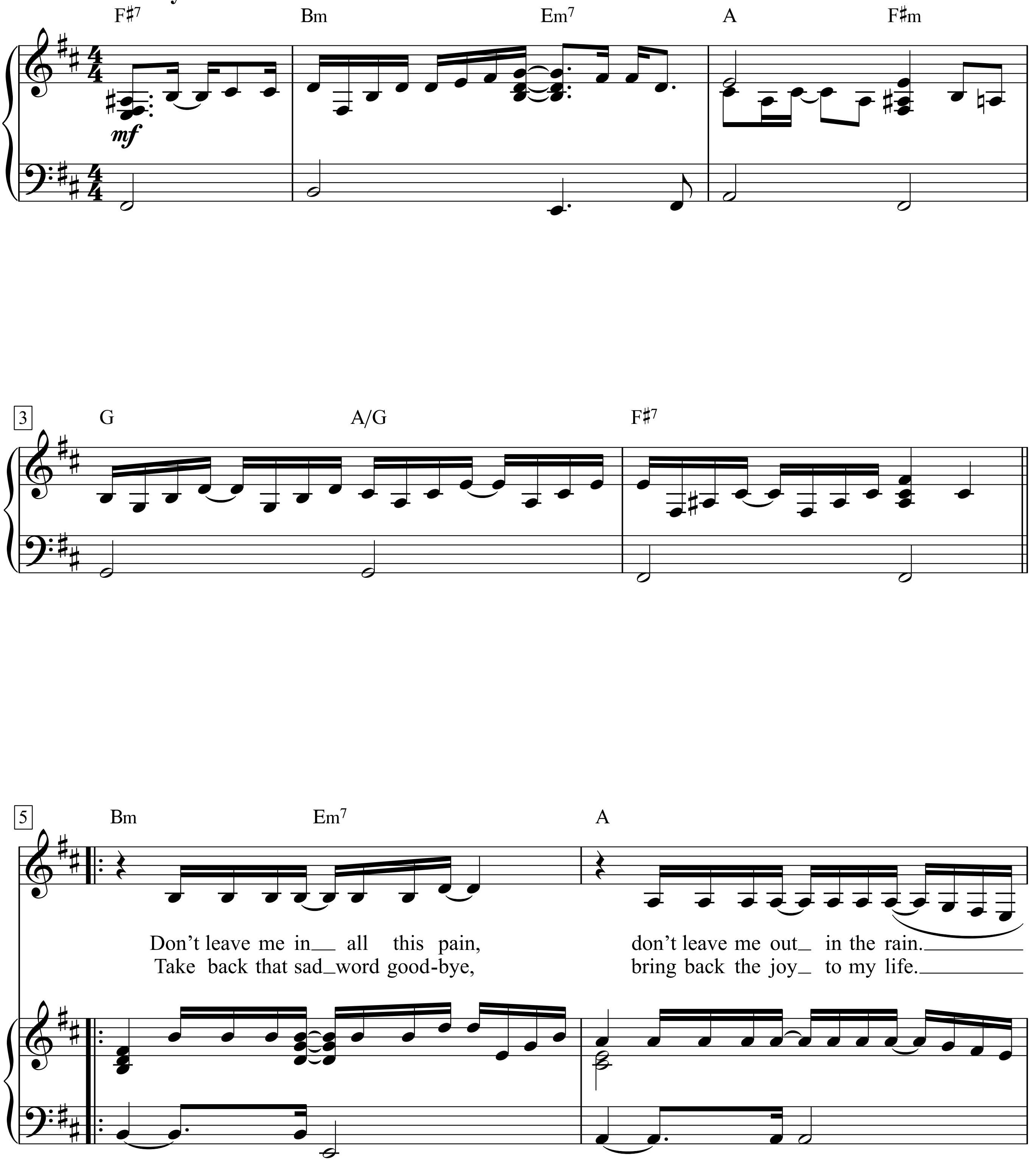
Bridge:
Once there was a man who had no eyes,
Every lady in the land told him lies,
He stood beneath the silver skies And his heart began to bleed.
Every brain is civilized,
Every nerve is analyzed,
Everything is criticized when you are in need.

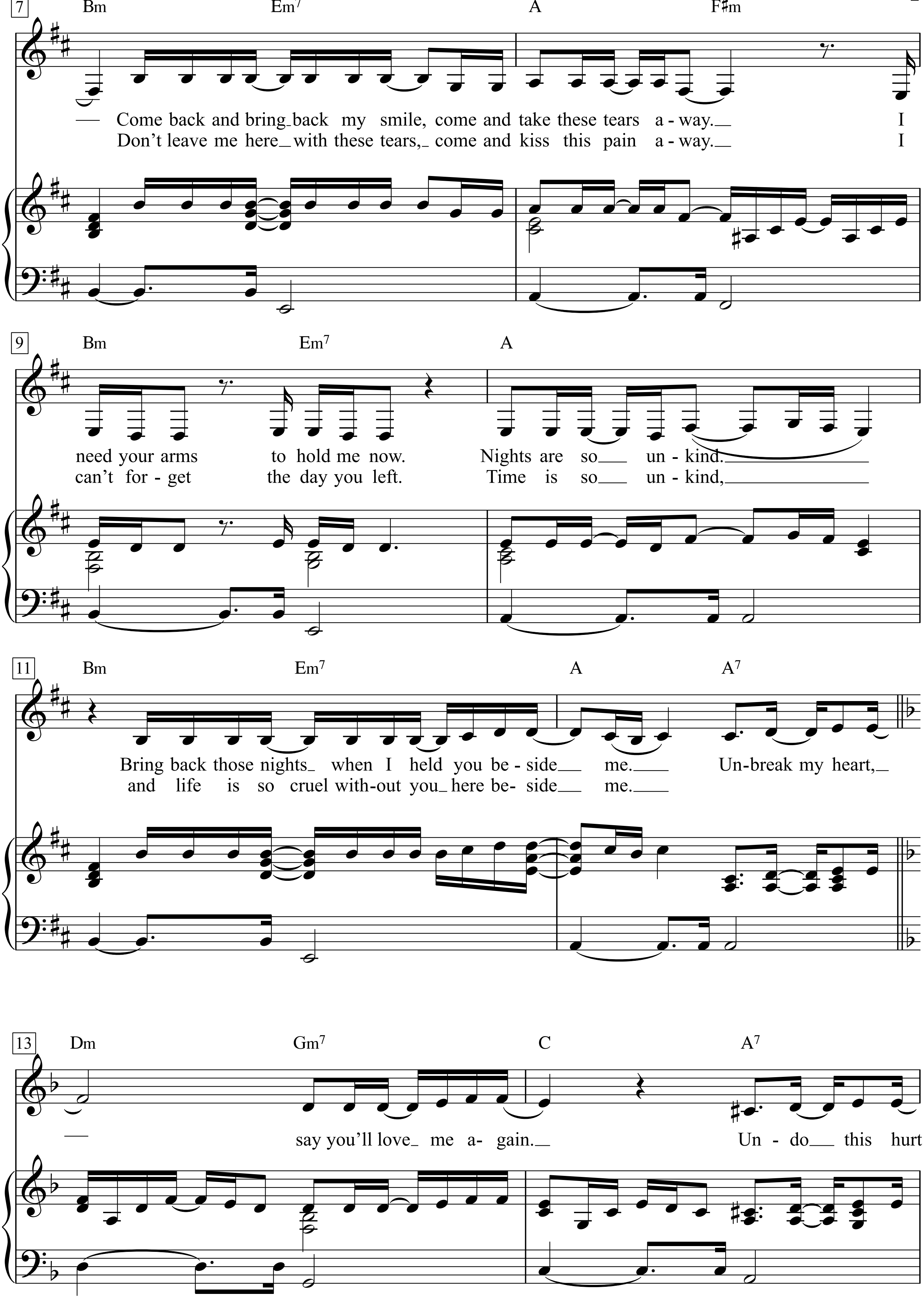
It’s unbelievable, it’s fancy-free,
So interchangeable, so delightful to see.
Turn your back, wash your hands,
There’s always someone who understands
It don’t matter no more what you got to say
It’s unbelievable it would go down this way.

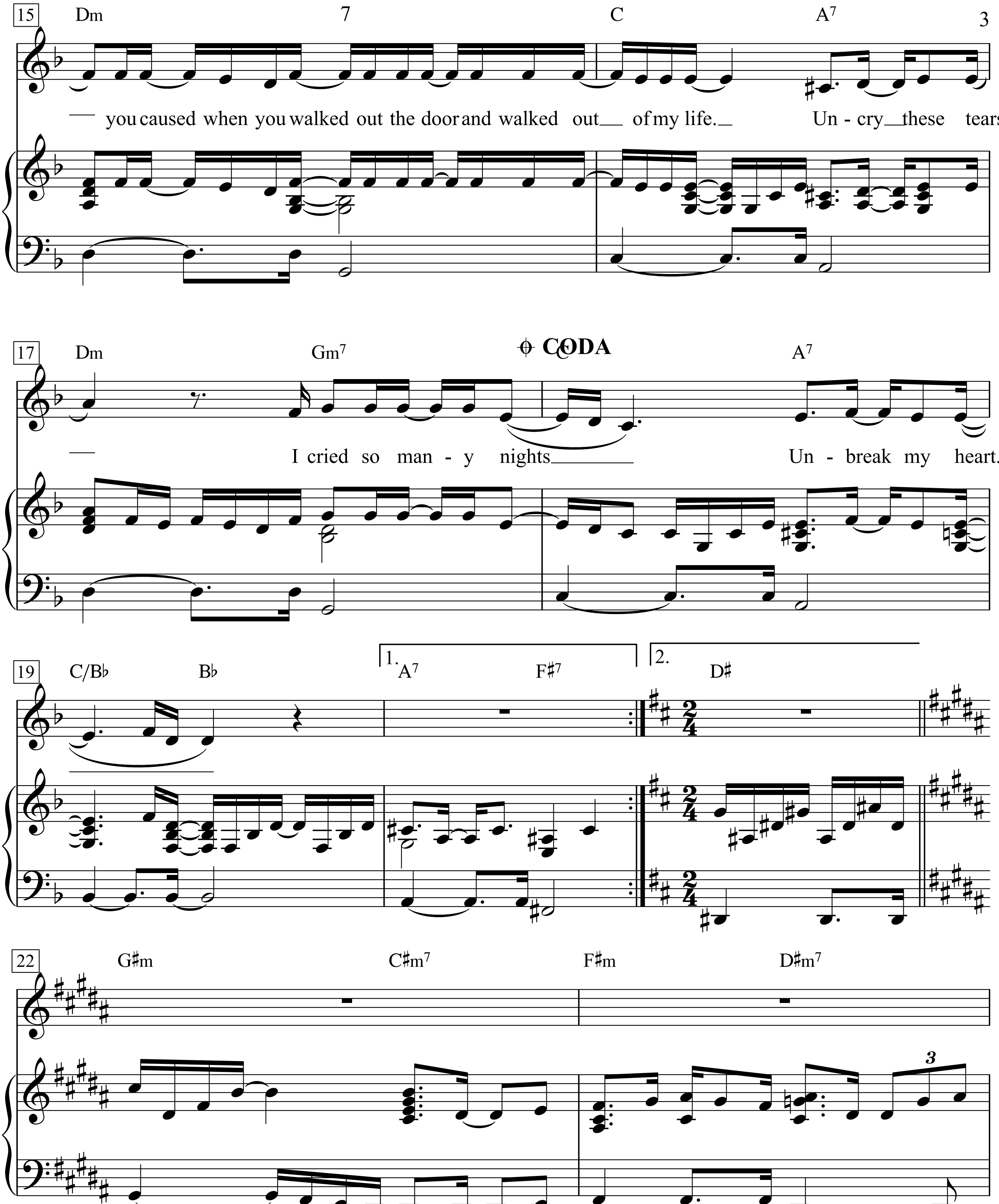
Unbreak My Heart

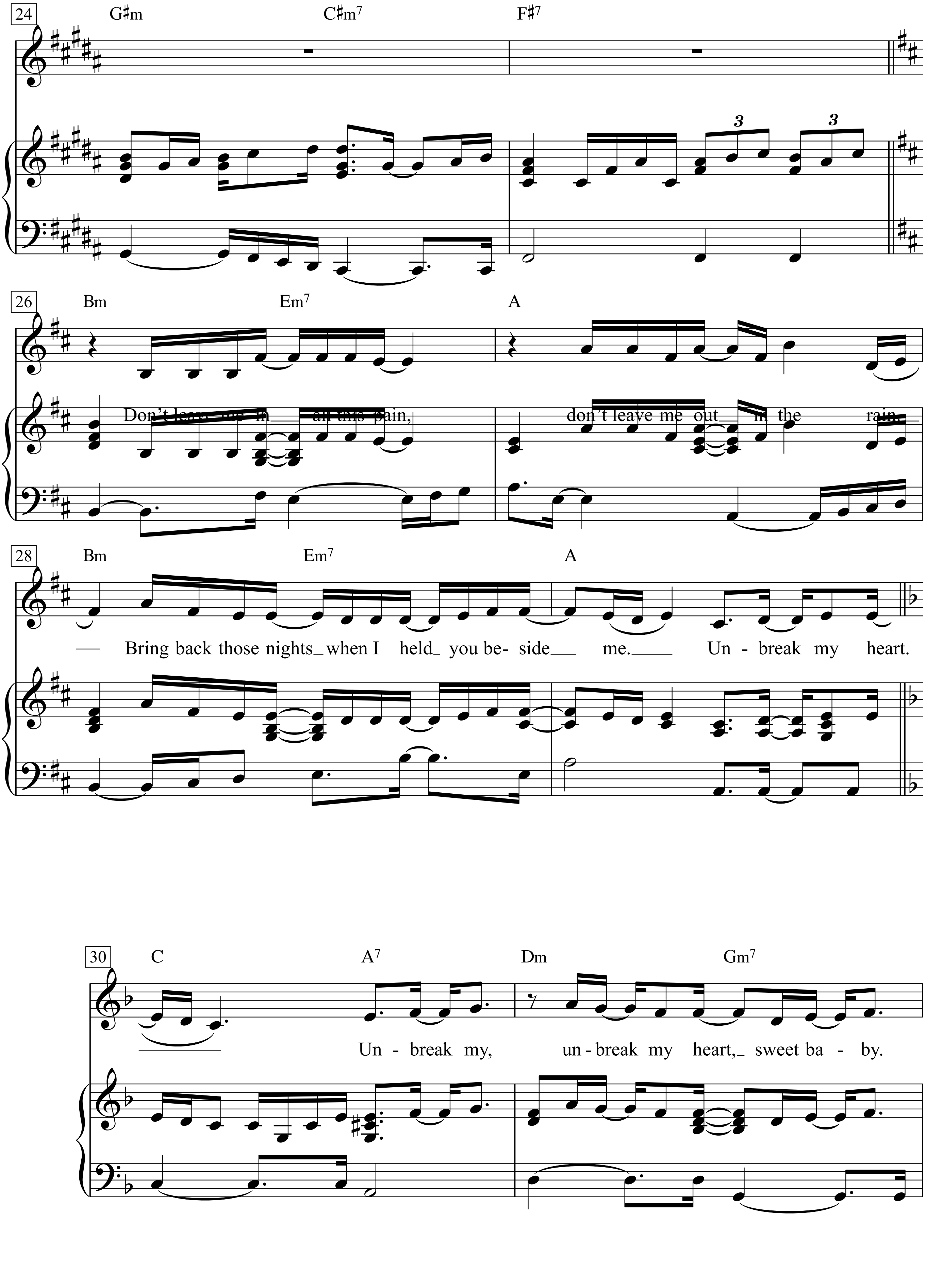
Words & Music by Diame Warren
)Toni Braxton)

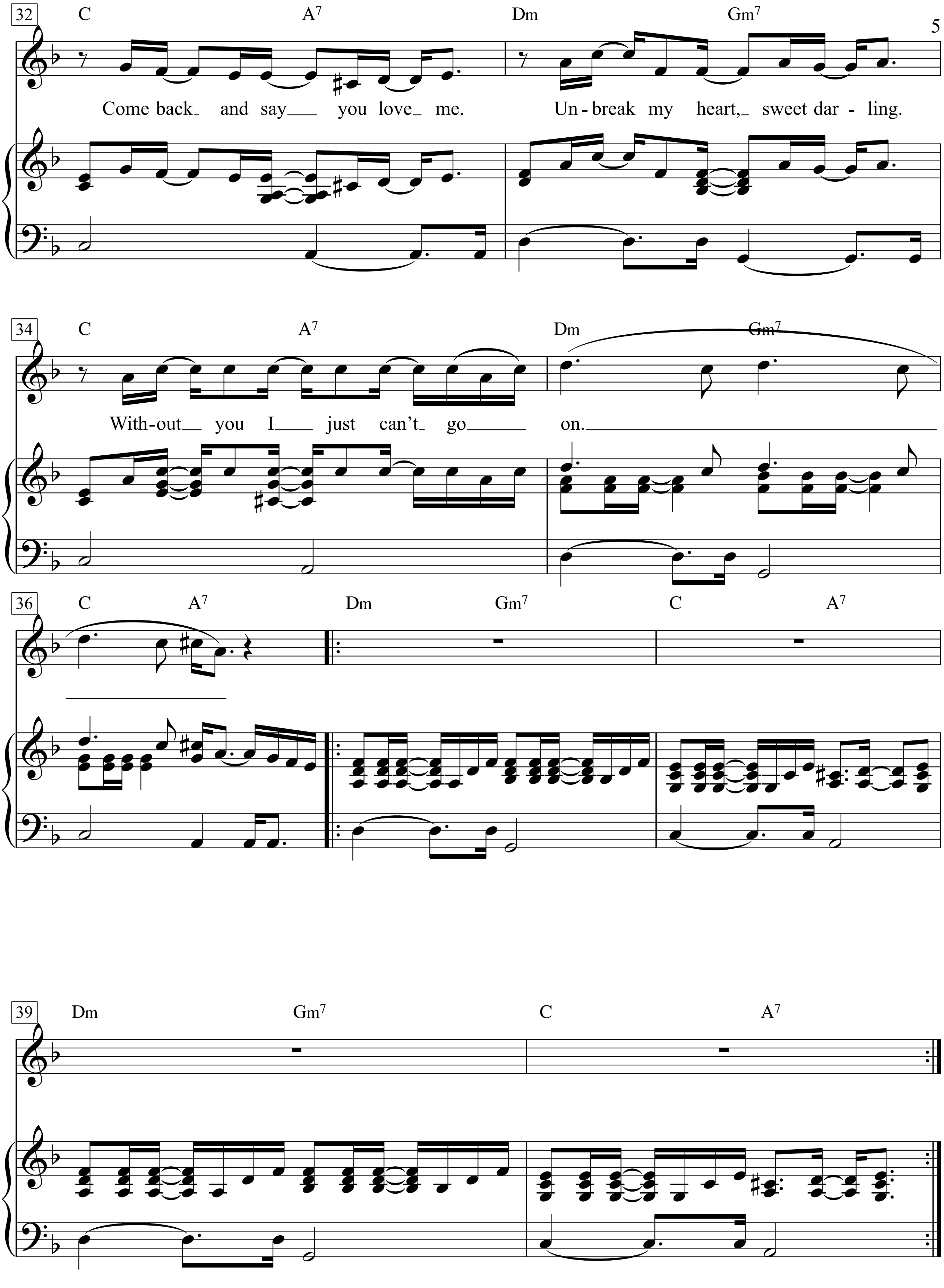
♩ = 66
Slowly




7
Bm Em7 A F♯m
Come back and bring back my smile, come and take these tears a - way. I
Don't leave me here with these tears, come and kiss this pain a - way. I
9
Bm Em7 A
need your arms to hold me now. Nights are so un - kind.
can't for - get the day you left. Time is so un - kind,
11
Bm Em7 A A7
Bring back those nights when I held you be - side me. Un-break my heart,
and life is so cruel with-out you here be- side me.
13
Dm Gm7 C A7
say you'll love me a- gain. Un - do this hurt


15 Dm 7 C A7
— you caused when you walked out the door and walked out__ of my life.__ Un - cry__ these tears
17 Dm Gm7 CODA C A7
— I cried so man - y nights Un - break my heart.
19 C/B♭ B♭ 1. A7 F♯7 2. D♯
22 G♯m C♯m7 F♯m D♯m7


24
G♯m C♯m7 F♯7
26
Bm Em7 A
Don't leave me in — all this pain, don't leave me out — in the rain.
28
Bm Em7 A
— Bring back those nights when I held you be- side — me. Un - break my heart.
30
C A7 Dm Gm7
Un - break my, un - break my heart, sweet ba - by.


32
C A7 Dm Gm7
Come back and say you love me. Un-break my heart, sweet dar-ling.
34
C A7 Dm Gm7
With-out you I just can't go on.
36
C A7 Dm Gm7 C A7
39
Dm Gm7 C A7

Unchained Melody

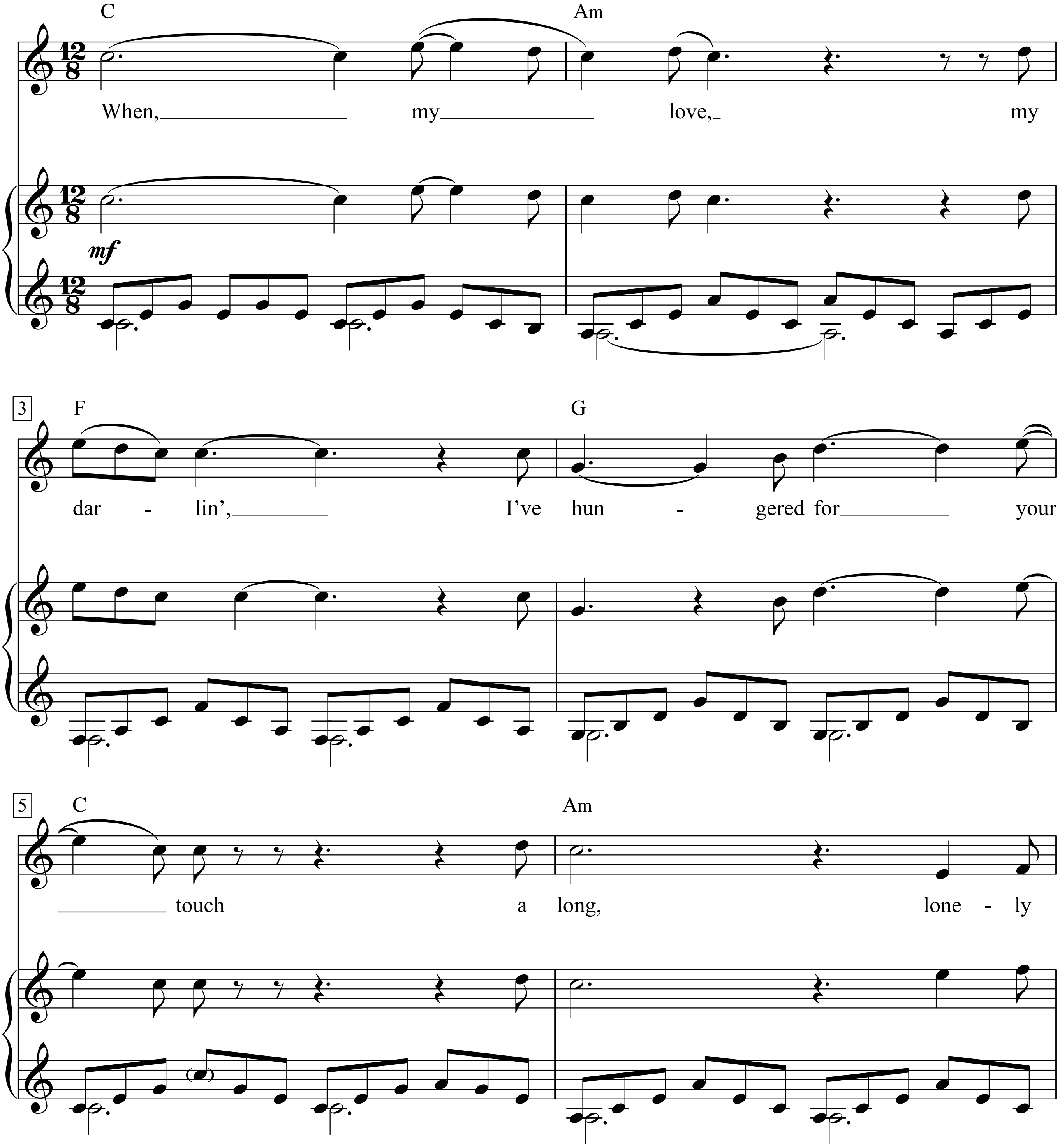
(*from the Motion Picture* Ghost)

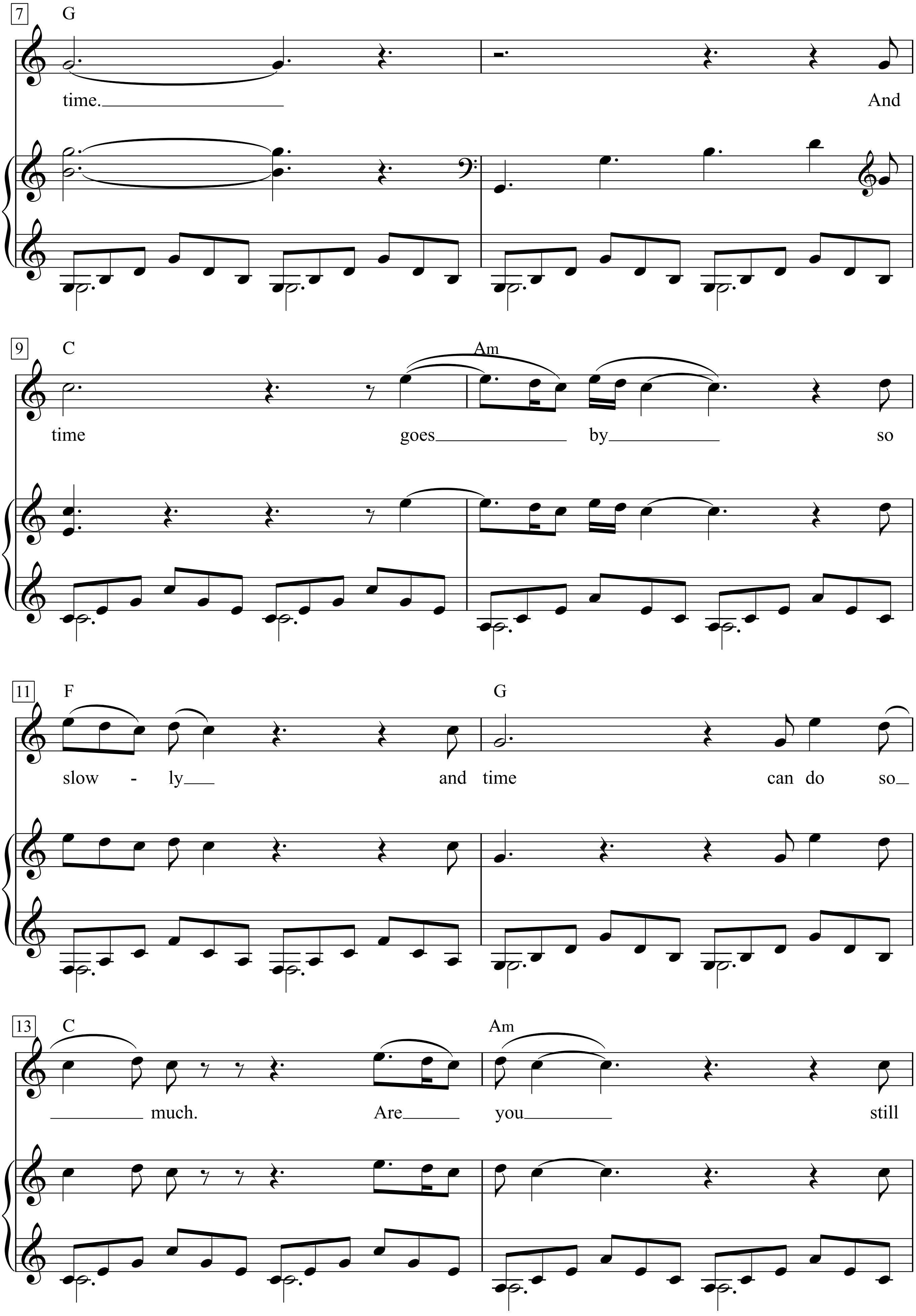
Lyric by Hy Zaret

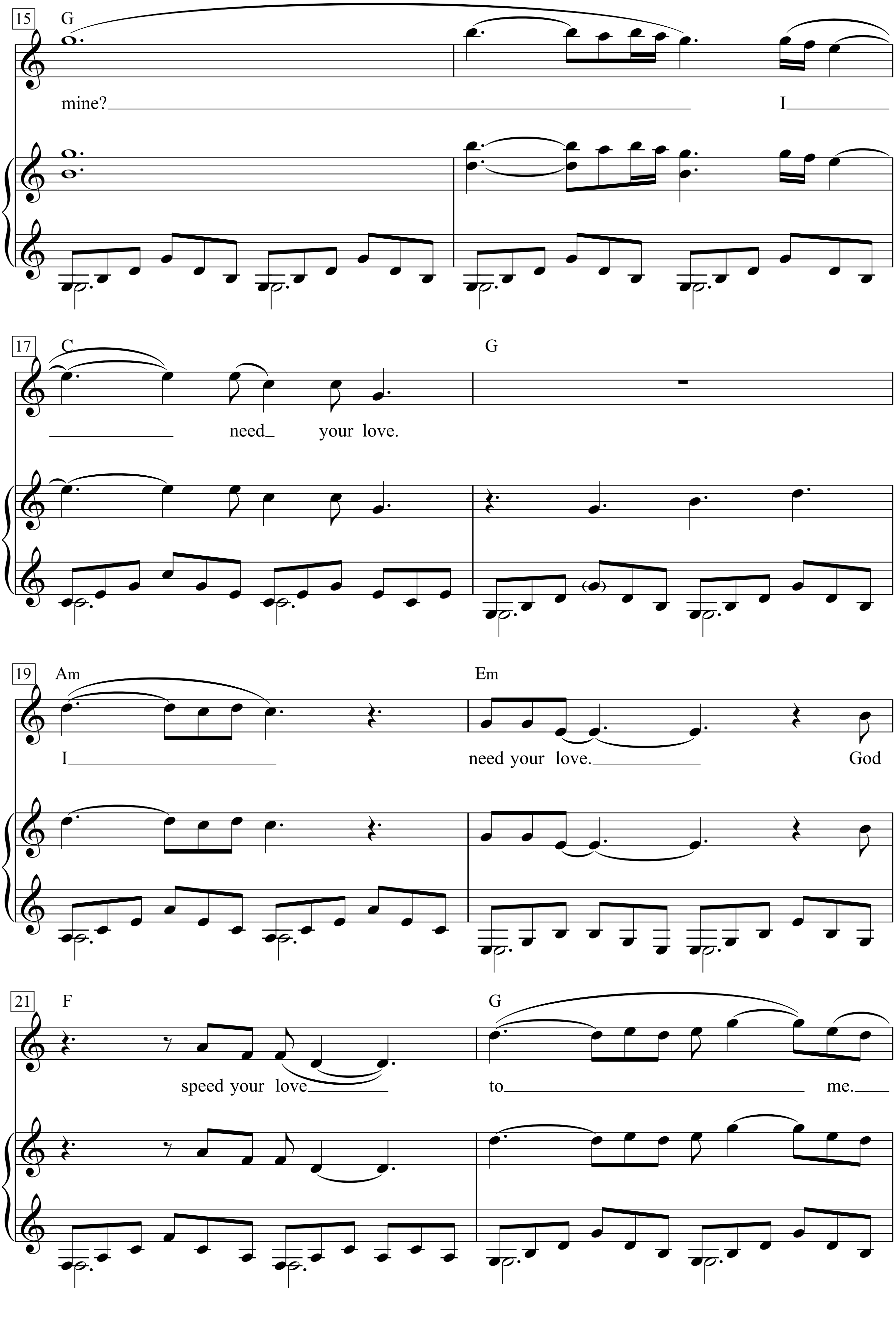
Music by Alex North

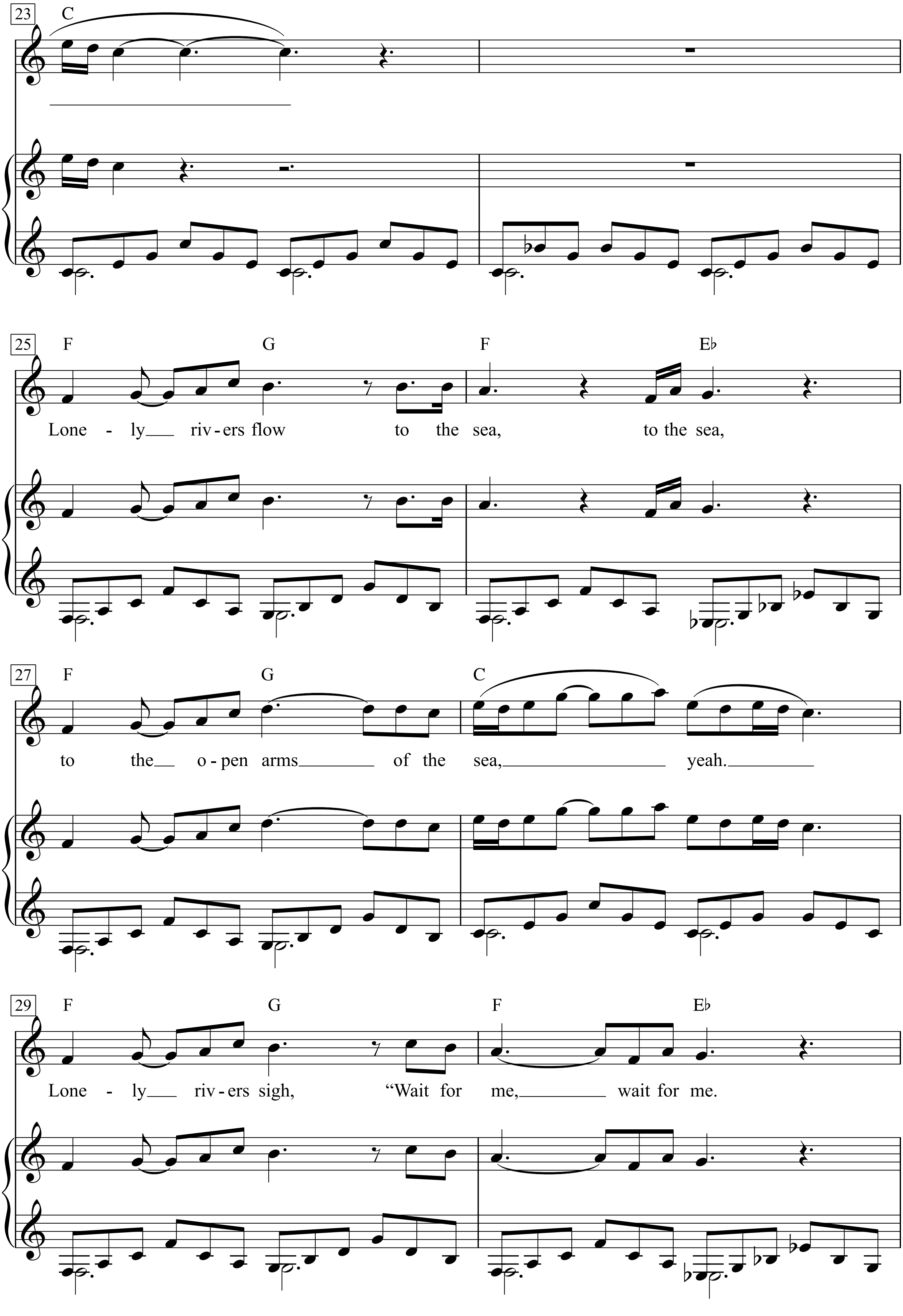
(The Righteous Brothers)

Moderately slow

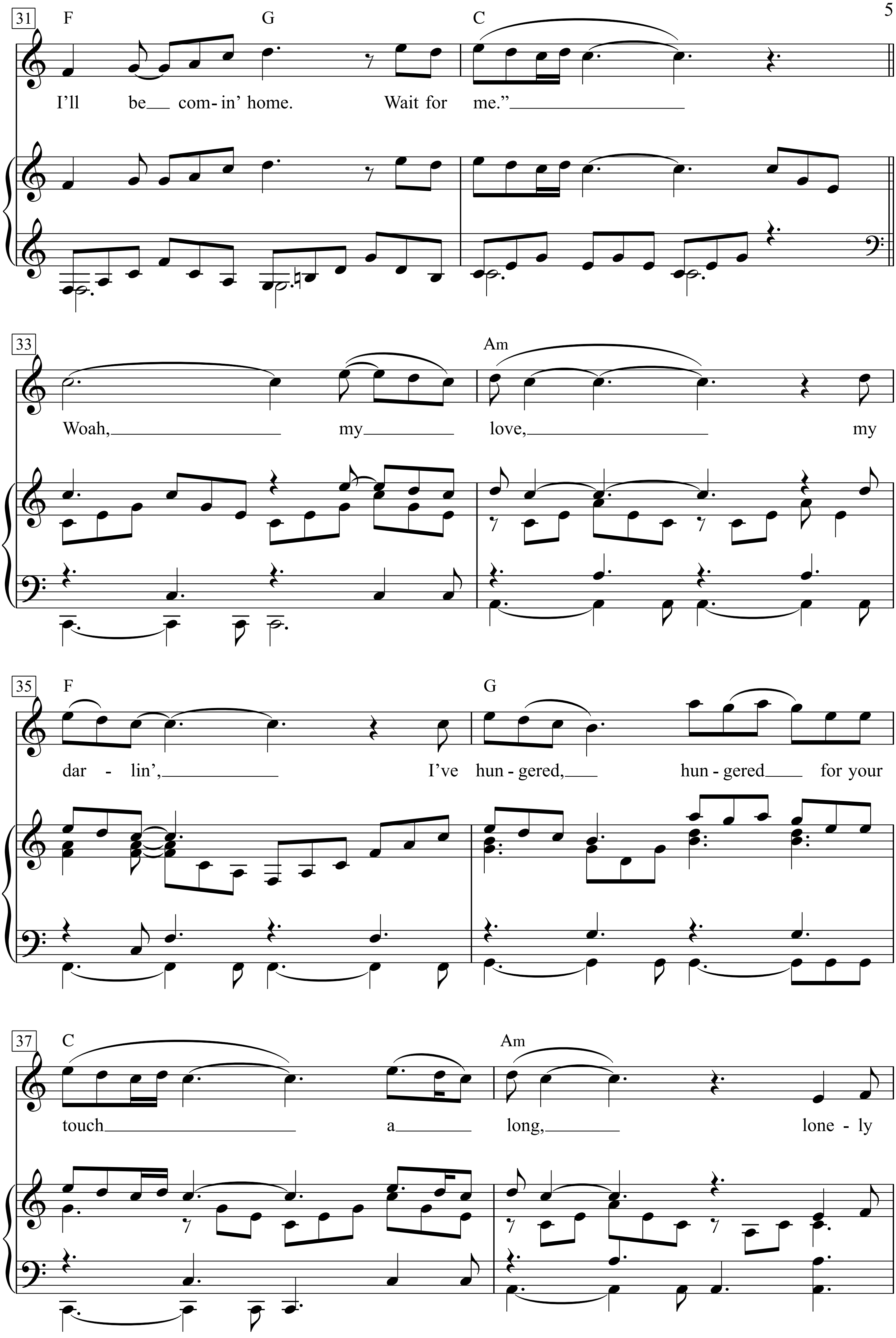


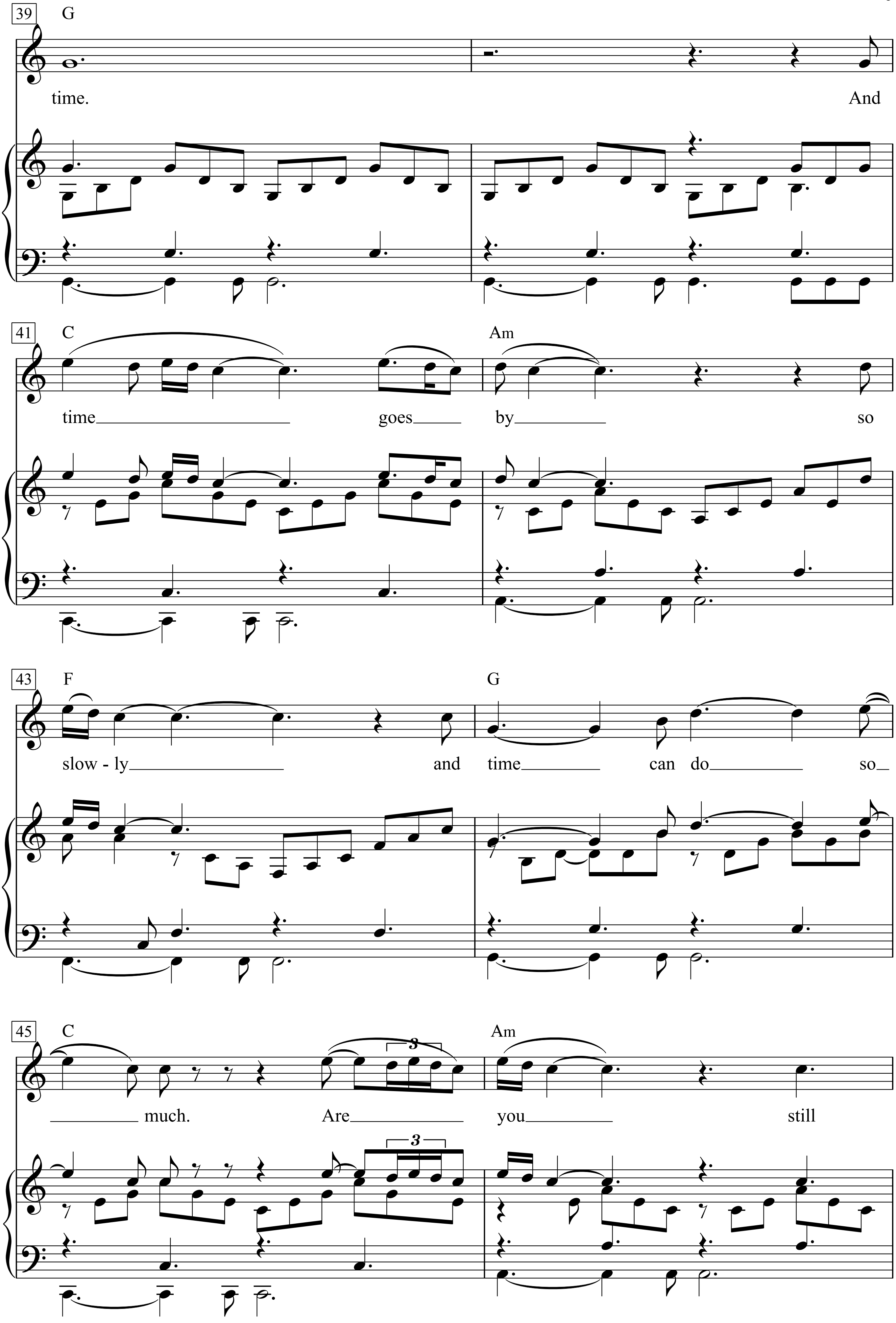

7
G
time. And
9
C
Am
time goes by so
11
F
G
slow - ly and time can do so
13
C
Am
much. Are you still

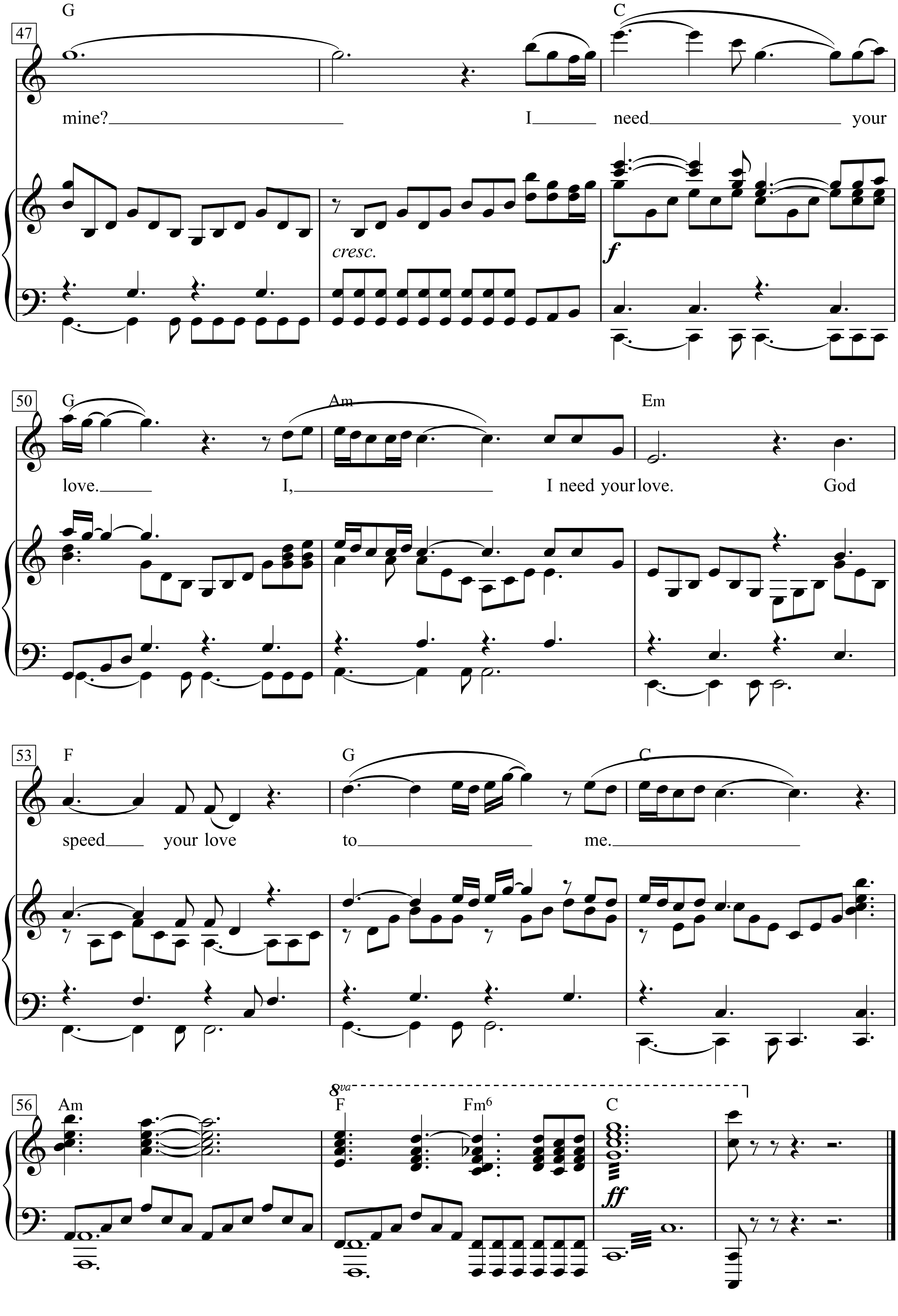

15
G
mine?
I
17
C
need your love.
G
19
Am
I
Em
need your love.
God
21
F
speed your love
G
to
me.



23
C
25
F G F E♭
Lone - ly rív-ers flow to the sea, to the sea,
27
F G C
to the o-pen arms of the sea, yeah.
29
F G F E♭
Lone - ly riv-ers sigh, "Wait for me, wait for me.


31
F G C
I'll be com- in' home. Wait for me."
33
Am
Woah, my love, my
35
F G
dar - lin', I've hun - gered, hun - gered for your
37
C Am
touch a long, lone - ly

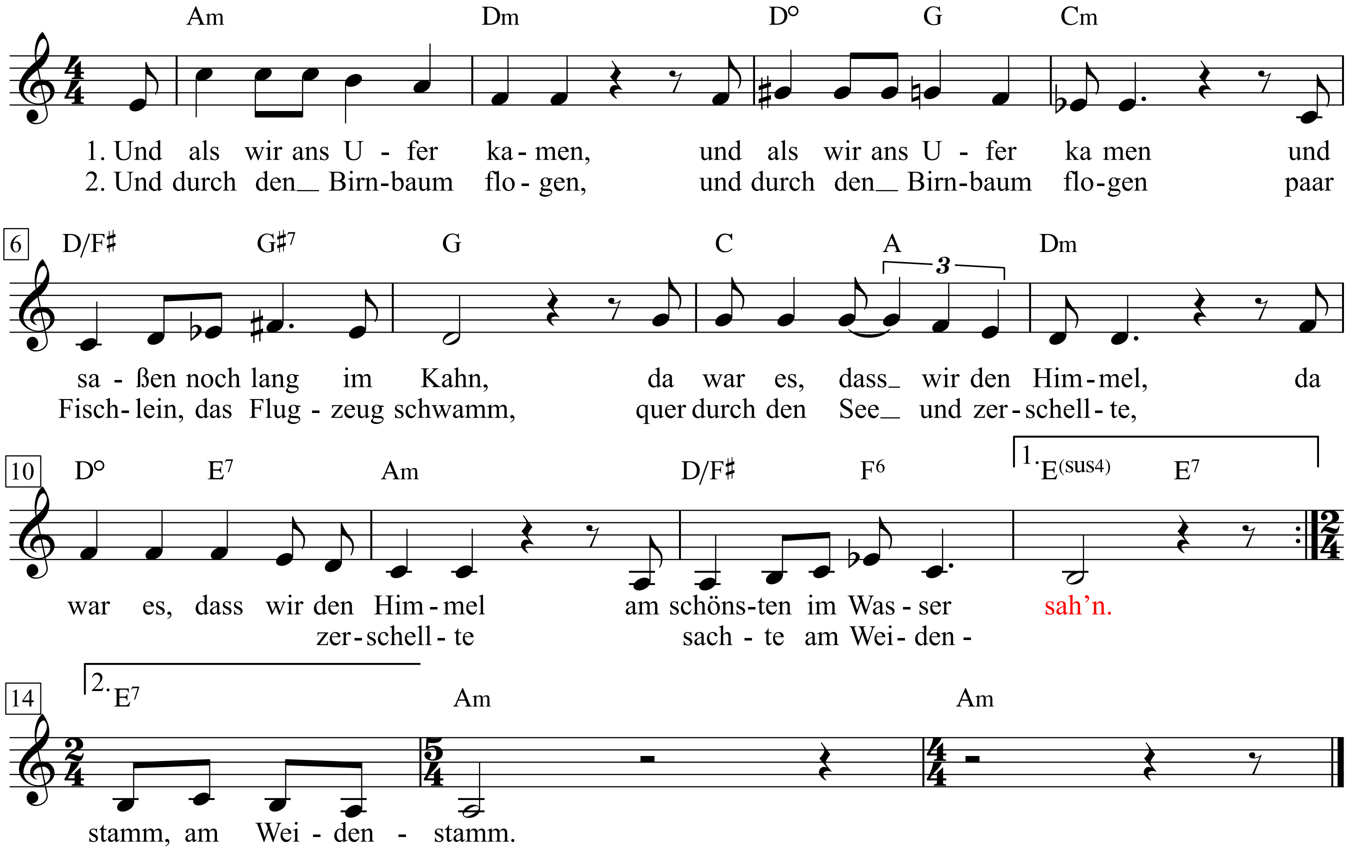

39
G
time. And
41
C
Am
time goes by so
43
F
G
slow - ly and time can do so
45
C
Am
much. Are you still
3
3


47
G
C
mine?
I
need
your
cresc.
f
50
G
Am
Em
love.
I,
I need your love.
God
53
F
G
C
speed
your love
to
me.
56
Am
8va
F
Fm6
C
ff

1. When, my love, my darlin',
I've hungered for your touch a long, lonely time.
And time goes by so slowly and time can do so much.
Are you still mine?
I need your love. I need your love.
God speed your love to me.
Lonely rivers flow to the sea, to the sea,
to the open arms of the sea, yeah.
Lonely rivers sigh, "Wait for me, wait for me.
I'll be comin' home. Wait for me."
Woah, my love, my darlin',
I've hungered, hungered for your touch a long, lonely time.
And time goes by so slowly and time can do so much.
Are you still mine?
I need your love. I, I need your love.
God speed your love to me.

Und als wir ans Ufer kamen

Text & Musik: Wolf Biermann



1. Und als wir ans Ufer kamen,
und saßen noch lang im Kahn,
da war es, daß wir den Himmel
am schönsten im Wasser sah'n.

2. Und durch den Birnbaum flogen,
paar Fischlein, das Flugzeug schwamm,
quer durch den See und zerschellte,
sachte am Weidenstamm

3. Ja was wird aus unseren Träumen
in diesem zerrissenen Land?
Die Wunden wolln nicht zugehn
unter dem Dreckverband.

4. Und was wird aus unseren Freunden,
und was noch aus Dir, aus mir?
Ich möchte am liebsten weg sein
und bleibe am liebsten hier

Ich möchte am liebsten weg sein
und bleibe am liebsten hier.

... und in Japan ist alles so klein

(Chanson)

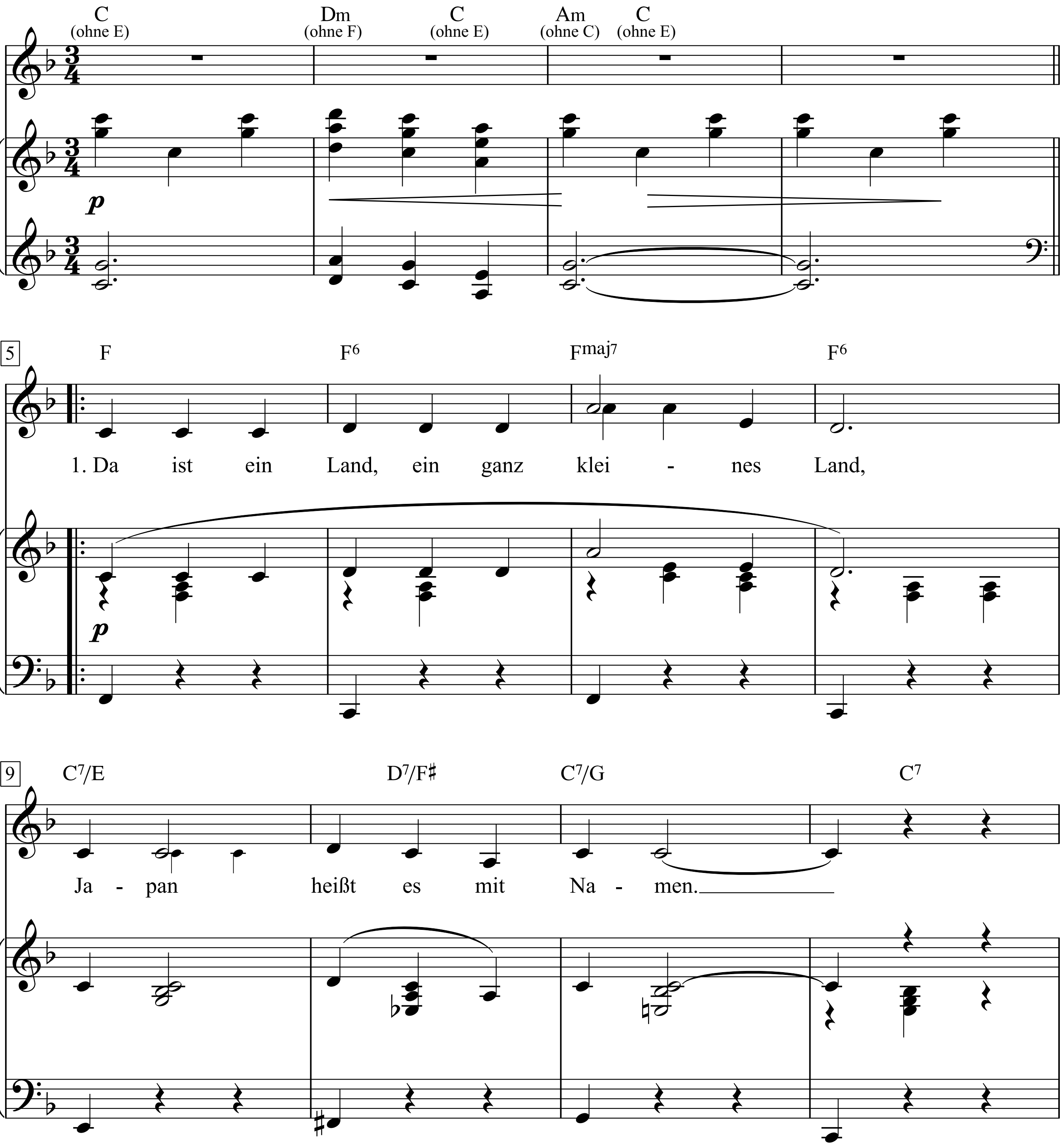
Gesungen von Gussy Holl

Aus dem Ungarischen

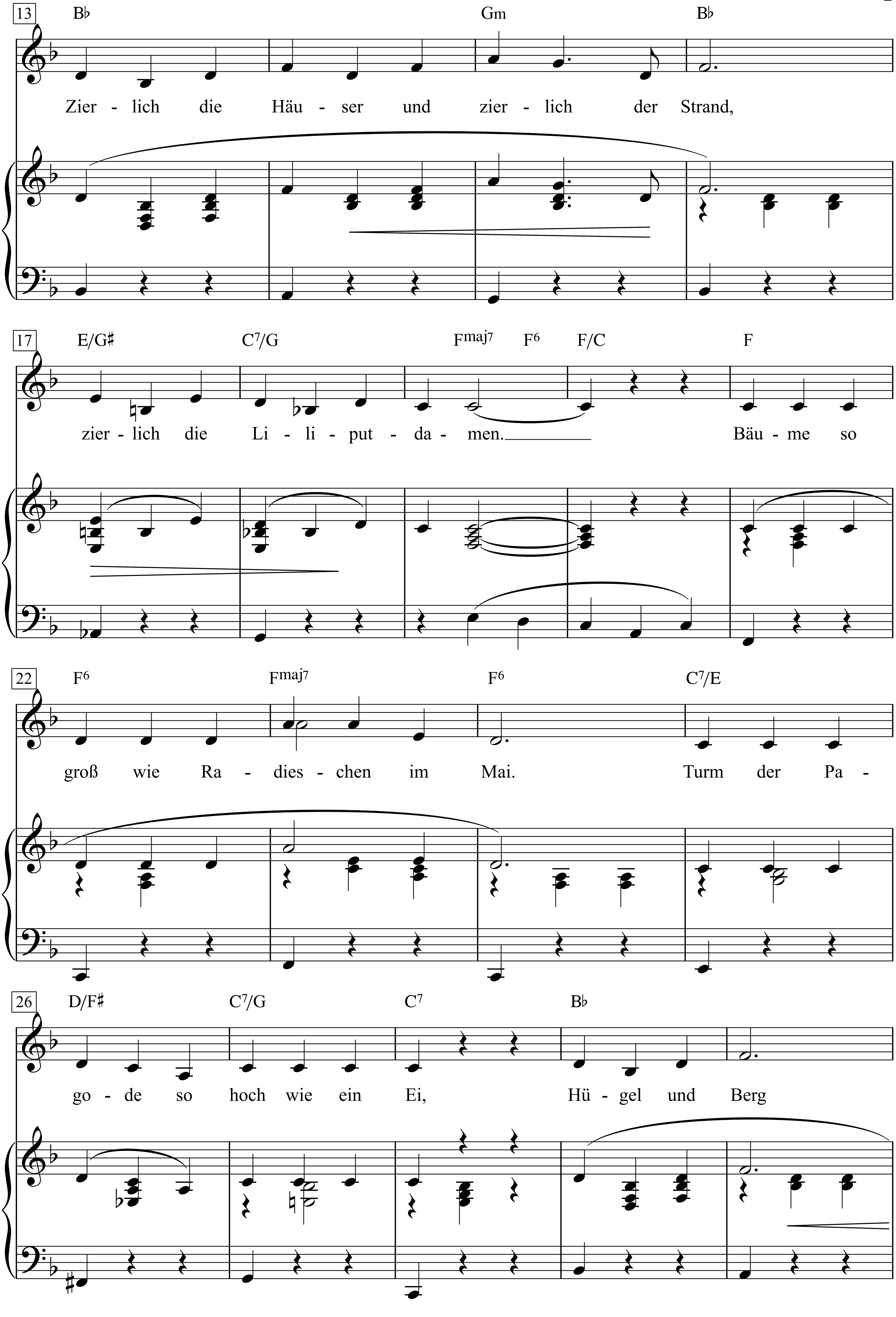
Kurt Tucholsky

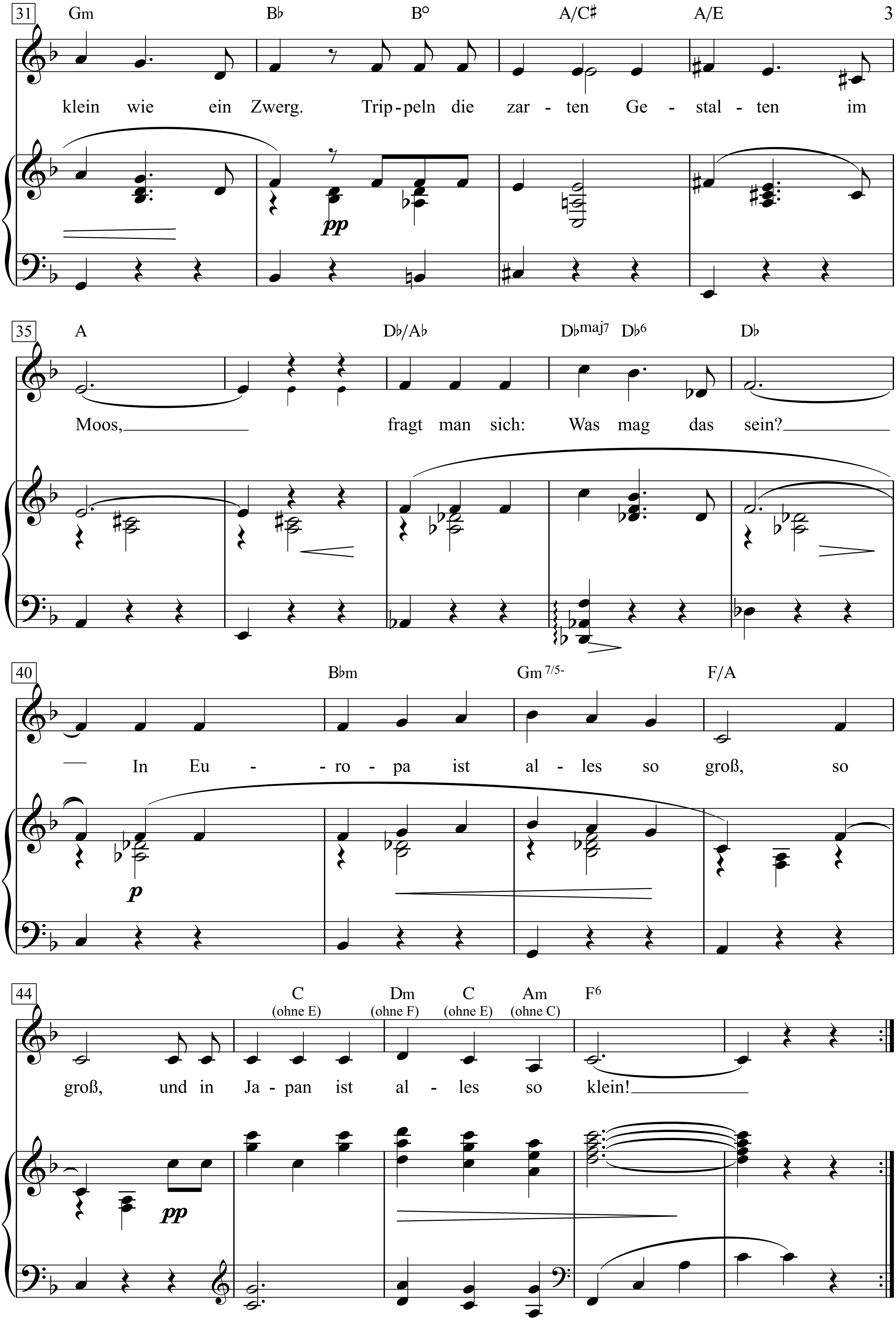
Gustav Zelibor

Valse lento (Zart und weich)



Das Kurt Tucholsky-Chanson-Buch, S. 327-330


13
B♭ Gm B♭
Zier - lich die Häu - ser und zier - lich der Strand,
17
E/G♯ C7/G Fmaj7 F6 F/C F
zier - lich die Li - li - put - da - men. Bäu - me so
22
F6 Fmaj7 F6 C7/E
groß wie Ra - dies - chen im Mai. Turm der Pa -
26
D/F♯ C7/G C7 B♭
go - de so hoch wie ein Ei, Hü - gel und Berg


31
Gm Bb B° A/C# A/E
klein wie ein Zwerg. Trip-peln die zar - ten Ge - stal - ten im
pp
35
A Db/Ab Dbmaj7 Db6 Db
Moos, fragt man sich: Was mag das sein?
40
Bbm Gm 7/5- F/A
In Eu - - ro - pa ist al - les so groß, so
p
44
C (ohne E) Dm (ohne F) C (ohne E) Am (ohne C) F6
groß, und in Ja - pan ist al - les so klein!
pp

.

1. Da ist ein Land, ein ganz kleines Land,
Japan heißt es mit Namen.
Zierlich die Häuser und zierlich der Strand,
zierlich die Liliputdamen.
Bäume so groß wie Radieschen im Mai.
Turm der Pagode so hoch wie ein Ei,
Hügel und Berg klein wie ein Zwerg.
Trippeln die zarten Gestalten im Moos,
fragt man sich: Was mag das sein?
In Europa ist alles so groß, so groß -
und in Japan ist alles so klein!

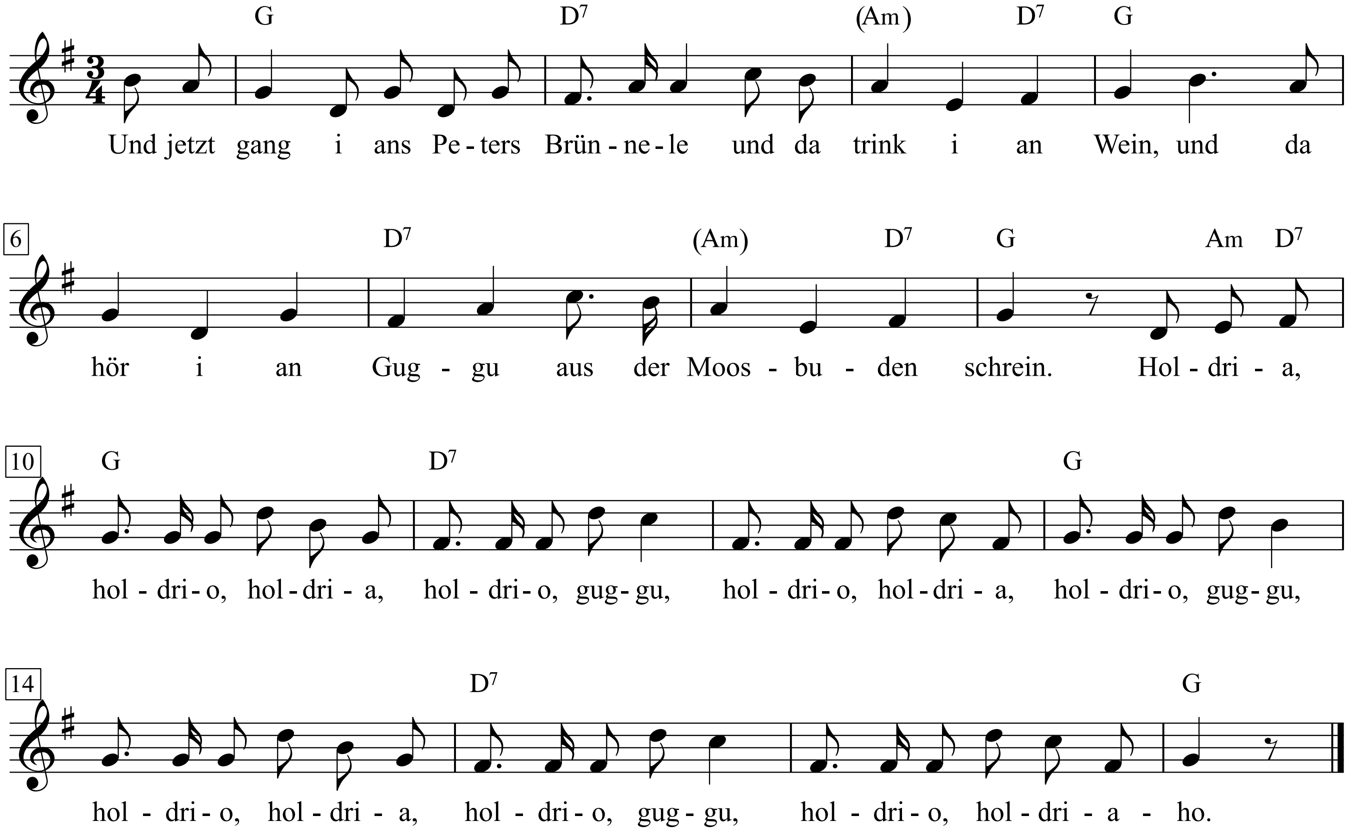
2. Da sitzt die Geisha. Ihr Haar glänzt wie Lack.
Leise duftet die Rose.
Vor ihr steht plaudernd im strahlenden Tag
kräftig der junge Matrose.
Und er erzählt diesem seidenen Kind
davon, wie groß seine Landsleute sind.
Straße und Saal pyramidal.
Sieh, und die Kleine wundert sich bloß –
denkt sich: Wie mag das wohl sein?
In Europa ist alles so groß, so groß –
und in Japan ist alles so klein!

3. Da ist ein Wald - ein ganz kleiner Wald –
abendlich dämmern die Stunden.
Horch! wie das Vogelgezwitscher verhallt ...
Geisha und er sind verschwunden.
Abendland - Morgenland - Mund an Mund –
welch ein natürlicher Völkerschaftsbund!
Tauber, der girrt, Schwalbe, die flirrt.
Und eine Geisha streichelt das Moos,
in den Augen ein Flämmchen, ein Schein ...
In Europa ist alles so groß, so groß –
und in Japan ist alles so klein.

Und jetzt gang i ans Peters Brünnele

Worte: mündlich überliefert

trad. aus der Steiermark



1. Und jetzt gang i ans Peters Brünnele und da trink i an Wein,
und da hör i an Guggu aus der Moosbuden schrein.
Holdria, holdrio, holdria, holdrio, guggu,
holdrio, holdria, holdrio, guggu,
holdrio, holdria, holdrio, guggu,
holdrio, holdriaho.

2. Und der Adam hat d'Liab erdacht und der Noah den Wein
und der David den Zitherschlag, 's müssen Steira gewesen sein.
Holdria, holdrio, holdria ...

3. Kauft's mer ab mei schön's Büchserl, kauft's mer ab mein grean Hut,
Kauft's mer ab mei schön's Diandl, weil i einrückn muaß.
Holdria, holdrio, holdria ...

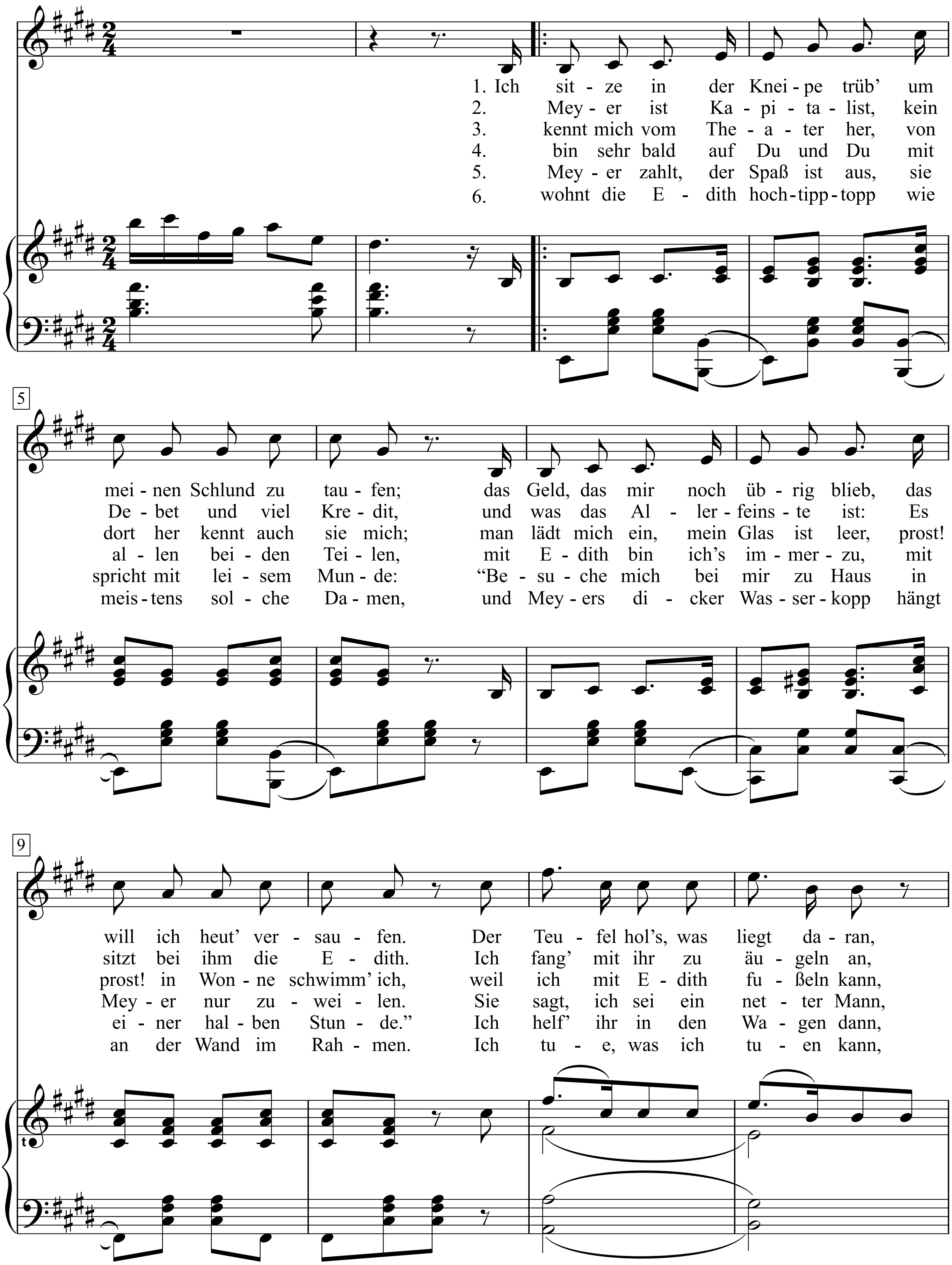
4. Hab an Schatz gedacht, hab ihn gern gehabt, hab geglaubt er liebt mi;
hab i nachgrfragt, hat er zwölf gehabt, und die dreizehnt' war i.
Holdria, holdrio, holdria ...

5. Zwischen Ostern und Pfingsten, ja da geht der Schnee weg,
und da heirat' mei Dirndl, und da hab i an Dreck.
Holdria, holdrio, holdria ...

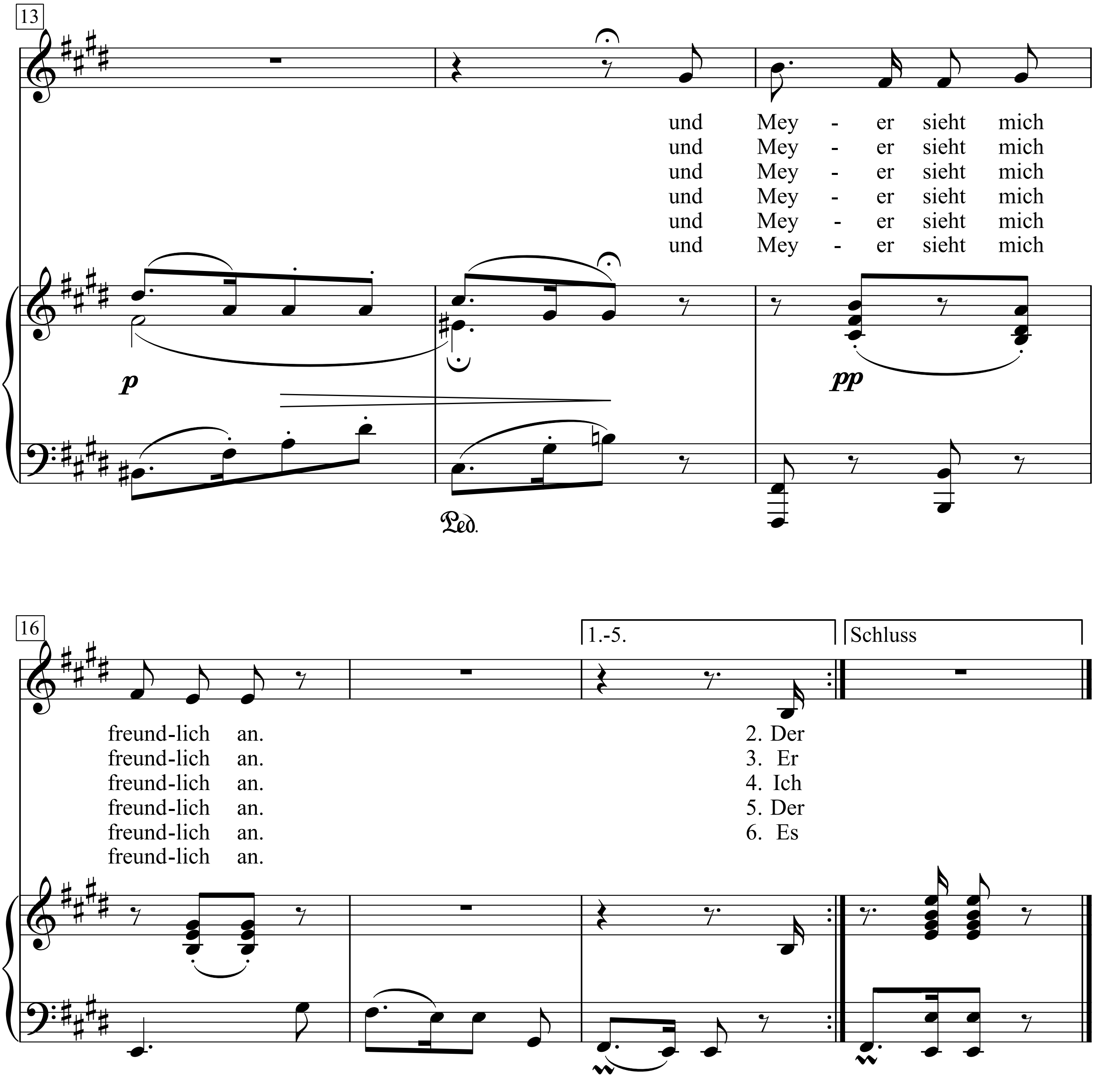
Und Meyer sieht mich freundlich an

Rudolf Bernauer (1880-1953)

Leo Fall (1873-1925)



Harmonie, Berlin 1905


13
und Mey - er sieht mich
und Mey - er sieht mich
und Mey - er sieht mich
und Mey - er sieht mich
und Mey - er sieht mich
und Mey - er sieht mich
p
pp
Ped.
16
1.-5.
Schluss
freund-lich an.
freund-lich an.
freund-lich an.
freund-lich an.
freund-lich an.
freund-lich an.
2. Der
3. Er
4. Ich
5. Der
6. Es

1. Ich sitze in der Kneipe trüb'
um meinen Schlund zu taufen;
das Geld, das mir noch übrig blieb,
das will ich heut' versaufen.
Der Teufel hol's, was liegt daran,
und Meyer sieht mich freundlich an.

2. Der Meyer ist Kapitalist,
kein Debet und viel Kredit,
und was das Allerfeinste ist:
Es sitzt bei ihm die Edith.
Ich fang' mit ihr zu äugeln an,
und Meyer sieht mich freundlich an.

3. Er kennt mich vom Theater her,
von dort her kennt auch sie mich;
man lädt mich ein, mein Glas ist leer,
prost! prost! in Wonne schwimm' ich,
weil ich mit Edith fußeln kann,
und Meyer sieht mich freundlich an.

4. Ich bin sehr bald auf Du und Du
mit allen beiden Teilen,
mit Edith bin ich's immerzu,
mit Meyer nur zuweilen.
Sie sagt, ich sei ein netter Mann,
und Meyer sieht mich freundlich an.

5. Der Meyer zahlt, der Spaß ist aus,
sie spricht mit leisem Munde:
"Besuche mich bei mir zu Haus
in einer halben Stunde."
Ich helf' ihr in den Wagen dann,
und Meyer sieht mich freundlich an.

6. Es wohnt die Edith hoch-tipp-topp
wie meistens solche Damen,
und Meyers dicker Wasserkopp
hängt an der Wand im Rahmen.
Ich tue, was ich tuen kann,
und Meyer sieht mich freundlich an.

Kurt Tucholsky
Das Couplet

Ein Couplet zu schreiben: das ist eine mühselige und eine ernste Sache. Es ist vielleicht schrullig, über eine so lustige Sache, wie es doch das Couplet (für den Zuhörer) ist – mit gefurchter Stirne zu reden und gar zu sagen, dass auch diese kleine Kunstgattung ihre ganz besondern Gesetze hat, die man mühsam erhorchen und noch mühsamer erlernen muss.
Im Couplet muss die Sprache selbst dichten. Das ist ein so dünner Bretterboden, das Lied, das sie da oben singen – und es verträgt nicht viel. Leicht und ungezwungen müssen die Worte einander folgen, leicht und klar die Gedanken – und verwickelte und zusammengekoppelte Gedanken verträgt das Couplet überhaupt nicht. Es reicht grade nur für die einfachsten Dinge, wenns im Fluge verstanden werden soll – man kann allerlei sagen in einem Couplet, aber man muss es sehr einfach sagen. Und ehe man Rhythmus und Reim und Gedankengang glücklich vereinigt hat, vergeht manchmal eine ganze Nacht.
Was man aber nicht merken darf. Erst wenn die Leute sagen: »Das haben Sie gewiss aus dem Ärmel geschüttelt!« – erst dann ist das Couplet gelungen. (Und wenn die Leute erst wüssten, wie holperig und langweilig das aussieht, was man so aus dem Ärmel schüttelt ... !)
Viele fragen, was zuerst da sei: der Text oder die Musik. Das ist ganz verschieden. Es gibt Melodien, die sagen etwas, wenn du sie oft hörst - und wenn du hören kannst, dann fangen sie auf einmal zu sprechen an und sagen dir den Text, den einzig möglichen Text. Manchmal aber ist es förderlich, die Worte aufzuschreiben und sie von dem Herrn Komponisten unter Musik setzen zu lassen.
Ist dies eine Enzyklopädie? Dies ist ein kleines Programmheftchen, und »Die Geschichte des deutschen Couplets (mit Sachregister)« ist noch nicht geschrieben worden. Wenn wir vom alten Kalisch absehen: die besten Couplets der letzten Jahre hat Rudolf Bernauer geschrieben – »Und Meier sieht mich freundlich an« ist ein klassisches Fundament, dergleichen wir nicht viele haben, ein Lied, an dem sich schon Generationen gesund gelacht haben. Das kennen Sie nicht? Schade – es ist wirklich sehr lustig.
Das politische Couplet gedeiht nicht recht bei uns – die Deutschen mögen das nicht – und wenn der charmante Otto Reutter nicht seinen politischen Versen irgendeinen Refrain anhängte, der ebensogut auch auf andere Dinge passt, so hätte er wohl nicht viel Glück mit seiner Coupletpolitik.
Der Refrain ... ! Das Schmerzenskind aller Coupletgoethes – ! Da ist jedes Wort von Bedeutung, eins zuviel, und die Wirkung ist dahin.
Und dann: richten Sie sich nie nach der Wirkung des gedruckten Couplets. Was ein richtiges Couplet ist, das sieht gedruckt so blöd aus, dass jeder vernünftige Mensch sagt: »Das ist wohl hervorragend dummes Zeug!« Und umgekehrt: Verse, die sich auf dem Papier gut ausnehmen, fallen auf dem Podium so herunter, dass es eine Freude für den Konkurrenten ist.
Aber nun haben Sie genug von der blassen Theorie gehört – jetzt wollen Sie lebendige, bunte Couplets. Bitte. Da oben.

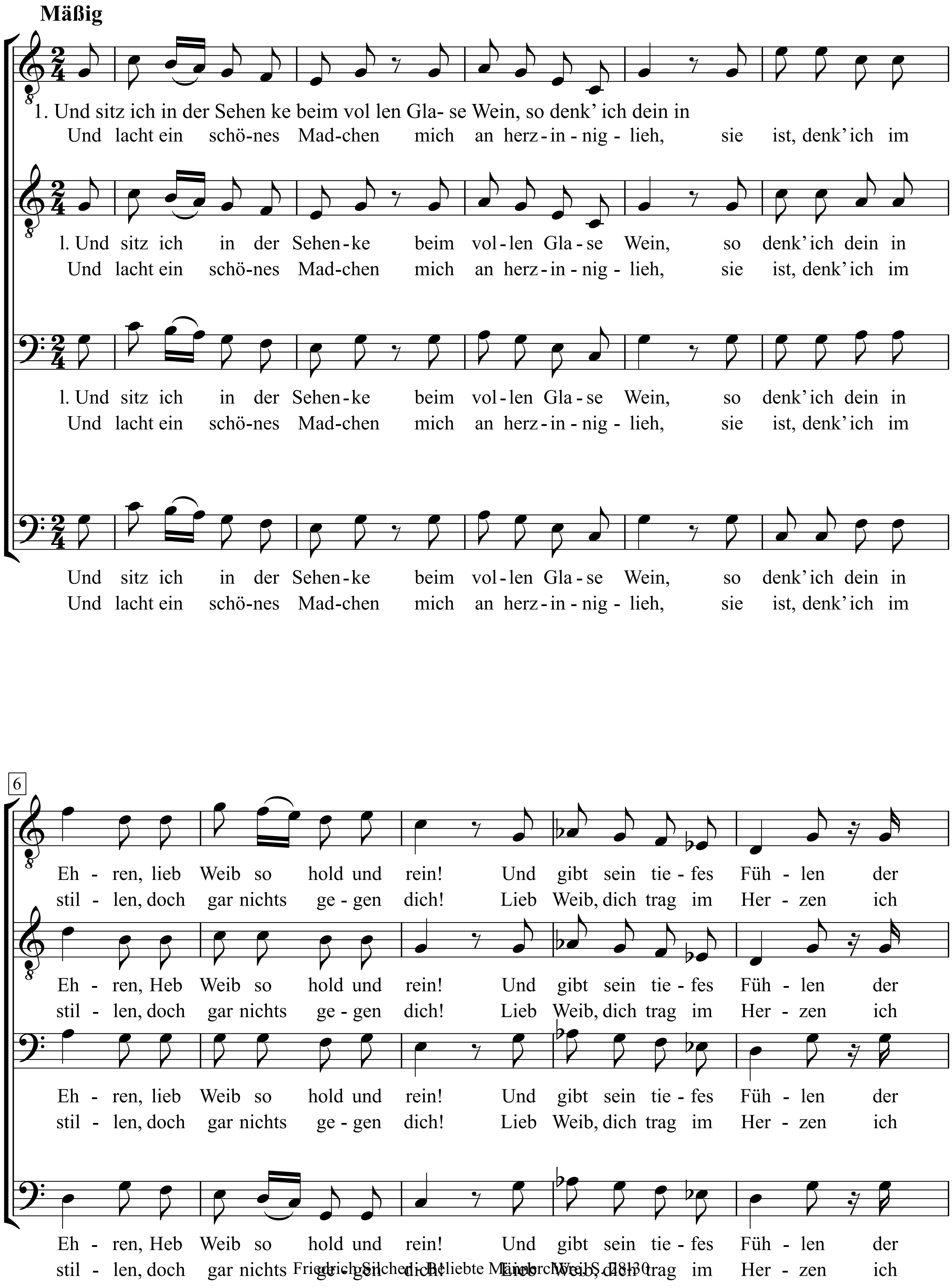
Peter Panter
Schall und Rauch, April 1920, Nr. 5, S. 1-2.

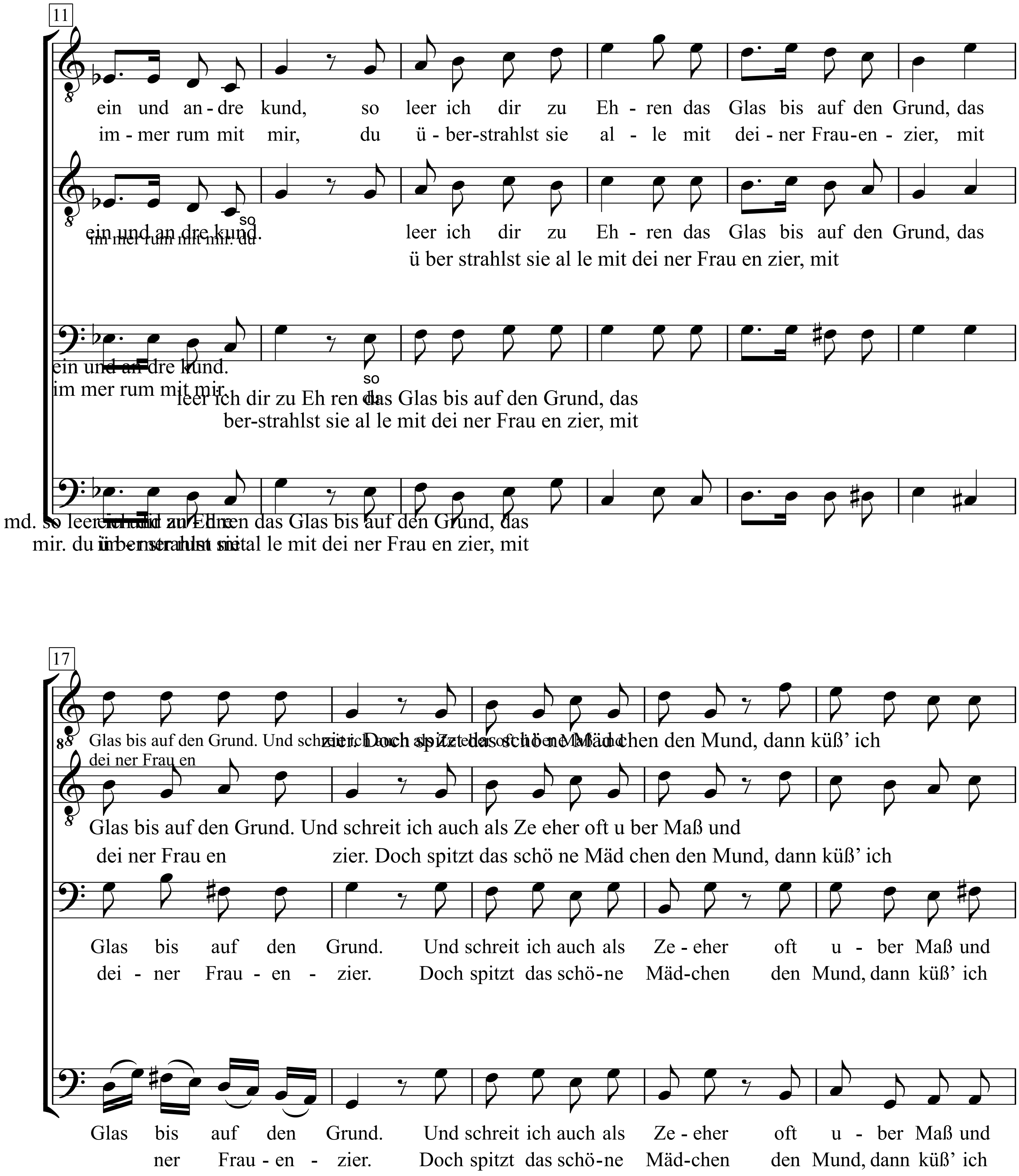
Und sitz' ich in der Schenke

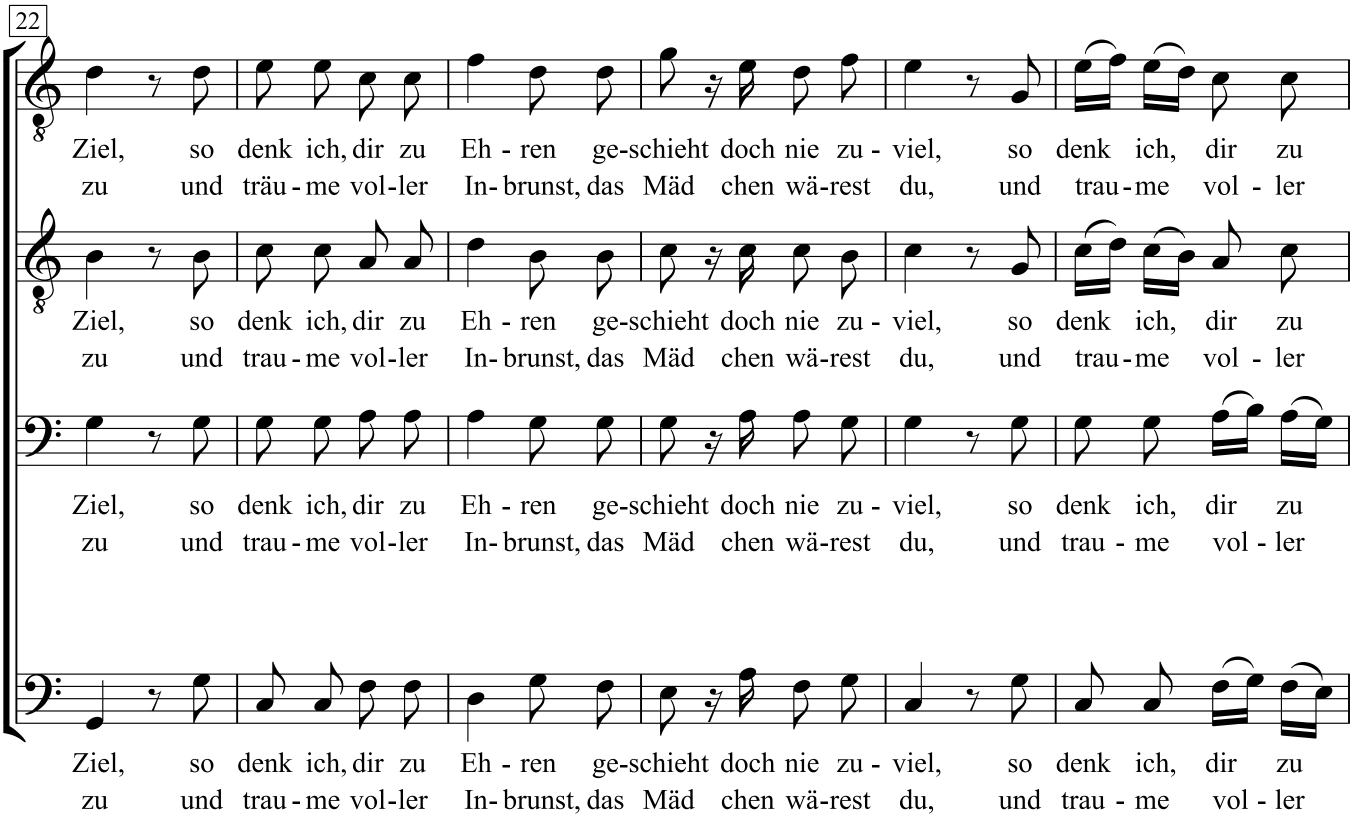
(Entschuldigung)

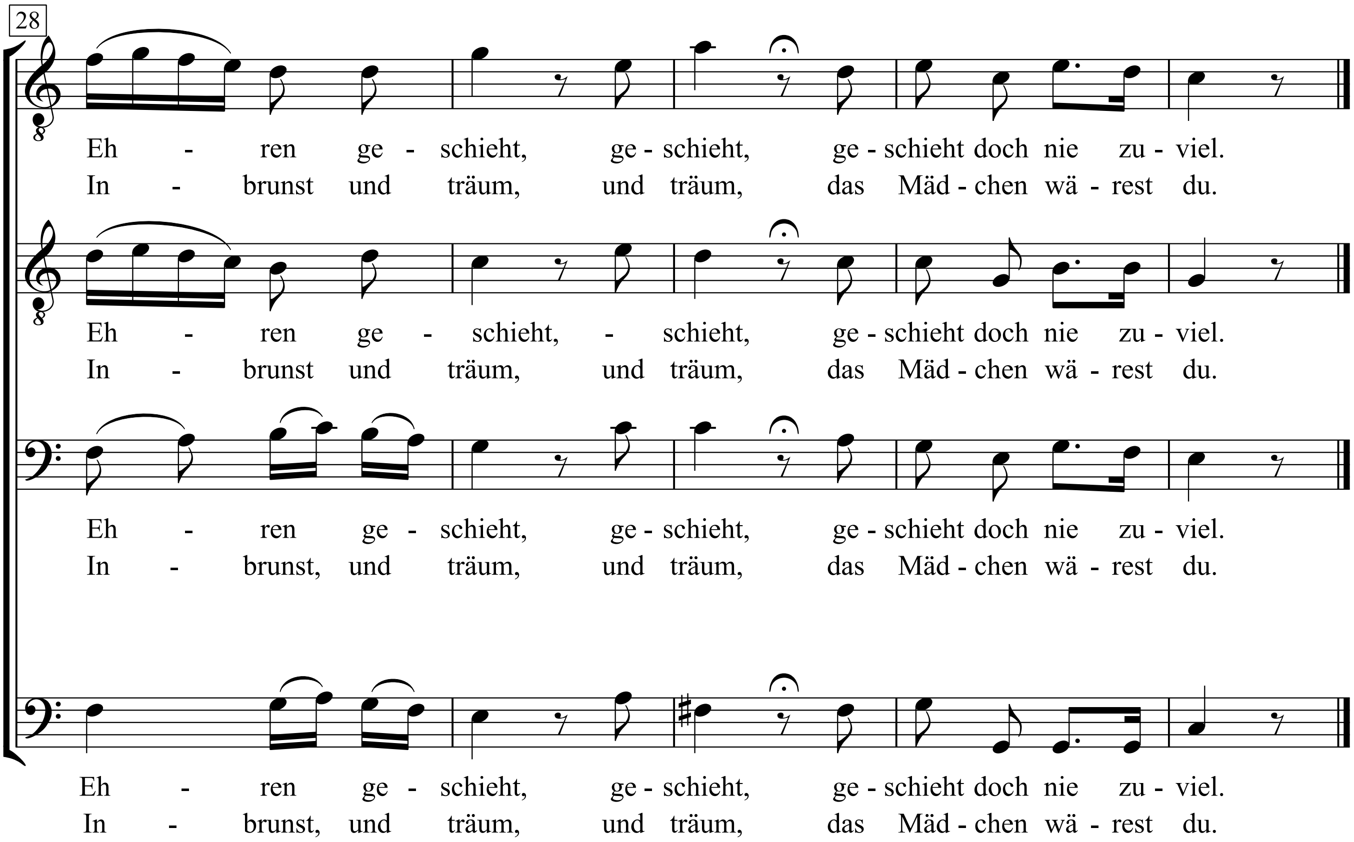
Friedrich Sucher

Text: Ludwig Bowtisch/Ludwig Andersen




11
ein und an - dre kund, so leer ich dir zu Eh - ren das Glas bis auf den Grund, das
im - mer rum mit mir, du ü - ber-strahlst sie al - le mit dei - ner Frau-en - zier, mit
leer ich dir zu Eh - ren das Glas bis auf den Grund, das
ü ber strahlst sie al le mit dei ner Frau en zier, mit
leer ich dir zu Eh ren das Glas bis auf den Grund, das
ber-strahlst sie al le mit dei ner Frau en zier, mit
17
zier. Doch spitzt das schö ne Mäd chen den Mund, dann küß’ ich
Glas bis auf den Grund. Und schreit ich auch als Ze eher oft u ber Maß und
dei ner Frau en zier. Doch spitzt das schö ne Mäd chen den Mund, dann küß’ ich
Glas bis auf den Grund. Und schreit ich auch als Ze - eher oft u - ber Maß und
dei - ner Frau - en - zier. Doch spitzt das schö-ne Mäd-chen den Mund, dann küß’ ich
Glas bis auf den Grund. Und schreit ich auch als Ze - eher oft u - ber Maß und
ner Frau - en - zier. Doch spitzt das schö-ne Mäd-chen den Mund, dann küß’ ich


22
Ziel, so denk ich, dir zu Eh - ren ge-schieht doch nie zu - viel, so denk ich, dir zu
zu und träu - me vol-ler In- brunst, das Mäd chen wä-rest du, und trau - me vol - ler
Ziel, so denk ich, dir zu Eh - ren ge-schieht doch nie zu - viel, so denk ich, dir zu
zu und trau - me vol-ler In- brunst, das Mäd chen wä-rest du, und trau - me vol - ler
Ziel, so denk ich, dir zu Eh - ren ge-schieht doch nie zu - viel, so denk ich, dir zu
zu und trau - me vol-ler In- brunst, das Mäd chen wä-rest du, und trau - me vol - ler
Ziel, so denk ich, dir zu Eh - ren ge-schieht doch nie zu - viel, so denk ich, dir zu
zu und trau - me vol-ler In- brunst, das Mäd chen wä-rest du, und trau - me vol - ler

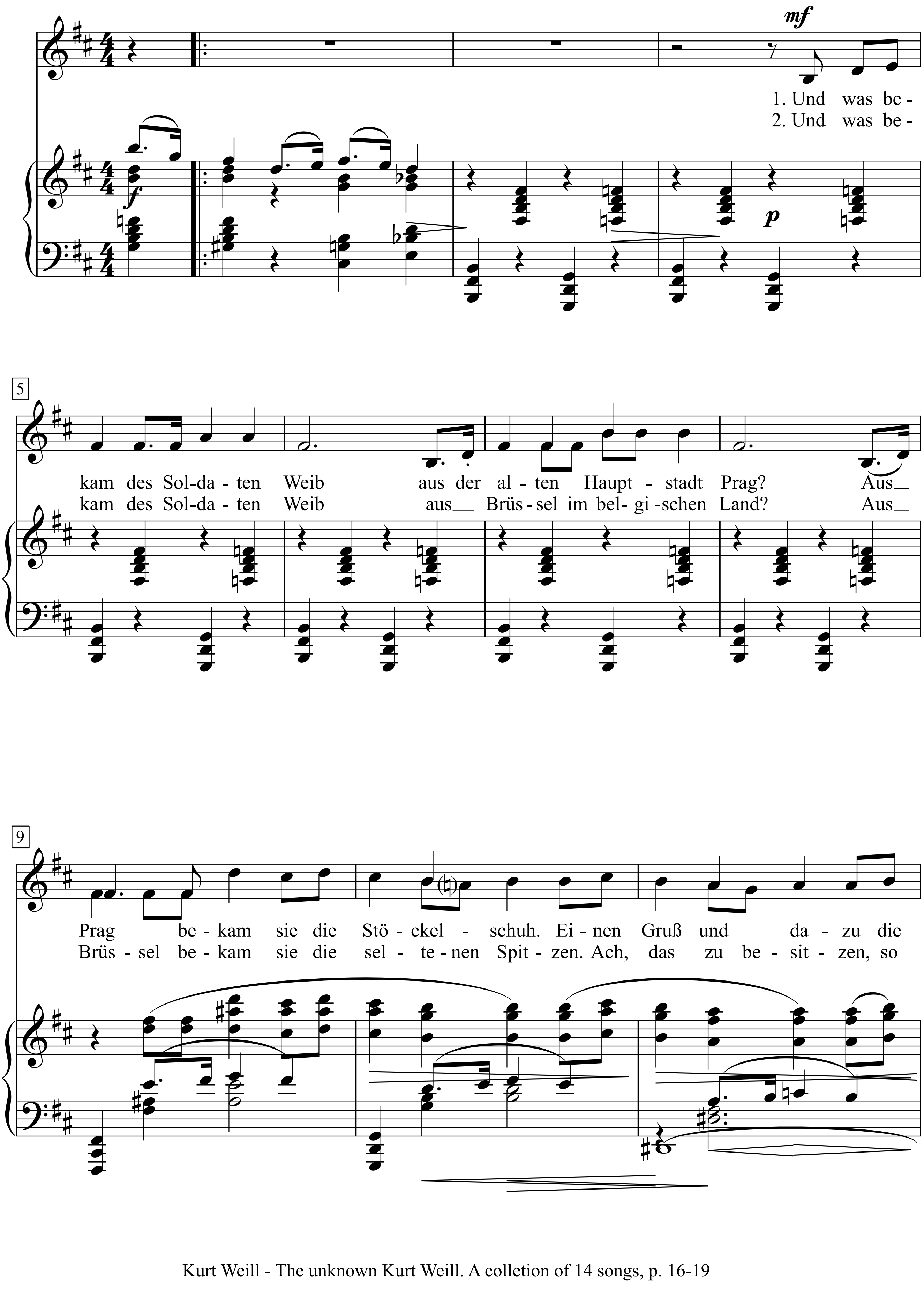

28
Eh - ren ge - schieht, ge - schieht, ge - schieht doch nie zu - viel.
In - brunst und träum, und träum, das Mäd - chen wä - rest du.
Eh - ren ge - schieht, - schieht, ge - schieht doch nie zu - viel.
In - brunst und träum, und träum, das Mäd - chen wä - rest du.
Eh - ren ge - schieht, ge - schieht, ge - schieht doch nie zu - viel.
In - brunst, und träum, und träum, das Mäd - chen wä - rest du.
Eh - ren ge - schieht, ge - schieht, ge - schieht doch nie zu - viel.
In - brunst, und träum, und träum, das Mäd - chen wä - rest du.

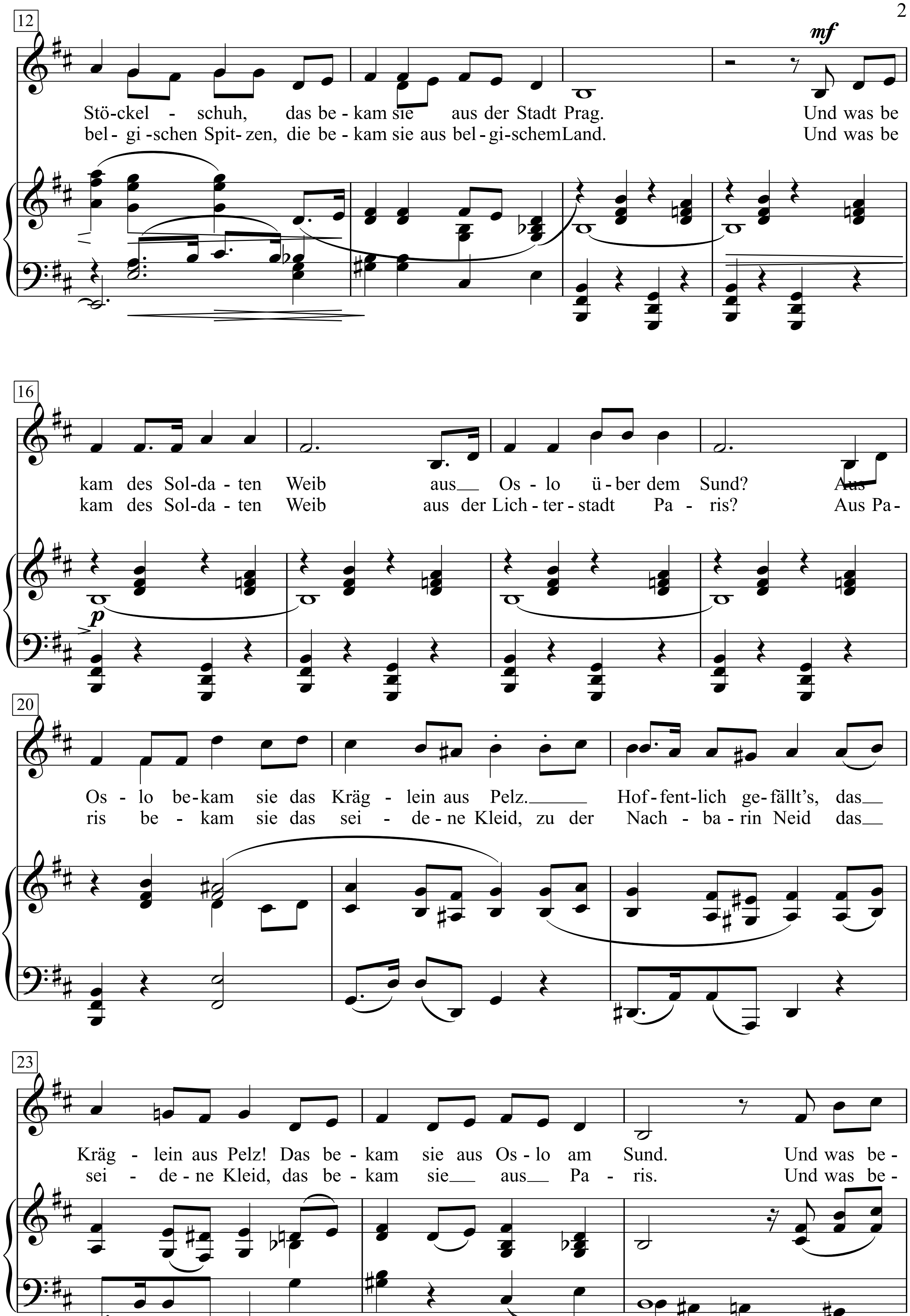
Und was bekam des Soldaten Weib?

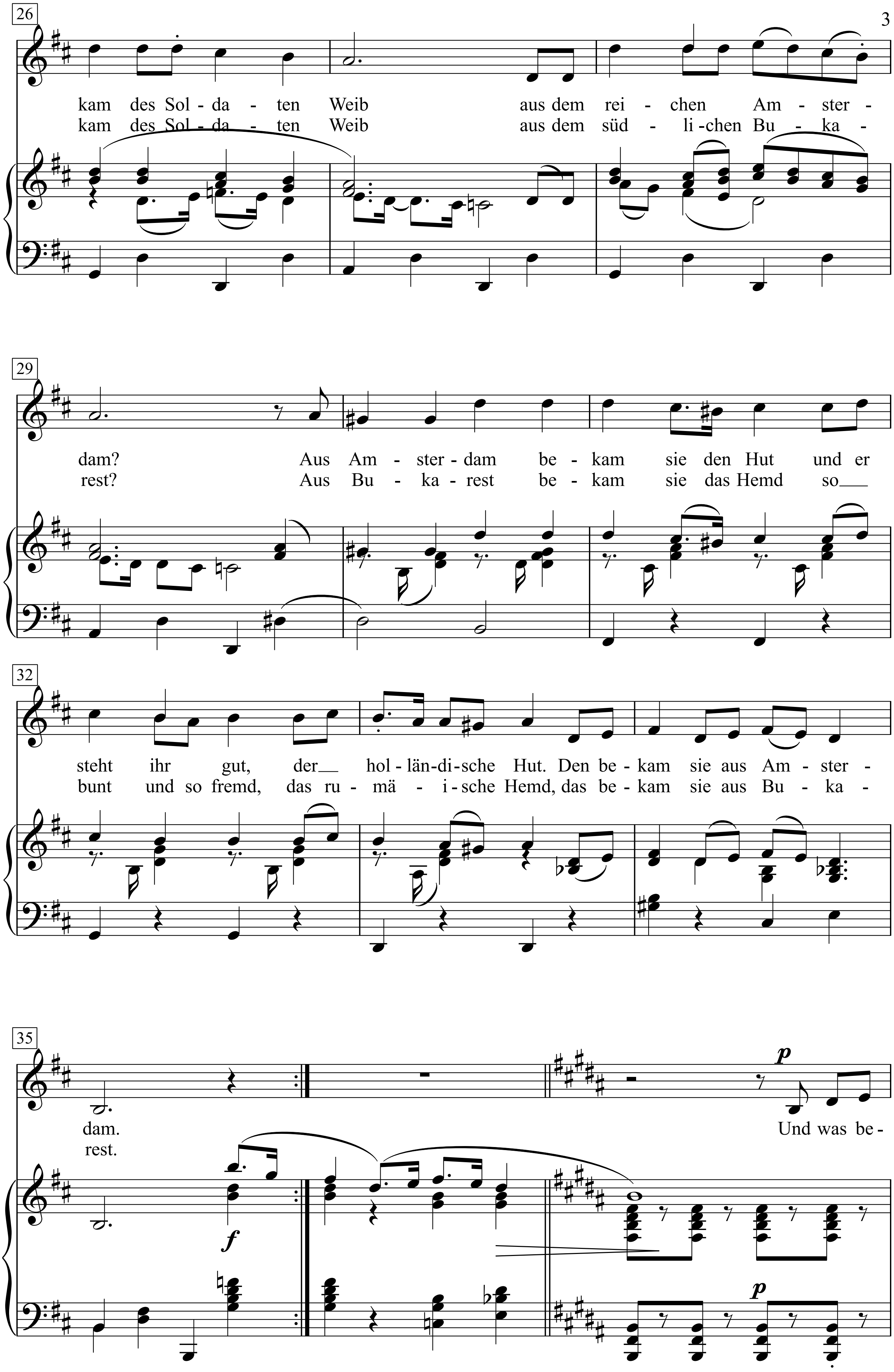
(Das Lied vom Weib des Nazispldaten)

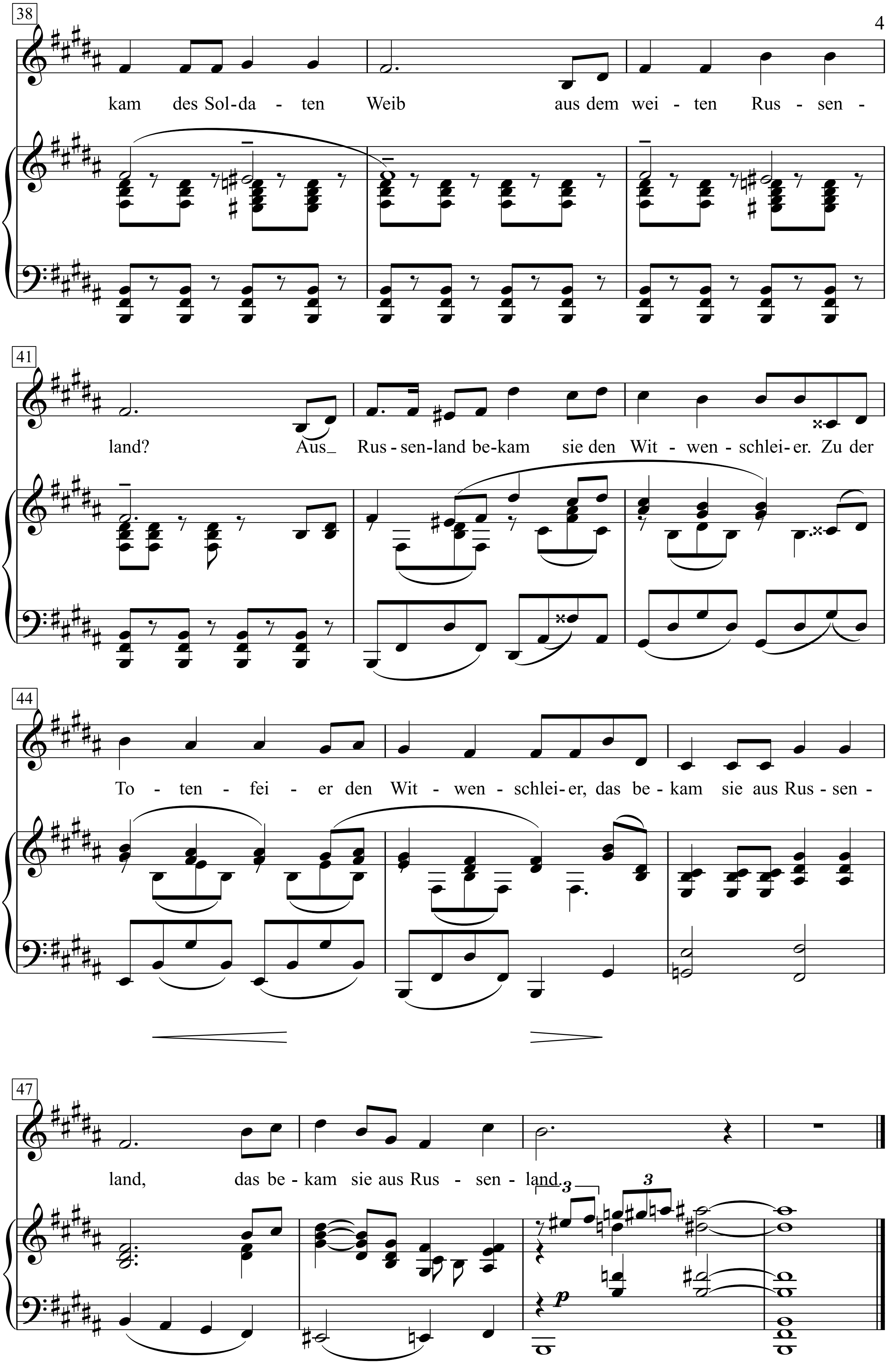
Bertolt Brecht

Kurt Weill




12
mf
Stö-ckel - schuh, das be - kam sie aus der Stadt Prag. Und was be
bel- gi -schen Spit- zen, die be - kam sie aus bel - gi - schem Land. Und was be
16
p
kam des Sol-da - ten Weib aus Os - lo ü - ber dem Sund? Aus
kam des Sol-da - ten Weib aus der Lich - ter - stadt Pa - ris? Aus Pa-
20
Os - lo be-kam sie das Kräg - lein aus Pelz. Hof-fent-lich ge-fällt's, das
ris be - kam sie das sei - de - ne Kleid, zu der Nach - ba - rin Neid das
23
Kräg - lein aus Pelz! Das be - kam sie aus Os - lo am Sund. Und was be-
sei - de - ne Kleid, das be - kam sie aus Pa - ris. Und was be-


26
kam des Sol - da - ten Weib aus dem rei - chen Am - ster -
kam des Sol - da - ten Weib aus dem süd - li - chen Bu - ka -
29
dam? Aus Am - ster - dam be - kam sie den Hut und er
rest? Aus Bu - ka - rest be - kam sie das Hemd so
32
steht ihr gut, der hol - län - di - sche Hut. Den be - kam sie aus Am - ster -
bunt und so fremd, das ru - mä - i - sche Hemd, das be - kam sie aus Bu - ka -
35
dam. Und was be -
rest.
p
f
p

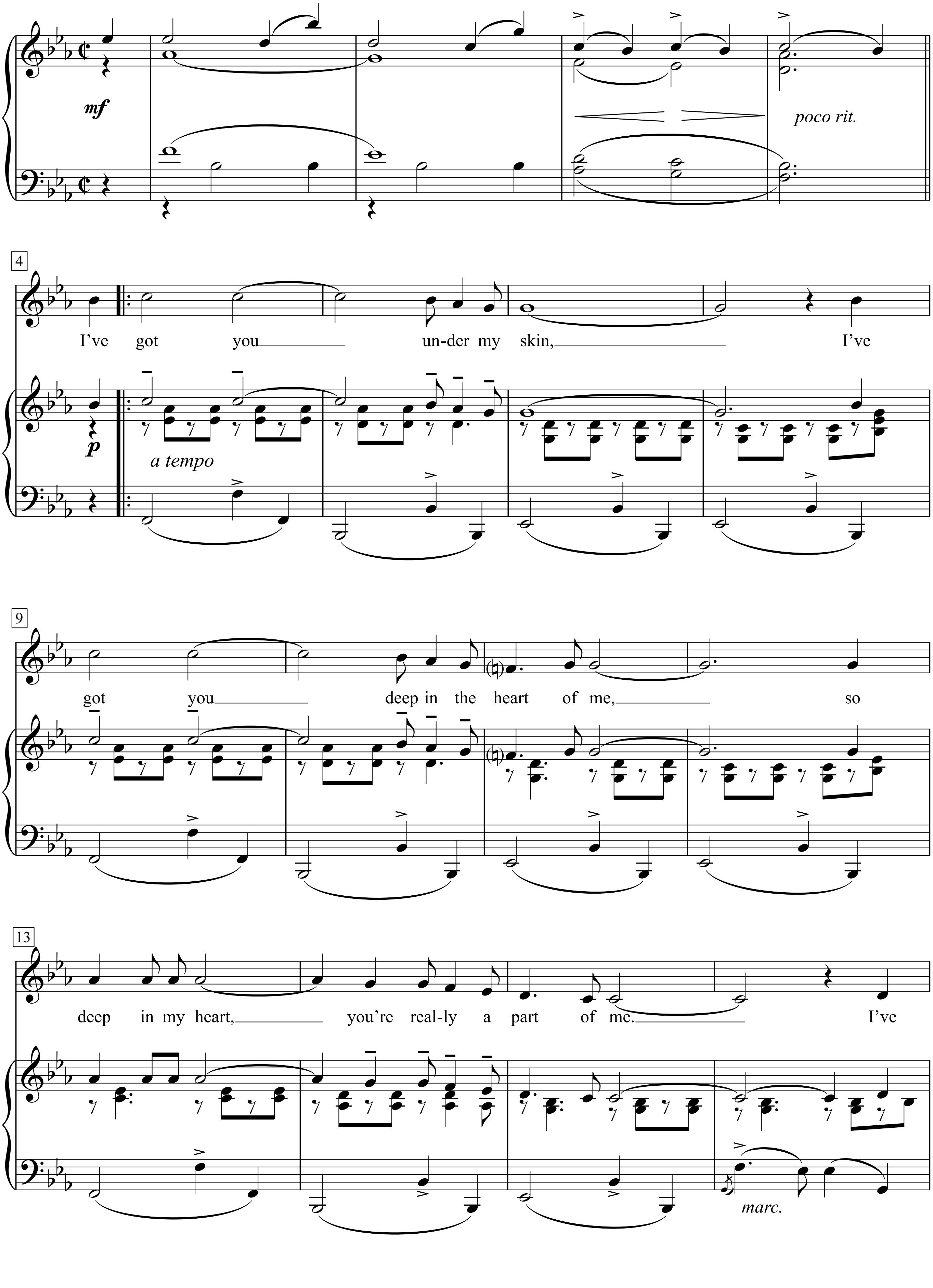

38
kam des Sol-da - ten Weib aus dem wei - ten Rus - sen -
41
land? Aus_ Rus - sen-land be-kam sie den Wit - wen - schlei - er. Zu der
44
To - ten - fei - er den Wit - wen - schlei - er, das be - kam sie aus Rus - sen -
47
land, das be - kam sie aus Rus - sen - land.
3
3
p

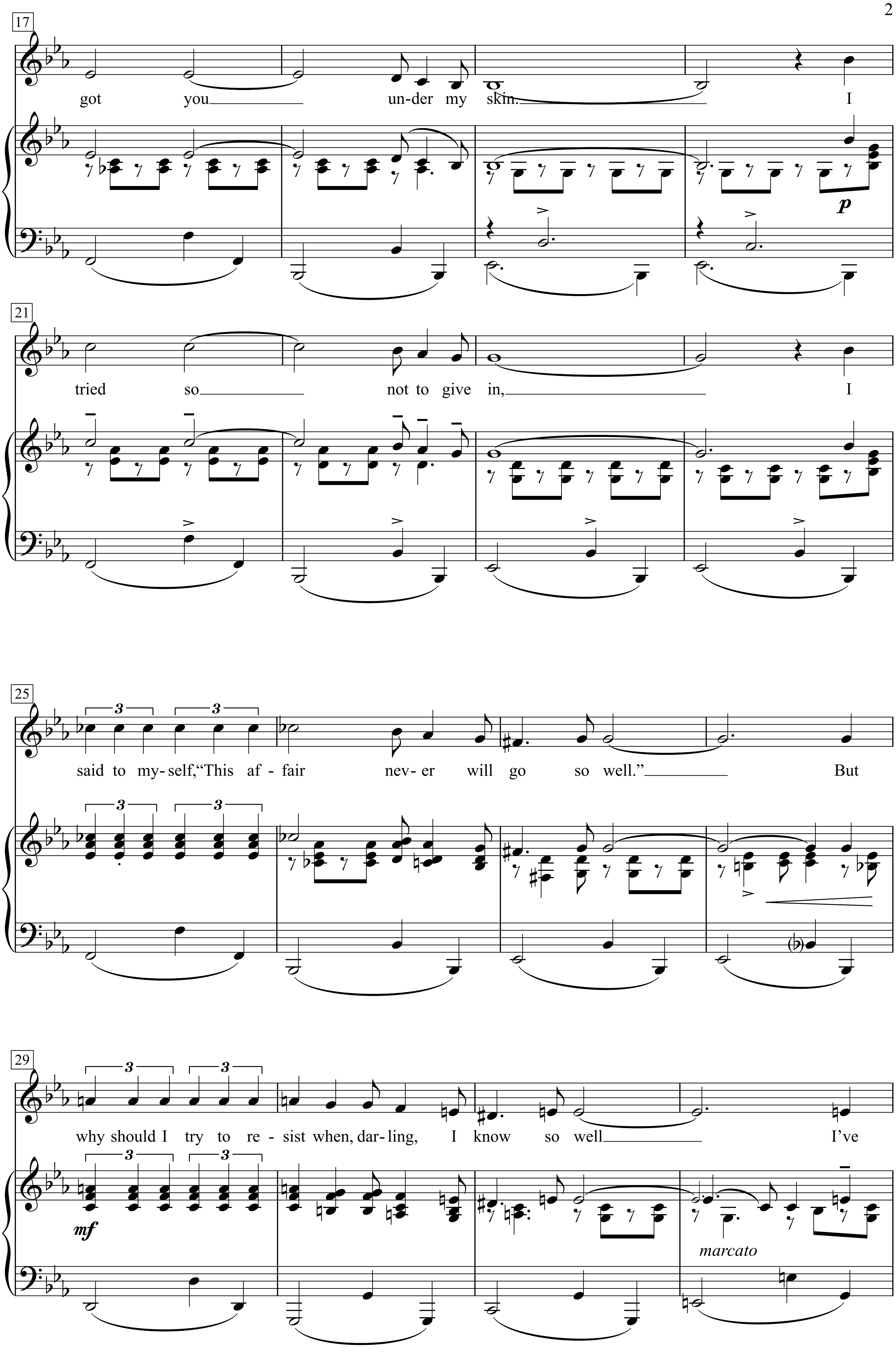
I’ve Got You Under My Skin

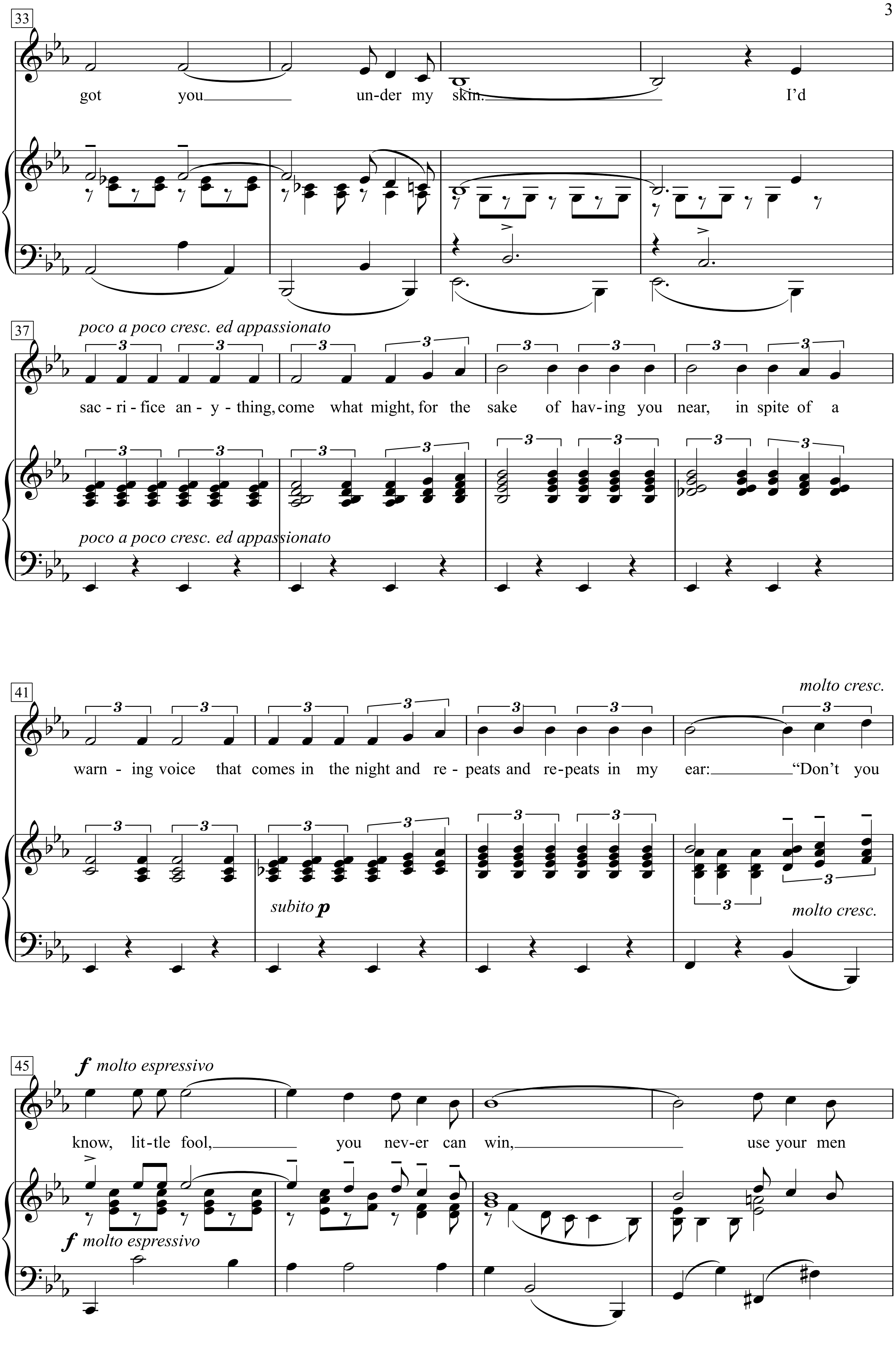
(*Film* ‘Born To Dance’)

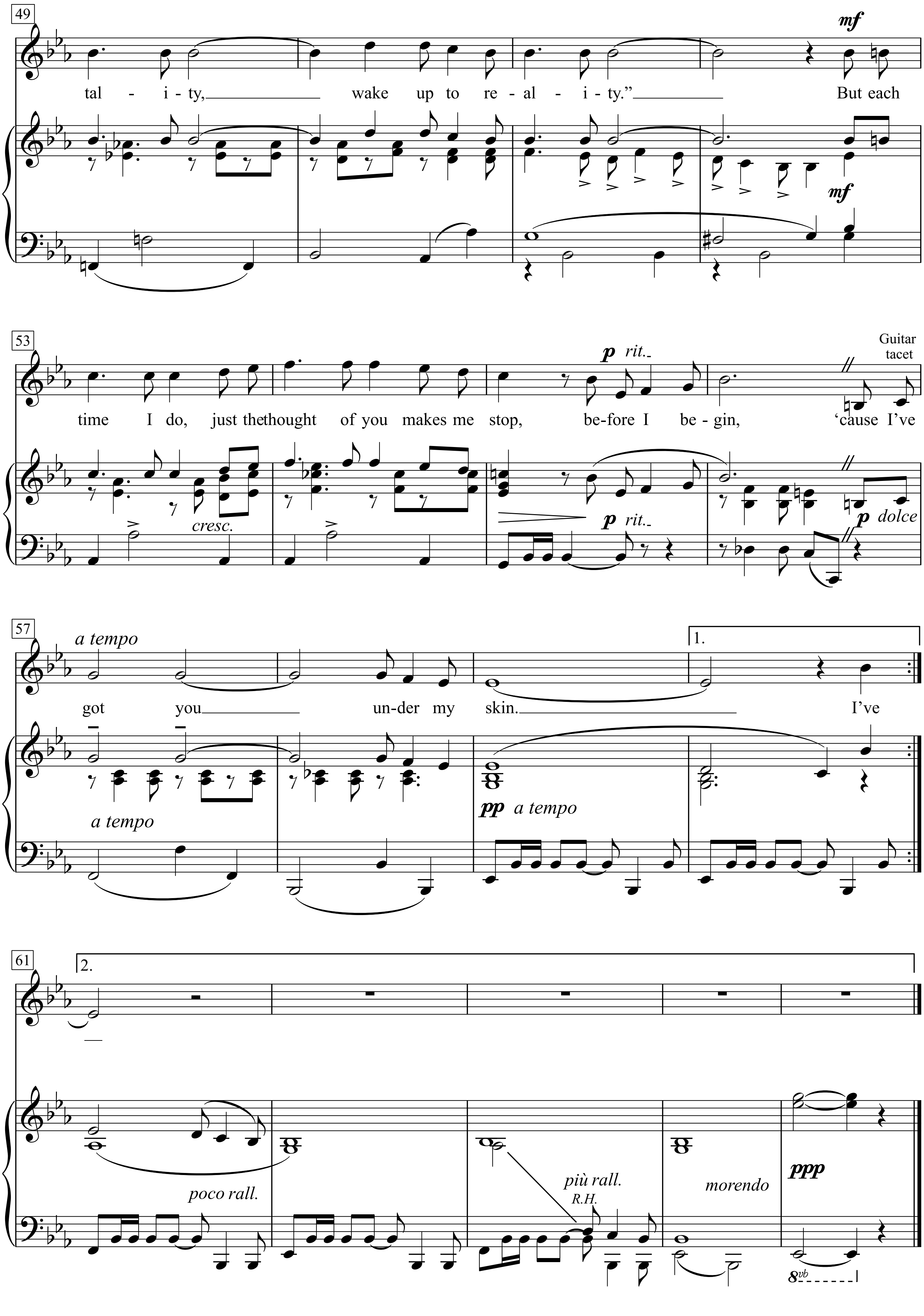
Allegretto sostenuto

Words & Music by Cole Porter (1936)




17
got you under my skin. I
p
21
tried so not to give in, I
25
said to my-self, "This af - fair nev- er will go so well." But
29
why should I try to re - sist when, dar - ling, I know so well I've
mf
marcato


33
got you under my skin. I'd
37
poco a poco cresc. ed appassionato
sac-ri-fice an-y-thing, come what might, for the sake of hav-ing you near, in spite of a
poco a poco cresc. ed appassionato
41
molto cresc.
warn-ing voice that comes in the night and re-peats and re-peats in my ear: "Don't you
subito p
molto cresc.
45
f molto espressivo
know, lit-tle fool, you nev-er can win, use your men
f molto espressivo


49
mf
tal - i - ty, wake up to re - al - i - ty." But each
mf
53
p rit.
Guitar tacet
time I do, just the thought of you makes me stop, be-fore I be - gin, 'cause I've
cresc.
p rit.
p dolce
57
a tempo
1.
got you un-der my skin. I've
a tempo
pp a tempo
61
2.
poco rall.
più rall.
R.H.
morendo
ppp
8vb

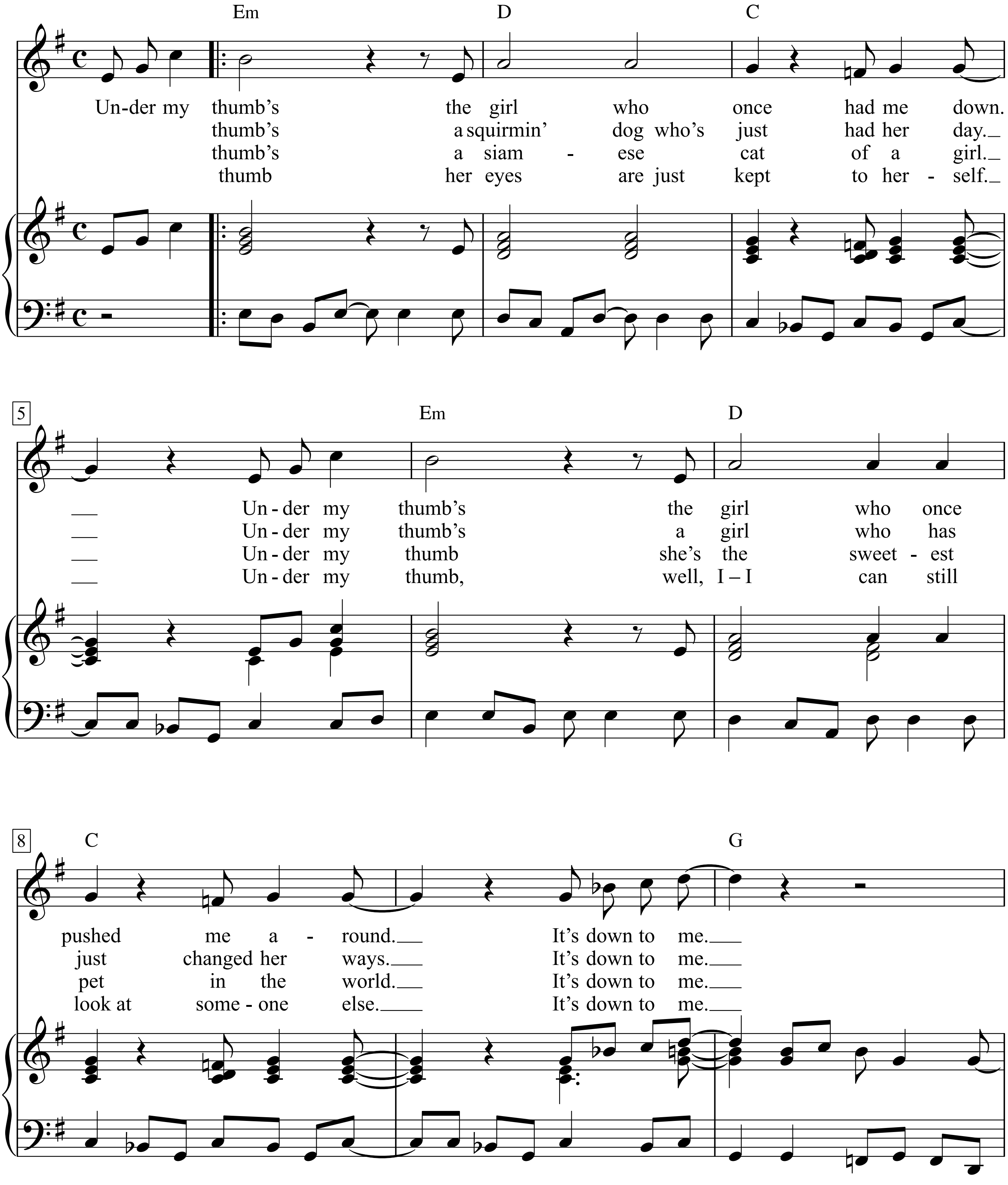
1. I’ve got you under my skin,
I’ve got you deep in the heart of me,
so deep in my heart,
you’re really a part of me.
I’ve got you under my skin.
I tried so not to give in,
I said to myself, ’This affair never will go so well.’
But why should I try to resist when, darling, I know so well
I’ve got you under my skin.

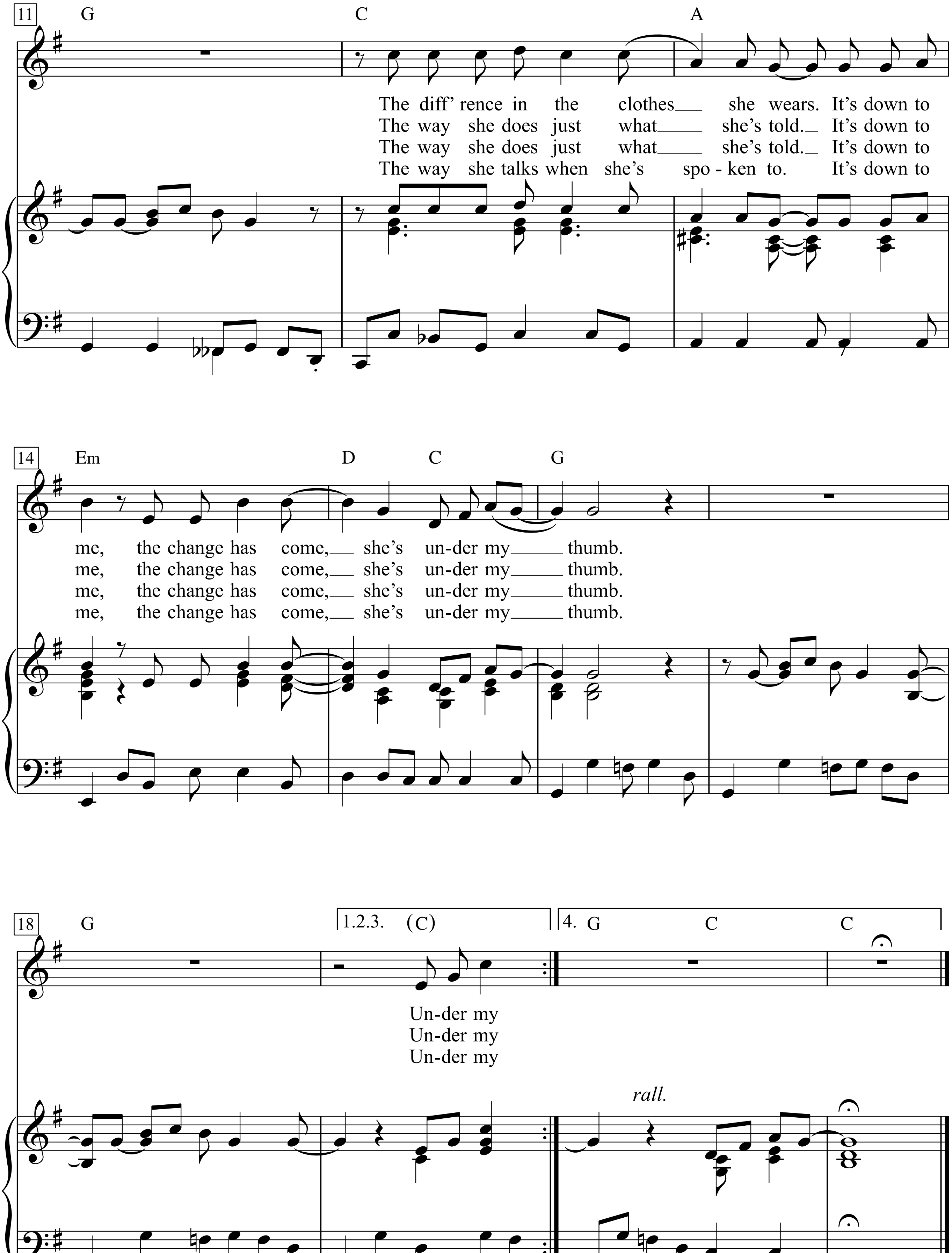
I’d sacrifice anything,
come what might, for the sake of having you near,
in spite of a warning voice that comes in the night
and repeats and repeats in my ear:
’Don’t you know, little fool, you never can win,
use your mentality,
wake up to reality.’
But each time I do, just the thought of you makes me stop,
before I begin,
‘cause I’ve got you under my skin.

Under My Thumb

Words & Music by
Mick Jagger and Keith Richards
(The Rolling Stones)

Moderately




11
G
C
A
The diff' rence in the clothes she wears. It's down to
The way she does just what she's told. It's down to
The way she does just what she's told. It's down to
The way she talks when she's spo - ken to. It's down to
14
Em
D
C
G
me, the change has come, she's un-der my thumb.
me, the change has come, she's un-der my thumb.
me, the change has come, she's un-der my thumb.
me, the change has come, she's un-der my thumb.
18
G
1.2.3.
(C)
4.
G
C
C
Un-der my
Un-der my
Un-der my
rall.

1. Under my thumb's the girl
who once had me down.
Under my thumb's the girl
who once pushed me around.
It's down to me.
The diff'rence in the clothes she wears.
It's down to me, the change has come,
she's under my thumb.

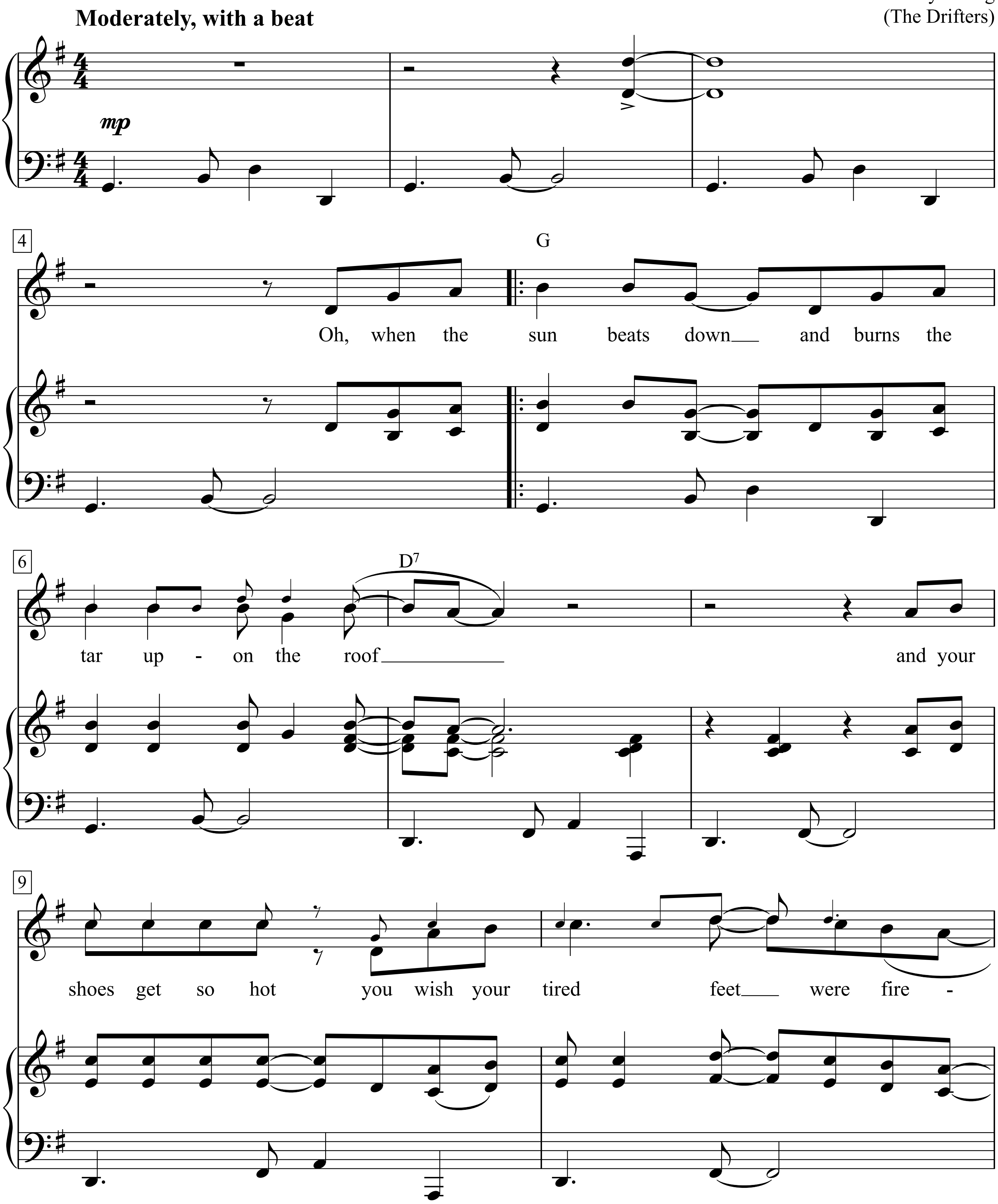
2. Under my thumb's a squirmin' dog
who's just had her day.
Under my thumb's a girl
who has just changed her ways.
It's down to me.
The way she does just what she's told.
It's down to me, the change has come,
she's under my thumb.

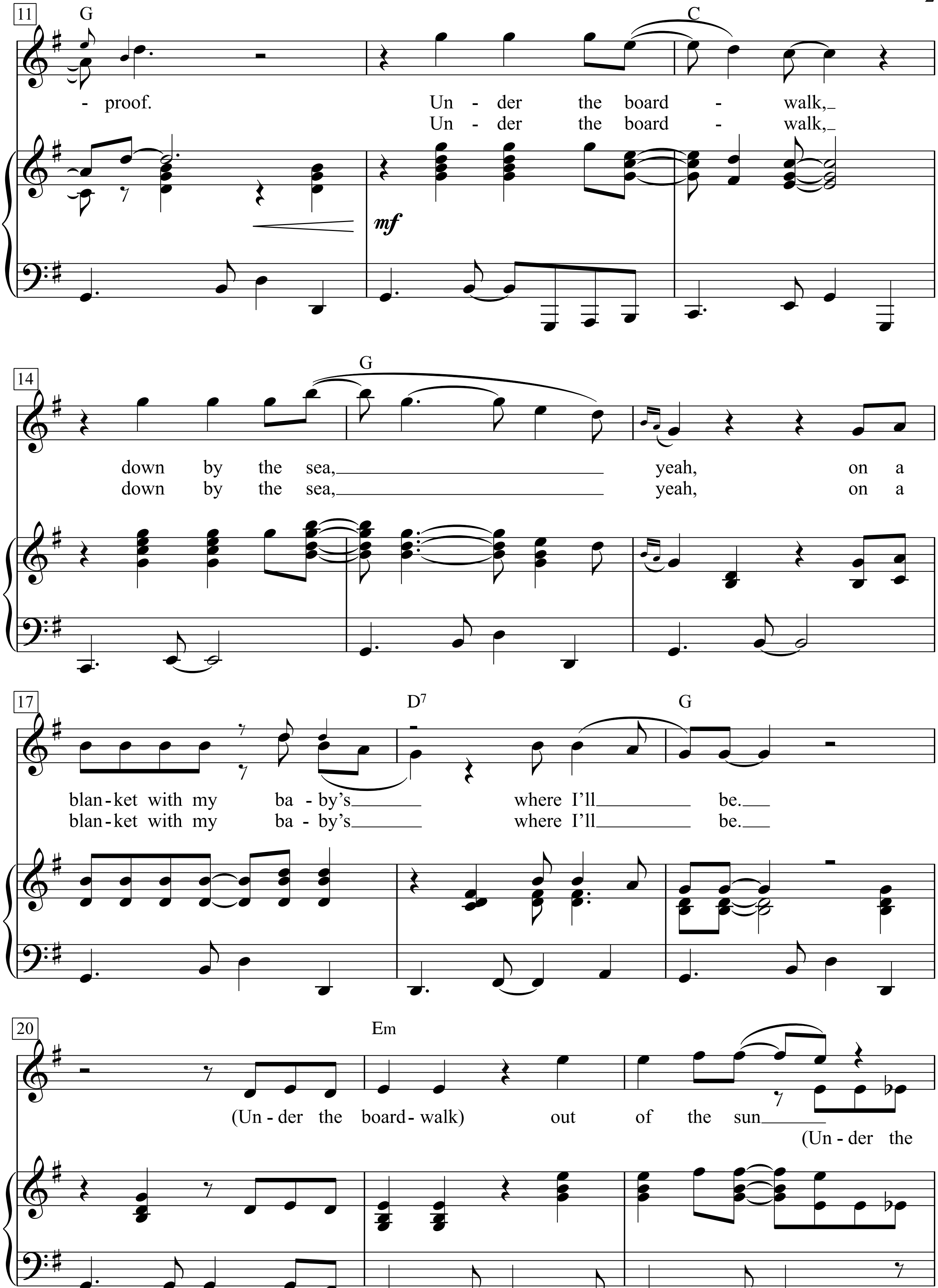
3. Under my thumb's a siamese cat of a girl.
Under my thumb she's the sweetest pet in the world.
It's down to me.
The way she does just what she's told.
It's down to me, the change has come,
she's under my thumb.

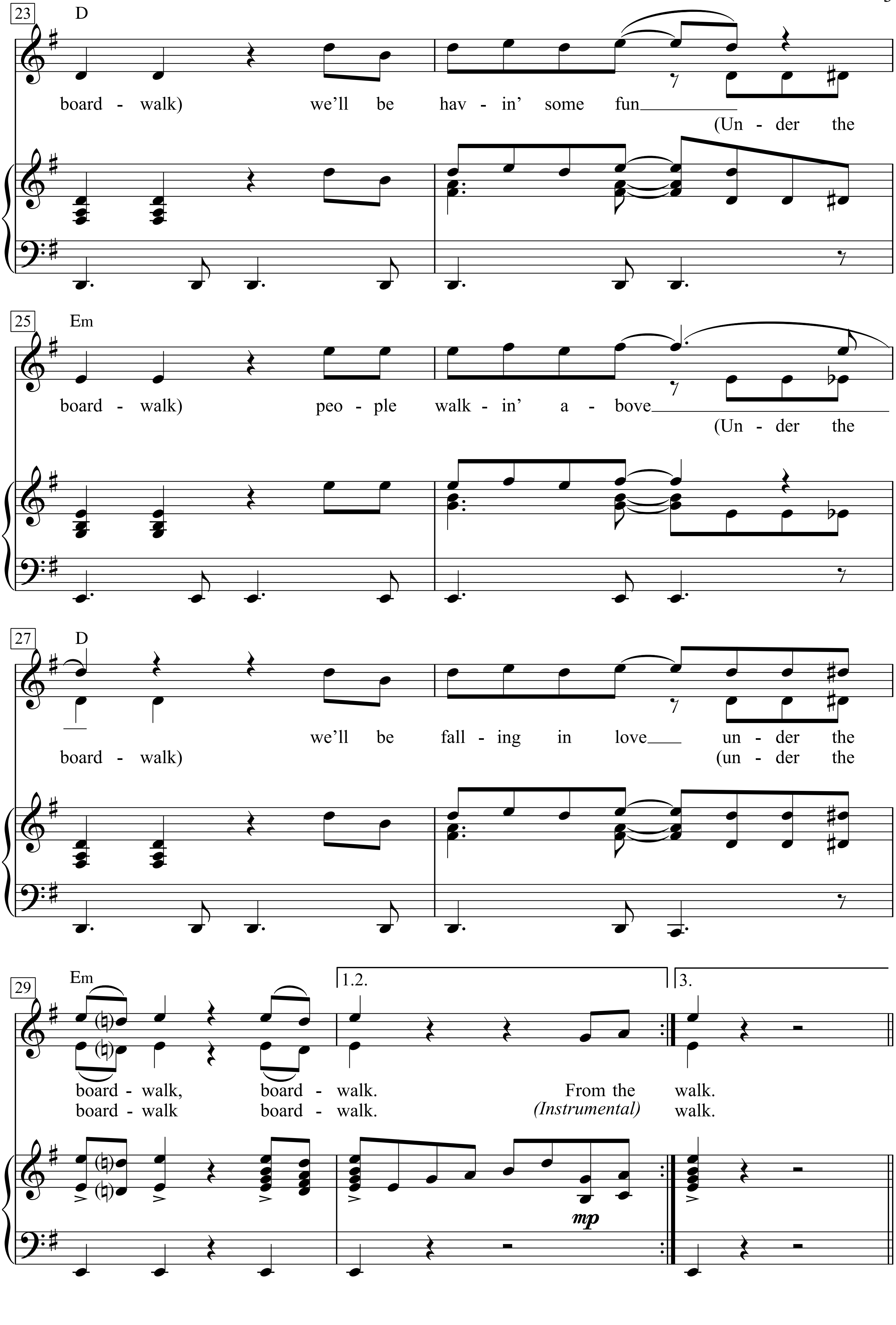
4. Under my thumb her eyes are just kept to herself.
Under my thumb, well,
I – I can still look at someone else.
It's down to me.
The way she talks when she's spoken to.
It's down to me, the change has come,
she's under my thumb.

Under the Boardwalk

Words & Music by
Artie Resnick and Kenny Young
(The Drifters)




11
G
C
- proof.
Un - der the board - walk,
Un - der the board - walk,
mf
14
G
down by the sea,
yeah,
on a
down by the sea,
yeah,
on a
17
D7
G
blan - ket with my ba - by's where I'll be.
blan - ket with my ba - by's where I'll be.
20
Em
(Un - der the board - walk) out of the sun
(Un - der the


23
D
board - walk) we'll be hav - in' some fun
(Un - der the
25
Em
board - walk) peo - ple walk - in' a - bove
(Un - der the
27
D
we'll be fall - ing in love un - der the
board - walk) (un - der the
29
Em
1.2.
3.
board - walk, board - walk. From the walk.
board - walk board - walk. (Instrumental) walk.
mp

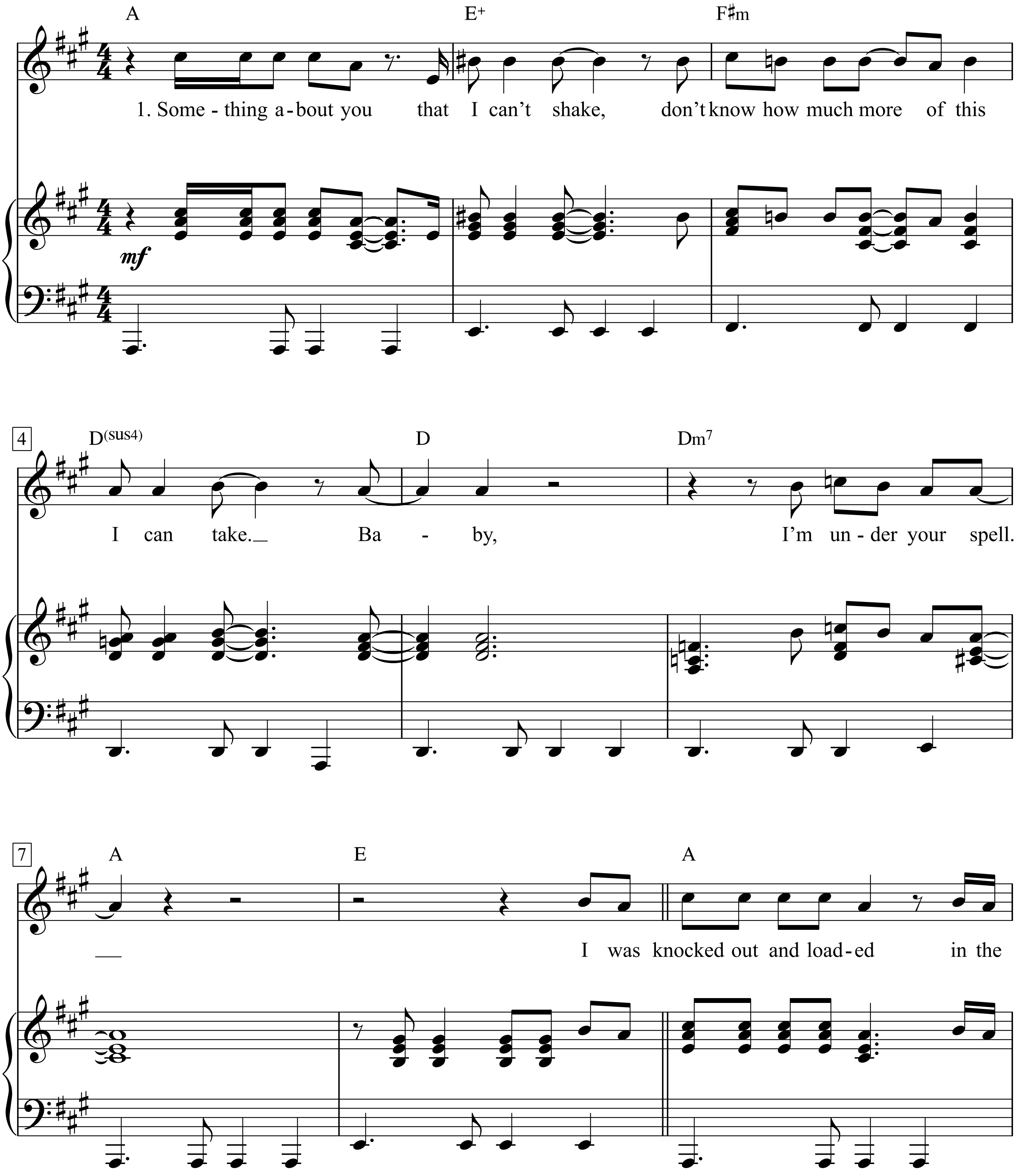
Oh, when the sun beats down
and burns the tar upon the roof
and your shoes get so hot
you wish your tired feet were fire proof.
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea,
yeah, on a blanket with my baby's where I'll be.
(Under the boardwalk) out of the sun boardwalk)
we'll be havin' some fun boardwalk)
people walkin' above we'll be falling in love
under the boardwalk, boardwalk.
From the walk.

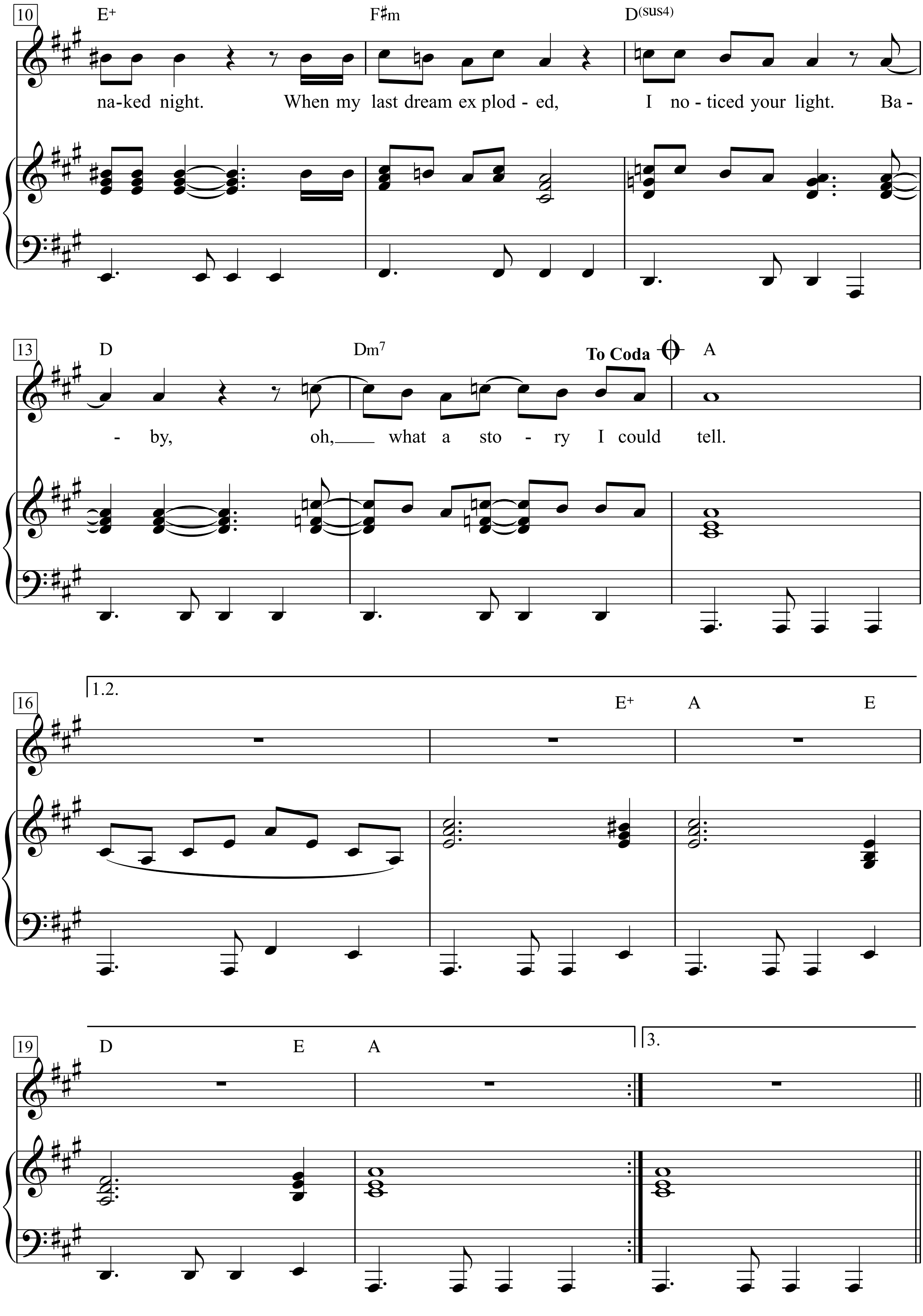
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea,
yeah, on a blanket with my baby's where I'll be.
(Under the (Under the (Under the boardwalk)
(under the boardwalk boardwalk. walk.

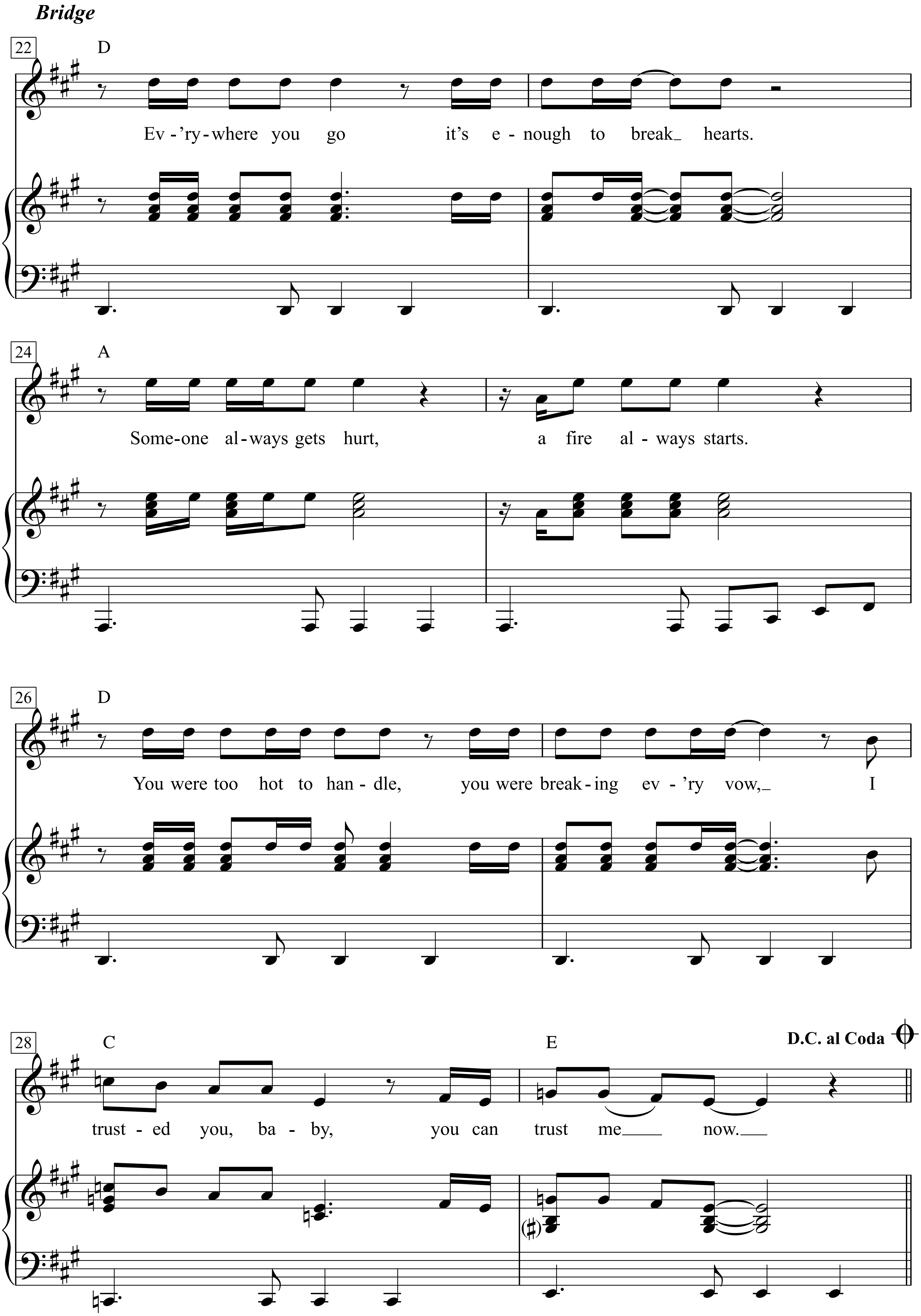
Under Your Spell

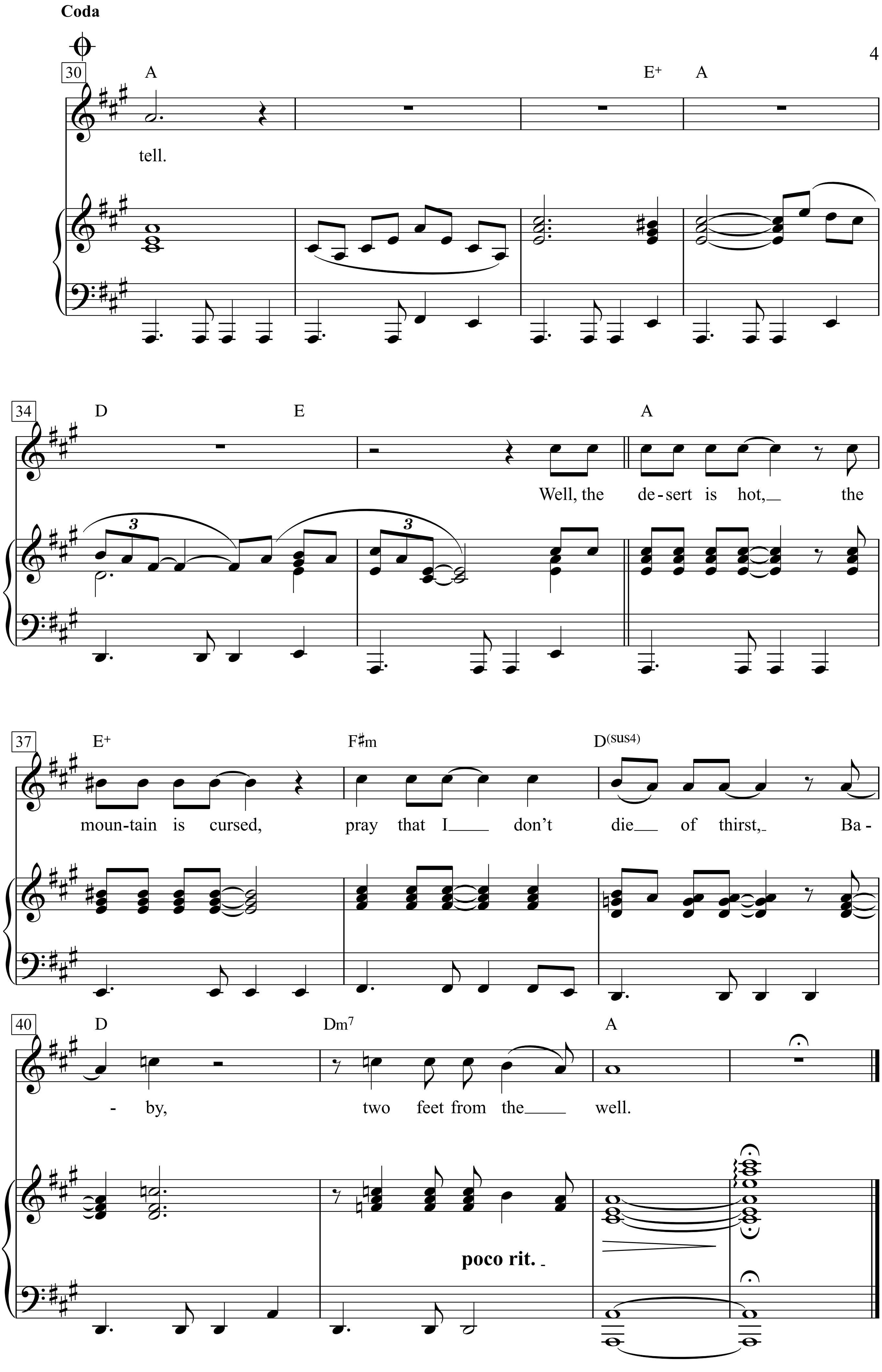
Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)

Moderately slow




10
E+
F♯m
D(sus4)
na-ked night. When my last dream ex plod - ed, I no - ticed your light. Ba -
13
D
Dm7
To Coda
A
- by, oh, what a sto - ry I could tell.
16
1.2.
E+
A
E
19
D
E
A
3.


Bridge
22
D
Ev - 'ry - where you go it's e - nough to break_ hearts.
24
A
Some - one al - ways gets hurt, a fire al - ways starts.
26
D
You were too hot to han - dle, you were break - ing ev - 'ry vow,_ I
28
C
E
D.C. al Coda
trust - ed you, ba - by, you can trust me___ now.___
(♯)


Coda
30
A
E+
A
tell.
34
D
E
A
Well, the de-sert is hot, the
37
E+
F♯m
D(sus4)
moun-tain is cursed, pray that I don't die of thirst, Ba -
40
D
Dm7
A
- by, two feet from the well.
poco rit.

??? GANZEN TEXT ÜBERPRÜFEN
Verse 1.
Something about you that I can't shake
Don't know how much more of this I can take
Baby, I'm under your spell

I was knocked out and loaded in the naked night
When my last dream exploded, I noticed your light
Baby, oh, what a story I could tell

Ev'rywhere you go it's enough to break hearts
Someone always gets hurt, a fire always starts
You were too hot to handle, you were breaking ev'ry vow
I trusted you, baby, you can trust me now

Well, the desert is hot, the mountain is cursed
Pray that I don't die of thirst
Baby, two feet from the well

Verse 2.
It's been nice seeing you, you read me like a book
If you ever want to reach me, you know where to look
Baby, I'll be at the same hotel

I'd like to help you but I'm in a bit of a jam
I'll call you tomorrow if there's phones where I am
Baby, caught between heaven and hell

To Bridge, than D.C. to Coda
Verse 3.
But I will be back, I will survive
You'll never get rid of me as long as you're alive.
Baby, can't you tell

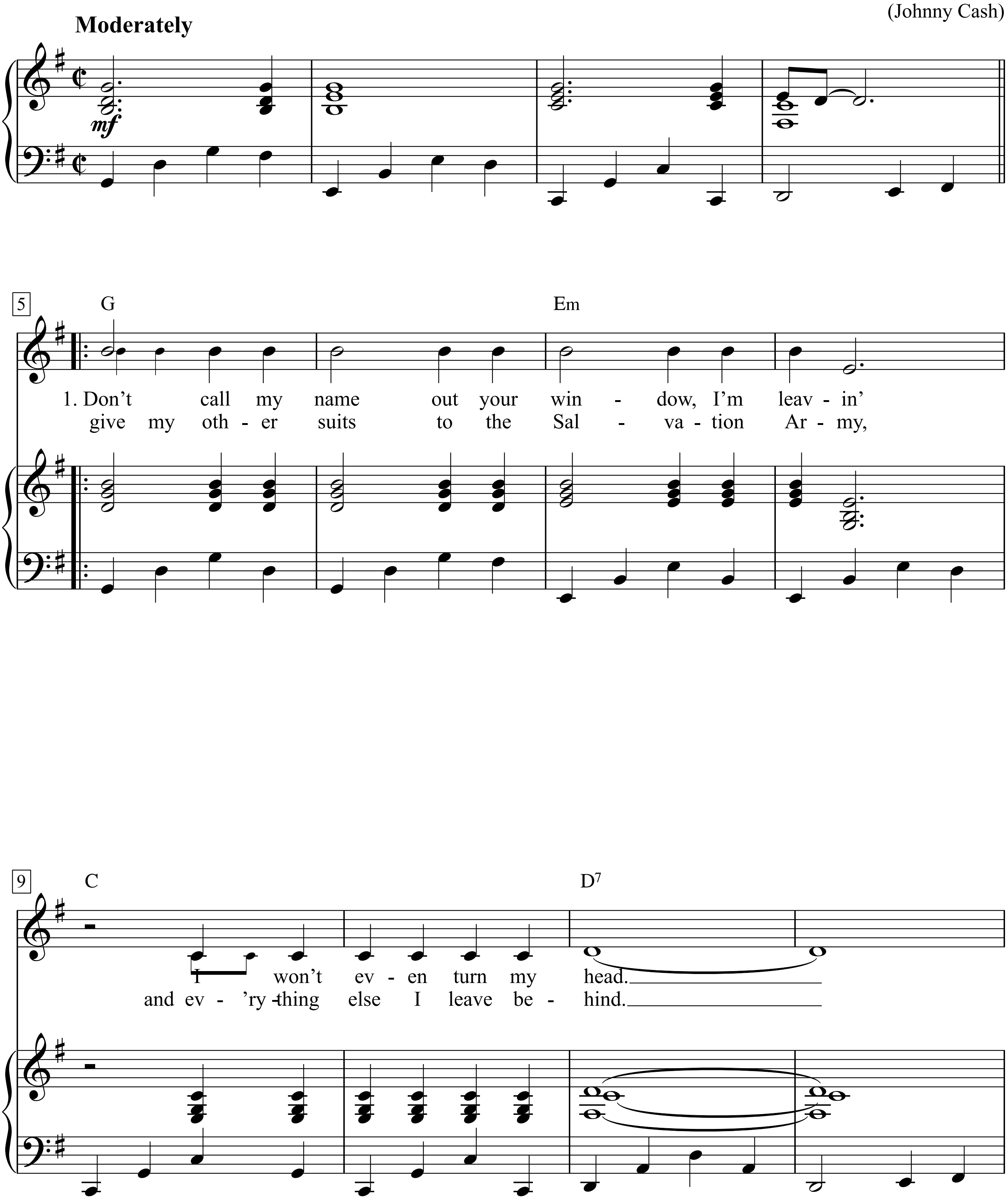
Well it's four in the morning by the sound of the birds
I'm starin' at your picture, I'm hearin' your words
Baby, they ring in my head like a bell

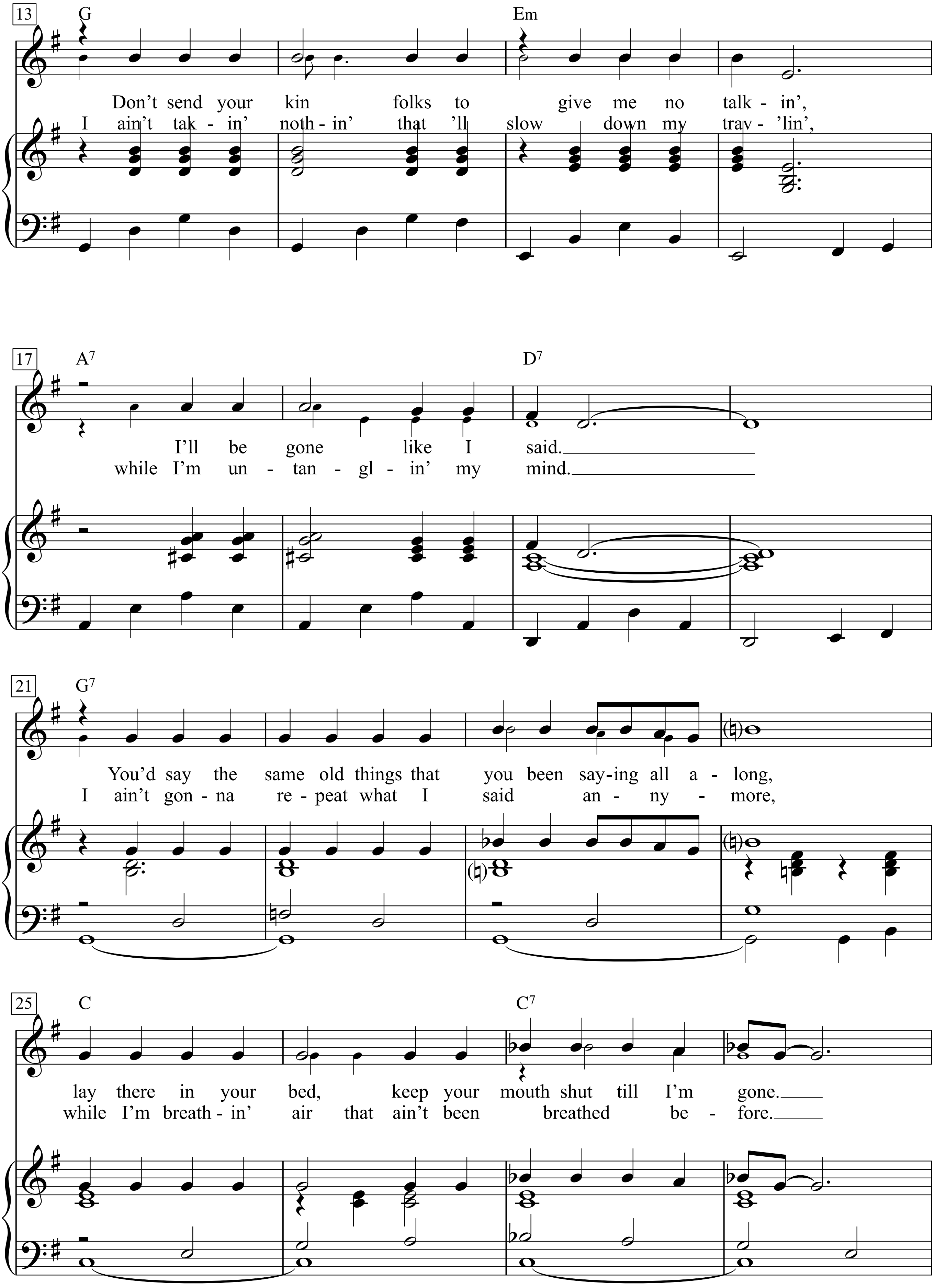
(D.C.) *Verse 4.*
Turn back, baby, wipe your eye
Don't think I'm leaving here without a kiss goodbye
Baby, is there anything left to tell?
I'll see you later when I'm not so out of my head
Maybe next time I'll let the dead bury the dead
Baby, what more can I tell?

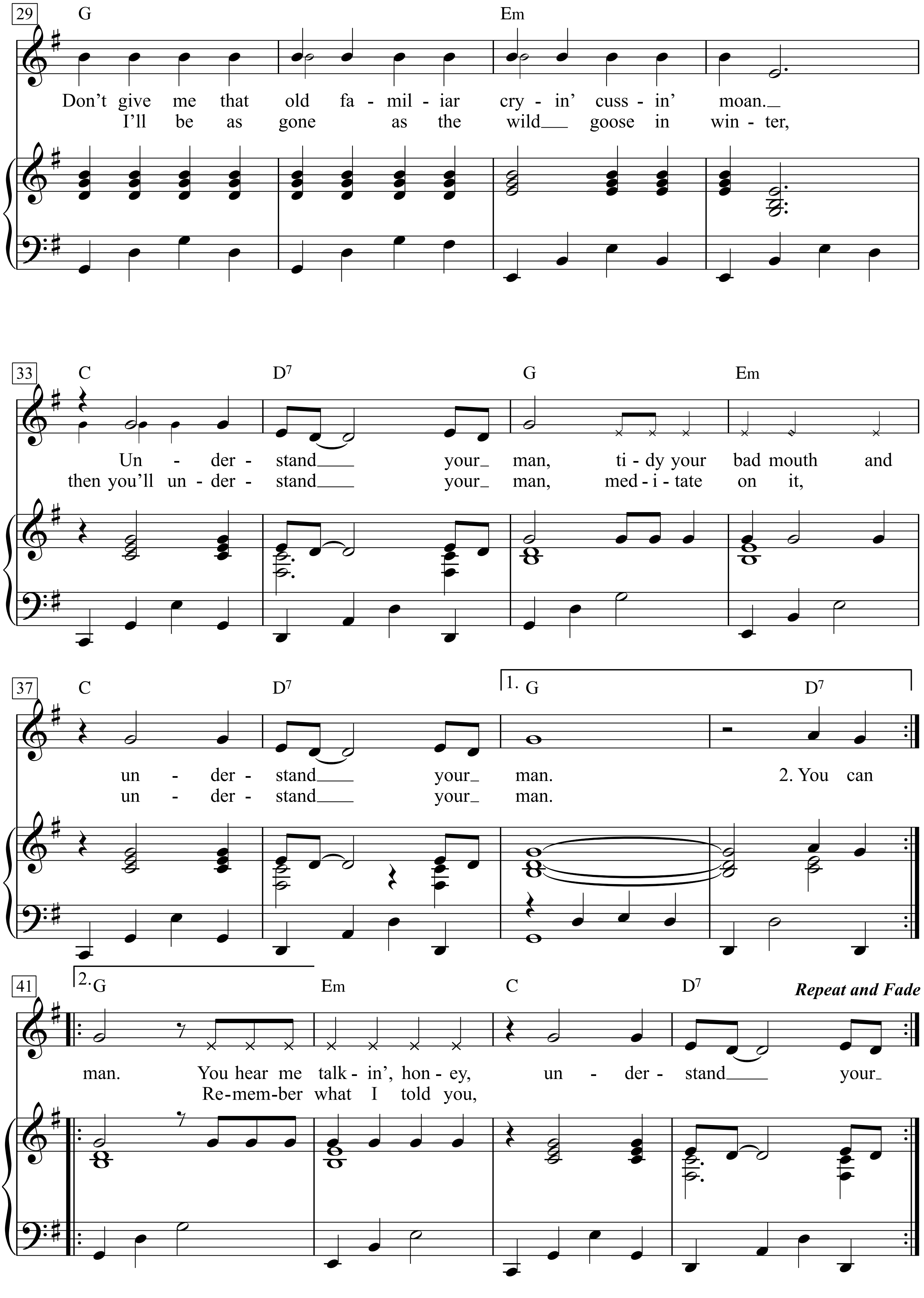
To Coda (see music)
(Coda)
Well the desert is hot
the mountain is cursed,
Pray that I don't die of thirst
Baby, two feet from the well

Understand Your Man

Words & Music by
John R. Cash
(Johnny Cash)




13
G
Em
Don't send your kin folks to give me no talk - in',
I ain't tak - in' noth - in' that 'll slow down my trav - 'lin',
17
A7
D7
I'll be gone like I said.
while I'm un - tan - gl - in' my mind.
21
G7
You'd say the same old things that you been say-ing all a - long,
I ain't gon - na re - peat what I said an - ny - more,
25
C
C7
lay there in your bed, keep your mouth shut till I'm gone.
while I'm breath - in' air that ain't been breathed be - fore.


29
G
Em
Don't give me that old fa - mil - iar cry - in' cuss - in' moan.
I'll be as gone as the wild goose in win - ter,
33
C
D7
G
Em
Un - der - stand your man, ti - dy your bad mouth and
then you'll un - der - stand your man, med - i - tate on it,
37
C
D7
1. G
D7
un - der - stand your man. 2. You can
un - der - stand your man.
41
2. G
Em
C
D7
Repeat and Fade
man. You hear me talk - in', hon - ey, un - der - stand your
Re-mem-ber what I told you,

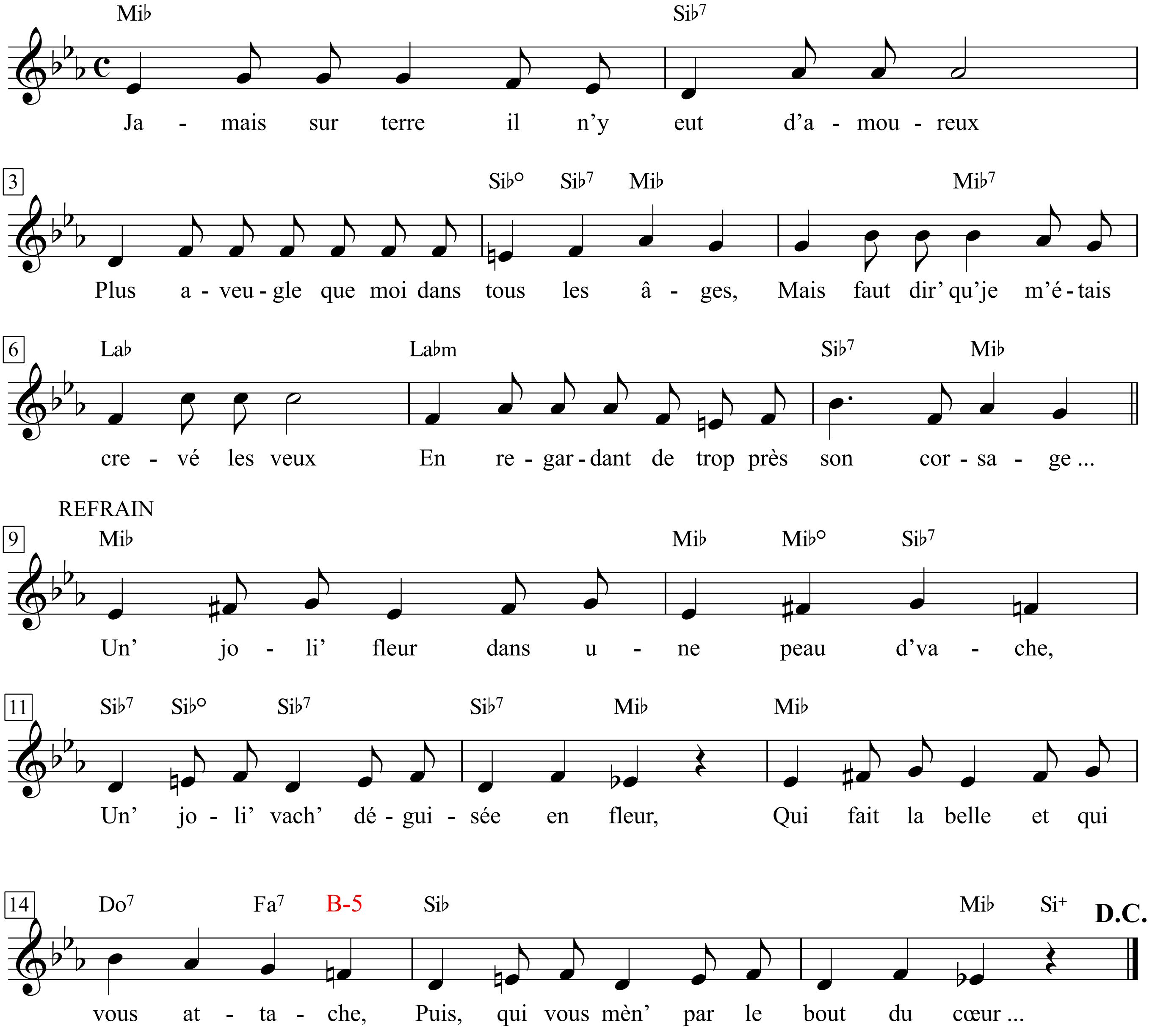
1. Don’t call my name out your window,
I’m leavin’ I won’t even turn my head.
Don’t send your kin folks to give me no talkin’,
I’ll be gone like I said.
You’d say the same old things that you been saying all along,
lay there in your bed, keep your mouth shut till I’m gone.
Don’t give me that old familiar cryin’ cussin’ moan.
Understand your man, tidy your bad mouth and understand your man.

2. You can give my other suits to the Salvation Army,
and ev ‘rything else I leave behind.
I ain’t takin’ nothin’ that ‘ll slow down my trav’lin’,
while I’m un tanglin’ my mind.
I ain’t gonna repeat what I said annymore,
while I’m breathin’ air that ain’t been breathed before.
I’ll be as gone as the wild goose in winter,
then you’ll understand your man, meditate on it, understand your man.
You hear me talkin’, honey, understand your man.
You hear me talkin’, honey, understand your man.
Remember what I told you,

Une jolie fleur

(Eine hübsche Blume)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



1. Jamais sur terre il n'y eut d'amoureux
Plus aveugle que moi dans tous les âges,
Mais faut dir' qu' je m'étais crevé les yeux
En regardant de trop près son corsage ...
Refrain
Un' joli' fleur dans une peau d'vache,
Un' joli' vach' déguisée en fleur,
Qui fait la belle et qui vous attache,
Puis, qui vous mèn' par le bout du cœur ...

2. Le ciel l'avait pourvu' des mille appas
Qui vous font prendre feu dès qu'on y touche,
L'en avait tant que je ne savais pas
Ne savais plus où donner de la bouche ...

3. Ell' n'avait pas de tête, ell' n'avait pas
L'esprit beaucoup plus grand qu'un dé à coudre,
Mais pour l'amour on ne demande pas
Aux filles d'avoir inventé la poudre ...

4. Puis un jour elle a pris la clef des champs
En me laissant à l'âme un mal funeste,
Et toutes les herbes de la Saint-Jean
N'ont pas pu me guérir de cette peste ...

5. J'lui en ai bien voulu mais, à présent,
J'ai plus d'rancune et mon cœur lui pardonne
D'avoir mis mon cœur à feu et à sang
Pour qu'il ne puiss' plus servir à personne ...

1. Zu keiner Zeit gab es auf Erden einen
Verliebten, der blinder war als ich;
allerdings hatte ich mir die Augen verdorben,
indem ich ihr Mieder zu nah beschaut hab.
Refrain
Ein hübsches Blümchen in einem Wolfspelz,
ein hübscher Wolf, der das Blümchen spielt,
sie tut ganz harmlos, bis sie dich einfängt
und dann an Nase und Herz rumführt.

2. Tausende Reize gab der Himmel ihr,
und man fängt Feuer, wenn man sie nur anfasst,
sie hatte so viele, dass ich gar nicht,
gar nicht mehr wusste, wohin mit den Lippen.

3. Köpfchen hat sie nicht gehabt, ihr Verstand
reichte grad, einen Fingerhut zu füllen,
aber zum Lieben verlangt keiner, dass
Mädchen das Schießpulver erfunden haben ...

4. Dann eines Tages hat sie mich sitzen lassen,
mit einer schlimmen Seuche in der Seele,
alle Johanniskräutlein haben mich
von dieser Plage nicht genesen lassen ...

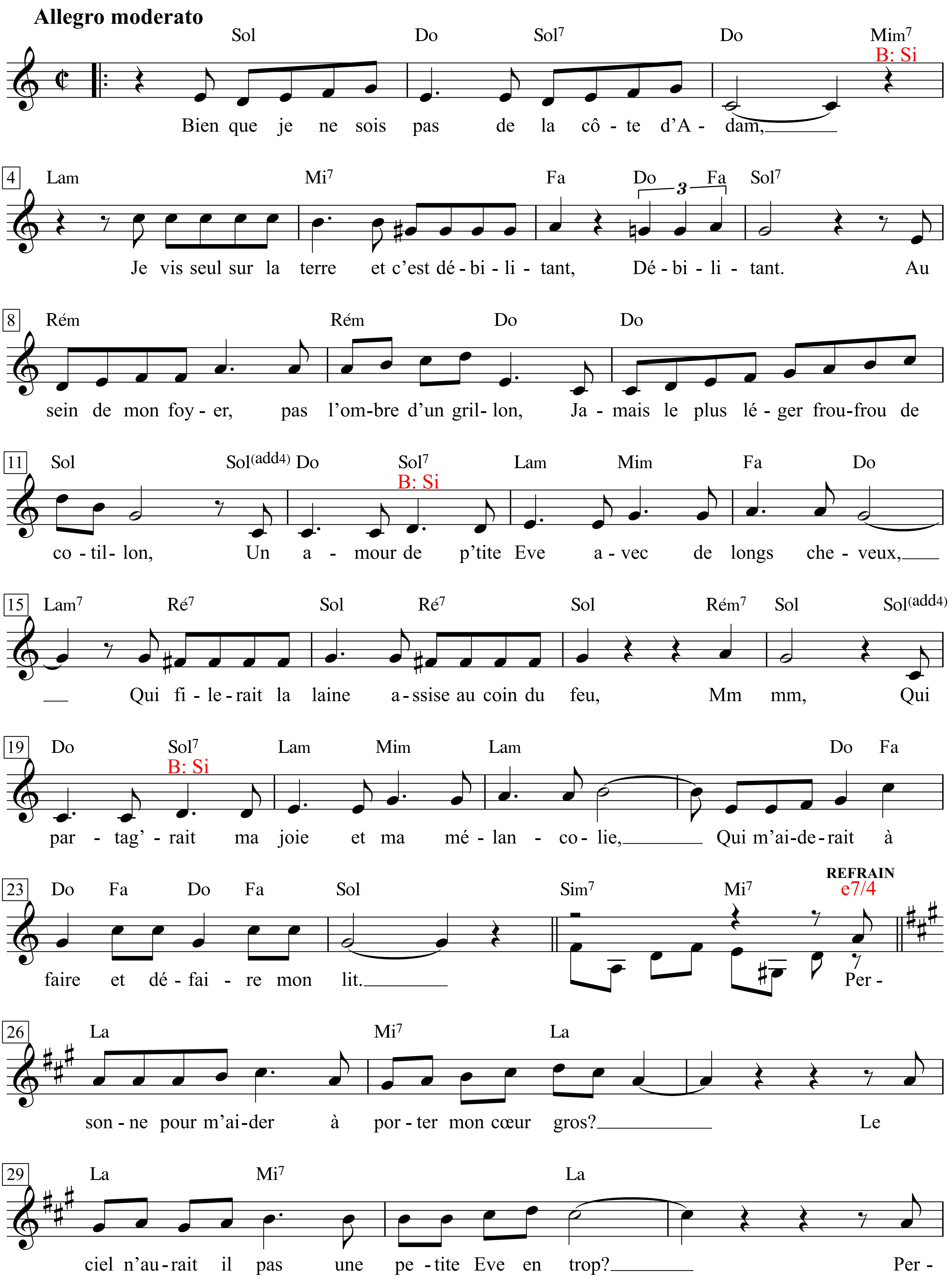
5. Ich hab ihr lange gezürnt, aber heut
groll ich nicht mehr und hab ihr ganz vergeben,
dass sie mein Herz mit Feuer und Schwert verwüstet hat,
damit niemand mehr etwas mit ihm anfangen kann.

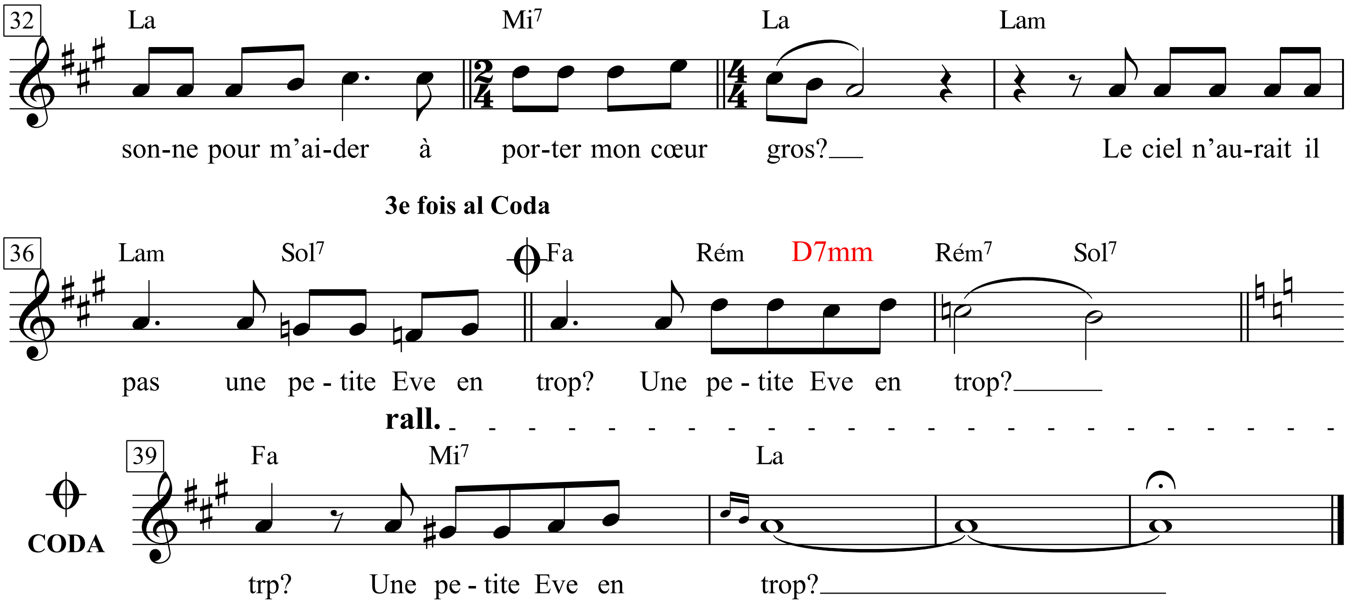
Une petite Ève en trop

(Eine kleine Eva übrig)

Texte de Georges Brassens

Musique de Marcel Amont





Une petite Ève en trop

Bien que je ne sois pas de la côte d'Adam,
Je vis seul sur la terre et c'est débilitant,
Débilitant.
Au sein de mon foyer, pas l'ombre d'un grillon,
Jamais le plus léger frou-frou de cotillon,
Un amour de p'tite Eve avec de longs cheveux,
Qui filerait la laine assise au coin du feu,
Qui partag'rait ma joie et ma mélancolie,
Qui m'aiderait à faire et défaire mon lit.

Refrain
Personne pour m'aider à porter mon cœur gros?
Le ciel n'aurait-il pas une petite Eve en trop?
Personne pour m'aider à porter mon cœur gros?
Le ciel n'aurait-il pas une petite Eve en trop?
Une petite Eve en trop?

Bien longues sont les nuits que l'on passe tout seul,
Le drap le plus douillet ressemble à un linceul,
A un linceul.
Et pour peu qu'on n'ait pas la nature d'un saint,
On se prend à rêver de la femme du voisin.
J'en ferai pas ma bonne et mon souffre-douleur.
Je ne la battrai pas, même avec une fleur,
Au plus de temps en temps, et sauf votre respect,
Jusqu'à froisser sa robe je pouss'rai le toupet.

J'ajoute à ce propos qu'il n'me déplairait pas
Qu'aux alentours du cœur elle eut quelques appas,
Quelques appas.
Quand les fruits du pommier ne sont plus de saison,
Heureux qui croque encore la pomme à la maison.
Par avance Seigneur je vous en remercie.
Donnez-moi vite une compagne, même si
De l'une de mes côtes il faut faire les frais.
Maintenant, j'en suis plus à une côte près!

Eine kleine Eva übrig

Obwohl ich nicht aus Adams Rippe bin,
leb ich allein auf Erden, das demoralisiert,
demoralisiert.
Im Herzen meines Heims nicht mal der Schatten eines Hei
nicht das leiseste Rascheln eines Unterrocks,
die Liebe einer kleinen Eva mit langen Haaren,
die Wolle spönne, neben dem Feuer sitzend,
die meine Freude teilte und meine Schwermut,
mir hülfe, mein Bett zu machen und zu zerwühlen.

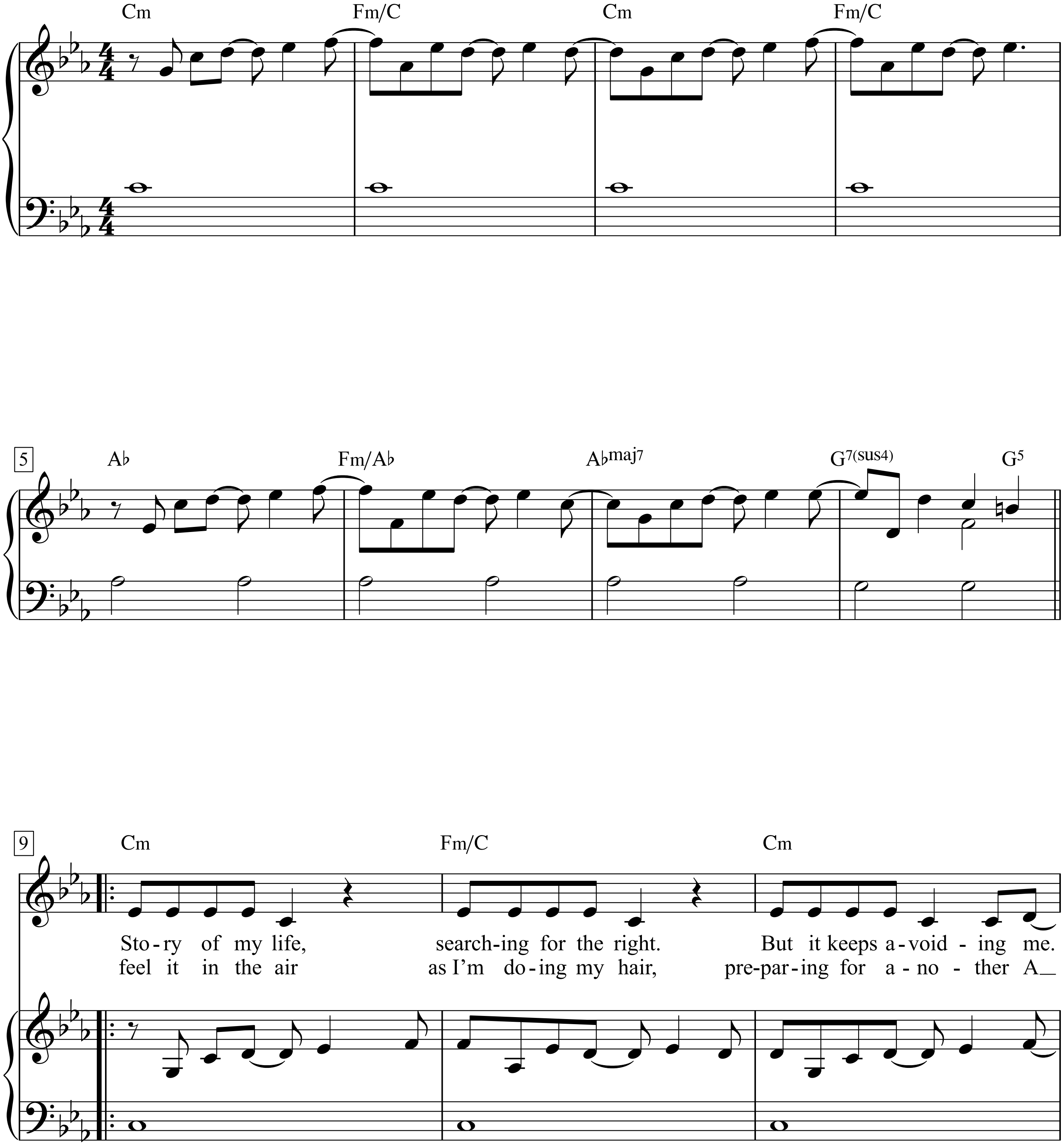
Refrain
Hilft mir keiner, mein schweres Herz zu tragen?
Hat denn der Himmel nicht eine kleine Eva übrig?
Hilft mir keiner, mein schweres Herz zu tragen?
Hat denn der Himmel nicht eine kleine Eva übrig?
Eine kleine Eva übrig?

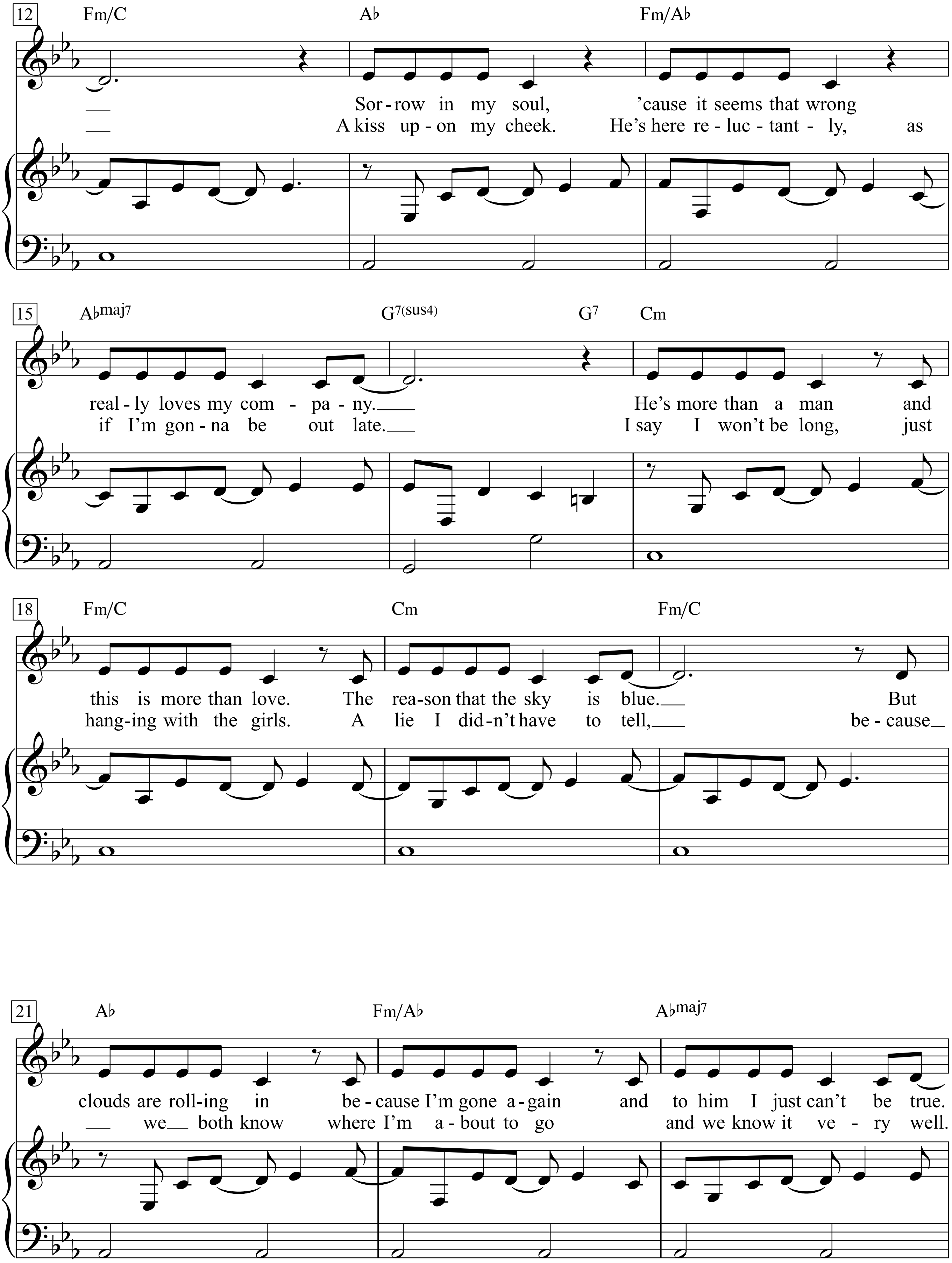
So lang sind die Nächte, die man allein verbringt,
das weichste Laken ähnelt einem Leichentuch,
einem Leichentuch.
Und wenn man nicht das Wesen eines Heiligen hat,
fängt man an, von der Frau des Nächsten zu träumen.
Ich würde sie nicht zur Haushälterin oder zum Ausweinen
Ich würde sie nicht schlagen, nicht mal mit einer Blume,
allenfalls von Zeit zu Zeit, und nur mit Verlaub,
so dreist sein, ihren Rock ein wenig zu lupfen.

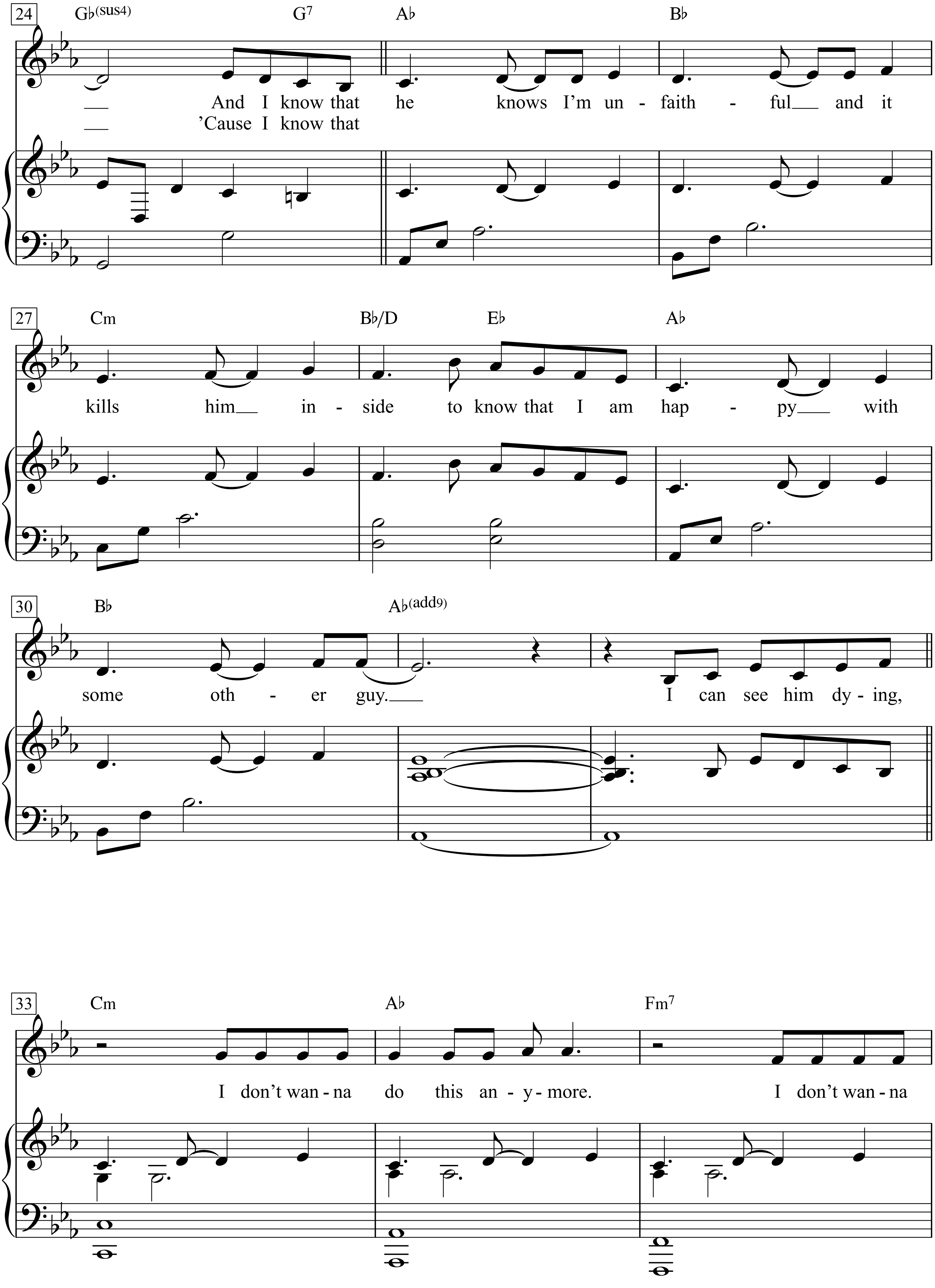
Ich setze noch hinzu, dass es mir nicht missfiele,
wenn sie ums Herz herum ein paar Wölbungen hätte,
ein paar Wölbungen hätte.
Wenn die Zeit der Apfelernte vorbei ist,
wohl dem, der dann noch einen Apfel im Hause hat.
Ich danke dir dafür im voraus, Herr.
Gib mir schnell eine Gefährtin, selbst wenn ich
dafür eine meiner Rippen opfern müsste,
wer am Hungertuch nagt, zählt seine Rippen nicht!

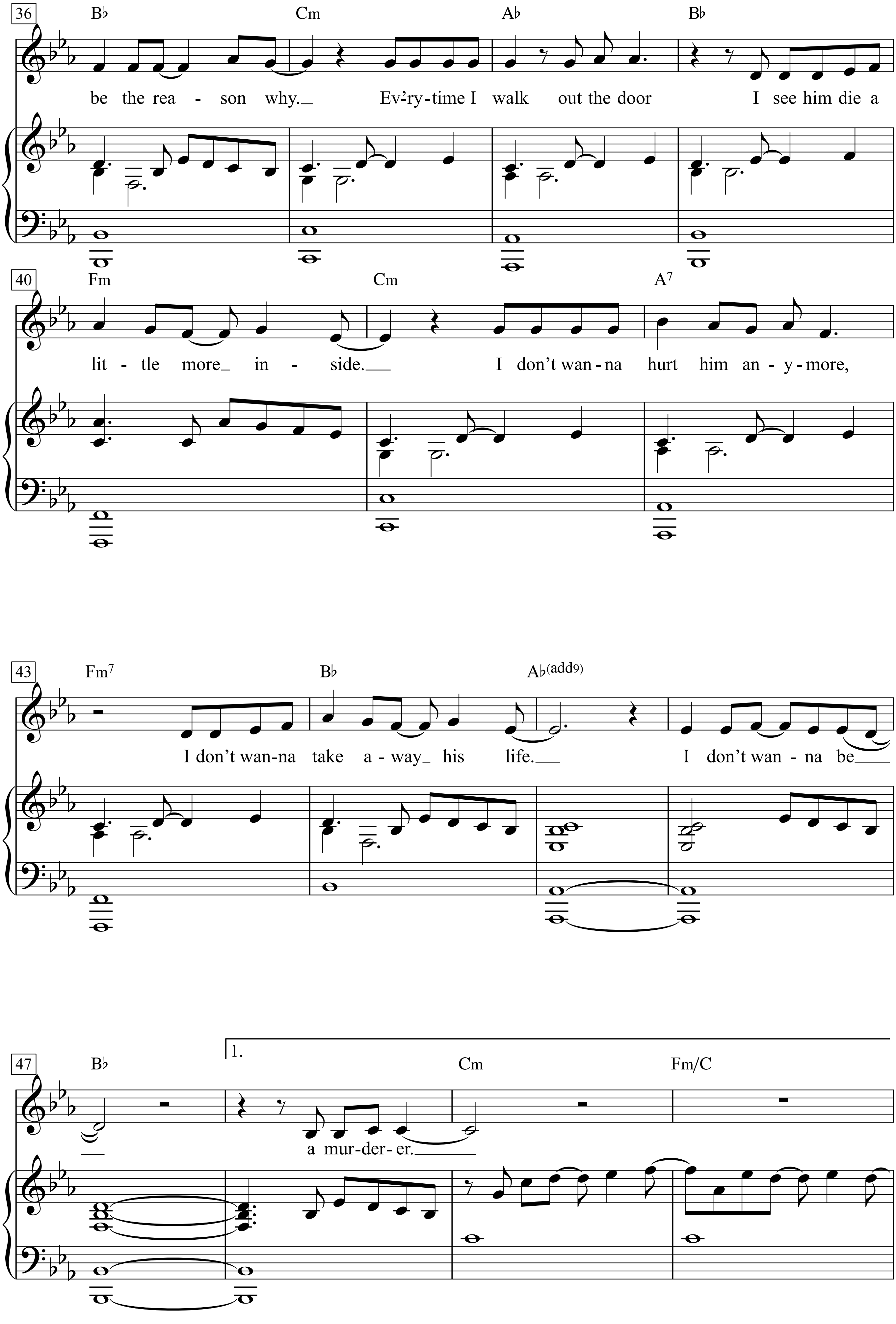
Unfaithful

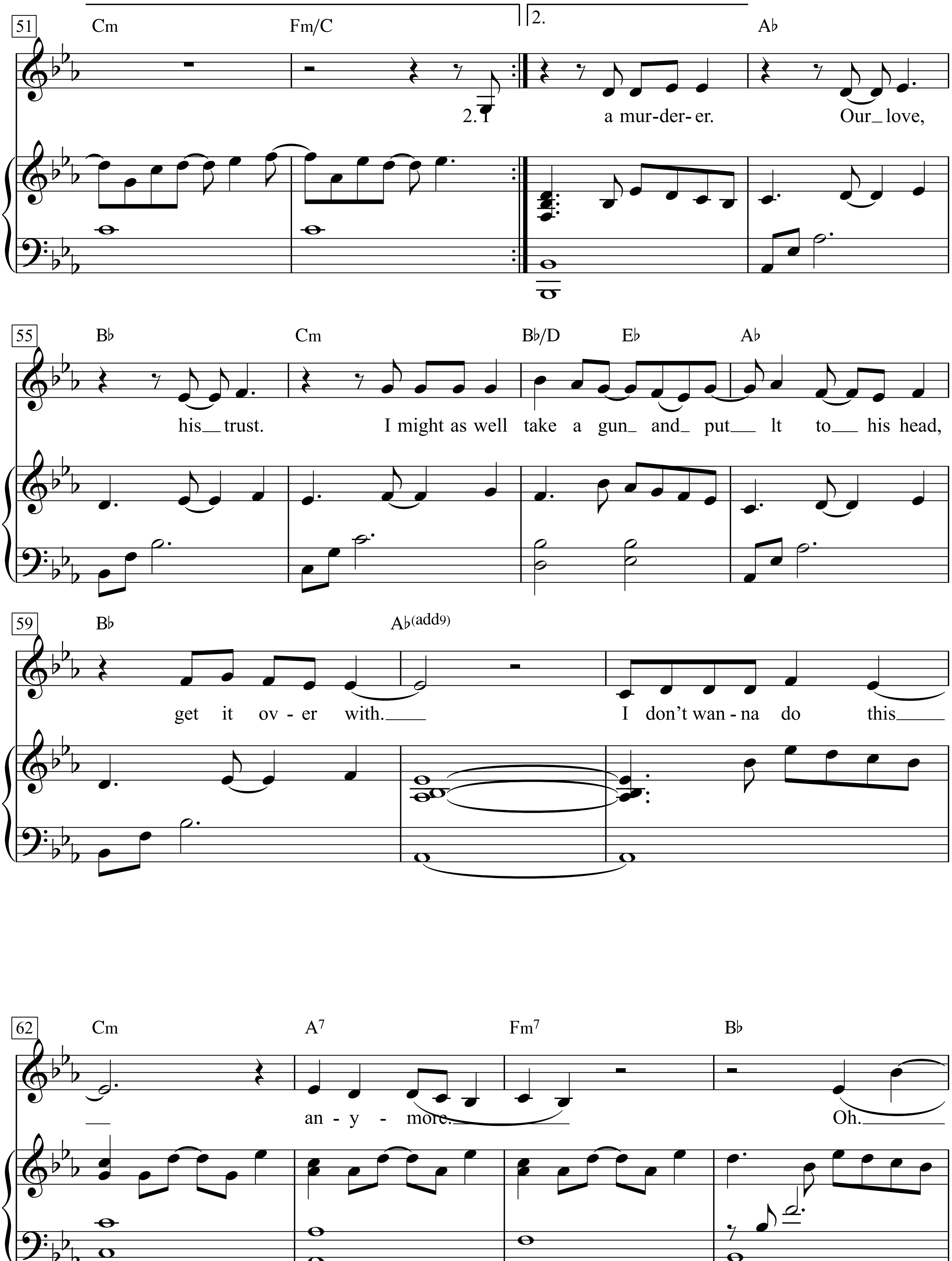
Words & Music by
Mikkel Eriksen, Tor Erik Hermansen & Shaffer Smith
(Rihanna)

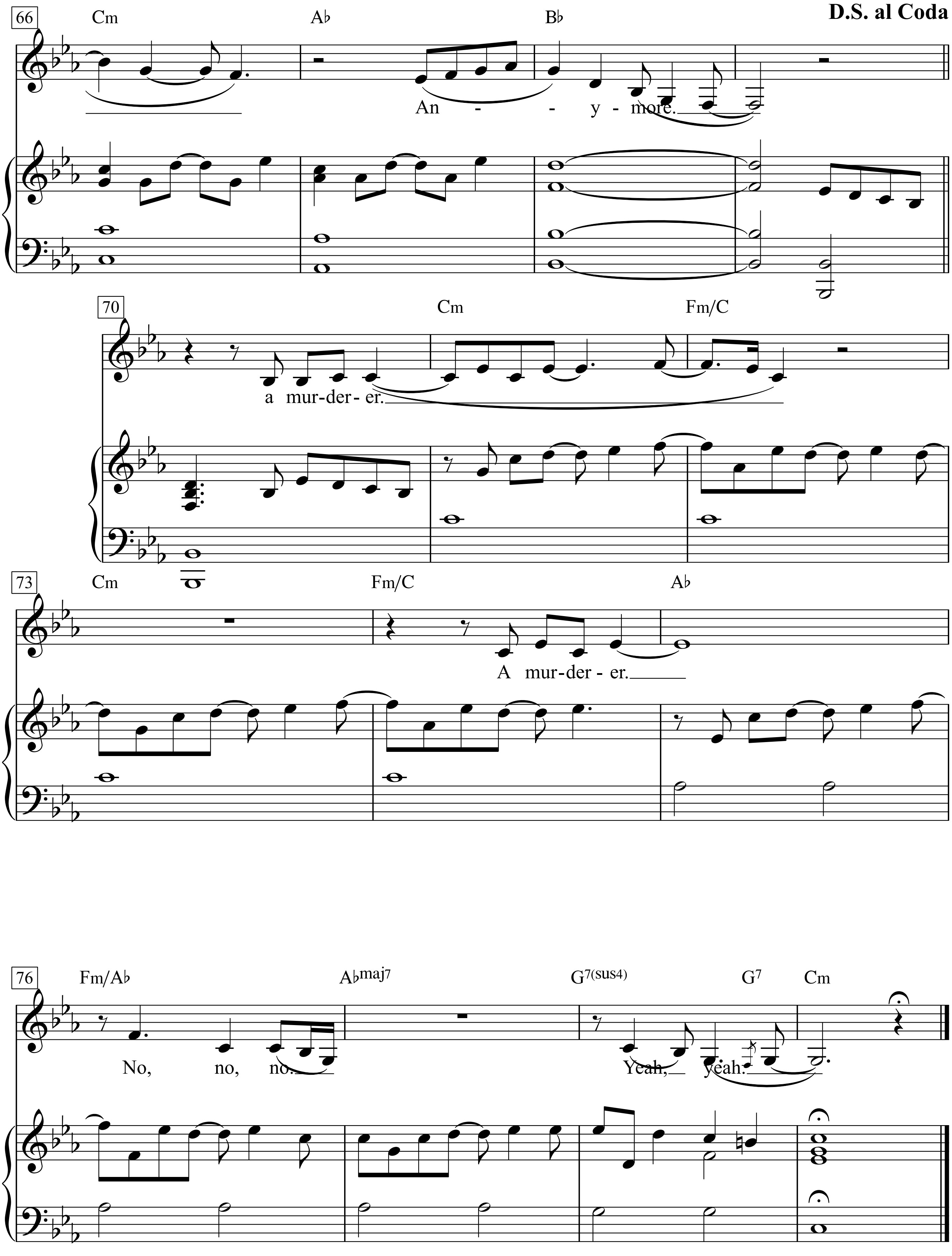



12
Fm/C
A♭
Fm/A♭
Sor-row in my soul, ’cause it seems that wrong
A kiss up-on my cheek. He’s here re-luc-tant-ly, as
15
A♭maj7
G7(sus4)
G7
Cm
real-ly loves my com-pa-ny. He’s more than a man and
if I’m gon-na be out late. I say I won’t be long, just
18
Fm/C
Cm
Fm/C
this is more than love. The rea-son that the sky is blue. But
hang-ing with the girls. A lie I did-n’t have to tell, be-cause
21
A♭
Fm/A♭
A♭maj7
clouds are roll-ing in be-cause I’m gone a-gain and to him I just can’t be true.
we both know where I’m a-bout to go and we know it ve-ry well.


24
G♭(sus4) G7 A♭ B♭
And I know that he knows I'm un - faith - ful and it
'Cause I know that
27
Cm B♭/D E♭ A♭
kills him in - side to know that I am hap - py with
30
B♭ A♭(add9)
some oth - er guy.
I can see him dy - ing,
33
Cm A♭ Fm7
I don't wan - na do this an - y - more.
I don't wan - na


36
B♭ Cm A♭ B♭
be the rea - son why. Ev'-ry-time I walk out the door I see him die a
40
Fm Cm A7
lit - tle more in - side. I don't wan-na hurt him an - y - more,
43
Fm7 B♭ A♭(add9)
I don't wan-na take a - way his life. I don't wan - na be
47
B♭
1.
Cm Fm/C
a mur-der-er.

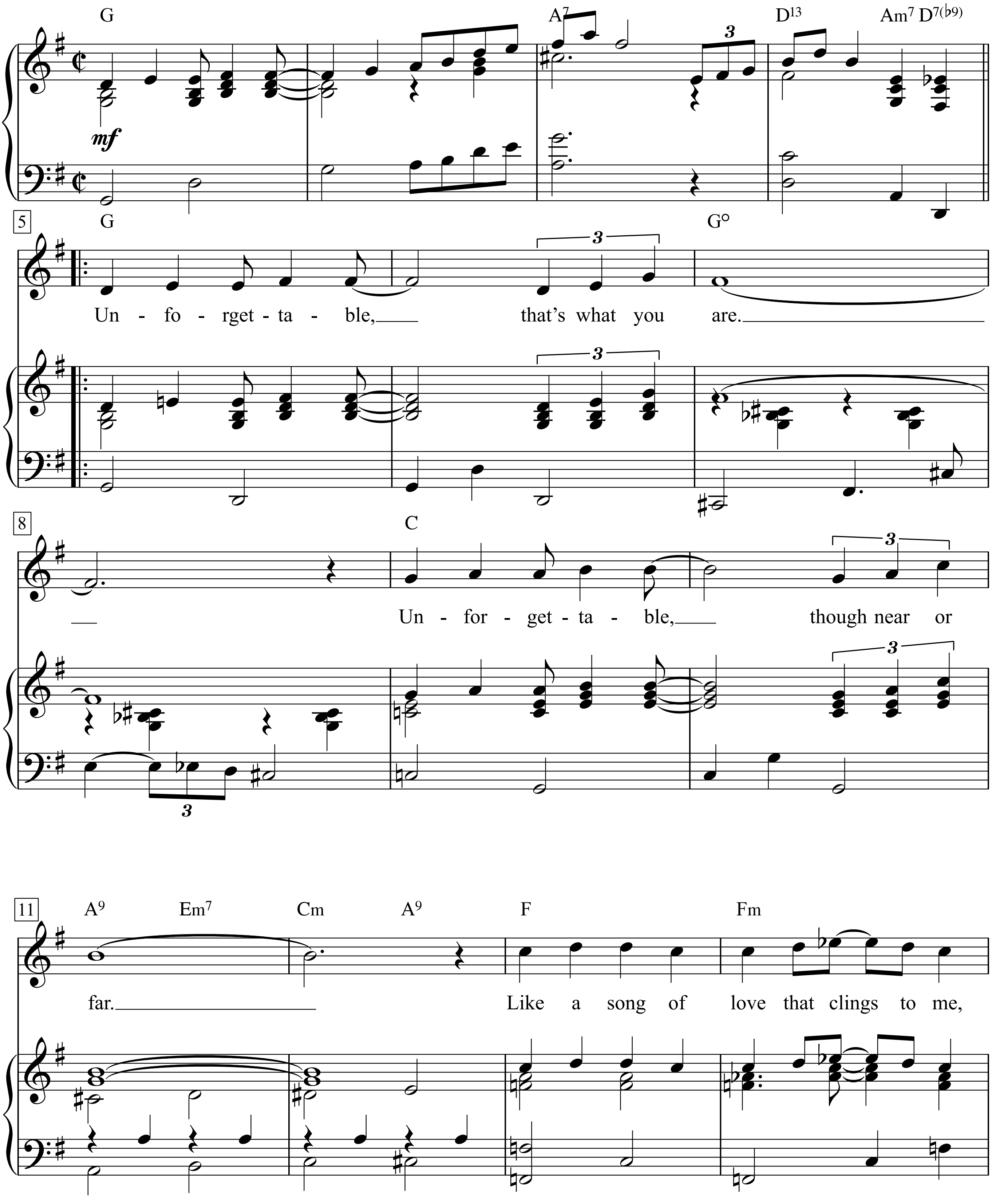

51
Cm
Fm/C
2.
A♭
2. I
a mur-der-er.
Our love,
55
B♭
Cm
B♭/D
E♭
A♭
his trust.
I might as well
take a gun and put lt
to his head,
59
B♭
A♭(add9)
get it ov-er with.
I don't wan-na do this
62
Cm
A7
Fm7
B♭
an-y-more.
Oh.

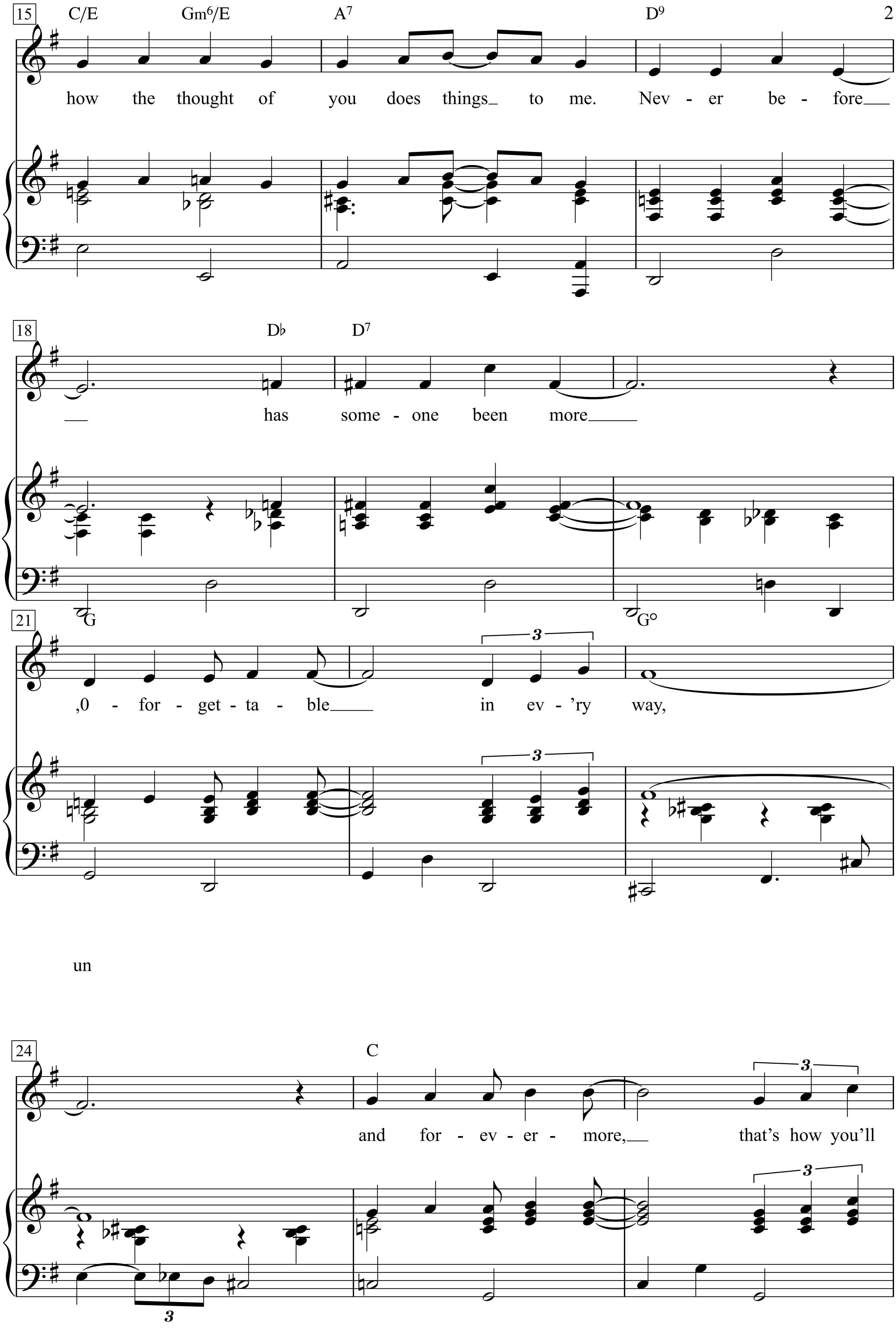

66
Cm
A♭
B♭
D.S. al Coda
An - - y - more.
70
Cm
Fm/C
a mur-der - er.
73
Cm
Fm/C
A♭
A mur-der - er.
76
Fm/A♭
A♭maj7
G7(sus4)
G7
Cm
No, no, no.
Yeah, yeah.

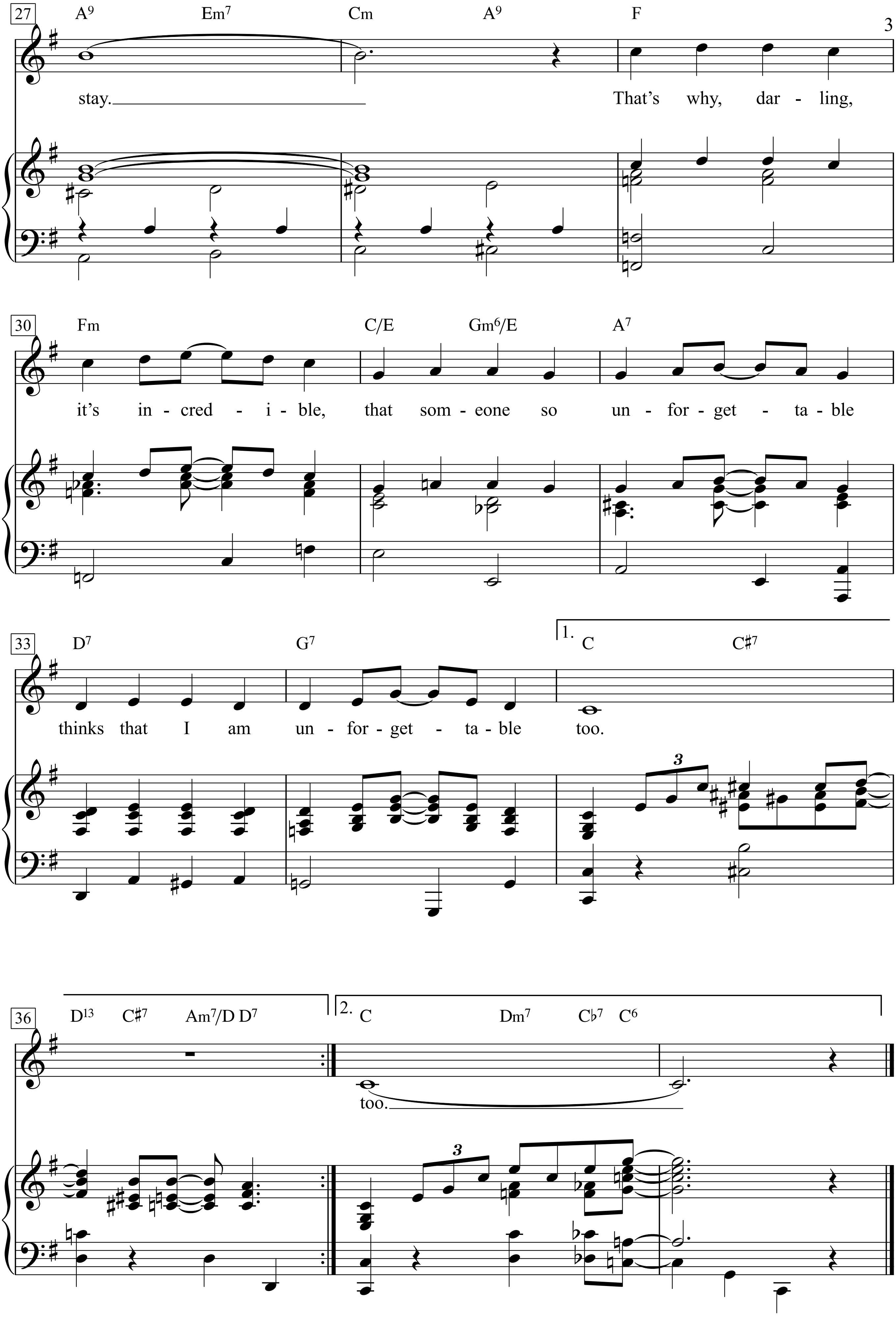
Unforgettable

Words & Music by Irving Gordon
(Natalie Cole with Nat King Cole)

Moderately




15
C/E
Gm6/E
A7
D9
how the thought of you does things_ to me. Nev - er be - fore__
18
D♭
D7
__ has some - one been more____
G
21
G°
,0 - for - get - ta - ble____ in ev - 'ry way,
3
un
24
C
3
and for - ev - er - more,__ that's how you'll


27
A9 Em7 Cm A9 F
stay. That's why, dar - ling,
30
Fm C/E Gm6/E A7
it's in - cred - i - ble, that som - eone so un - for - get - ta - ble
33
D7 G7 1. C C♯7
thinks that I am un - for - get - ta - ble too.
3
36
D13 C♯7 Am7/D D7 2. C Dm7 C♭7 C6
too.
3

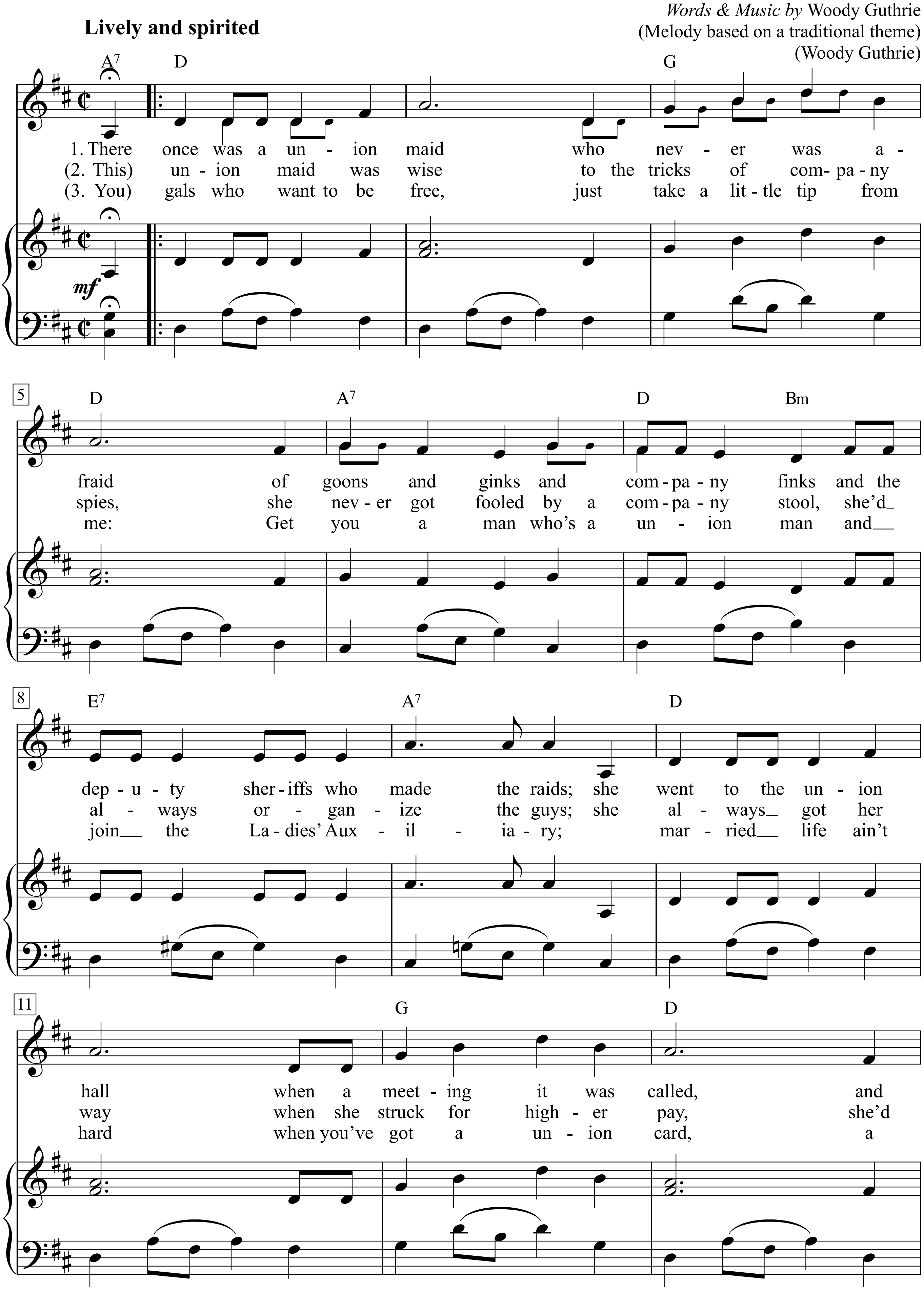
Unforgettable, that’s what you are
Unforgettable though near or far
Like a song of love that clings to me
How the thought of you does things to me
Never before has someone been more

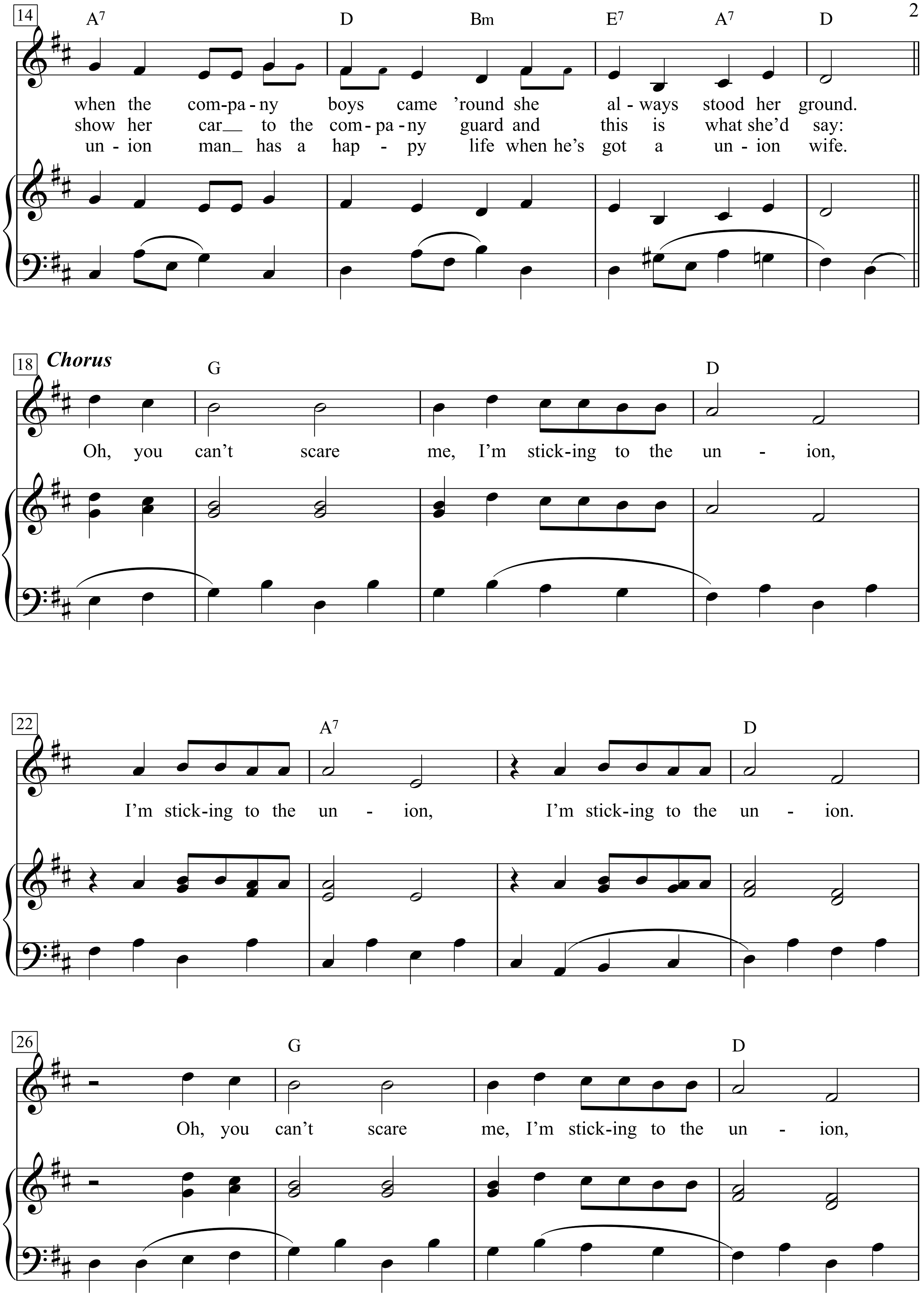
Unforgettable in every way
And forever more, that’s how you’ll stay
That’s why, darling, it’s incredible
That someone so unforgettable
Thinks that I am unforgettable too

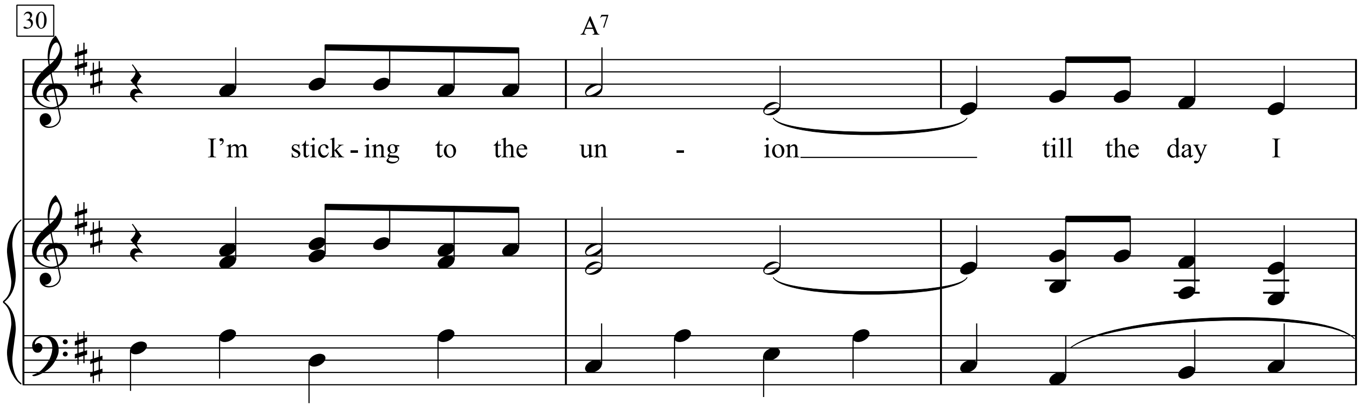
Unforgettable in every way
And forever more, that’s how you’ll stay
That’s why, darling, it’s incredible
That someone so unforgettable
Thinks that I am unforgettable too

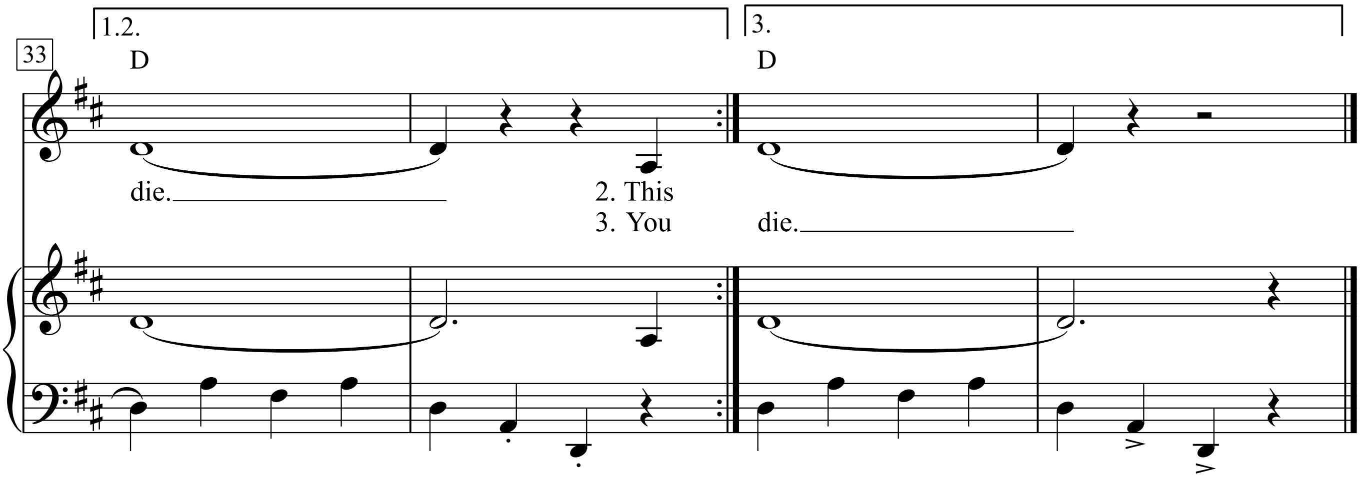
Union Maid

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie
(Melody based on a traditional theme)
(Woody Guthrie)




14
A7 D Bm E7 A7 D
when the com-pa-ny boys came 'round she al-ways stood her ground.
show her car__ to the com-pa-ny guard and this is what she'd say:
un-ion man_ has a hap-py life when he's got a un-ion wife.
18 Chorus
G D
Oh, you can't scare me, I'm stick-ing to the un-ion,
22
A7 D
I'm stick-ing to the un-ion, I'm stick-ing to the un-ion.
26
G D
Oh, you can't scare me, I'm stick-ing to the un-ion,





1. There once was a union maid who never was afraid
Of goons and ginks and company finks and the deputy sheriffs who made the raids;
she went to the union hall when a meeting it was called,
and when the company boys came 'round she always stood her ground.
Chorus:
Oh, you can't scare me, I'm sticking to the union,
I'm sticking to the union, I'm sticking to the union.
Oh, you can't scare me, I'm sticking to the union,
I'm sticking to the union till the day I die.

2. This union maid was wise to the tricks of company spies,
She never got fooled by a company stool, she'd always organize the guys;
She always got her way when she struck for higher pay,
She'd show her card to the company guard and this is what she'd say:
Chorus:

3. You gals who want to be free, just take a little tip from me:
Get you a man who's a union man and join the Ladies' Auxiliary;
Married life ain't hard when you've got a union card,
A union man has a happy life when he's got a union wife.
Chorus:

This song was made up in honor of Mrs. Merriweather. She's a woman that was stripped naked and beat up, and then hung to the rafters of the house till she was unconscious.

"Vaughn Ryles started doubling up the rope and told me to pull off all of my clothes. He said, 'Lay down across the chair. I want naked meat this morning.' I lay down across the chair and Ralph McGuire held my head for Ryles to beat me. He beat me about 20 minutes. He was beating me from the hips down. They beat me for about 15 minutes more. Then Vaughn Ryles put a loop in the rope and put the rope around my neck. One of them said, 'Let's carry her out to a damned limb somewhere.' Vaughn said, 'No, right here in the house will do.' Then he threw the rope over the rafters, and then he and Ralph McGuire drew me up about 2 feet from the floor. My sister-in-law said they kept me there for 15 or 20 minutes and then let me down. I was unconscious. She said I laid there about 10 minutes and got up."

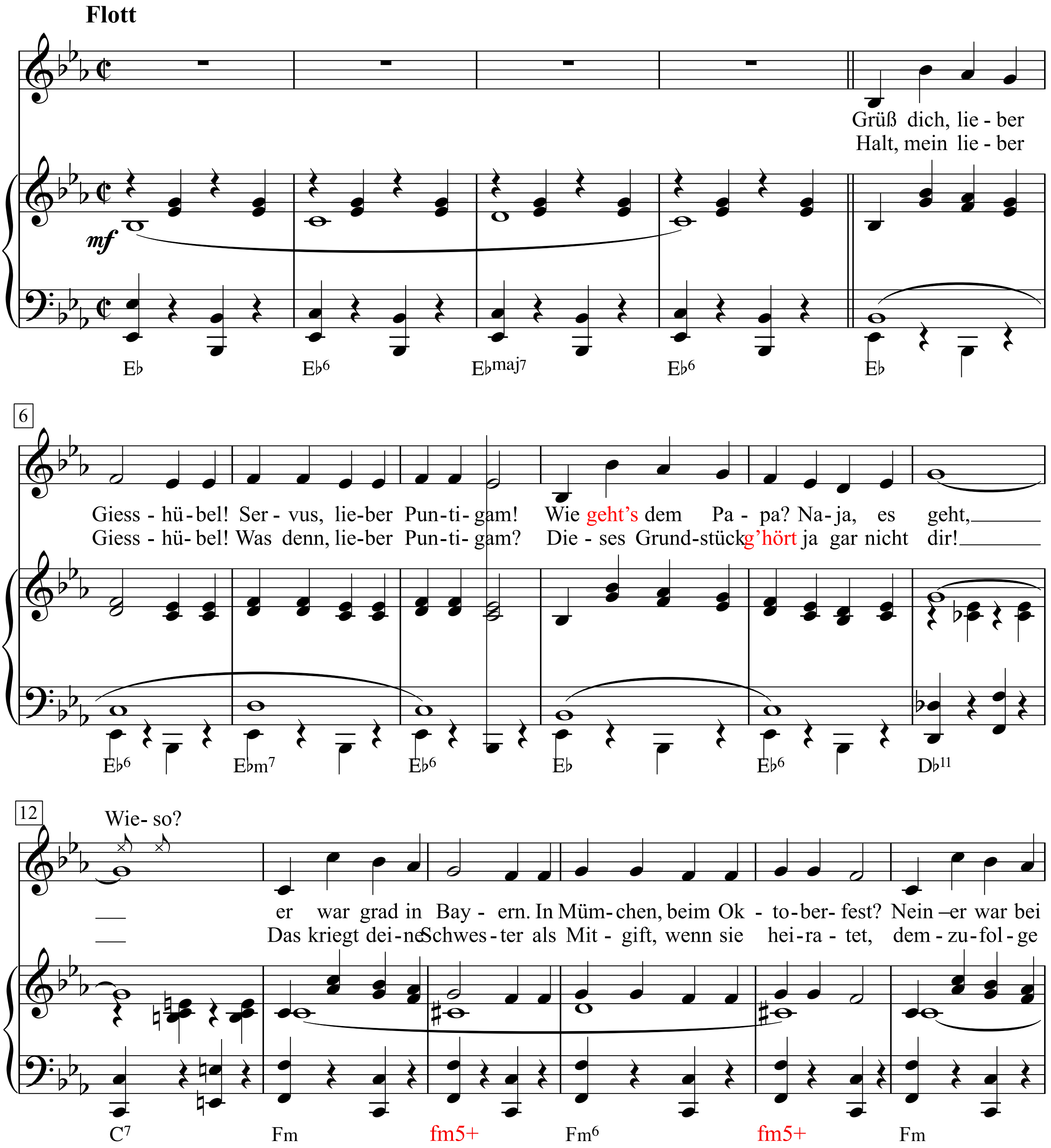
Letters written to Roosevelt and others telling of how the poor Union Sharecroppers was being treated by the hired thugs of the landlord were opened by postmasters, and the dope was given to other thugs and killers who went out and beat and killed more Union Sharecroppers.

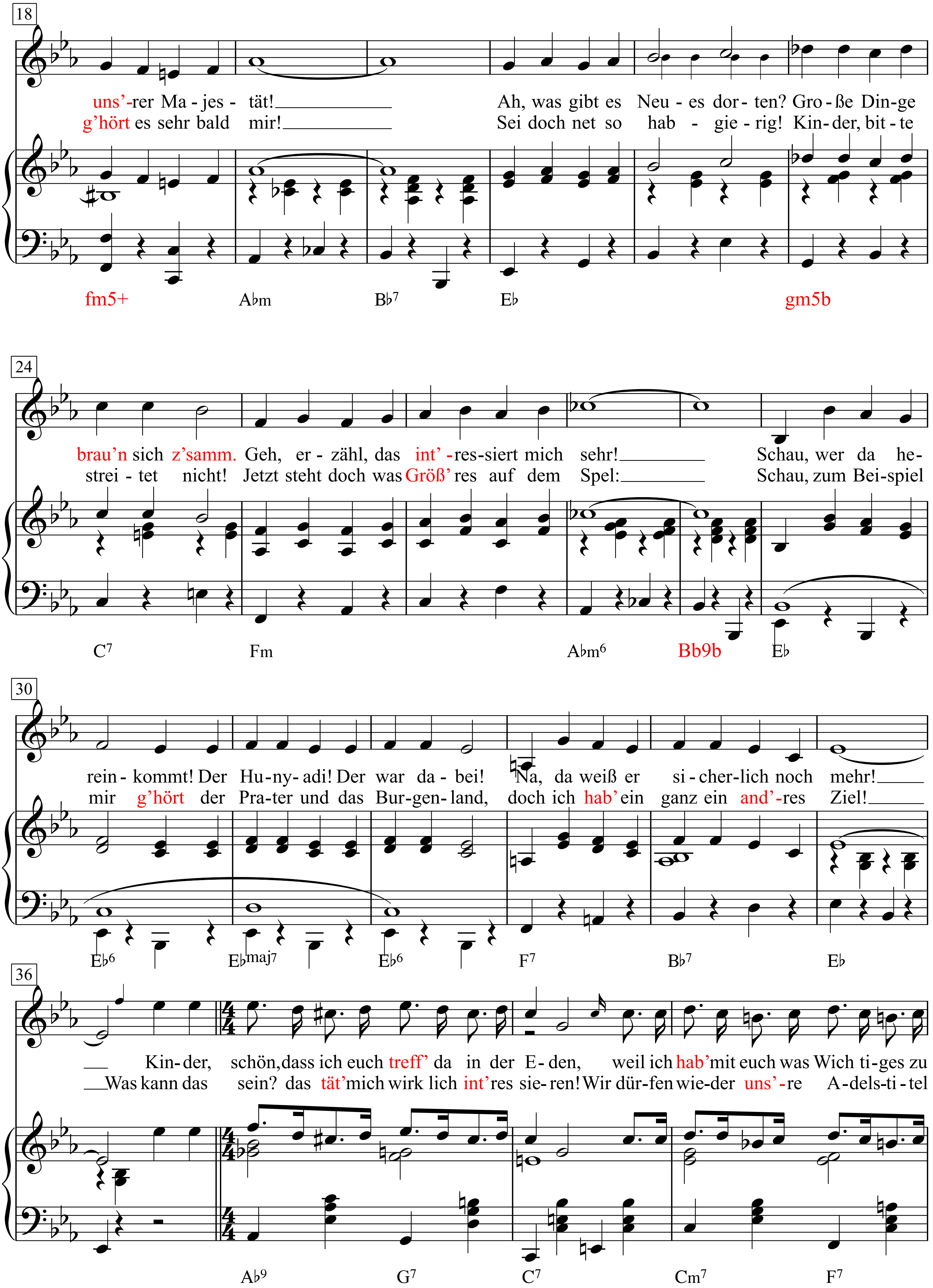
Jesus said something like this: "Woe unto ye rich in those days ... it would be better that you had never been bom."

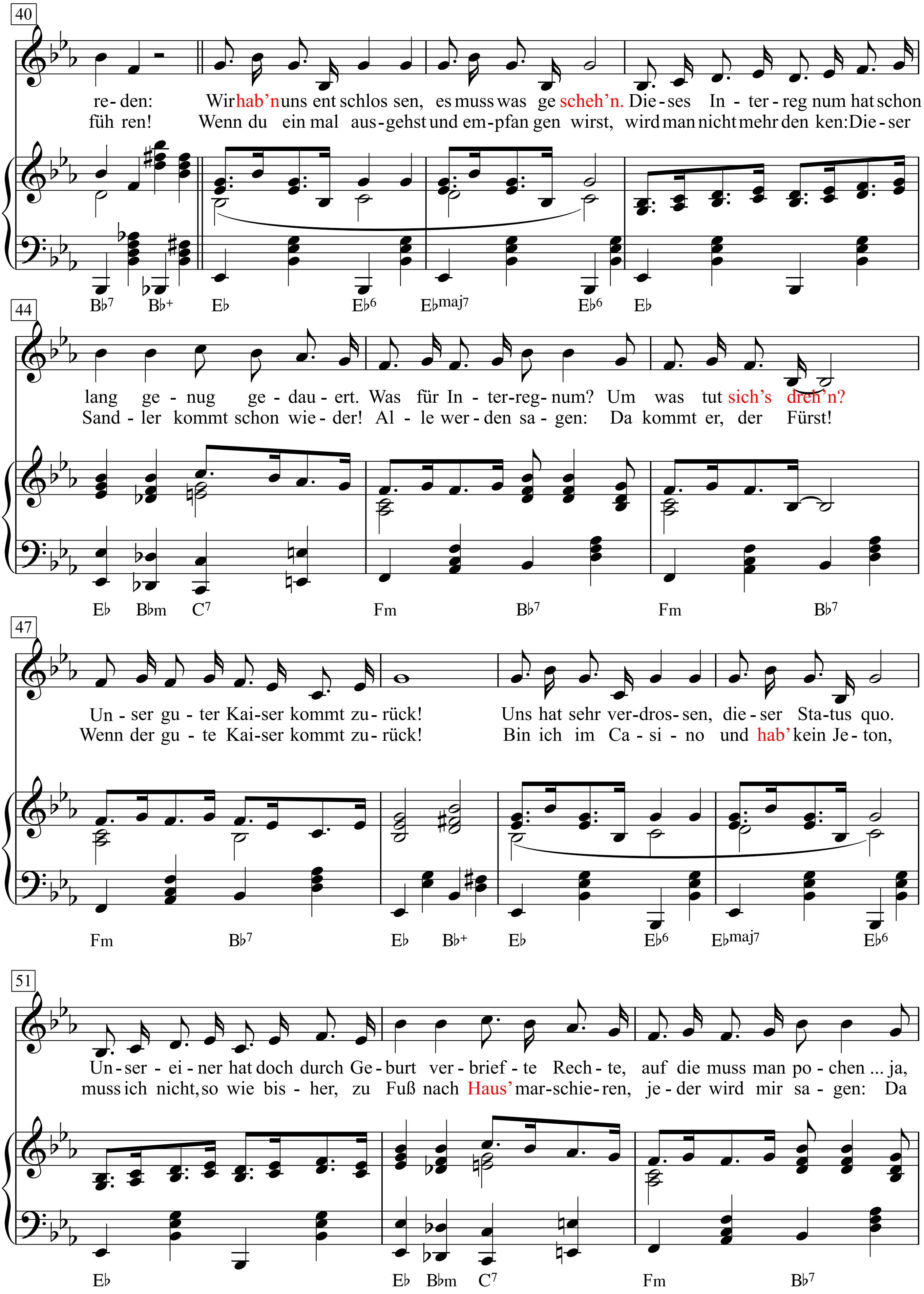
Unser guter Kaiser

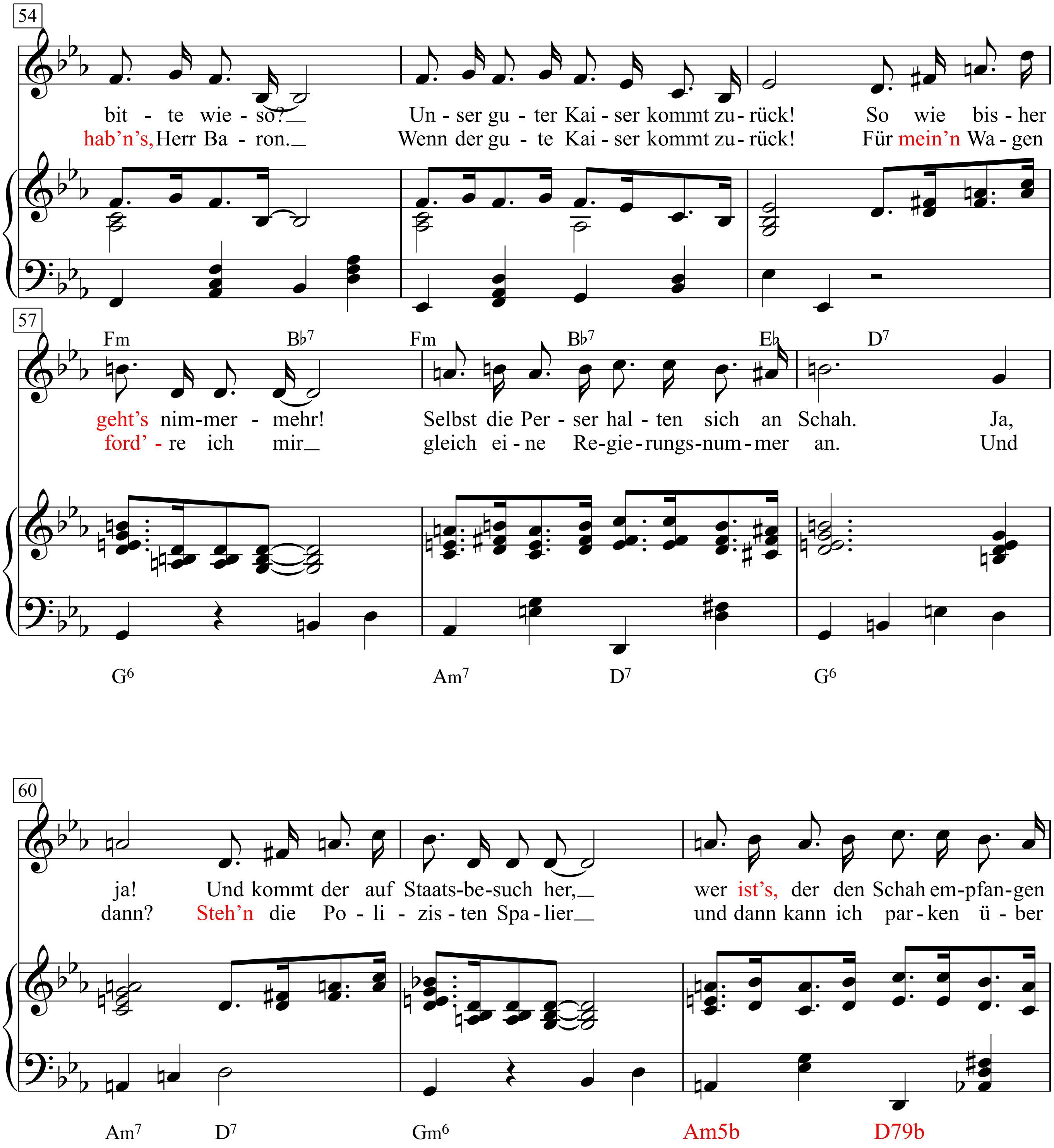
(Die Ottomanen)

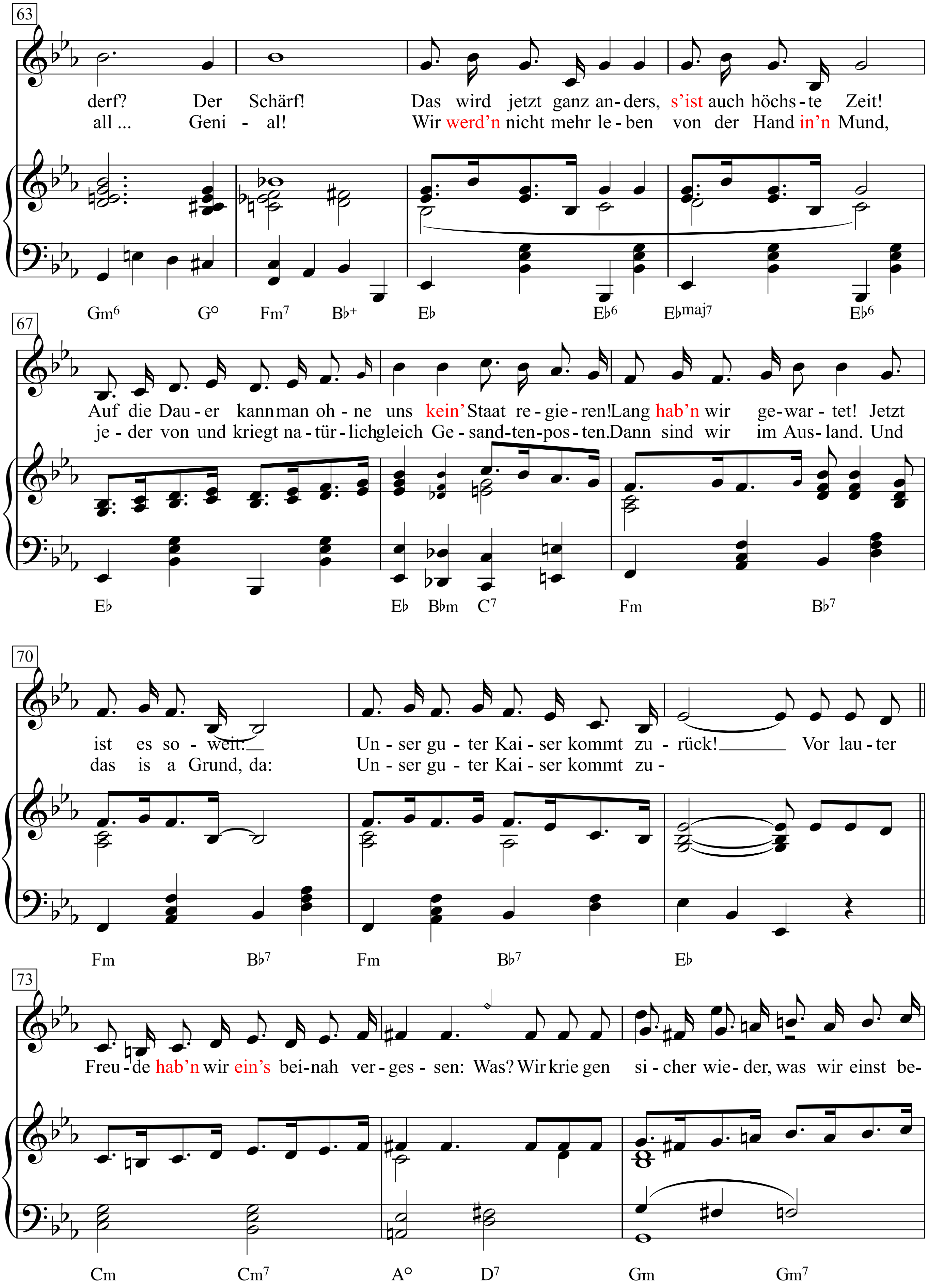
Text & Musik: Gerhard Bronner
Klav.-Bearb.: Kurt Werner

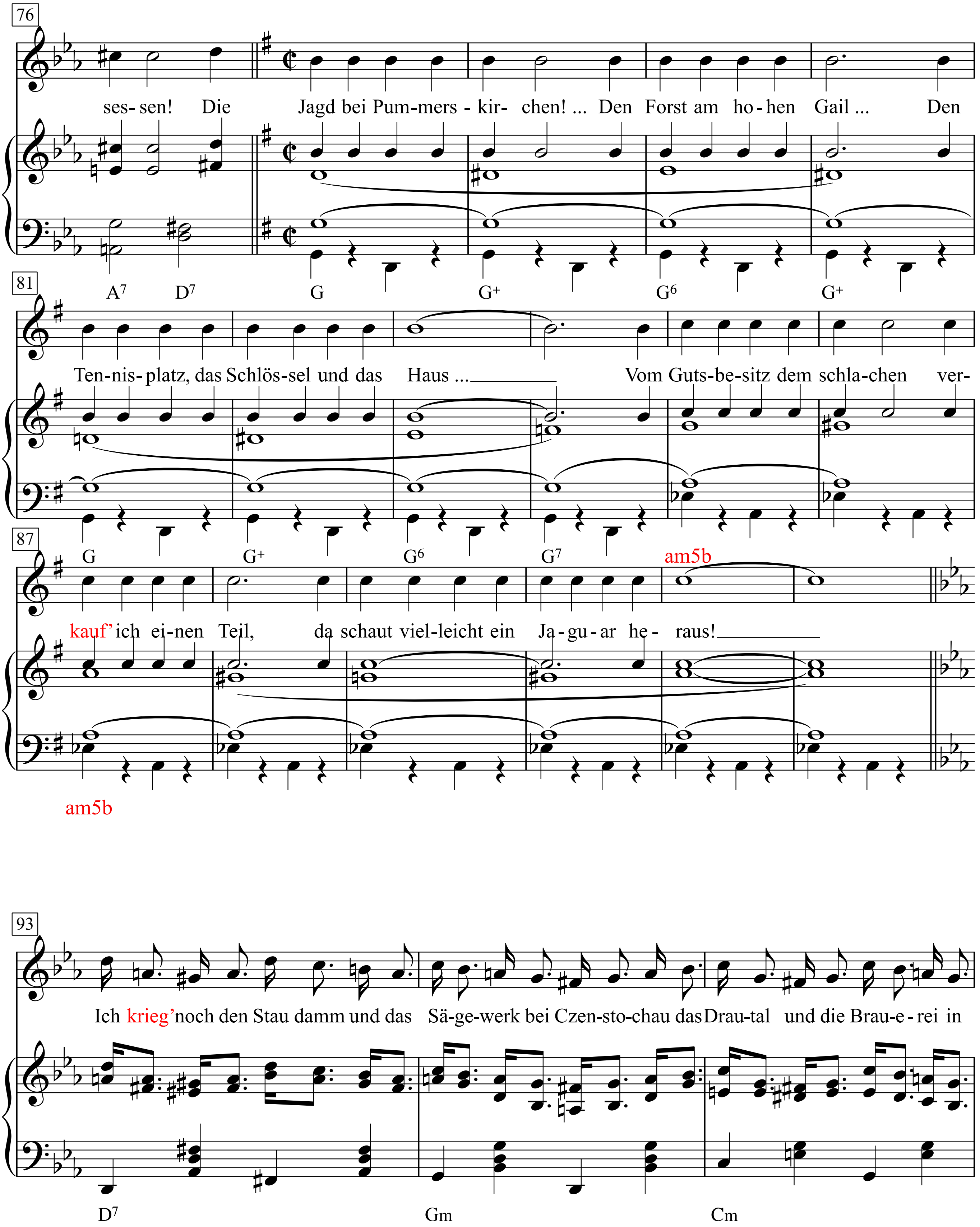


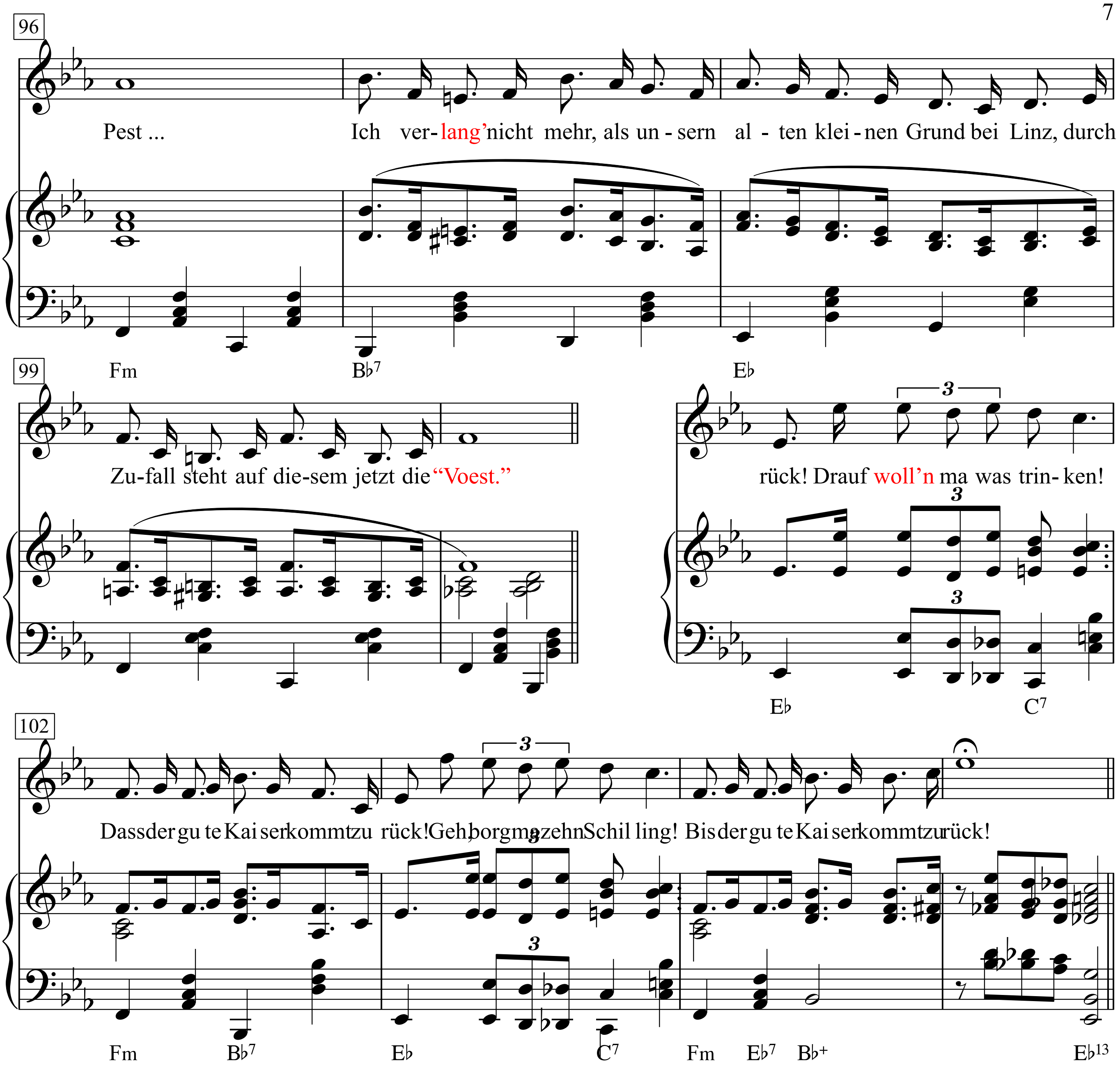

18
uns'-rer Ma - jes - tät! Ah, was gibt es Neu - es dor- ten? Gro - ße Din-ge
g'hört es sehr bald mir! Sei doch net so hab - gie - rig! Kin- der, bit - te
fm5+ A♭m B♭7 E♭ gm5b
24
brau'n sich z'samm. Geh, er - zähl, das int' -res-siert mich sehr! Schau, wer da he-
strei - tet nicht! Jetzt steht doch was Größ' res auf dem Spel: Schau, zum Bei-spiel
C7 Fm A♭m6 Bb9b E♭
30
rein - kommt! Der Hu-ny- adi! Der war da - bei! Na, da weiß er si - cher-lich noch mehr!
mir g'hört der Pra-ter und das Bur-gen- land, doch ich hab' ein ganz ein and'-res Ziel!
E♭6 E♭maj7 E♭6 F7 B♭7 E♭
36
Kin- der, schön, dass ich euch treff' da in der E- den, weil ich hab' mit euch was Wich ti-ges zu
Was kann das sein? das tät' mich wirk lich int'res sie- ren! Wir dür-fen wie-der uns' -re A-dels-ti - tel
A♭9 G7 C7 Cm7 F7


40
re- den: Wir hab'n uns ent schlos sen, es muss was ge scheh'n. Die - ses In - ter - reg num hat schon
füh ren! Wenn du ein mal aus-gehst und em-pfan gen wirst, wird man nicht mehr den ken: Die - ser
B♭7 B♭+ E♭ E♭6 E♭maj7 E♭6 E♭
44
lang ge - nug ge - dau - ert. Was für In - ter-reg- num? Um was tut sich's dreh'n?
Sand - ler kommt schon wie - der! Al - le wer - den sa - gen: Da kommt er, der Fürst!
E♭ B♭m C7 Fm B♭7 Fm B♭7
47
Un - ser gu - ter Kai-ser kommt zu - rück! Uns hat sehr ver-dros- sen, die - ser Sta-tus quo.
Wenn der gu - te Kai-ser kommt zu - rück! Bin ich im Ca - si - no und hab' kein Je - ton,
Fm B♭7 E♭ B♭+ E♭ E♭6 E♭maj7 E♭6
51
Un - ser - ei - ner hat doch durch Ge - burt ver - brief - te Rech - te, auf die muss man po - chen ... ja,
muss ich nicht, so wie bis - her, zu Fuß nach Haus' mar-schie-ren, je - der wird mir sa - gen: Da
E♭ E♭ B♭m C7 Fm B♭7


54
bit - te wie - so?
hab'n's, Herr Ba - ron.
Un - ser gu - ter Kai - ser kommt zu - rück!
Wenn der gu - te Kai - ser kommt zu - rück!
So wie bis - her
Für mein'n Wa - gen
57
Fm Bb7 Fm Bb7 Eb D7
geht's nim-mer - mehr!
ford' - re ich mir
Selbst die Per - ser hal - ten sich an Schah.
gleich ei - ne Re-gie - rungs-num - mer an.
Ja,
Und
G6 Am7 D7 G6
60
ja! Und kommt der auf Staats-be-such her,
dann? Steh'n die Po - li - zis - ten Spa - lier
wer ist's, der den Schah em-pfan-gen
und dann kann ich par - ken ü - ber
Am7 D7 Gm6 Am5b D79b


63
derf? Der Schärf! Das wird jetzt ganz an-ders, s'ist auch höchs-te Zeit!
all ... Geni - al! Wir werd'n nicht mehr le-ben von der Hand in'n Mund,
Gm6 G° Fm7 B♭+ E♭ E♭6 E♭maj7 E♭6
67
Auf die Dau-er kann man oh-ne uns kein' Staat re-gie-ren! Lang hab'n wir ge-war-tet! Jetzt
je-der von und kriegt na-tür-lich gleich Ge-sand-ten-pos-ten. Dann sind wir im Aus-land. Und
E♭ E♭ B♭m C7 Fm B♭7
70
ist es so-weit: Un-ser gu-ter Kai-ser kommt zu-rück! Vor lau-ter
das is a Grund, da: Un-ser gu-ter Kai-ser kommt zu-
Fm B♭7 Fm B♭7 E♭
73
Freu-de hab'n wir ein's bei-nah ver-ges-sen: Was? Wir krie gen si-cher wie-der, was wir einst be-
Cm Cm7 A° D7 Gm Gm7


76
ses- sen! Die Jagd bei Pum-mers - kir- chen! ... Den Forst am ho-hen Gail ... Den
A7 D7 G G+ G6 G+
81
Ten-nis-platz, das Schlös-sel und das Haus ... Vom Guts-be-sitz dem schla-chen ver-
G G+ G6 G7 am5b
87
kauf' ich ei-nen Teil, da schaut viel-leicht ein Ja-gu-ar he- raus!
am5b
93
Ich krieg' noch den Stau damm und das Sä-ge-werk bei Czen-sto-chau das Drau-tal und die Brau-e-rei in
D7 Gm Cm

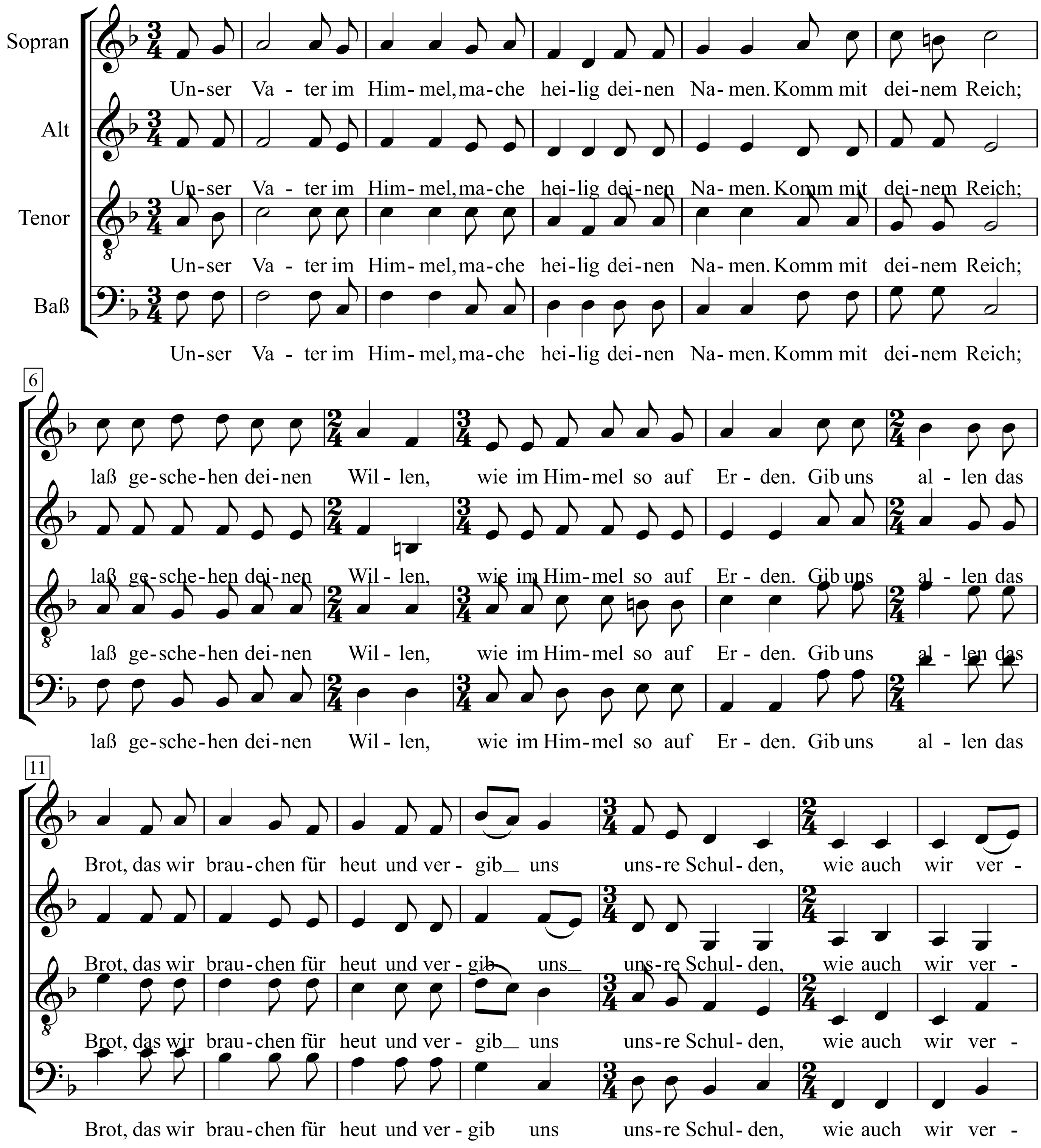

96
Pest ... Ich ver- lang' nicht mehr, als un - sern al - ten klei - nen Grund bei Linz, durch
Fm
B♭7
E♭
99
Zu-fall steht auf die-sem jetzt die "Voest."
rück! Drauf woll'n ma was trin- ken!
E♭
C7
102
Dass der gu te Kai ser kommt zu rück! Geh, borg ma zehn Schil ling! Bis der gu te Kai ser kommt zu rück!
Fm
B♭7
E♭
C7
Fm
E♭7
B♭+
E♭13

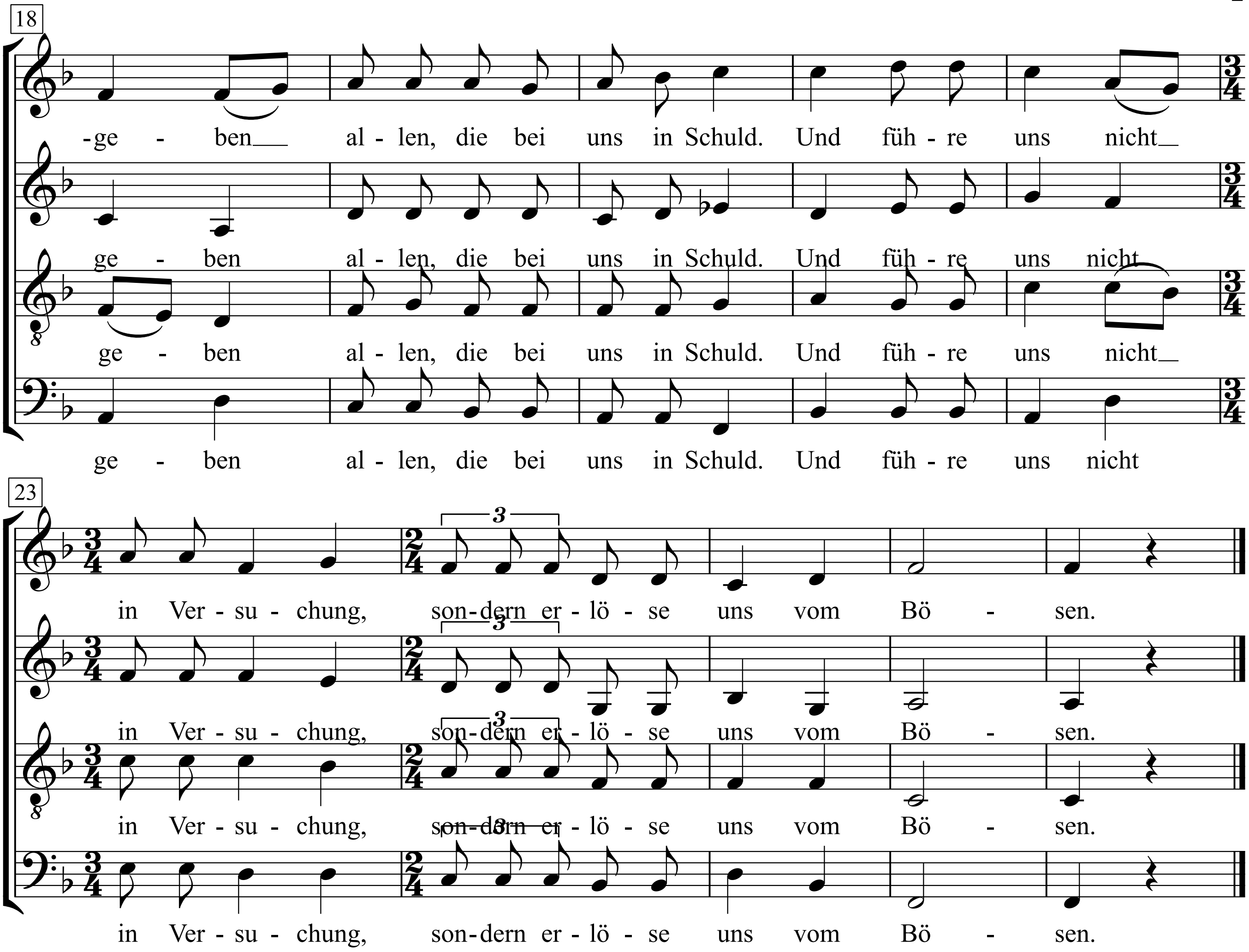
Grüß dich, lieber Giesshübel! Servus, lieber Puntigam!
Wie geht's dem Papa? Naja, es geht, Wieso? er war grad in Bayern.
In Mümchen, beim Oktoberfest? Nein – er war bei uns'rer Majestät!
Ah, was gibt es Neues dorten? Große Dinge brau'n sich z'samm.
Geh, erzähl, das int'ressiert mich sehr! Schau, wer da hereinkommt!
Der Hunyadi! Der war dabei! Na, da weiß er sicherlich noch mehr!
Kinder, schön, dass ich euch treff' da in der Eden, weil
ich hab' mit euch was Wichtiges zu reden:
Wir hab'n uns entschlossen, es muss was gescheh'n.
Dieses Interregnum hat schon lang genug gedauert.
Was für Interregnum? Um was tut sich's dreh'n?
Unser guter Kaiser kommt zurück!
Uns hat sehr verdrossen, dieser Status quo.
Unsereiner hat doch durch Geburt verbriefte Rechte,
auf die muss man pochen ... ja, bitte wieso?
Unser guter Kaiser kommt zurück! So wie bisher geht's nimmermehr!
Selbst die Perser halten sich an Schah. Ja, ja!
Und kommt der auf Staatsbesuch her, wer ist's,
der den Schah empfangen derf?
Der Schärf! Das wird jetzt ganz anders, s'ist auch höchste Zeit!
Auf die Dauer kann man ohne uns kein' Staat regieren!
Lang hab'n wir gewartet! Jetzt ist es soweit:
Unser guter Kaiser kommt zurück!
Vor lauter Freude hab'n wir ein's beinah vergessen:
Was? Wir kriegen sicher wieder, was wir einst besessen!
Die Jagd bei Pummerskirchen! ... Den Forst am hohen Gail ...
Den Tennisplatz, das Schlössel und das Haus ...
Vom Gutsbesitz dem schlachen verkauf' ich einen Teil,
da schaut vielleicht ein Jaguar heraus!
Ich krieg' noch den Staudamm und das Sägewerk bei Czenstochau,
das Drautal und die Brauerei in Pest ...
Ich verlang' nicht mehr, als unsern alten kleinen Grund bei Linz,
durch Zufall steht auf diesem jetzt die 'Voest."
rück! Drauf woll"n ma was trinken!
Dass der gute Kaiser kommt zurück!
Geh, borg ma zehn Schilling! Bis der gute Kaiser kommt zurück!

2. Halt, mein lieber Giesshübel! Was denn, lieber Puntigam?
Dieses Grundstück g'hört ja gar nicht dir!
Das kriegt deine Schwester als Mitgift,
wenn sie heiratet, demzufolge g'hört es sehr bald mir!
Sei doch net so habgierig! Kinder, bitte streitet nicht!
Jetzt steht doch was Größ'res auf dem Spel:
Schau, zum Beispiel mir g'hört der Prater und das Burgenland,
doch ich hab' ein ganz ein and'res Ziel!
Was kann das sein? das tät' mich wirklich int'ressieren!
Wir dürfen wieder uns're Adelstitel führen!
Wenn du einmal ausgehst und empfangen wirst,
wird man nicht mehr denken:
Dieser Sandler kommt schon wieder!
Alle werden sagen: Da kommt er, der Fürst!
Wenn der gute Kaiser kommt zurück!
Bin ich im Casino und hab' kein Jeton,
muss ich nicht, so wie bisher, zu Fuß nach Haus' marschieren,
jeder wird mir sagen: Da hab'n's, Herr Baron.
Wenn der gute Kaiser kommt zurück! F
ür mein'n Wagen ford're ich mir gleich eine Regierungsnummer an.
Und dann? Steh'n die Polizisten Spalier
und dann kann ich parken überall ... Genial!
Wir werd'n nicht mehr leben von der Hand in'n Mund,
jeder von und kriegt natürlich gleich Gesandtenposten. .
Dann sind wir im Ausland. Und das is a Grund, da: Unser guter Kaiser kommt zu -

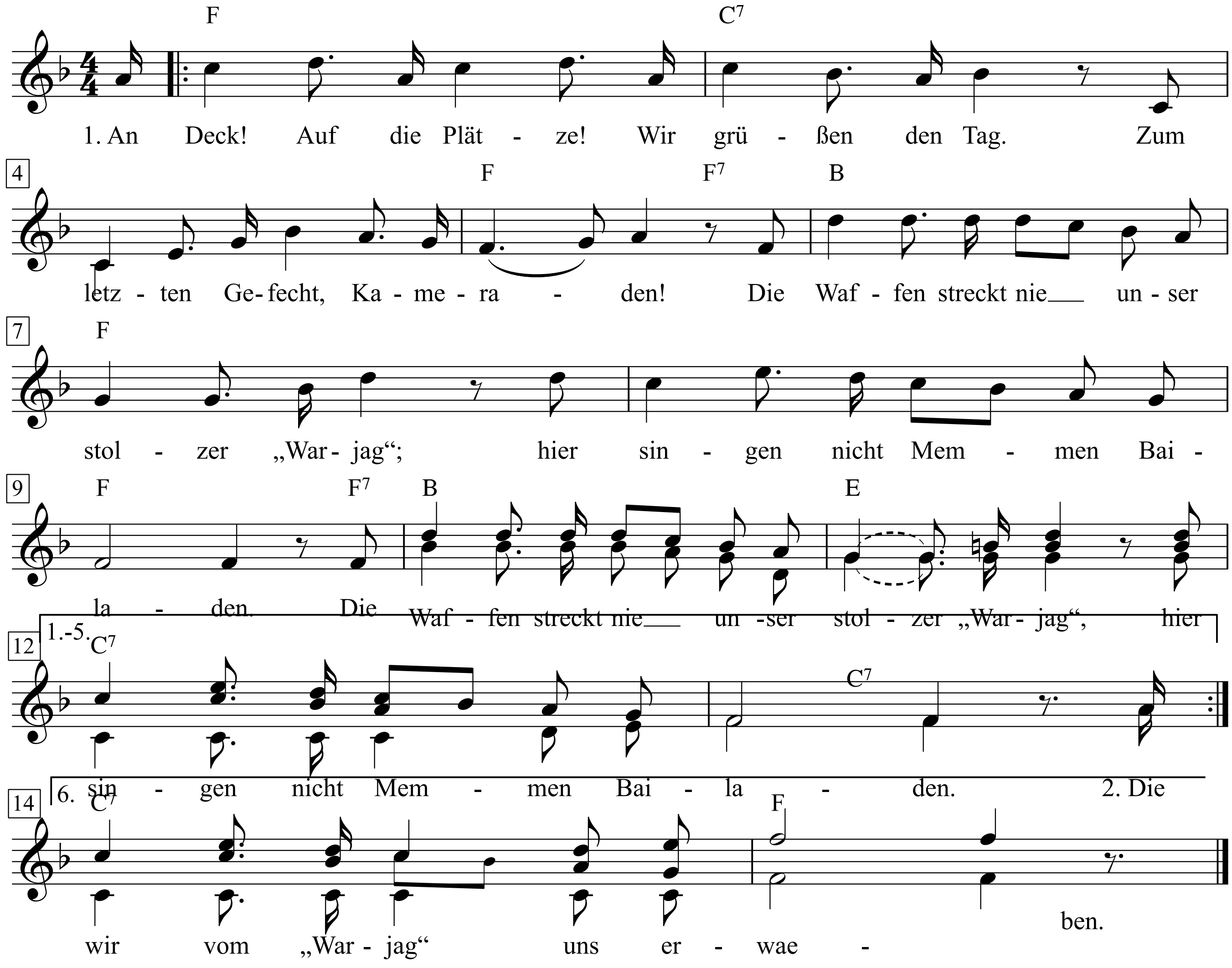
Unser Vater

Maurice Duruflé (1902-1986)




18
-ge - ben al - len, die bei uns in Schuld. Und füh - re uns nicht
ge - ben al - len, die bei uns in Schuld. Und füh - re uns nicht
ge - ben al - len, die bei uns in Schuld. Und füh - re uns nicht
ge - ben al - len, die bei uns in Schuld. Und füh - re uns nicht
23
in Ver - su - chung, son - dern er - lö - se uns vom Bö - sen.
in Ver - su - chung, son - dern er - lö - se uns vom Bö - sen.
in Ver - su - chung, son - dern er - lö - se uns vom Bö - sen.
in Ver - su - chung, son - dern er - lö - se uns vom Bö - sen.

Unser Warjag

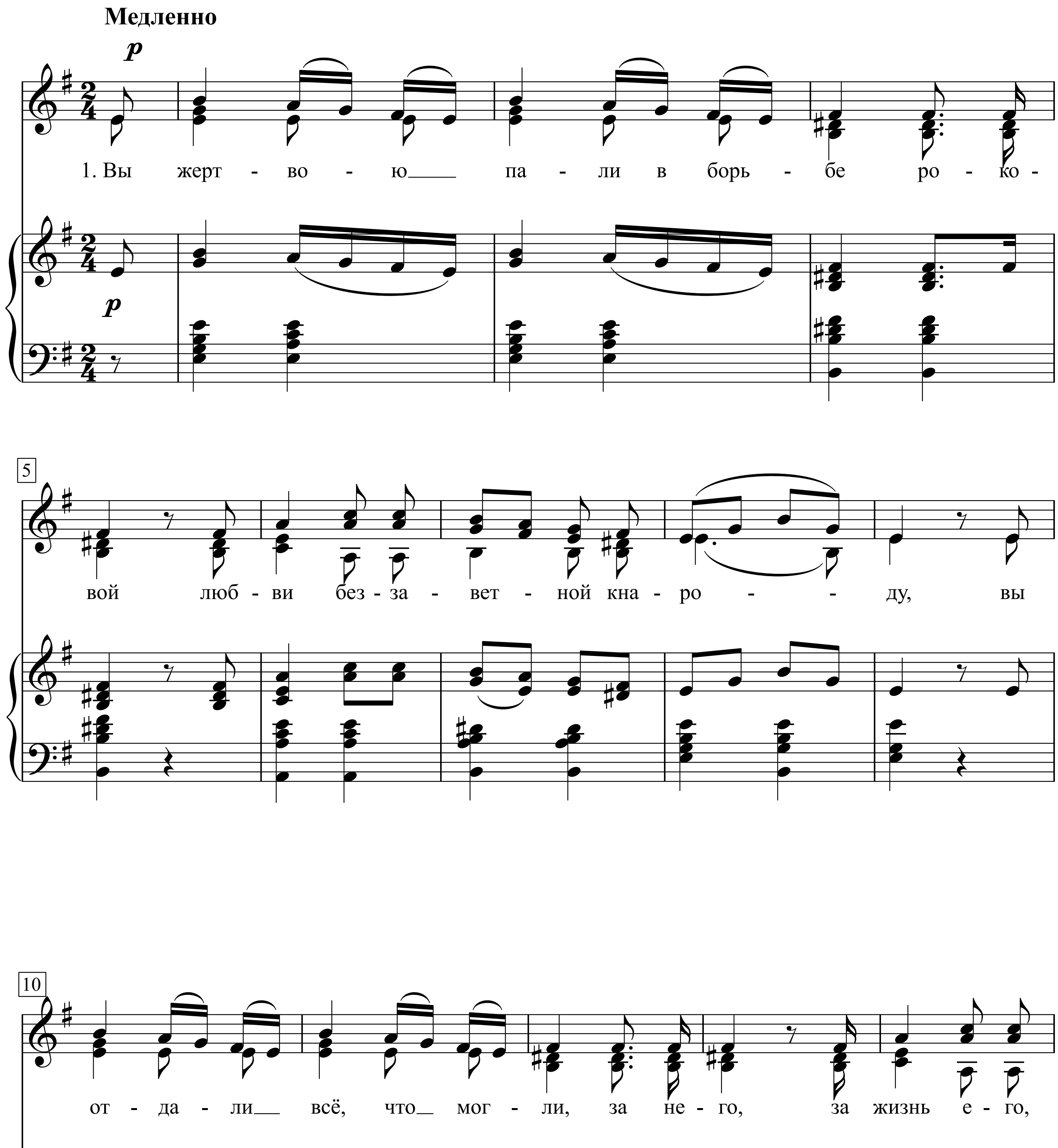


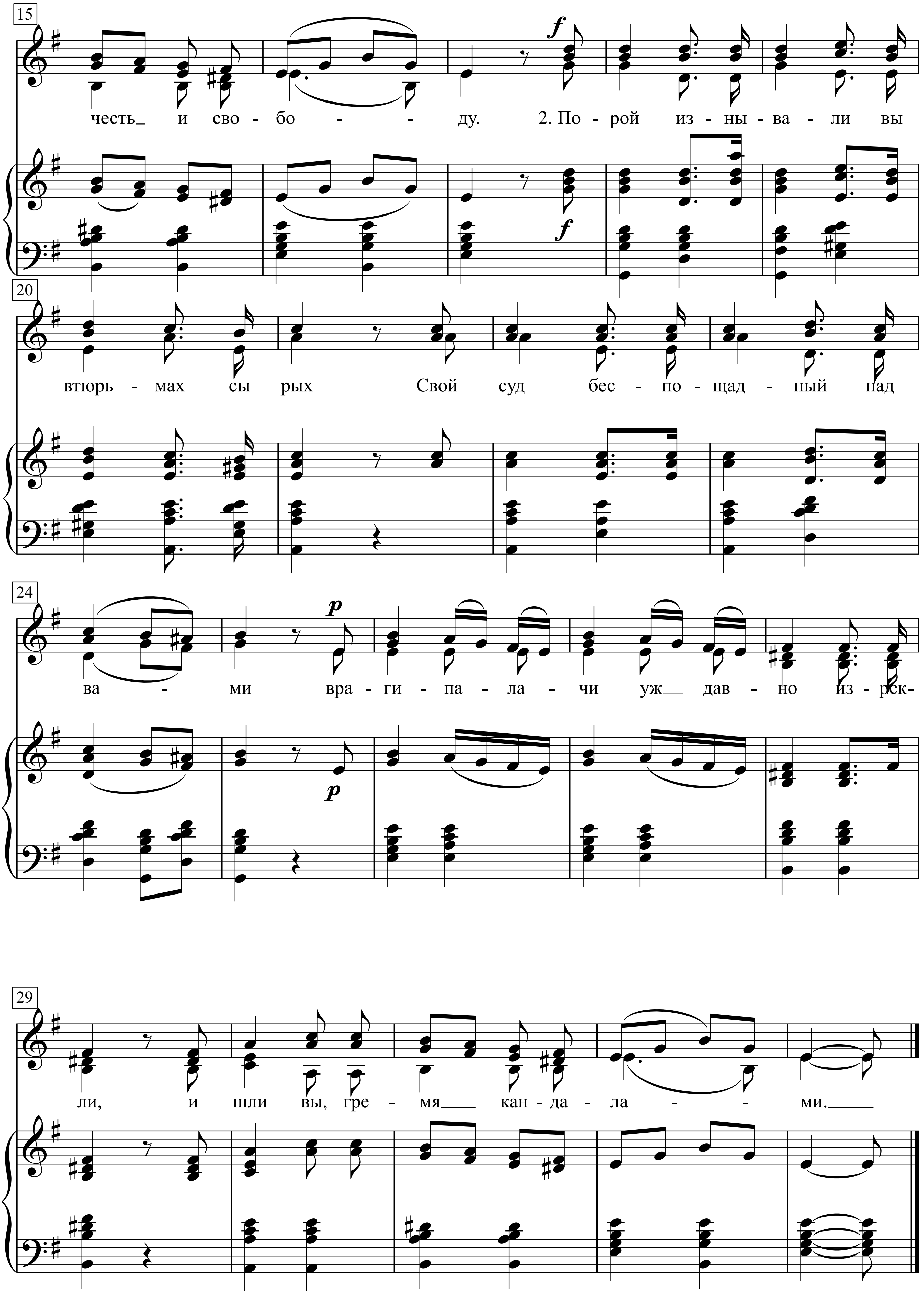
Вы жертвою пали

Похоронный марш

(Unsterbliche Opfer)

Слова В. архангельского




15
честь_ и сво - бо - - ду. 2. По - рой из - ны - ва - ли вы
20
втюрь - мах сы рых Свой суд бес - по - щад - ный над
24
ва - ми вра - ги - па - ла - чи уж_ дав - но из - рек-
29
ли, и шли вы, гре - мя___ кан - да - ла - - ми.____

1. Вы жертвою пали в борьбе роковой
Любви беззаветной к народу,
Вы отдали всё, что могли, за него,
За жизнь его, честь и свободу.

2. Порой изнывали вы в тюрьмах сырых...
Свй суд беспощадный над вами
Враги-палачи уж давно изрекли,
И шли вы, гремя кандалами.

3. Идёшь ты, усталый, а цепи гремят,
Закованы руки и ноги.
Спокойно, но грустно свой взор устремил
Вперёд по пустынной дороге.

4. Нагрелися цепи от знойных лучей
И в тело впилися змеями,
И каплет на землю горячая кровь
Из ран, растравлённых цепями.

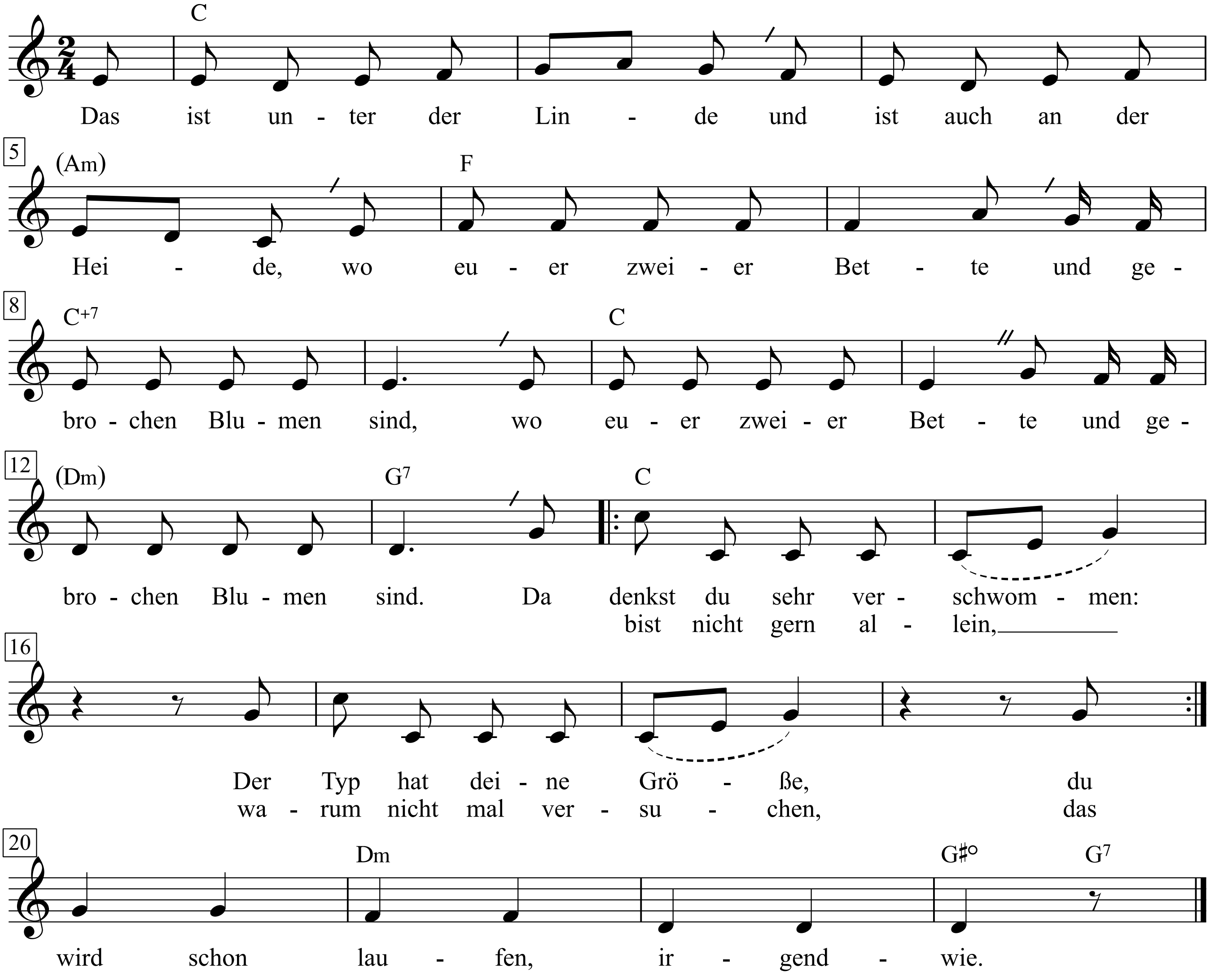
5. Но ты молчаливо оковы несёшь,
За дело любви ты страдаешь,
За то, что не мог равнодушно глядеть,
Как брат в нищете погибает.

6. А деспот пирует в роскошном дворце,
Тревогу вином заливая ...
Но грозные буквы давно на стене
Чертит уж рука роковая:

7. «Падёт произвол, и восстанет народ,
Великий, могучий, свободный! ...»
Прощайте же, братья, вы честно прошли
Свой доблестный путь, благородный.

Unter der Linde oder Probleme der Emanzipation

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



1. Das ist unter der Linde
und ist auch an der Heide,
wo euer zweier Bette
und gebrochen Blumen sind.
Da denkst du sehr verschwommen:
Der Typ hat deine Größe,
du bist nicht gern allein,
warum nicht mal versuchen,
das wird schon laufen, irgendwie.

2. Und küsst er dich wohl tausend Stund
und unter Sommerwolken,
da fallen dir tausend Jahre,
fallen dir deine Schwestern ein.
Und siehst euch Wasser tragen
und hörst die Männer lachen
und siehst euch Schenkel spreizen
und hörst die Kinder schreien
wohl tausend Sommer und noch mehr.

3. Wenn es schneit rote Rosen
und wenn es regnet kühlen Wein,
bis dahin will er bleiben,
das verspricht er dir, der Typ.
Und kommen schöne Nächte
und kommen schöne Tage
und kommen schöne Sprüche
aus all den schönen Büchern,
die kennst du alle ziemlich gut.

4. Es schneit nicht rote Rosen,
es regnet keinen kühlen Wein.
Der Typ wird bei dir bleiben
einen Sommer und noch mehr.
Und kämmt dir deine Haare
und liest in deinen Träumen.
Dann hört ihr seine Platten.
Er gibt dir seine Bücher
und sagt dir, was ihr machen wollt.

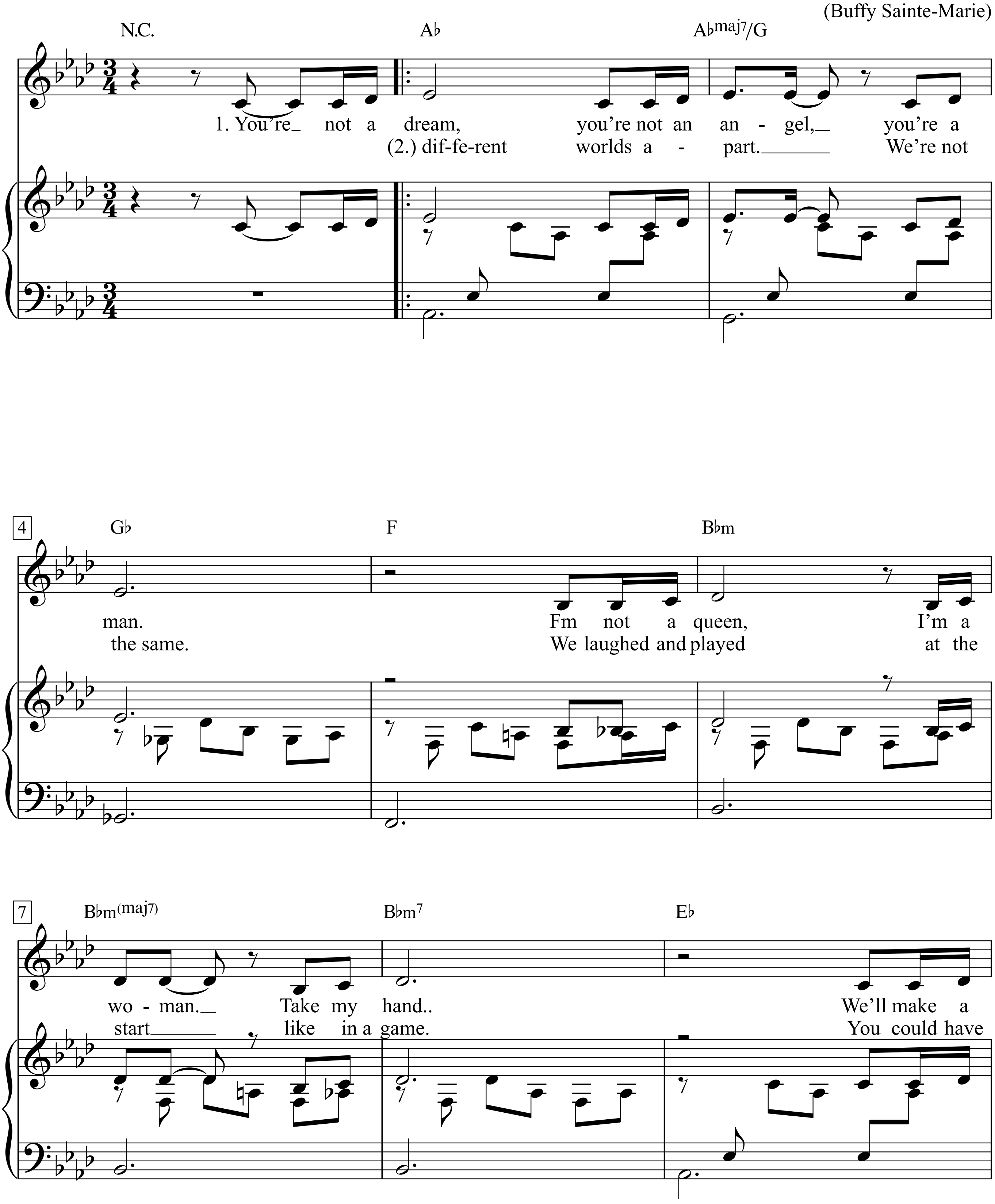
Franz Josef Degenhardt: Kommt an den Tisch unter Pflaumenbäumen - rororo, 102

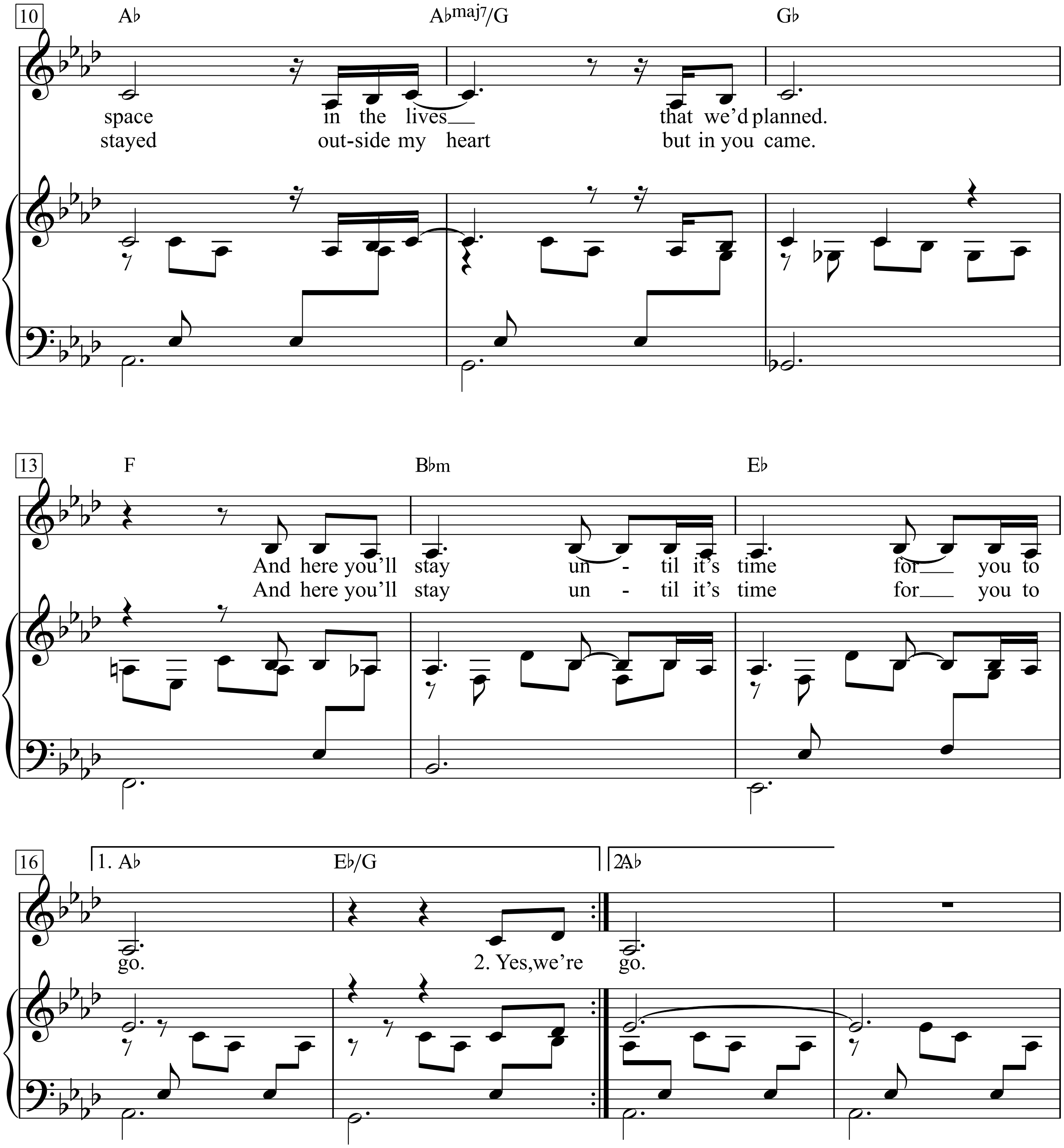
5. Wach auf, du Herzens Schöne.
Der Himmel tut sich färben.
No use to sit and wonder
it don’t matter anyhow.
Erklär ihm seine Träume
und hilf ihm Wasser tragen.
Der Mann hat große Hände,
und Arbeit habt ihr beide.
Ihr merkt schon, was ihr machen wollt.

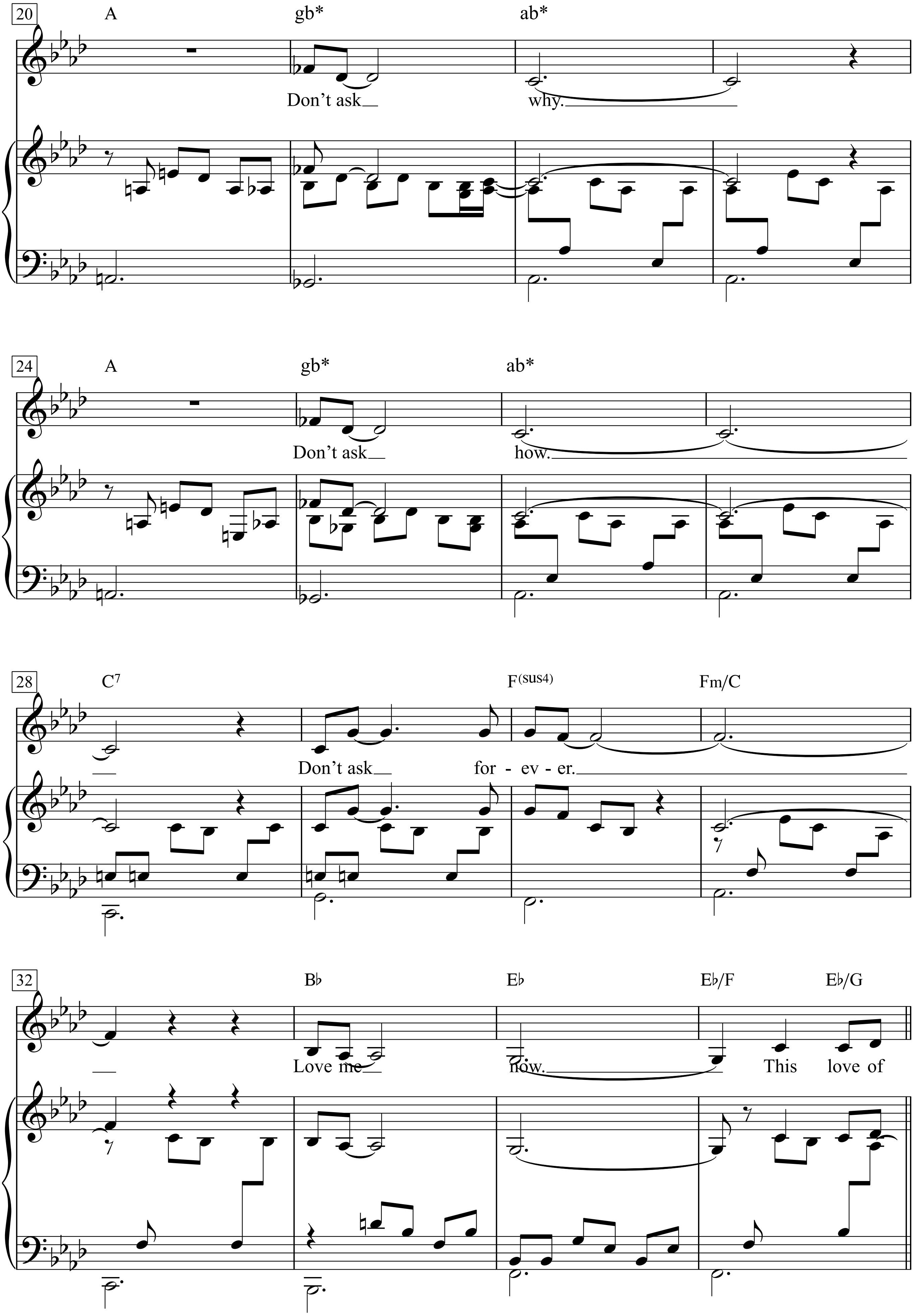
6. Das ist unter der Linde
und ist auch an der Heide,
wo euer zweier Bette
und gebrochen Blumen sind.
Der Morgen bringt dir Kühle.
Dein Mann ist eingeschlafen.
Da denkst du schon viel klarer:
Warum nicht mal versuchen,
das wird schon laufen, irgendwie.

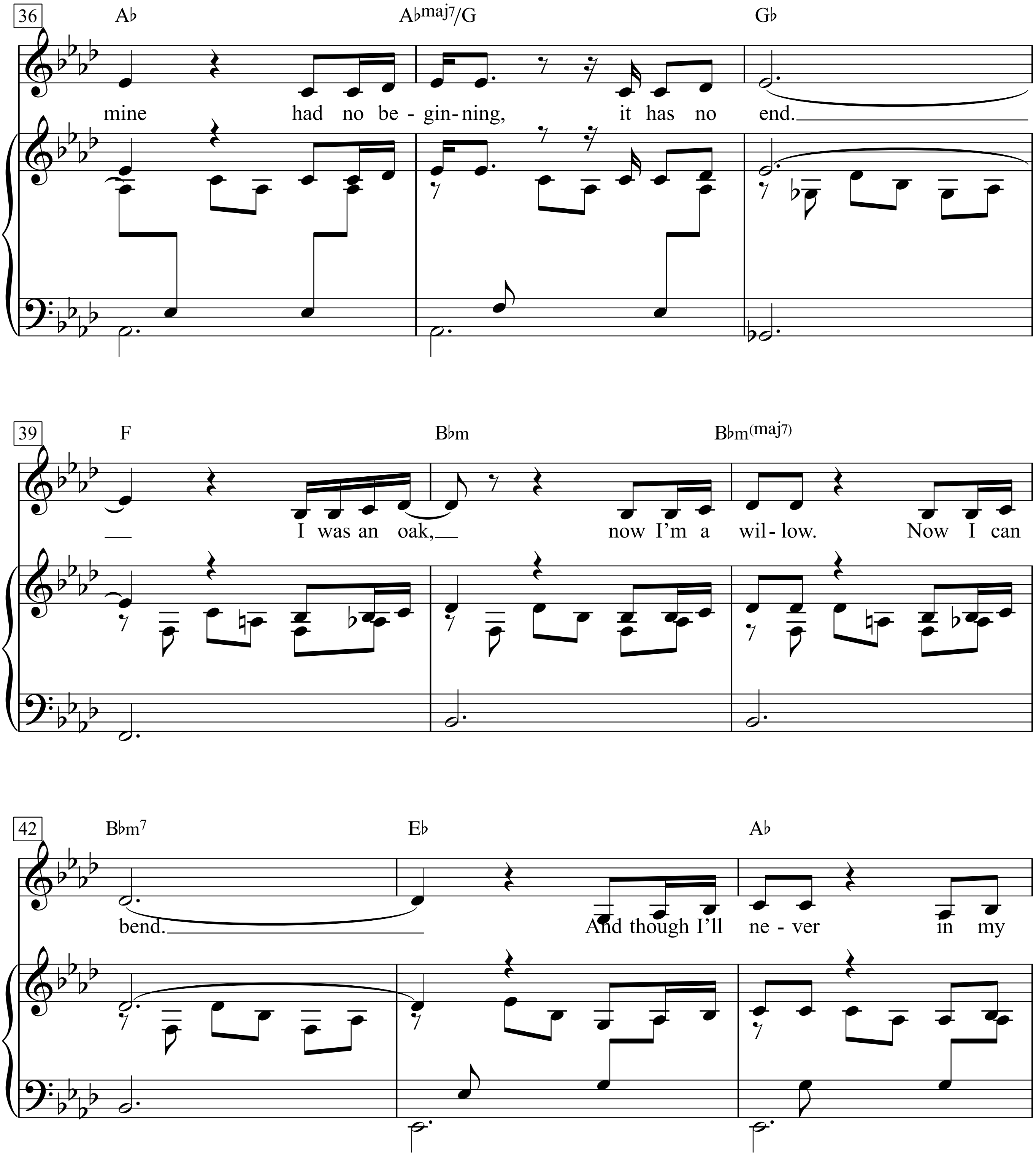
Until It's Time For You To Go

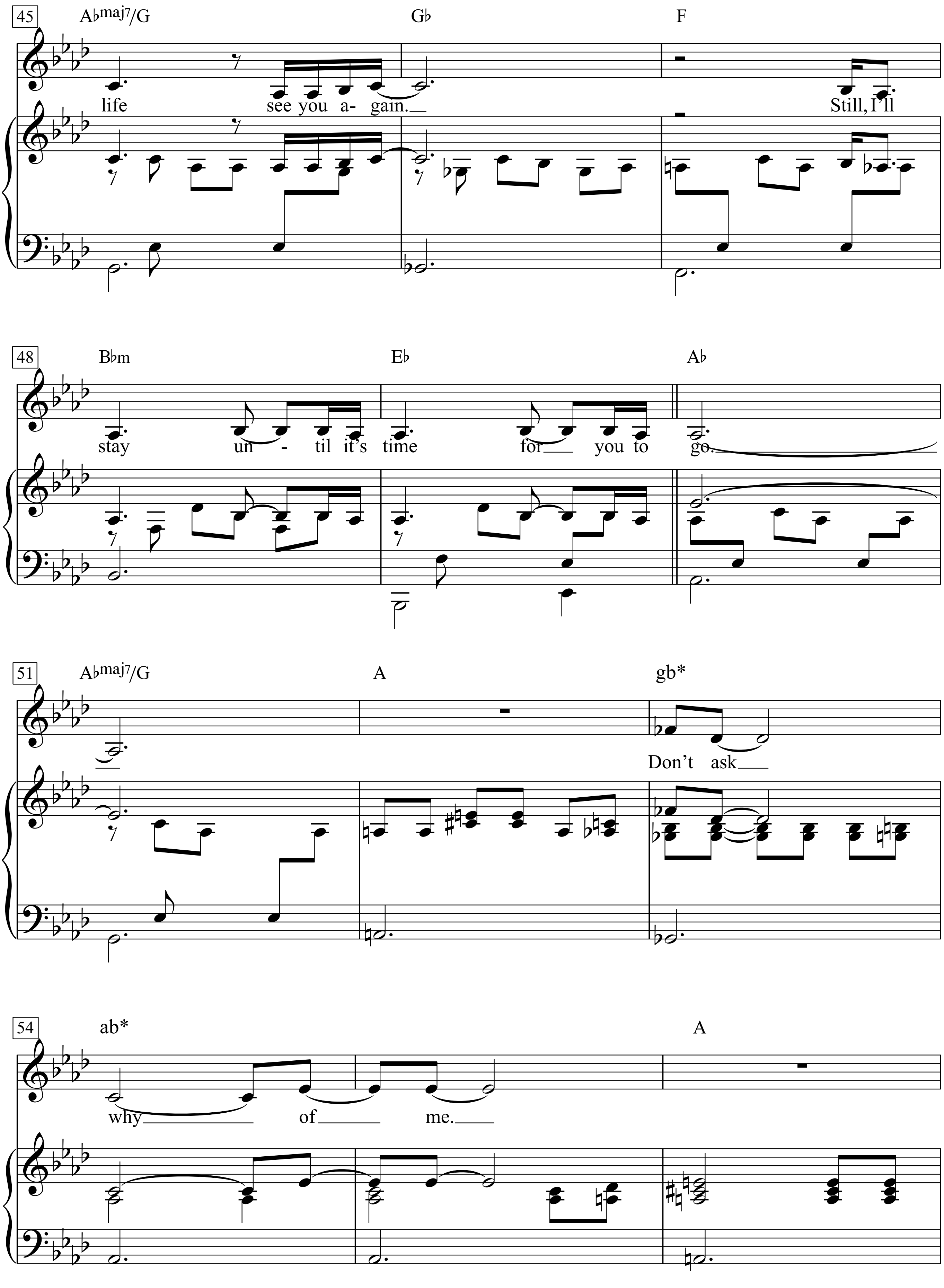
Words & Music by Buffy Sainte-Marie
(Buffy Sainte-Marie)

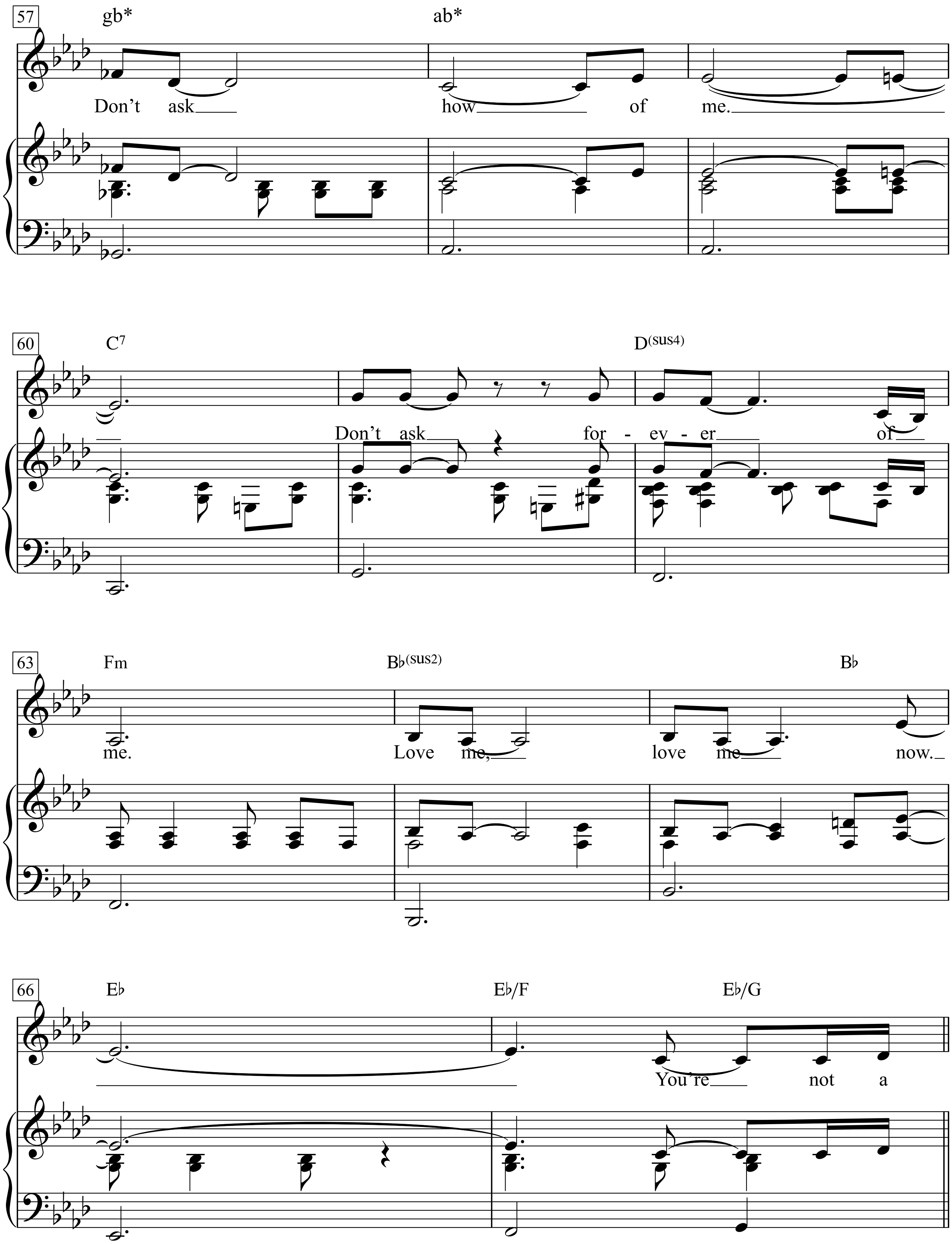


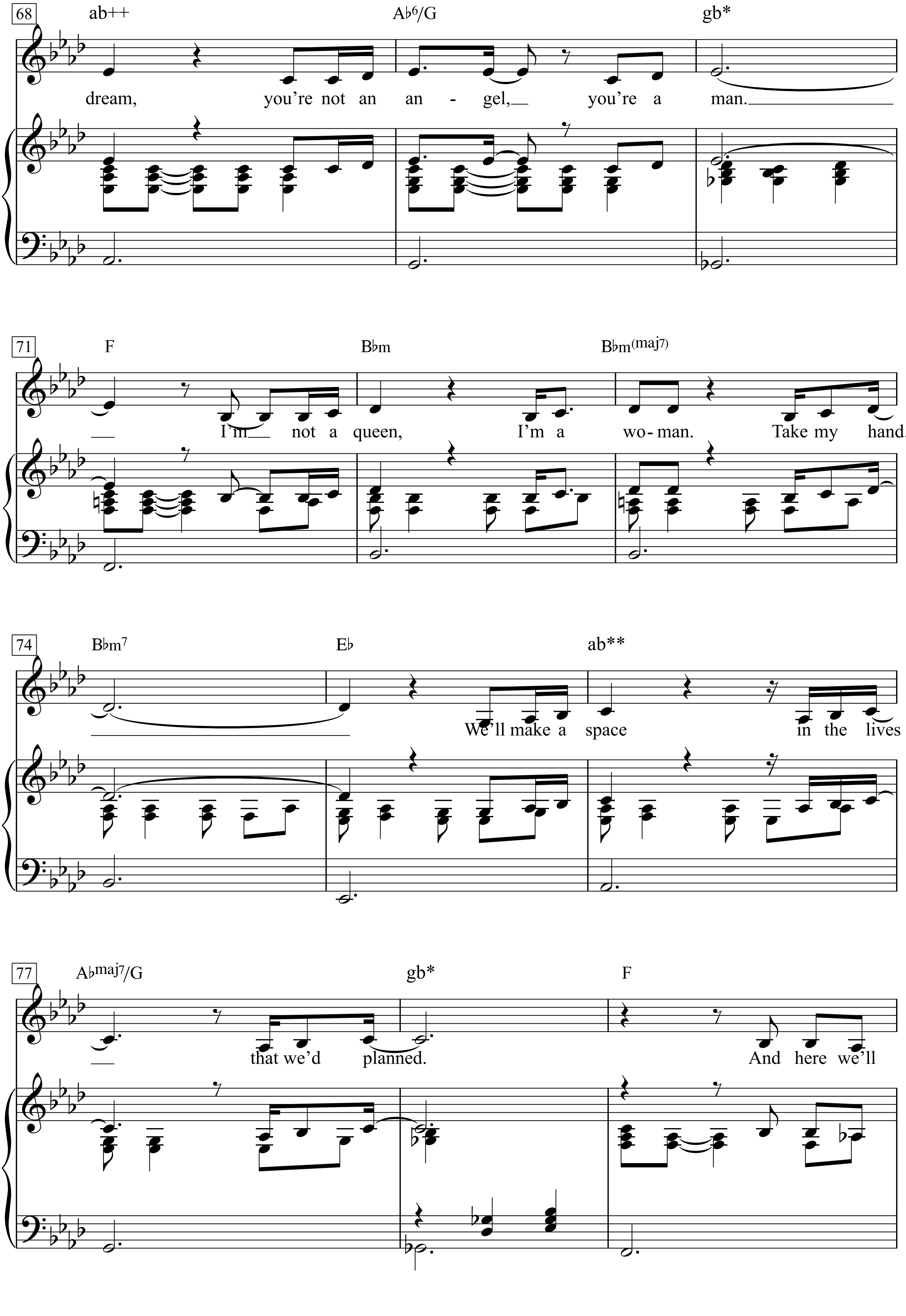

10
A♭
A♭maj7/G
G♭
space in the lives that we'd planned.
stayed out-side my heart but in you came.
13
F
B♭m
E♭
And here you'll stay un - til it's time for you to
And here you'll stay un - til it's time for you to
16
1. A♭
E♭/G
2A♭
go.
2. Yes, we're
go.

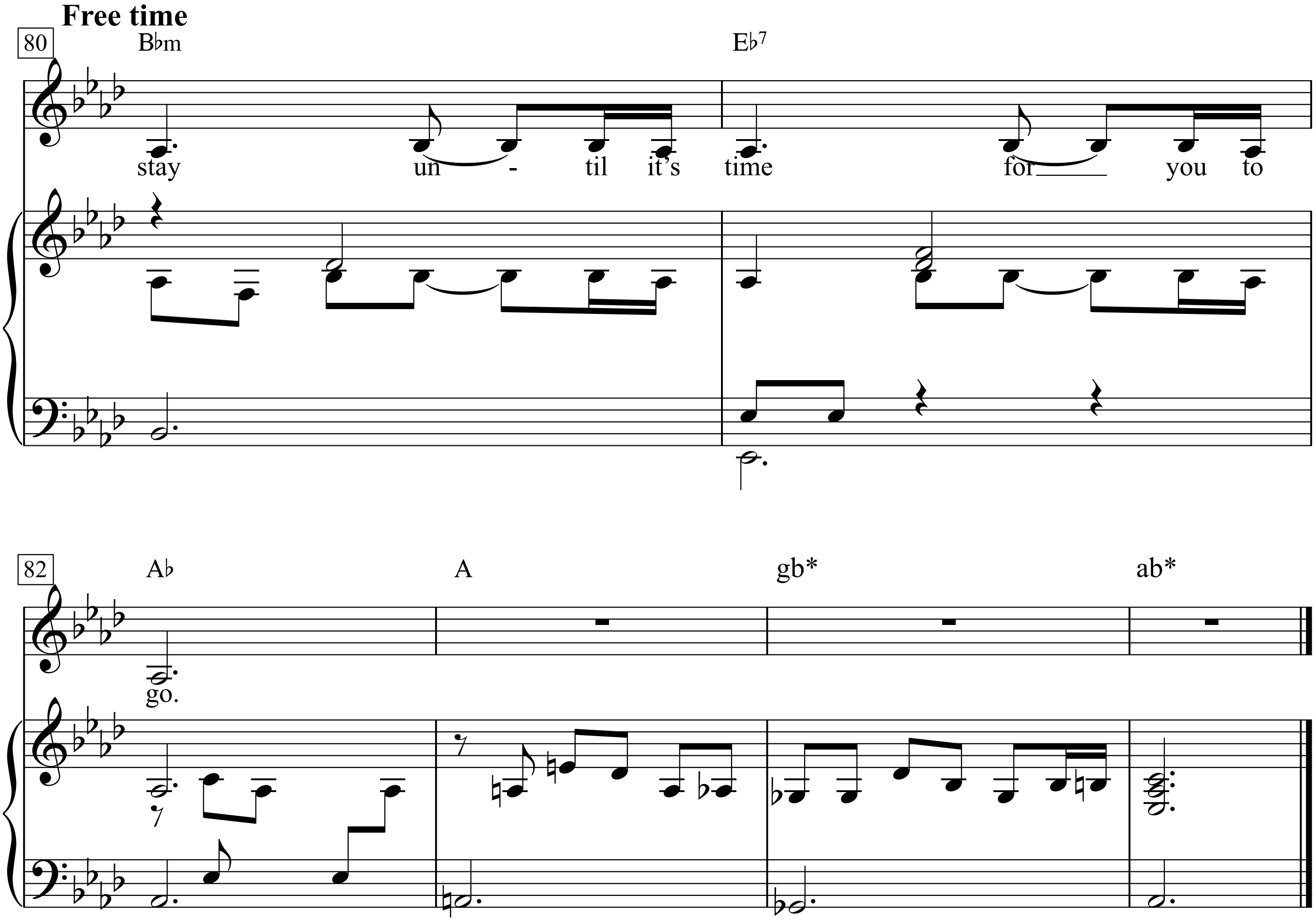

20
A
gb*
ab*
Don't ask why.
24
A
gb*
ab*
Don't ask how.
28
C7
F(sus4)
Fm/C
Don't ask for - ev - er.
32
B♭
E♭
E♭/F
E♭/G
Love me now. This love of


36
A♭ A♭maj7/G G♭
mine had no be - gin - ning, it has no end.
39
F B♭m B♭m(maj7)
I was an oak, now I'm a wil - low. Now I can
42
B♭m7 E♭ A♭
bend. And though I'll ne - ver in my


45
A♭maj7/G
G♭
F
life see you a- gain.
Still, I'll
48
B♭m
E♭
A♭
stay un - til it's time for you to go.
51
A♭maj7/G
A
gb*
Don't ask
54
ab*
A
why of me.

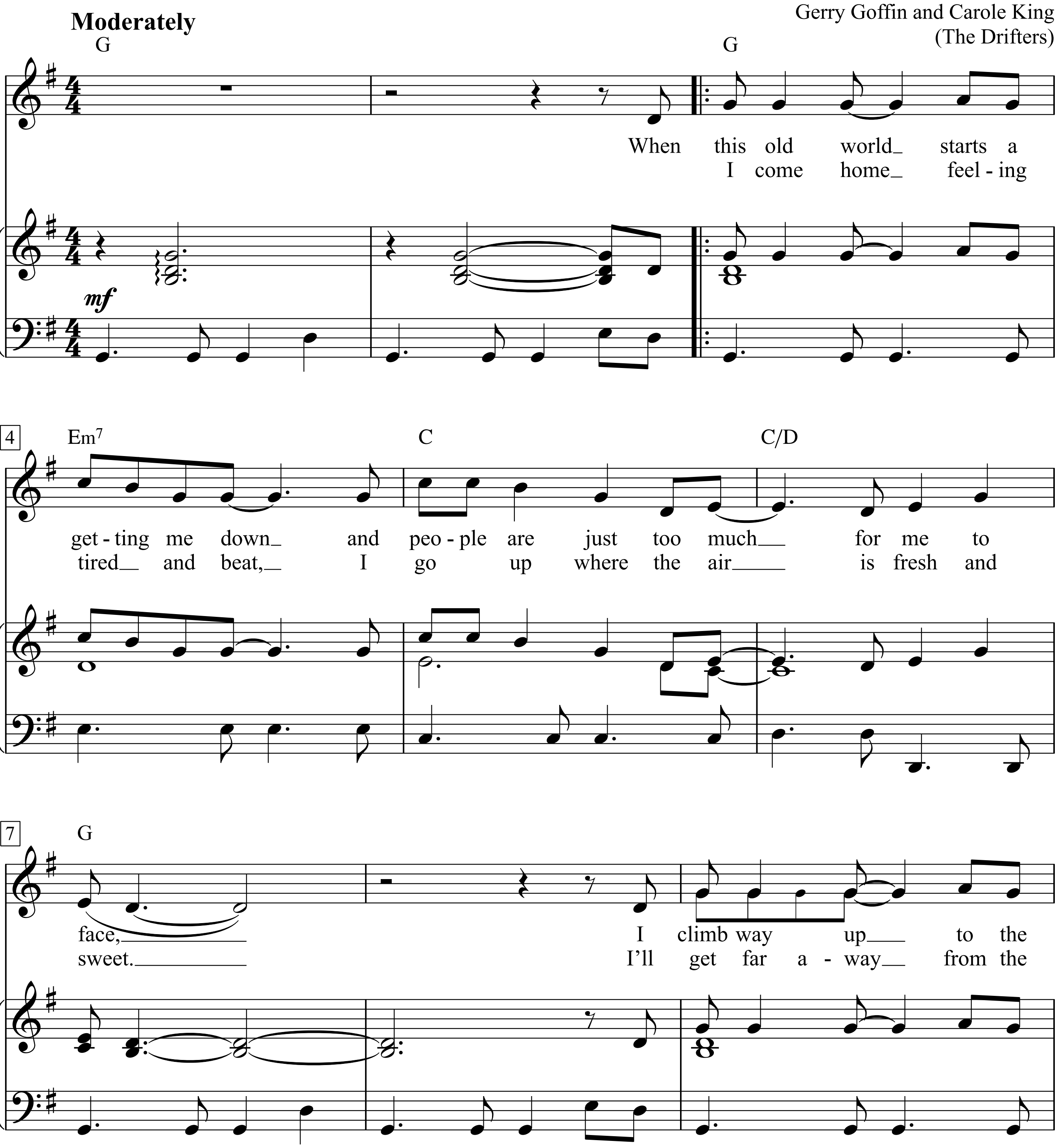

57
gb*
ab*
Don't ask how of me.
60
C7
D(sus4)
Don't ask for - ev - er of
63
Fm
B♭(sus2)
B♭
me. Love me, love me now.
66
E♭
E♭/F
E♭/G
You're not a

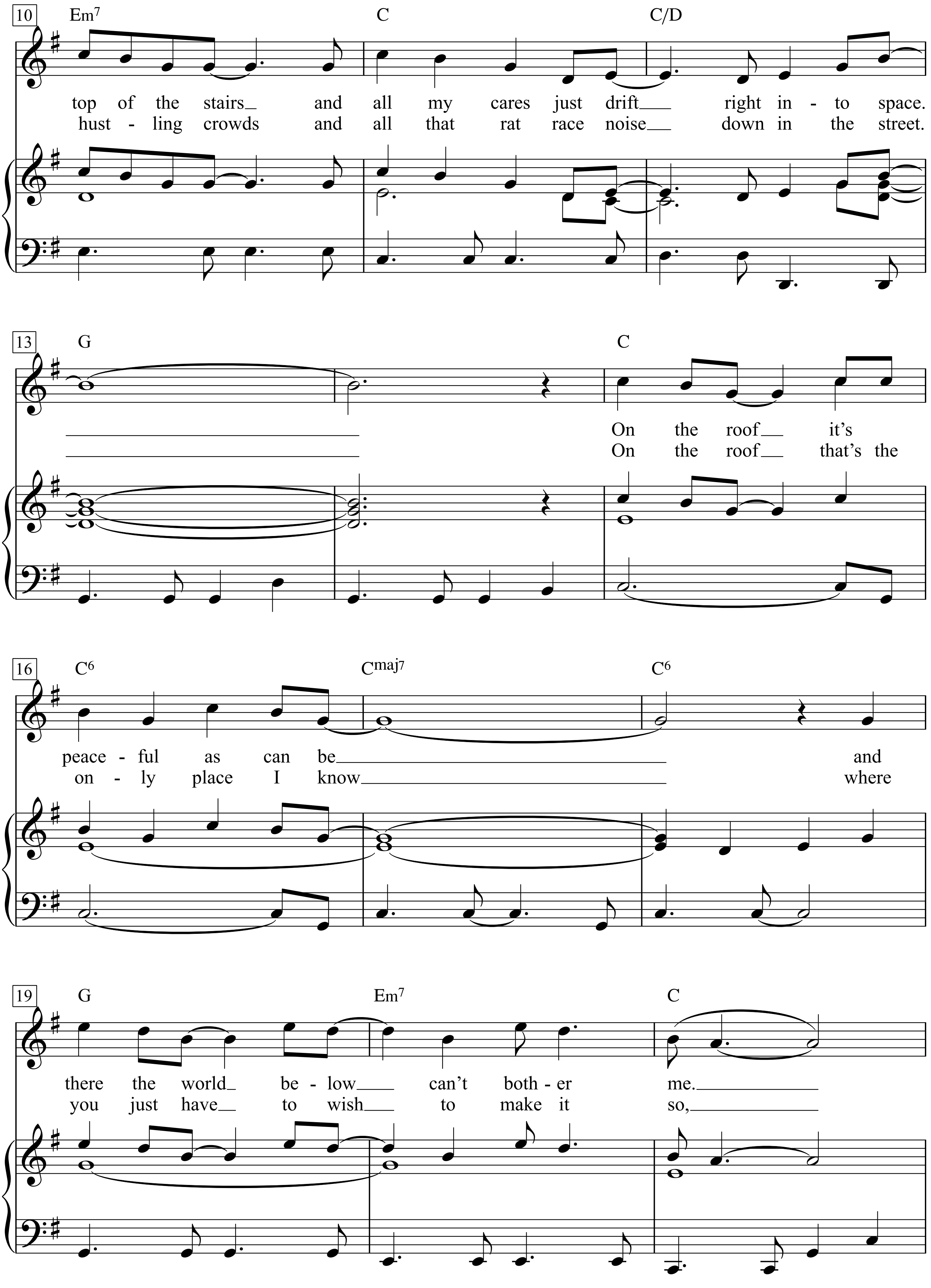

68
ab++
A♭6/G
gb*
dream, you're not an an - gel, you're a man.
71
F
B♭m
B♭m(maj7)
I'm not a queen, I'm a wo- man. Take my hand.
74
B♭m7
E♭
ab**
We'll make a space in the lives
77
A♭maj7/G
gb*
F
that we'd planned. And here we'll

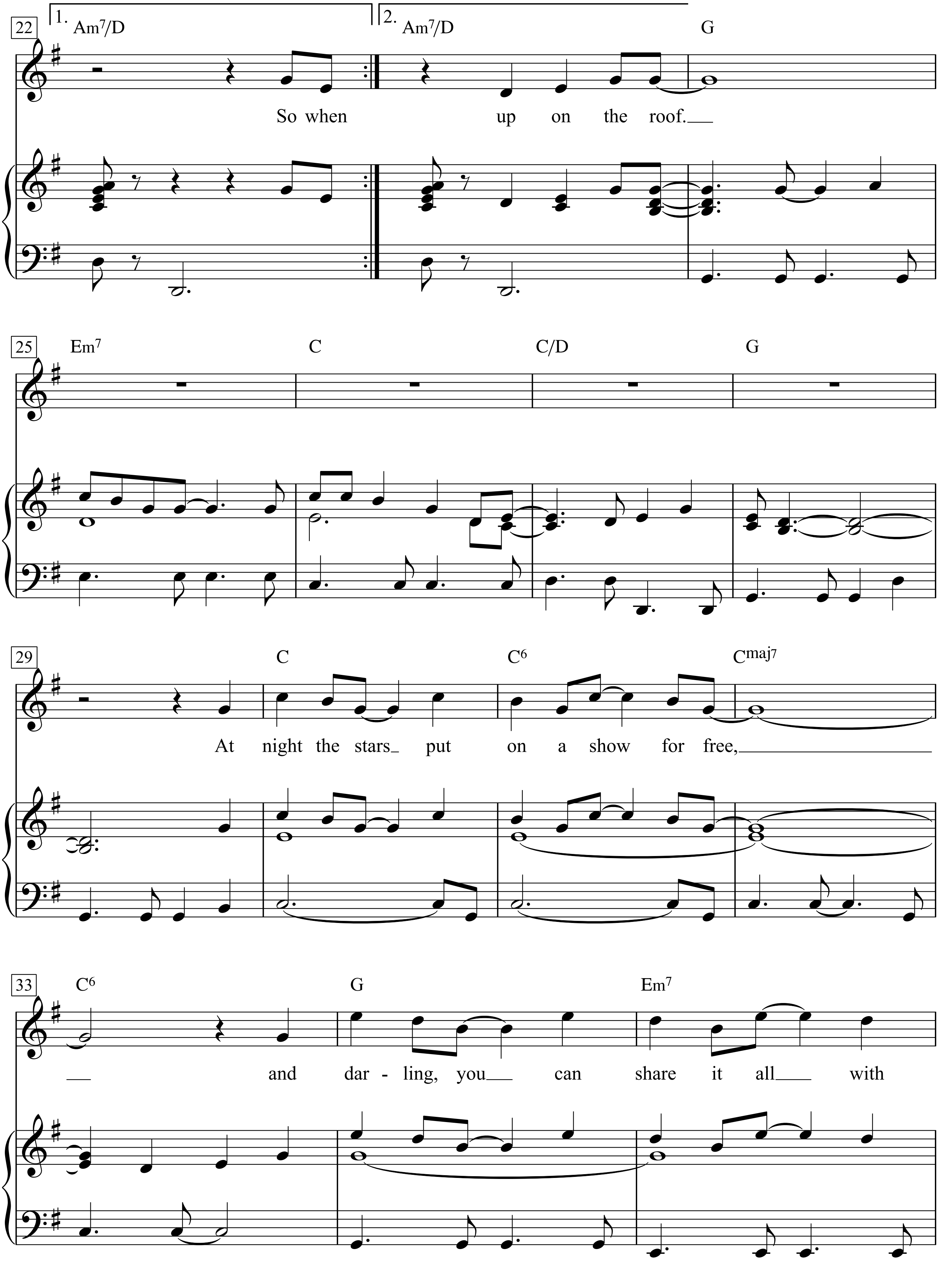

Free time
80
B♭m
E♭7
stay un - til it's time for you to
82
A♭
A
gb*
ab*
go.

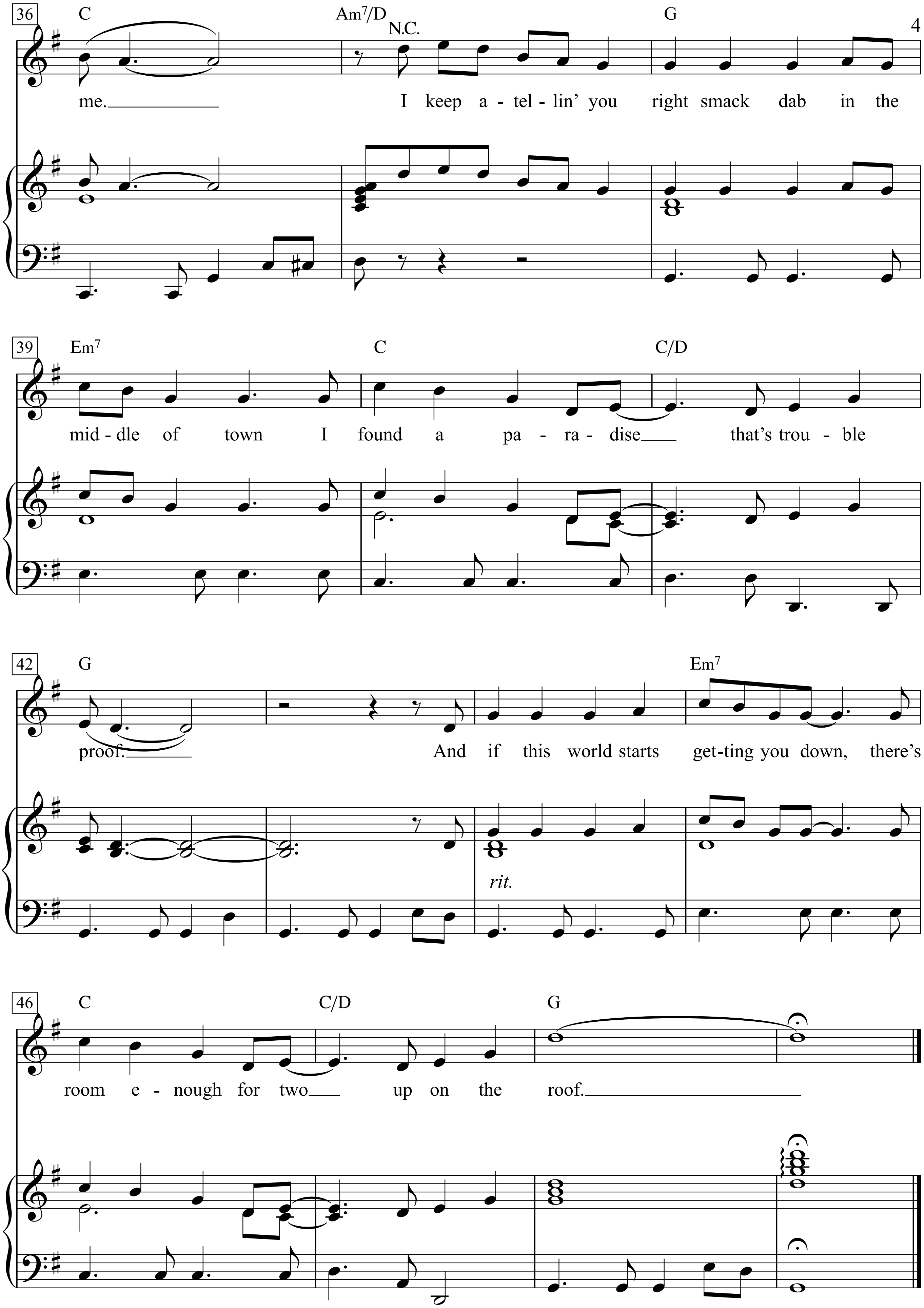
Up on the Roof

Words & Music by
Gerry Goffin and Carole King
(The Drifters)




10
Em7 C C/D
top of the stairs and all my cares just drift right in - to space.
hust - ling crowds and all that rat race noise down in the street.
13
G C
On the roof it's
On the roof that's the
16
C6 Cmaj7 C6
peace - ful as can be and
on - ly place I know where
19
G Em7 C
there the world be - low can't both - er me.
you just have to wish to make it so,


22
1. Am7/D
2. Am7/D
G
So when up on the roof.
25
Em7
C
C/D
G
29
C
C6
Cmaj7
At night the stars put on a show for free,
33
C6
G
Em7
and dar - ling, you can share it all with


36
C
Am7/D
N.C.
G
me.
I keep a - tel - lin' you right smack dab in the
39
Em7
C
C/D
mid - dle of town I found a pa - ra - dise that's trou - ble
42
G
Em7
proof.
And if this world starts get-ting you down, there's
rit.
46
C
C/D
G
room e - nough for two up on the roof.

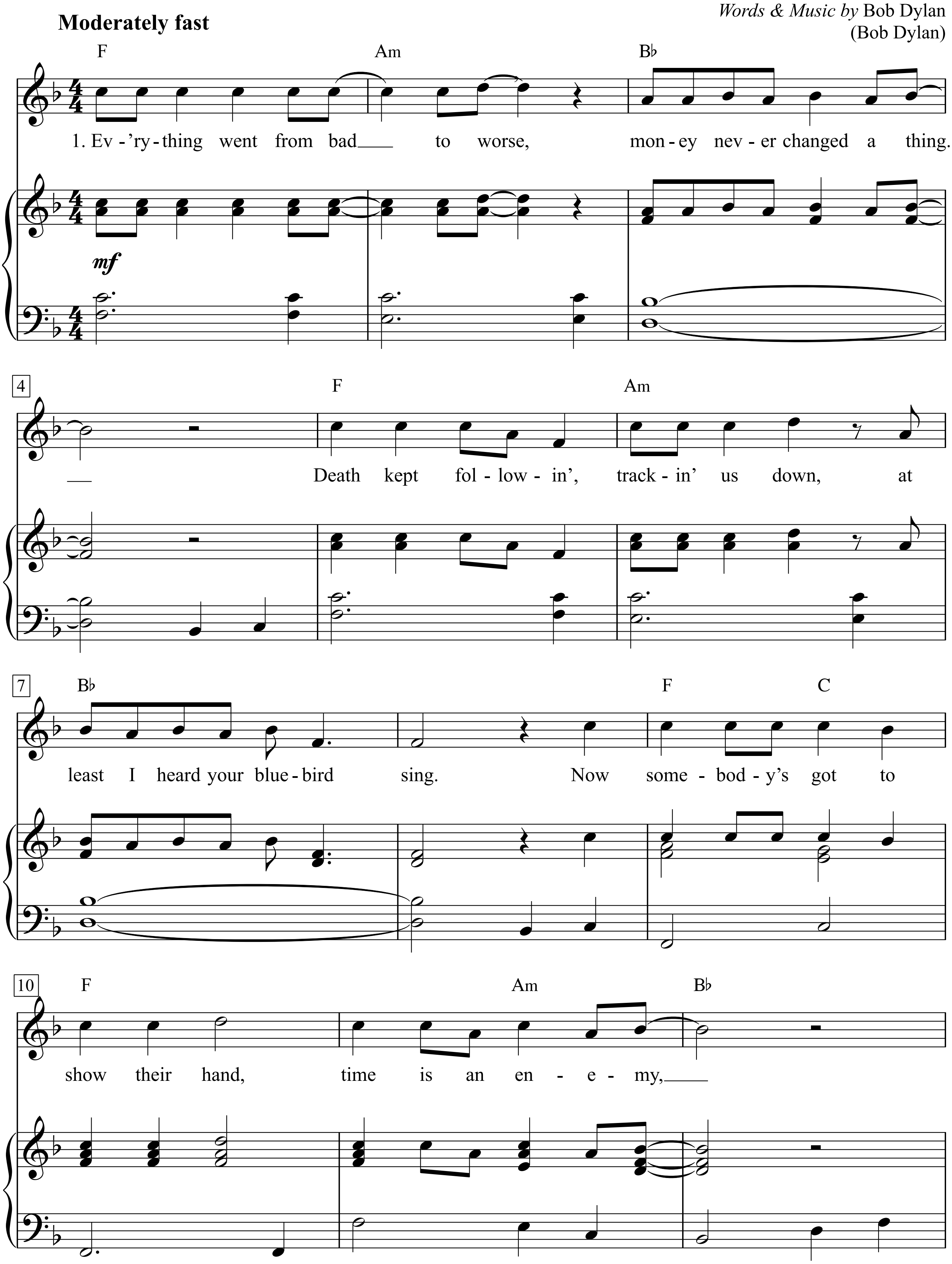
1. When this old world starts a getting me down
and people are just too much for me to face,
I climb way up to the top of the stairs
and all my cares just drift right into space.
On the roof it's peaceful as can be
and there the world below can't bother me.

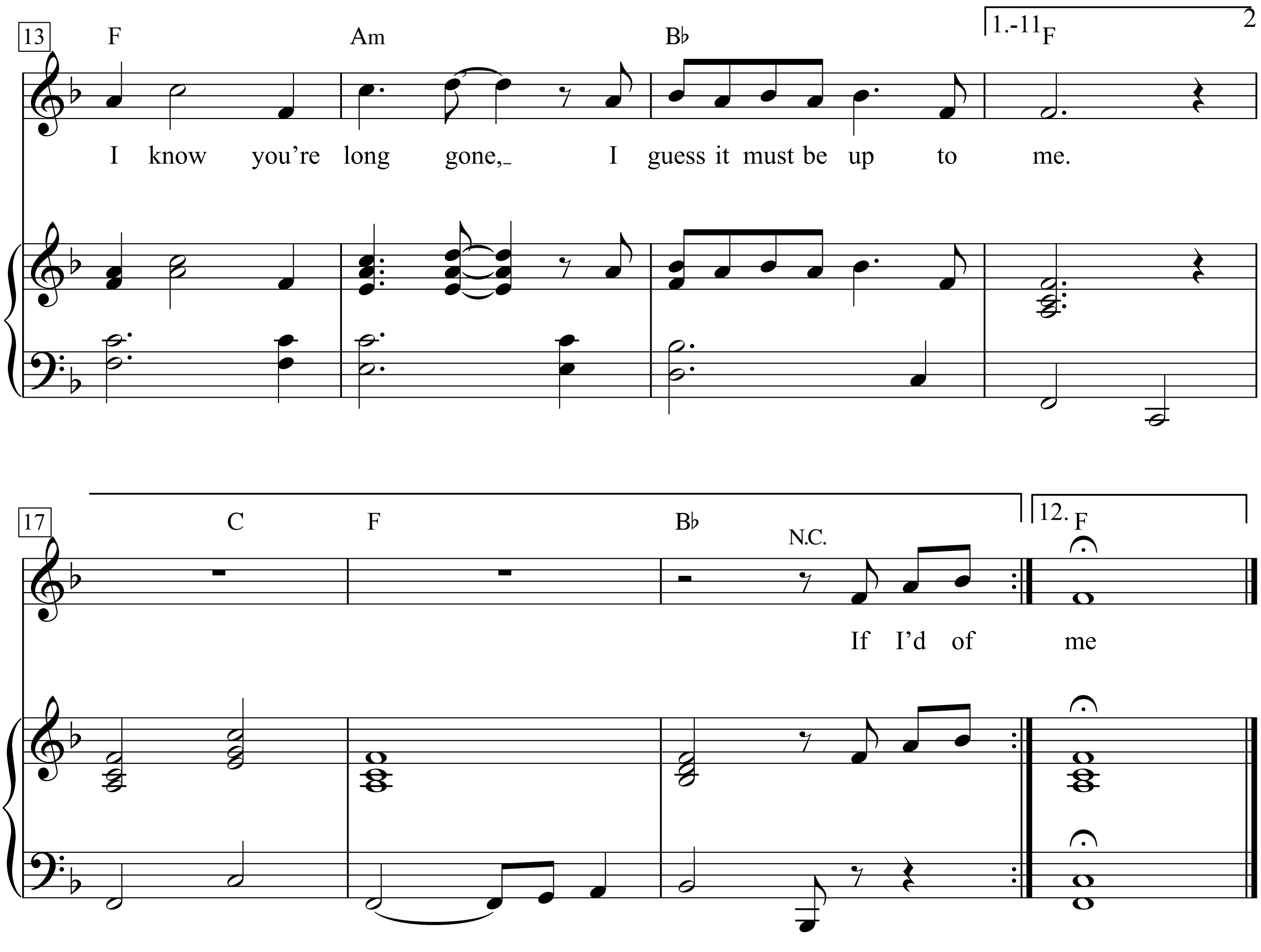
2. So when I come home feeling tired and beat,
I go up where the air is fresh and sweet.
I'll get far away from the hustling crowds
and all that rat race noise down in the street.
On the roof that's the only place I know
where you just have to wish to make it so,
up on the roof.

At night the stars put on a show for free,
and darling, you can share it all with me.
I keep a-tellin' you right smack dab in the middle of town
I found a paradise that's trouble proof.
And if this world starts getting you down,
there's room enough for two up on the roof.

Up To Me

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




13
F
Am
B♭
1.-11
F
I know you're long gone,_ I guess it must be up to me.
17
C
F
B♭
N.C.
12.
F
If I'd of me

1. Ev'rything went from bad to worse,
Money never changed a thing.
Death kept followin', trackin' us down,
At least I heard your bluebird sing.
Now somebody's got to show their hand,
Time is an enemy,
I know you're long gone,
I guess it must be up to me.

2. If I'd of thought about it I never would've done it
I guess I would-a let it slide
If I'd-a lived my life by what others were thinkin'
The heart inside me would-a died
I was just too stubborn to ever be governed
By enforced insanity
Someone had to reach for the risin' star
I guess it was up to me

3. Oh, the Union Central is pullin' out
And the orchids are in bloom
I've only got me one good shirt left
And it smells of stale perfume
In fourteen months I've only smiled once
And I didn't do it consciously
Somebody's got to find your trail
I guess it must be up to me

4. It was like a revelation
When you betrayed me with your touch
I'd just about convinced myself
That nothin' had changed that much
The old Rounder in the iron mask
Slipped me the master key
Somebody had to unlock your heart
He said it was up to me

5. Well, I watched you slowly disappear
Down into the officers' club
I would've followed you in the door
But I didn't have a ticket stub
So I waited all night 'til the break of day
Hopin' one of us could get free
When the dawn came over the river bridge
I knew it was up to me

6. Oh, the only decent thing I did
When I worked as a postal clerk
Was to haul your picture down off the wall
Near the cage where I used to work
Was I a fool or not to try
To protect your identity
You looked a little burned out, my friend
I thought it might be up to me

7. Well, I met somebody face to face
And I had to remove my hat
She's everything I need and love
But I can't be swayed by that
It frightens me, the awful truth
Of how sweet life can be
But she ain't a-gonna make a move
I guess it must be up to me

8. We heard the Sermon on the Mount
And I knew it was too complex
It didn't amount to anything more
Than what the broken glass reflects
When you bite off more than you can chew
You pay the penalty
Somebody's got to tell the tale
I guess it must be up to me

9. Well, Dupree came in pimpin' tonight
To the Thunderbird Cafe
Crystal wanted to talk to him
I had to look the other way
Well, I just can't rest without you, love
I need your company
But you ain't a-gonna cross the line
I guess it must be up to me

10. There's a note left in the bottle
You can give it to Estelle
She's the one you been wondrin' about
But there's really nothin' much to tell
We both heard voices for awhile
Now the rest is history
Somebody's got to cry some tears
I guess it must be up to me

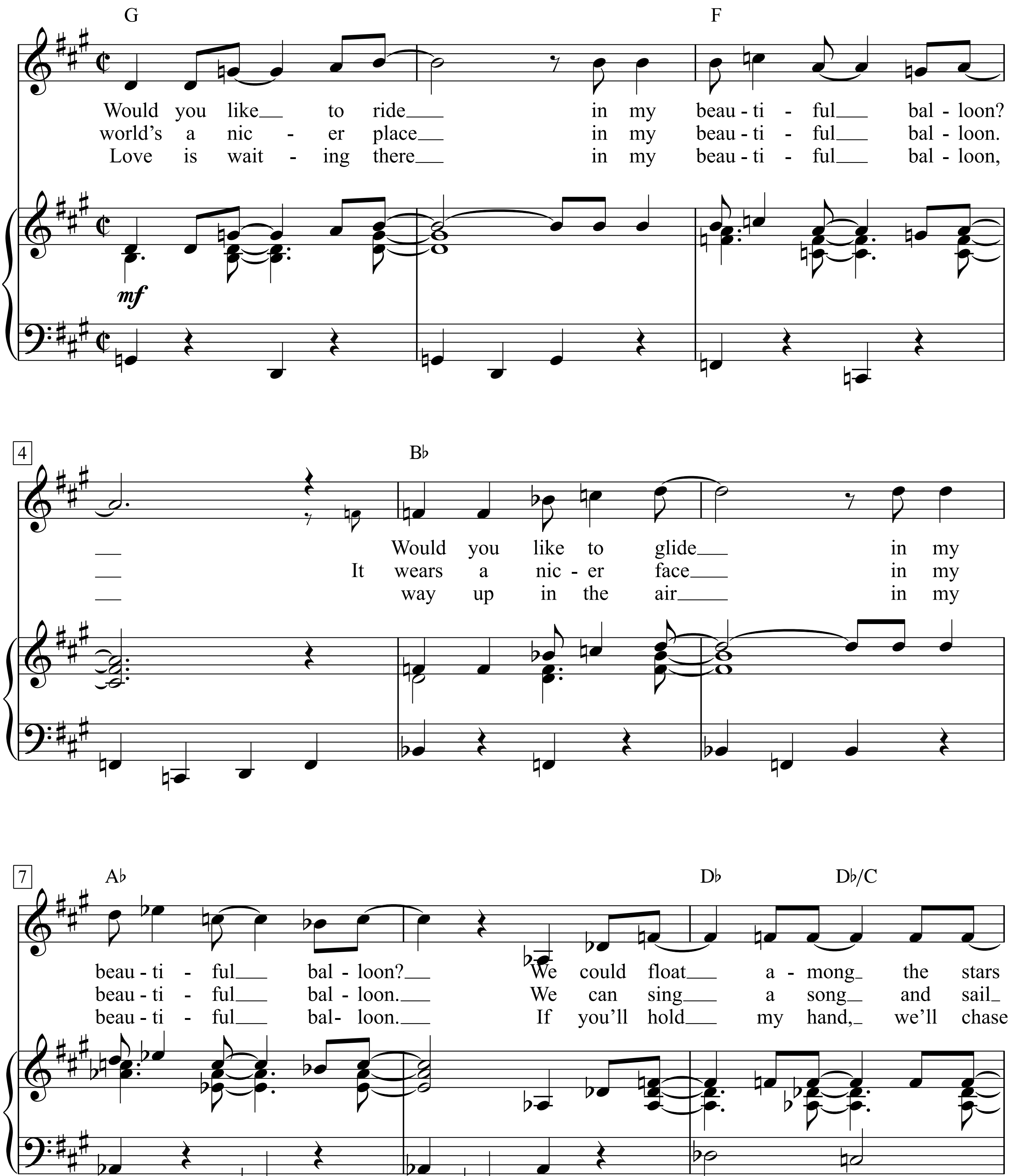
11. So go on boys and play your hands
Life is a pantomime
The ringleaders from the county seat
Say you don't have all that much time
And the girl with me behind the shades
She ain't my property
One of us has got to hit the road
I guess it must be up to me

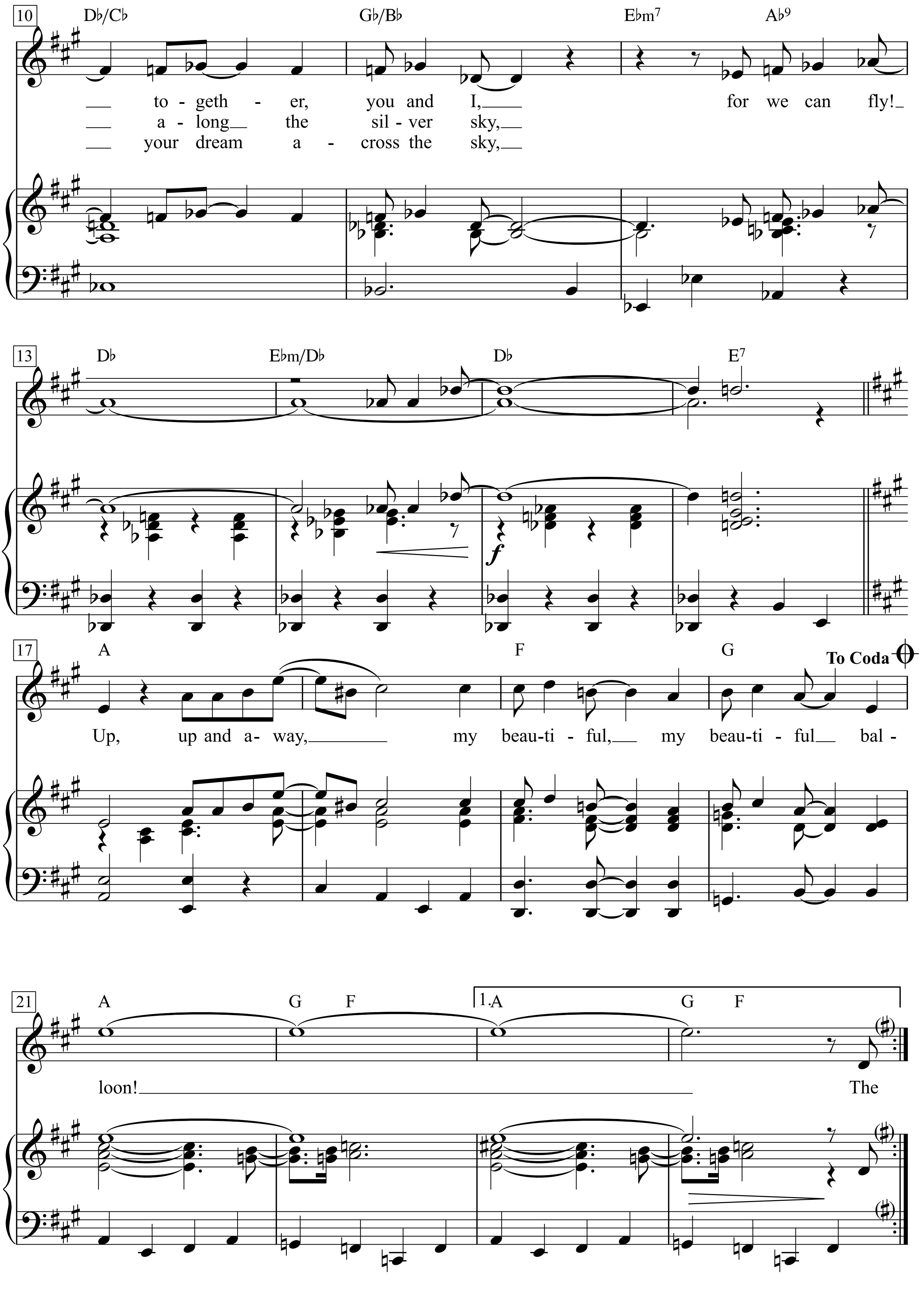
12. And if we never meet again
Baby remember me
How my lone guitar played sweet for you
That old-time melody
And the harmonica around my neck
I blew it for you, free
No one else could play that tune
You know it was up to me

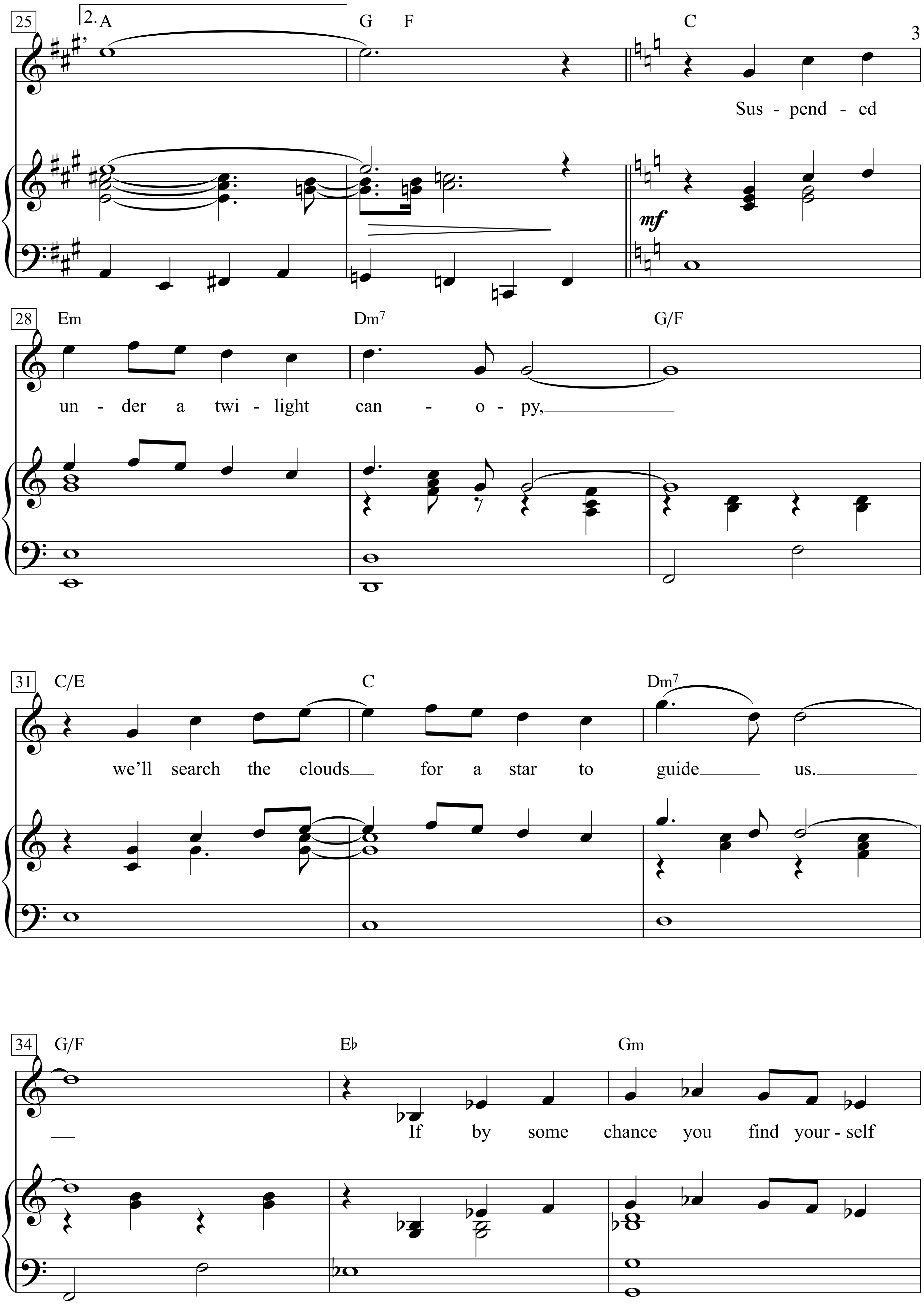
Moderately

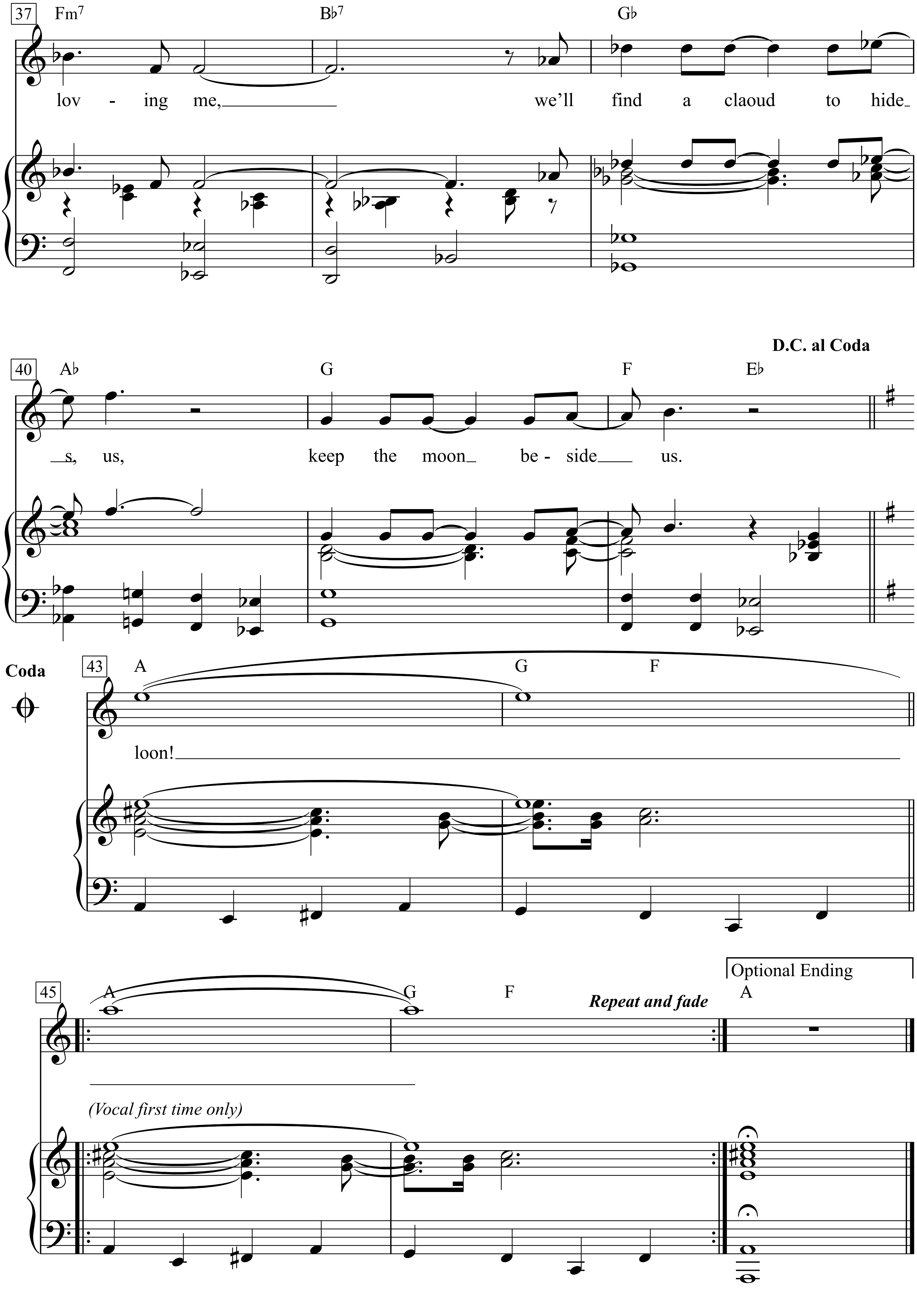
Up, Up And Away

Words & Music by Jimmy Webb
(The 5th Dimension)




10
D♭/C♭
G♭/B♭
E♭m7
A♭9
__ to - geth - er, you and I, __ for we can fly! _
__ a - long __ the sil - ver sky, __
__ your dream a - cross the sky, __
13
D♭
E♭m/D♭
D♭
E7
f
17
A
F
G
To Coda
Up, up and a - way, __ my beau - ti - ful, __ my beau - ti - ful __ bal -
21
A
G F
1.A
G F
loon! __ The


25
2.
A
G F
C
Sus - pend - ed
mf
28
Em
Dm7
G/F
un - der a twi - light can - o - py,
31
C/E
C
Dm7
we'll search the clouds for a star to guide us.
34
G/F
E♭
Gm
If by some chance you find your - self


37
Fm7
B♭7
G♭
lov - ing me, we'll find a claoud to hide
40
A♭
G
F
E♭
D.C. al Coda
s, us, keep the moon beside us.
Coda
43
A
G
F
loon!
45
Repeat and fade
Optional Ending
(Vocal first time only)

Would you like to ride in my beautiful balloon
Would you like to ride in my beautiful balloon
We could float among the stars together, you and I
For we can fly we can fly

Up, up and away
My beautiful, my beautiful balloon

The world's a nicer place in my beautiful balloon
It wears a nicer face in my beautiful balloon
We can sing a song and sail along the silver sky
For we can fly we can fly

Up, up and away
My beautiful, my beautiful balloon
Suspended under a twilight canopy
We'll search the clouds for a star to guide us

If by some chance you find yourself loving me
We'll find a cloud to hide us
We'll keep the moon beside us
Love is waiting there in my beautiful balloon
Way up in the air in my beautiful balloon
If you'll hold my hand we'll chase your dream across the sky
For we can fly we can fly

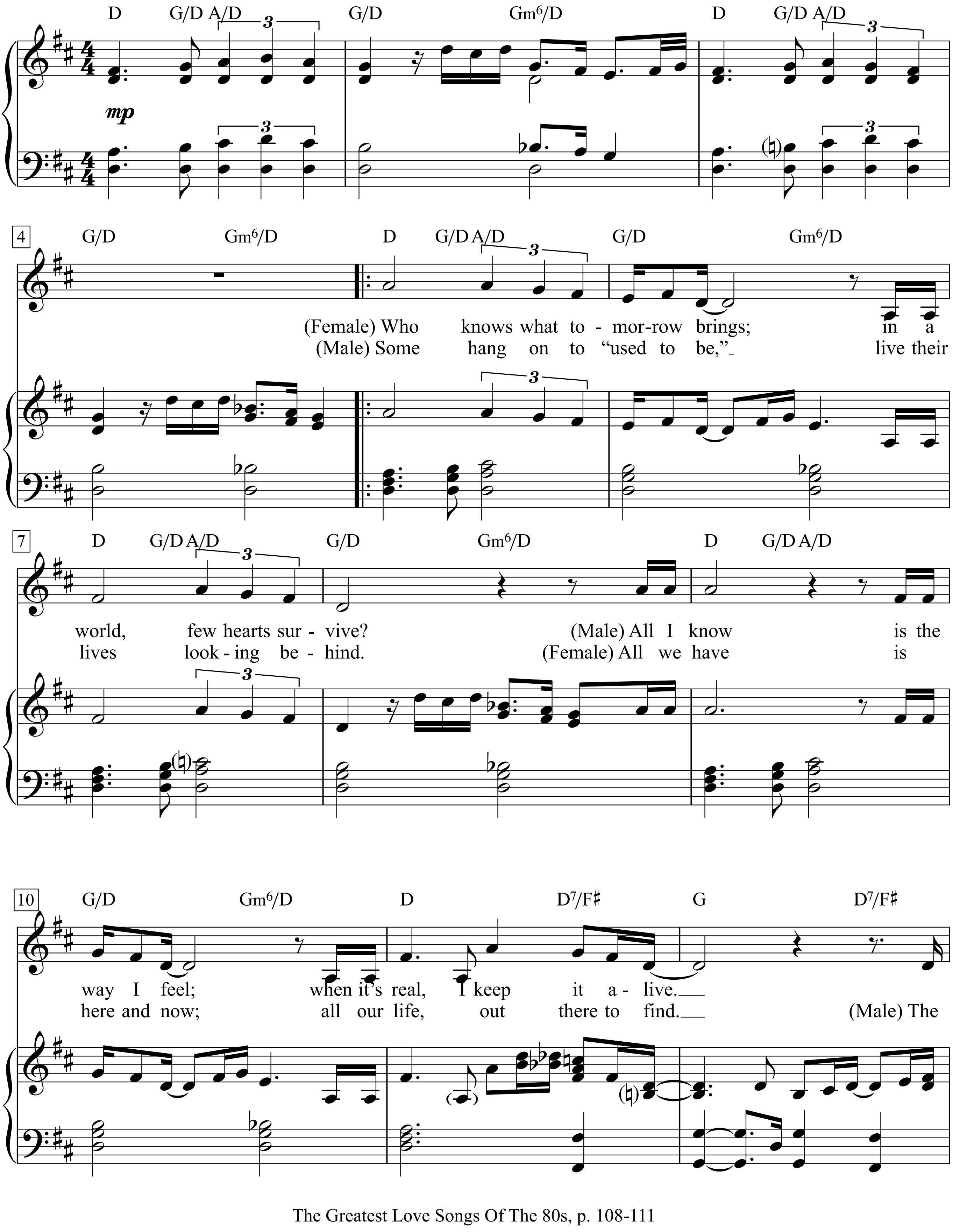
Up, up and away
My beautiful, my beautiful balloon
Balloon

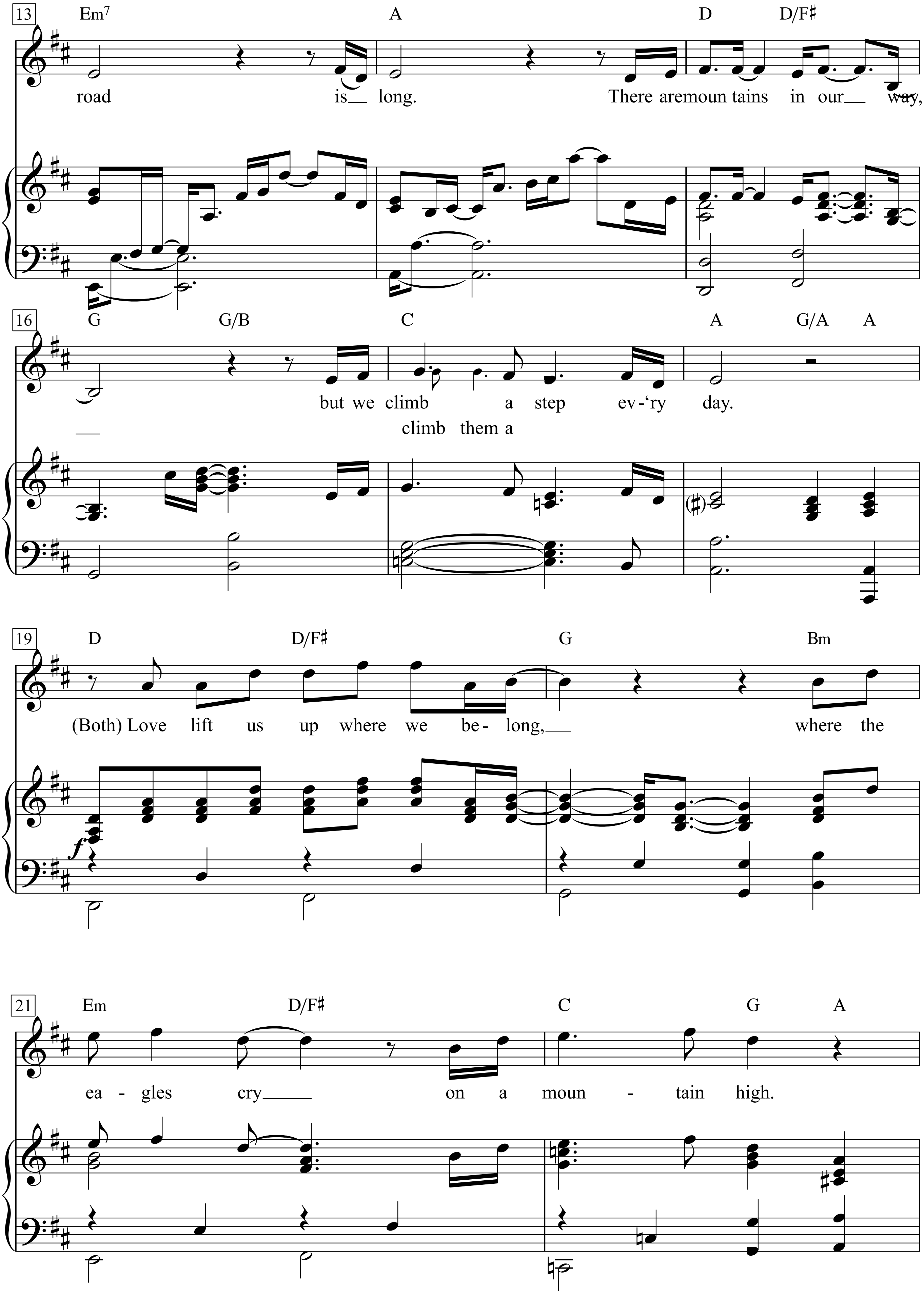
Up, up, and away!

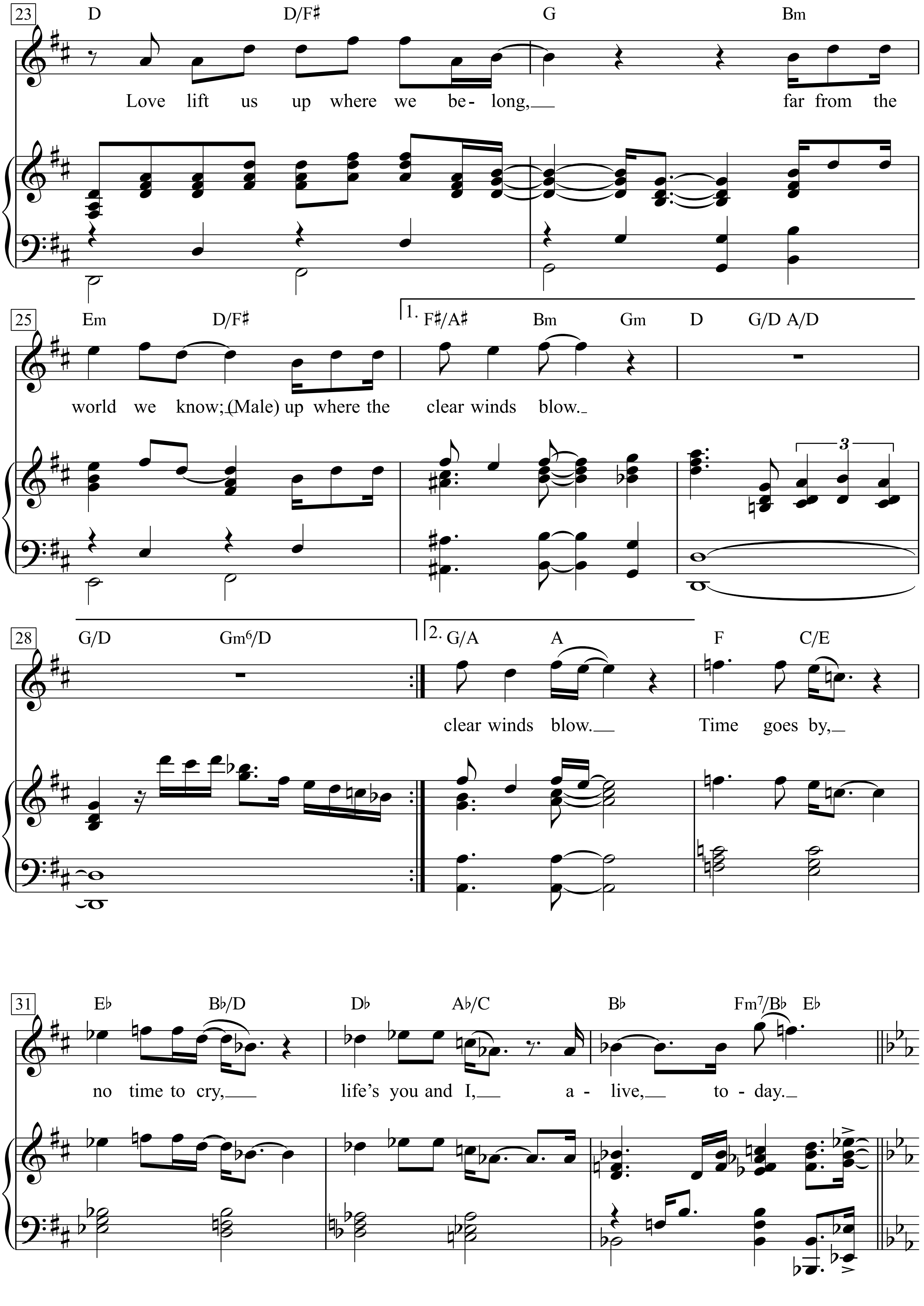
Up Where We Belong

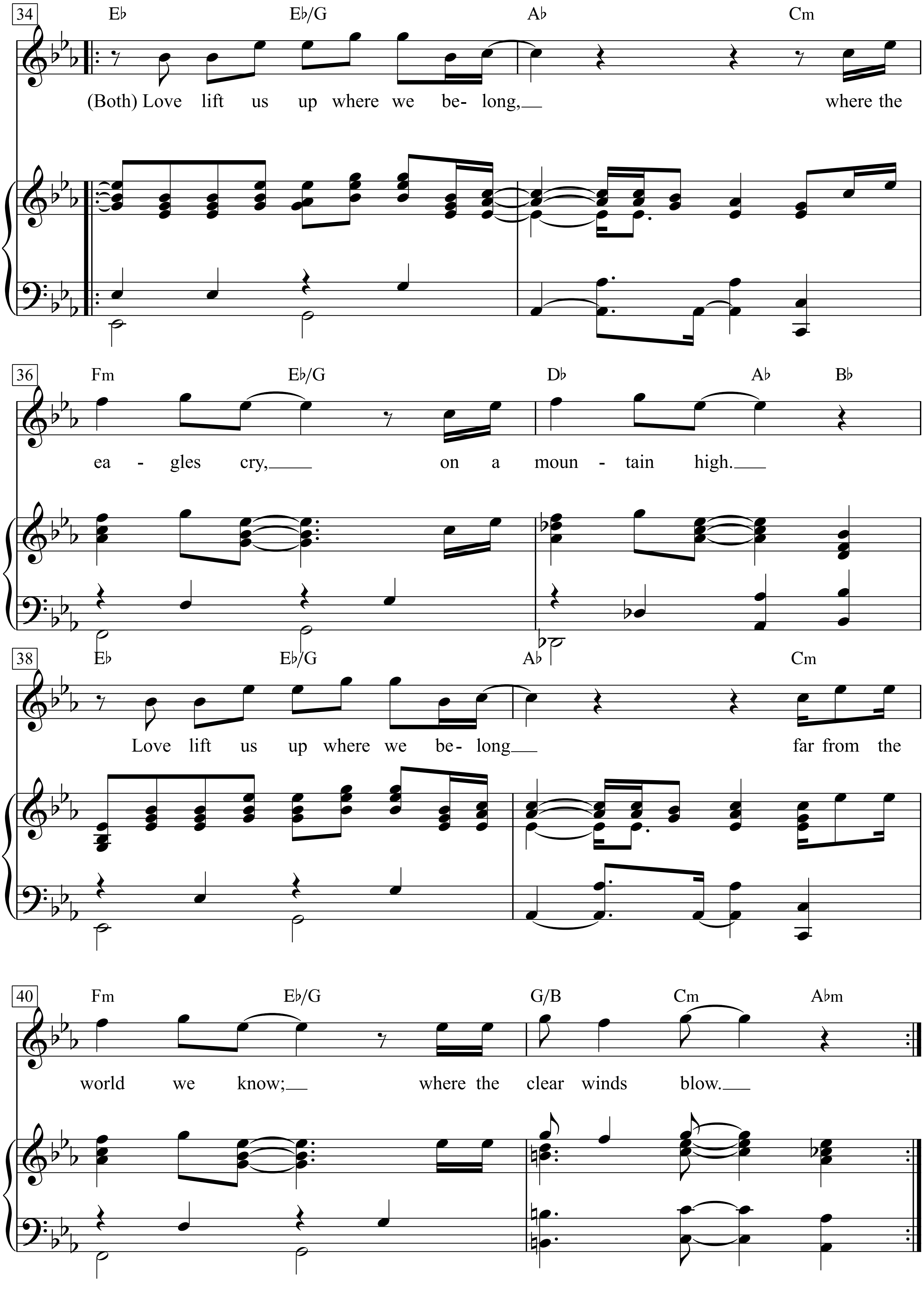
Soulfully

Words & Music by
Jack Nitzsche, Will Jennings & Buffy Sainte-Marie
(Joe Cocker & Jennifer Warnes)



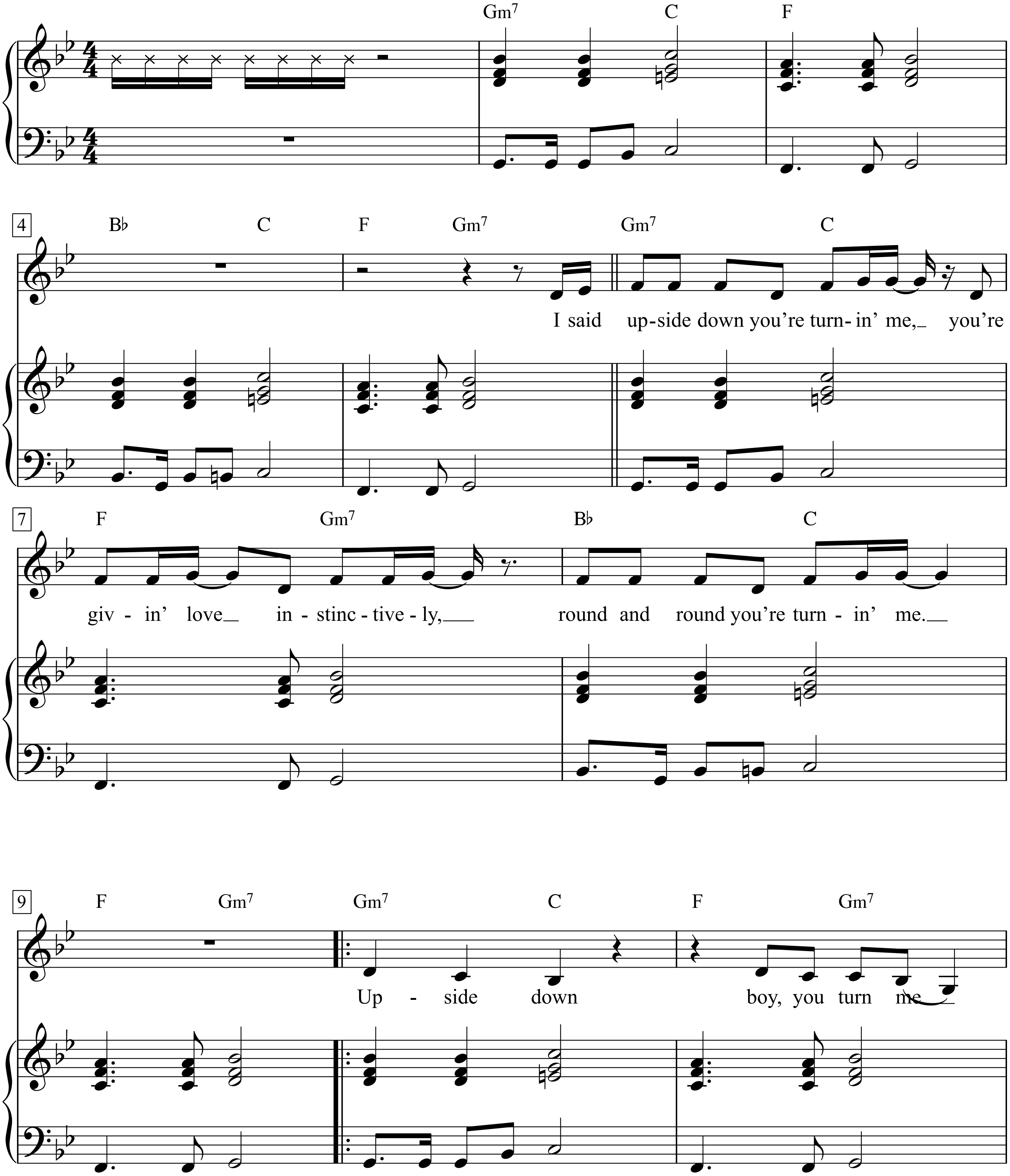

13
Em7 A D D/F♯
road is long. There are moun tains in our way,
16
G G/B C A G/A A
but we climb a step ev-'ry day.
climb them a
19
D D/F♯ G Bm
(Both) Love lift us up where we be- long, where the
f
21
Em D/F♯ C G A
ea - gles cry on a moun - tain high.

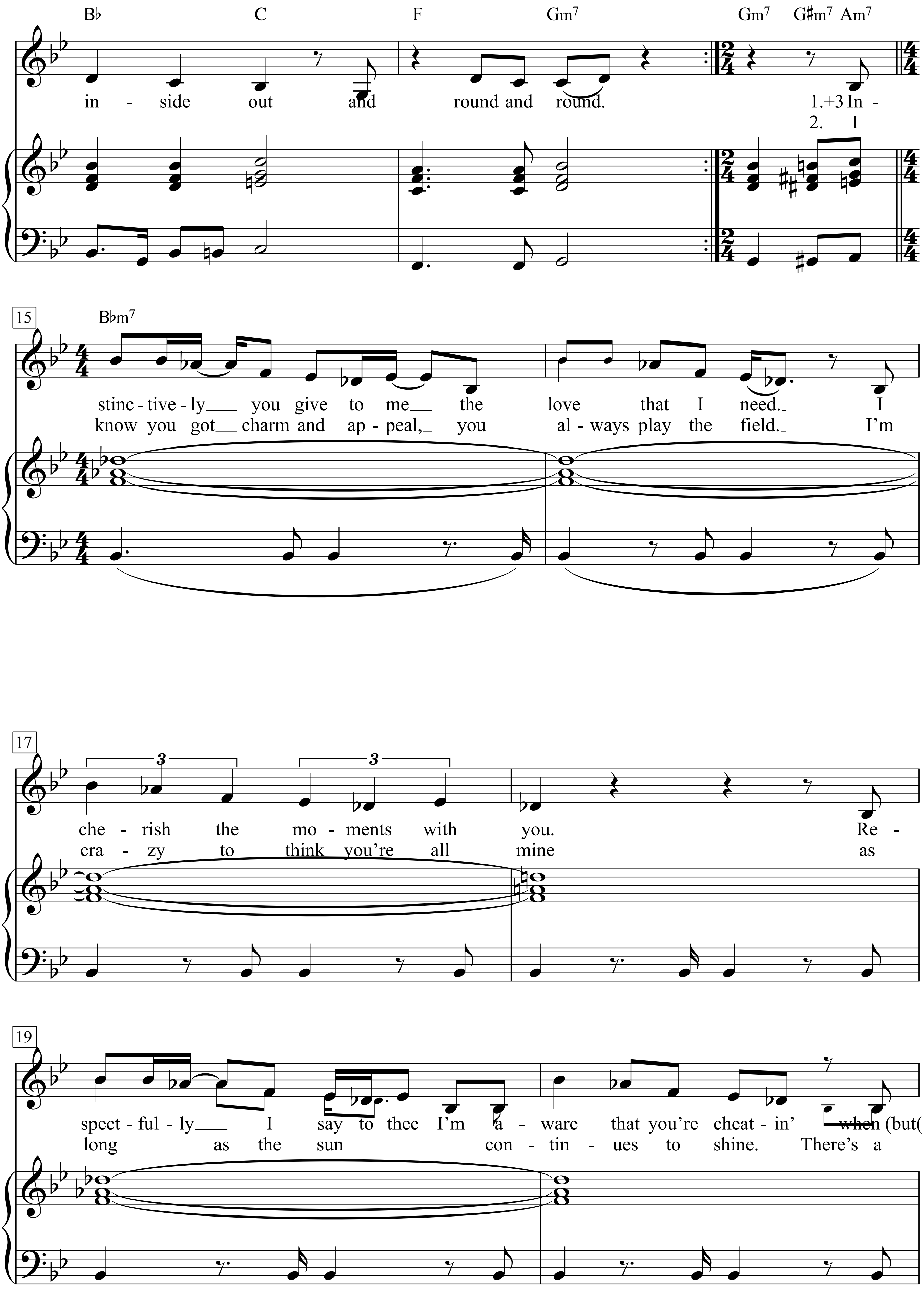

23
D D/F♯ G Bm
Love lift us up where we be - long, far from the
25
Em D/F♯ 1. F♯/A♯ Bm Gm D G/D A/D
world we know; (Male) up where the clear winds blow.
3
28
G/D Gm6/D 2. G/A A F C/E
clear winds blow. Time goes by,
31
E♭ B♭/D D♭ A♭/C B♭ Fm7/B♭ E♭
no time to cry, life's you and I, a - live, to - day.

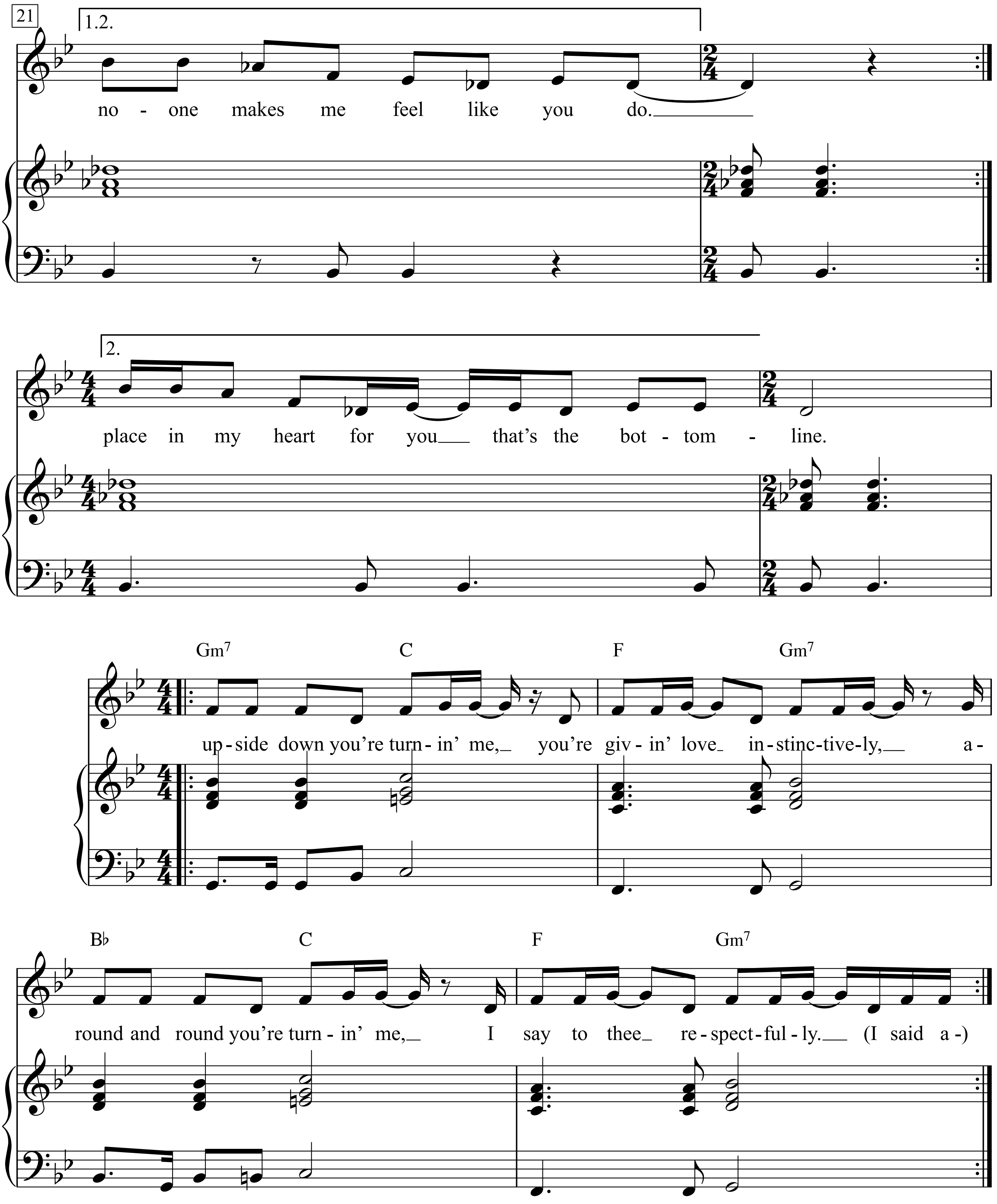

34
E♭ E♭/G A♭ Cm
(Both) Love lift us up where we be- long, where the
36
Fm E♭/G D♭ A♭ B♭
ea - gles cry, on a moun - tain high.
38
E♭ E♭/G A♭ Cm
Love lift us up where we be- long far from the
40
Fm E♭/G G/B Cm A♭m
world we know; where the clear winds blow.

Upside-Down

Words & Music by
Bernard Edwards and Nile Rodgers
(Diana Ross)



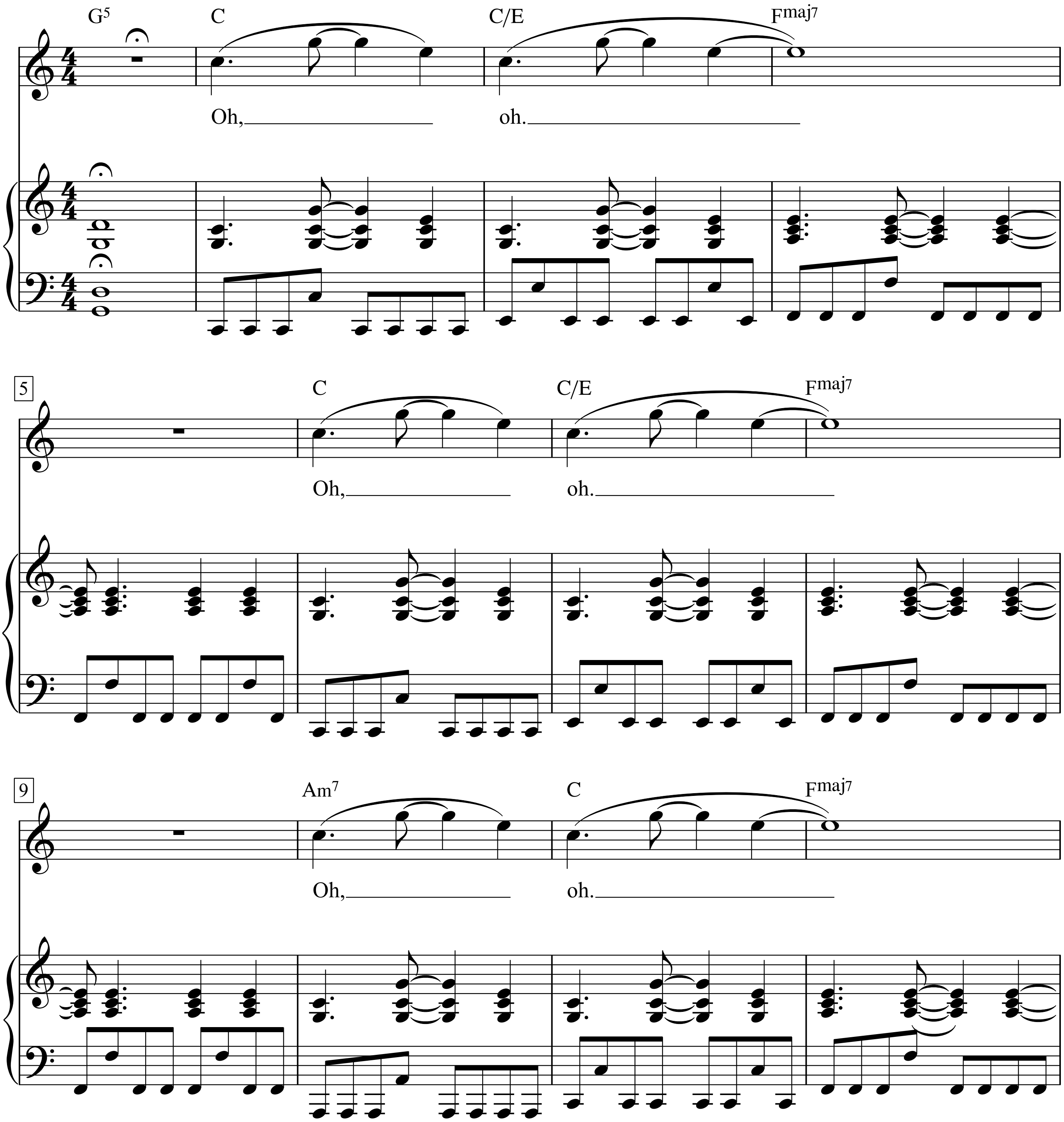

B♭ C F Gm7 Gm7 G♯m7 Am7
in - side out and round and round.
1.+3 In -
2. I
15
B♭m7
stinc - tive - ly you give to me the love that I need. I
know you got charm and ap - peal, you al - ways play the field. I'm
17
che - rish the mo - ments with you. Re -
cra - zy to think you're all mine as
19
spect - ful - ly I say to thee I'm a - ware that you're cheat - in' when (but(
long as the sun con - tin - ues to shine. There's a

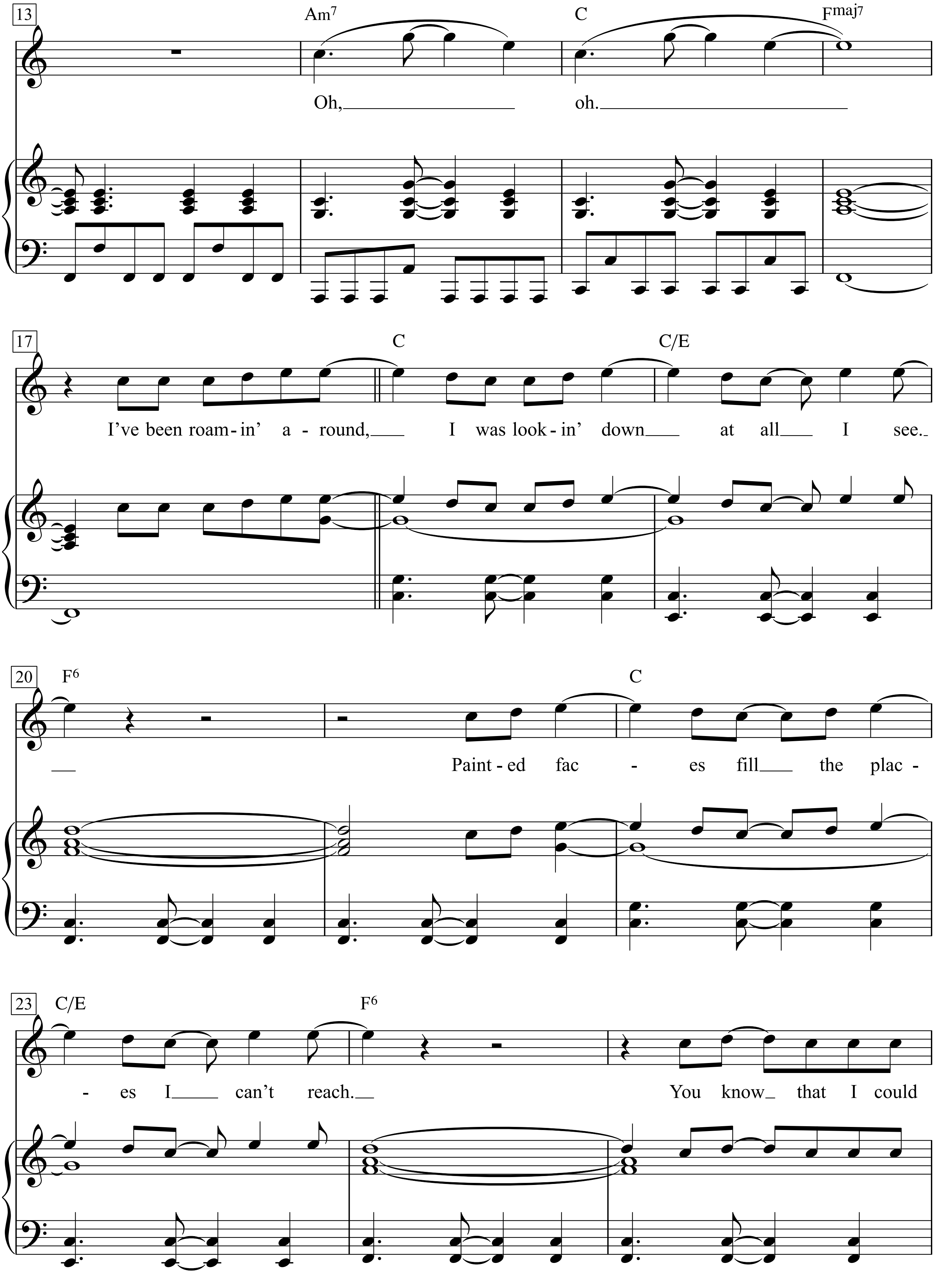

21
1.2.
no - one makes me feel like you do.
2.
place in my heart for you that's the bot - tom - line.
Gm7 C F Gm7
up-side down you're turn - in' me, you're giv - in' love in-stinc-tive-ly, a -
B♭ C F Gm7
round and round you're turn - in' me, I say to thee re-spect-ful - ly. (I said a -)

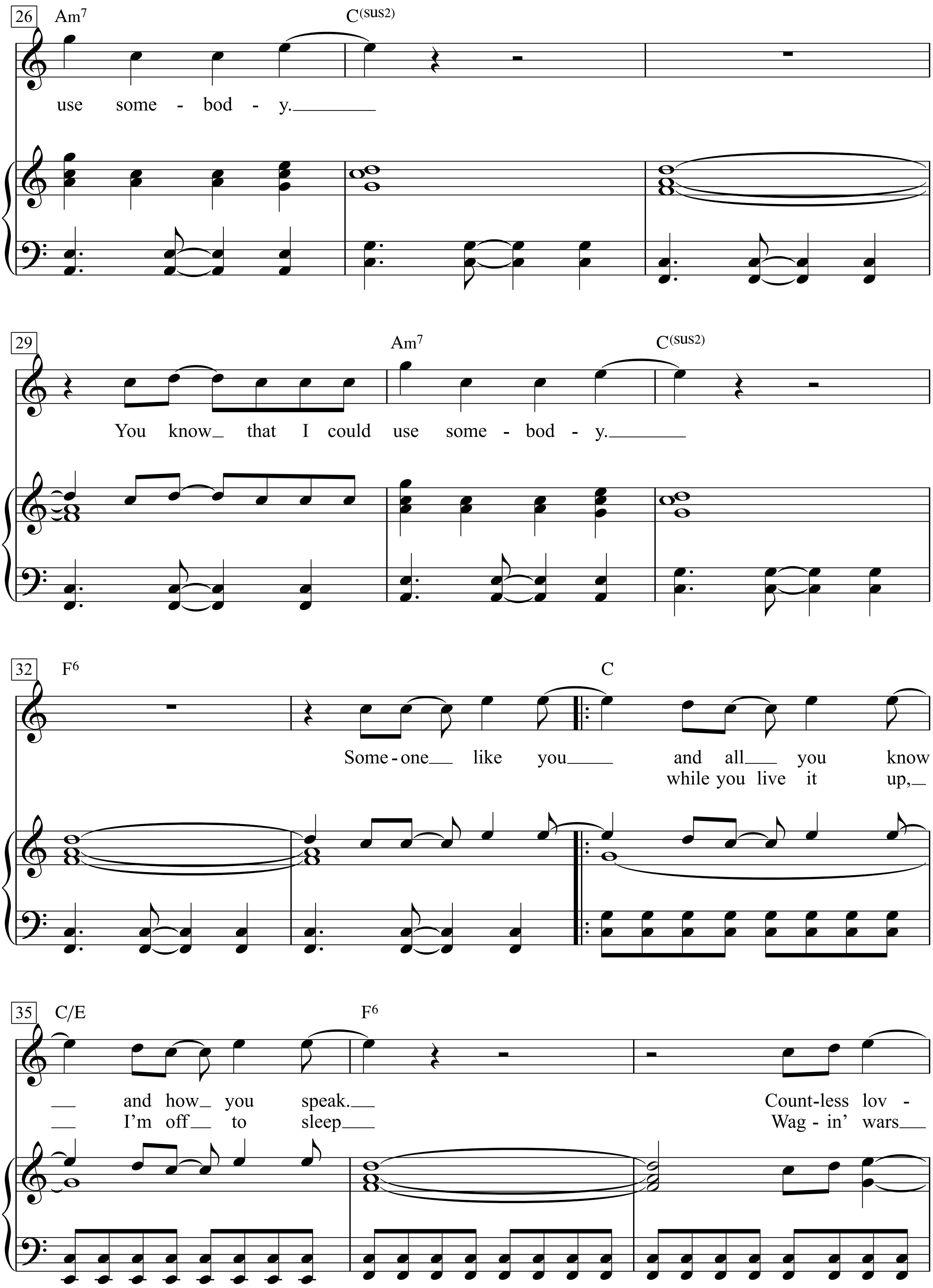
Use Somebody

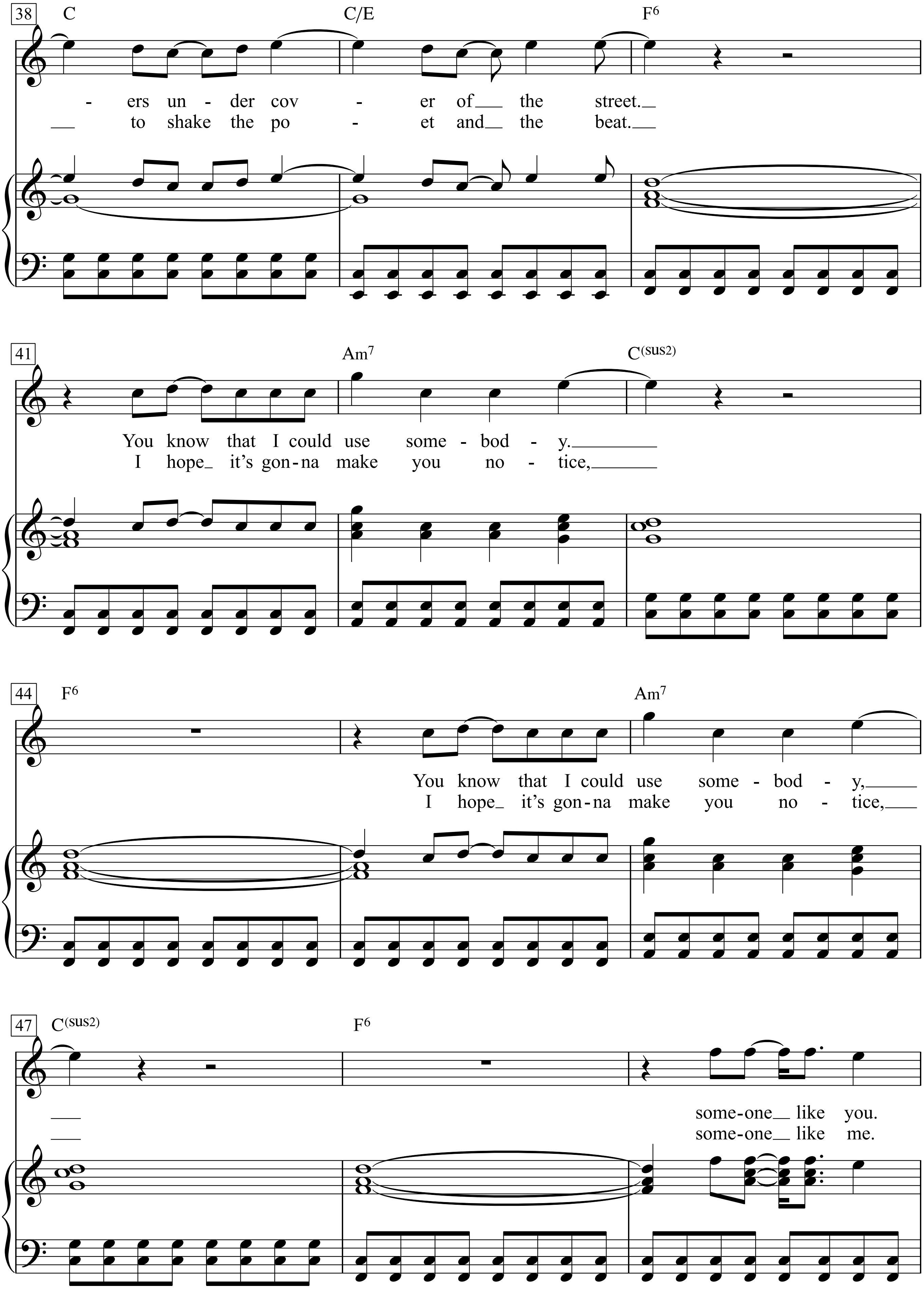
Words & Music by Caleb Followill,
Nathan Followill, Jared Followill
and Matthew Followill
(Kings Of Leon)

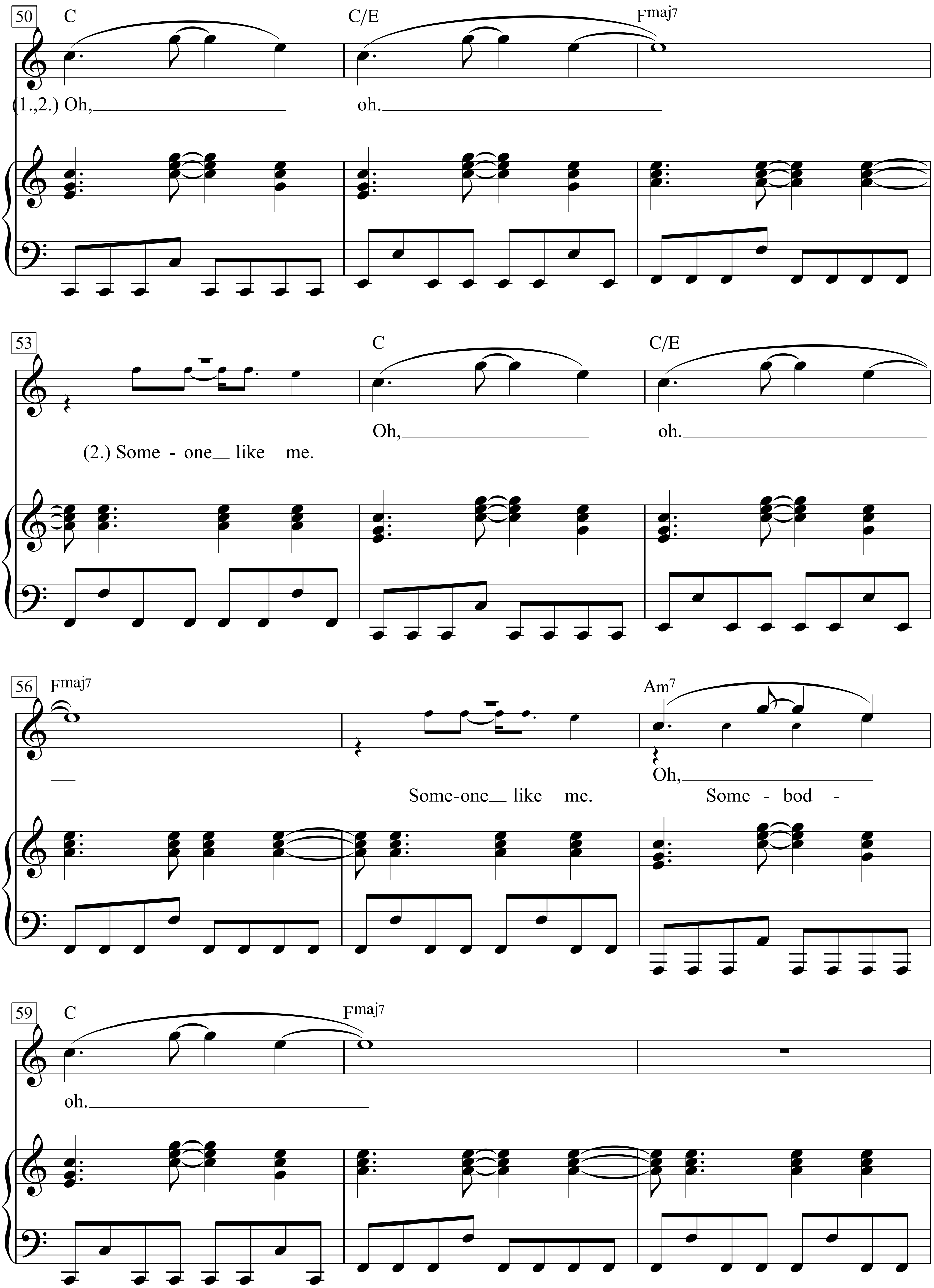
Syncopated Rock

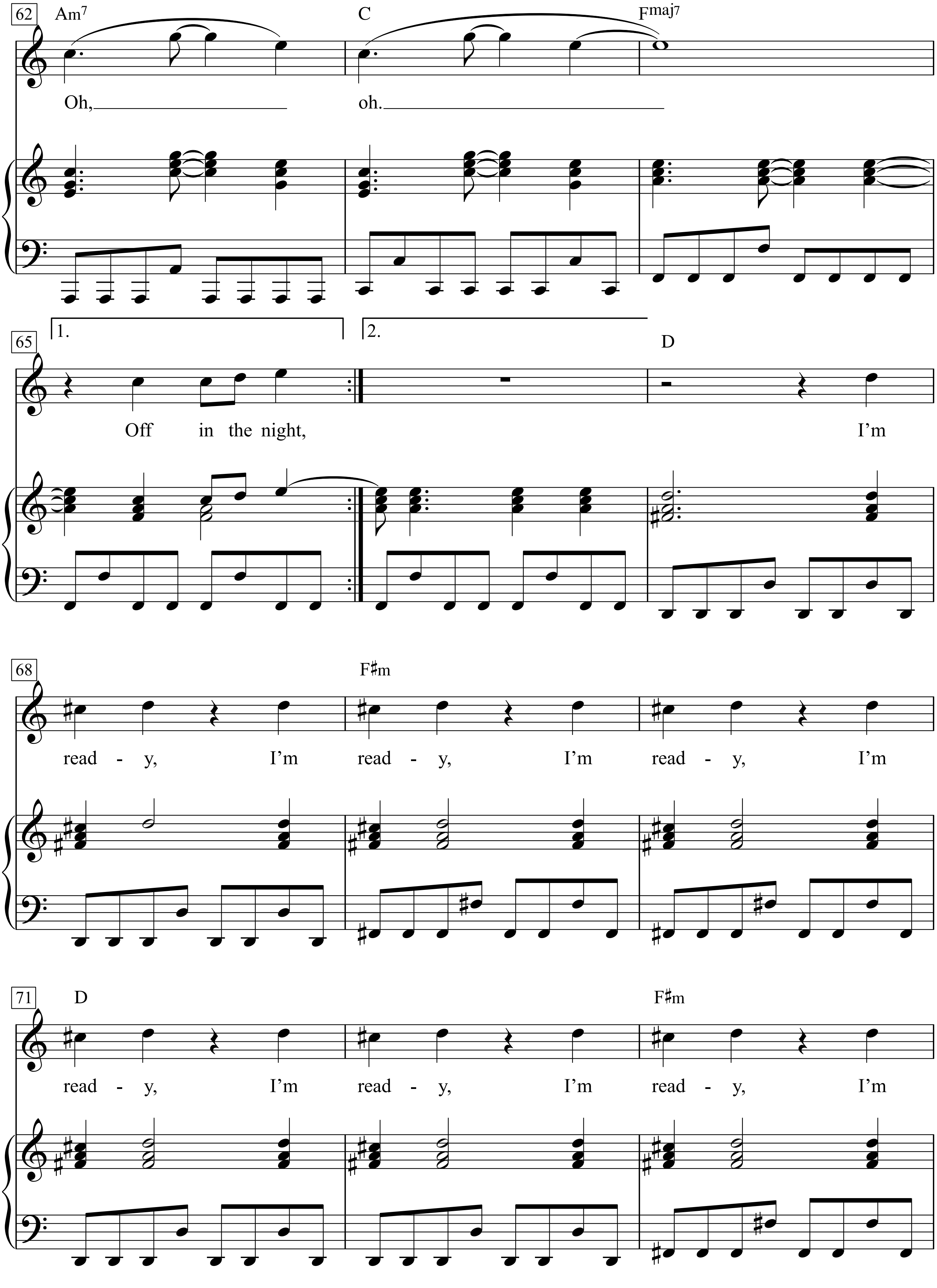


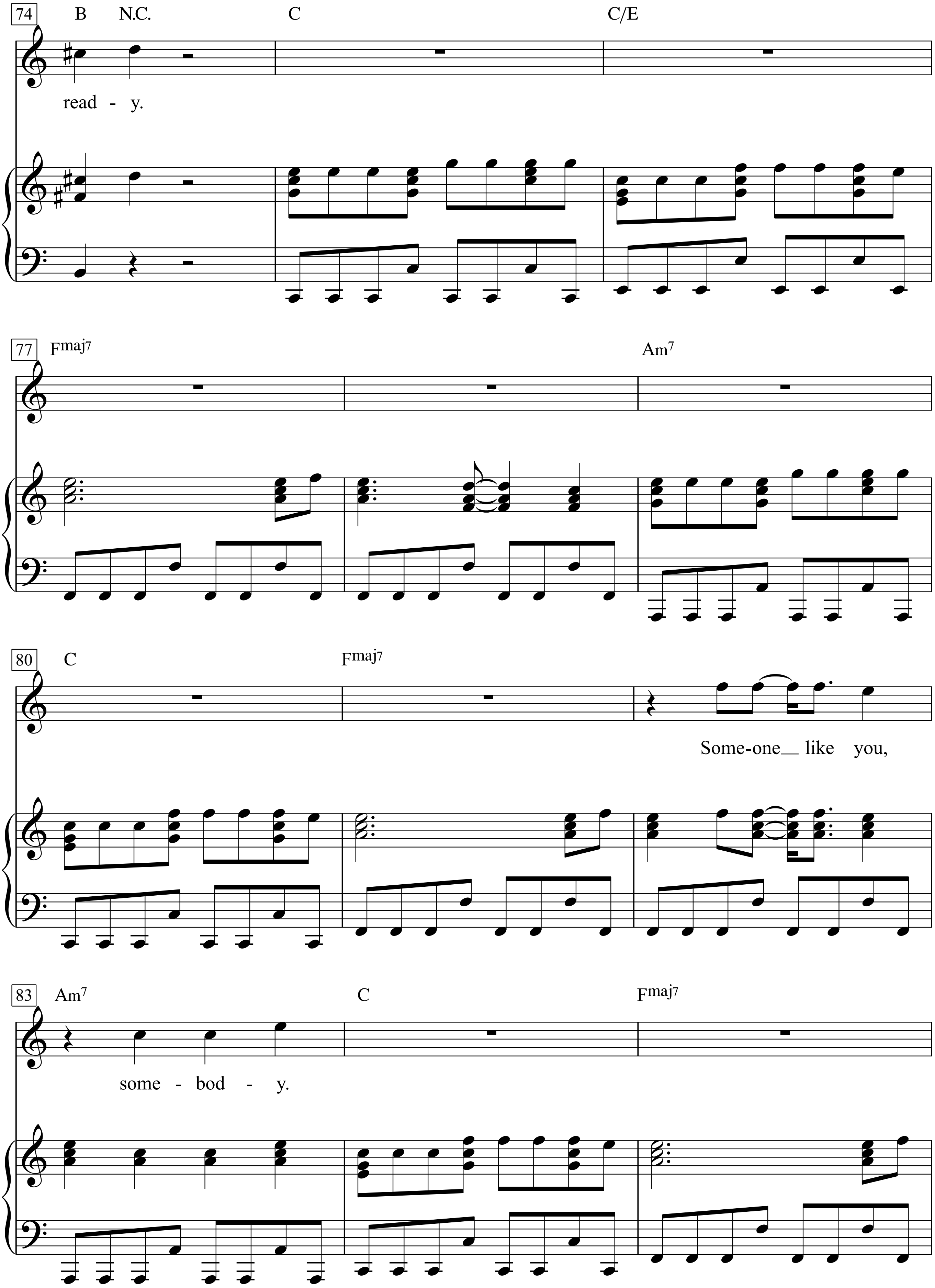

13
Am7
C
Fmaj7
Oh, oh.
17
C
C/E
I've been roam-in' a-round, I was look-in' down at all I see.
20
F6
C
Paint-ed fac-es fill the plac-
23
C/E
F6
-es I can't reach.
You know that I could

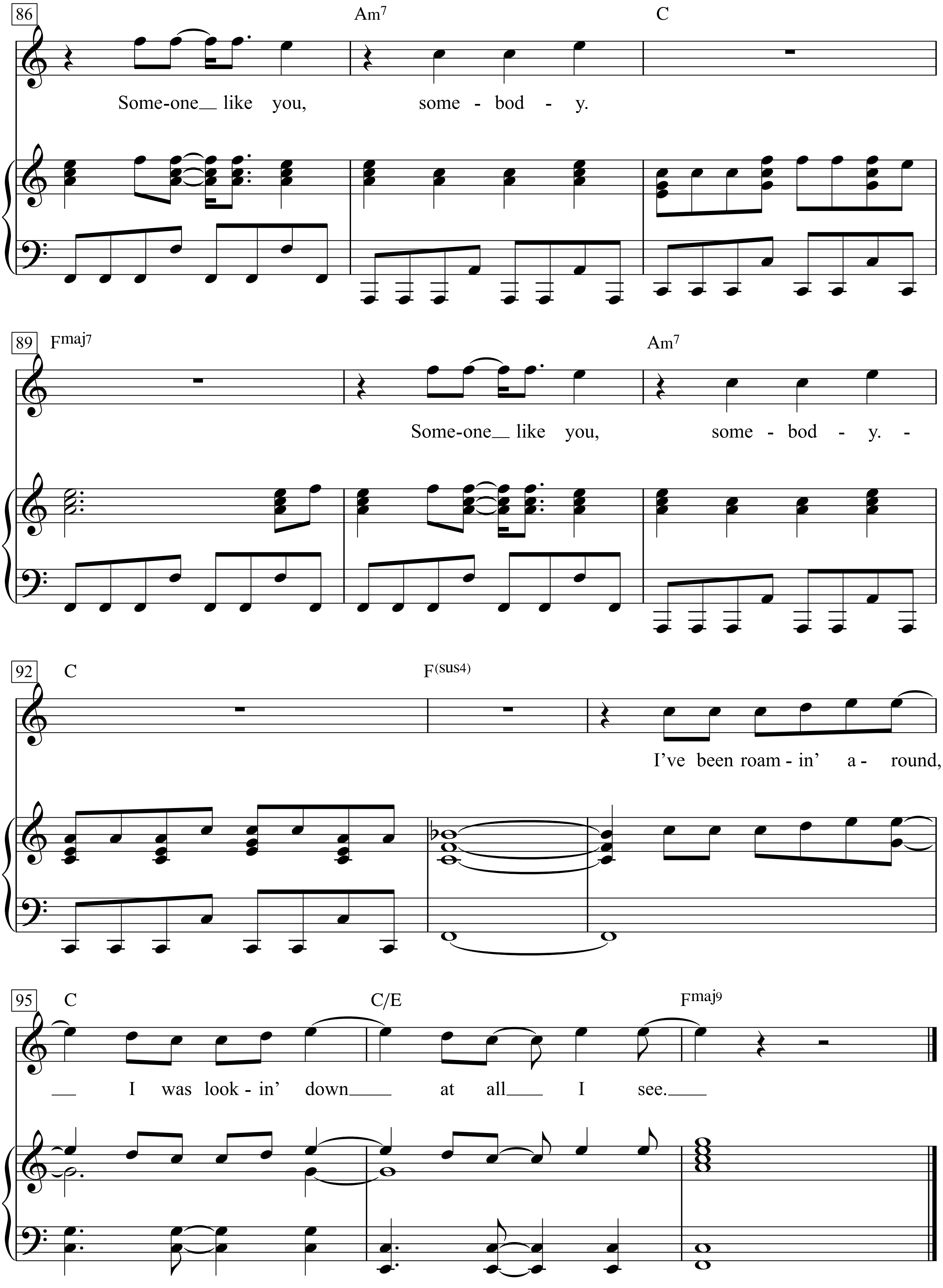

26
Am7
C(sus2)
use some - bod - y.
29
Am7
C(sus2)
You know that I could use some - bod - y.
32
F6
C
Some - one like you and all you know
while you live it up,
35
C/E
F6
and how you speak.
I'm off to sleep
Count-less lov -
Wag - in' wars


38
C
C/E
F6
- ers un - der cov - er of the street.
to shake the po - et and the beat.
41
Am7
C(sus2)
You know that I could use some - bod - y.
I hope it's gon - na make you no - tice,
44
F6
Am7
You know that I could use some - bod - y,
I hope it's gon - na make you no - tice,
47
C(sus2)
F6
some - one like you.
some - one like me.


50
C
C/E
Fmaj7
(1.,2.) Oh,
oh.
53
C
C/E
(2.) Some - one like me.
Oh,
oh.
56
Fmaj7
Am7
Some-one like me.
Oh,
Some - bod -
59
C
Fmaj7
oh.

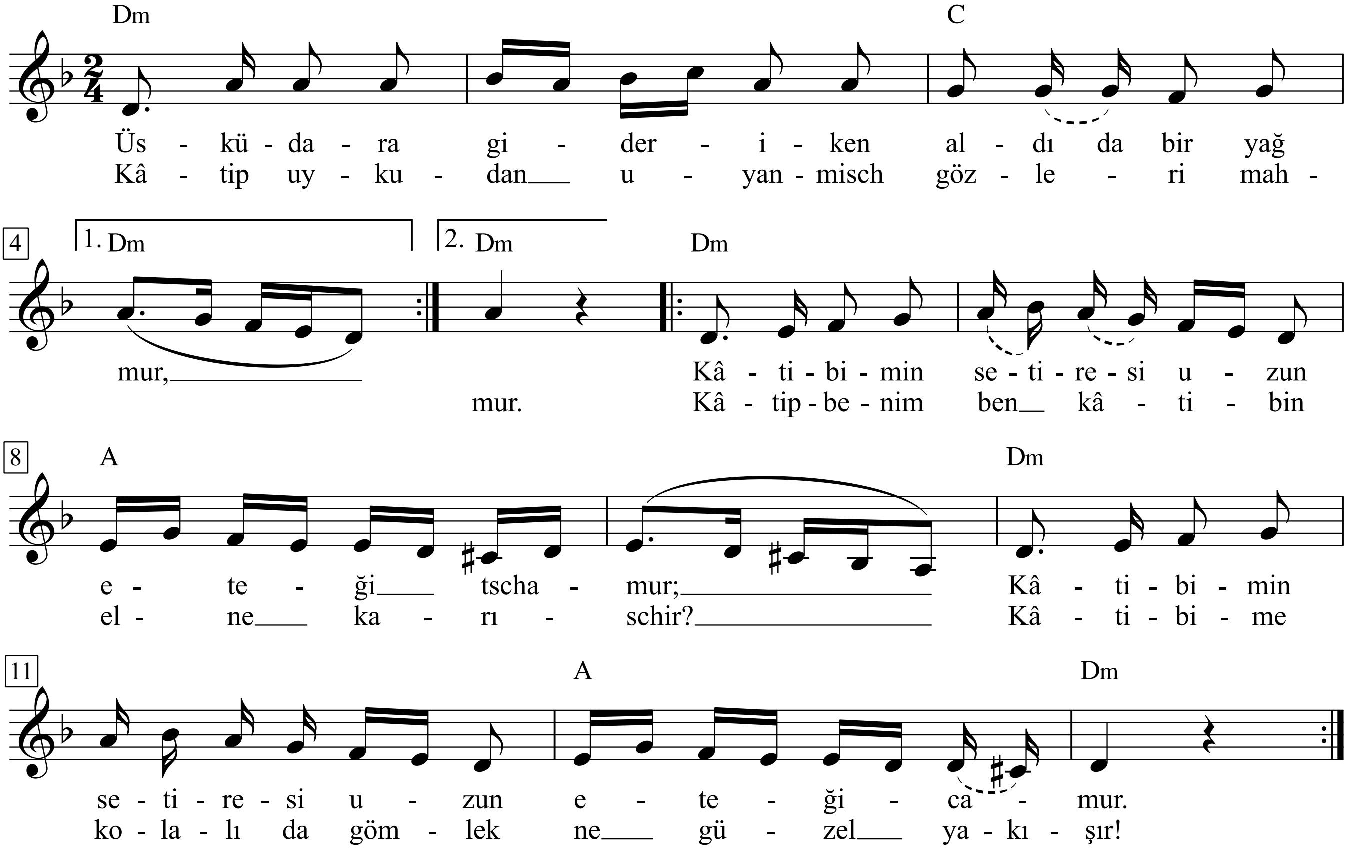

62
Am7
C
Fmaj7
Oh,
oh.
65
1.
2.
D
Off in the night,
I'm
68
F♯m
read - y,
I'm
read - y,
I'm
read - y,
I'm
71
D
F♯m
read - y,
I'm
read - y,
I'm
read - y,
I'm


74
B N.C.
C
C/E
read - y.
77
Fmaj7
Am7
80
C
Fmaj7
Some-one like you,
83
Am7
C
Fmaj7
some - bod - y.


86
Am7
C
Some-one like you, some - bod - y.
89
Fmaj7
Am7
Some-one like you, some - bod - y. -
92
C
F(sus4)
I've been roam - in' a - round,
95
C
C/E
Fmaj9
I was look - in' down at all I see.

Üsküdara

Volkslied aus der Türkei

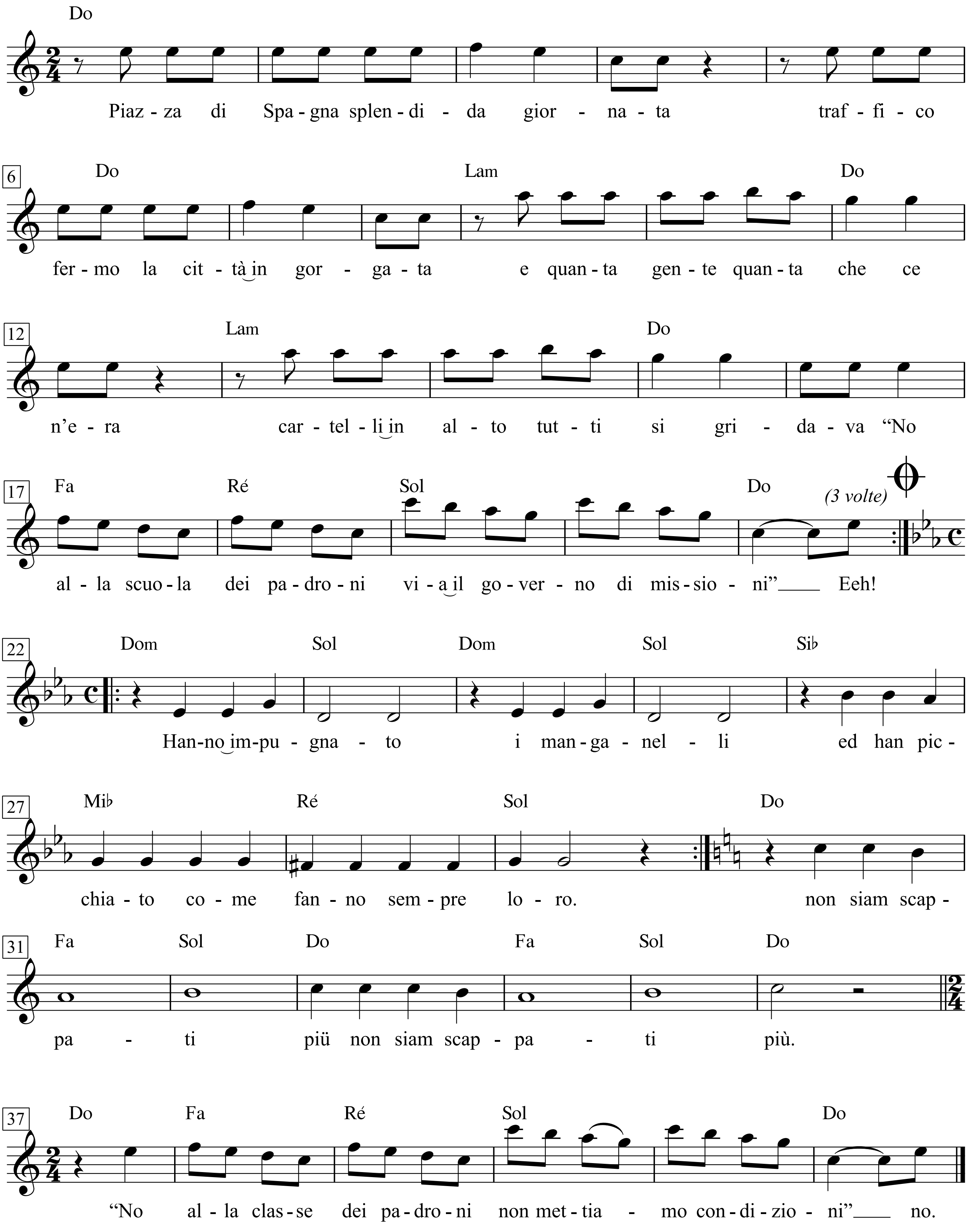


1. Üsküdara gideriken aldı da bir yağmur,
Kâtip uykudan uyanmisch gözleri mahmur.
Kâtibimin setiresi uzun eteği tschamur;
Kâtibimin setiresi uzun eteğicamur.
Kâtipbenim ben kâtibin elne karıschir?
Kâtibime kolalı da gömlek ne güzel yakışır!

2. Üsküdara gideriken bir mendil buldum,
Kâtibimi arariken yanımda buldum;
Mendilini çerisine lokum doldurdum.
Mendilini çerisine lokum doldurdum.
Kâtipbenim ben kâtibin elne karıschır?
Kâtibime setre de pantol ne güzel yaraşır!

Valle Giulia

Paolo Pietrangeli



1. Piazza di Spagna splendida giornata
traffico fermo la città ingorgata
e quanta gente quanta che ce n'era
cartelli in alto tutti si gridava
«No alla scuola dei padroni
via il governo dimissioni». Eeh!

2. E mi guardavi tu con occhi stanchi
mentr'eravamo ancora lì davanti
ma se i sorrisi tuoi sembravan spenti
c'erano cose certo più importanti
«No alla scuola dei padroni
via il governo dimissioni». Eeh!

3. Undici e un quarto avanti a Architettura
non c'era ancor ragion di aver paura
ed eravamo veramente in tanti
e i poliziotti in faccia agli studenti
«No alla scuola dei padroni
via il governo dimissioni». Eeh!

Hanno impugnato i manganelli
ed han picchiato come fanno sempre loro.
Ma all'improvviso è poi successo
un fatto nuovo un fatto nuovo un fatto nuovo
non siam scappati più
non siam scappati più.

4. Il primo marzo sì me lo rammento
saremo stati mille e cinquecento
e caricava giù la polizia
ma gli studenti la cacciavan via
«No alla scuola dei padroni
via il governo dimissioni». Eeh!

5. E mi guardavi tu con occhi stanchi
ma c'eran cose certo più importanti
- Ma qui che fai ma vattene un po' via
non vedi arriva giù la polizia –
«No alla scuola dei padroni
via il governo dimissioni». Eeh!

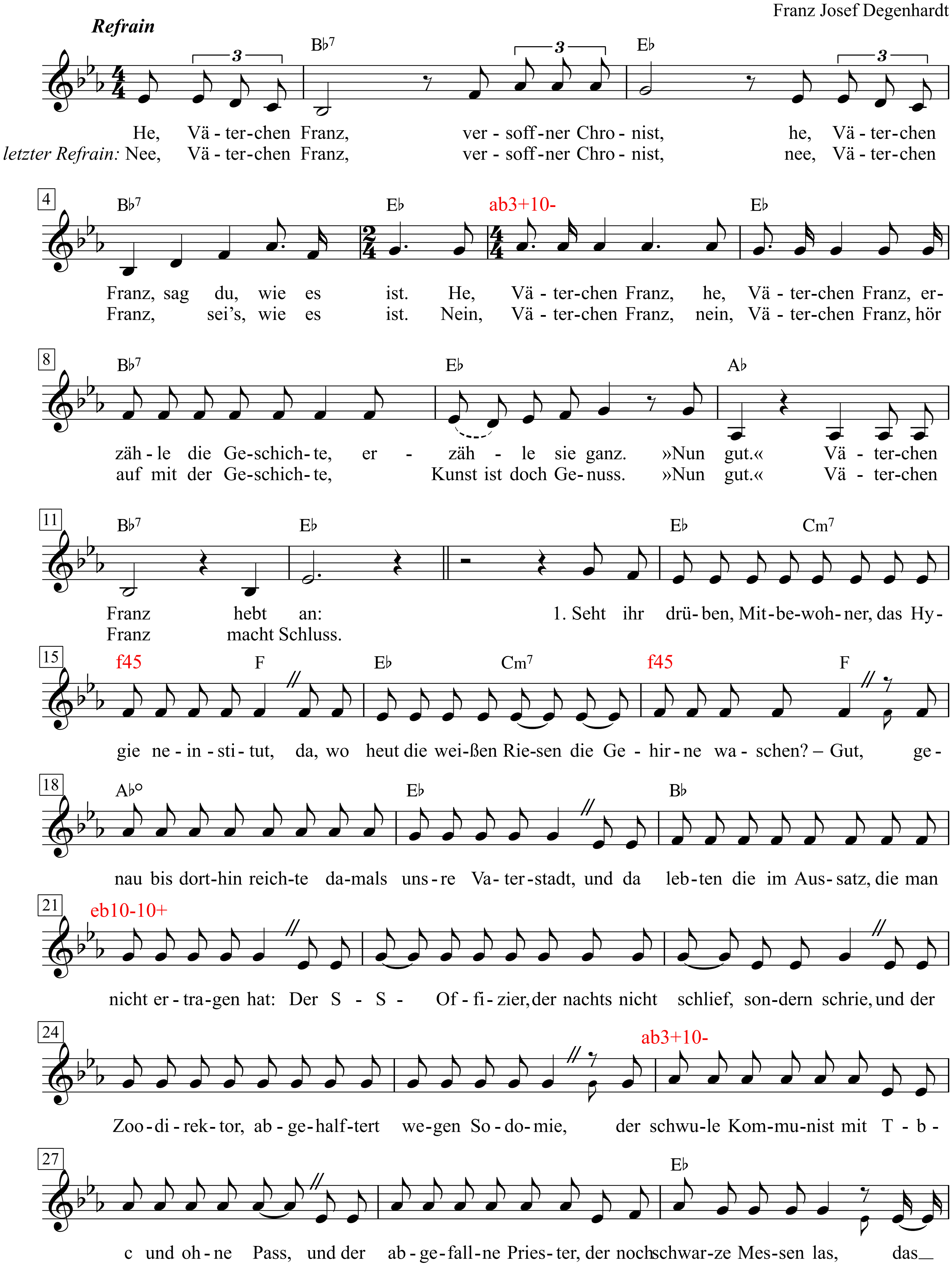
6. Le camionette i celerini
ci hanno dispersi presi in molti e poi picchiati
ma sia ben chiaro e si sapeva
che non è vero che non è finita là
non siam scappati più
non siam scappati più.

7. Il primo marzo sì me lo rammento
saremo stati mille e cinquecento
e caricava giù la polizia
ma gli studenti la cacciavan via
«No alla scuola dei padroni
via il governo dimissioni». Eeh!

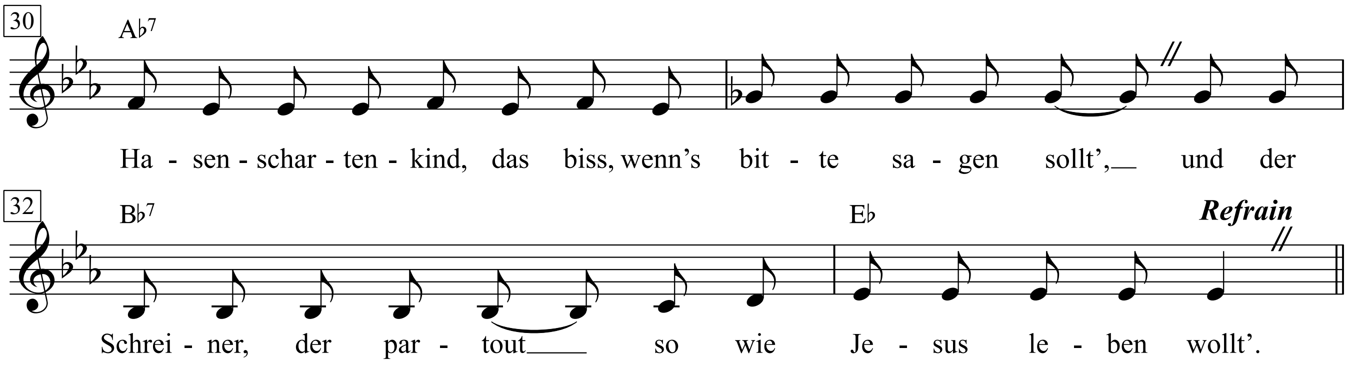
«No alla classe dei padroni
non mettiamo condizioni» no.

Väterchen Franz

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



Franz Josef Degenhardt: Kommt an den Tisch unter Pflaumenbäumen, 39



Refrain:
He, Väterchen Franz,
versoffner Chronist,
he, Väterchen Franz,
sag du, wie es ist.
He, Väterchen Franz, he, Väterchen Franz,
erzähle die Geschichte, erzähle sie ganz.
»Nun gut.« Väterchen Franz hebt an:

1. Sehr ihr drüben, Mitbewohner, das Hygieneinstitut,
da, wo heut die weißen Riesen die Gehirne waschen? – Gut,
genau bis dorthin reichte damals unsre Vaterstadt,
und da lebten die im Aussatz, die man nicht ertragen hat:
der SS-Offizier, der nachts nicht schlief, sondern schrie,
und der Zoodirektor, abgehalftert wegen Sodomie,
der schwule Kommunist mit Tbc und ohne Pass,
und der abgefallne Priester, der noch schwarze Messen las,
das Hasenschartenkind, das biss, wenn's bitte sagen sollt',
und der Schreiner, der partout so wie Jesus leben wollt'.

Refrain:
He, Väterchen Franz ...

2. Viele Jahre lebten sie dort zwischen Trümmern, Schrott und Müll,
aßen Krähen, tranken Wermut, rauchten Pfefferminz mit Dill.
Ihre Haare waren lang und ihre Barte kraus und dick,
und sie stanken wie die Füchse, jeder hatte seinen Tick:
der SS-Offizier, der suchte Massengräber und
stach überall mit einer Eisenstange in den Grund.
Der Zoodirektor schuf aus Pappe, Polsterzeug und Draht
ein riesengroßes Tier, das seufzen konnte, wenn man's trat.
Der Kommunist, der malte rote Sonnen, prophezeite schon
für das nächste Wochenende die Weltrevolution.

Refrain:
He, Väterchen Franz ...

3. Und der Priester psalmodierte monoton von früh bis spät
ein aus Kurs-, Konzils- und Kriegsbericht bestehendes Gebet.
Der Schreiner, der vermehrte meist den Wertmutwein-Vorrat,
und das Kind baute den Ratten eine richt'ge Rattenstadt.
Und so hätten sie gelebt, vielleicht bis heute irgendwann.
Doch es fing dann diese peinliche Geschichte plötzlich an:
Töchter und die Söhne aus den allerbesten Familien
zogen, zunächst heimlich, später offen nach dorthin,
sangen rohe Lieder, tranken, liebten sich die kreuz und quer
und sie ließen ihre Haare wachsen, wuschen sich nicht mehr.

Refrain:
He, Väterchen Franz ...

4. Viele schlugen sogar mit den Fäusten ihre Erbschaft aus,
schütteten ihre Mitgift in das Fass voll Saus und Braus.
Sie verbrannten – dazu tanzend – gar den Abendlandaltar und
verleugneten ganz öffentlich die gelbe Gefahr.
Das ging nun freilich weiter als ein high-life-Schabernack.
Voll Angst verschloss man alle Tempeltüren, auch am Tag.
Doch im Hirtenbrief erklärte unser Zeitungszar zuletzt
das saubere Empfinden unsrer Stadt als grob verletzt,
sprach dem Senat das Misstraun aus, befahl im barschen Ton
dem fetten Polizeichef eine Säuberungsaktion.

Refrain:
He, Väterchen Franz ...

5. Es war an einem Montag, als die Säuberung begann.
Zwanzig Bagger robbten sich ans Aussatzrevier ran.
Das Hasenschartenkind, das mit den Ratten spielte, das
bemerkte sie als erstes, brüllte, schlüpfte in ein Fass.
Der SS-Offizier, der gerade bohrte, hört' es schrein,
gab Alarm, legte die Stange wie eine Lanze ein,
galoppierte auf die Bagger zu, sang das Horst-Wessel-Lied,
der Baukolonnenführer riss die Hand hoch und sang mit.
Die Baggerrachen - tief am Boden - fauchten, und in ein'
preschte, blind vor Glück und Wut, der SS-Ritter hinein.

Refrain:
He, Väterchen Franz ...

6. Es formierten sich die Bagger dann zu einem offnen Kreis,
rollten vor zu jenem Panzerlied. - Der Tag war glühend heiß.
Mit riesengroßem Seufzer fiel das riesengroße Tier
ineinander. Ein paar Eisenraupen knirschten drüberher.
Und zunächst fing man mit Netzen alle Bürgerkinder ein,
warf den zappeligen Fang in große Waschtröge hinein.
Nur die Aussätzigen ließ man, und die rannten hin und her.
Doch der Kreis wurd' enger, schloss sich, und dann sah man sie nicht mehr.
Schließlich spritzte man noch Napalm. Wollt ihr wissen, was geschah,
wie das Hasenschartenkind zum Beispiel hinterher aussah?

letzter Refrain:
Nee, Väterchen Franz,
versoffner Chronist,
nee, Väterchen Franz,
sei's, wie es ist.
Nein, Väterchen Franz, nein, Väterchen Franz,
hör auf mit der Geschichte, Kunst ist doch Genuss.
»Nun gut.« Väterchen Franz macht Schluss.

vatis argumente

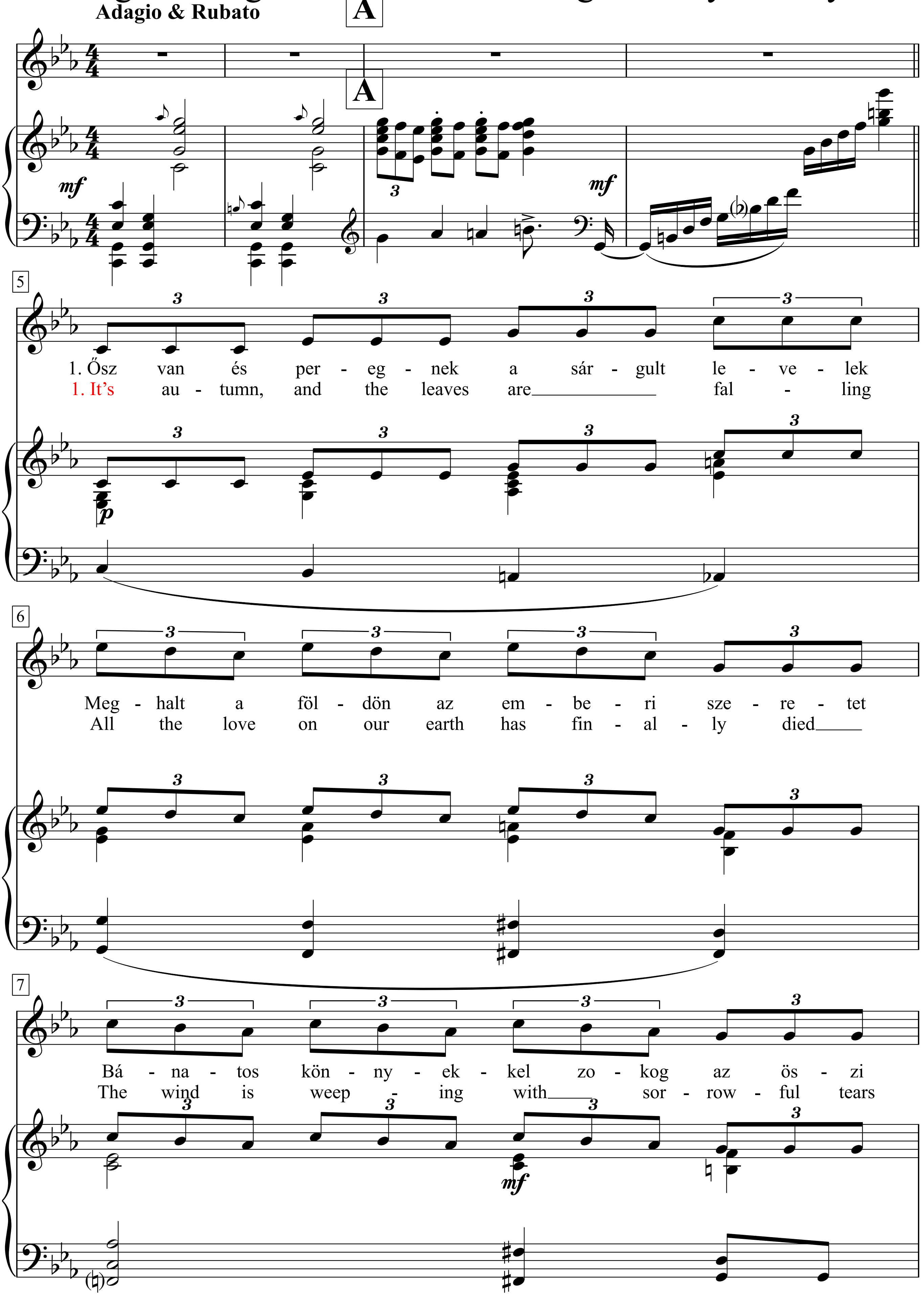
Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt

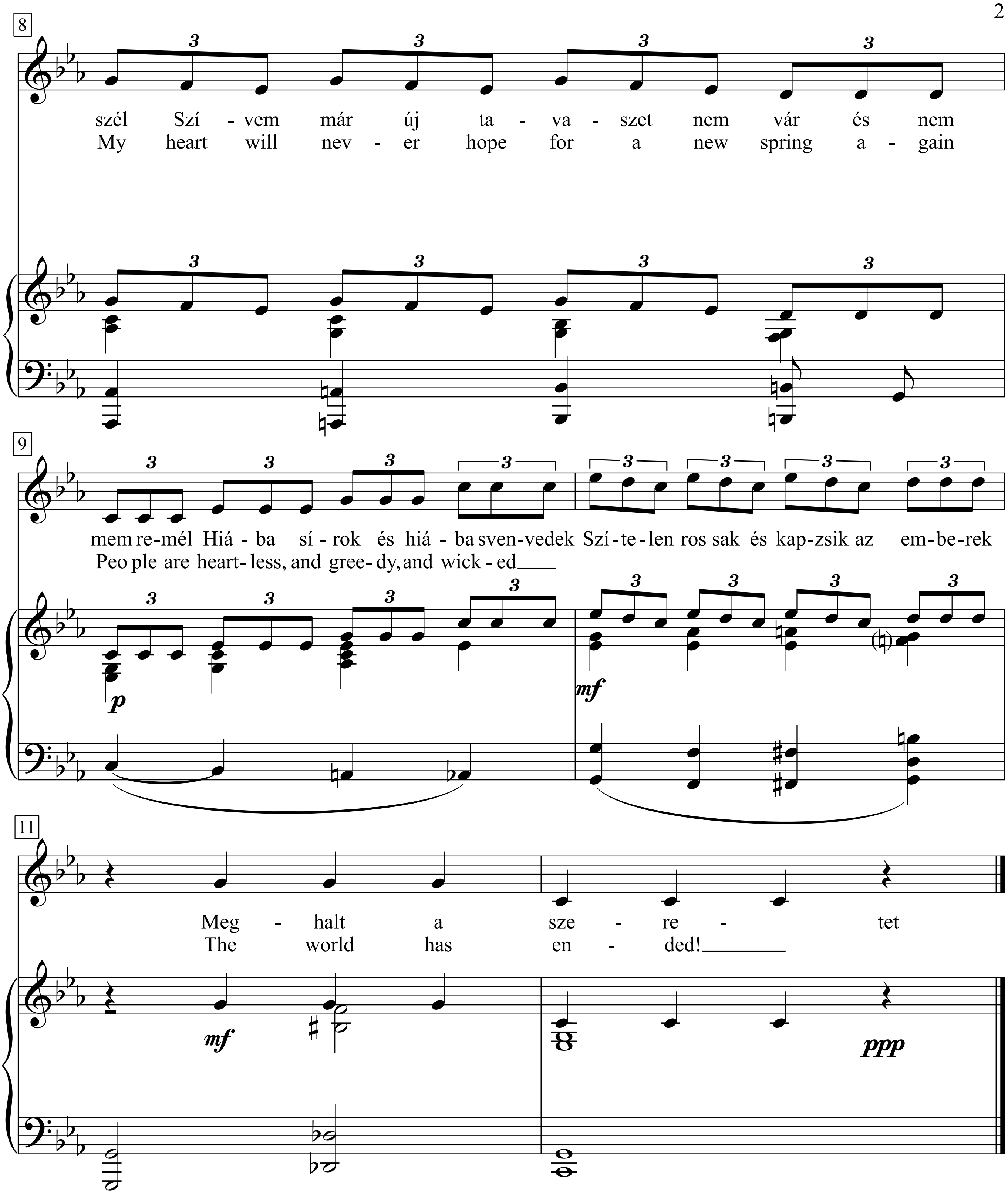
also wenn vati loslegt
dann bringt er so seine
argumente
zum beispiel fall Dutschke
sagt vati
möcht ich gern mal mit sprechen
wirklich und wisst ihr
was ICH ihm dann sagen würde
lieber Rudi Dutschke
würde vati sagen
das ist ja alles ganz gut und schön
aber kaputtschlagen
kann jeder
doch wie is denn mit
ÄRMEL AUFKREMPELN ZUPACKEN AUFBAUEN
ja vati scheut keine
auseinandersetzungen
und trotz allem
hat er ein herz
für die jungen Leute
lieber Rudi Dutschke
würde vati sagen
passen sie auf
als ich so alt war wie sie
meinen sie
haben wir da gemacht
jawoll krieg
aber nicht freiwillig
das ging nämlich so
von der penne weg
flackhelfer
dann russland
erste zweite dritte kurlandschlacht
so
dann
gefangenschaft
wissen sie was das heißt
RUSSISCHE KRIEGSGEFANGENSCHAFT
na schön
47 zu hause da war nichts
buchstäblich gar nichts
ja da half kein jammern und wehgeschrei
da hieß es ganz einfach
ÄRMEL AUFKREMPELN ZUPACKEN AUFBAUEN
ja vati lässt sich nicht
unterkriegen
und vormachen lässt
er sich auch nichts
zum beispiel wenn der
SOZIALISMUS hört
kann er nur lachen
lieber Rudi Dutschke
würde vati sagen
wissen sie was das hieß
studieren damals
keine bücher kein brot kein bier
ja
da hatte keiner
flausen im kopp
die welt verbessern
und so
in alten kommissklamotten
paarmal gewendet
so sind wir herumgelaufen
aber gewaschen haben wir uns
und wenn's keine seife gab
mit sand
jawoll mit sand
und von wegen asta
mitbestimmung
wissen sie was der asta gemacht hat
gehamstert
dass wir was zu essen hatten
wir und die professoren
und trotzdem
wir waren auch richtige Studenten
ja auch wir haben
zusammengehockt
nächtelang
die köpfe uns heiß geredet
aber wir haben
gelernt
gelernt
und nochmals
gelernt
und wir habens geschafft
und warum
weil wir haben gewusst
was das heißt
ÄRMEL AUFKREMPELN ZUPACKEN AUFBAUEN

ja vati hat wirklich geschuftet
von nichts kommt nichts
das ist sein wahlspruch
und immer sauber bleiben
das lohnt sich
lieber Rudi Dutschke
würde vati sagen
und heute
die jungen leute
jammern und wehgeschrei
passt dies nicht
passt das nicht
Orgasmusschwierigkeiten
wenn ich so was schon höre
lieber Rudi Dutschke
würde vati sagen
nun hören sie mal gut zu
was sie hier sehen
ringsherum
das haben WIR WIR ihre väter
die sie Würstchen nennen
WIR haben das hingestellt
macht das doch erst mal nach
sie ihr alle
streckt doch eure beine unter unsren tisch
und darum verstehen sie
darum
lassen wir uns von euch nicht sagen
wie wir zu leben haben
wer kann das denn heute noch
ÄRMEL AUFKREMPELN ZUPACKEN AUFBAUEN
also was vati
nun gar nicht mag
das sind die klugscheißer
und intellektuellen
aber gute rasse
die erkennt er sofort
lieber Rudi Dutschke
würde vati sagen
ich mach ihnen einen Vorschlag
ich weiß
sie sind aus andrem holz geschnitzt
als die meisten der jungen leute
sie machen sich auch
ihre gedanken
treten für ihre sache ein
und in vielem haben sie sogar recht
mir passt hier auch manches nicht
das können sie mir glauben
als ich so alt war wie sie
ich habe mir auch nichts gefallen lassen
hatte immer krach
mit dem fähnleinführer
dem spieß
um ein haar und
ich wär bei der Strafkompanie gelandet
aber bei aller aufsässigkeit
wenn not am mann war
da hieß es doch
ÄRMEL AUFKREMPELN ZUPACKEN AUFBAUEN
also lieber Rudi Dutschke
würde vati sagen
wie gesagt
ich mach ihnen einen Vorschlag
sie kommen zu mir
in meinen betrieb
Personalabteilung
und in einem jahr
in einem jahr
sind sie mein assistent meine rechte hand
und dann
steht ihnen alles offen
na
bin mal gespannt
was er dann sagen wird
euer Rudi Dutschke
meint vati
aber das andere ist ja bequemer
würde vati sagen
alles kaputtschlagen
bloß nicht
ÄRMEL AUFKREMPELN ZUPACKEN AUFBAUEN
also wenn vati loslegt
dann fragt man sich immer
warum ist der bloß so wütend
hat er gemerkt
dass ihn keiner mehr
ernst nimmt

Vége a Világnak Einsamer Sonntag Gloomy Sunday

Rezső Seress




8
szél Szí - vem már új ta - va - szet nem vár és nem
My heart will nev - er hope for a new spring a - gain
9
mem re-mél Hiá - ba sí - rok és hiá - ba sven-vedek Szí - te - len ros sak és kap-zsik az em-be-rek
Peo ple are heart- less, and gree- dy, and wick - ed
11
Meg - halt a sze - re - tet
The world has en - ded!

1. Ösz van és peregnek a sárgult levelek
Meghalt a földön az emberi szeretet
Bá natos könnyekkel zokog az öszi szél
Szí vem már új tavaszet nem vár és nem mem remél
Hiába sírok és hiába svenvedek
Szítelen rossak és kapzsik az emberek

Meghalt a szeretet

2. Vége a világnak, vége a reménynek
Városok pusztulnak, srapnelek zenélnek
Emberek vérétől piros a tarka rét
Halottak fekszenek az úton szerteszét
Még egyszer elmondom csendben az imámat:
Uram, az emberek gyarlók és hibáznak...

Meghalt a szeretet!

1. It’s autumn, and the leaves are falling
All the love on our earth has finally died
The wind is weeping with sorrowful tears
My heart will never hope for a new spring again
People are heartless, and greedy, and wicked

The world has ended!

2. The world has come to its end, hope has ceased to have a meaning
Cities are being wiped out, shrapnel is making music
Meadows are coloured red with human blood
There are dead people on the streets everywhere
I will say another quiet prayer:
People are sinners, Lord, they make mistakes...

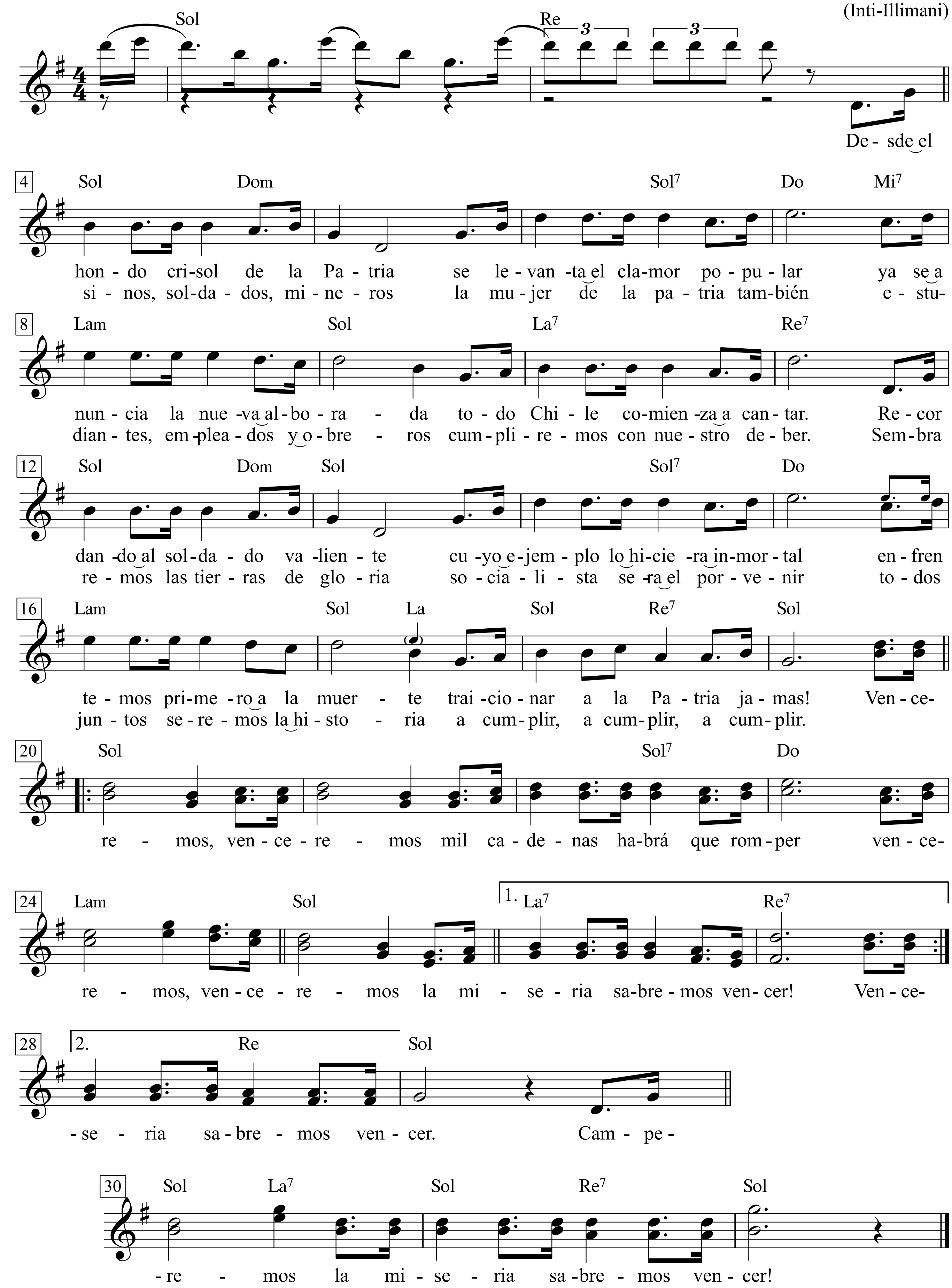
The world has ended!

Venceremos

(Himno de la Unidad Populär)

Claudio Iturra

Sergio Ortega
(Inti-Illimani)



Le musiche e le canzoni degli Inti-Illimani, p. 11+12

Desde el hondo crisol de la Patria
se levanta el clamor popular
ya se anuncia la nueva alborada
todo Chile comienza a cantar.

Recordando al soldado valiente
cuyo ejemplo lo hiciera inmortal
enfrentemos primero a la muerte
traicionar a la Patria jamas!

|: Venceremos, venceremos
mil cadenas habrá que romper
venceremos, venceremos
la miseria sabremos vencer! :|

Campesinos, soldados, mineros
la mujer de la patria también
estudiantes, empleados y obreros
cumpliremos con nuestro deber.

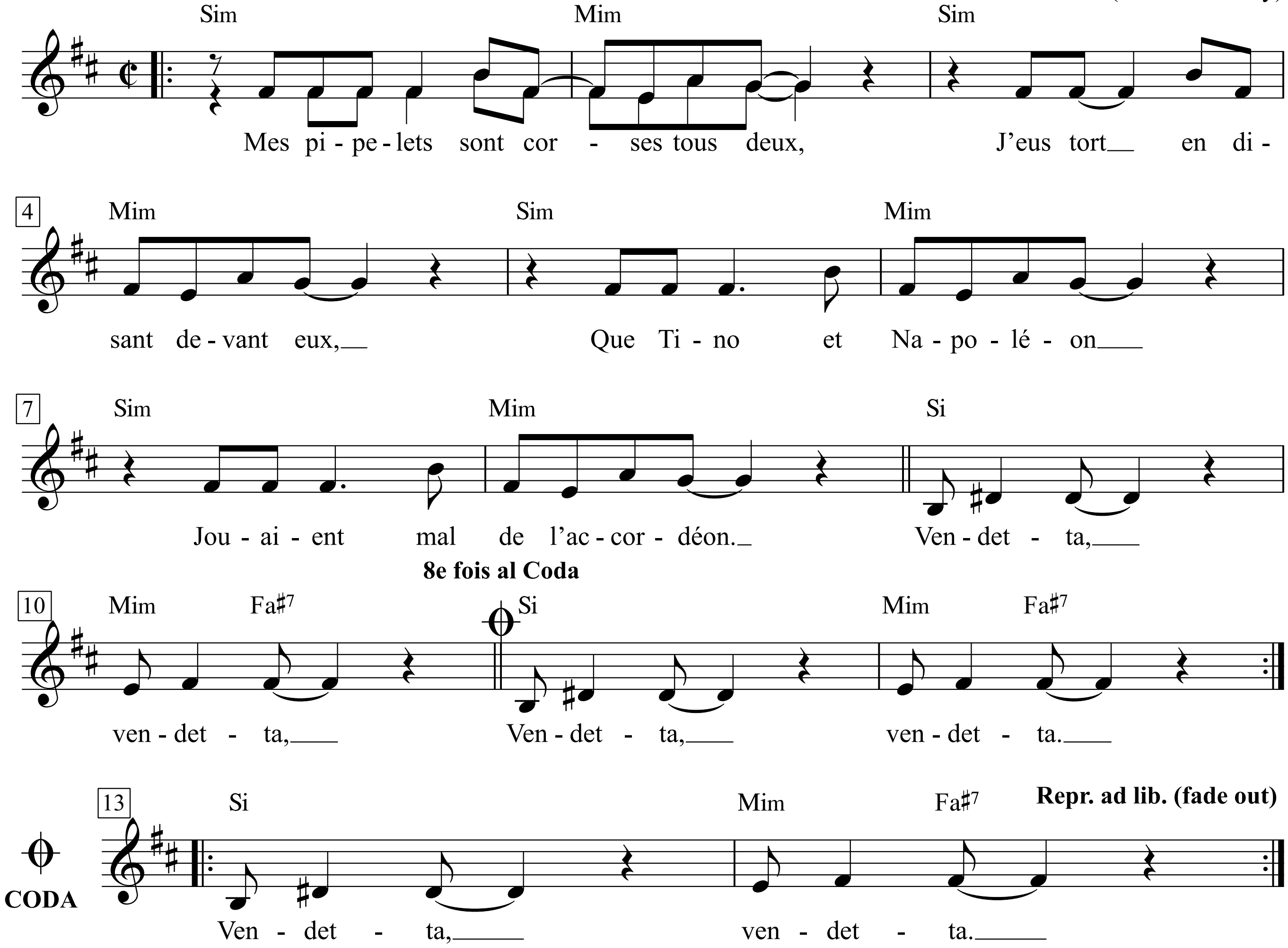
Sembraremos las tierras de gloria
socialista sera el porvenir
todos juntos seremos la historia
a cumplir, a cumplir, a cumplir.

Venceremos, ...

Vendetta

(Vendetta)

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens
(Christian Méry)



Vendetta

Mes pipelets sont corses tous deux,
J'eus tort en disant devant eux,
Que Tino et Napoléon
Jouaient mal de l'accordéon.
Vendetta, vendetta,
Vendetta, vendetta.

Fermement résolus d'se venger,
Mes compatriotes outragés,
S'appliquèrent avec passion
A ternir ma réputation.
Vendetta, vendetta,
Vendetta, vendetta.

Leurs coups de bec eurent, c'est certain,
Sur mon lamentable destin
Des répercussions fantastiques,
Dépassant tous les pronostics.
Vendetta, vendetta,
Vendetta, vendetta.

M'étant un jour lavé les pieds,
J'attendais la femme d'un pompier,
Sûr d'abuser d'elle à huis-clos,
J'avais compté sans ces ballots.
Vendetta, vendetta,
Vendetta, vendetta.

Comme dans le couloir il faisait nuit,
Et qu'elle ne trouvait pas mon huis,
Elle s'adressa, funeste erreur,
A ma paire de dénigreurs.
Vendetta, vendetta,
Vendetta, vendetta.

Ils répondirent: Cet espèce de con-
tagieux là, demeure au second,
Mais dès que vous sortirez de chez lui,
Courez à l'hôpital Saint-Louis.
Vendetta, vendetta,
Vendetta, vendetta.

Alors ma visiteuse à corps
Perdu, partit et court encore,
Et je dus convenir enfin
Que je m'étais lavé les pieds en vain.
Vendetta, vendetta,
Vendetta, vendetta.

Mis au fait, les pompiers de Paris
Me clouèrent au pilori.
Ils retirèrent par précaution
Leurs femmes de la circulation.
Vendetta, vendetta,
Vendetta, vendetta.

Et tout ça, tout ça, voyez-vous
Parce qu'un jour j'ai dit à ces fous,
Que Tino et Napoléon
Jouaient mal de l'accordéon.
Vendetta, vendetta,
Vendetta, vendetta.

Vendetta

Meine Portiersfrauen sind beide Korsinnen,
es war falsch, dass ich vor ihnen gesagt habe,
Tino und Napoleon
hätten schlecht Akkordeon gespielt.
Vendetta, Vendetta,
Vendetta, Vendetta.

Fest entschlossen, sich zu rächen,
widmeten sich meine empörten Landsfrauen
mit Leidenschaft der
Beschädigung meines Rufs.
Vendetta, Vendetta,
Vendetta, Vendetta.

Ihr Geschwätz hatte, das steht fest,
auf mein beklagenswertes Schicksal
fantastische Auswirkungen
jenseits aller Erwartungen.
Vendetta, Vendetta,
Vendetta, Vendetta.

Als ich mir eines Tages die Füße gewaschen hatte
und die Frau eines Feuerwehrmanns erwartete,
sicher, sie ungestört zu missbrauchen,
hatte ich diese Schlunzen nicht einkalkuliert.
Vendetta, Vendetta,
Vendetta, Vendetta.

Da es auf dem Gang dunkel war
und sie meine Tür nicht fand,
wandte sie sich, schlimmer Fehler,
an meine beiden Verleumderinnen.
Vendetta, Vendetta,
Vendetta, Vendetta.

Die sagten ihr: der alte ar-
ge Seuchenträger wohnt im zweiten Stock,
aber sobald Sie rauskommen,
gehen Sie besser ins Krankenhaus.
Vendetta, Vendetta,
Vendetta, Vendetta.

Da lief meine Besucherin Hals
über Kopf weg, sie rennt noch immer,
und ich musste schließlich einsehen,
dass ich mir umsonst die Füße gewaschen hatte.
Vendetta, Vendetta,
Vendetta, Vendetta.

Informiert, haben die Feuerwehrmänner
von Paris mich an den Schandpfahl gestellt.
Vorsichtshalber zogen sie
ihre Frauen aus dem Verkehr.
Vendetta, Vendetta,
Vendetta, Vendetta.

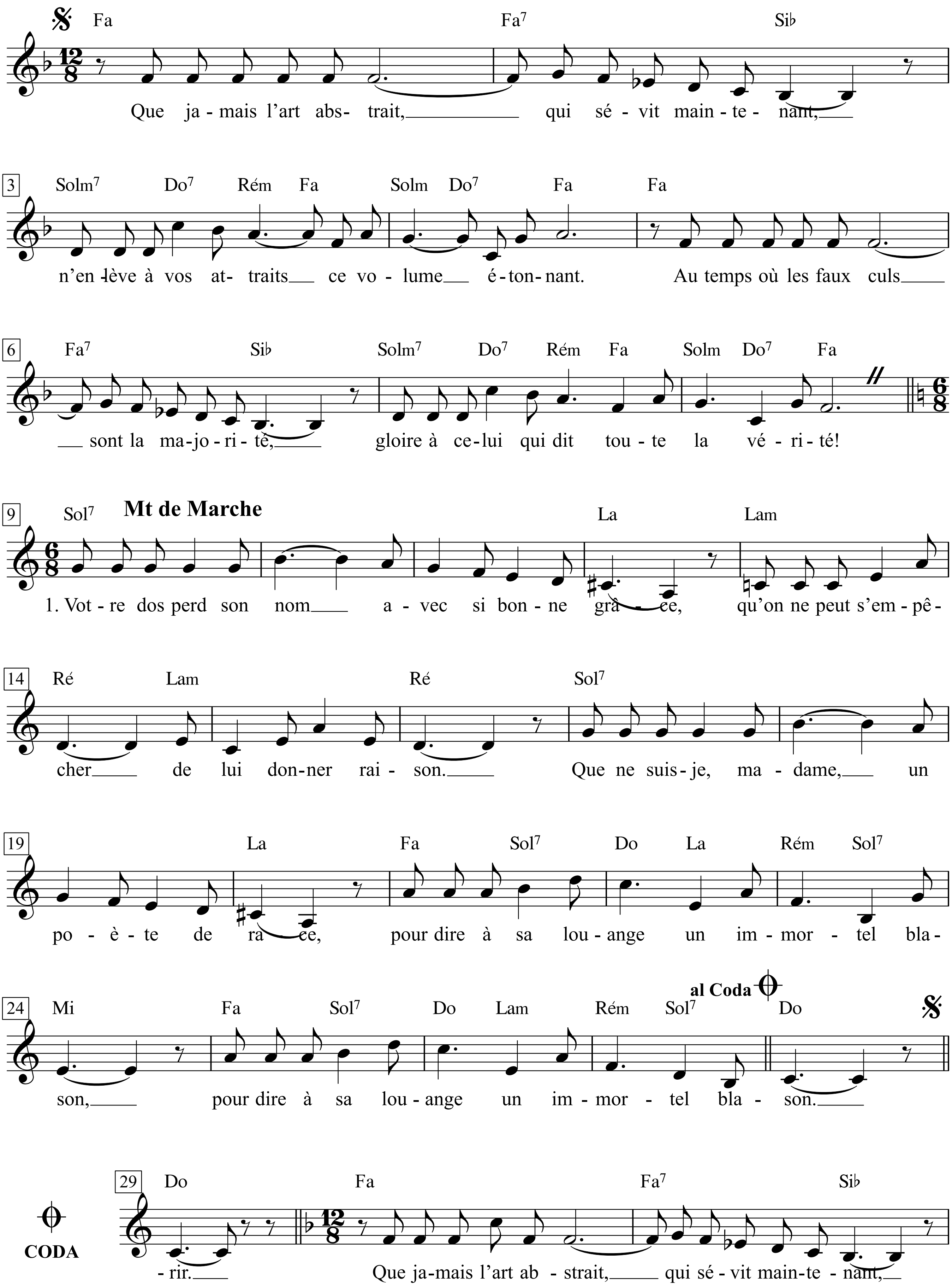
Und all das, all das, wissen Sie,
bloß weil ich diesen Schlampen einmal
gesagt habe, Tino und Napoleon
spielten schlecht Akkordeon.
Vendetta, Vendetta,
Vendetta, Vendetta.

Vénus Callipyge

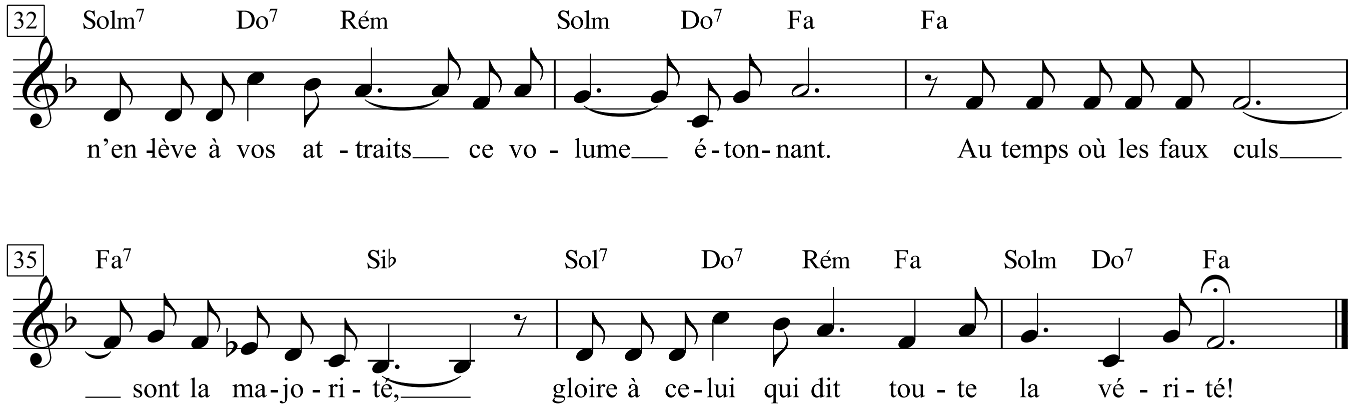
(Die schönärschige Venus)

Libre, mais assez rapide

Texte & Musique: Georges Brassens



Georges Brassens - Zweitausendeins, I. S.127+128 & II. S.318-321



1. Que jamais l'art abstrait, qui sévit maintenant,
N'enlève à vos attraits ce volume étonnant.
Au temps où les faux culs sont la majorité,
Gloire à celui qui dit toute la vérité!

2. Votre dos perd son nom avec si bonne grâce,
Qu'on ne peut s'empêcher de lui donner raison.
Que ne suis-je, madame, un poète de race,
Pour dire à sa louange un immortel blason, *(bis)*

3. En le voyant passer, j'en eus la chair de poule,
Enfin, je vins au monde et, depuis, je lui vou'
Un culte véritable et, quand je perds aux boules,
En embrassant Fanny, je ne pense qu'à vous, *(bis)*

4. Pour obtenir, madame, un galbe de cet ordre,
Vous devez torturer les gens de votre entour,
Donner aux couturiers bien du fil à retordre,
Et vous devez crever votre dame d'atour. *(bis)*

5. C'est le duc de Bordeaux qui s'en va, tête basse,
Car il ressemble au mien comme deux gouttes d'eau,
S'il ressemblait au vôtre on dirait, quand il passe:
»C'est un joli garçon que le duc de Bordeaux!« *(bis)*

6. Ne faites aucun cas des jaloux qui professent,
Que vous avez placé votre orgueil un peu bas,
Que vous présumez trop, en somme de vos fesses,
Et surtout, par faveur, ne vous asseyez pas! *(bis)*

7. Laissez-les raconter qu'en sortant de calèche
La brise a fait voler votre robe et qu'on vit,
Ecrite dans un cœur transpercé d'une flèche,
Cette expression triviale: »A Julot pour la vi'.« *(bis)*

8. Laissez-les dire encor qu'à la cour d'Angleterre,
Faisant la révérence aux souverains anglois,
Vous êtes, patatras! tombée assise à terre:
La loi d'la pesanteur est dur', mais c'est la loi. *(bis)*

9. Nul ne peut aujourd'hui trépasser sans voir Naples,
A l'assaut des chefs-d'œuvre ils veulent tous courir!
Mes ambitions à moi sont bien plus raisonnables:
Voir votre académie, madame, et puis mourir, *(bis)*

10. Que jamais l'art abstrait, qui sévit maintenant,
N'enlève à vos attraits ce volume étonnant.
Au temps où les faux culs sont la majorité,
Gloire à celui qui dit toute la vérité!

1. Dass die abstrakte Kunst, die zurzeit wütet,
nie Euren Reizen dies erstaunliche Volumen raube!
In Zeiten, da verkniffene Lügenärsche die Mehrheit sind,
Ruhm dem, der die ganze Wahrheit sagt!

2. Euer Rücken ändert seinen Namen mit solcher Anmut,
dass man nicht umhin kann, ihm recht zu geben.
Ach dass ich kein Dichter von Geblüt bin, Madame,
um zu seinem Preis ein unsterbliches *blason* zu sagen, *(bis)*

3. Als ich ihn vorbeischweben sah, bekam ich Gänsehaut,
kam schließlich wieder zu mir, und seitdem widme ich ihm
einen wahren Kult, und wenn ich beim Boule verliere
und Fanny küsse, denk ich doch nur an Euch dabei, *(bis)*

4. Um derlei Rundung zu erlangen, Madame,
müsst Ihr Eure Umgebung arg peinigen,
Eurem Schneider schlimme Problemfäden aufgeben
und eure Kammerzofe furchtbar quälen, *(bis)*

5. Das ist der Herzog von Bordeaux, der schleicht vergrämt von hinnen,
denn er gleicht meinem wie ein Ei dem anderen;
sähe er aus wie Eurer, hieße es, wenn er vorübergeht:
»Welch hübscher Kerl, dieser Herzog von Bordeaux!« *(bis)*

6. Achtet nicht auf die Neider, die da sagen,
Ihr hättet Euren Stolz tief unten angebracht,
Ihr überschätztet insgesamt Eure Backen -
und vor allem, bitte, setzt Euch nicht hin! *(bis)*

7. Lasst sie doch erzählen, beim Aussteigen aus der Kutsche
habe die Brise Euren Rock bewegt, und man habe gesehen,
geschrieben in ein von einem Pfeil durchbohrtes Herz,
diesen trivialen Spruch: *Für Julot lebenslang, (bis)*

8. Lasst sie doch ferner sagen, am Hofe Englands,
beim Knicks vor den englischen Herrschern,
wärt Ihr pardauz sitzend zu Boden gefallen:
Das Gesetz der Schwerkraft ist hart, aber es ist das Gesetz, *(bis)*

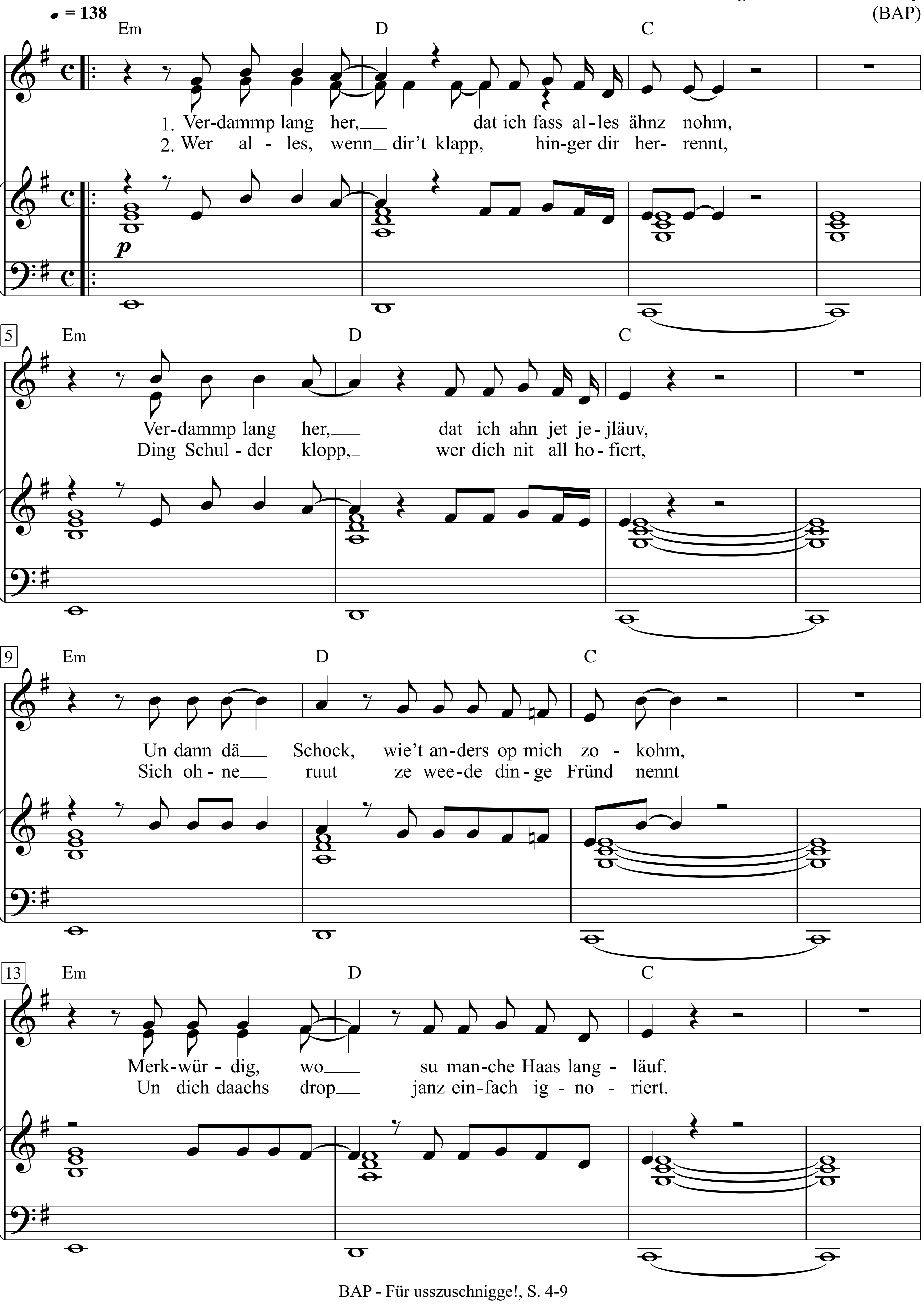
9. Keiner kann heutzutage sterben, ohne Neapel zu sehen,
zur Attacke auf die Meisterwerke wollen sie alle rennen!
Meine Ambitionen sind viel vernünftiger:
Eure Akademie sehen, Madame, und dann sterben, *(bis)*

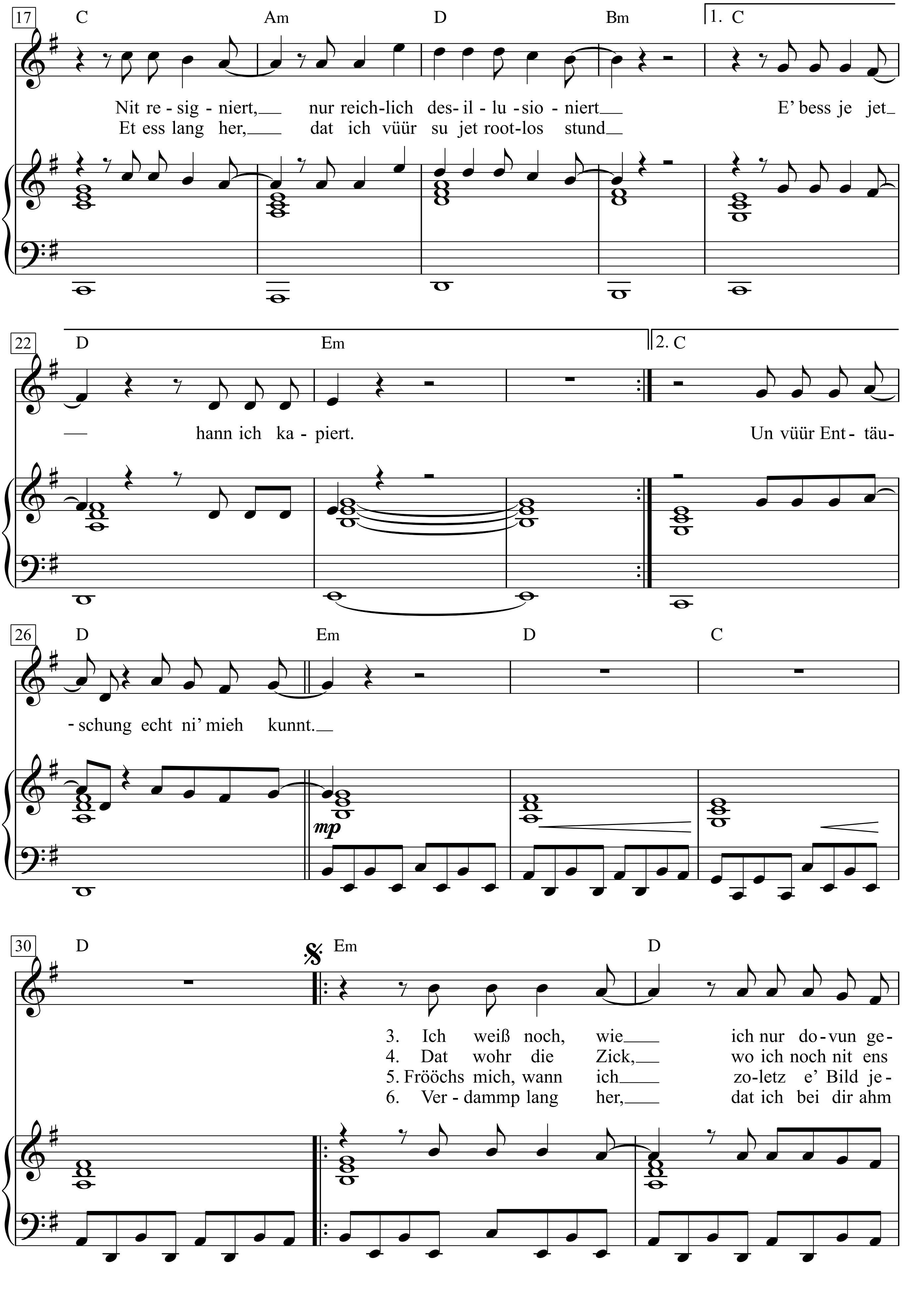
10. Dass die abstrakte Kunst, die zurzeit wütet,
nie Euren Reizen dies erstaunliche Volumen raube!
In Zeiten, da verkniffene Lügenärsche die Mehrheit sind,
Ruhm dem, der die ganze Wahrheit sagt!

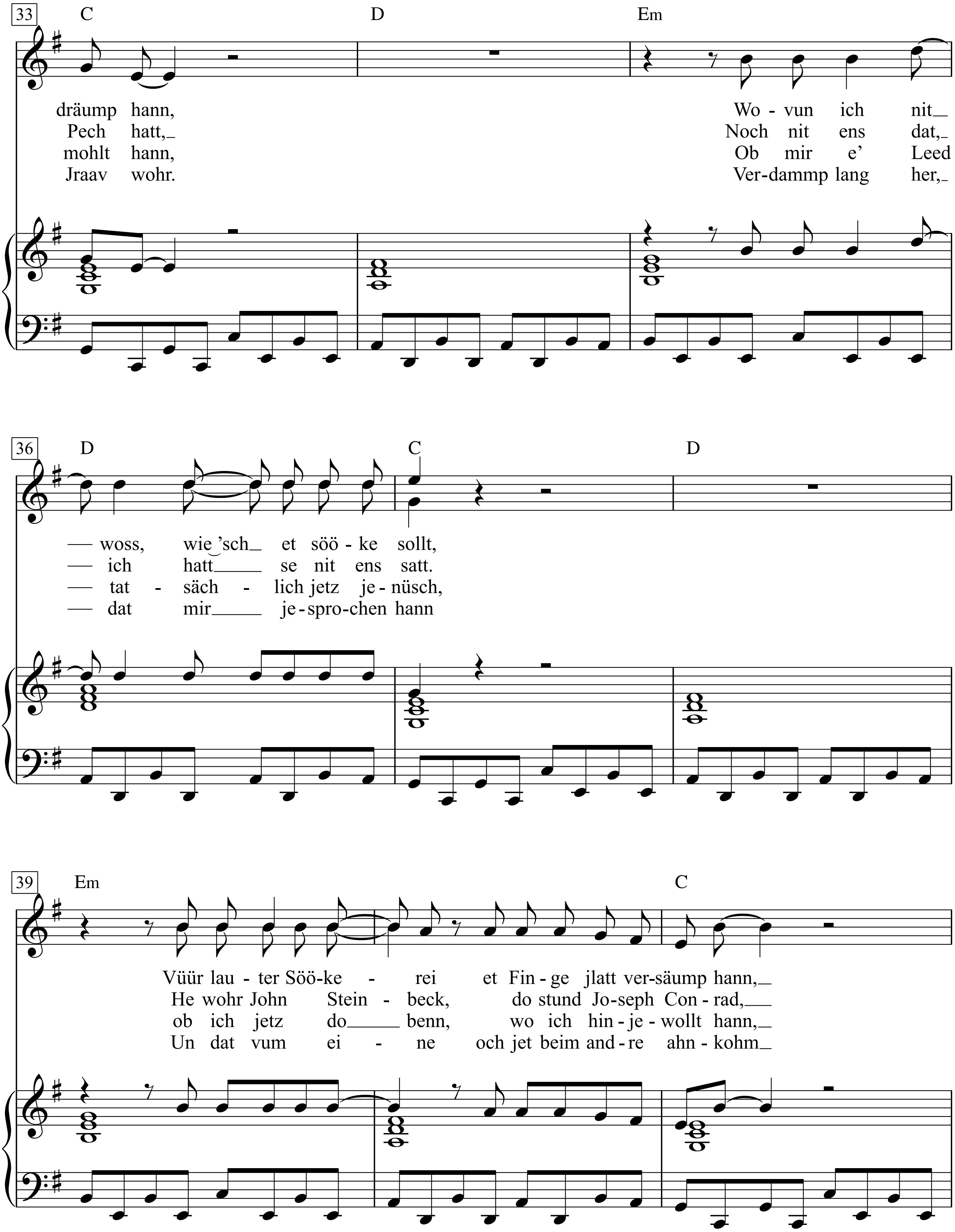
Verdammp lang her

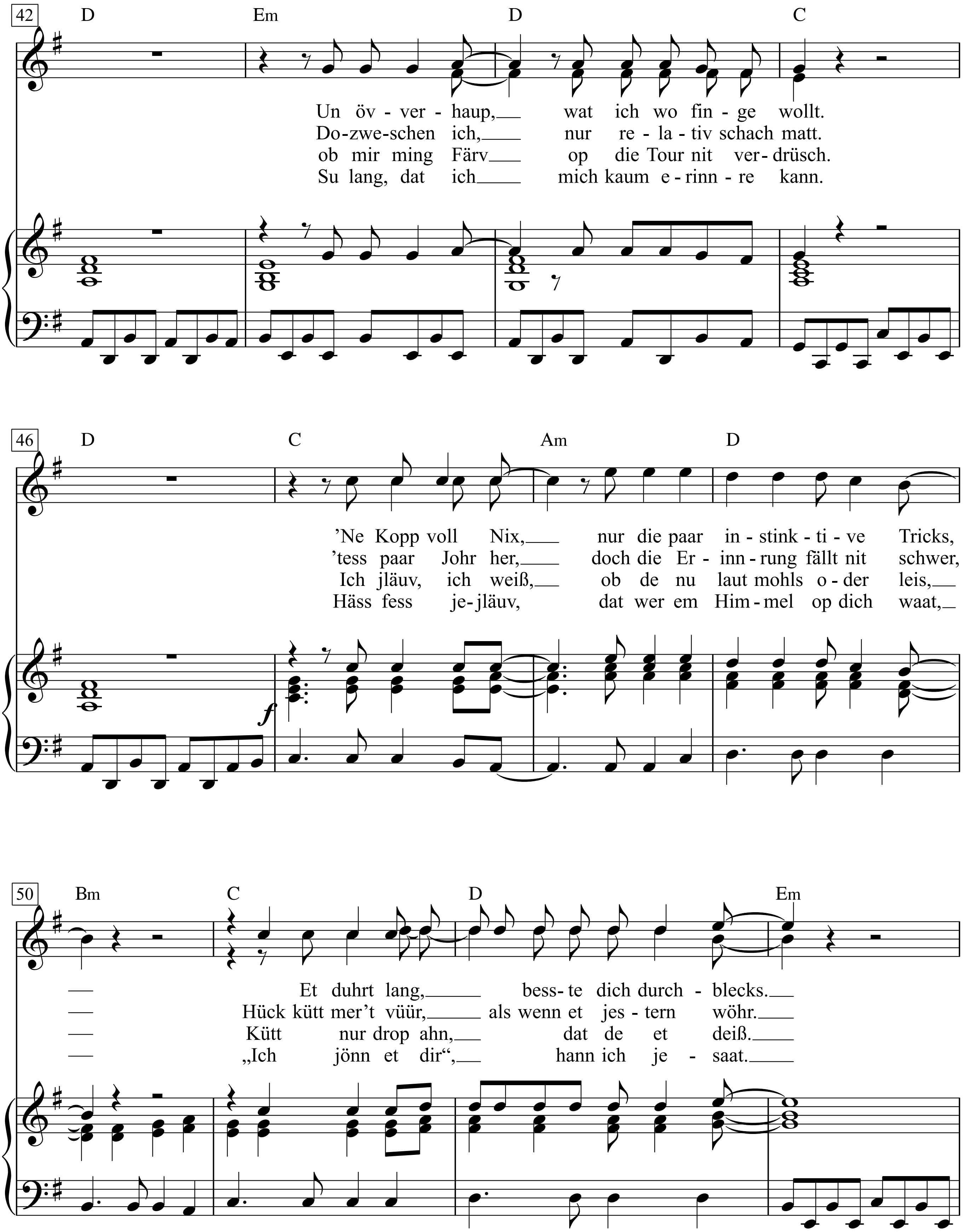
Text: Wolfgang Niedecken

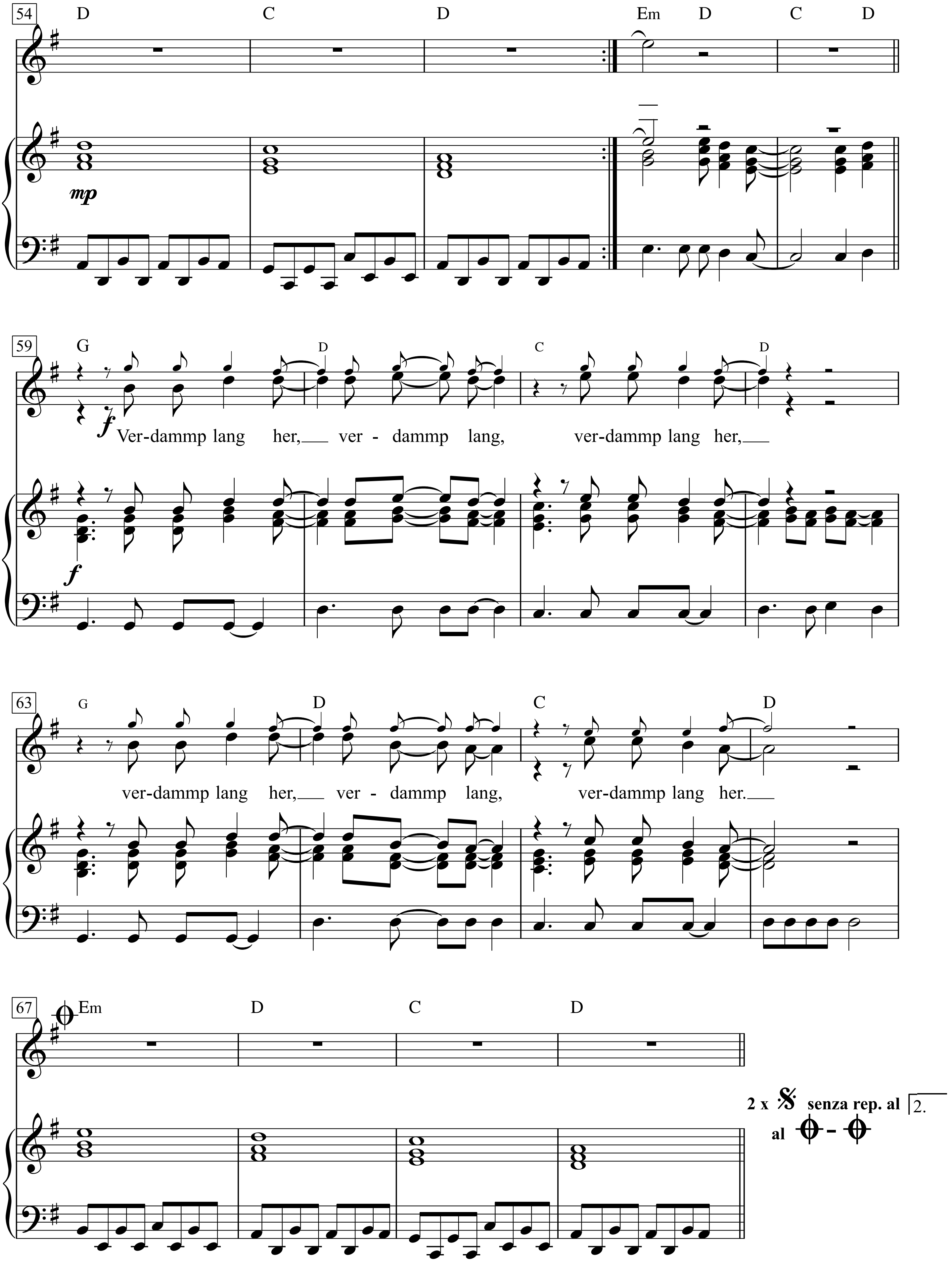
Musik: Klaus Heuser
Bearbeitung: Hilmar Woff de Rooy
(BAP)

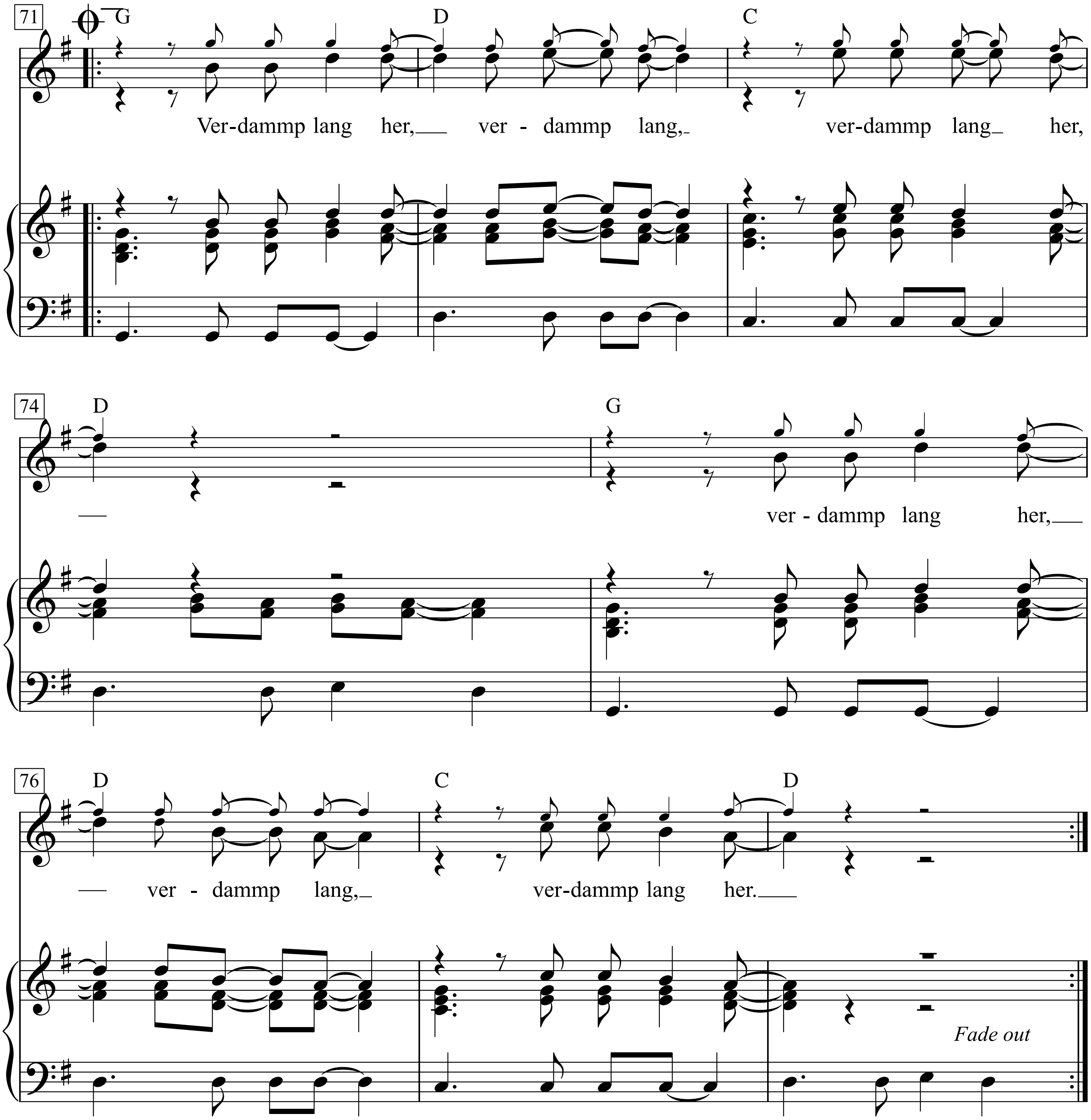



17
C Am D Bm 1. C
Nit re - sig - niert, nur reich-lich des- il - lu - sio - niert E' bess je jet
Et ess lang her, dat ich vüür su jet root-los stund
22
D Em 2. C
hann ich ka - piert. Un vüür Ent - täu-
26
D Em D C
- schung echt ni' mieh kunnt.
mp
30
D Em D
3. Ich weiß noch, wie ich nur do - vun ge -
4. Dat wohr die Zick, wo ich noch nit ens
5. Frööchs mich, wann ich zo - letz e' Bild je -
6. Ver - dammp lang her, dat ich bei dir ahm


33
C
D
Em
dräump hann,
Pech hatt,
mohlt hann,
Jraav wohr.
Wo - vun ich nit
Noch nit ens dat,
Ob mir e' Leed
Ver-dammp lang her,
36
D
C
D
woss, wie 'sch et söö - ke sollt,
ich hatt se nit ens satt.
tat - säch - lich jetz je - nüsch,
dat mir je - spro - chen hann
39
Em
C
Vüür lau - ter Söö - ke - rei et Fin - ge jlatt ver - säump hann,
He wohr John Stein - beck, do stund Jo - seph Con - rad,
ob ich jetz do benn, wo ich hin - je - wollt hann,
Un dat vum ei - ne och jet beim and - re ahn - kohm


42
D
Em
D
C
Un öv - ver - haup, wat ich wo fin - ge wollt.
Do-zwe-schen ich, nur re - la - tiv schach matt.
ob mir ming Färv op die Tour nit ver- drüsch.
Su lang, dat ich mich kaum e - rinn - re kann.
46
D
C
Am
D
’Ne Kopp voll Nix, nur die paar in - stink - ti - ve Tricks,
’tess paar Johr her, doch die Er - inn - rung fällt nit schwer,
Ich jläuv, ich weiß, ob de nu laut mohls o - der leis,
Häss fess je- jläuv, dat wer em Him - mel op dich waat,
f
50
Bm
C
D
Em
Et duhrt lang, bess- te dich durch - blecks.
Hück kütt mer’t vüür, als wenn et jes - tern wöhr.
Kütt nur drop ahn, dat de et deiß.
„Ich jönn et dir“, hann ich je - saat.


54
D
C
D
Em
D
C
D
mp
59
G
D
C
D
f
Ver-dammp lang her, ver - dammp lang, ver-dammp lang her,
f
63
G
D
C
D
ver-dammp lang her, ver - dammp lang, ver-dammp lang her.
67
Em
D
C
D
2 x senza rep. al 2.
al


71
G
D
C
Ver-dammp lang her, ver - dammp lang, ver-dammp lang her,
74
D
G
ver - dammp lang her,
76
D
C
D
ver - dammp lang, ver-dammp lang her.
Fade out

Verdammp lang her
1. Verdammp lang her, dat ich fass alles ähnz nohm,
Verdammp lang her, dat ich ahn jet jejläuv,
Un dann dä Schock, wie't anders op mich zokohm,
Merkwürdig, wo su manche Haas langläuf.
Nit resigniert, nur reichlich desillusioniert –
E' bessje jet hann ich kapiert.

2. Wer alles, wenn dir't klapp, hinger dir herrennt,
Ding Schulder klopp, wer dich nit all hofiert,
Sich ohne ruut ze weede dinge Fründ nennt
Un dich daachs drop janz einfach ignoriert.
Et ess lang her, dat ich vüür su jet rootlos stund
Un vüür Enttäuschung echt ni' mieh kunnt.

3. Ich weiß noch, wie ich nur dovun gedräump hann,
Wovun ich nit woss, wie 'sch et sööke sollt,
Vüür lauter Söökerei et Finge jlatt versäump hann,
Un övverhaup, wat ich wo finge wollt.
'Ne Kopp voll Nix, nur die paar instinktive Tricks,
Et duhrt lang, besste dich durchblecks.

4. Dat wohr die Zick, wo ich noch nit ens Pech hatt,
Noch nit ens dat, ich hatt se nit ens satt.
He wohr John Steinbeck, do stund Joseph Conrad,
Dozweschen ich, nur relativ schachmatt.
'T ess paar Johr her, doch die Erinnrung fällt nit schwer,
Hück kütt mer't vüür, als wenn et jestern wöhr.

Verdammp lang her, verdammp lang,
verdammp lang her,
verdammp lang her, verdammp lang,
verdammp lang her.

5. Frööchs mich, wann ich zoletz e' Bild jemohlt hann,
Ob mir e' Leed tatsächlich jetz jenüsch,
Ob ich jetz do benn, wo ich hinjewollt hann,
Ob mir ming Färv op die Tour nit verdrüsch.
Ich jläuv, ich weiß, ob de nu laut mohls oder leis,
Kütt nur drop ahn, dat de et deiß.

Verdammp lang her, verdammp lang,
Verdammp lang her.
Verdammp lang her, verdammp lang,
Verdammp lang her.

6. Verdammp lang her, dat ich bei dir ahm Jraav wohr
Verdammp lang her, dat mir jesprochen hann
Un dat vum eine och jet beim andre ahnkohm –
Su lang, dat ich mich kaum erinnre kann.
Häss fess jejläuv, dat wer em Himmel op dich waat,
„Ich jönn et dir", hann ich jesaat.

Verdammp lang her, verdammp lang,
Verdammp lang her.
Verdammp lang her, verdammp lang,
Verdammp lang her.

Verdammt lang her
Verdammt lang her, dass ich fast alles ernst nahm,
Verdammt lang her, dass ich an was geglaubt,
Und dann der Schock, wie's anders auf mich zukam,
Merkwürdig, wie der Hase manchmal läuft.
Nicht resigniert, nur reichlich desillusioniert –
Ein bisschen was hab ich kapiert.

Wer alles, wenn's gut läuft, hinter dir herrennt,
Deine Schulter klopft, wer dich plötzlich hofiert,
Sich ohne rot zu werden „bester Freund" nennt
Und dich tags drauf ganz einfach ignoriert.
Es ist lang her, dass ich vor so was ratlos stand,
Restlos enttäuscht, mit dem Rücken an der Wand.

Ich weiß noch, wie ich nur davon geträumt hab,
Nicht wusste, wie und wo ich suchen soll,
Vor lauter Sucherei das Finden glatt versäumt hab,
Und überhaupt, was ich wo finden wollt.
Den Kopf voll Nichts, nur ein paar instinktive Tricks,
Das kann sich ziehen, bis man sich selbst durchblickt.

Das war die Zeit, wo ich nicht mal Pech hatte,
Noch nicht mal das, hatte sie nicht mal satt.
Hier war John Steinbeck, da stand Joseph Conrad,
Dazwischen ich, nur relativ schachmatt.
Paar Jahre her, doch die Erinnerung fällt nicht schwer,
Heut kommt's mir vor, als wenn es gestern wär.

Verdammt lang her, verdammt lang,
Verdammt lang her.
Verdammt lang her, verdammt lang,
Verdammt lang her.

Fragst mich, wann ich zuletzt ein Bild gemalt hab,
Ob mir ein Lied tatsächlich jetzt genügt,
Ob ich jetzt da bin, wo ich hingewollt hab –
„... Farbe vertrocknet ... jetzt auch noch Musik!"
Ob man es singt oder es malt, alles ist Blues,
Kommt nur drauf an, dass du es tust.

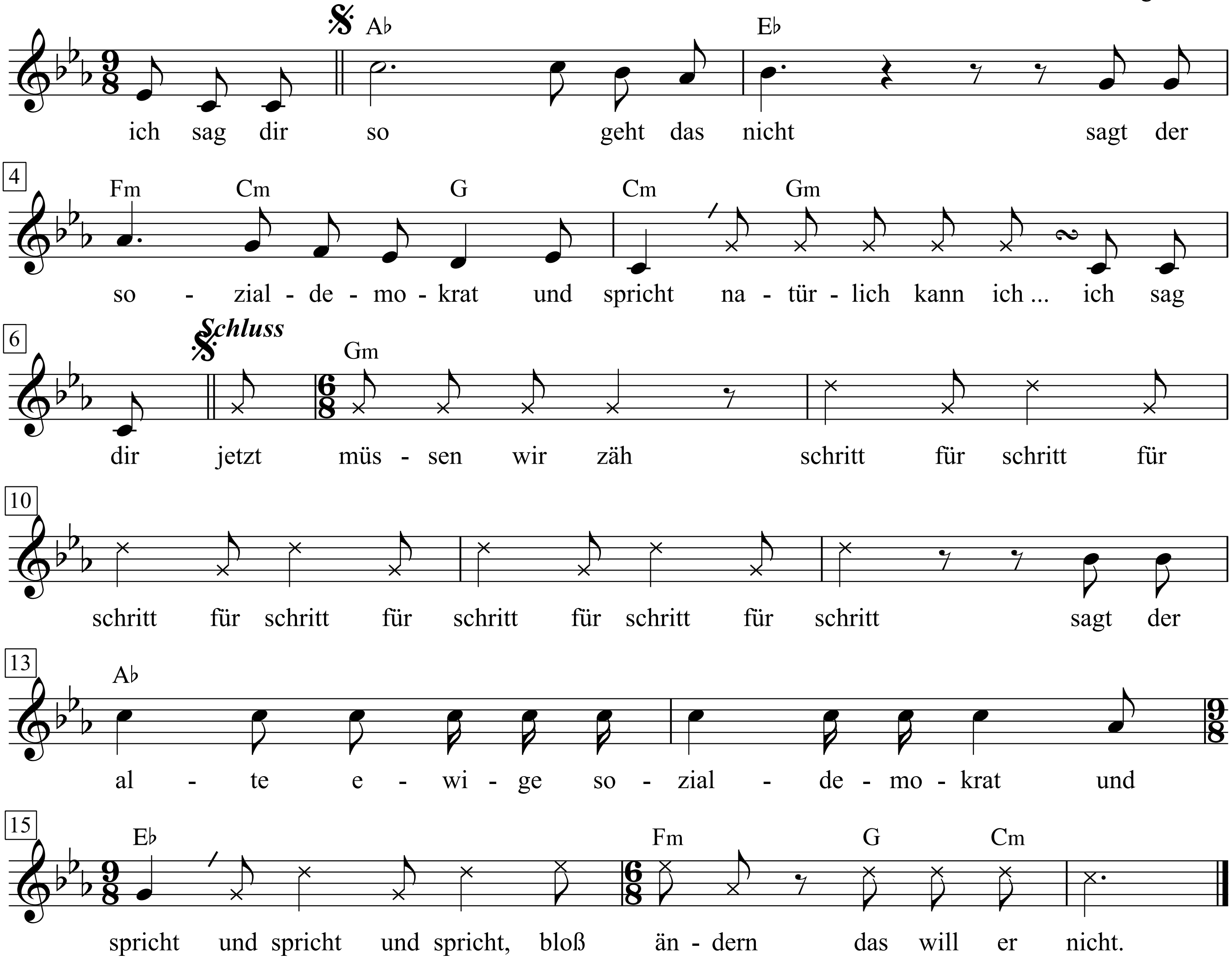
Verdammt lang her, verdammt lang,
Verdammt lang her.
Verdammt lang her, verdammt lang,
Verdammt lang her.

Verdammt lang her, dass ich bei dir am Grab war,
Verdammt lang her, dass wir gesprochen haben,
Und dass vom einen auch was beim anderen ankam –
So lang, dass ich mich kaum erinnern kann.
Hast fest geglaubt, dass wer im Himmel auf dich wartet,
„Ich gönn es dir", hab ich gesagt.

Verdammt lang her, verdammt lang,
Verdammt lang her.
Verdammt lang her, verdammt lang,
Verdammt lang her.

Verteidigung eines Sozialdemokraten vor dem Fabriktor

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



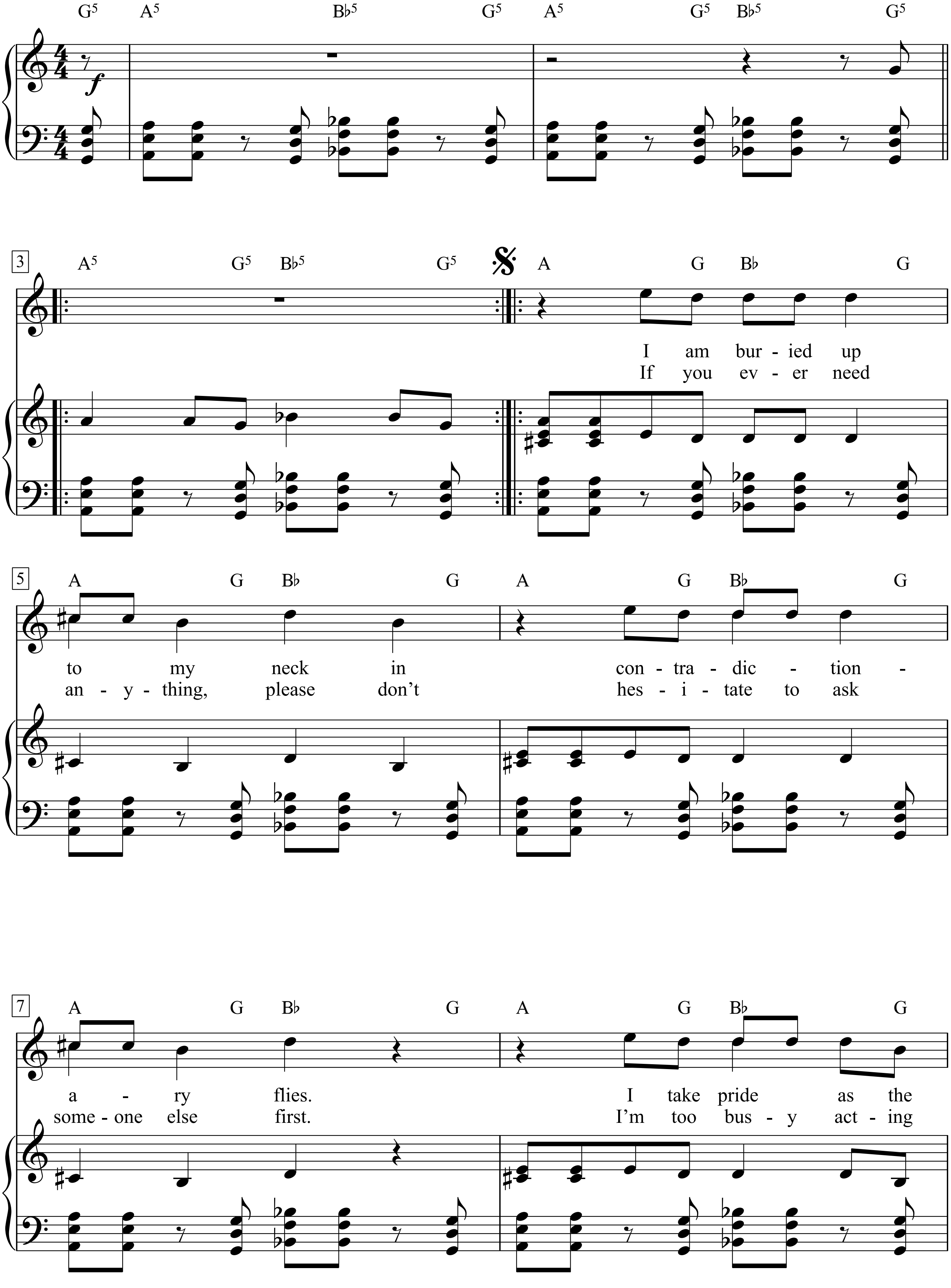
ich sag dir so geht das nicht
sagt der sozialdemokrat und spricht
natürlich kann ich auf eine drehbank steigen
und loslegen
alle mal herhören
von wegen sicherer arbeitsplatz
und was übrig bleibt wenn die raten bezahlt sind
oder zum beispiel
akkord
aber angenommen sogar ich bin franz beckenbauer
die hören doch gar nicht hin
die schreien doch
halt den hals
ich sag dir so geht das nicht
sagt der sozialdemokrat und spricht
pass auf
im theater bei euch
na meinetwegen
aber stell dir mal vor
bundesliga endspiel

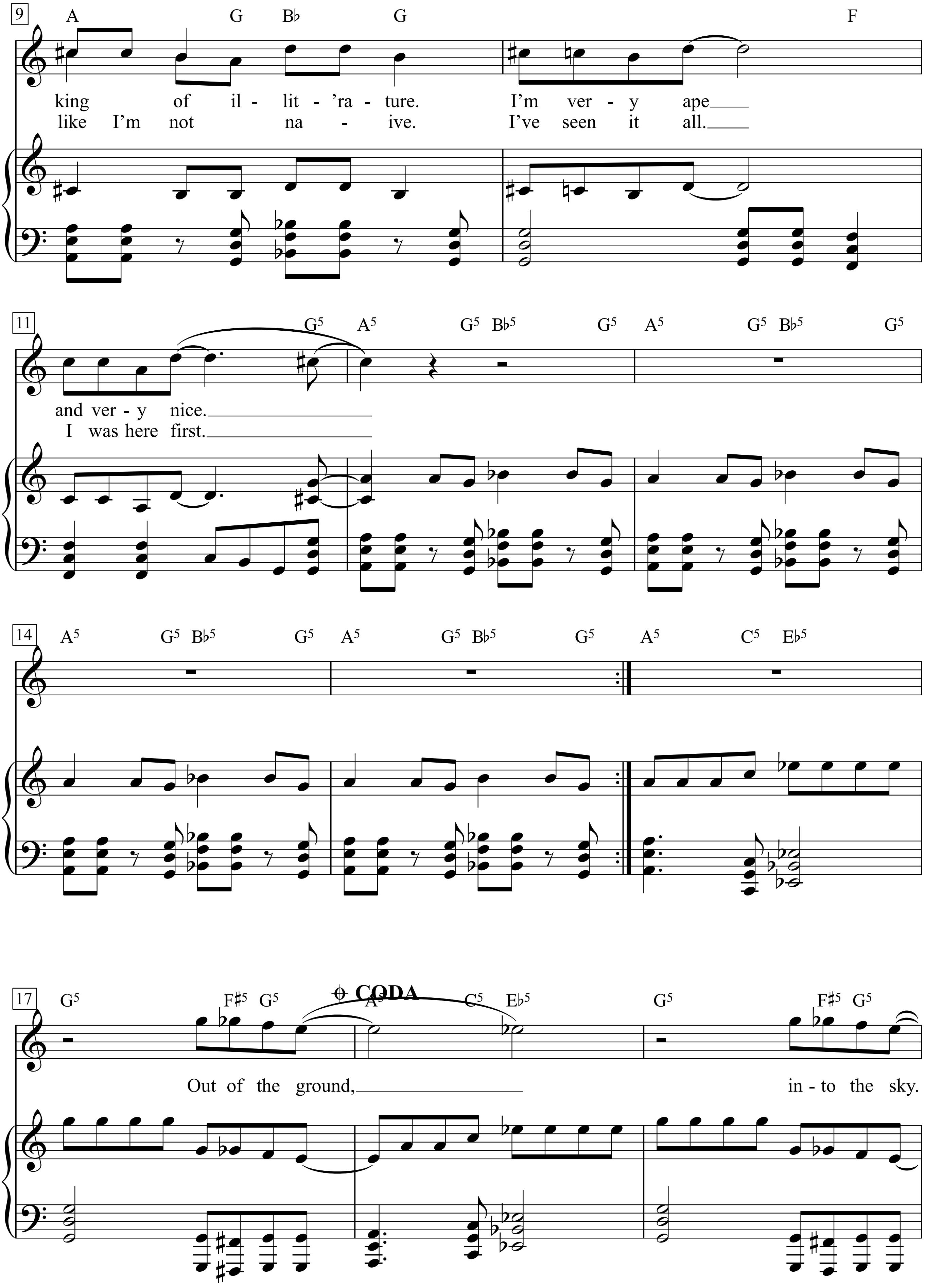
borussia / eintracht
so fünf minuten nach der halbzeit
kommen paar von euch auf den platz
rote fahnen und so
und brüllen schluss mit dem quatsch
jetzt wird diskutiert
was meinst du was da passiert
hier euer flugblatt
wischen die sich den arsch mit ab
ich sag dir so geht das nicht
sagt der sozialdemokrat und spricht
pass auf
das musst du auch mal vergleichen
was hat er früher gehabt
was hat er heute
sieh mal
wir waren sieben zu hause
zwei zimmer immer kohldampf geschoben
und heute
guck dir das doch mal an
wohnzimmer teppich
couch sessel
alles was du willst
auto sogar
die kinder arbeiten verdienen
und dann kommt ihr ARBEITER DU WIRST AUSGEBEUTET
DDR
hau mir ab
ist doch viel schlimmer
ich sag dir so geht das nicht
sagt der sozialdemokrat und spricht
ja
fünfundvierzig
da hätten wir zuschlagen müssen
zack
dann wären wir am drücker gewesen
so
dann hätten die andern mal kommen sollen
dann hätten wir diesen staat gemacht
aber heute geht das nicht mehr
jetzt müssen wir zählen
schritt
für
schritt für schritt für schritt für schritt für schritt für schritt
sagt der alte ewige sozialdemokrat und spricht und spricht und spricht
bloß ändern das will er nicht.

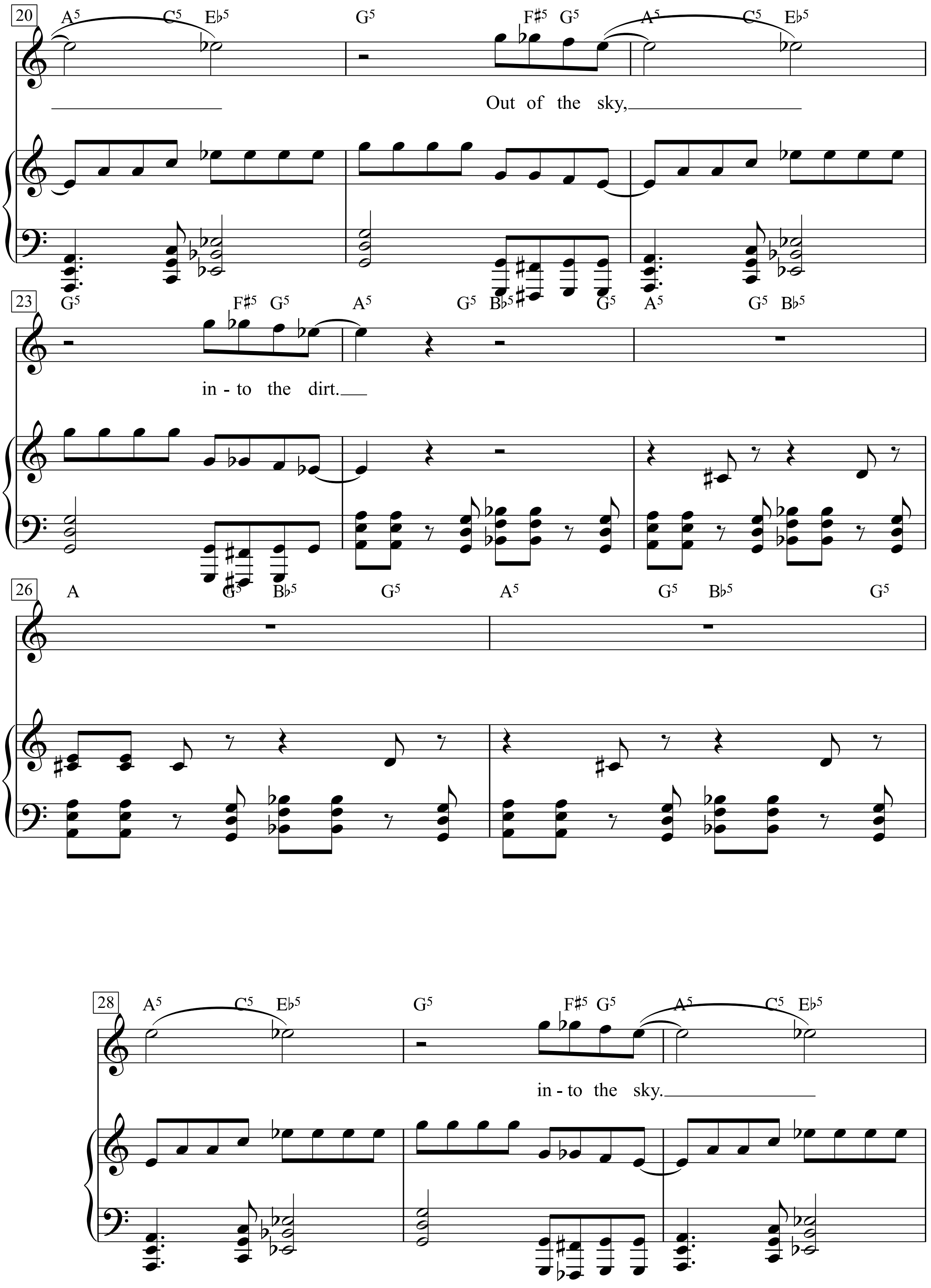
Very Ape

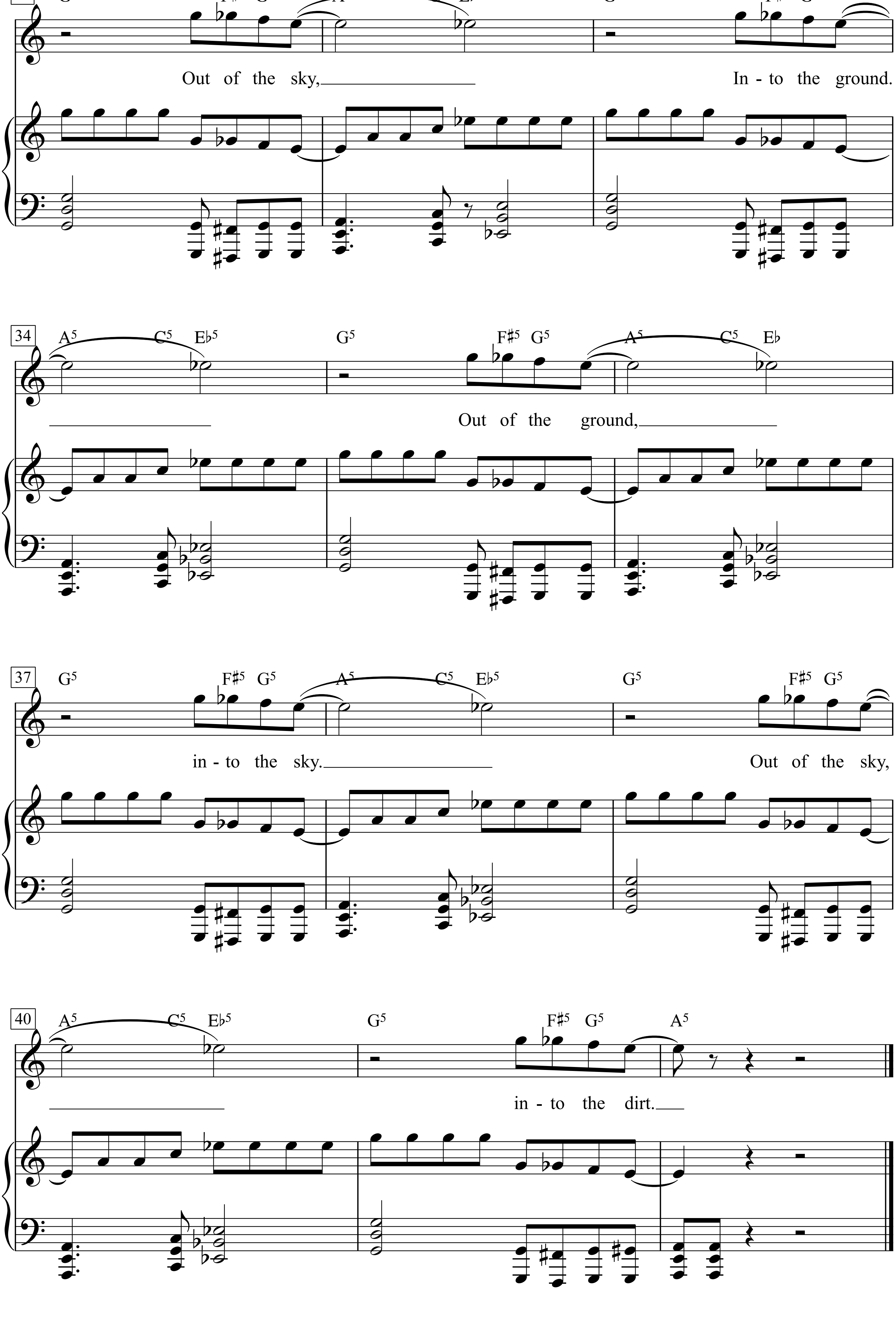
Words & Music by Kurt Cobain
(Nirvana)

Quickly



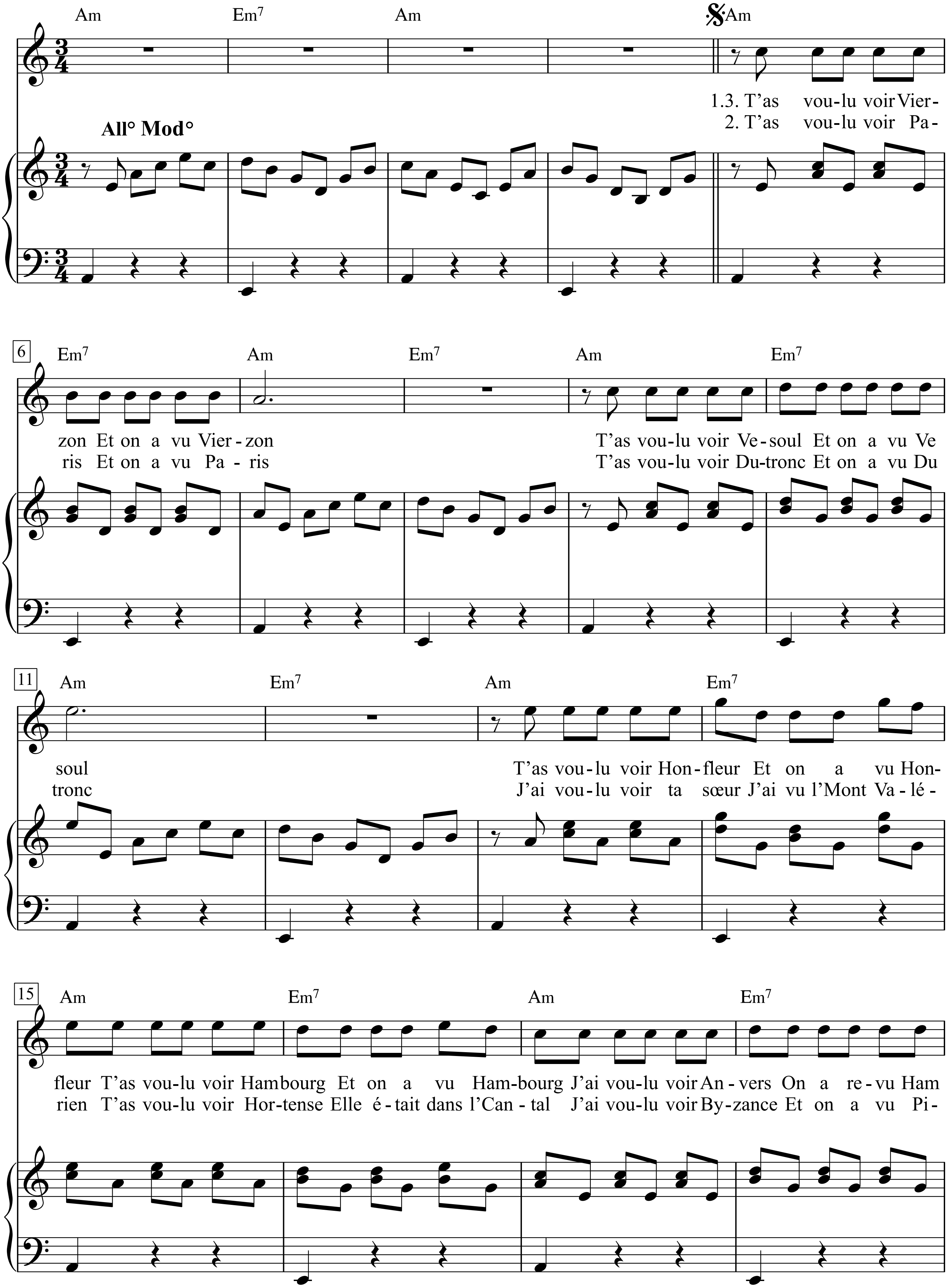

9
A G B♭ G F
king of il - lit - 'ra - ture. I'm ver - y ape
like I'm not na - ive. I've seen it all.
11
G5 A5 G5 B♭5 G5 A5 G5 B♭5 G5
and ver - y nice.
I was here first.
14
A5 G5 B♭5 G5 A5 G5 B♭5 G5 A5 C5 E♭5
17
G5 F♯5 G5
CODA
A5 C5 E♭5 G5 F♯5 G5
Out of the ground, in - to the sky.

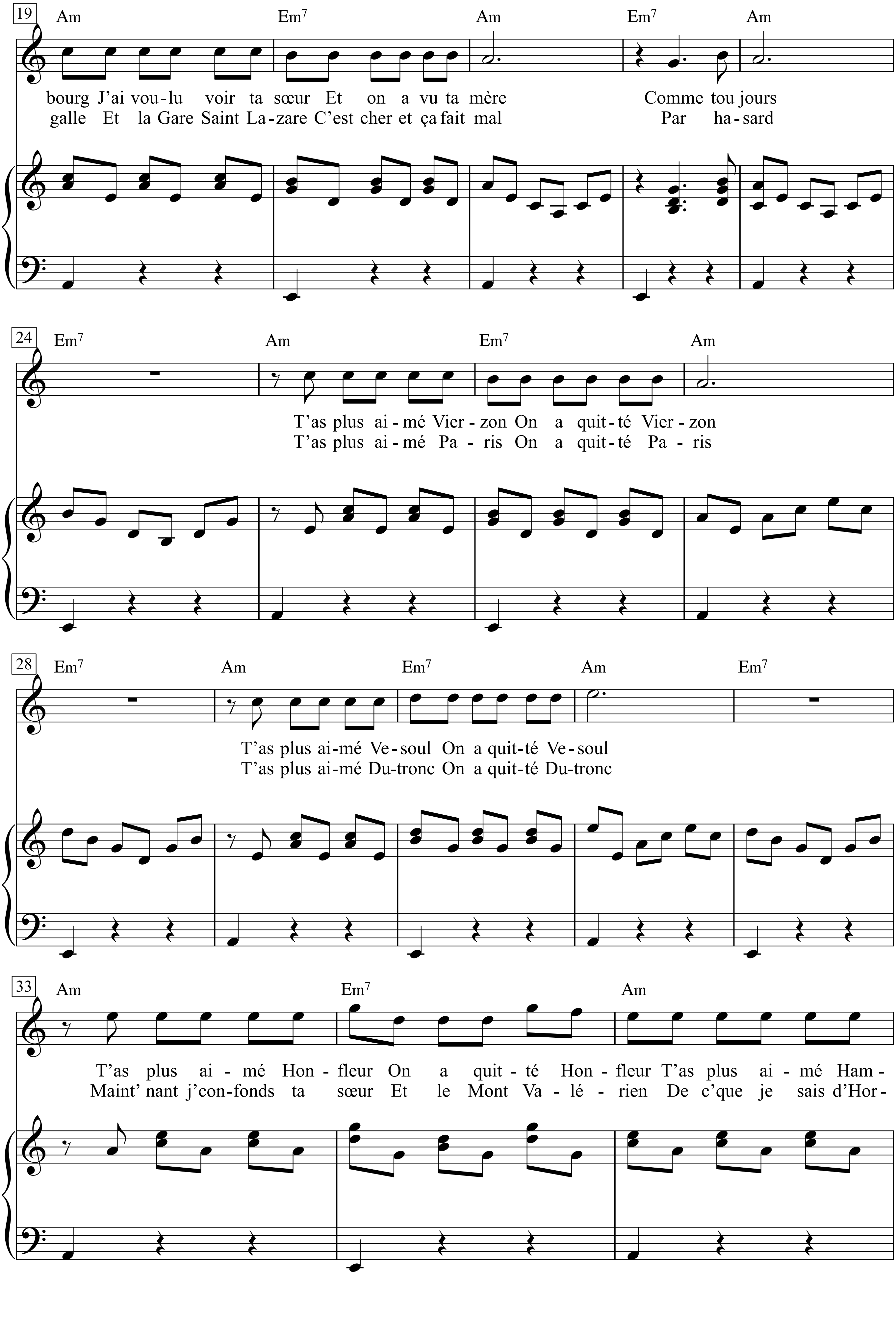

20
A5 C5 E♭5 G5 F♯5 G5 A5 C5 E♭5
Out of the sky,
23
G5 F♯5 G5 A5 G5 B♭5 G5 A5 G5 B♭5
in - to the dirt.
26
A G5 B♭5 G5 A5 G5 B♭5 G5
28
A5 C5 E♭5 G5 F♯5 G5 A5 C5 E♭5
in - to the sky.

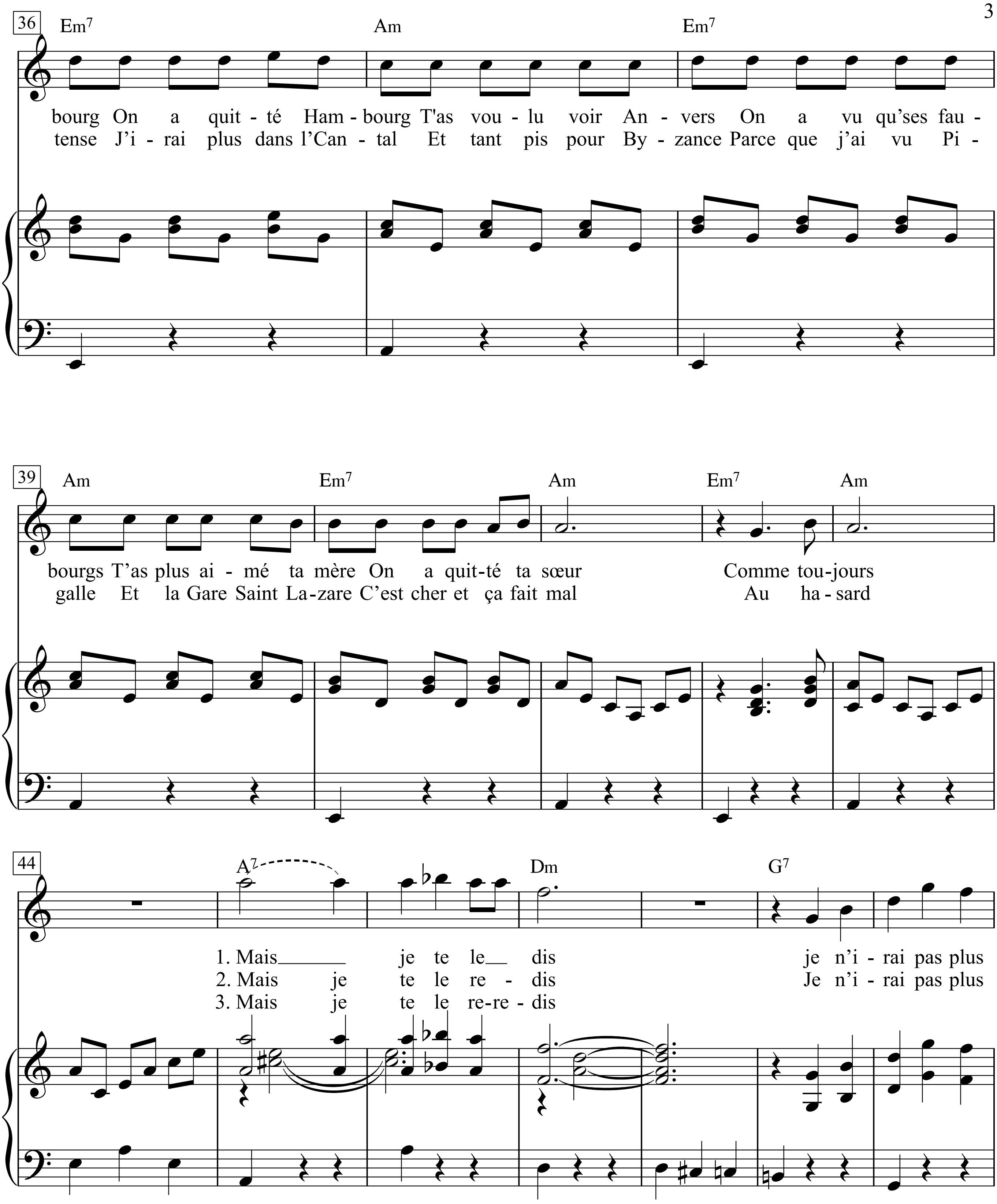

31
G5 F♯5 G5 A5 C5 E♭5 G5 F♯5 G5
Out of the sky, In - to the ground.
34
A5 C5 E♭5 G5 F♯5 G5 A5 C5 E♭
Out of the ground,
37
G5 F♯5 G5 A5 C5 E♭5 G5 F♯5 G5
in - to the sky. Out of the sky,
40
A5 C5 E♭5 G5 F♯5 G5 A5
in - to the dirt.

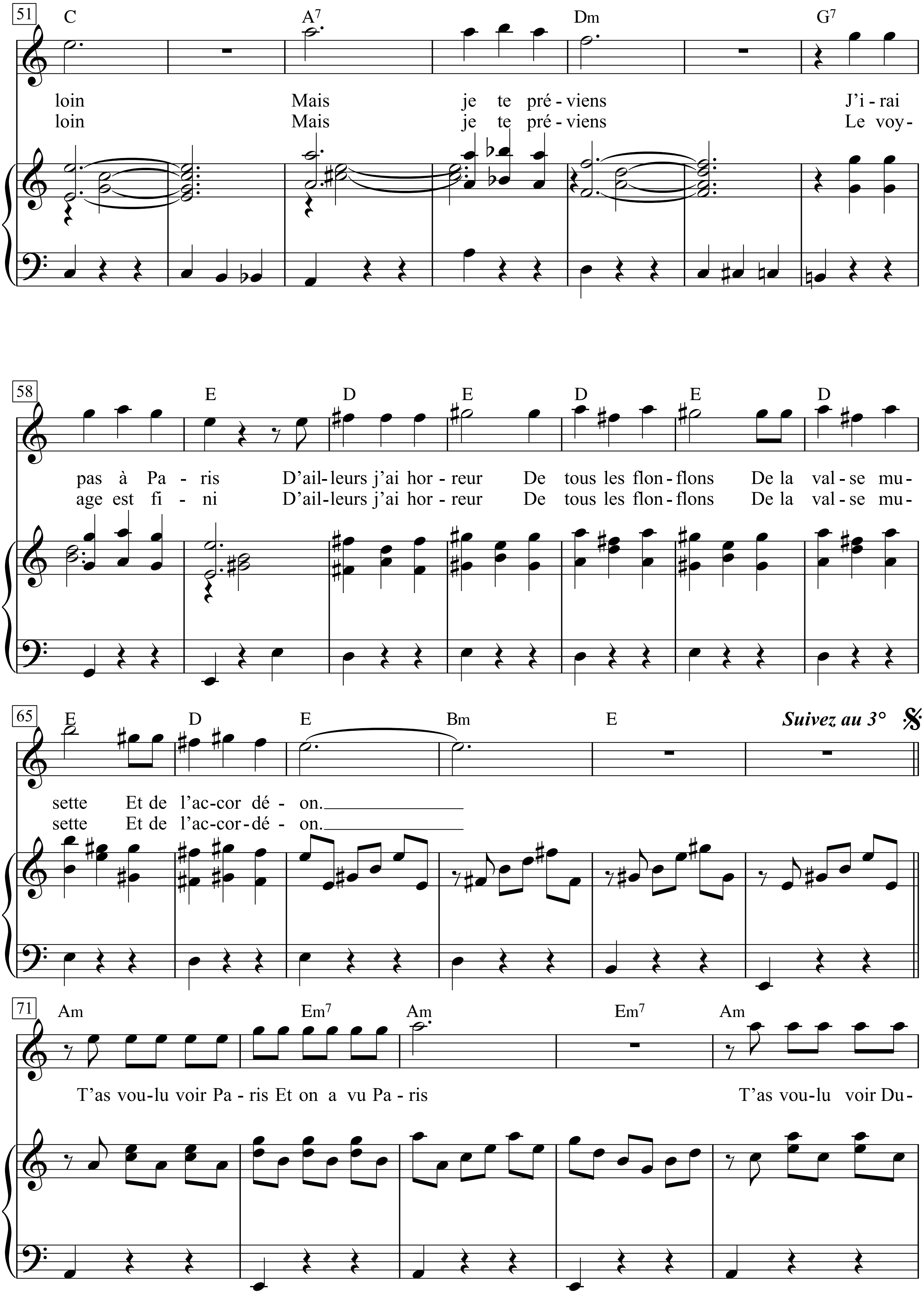
Vesoul

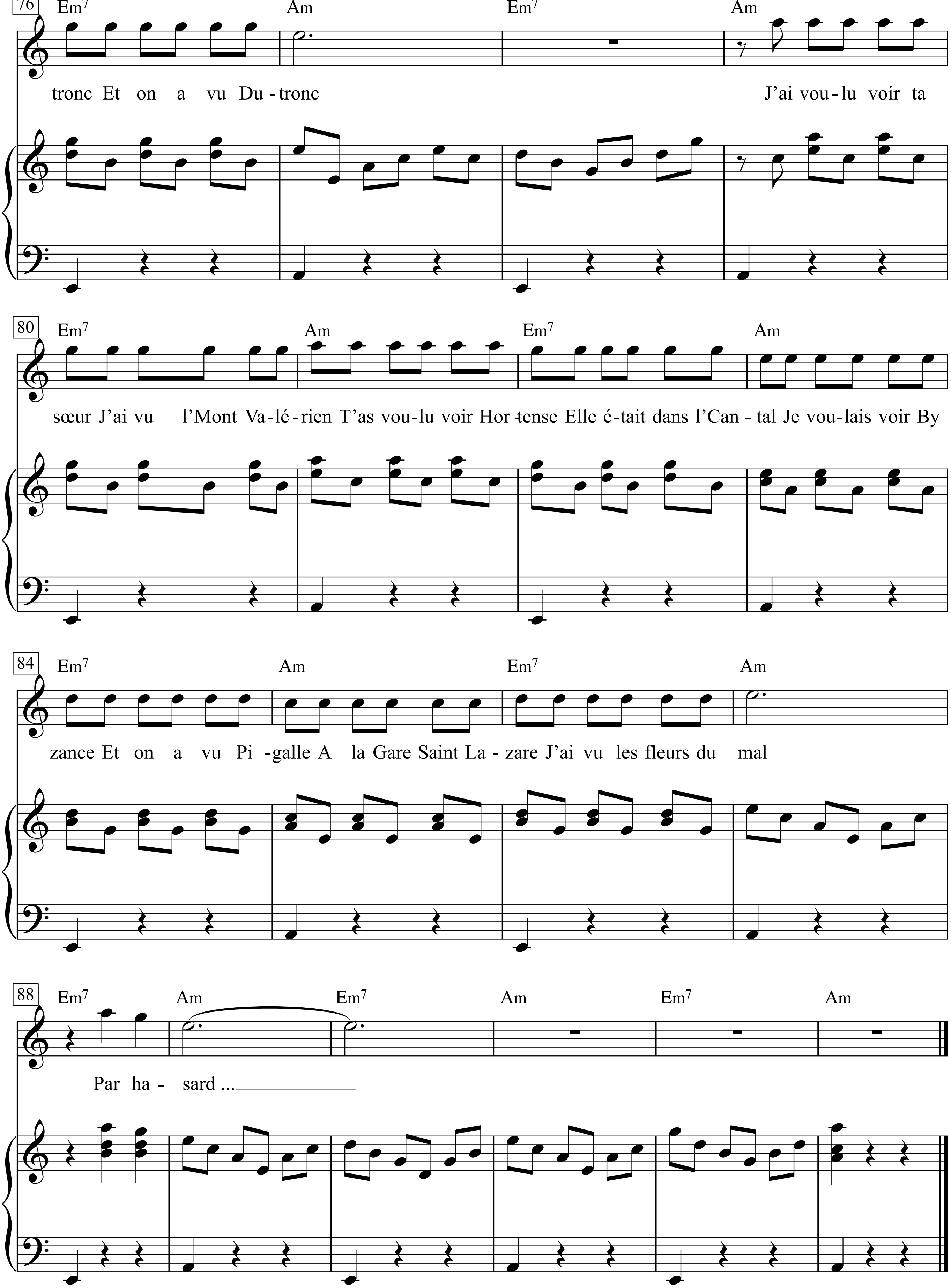
Paroles & Musique: Jacques Brel




19
Am Em7 Am Em7 Am
bourg J'ai vou-lu voir ta sœur Et on a vu ta mère Comme tou jours
galle Et la Gare Saint La-zare C'est cher et ça fait mal Par ha-sard
24
Em7 Am Em7 Am
T'as plus ai-mé Vier-zon On a quit-té Vier-zon
T'as plus ai-mé Pa-ris On a quit-té Pa-ris
28
Em7 Am Em7 Am Em7
T'as plus ai-mé Ve-soul On a quit-té Ve-soul
T'as plus ai-mé Du-tronc On a quit-té Du-tronc
33
Am Em7 Am
T'as plus ai-mé Hon-fleur On a quit-té Hon-fleur T'as plus ai-mé Ham-
Maint' nant j'con-fonds ta sœur Et le Mont Va-lé-rien De c'que je sais d'Hor-


36
Em7 Am Em7
bourg On a quit - té Ham - bourg T'as vou - lu voir An - vers On a vu qu'ses fau -
tense J'i - rai plus dans l'Can - tal Et tant pis pour By - zance Parce que j'ai vu Pi -
39
Am Em7 Am Em7 Am
bourgs T'as plus ai - mé ta mère On a quit-té ta sœur Comme tou-jours
galle Et la Gare Saint La-zare C'est cher et ça fait mal Au ha - sard
44
A7 Dm G7
1. Mais je te le dis je n'i - rai pas plus
2. Mais je te le re - dis Je n'i - rai pas plus
3. Mais je te le re-re - dis


51
C A7 Dm G7
loin Mais je te pré - viens J'i - rai
loin Mais je te pré - viens Le voy-
58
E D E D E D
pas à Pa - ris D'ail - leurs j'ai hor - reur De tous les flon - flons De la val - se mu-
age est fi - ni D'ail - leurs j'ai hor - reur De tous les flon - flons De la val - se mu-
65
E D E Bm E
Suivez au 3°
sette Et de l'ac - cor dé - on.
sette Et de l'ac - cor - dé - on.
71
Am Em7 Am Em7 Am
T'as vou - lu voir Pa - ris Et on a vu Pa - ris T'as vou - lu voir Du-


76
Em7 Am Em7 Am
tronc Et on a vu Du-tronc J'ai vou-lu voir ta
80
Em7 Am Em7 Am
sœur J'ai vu l'Mont Va-lé-rien T'as vou-lu voir Hor-tense Elle é-tait dans l'Can-tal Je vou-lais voir By
84
Em7 Am Em7 Am
zance Et on a vu Pi-galle A la Gare Saint La-zare J'ai vu les fleurs du mal
88
Em7 Am Em7 Am Em7 Am
Par ha-sard ...

1. T'as voulu voir Vierzon
Et on a vu Vierzon
T'as voulu voir Vesoul
Et on a vu Vesoul
T'as voulu voir Honfleur
Et on a vu Honfleur
T'as voulu voir Hambourg
Et on a vu Hambourg
J'ai voulu voir Anvers
On a revu Hambourg
J'ai voulu voir ta sœur
Et on a vu ta mère
Comme toujours

T'as plus aimé Vierzon
On a quitté Vierzon
T'as plus aimé Vesoul
On a quitté Vesoul
T'as plus aimé Honfleur
On a quitté Honfleur
T'as plus aimé Hambourg
On a quitté Hambourg
T'as voulu voir Anvers
On a vu qu'ses faubourgs
T'as plus aimé ta mère
On a quitté ta sœur
Comme toujours

1. Mais je te le dis
Je n'irai pas plus loin
Mais je te préviens
J'irai pas à Paris

Du wolltest nach Vierzon
Wir fuhren nach Vierzon
Du wolltest nach Vesoul
Wir fuhren nach Vesoul
Du wolltest nach Honfleur
Wir fuhren nach Honfleur
Du wolltest nach Hamburg
Wir fuhren nach Hamburg
Ich wollte nach Anvers
Wir fuhren nach Hamburg
Ich wollt zu deiner Schwester
Doch wir fuhrn zur Mutter
So wie immer

Dir reichte Vierzon
Wir verließen Vierzon
Dir reichte Vesoul
Wir verließen Vesoul
Dir reichte Honfleur
Wir verließen Honfleur
Dir reichte Hamburg
Wir verließen Hamburg
Du wolltest nach Anvers
Wir kamen nicht bis hin
Dir reichte die Mutter
Wir verließen die Schwester
So wie immer

Aber - das sag ich dir
Weiter fahre ich nicht
Aber - hör mal gut zu
Die Reise ist zu Ende

D'ailleurs j'ai horreur
De tous les flonflons
De la valse musette
Et de l'accordéon.

T'as voulu voir Paris
Et on a vu Paris
T'as voulu voir Dutronc
Et on a vu Dutronc
J'ai voulu voir ta sœur
J'ai vu l'Mont Valérien
T'as voulu voir Hortense
Elle était dans l'Cantal
Je voulais voir Byzance
Et on a vu Pigalle
A la Gare Saint Lazare
J'ai vu les fleurs du mal
Par hasard ...

2.T'as voulu voir Paris
Et on a vu Paris
T'as voulu voir Dutronc
Et on a vu Dutronc
J'ai voulu voir ta sœur
J'ai vu l'Mont Valérien
T'as voulu voir Hortense
Elle était dans l'Cantal
J'ai voulu voir Byzance
Et on a vu Pigalle
Et la Gare Saint Lazare
C'est cher et ça fait mal
Par hasard

T'as plus aimé Paris
On a quitté Paris
T'as plus aimé Dutronc
On a quitté Dutronc
Maint'nant j'confonds ta sœur
Et le Mont Valérien
De c'que je sais d'Hortense
J'irai plus dans l'Cantal
Et tant pis pour Byzance
Parce que j'ai vu Pigalle
Et la Gare Saint Lazare
C'est cher et ça fait mal
Au hasard

2. Mais je te le redis
Je n'irai pas plus loin
Mais je te préviens
Le voyage est fini

D'ailleurs j'ai horreur
De tous les flonflons
De la valse musette
Et de l'accordéon.

3. Mais je te le re-redis

Außerdem graut's mir
Vor diesem Gedudel
Vorm Musette-Walzer
Und vorm Akkordeon

Du wolltest nach Paris
Wir fuhren nach Paris
Du wolltest zu Dutronc
Wir fuhren zu Dutronc
Ich wollte zur Schwester
Du zu Hortense, ich nach By
Wir waren am Pigalle
Ich sah die Blumen des Böse
Rein zufällig

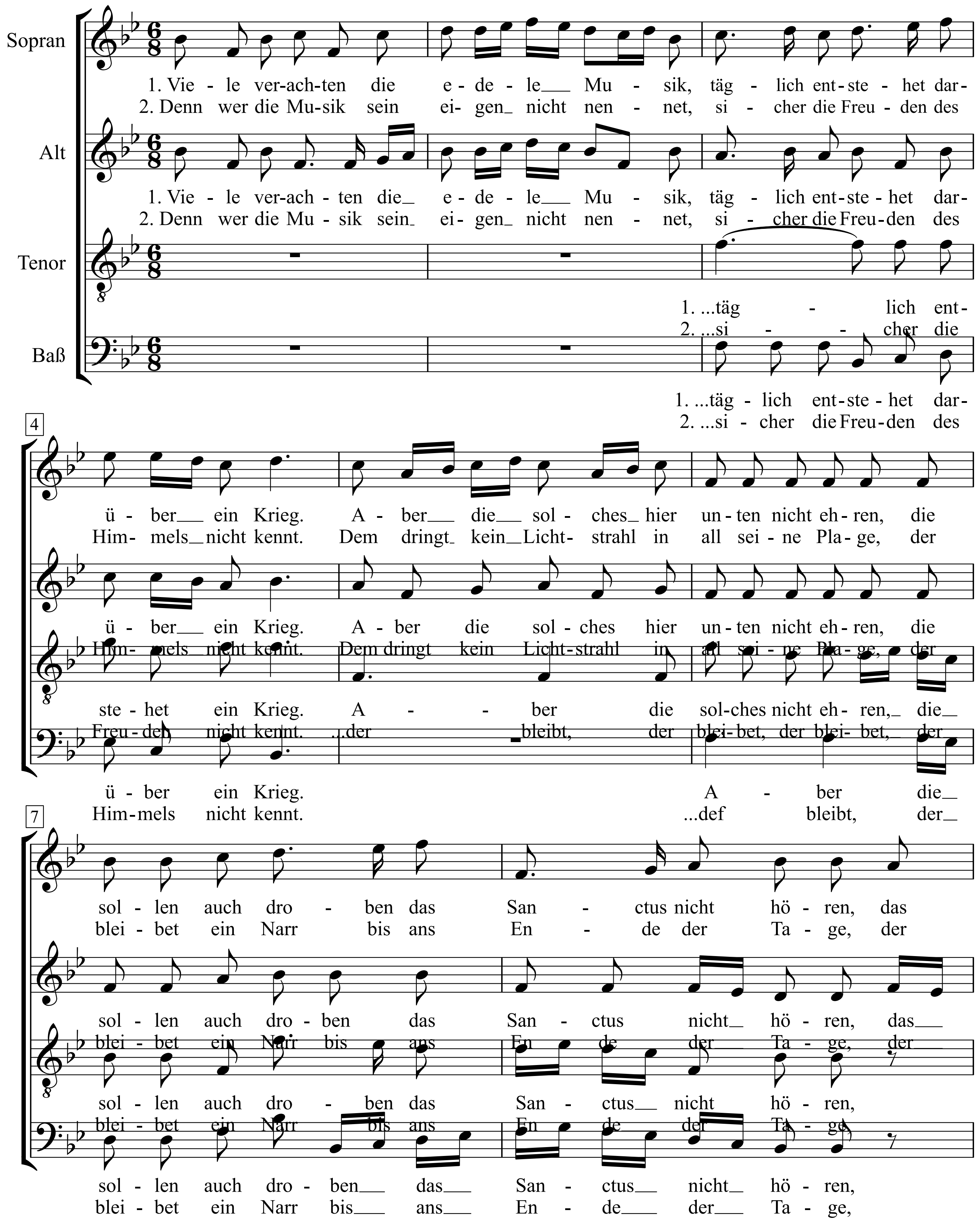
Dir reichte Paris
Wir verließen Paris
Die reichte Dutronc
Wir verließen Dutronc
Jetzt verwechsle ich
Die Schwester mit Hortense
Byzanz ist mir schnuppe
Denn ich war am Pigalle
Das ist teuer und schlecht -
Für den Zufall

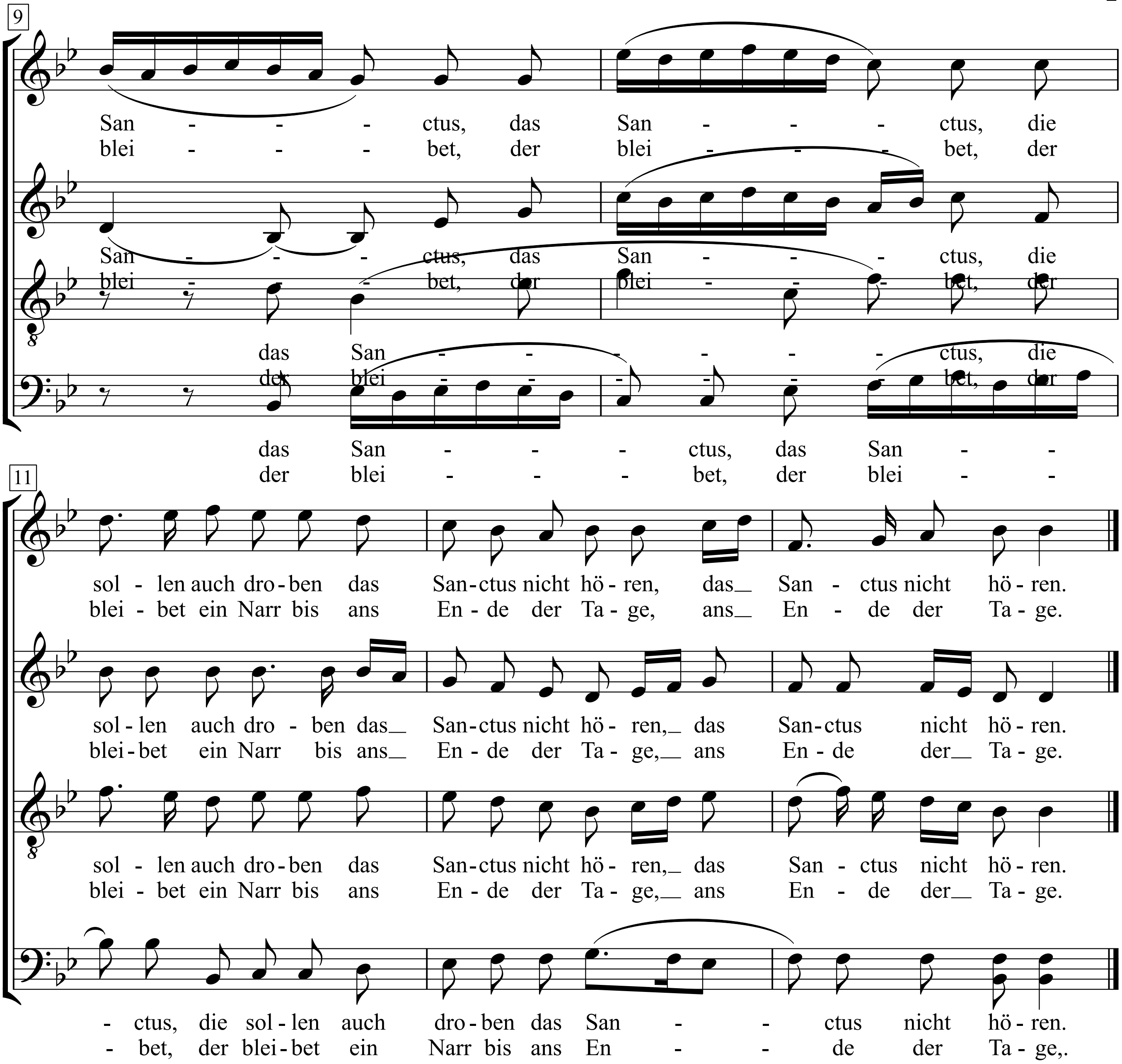
Aber ich sag's dir nochmal
He, heiz ein!
Weiter fahre ich nicht
Hör mal gut zu
Die Reise ist zu Ende

Außerdem graut's mir
Vor diesem Gedudel
Vorm Musette-Walzer
Und vorm Akkordeon

Viele verachten die edle Musik

Weise: Johann Kaspar Bachofen, 1697-1755
Satz: Gottfried Wolters *1910



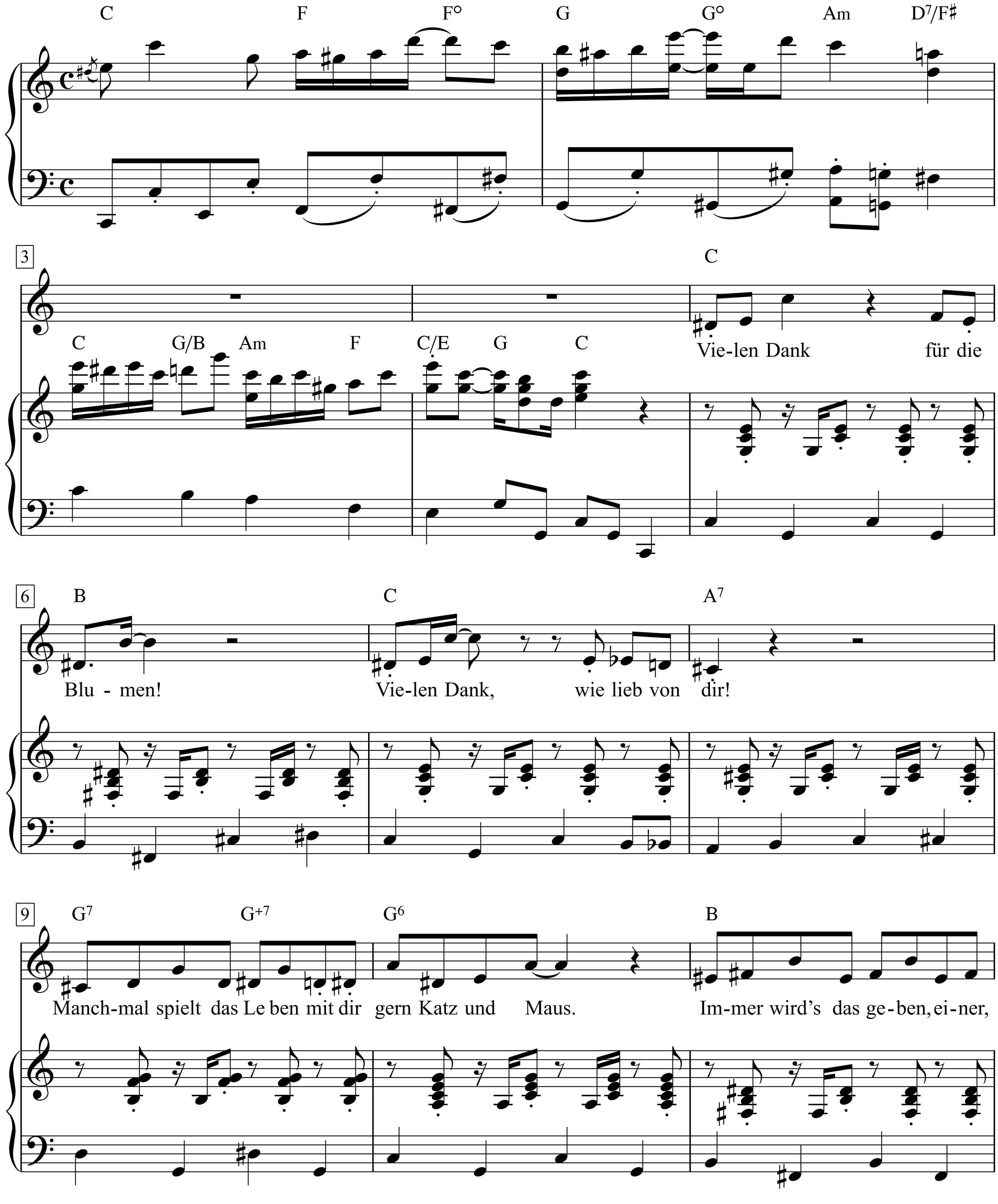

9
San - - - ctus, das San - - - ctus, die
blei - - - bet, der blei - - - bet, der
San - - - ctus, das San - - - ctus, die
blei - - - bet, der blei - - - bet, der
das San - - - - - - ctus, die
der blei - - - - - - bet, der
das San - - - ctus, das San - -
der blei - - - bet, der blei - -
11
sol - len auch dro - ben das San - ctus nicht hö - ren, das Sanctus nicht hö - ren.
blei - bet ein Narr bis ans En - de der Ta - ge, ans En - de der Ta - ge.
sol - len auch dro - ben das San - ctus nicht hö - ren, das San - ctus nicht hö - ren.
blei - bet ein Narr bis ans En - de der Ta - ge, ans En - de der Ta - ge.
sol - len auch dro - ben das San - ctus nicht hö - ren, das San - ctus nicht hö - ren.
blei - bet ein Narr bis ans En - de der Ta - ge, ans En - de der Ta - ge.
- ctus, die sol - len auch dro - ben das San - - ctus nicht hö - ren.
- bet, der blei - bet ein Narr bis ans En - - de der Ta - ge,.

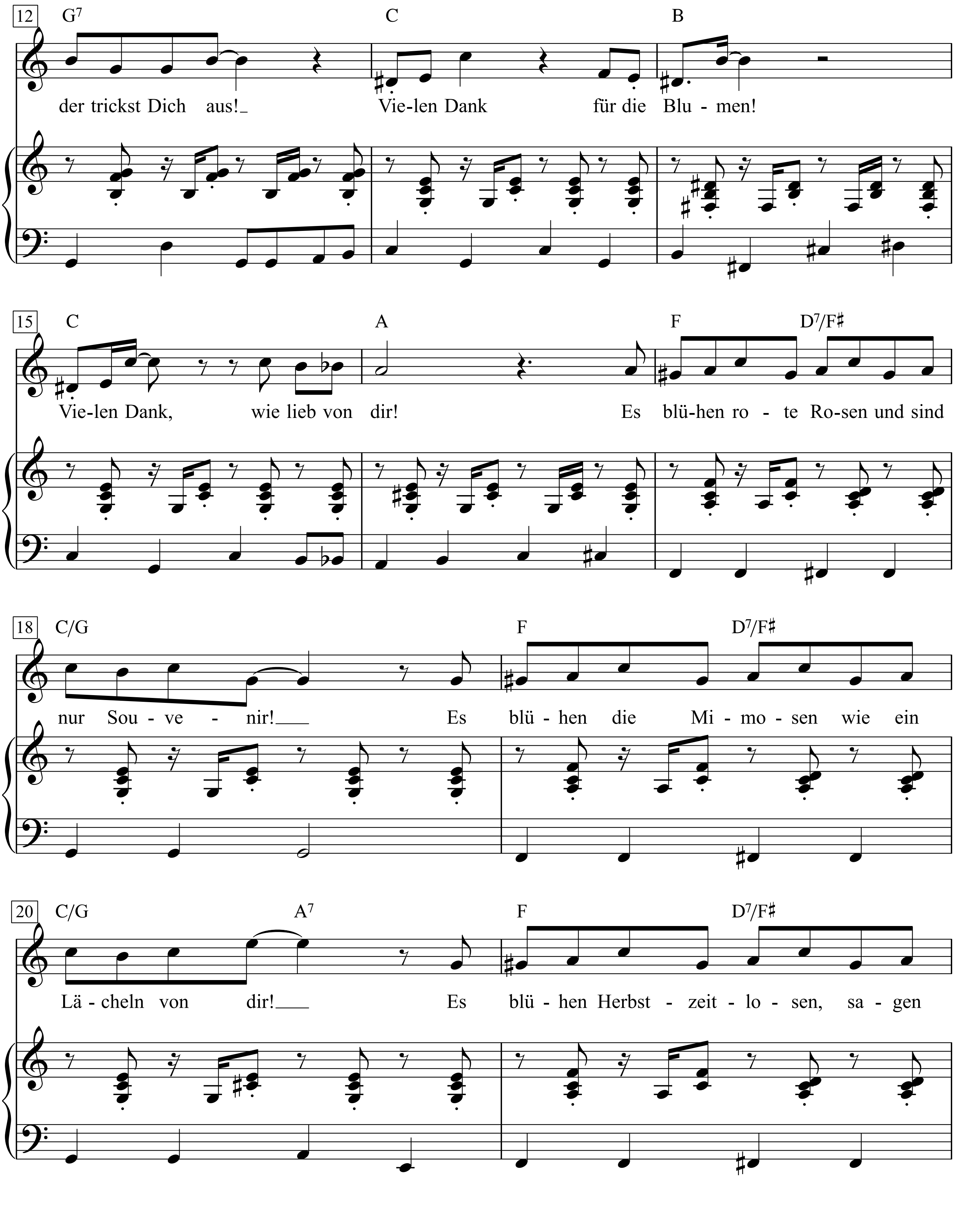
Vielen Dank für die Blumen

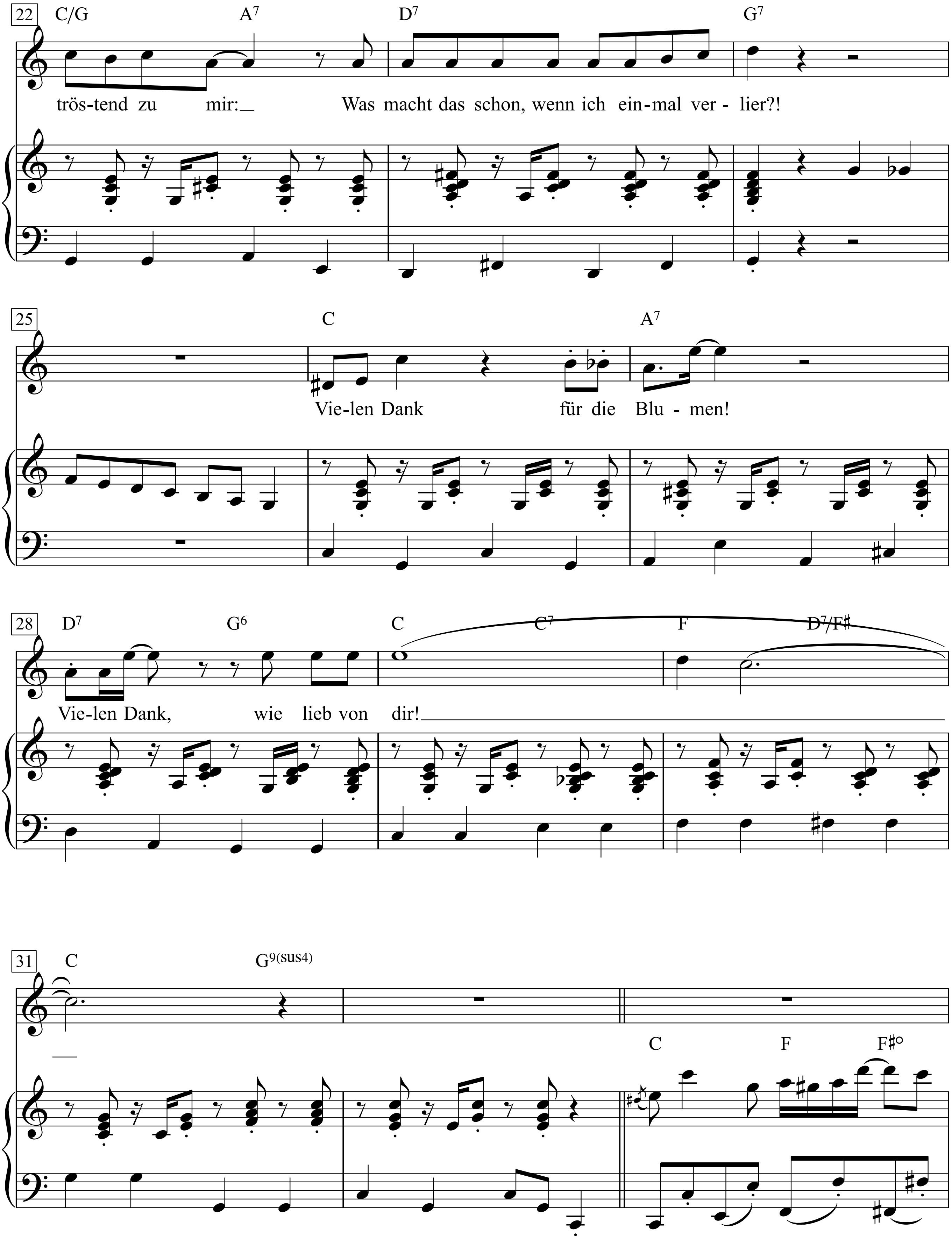
(*aus:* Tom und Jerry)

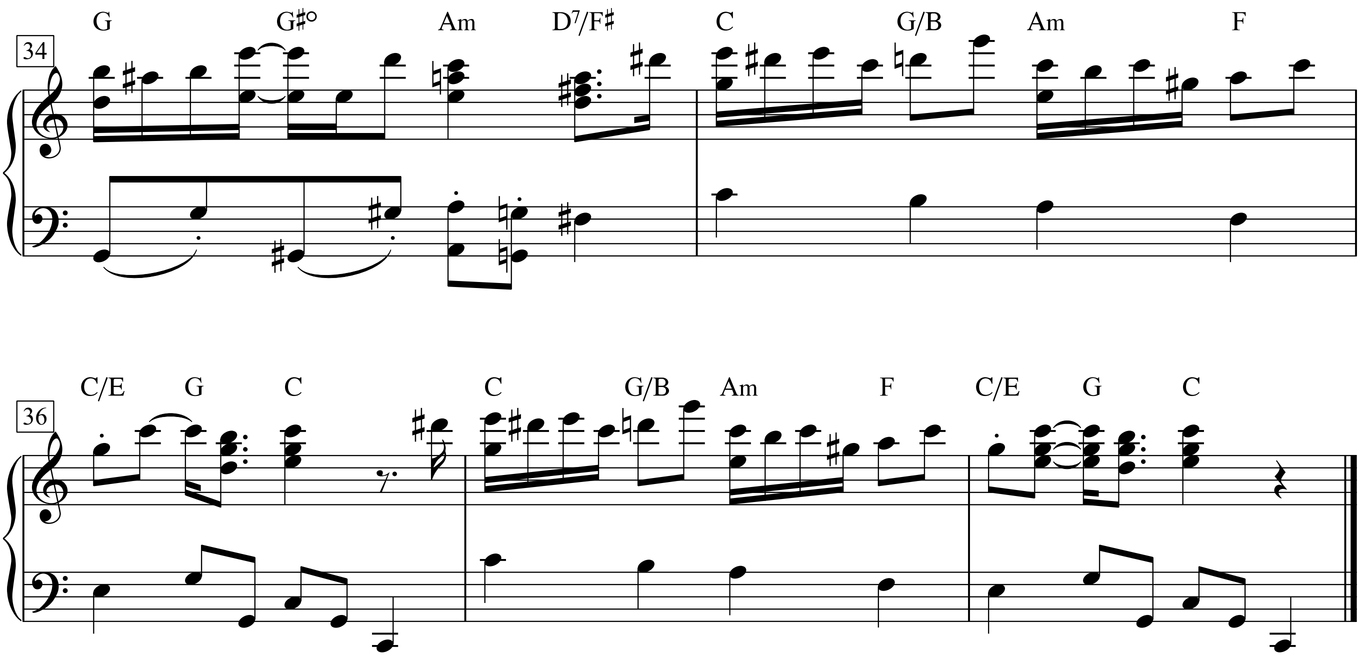
Musik; Udo Jürgens
(Udo Jürgens)

Text: Siegfried Raabe



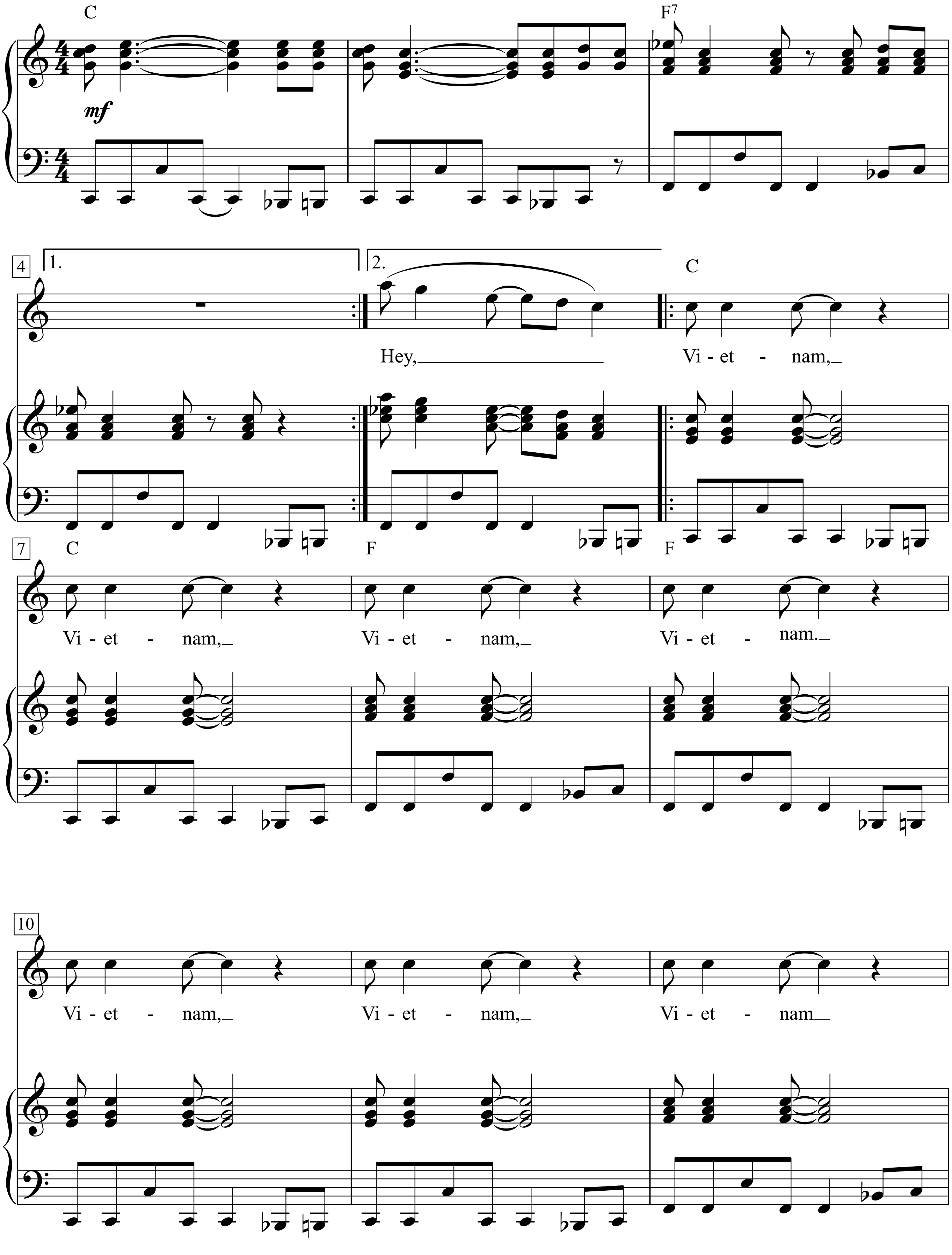

12
G7
C
B
der trickst Dich aus!
Vie-len Dank
für die Blu - men!
15
C
A
F
D7/F♯
Vie-len Dank, wie lieb von dir!
Es blü-hen ro - te Ro-sen und sind
18
C/G
F
D7/F♯
nur Sou - ve - nir!
Es blü - hen die Mi - mo - sen wie ein
20
C/G
A7
F
D7/F♯
Lä - cheln von dir!
Es blü - hen Herbst - zeit - lo - sen, sa - gen

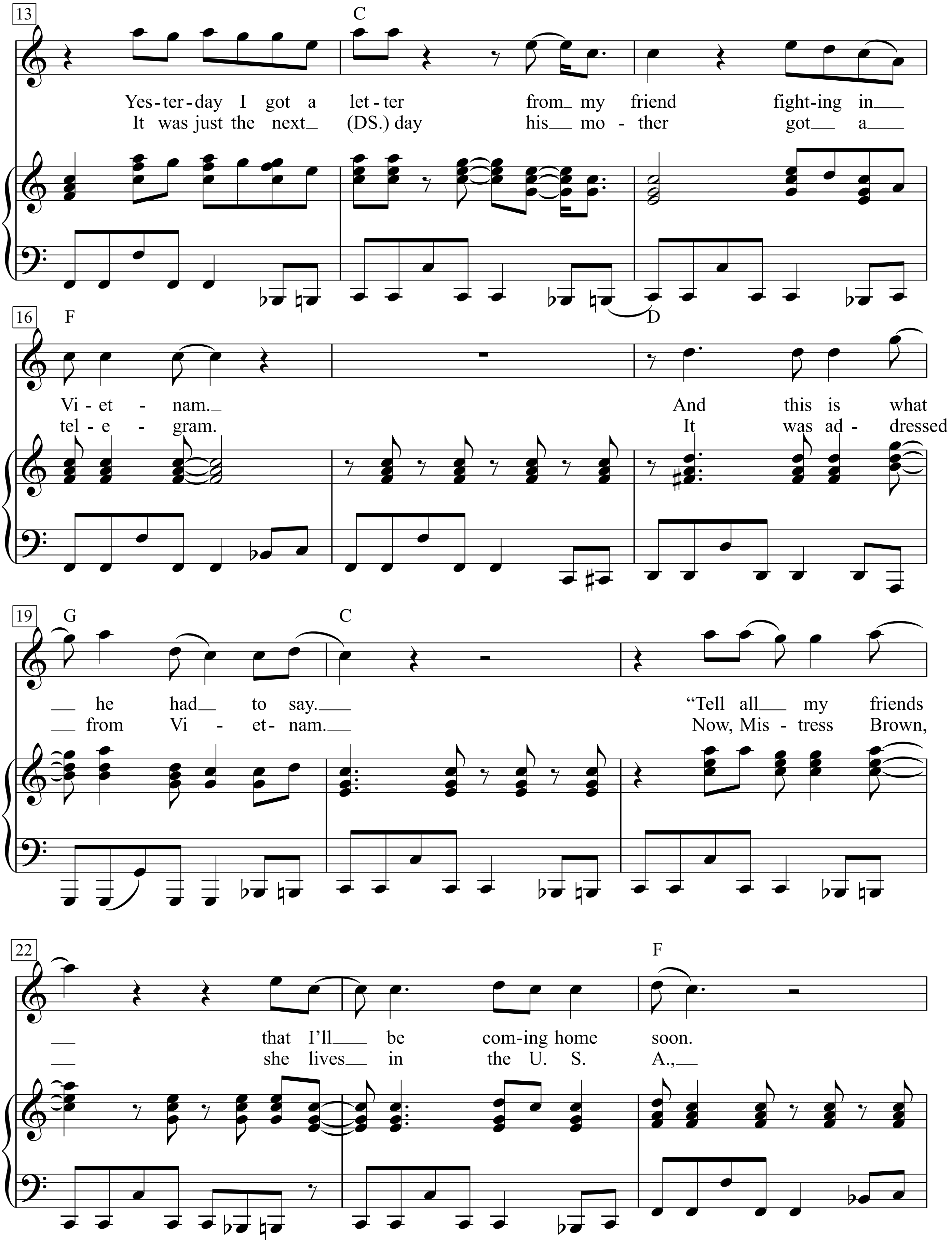

22
C/G
A7
D7
G7
trös-tend zu mir:
Was macht das schon, wenn ich ein-mal ver - lier?!
25
C
A7
Vie-len Dank für die Blu - men!
28
D7
G6
C
C7
F
D7/F♯
Vie-len Dank, wie lieb von dir!
31
C
G9(sus4)
C
F
F♯°

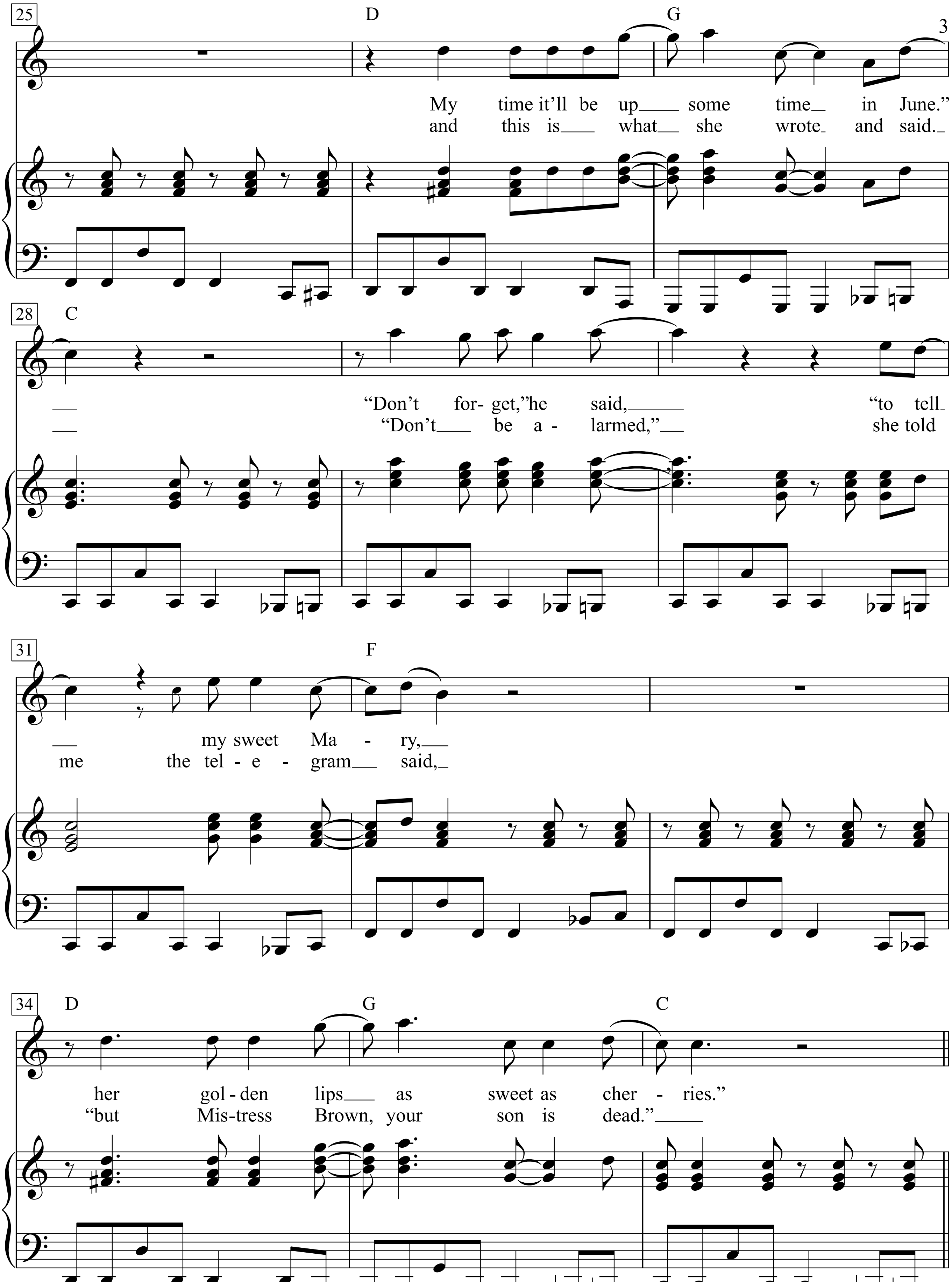

34
G
G♯°
Am
D7/F♯
C
G/B
Am
F
36
C/E
G
C
C
G/B
Am
F
C/E
G
C

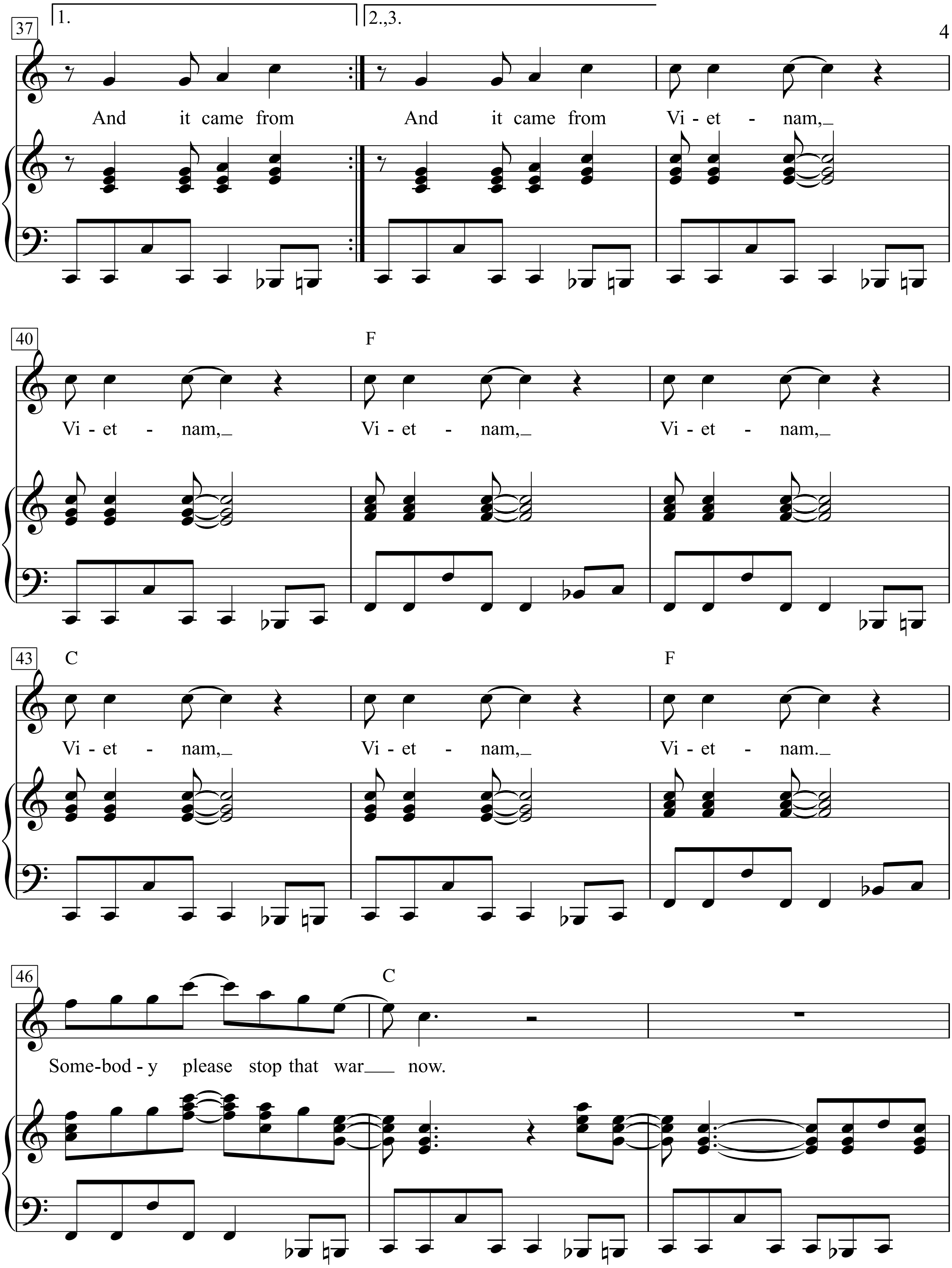
Vietnam

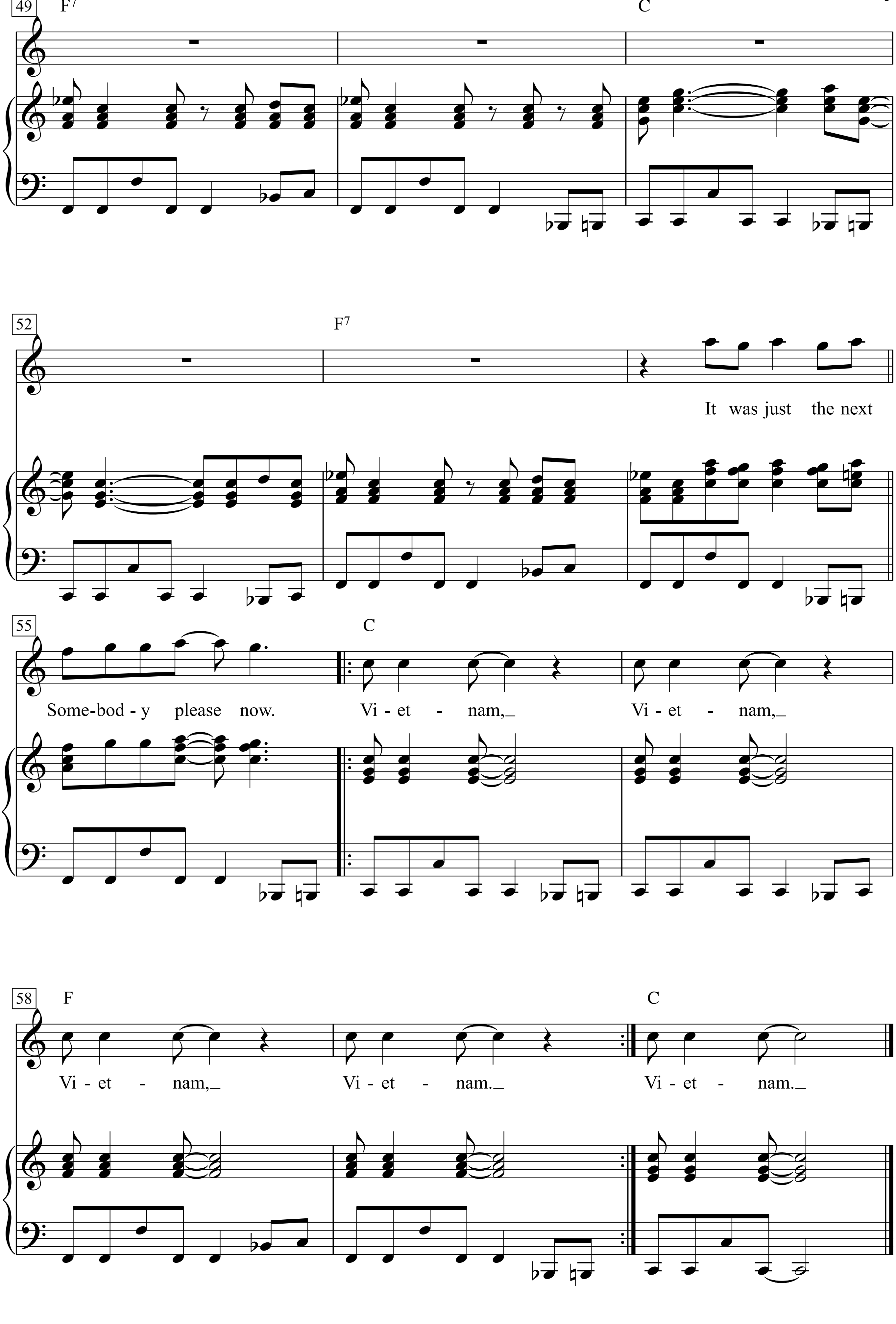
Words & Music: Jimmy Cliff
(Jimmy Cliff)




13
C
Yes-ter-day I got a let-ter from_ my friend fight-ing in_
It was just the next_ (DS.) day his_ mo - ther got_ a_
16
F
D
Vi - et - nam._ And this is what
tel - e - gram. It was ad - dressed
19
G
C
_ he had_ to say._ "Tell all_ my friends
_ from Vi - et - nam._ Now, Mis - tress Brown,
22
F
_ that I'll_ be com-ing home soon.
_ she lives_ in the U. S. A.,_


25
D
G
My time it'll be up___ some time_ in June."
and this is___ what__ she wrote_ and said._
28
C
___ "Don't for- get,"he said,_____ "to tell_
___ "Don't___ be a - larmed,"__ she told
31
F
__ my sweet Ma - ry,__
me the tel - e - gram__ said,_
34
D
G
C
her gol - den lips___ as sweet as cher - ries."
"but Mis-tress Brown, your son is dead."_____


37
1.
2.,3.
And it came from
And it came from
Vi - et - nam,
40
F
Vi - et - nam,
Vi - et - nam,
Vi - et - nam,
43
C
F
Vi - et - nam,
Vi - et - nam,
Vi - et - nam.
46
C
Some-bod - y please stop that war now.


49
F7
C
52
F7
It was just the next
55
C
Some-bod - y please now.
Vi - et - nam,
Vi - et - nam,
58
F
C
Vi - et - nam,
Vi - et - nam.
Vi - et - nam.

Hey, Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam
Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam
Yesterday I got a letter from my friend
Fighting in Vietnam
And this is what he had to say
’Tell all my friends that I’ll be coming home soon
My time it’ll be up some time in June
Don’t forget, he said to tell my sweet Mary
Her golden lips as sweet as cherries
And it came from
Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam
Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam
It was just the next day his mother got a telegram
It was addressed from Vietnam
Now, Mis-tress Brown, she lives in the U. S. A.
and this is what she wrote and said.
Don’t be alarmed, she told me the telegram said
But mistress Brown your son is dead
And it came from
Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam
Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam
Somebody please stop that war now.
It was just the next day his mother got a telegram
It was addressed from Vietnam
Now mistress Brown, she lives in the USA
And this is what she wrote and said
Don’t be alarmed, she told me the telegram said
Oh, but mistress Brown your son is dead
And it came from
Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam,
Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam
Somebody please stop it
Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam
Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam
What I’m saying now somebody stop that war

Hey, Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam.
Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam.
Yesterday I got a letter from my friend
fighting in Vietnam.
And this is what he had to say.
“Tell all my friends that I’ll be coming home soon.
My time it’ll be up some time in June.”
“Don’t forget,” he said, “to tell my sweet Mary,
her golden lips as sweet as cherries.”

And it came from
Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam.
Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam.

And it came from
Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam,
Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam.
Somebody please stop that war now.

2. It was just the next (D.S.) day his mother got a telegram.
It was addressed from Vietnam.
Now, Mistress Brown, she lives in the U. S. A.,
and this is what she wrote and said.
“Don’t be alarmed,” she told me the telegram said,
“but Mistress Brown, your son is dead.”

And it came from
Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam,
Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam.

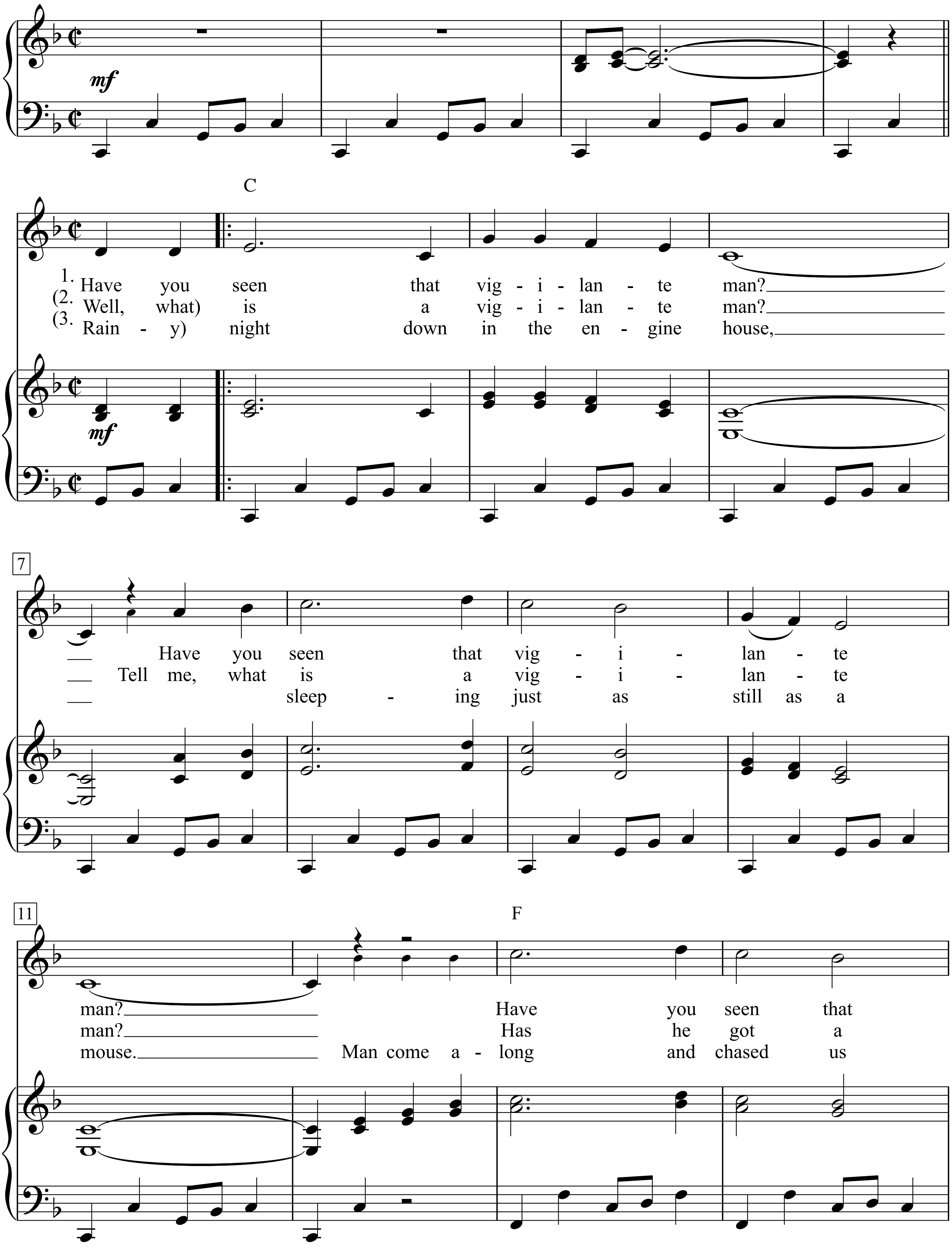
Somebody please now.
Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam.
Vietnam.

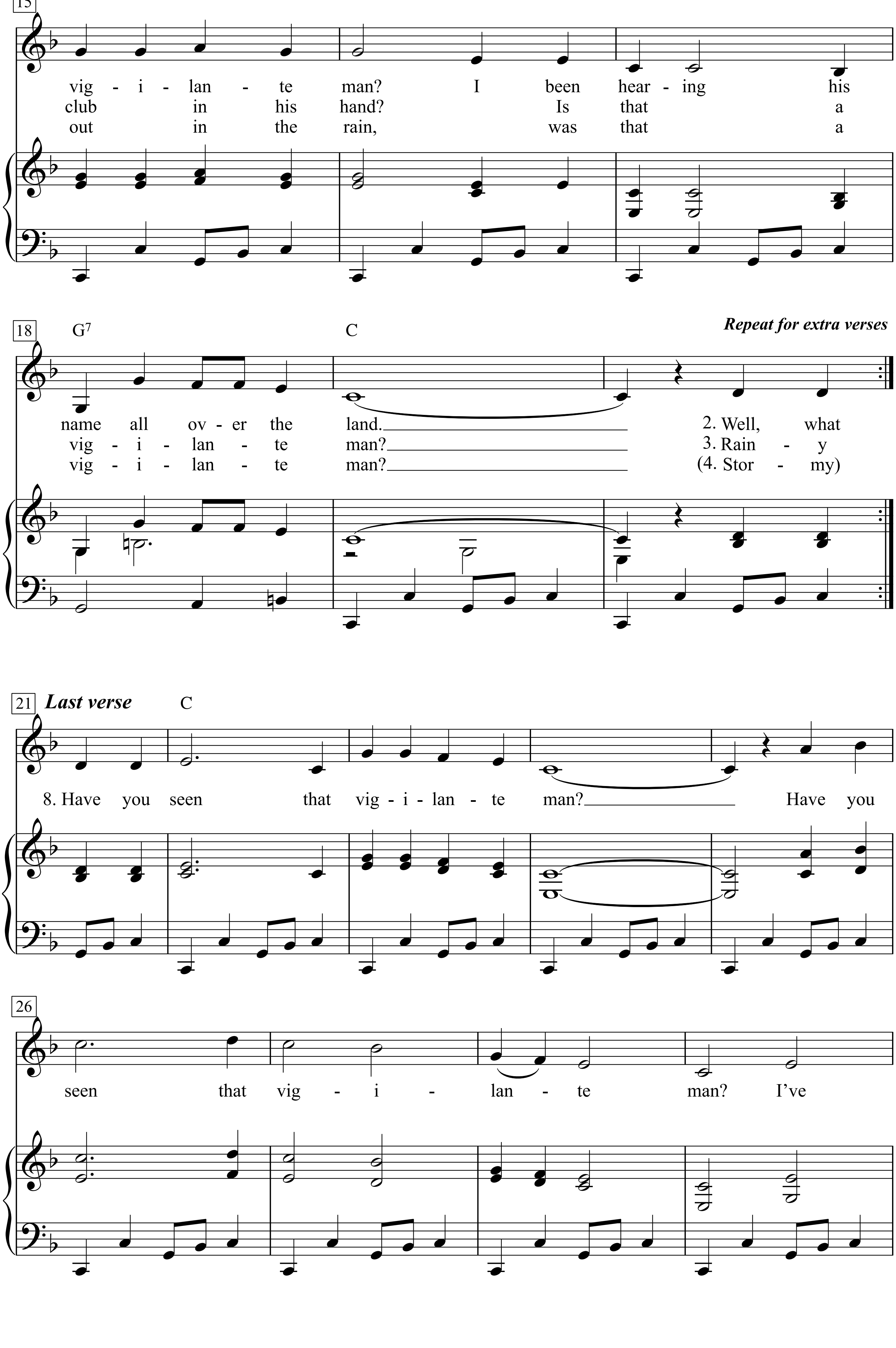
2. It was just the next day his mother got a telegram.
It was addressed from Vietnam.
Now, Mistress Brown,
she lives in the U. S. A., and this is what she wrote and said.
“Don’t be alarmed,” she told me the telegram said,
“but Mistress Brown, your son is dead.”

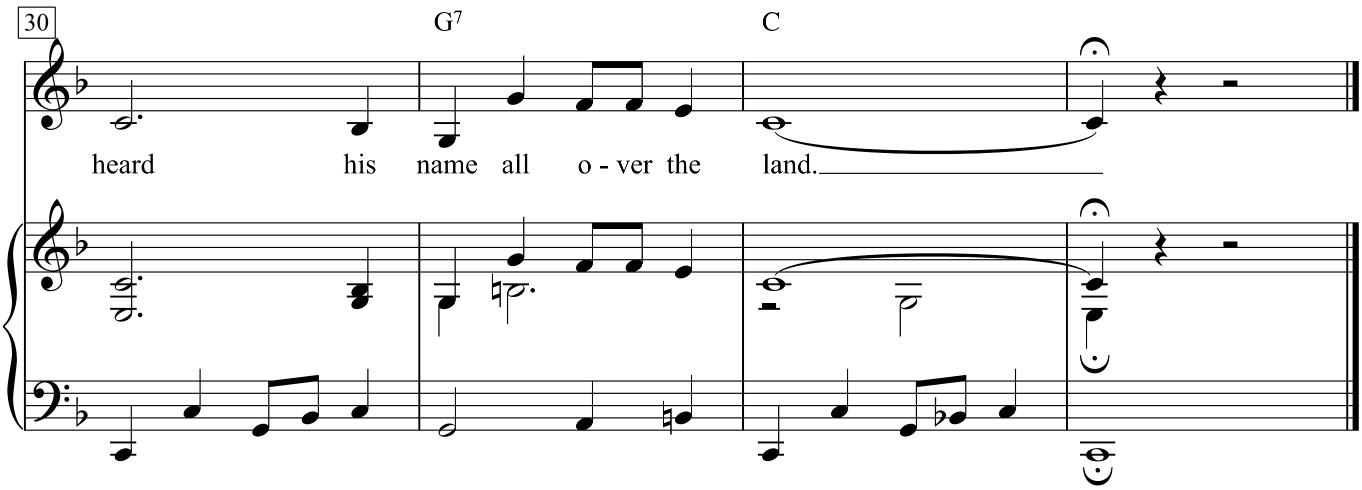
Vigilante Man

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie
(Woody Guthrie)

Fast and smooth




15
vig - i - lan - te man? I been hear - ing his
club in his hand? Is that a
out in the rain, was that a
18
G7
C
Repeat for extra verses
name all ov - er the land.
vig - i - lan - te man?
vig - i - lan - te man?
2. Well, what
3. Rain - y
(4. Stor - my)
21
Last verse
C
8. Have you seen that vig - i - lan - te man? Have you
26
seen that vig - i - lan - te man? I've



1. Have you seen that vigilante man?
Have you seen that vigilante man?
Have you seen that vigilante man?
I been hearing his name all over the land.

2. Well, what is a vigilante man?
Tell me, what is a vigilante man?
Has he got a club in his hand?
Is that a vigilante man?

3. Rainy night down in the engine house,
sleeping just as still as a mouse.
Man come along and chased us out in the rain,
was that a vigilante man?

4. Stormy days we'd pass the time away
Sleeping in some good warm place
A cop come along and we give him a little race,
Say, was that a vigilante man?

5. Preacher Casey was just a working man,
And he said, unite all us working men,
They killed him in the river, some strange man,
Was that your vigilante man?

6. Oh, why does a vigilante man
Oh, why does a vigilante man
Carry that sawed off shotgun in his hand?
Would he shoot his brother and sister down?

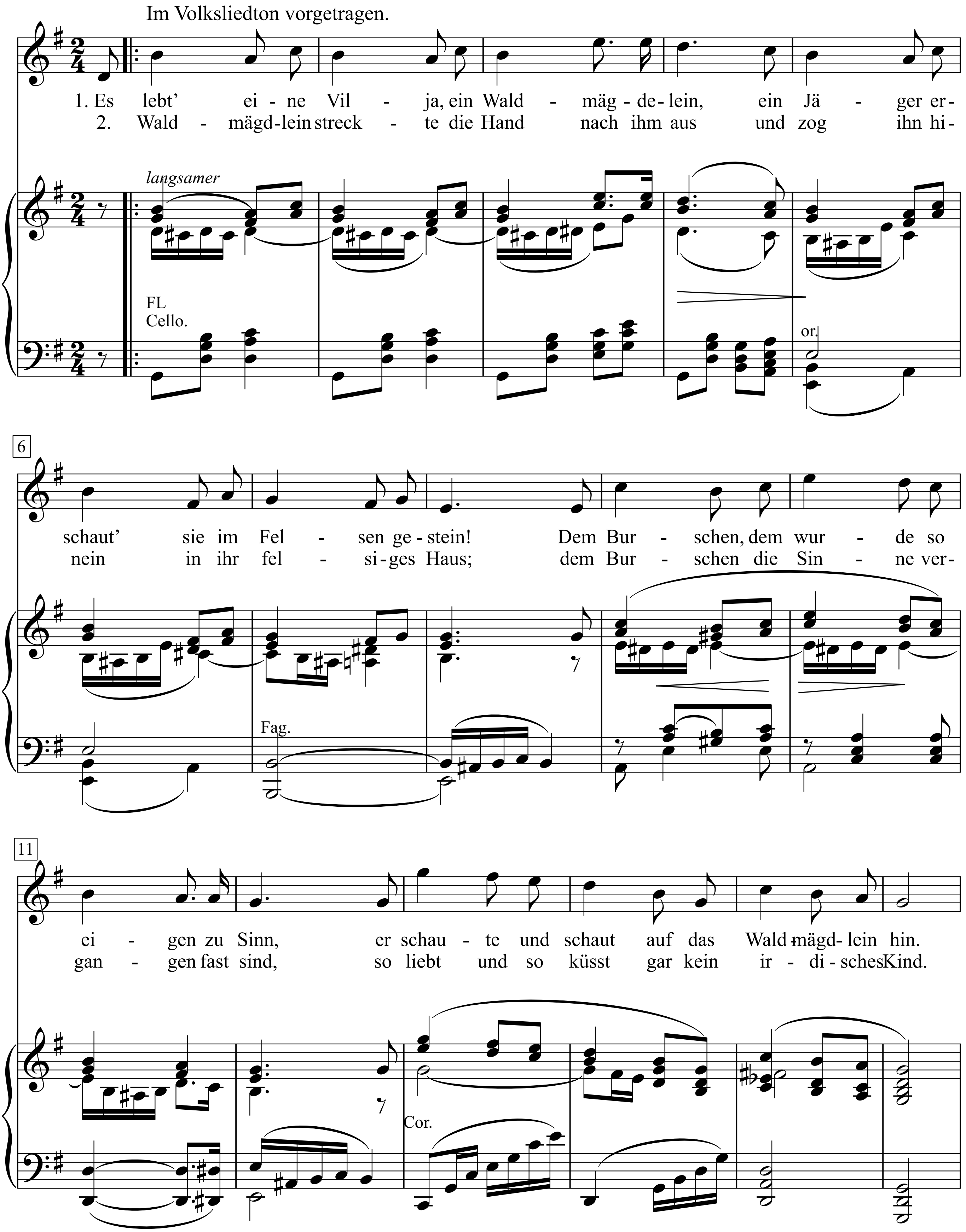
7. I rambled around from town to town
I rambled around from town to town
And they herded us around like a wild herd of cattle
Was that your vigilante man?

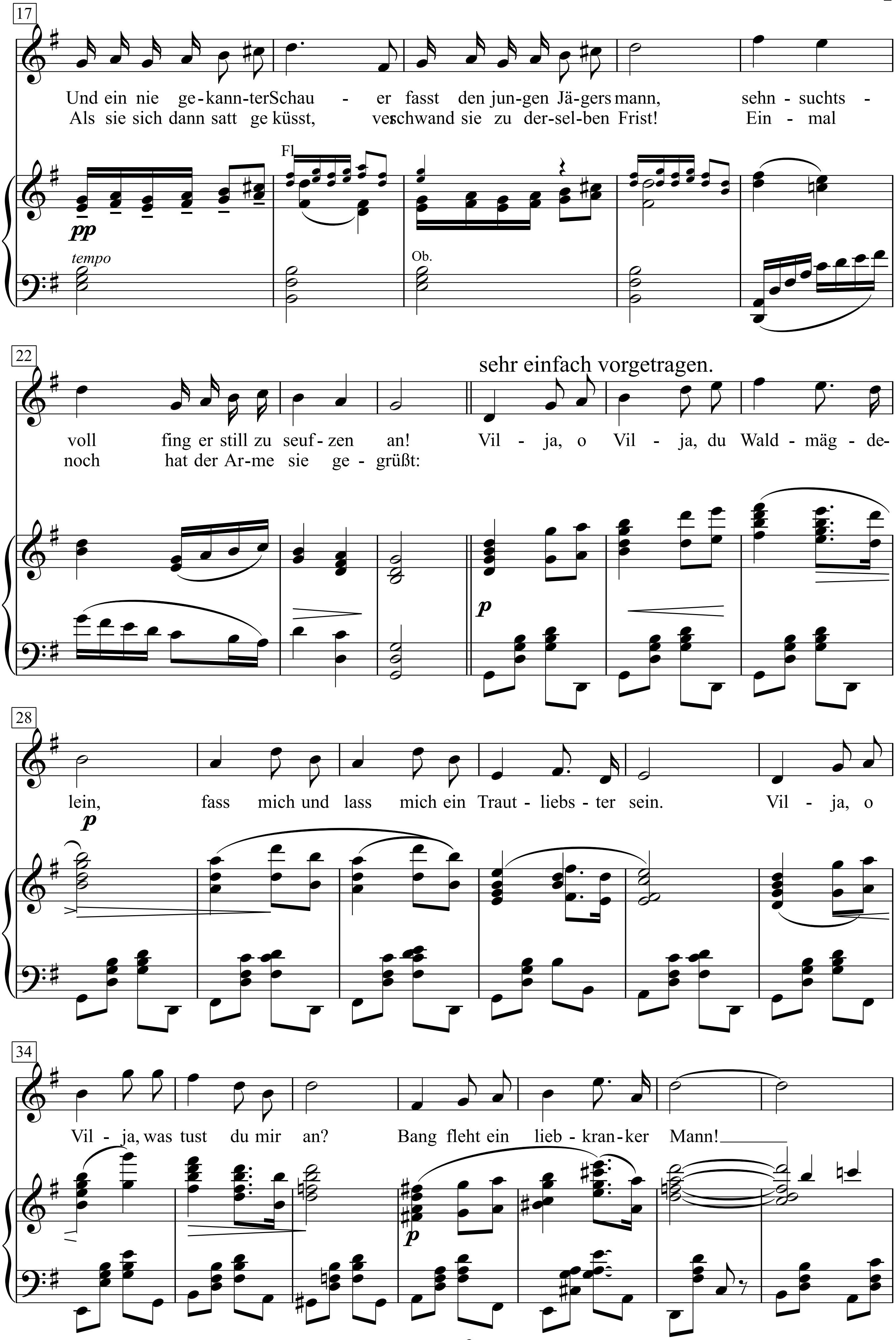
8. Have you seen that vigilante man?
Have you seen that vigilante man?
I've heard his name all over the land.

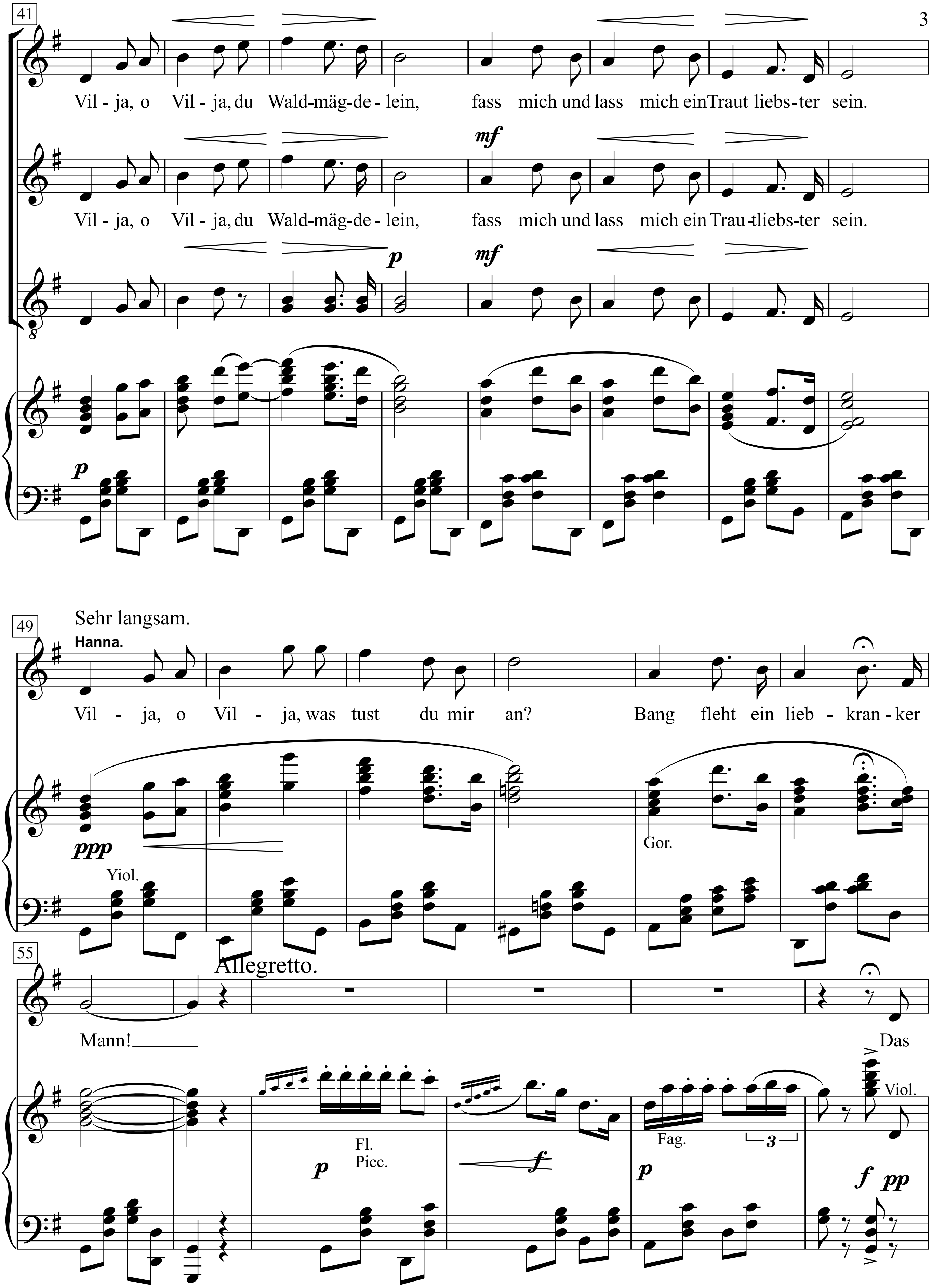
Vilja-Lied

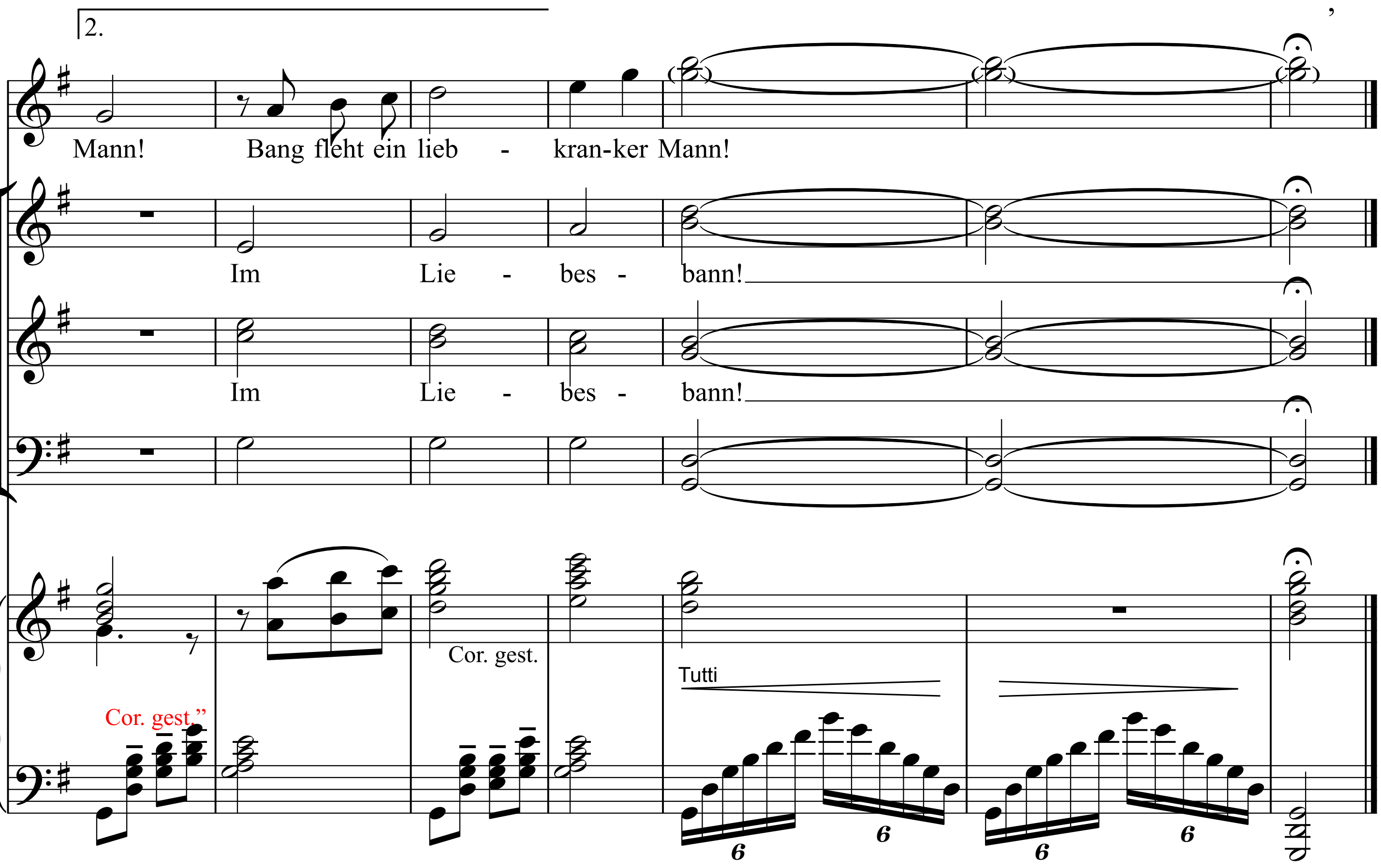
aus der Operette 'Die lustige Witwe'

Franz Léhar




17
Und ein nie ge-kann-ter Schau - er fasst den jun-gen Jä-gers mann, sehn - suchts -
Als sie sich dann satt ge küsst, verschwand sie zu der-sel-ben Frist! Ein - mal
Fl.
pp
tempo
Ob.
22
sehr einfach vorgetragen.
voll fing er still zu seuf- zen an! Vil - ja, o Vil - ja, du Wald - mäg - de-
noch hat der Ar-me sie ge - grüßt:
p
28
lein, fass mich und lass mich ein Traut - liebs - ter sein. Vil - ja, o
p
34
Vil - ja, was tust du mir an? Bang fleht ein lieb - kran- ker Mann!
p
mf


41
Vil - ja, o Vil - ja, du Wald-mäg-de - lein, fass mich und lass mich ein Traut liebs - ter sein.
Vil - ja, o Vil - ja, du Wald-mäg-de - lein, fass mich und lass mich ein Trau-t liebs - ter sein.
49
Sehr langsam.
Hanna.
Vil - ja, o Vil - ja, was tust du mir an? Bang fleht ein lieb - kran - ker
Yiol.
Gor.
55
Allegretto.
Mann!
Das
Fl.
Picc.
Fag.
Viol.



Vivace.

1. Es lebt’ eine Vilja, ein Waldmägdelein,
ein Jäger erschaut’ sie im Felsengestein!
Dem Burschen, dem wurde so eigen zu Sinn,
er schaute und schaut auf das Waldmägdlein hin.
Und ein nie gekannter Schauer fasst den jungen Jägersmann,
sehnsuchtsvoll fing er still zu seufzen an!

Vilja, o Vilja, du Waldmägdelein,
fass mich und lass mich ein Trautliebster sein.
Vilja, o Vilja, was tust du mir an?
Bang fleht ein liebkranker Mann!
Vilja, o Vilja, was tust du mir an?
Bang fleht ein liebkranker Mann!

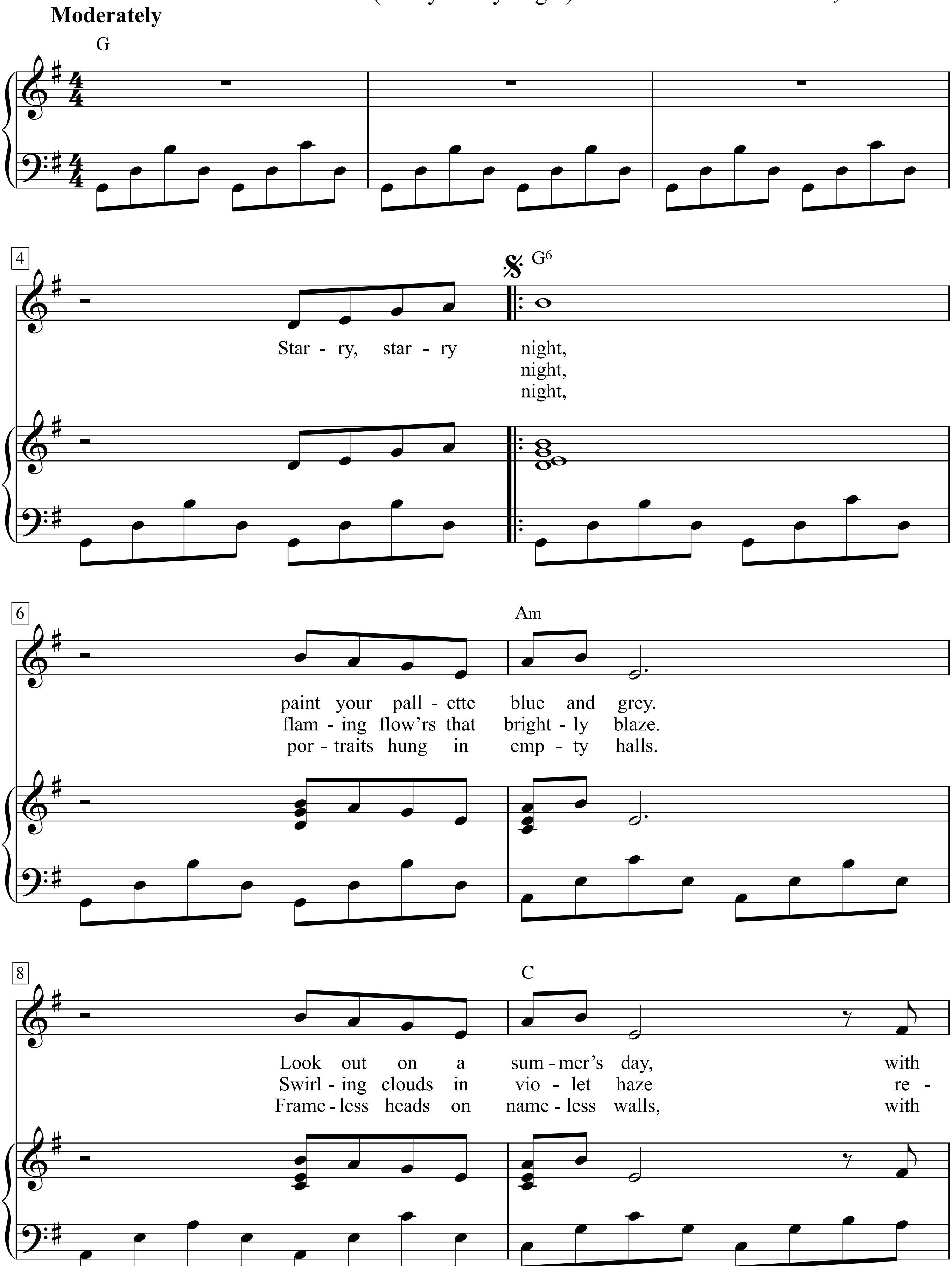
2. Das Waldmägdlein streckte die Hand nach ihm aus
und zog ihn hinein in ihr felsiges Haus;
dem Burschen die Sinne vergangen fast sind,
so liebt und so küsst gar kein irdisches Kind.
Als sie sich dann satt geküsst,
verschwand sie zu derselben Frist!
Einmal noch hat der Arme sie gegrüßt:

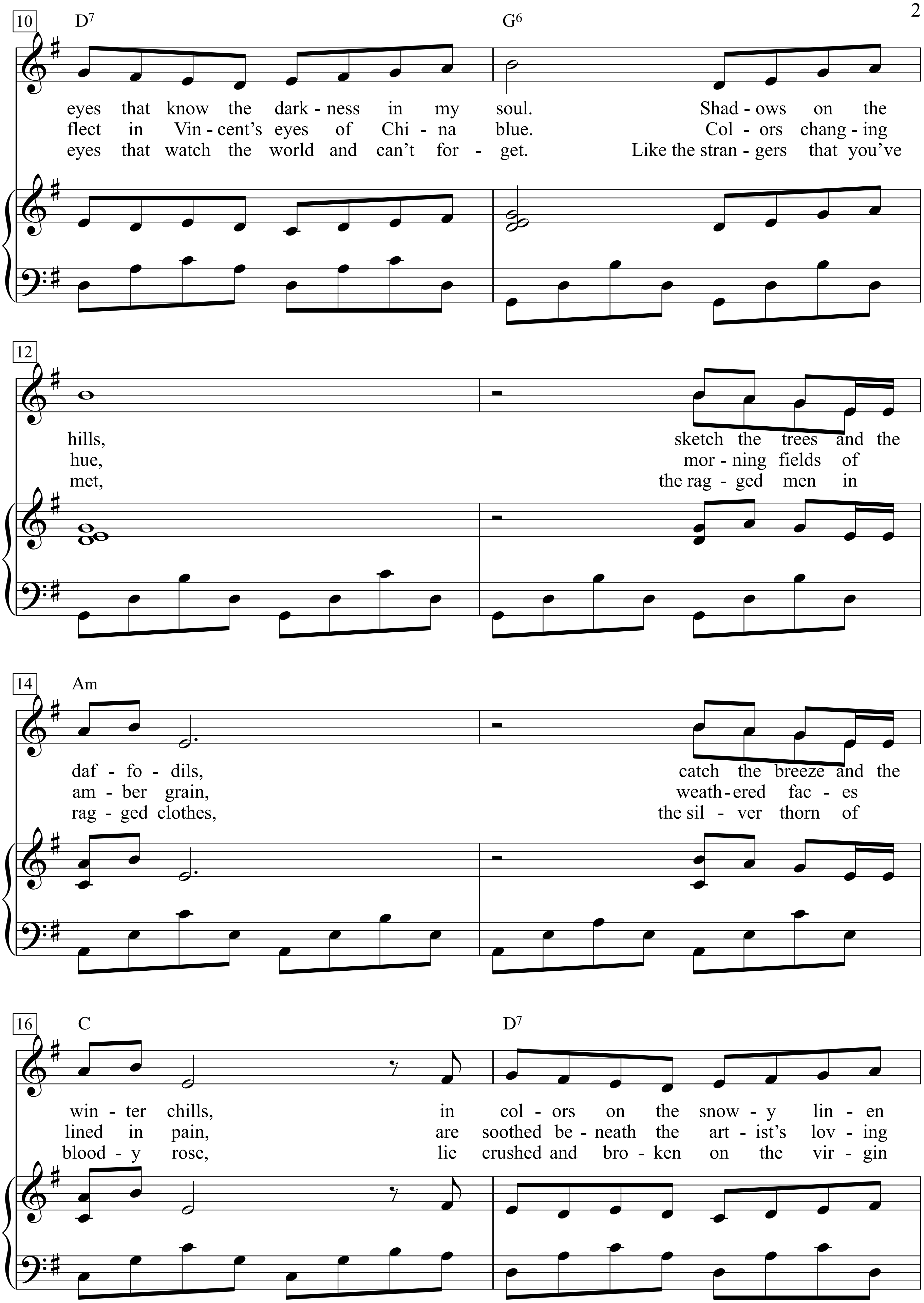
Vilja, o Vilja, du Waldmägdelein,

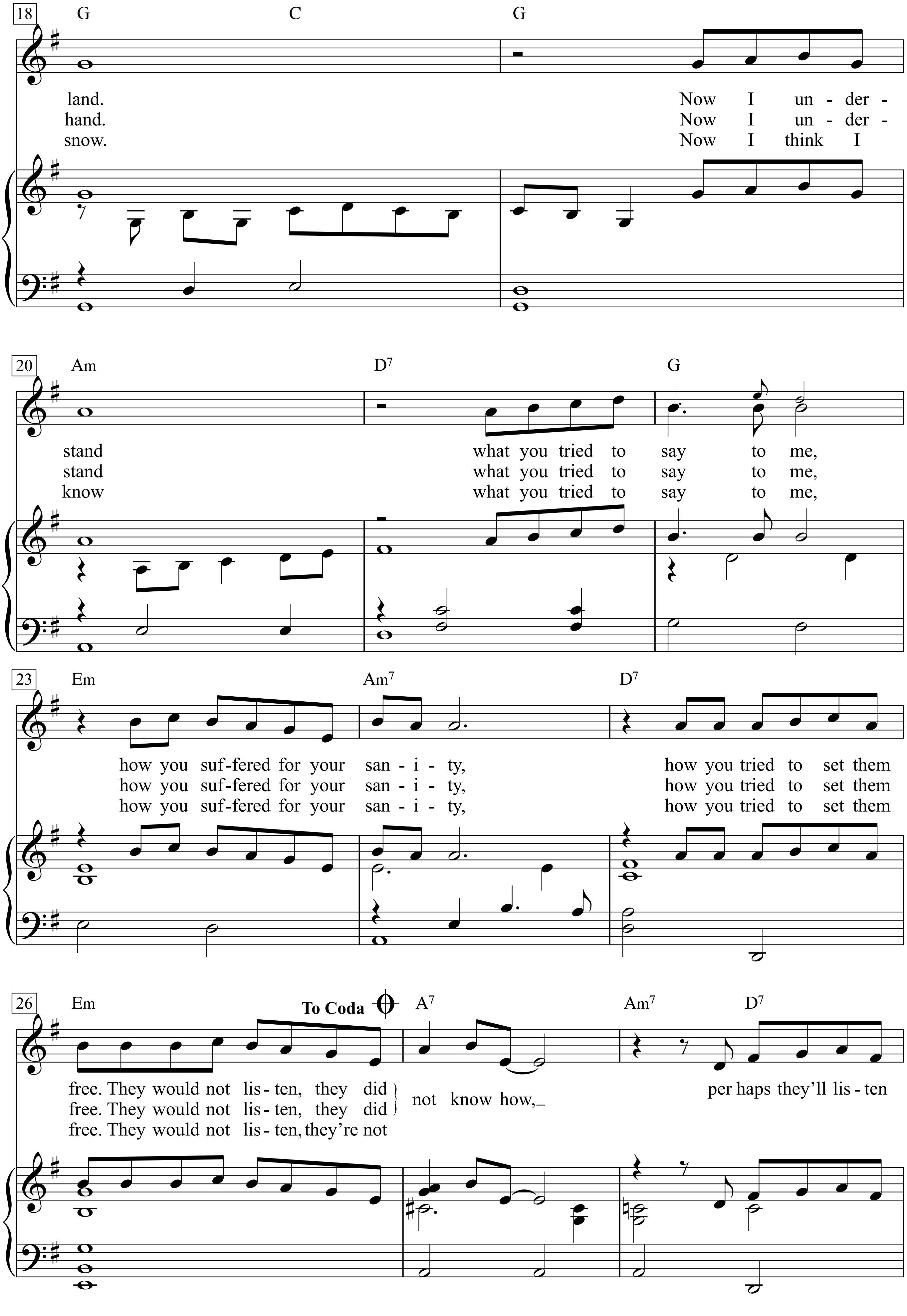
Vincent

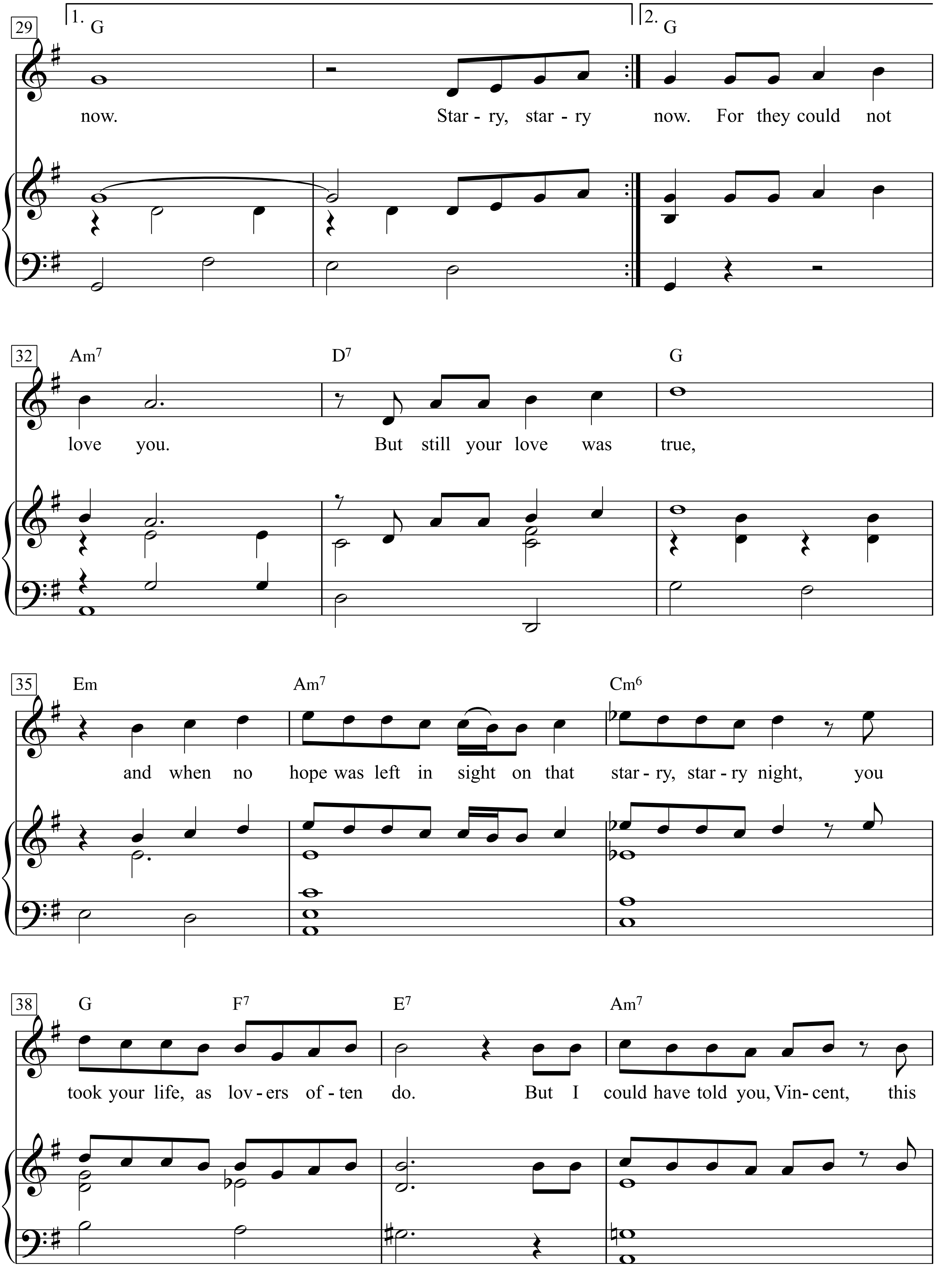
(Starry Starry Night)

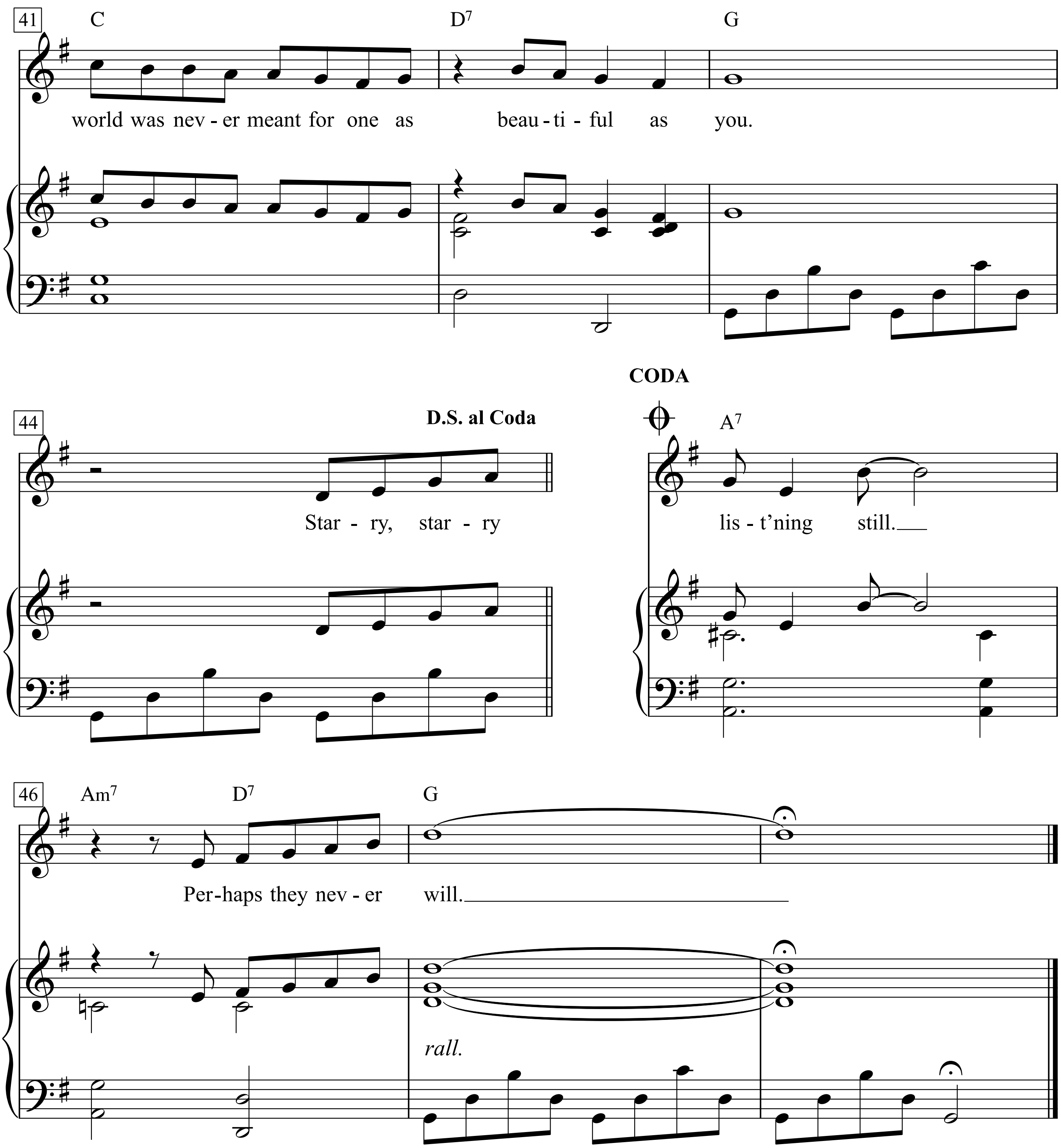
Words & Music by Don McLean




10
D7
G6
eyes that know the dark - ness in my soul. Shad - ows on the
flect in Vin - cent's eyes of Chi - na blue. Col - ors chang - ing
eyes that watch the world and can't for - get. Like the stran - gers that you've
12
hills, sketch the trees and the
hue, mor - ning fields of
met, the rag - ged men in
14
Am
daf - fo - dils, catch the breeze and the
am - ber grain, weath - ered fac - es
rag - ged clothes, the sil - ver thorn of
16
C
D7
win - ter chills, in col - ors on the snow - y lin - en
lined in pain, are soothed be - neath the art - ist's lov - ing
blood - y rose, lie crushed and bro - ken on the vir - gin


18
G C G
land. Now I un - der -
hand. Now I un - der -
snow. Now I think I
20
Am D7 G
stand what you tried to say to me,
stand what you tried to say to me,
know what you tried to say to me,
23
Em Am7 D7
how you suf-fered for your san - i - ty, how you tried to set them
how you suf-fered for your san - i - ty, how you tried to set them
how you suf-fered for your san - i - ty, how you tried to set them
26
Em To Coda A7 Am7 D7
free. They would not lis - ten, they did
free. They would not lis - ten, they did
free. They would not lis - ten, they're not
not know how,
per haps they'll lis - ten


29
1. G
2. G
now. Star - ry, star - ry now. For they could not
32
Am7 D7 G
love you. But still your love was true,
35
Em Am7 Cm6
and when no hope was left in sight on that star - ry, star - ry night, you
38
G F7 E7 Am7
took your life, as lov - ers of - ten do. But I could have told you, Vin - cent, this


41
C
D7
G
world was nev - er meant for one as beau - ti - ful as you.
44
D.S. al Coda
Star - ry, star - ry
CODA
A7
lis - t'ning still.
46
Am7
D7
G
Per-haps they nev - er will.
rall.

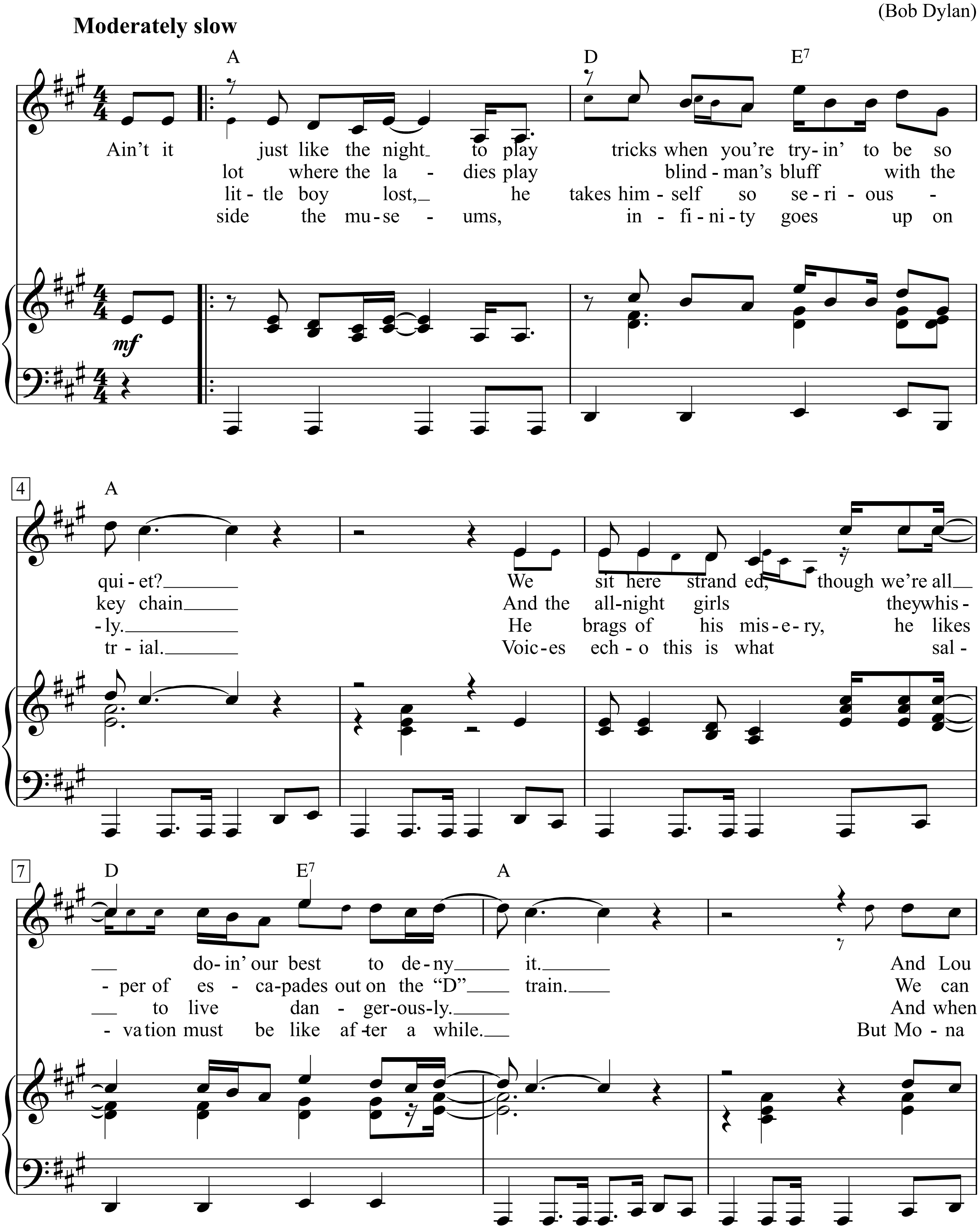
1. Starry, starry night, paint your pallette blue and grey.
Look out on a summer’s day, with eyes that know the darkness in my soul.
Shadows on the hills, sketch the trees and the daffodils,
catch the breeze and the winter chills, in colors on the snowy linen land.
Now I understand what you tried to say to me, how you suffered for your sanity,
how you tried to set them free.
They would not listen, they did not know how, perhaps they’ll listen now.
For they could not love you.
But still your love was true, and when no hope was left in sight
on that starry, starry night, you took your life, as lovers often do.
But I could have told you,
Vincent, this world was never meant for one as beautiful as you.

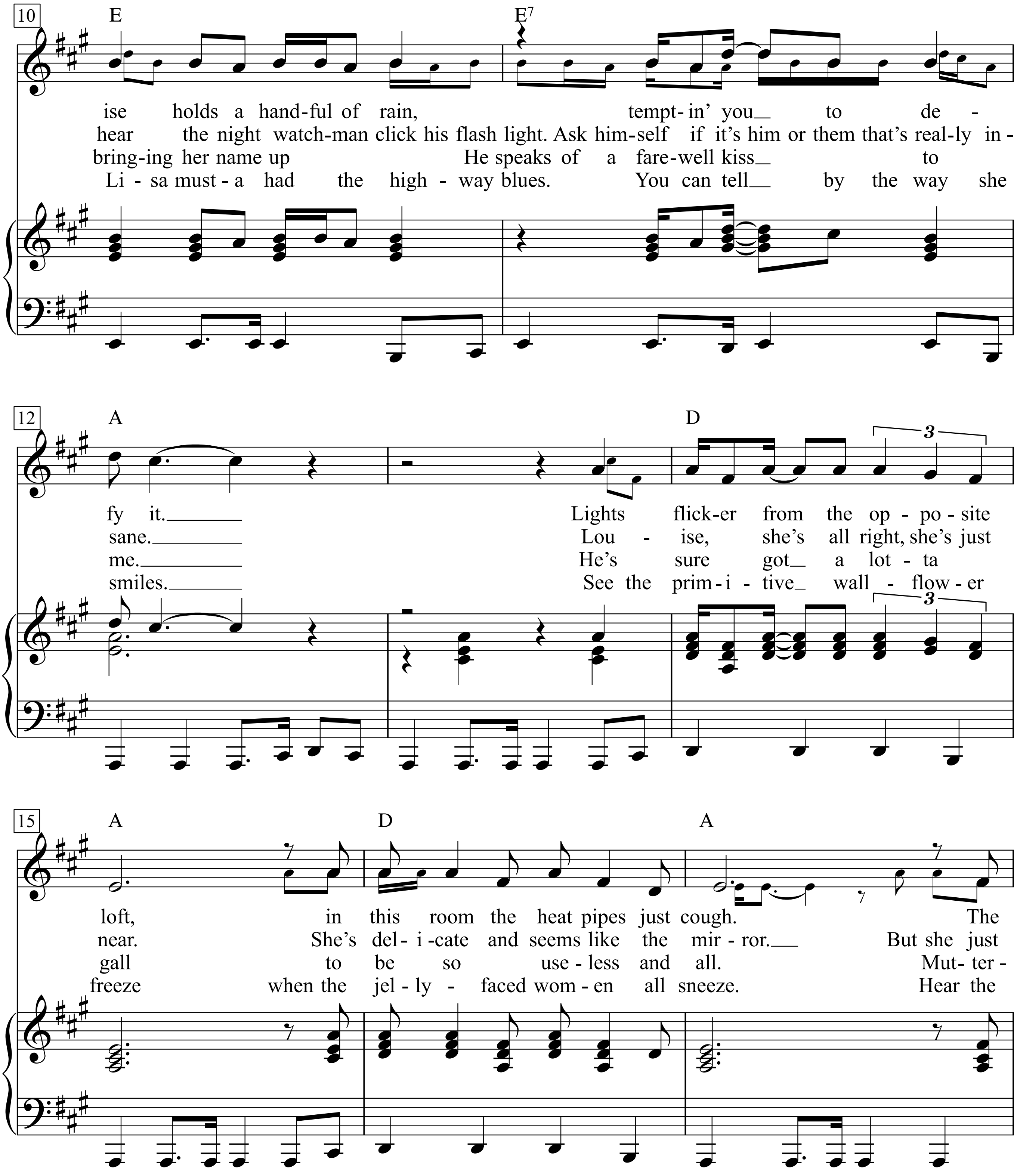
2. Starry, starry night, flaming flow’rs that brightly blaze.
Swirling clouds in violet haze reflect in Vincent’s eyes of China blue.
Colors changing hue, morning fields of amber grain, weathered faces lined in pain,
are soothed beneath the artist’s loving hand.
Now I understand what you tried to say to me, how you suffered for your sanity,
how you tried to set them free.
They would not listen, they did not know how, perhaps they’ll listen now.

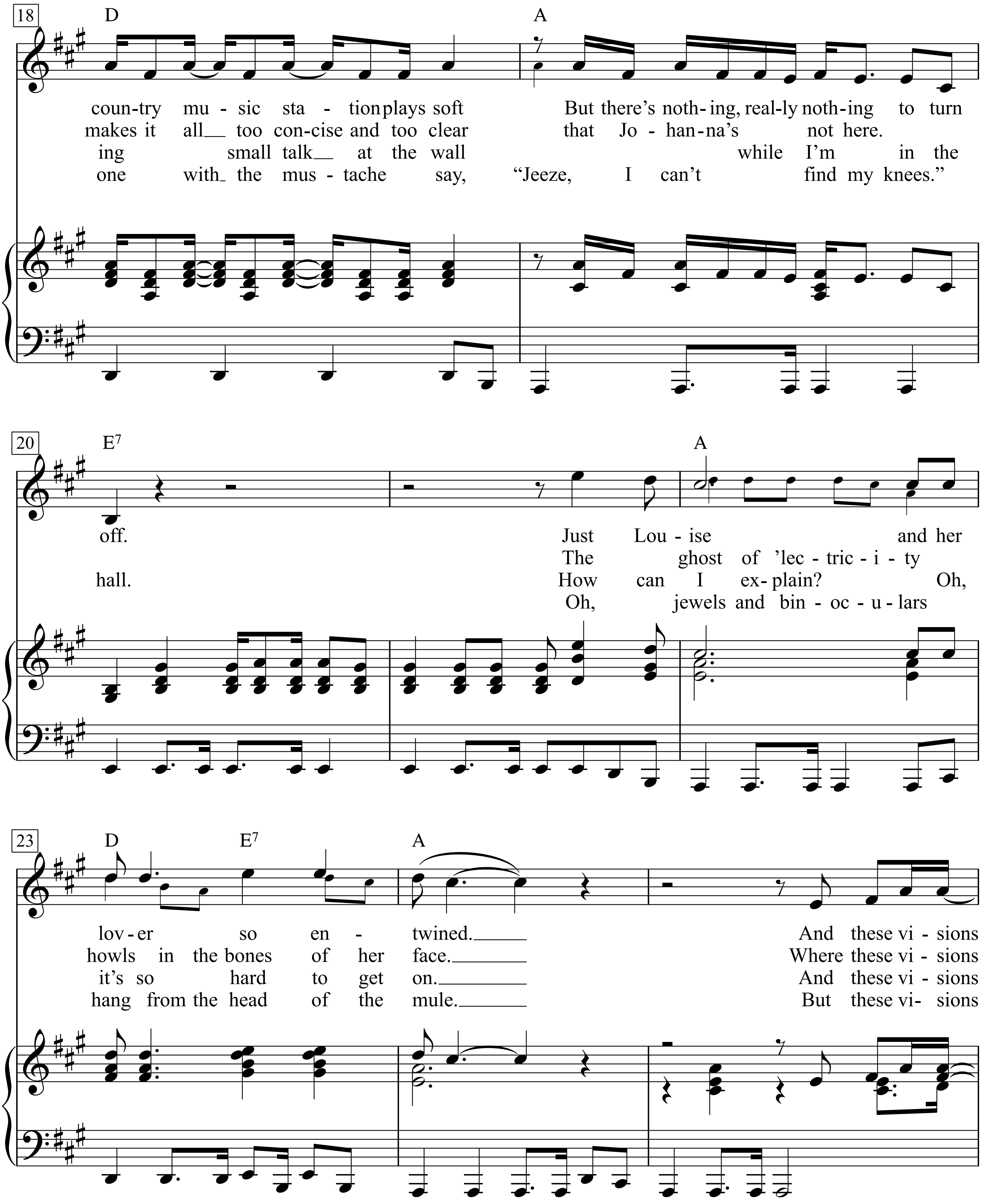
3. Starry, starry night, portraits hung in empty halls.
Frameless heads on nameless walls, with eyes that watch the world and can’t forget.
Like the strangers that you’ve met, the ragged men in ragged clothes,
the silver thorn of bloody rose, lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow.
Now I think I know what you tried to say to me, how you suffered for your sanity,
how you tried to set them free.
They would not listen, they’re not list’ning still.

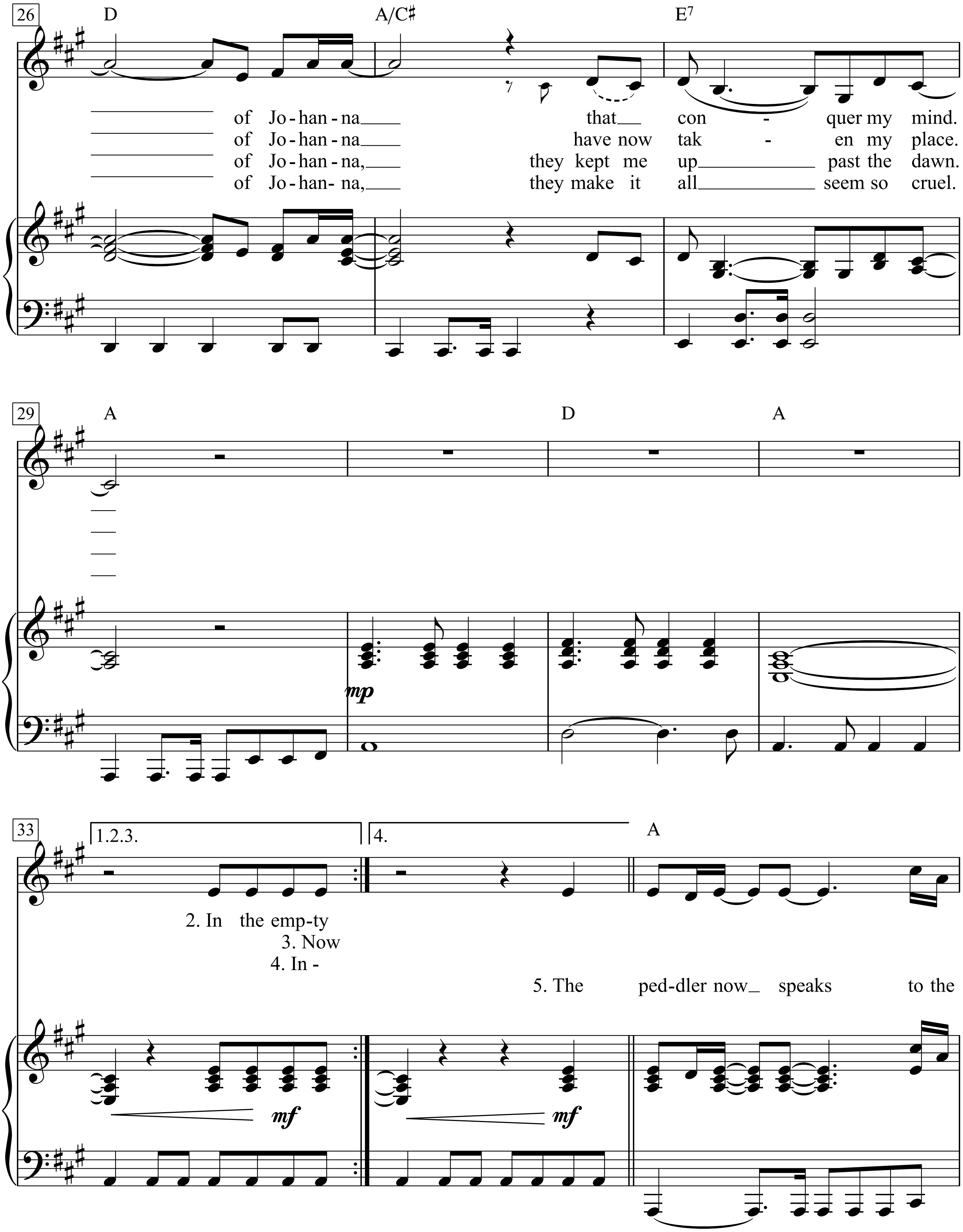
Visions of Johanna

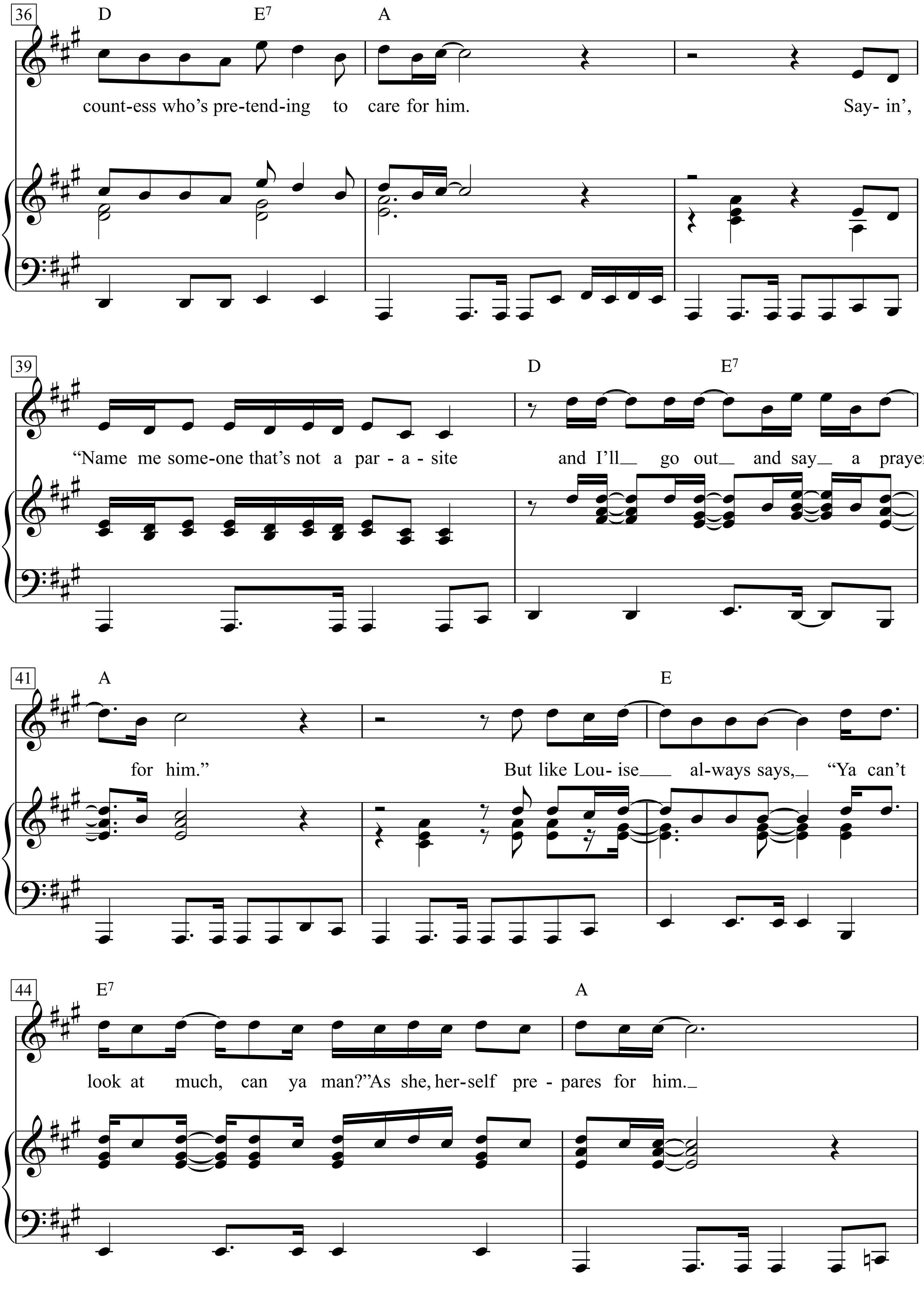
Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)

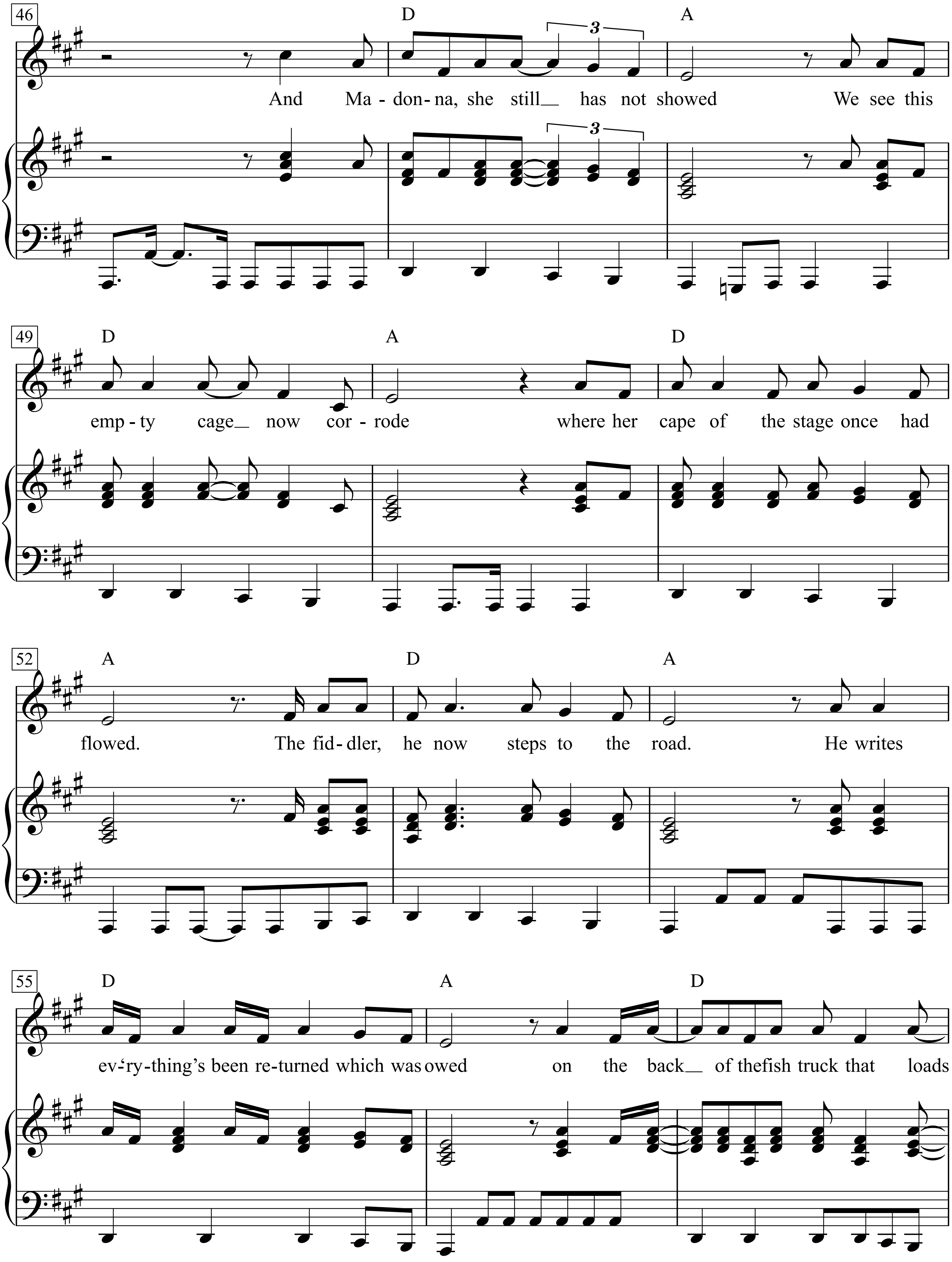


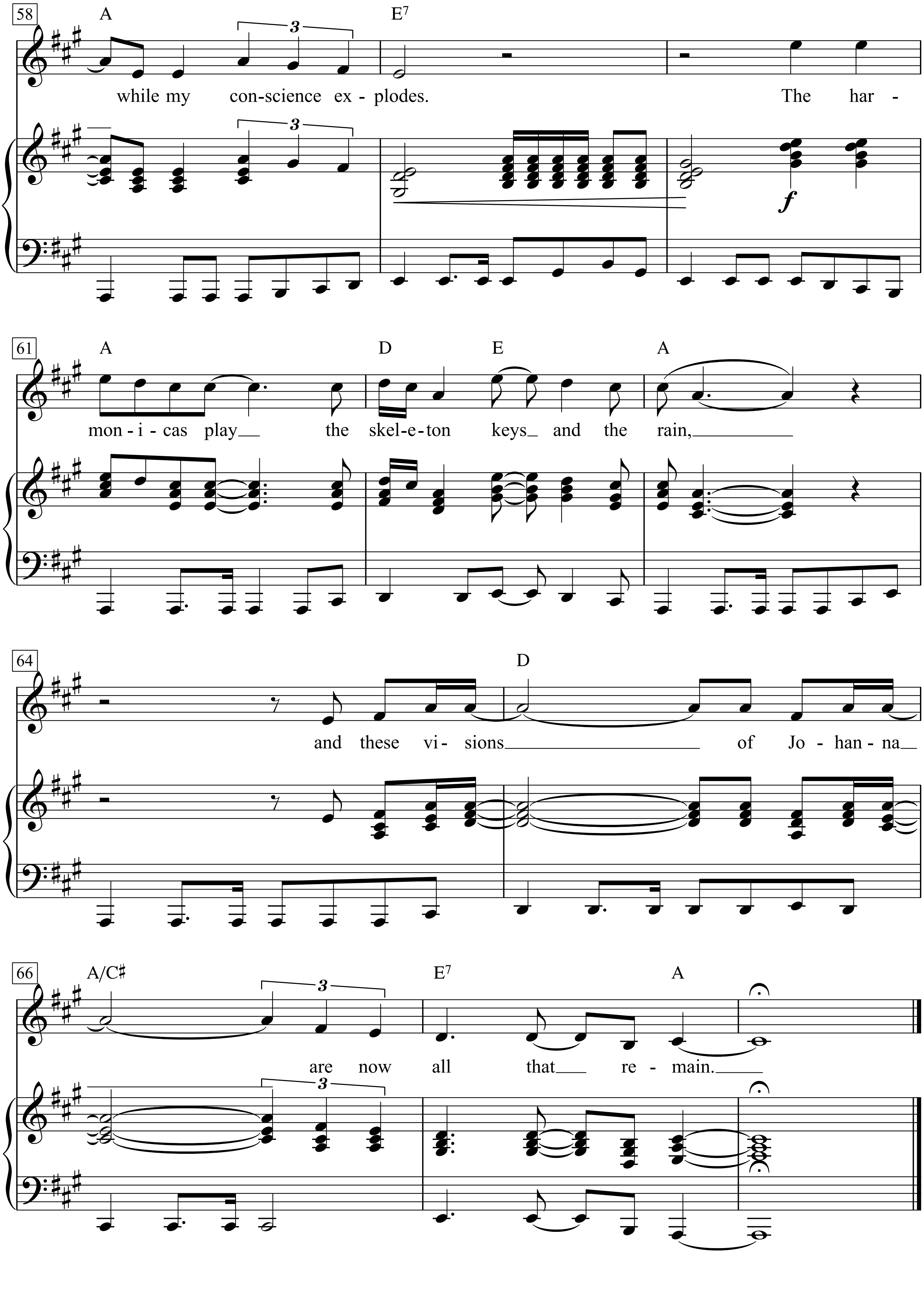

10
E
E7
ise holds a hand-ful of rain, tempt-in' you__ to de -
hear the night watch-man click his flash light. Ask him-self if it's him or them that's real-ly in -
bring-ing her name up He speaks of a fare-well kiss__ to
Li - sa must - a had the high - way blues. You can tell__ by the way she
12
A
D
3
fy it.
sane.
me.
smiles.
Lights flick-er from the op - po - site
Lou - ise, she's all right, she's just
He's sure got__ a lot - ta
See the prim - i - tive__ wall - flow - er
15
A
D
A
loft, in this room the heat pipes just cough. The
near. She's del - i -cate and seems like the mir - ror.__ But she just
gall to be so use - less and all. Mut - ter -
freeze when the jel - ly - faced wom - en all sneeze. Hear the


18
D
A
coun-try mu - sic sta - tion plays soft But there's noth- ing, real-ly noth-ing to turn
makes it all__ too con-cise and too clear that Jo - han-na's not here.
ing small talk__ at the wall while I'm in the
one with the mus - tache say, "Jeeze, I can't find my knees."
20
E7
A
off. Just Lou - ise and her
The ghost of 'lec - tric - i - ty
hall. How can I ex- plain? Oh,
Oh, jewels and bin - oc - u - lars
23
D
E7
A
lov - er so en - twined.____ And these vi - sions
howls in the bones of her face.____ Where these vi - sions
it's so hard to get on.____ And these vi - sions
hang from the head of the mule.____ But these vi- sions


26
D
A/C♯
E7
of Jo-han-na that con - quer my mind.
of Jo-han-na have now tak - en my place.
of Jo-han-na, they kept me up past the dawn.
of Jo-han-na, they make it all seem so cruel.
29
A
D
A
mp
33
1.2.3.
4.
A
2. In the emp-ty
3. Now
4. In -
5. The ped-dler now speaks to the
mf
mf


36
D
E7
A
count-ess who's pre-tend-ing to care for him.
Say- in',
39
D
E7
"Name me some-one that's not a par - a - site
and I'll go out and say a prayer
41
A
E
for him."
But like Lou- ise al-ways says, "Ya can't
44
E7
A
look at much, can ya man?" As she, her-self pre - pares for him.


46
D
A
And Ma - don - na, she still__ has not showed We see this
49
D
A
D
emp - ty cage__ now cor - rode where her cape of the stage once had
52
A
D
A
flowed. The fid - dler, he now steps to the road. He writes
55
D
A
D
ev-'ry-thing's been re-turned which was owed on the back__ of the fish truck that loads


58
A
E7
while my con-science ex - plodes. The har -
f
61
A
D
E
A
mon - i - cas play the skel-e-ton keys and the rain,
64
D
and these vi - sions of Jo - han - na
66
A/C♯
E7
A
are now all that re - main.
3

1. Ain't it just like the night to play tricks when you're tryin' to be so quiet?
We sit here stranded, though we're all doin' our best to deny it.
And Louise holds a handful of rain, temptin' you to defy it.
Lights flicker from the opposite loft,
In this room the heat pipes just cough.
The country music station plays soft
But there's nothing, really nothing to turn off.
Just Louise and her lover so entwined.
And these visions of Johanna that conquer my mind.

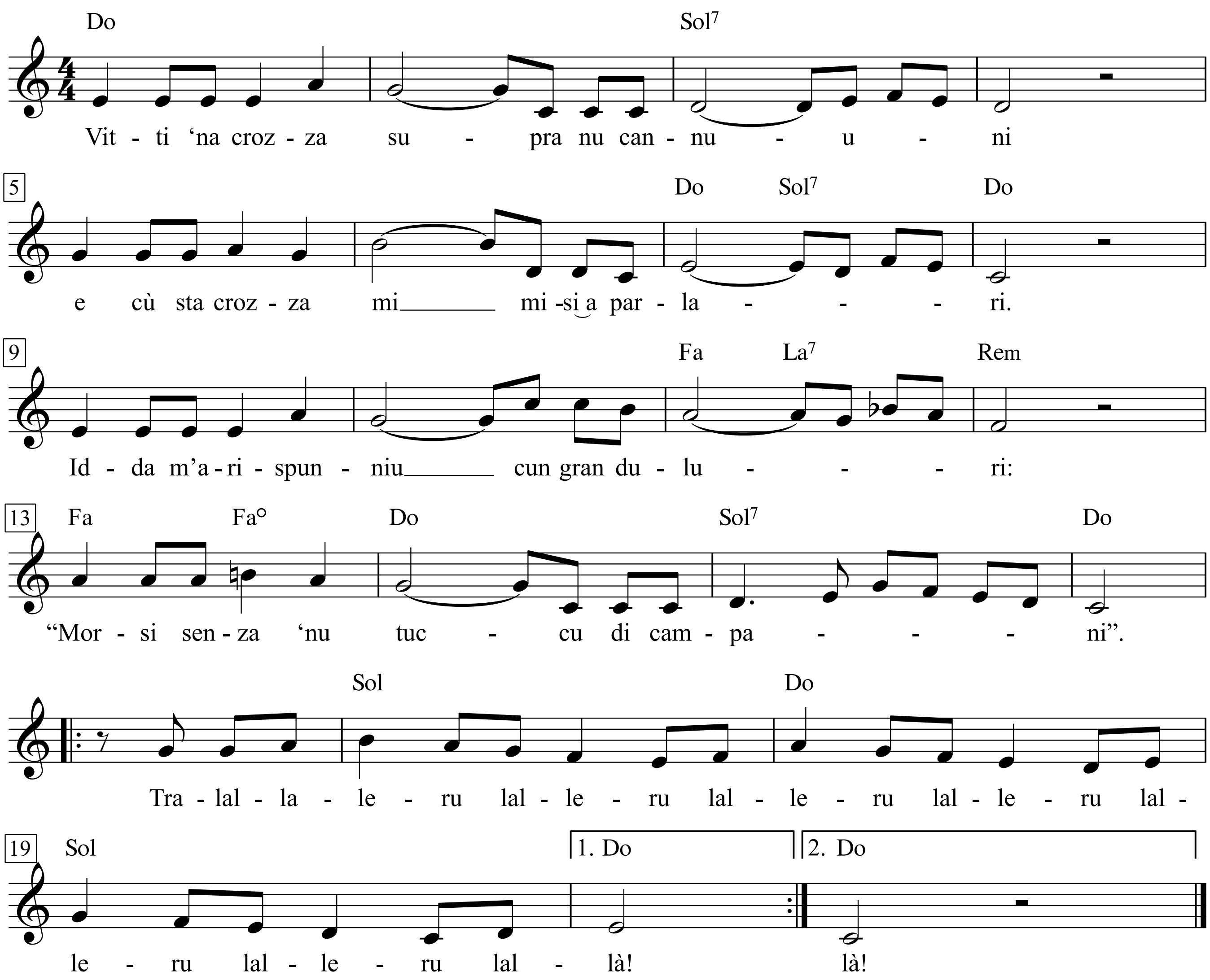
2. In the empty lot where the ladies play blindman's bluff with the key chain
And the all-night girls they whisper of escapades out on the "D" train.
We can hear the night watchman click his flashlight.
Ask himself if it's him or them that's really insane.
Louise, she's all right, she's just near.
She's delicate and seems like the mirror.
But she just makes it all too concise
And too clear that Johanna's not here.
The ghost of 'lectricity howls in the bones of her face.
Where these visions of Johanna have now taken my place.

3. Now little boy lost, he takes himself so seriously.
He brags of his misery, he likes to live dangerously.
And when bringing her name up He speaks of a farewell kiss to me.
He's sure got a lotta gall to be so useless and all.
Muttering small talk at the wall while I'm in the hall.
How can I explain?
Oh, it's so hard to get on.
And these visions of Johanna, they kept me up past the dawn.

4. Inside the museums, infinity goes up on trial.
Voices echo this is what salvation must be like after a while.
But Mona Lisa musta had the highway blues.
You can tell by the way she smiles.
See the primitive wallflower freeze
When the jelly-faced women all sneeze.
Hear the one with the mustache say,
"Jeeze, I can't find my knees."
Oh, jewels and binoculars hang from the head of the mule.
But these visions of Johanna, they make it all seem so cruel.

5. The peddler now speaks to the countess who's pretending to care for him.
Sayin', "Name me someone that's not a parasite and I'll go out and say a prayer for him."
But like Louise always says,
"Ya can't look at much, can ya man?"
As she, herself prepares for him.
And Madonna, she still has not showed
We see this empty cage now corrode
Where her cape of the stage once had flowed.
The fiddler, he now steps to the road.
He writes ev'rything's been returned which was owed
On the back of the fish truck that loads
While my conscience explodes.
The harmonicas play the skeleton keys and the rain,
And these visions of Johanna are now all that remain.

Vitti ‘na crozza



1. Vitti ‘na crozza supra nu cannuni
e cù sta crozza mi misi a parlari.
Idda m’arrispunniu cun gran duluri:
“Morsi senza ‘nu tuccu di campani”.

|: Tralallaleru lalleru lalleru
lalleru lalleru lalleru lallà! :|

2. Si ‘nni eru, si ‘nni eru li me anni,
si ‘nni eru, si ‘nni eru un sacciu unni.
Ura ca sugnu vecchiu di tant’anni
u vivu chiama u mortu e nun rispunni.

Tralallaleru...

Chi ‘nnaia a fari cchiù ppi travagghiari,
sta vita è fatta tutta di duluri
e d’accussì nun vigghiu cchiù campari.

Tralallaleru...

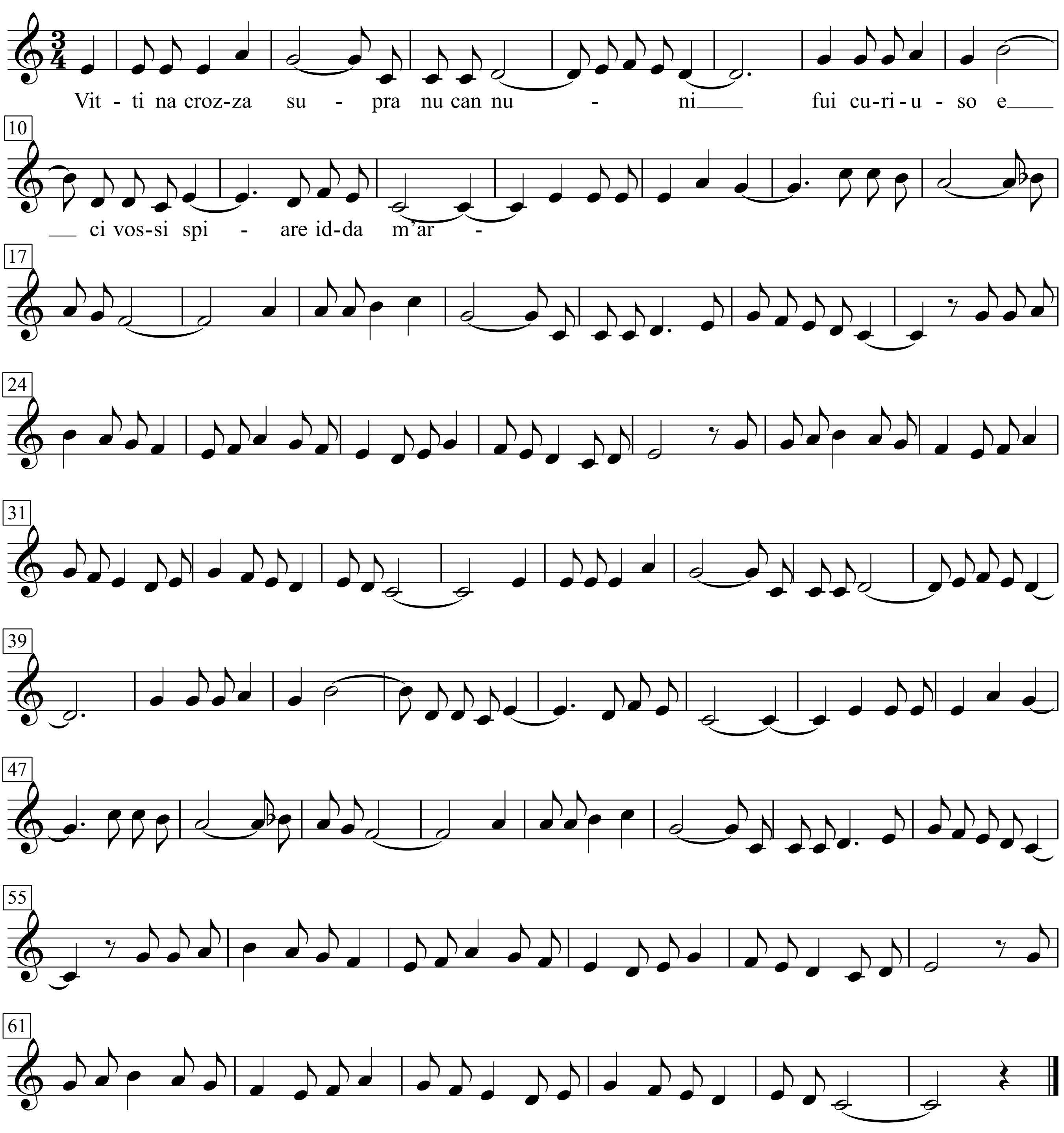
Cunsatimi cu ciuri lu me lettu,
picchì alla fini già sugnu arriduttu;
vinni lu tempu di lu me rizzettu:
lassu stu beddu munnu e lassu tuttu.

Tralallaleru...

C’è nu jardinu ’n mezzu di lu mari,
tutt’intissutu d’aranci e limuni,
unni l’aceddi ci vannu a cantari
e tutti i pisci ci fannu all’amuri.

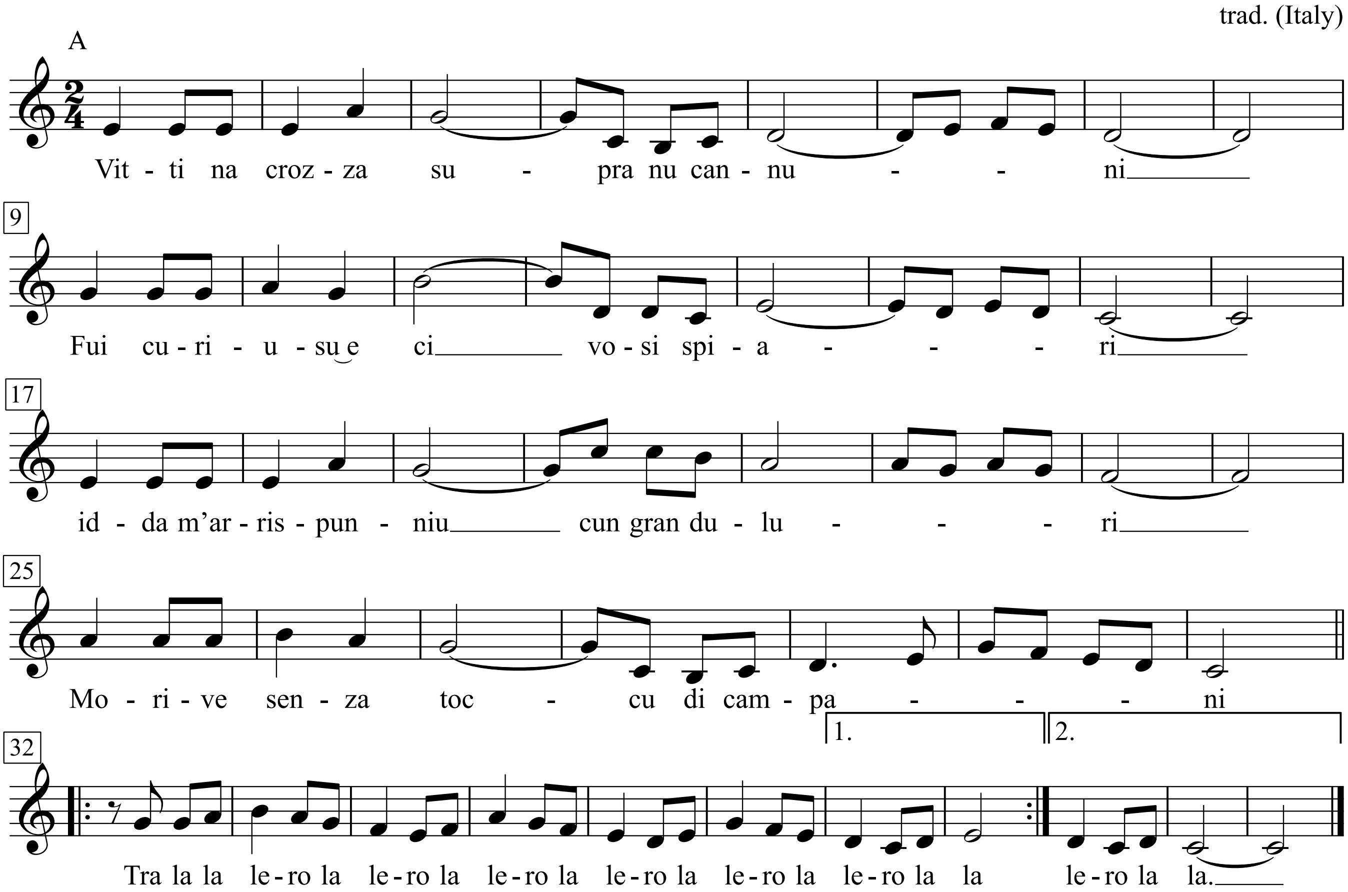
Tralallaleru...

Vitti ‘na crozza



Vitti na Crozza

trad. (Italy)

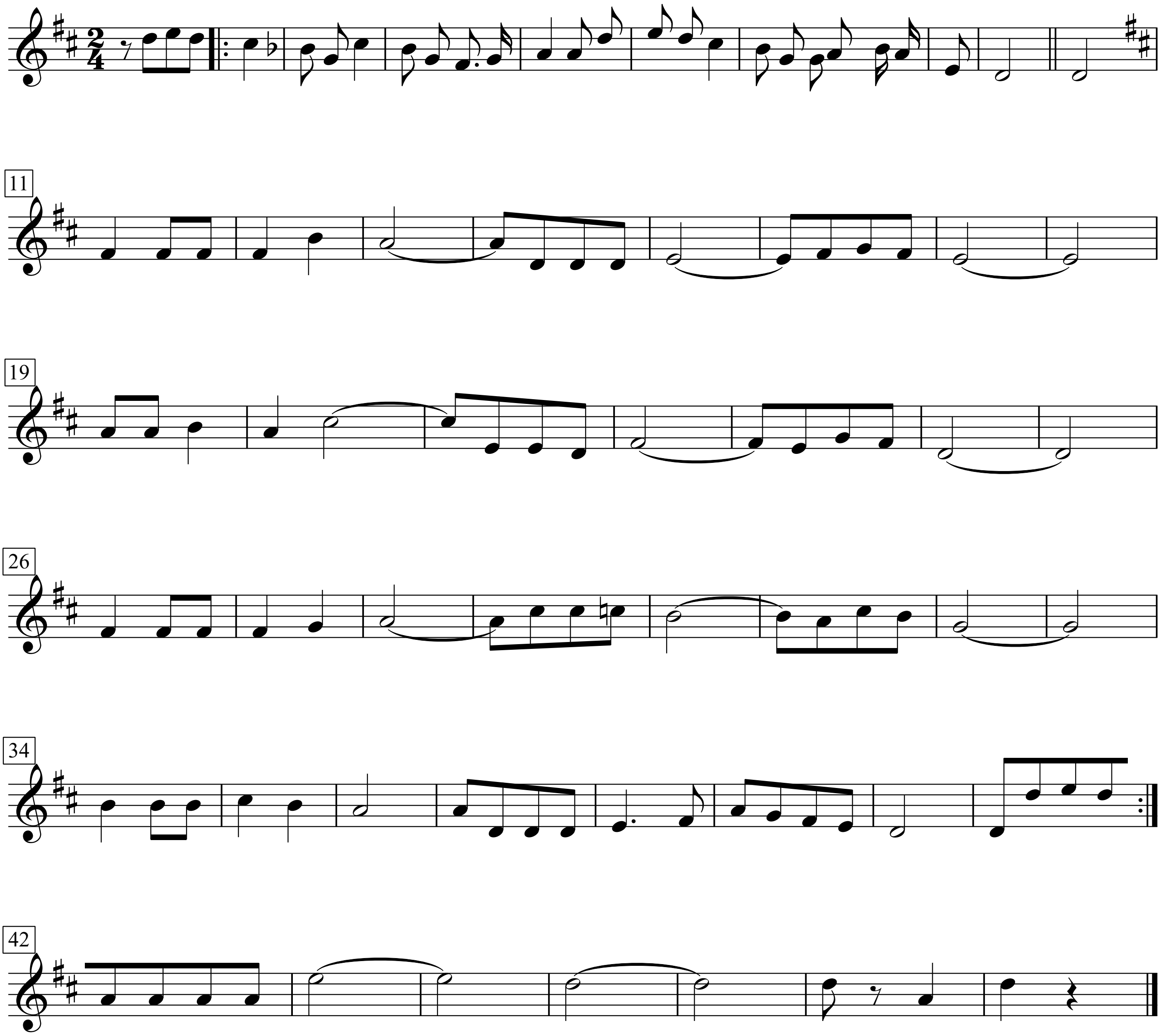


1. Vitti na crozza supra nu cannuni
Fui curiusu e ci vosi spiari
Idda m'arrispunniu cun gran duluri
Morive senza toccu di campani
|: Tra la la lero la lero la lero
la lero la lero la lero la la. :|

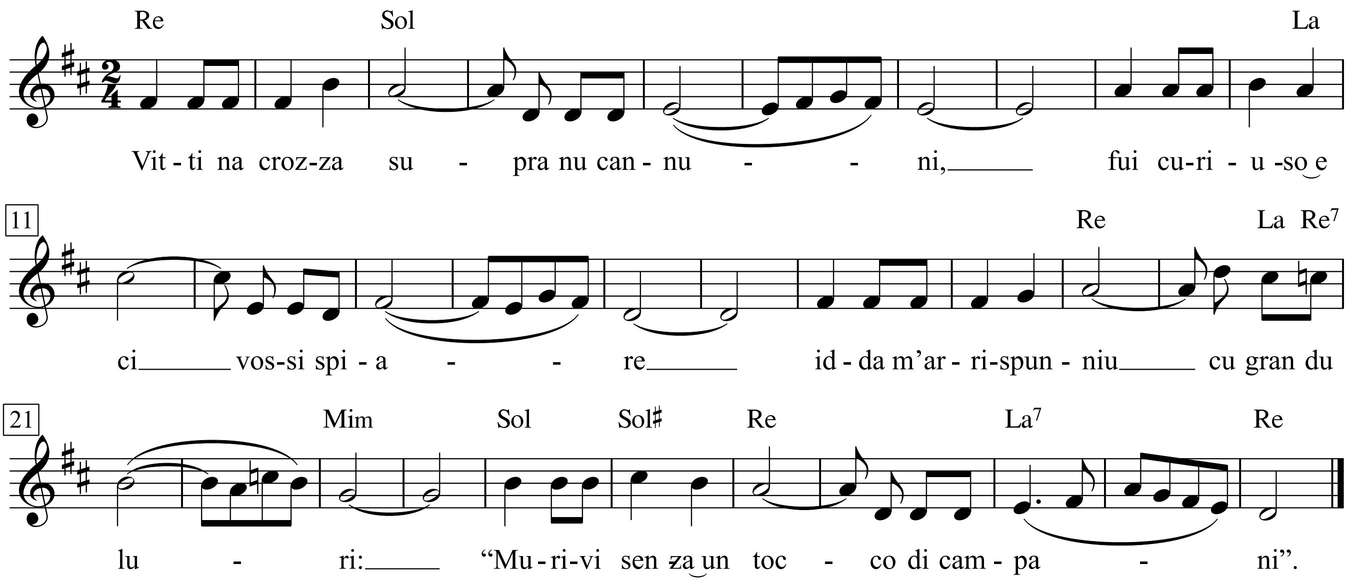
2. Si nni jeru, si nni jeru, li me anni
Si nni jeru, si nni jeru, un saccio unni
Ora ca sugnu vecchiu di uttant'anni
Chiamu la morte e idda m'arrispunni
Tra la la lero ...

3. C'è nu giardinu ammiezu di lu mari
Tuttu intissutu di aranci e ciuri
Tutti gli aceddi ci vanno a cantari
Puru i sireni ci fannu all'ammuri
Tra la la lero ...

Vitti na crozza



Vitti na crozza



1. Vitti na crozza supra nu cannuni,
fui curiuso e ci vossi spiare
idda m'arrispunniu cu gran duluri:
"Murivi senza un tocco di campani".

2. Si nni eru si nni eru li me anni
si nni eru si nni eru un sacciu unni
ora ca sugnu vecchio di ottantanni
chiamu la morti i idda m'arrispunni

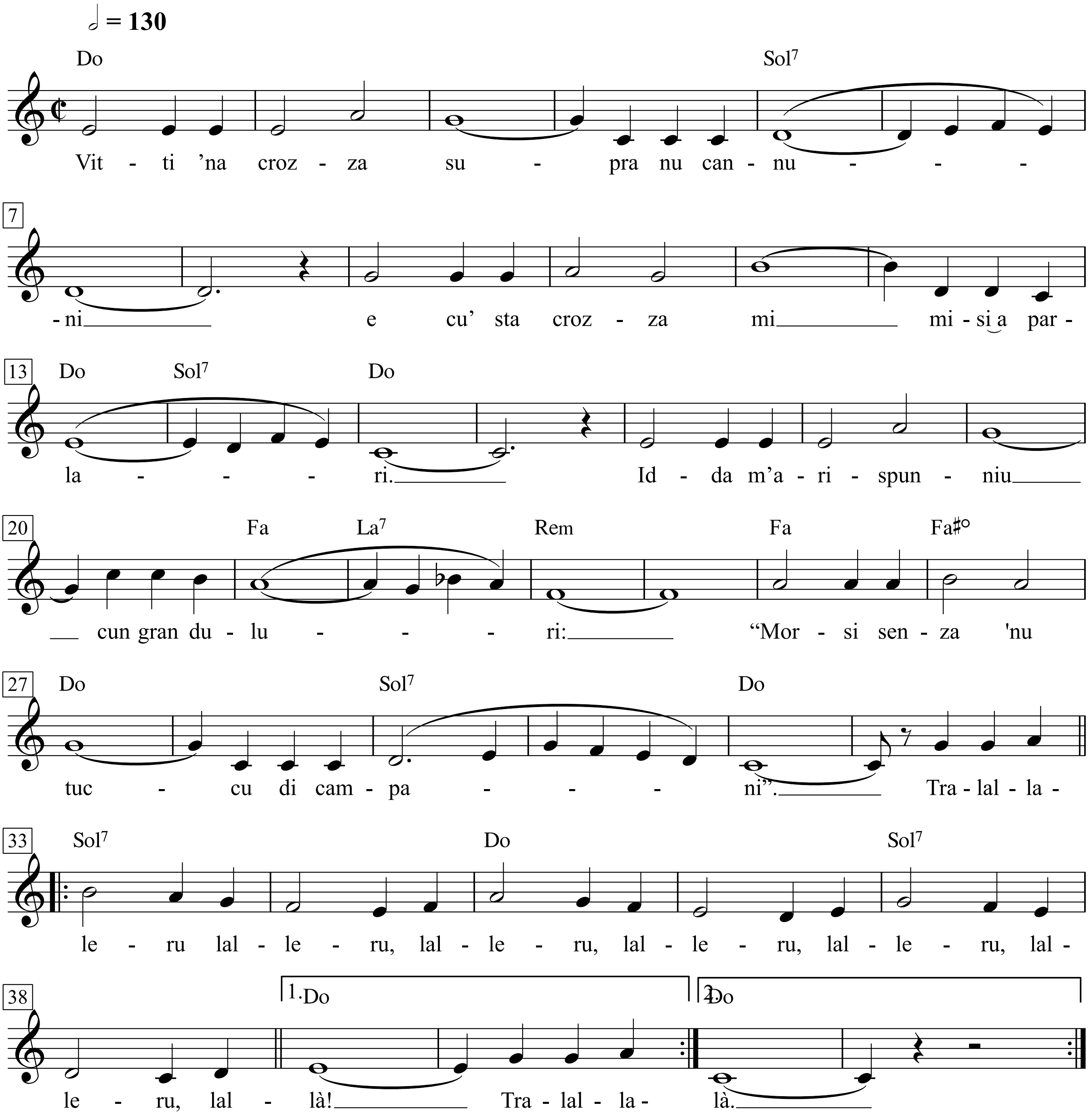
3. cunzatimi cunzatimi lu me letto
ca di li vermi su manciatu tuttu
si nun lu scuntu cca lume peccatu
lu scuntu allautra vita a chiantu ruttu

4. c'e' nu giardinu ammezu di lu mari
tuttu ntssutu di aranci e ciuri
tutti l'acceddi cci vanan a cantari
puru i sireni cci fannu all'amurio.

Vitt 'na crozza

Allegro

Canzone populare



1. Vitti ’na crozza supra nu cannuni
e cu’ sta crozza mi misi a parlari,
idda m’arispunniu cun gran duluri:
“Morsi senza 'nu tuccu di campani”.

Tralallaleru, lalleru, lalleru,
lalleru lalleru, lalleru lallà!
Tralallaleru, lalleru lalleru,
lalleru lalleru, lalleru lallà!

2. Si ’nni eru, si ’nni eru li me anni,
si ’nni eru. si 'nni eru un sacciu unni.
Ura ca sugnu vecchiu di tant’anni
u vivu chiama u mortu e nun rispunni.

Tralallaleru, lalleru, lalleru, ...

3. Chi 'nnaia a fari cchiù di la me vita?
Nun sugnu bonu cchiù ppi travagghiari,
sta vita è fatta tutta di duluri
e d’accussì nun vigghiu cchiù campari.

Tralallaleru, lalleru, lalleru, ...

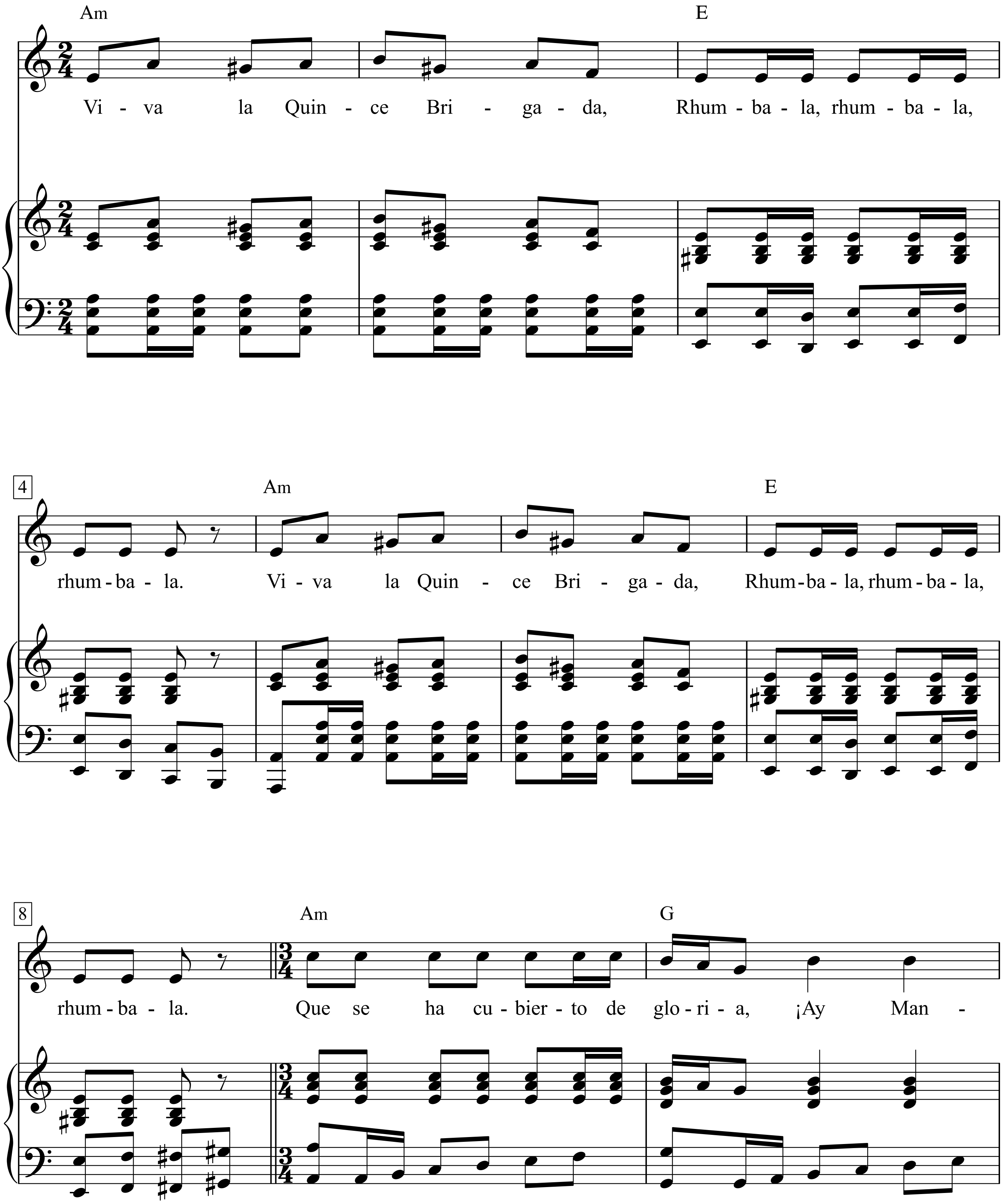
4. Cunsatimi cu ciuri lu me lettu,
picchi alla tini già sugnu arriduttu;
vinni lu tempu di lu me rizzettu:
lassu stu beddu munnu e lassu tuttu.

Tralallaleru, lalleru, lalleru, ...

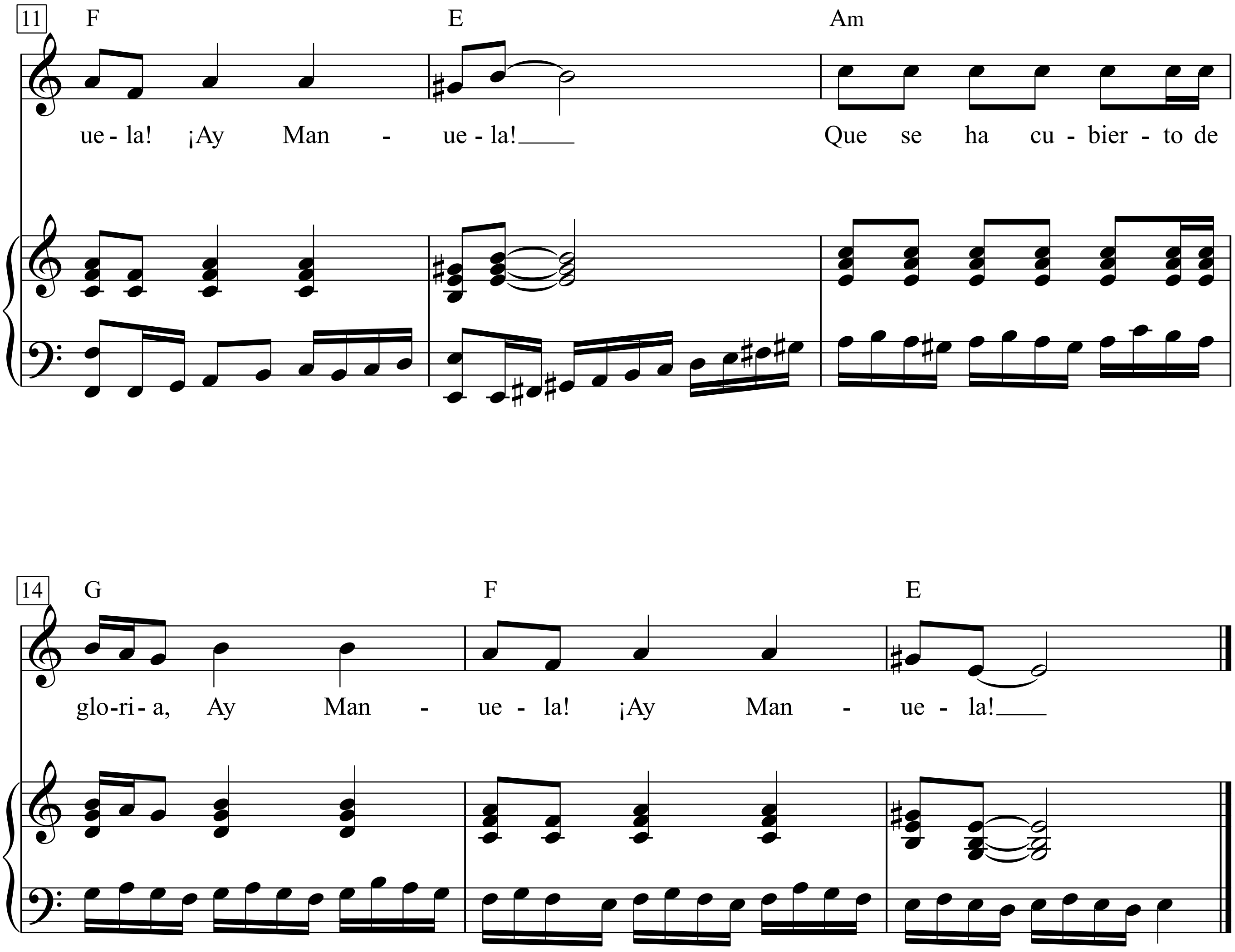
5. C’è nu jardinu ’n mezzu di lu mari,
tutt’intissutu d'aranci e limuni,
unni l’aceddi ci vannu a cantari
e tutti i pisci ci fannu all'amuri.

Tralallaleru, lalleru, lalleru, ...

Viva la Quince Brigada

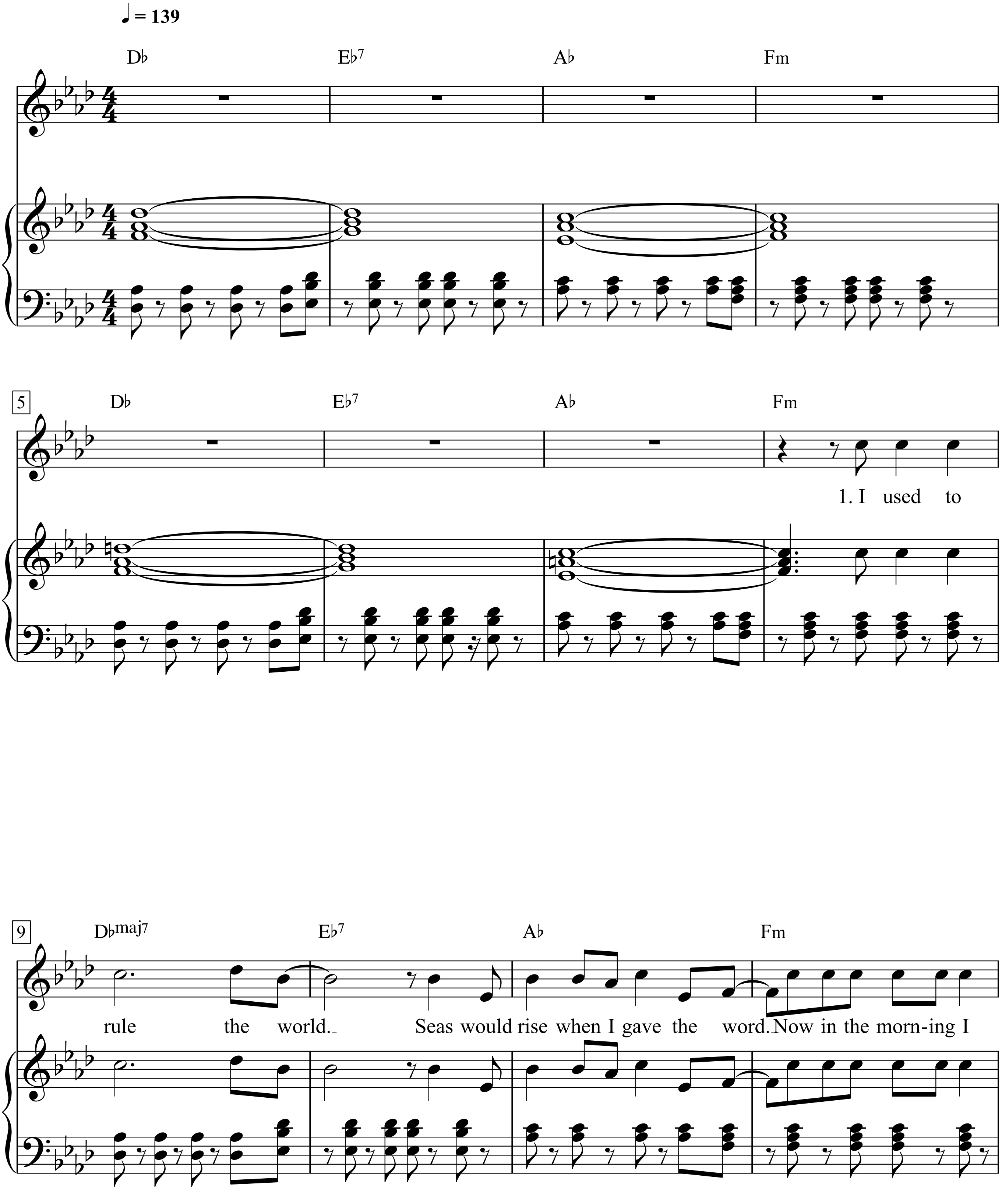


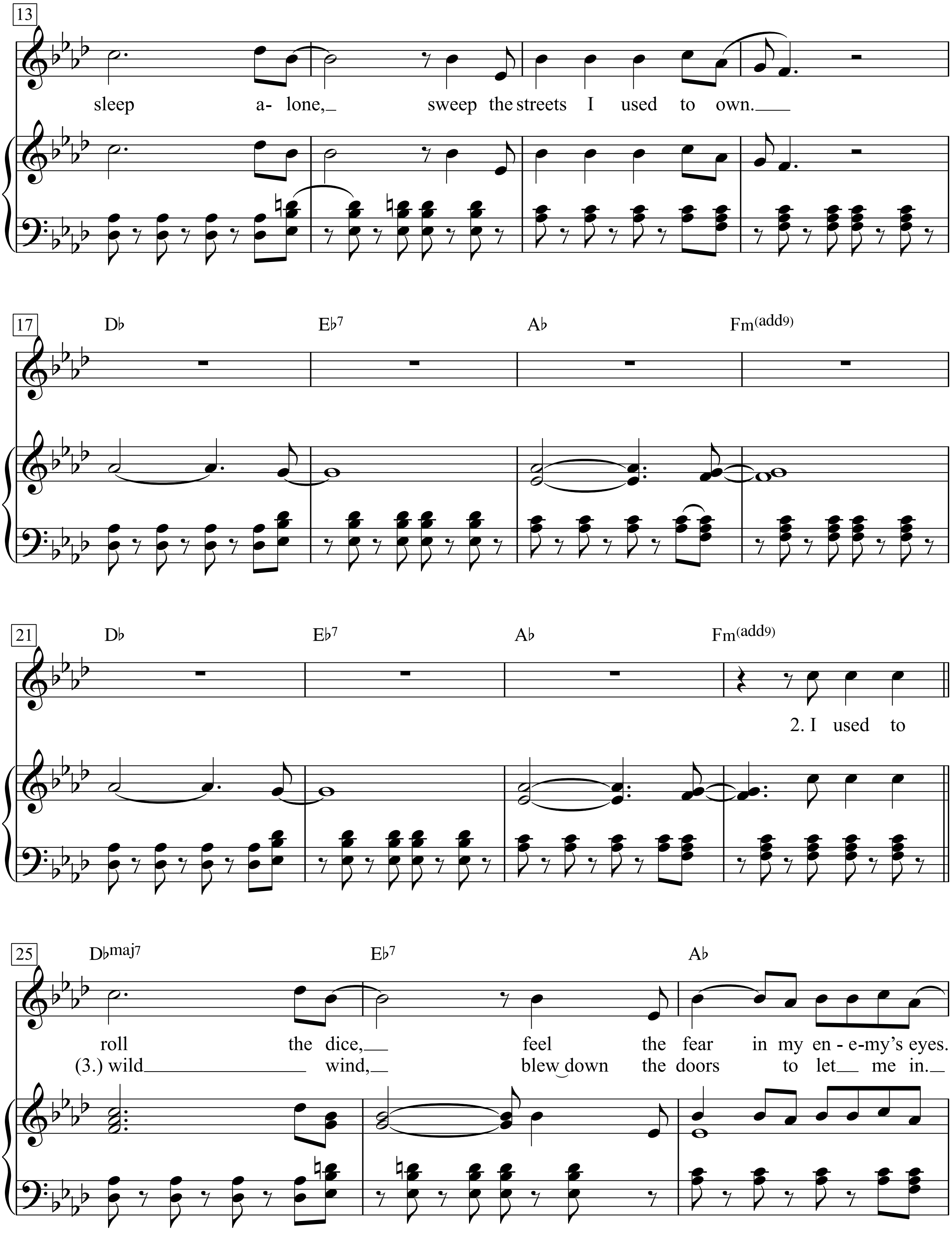
Mel Bay presents songs of Spain, 46-47

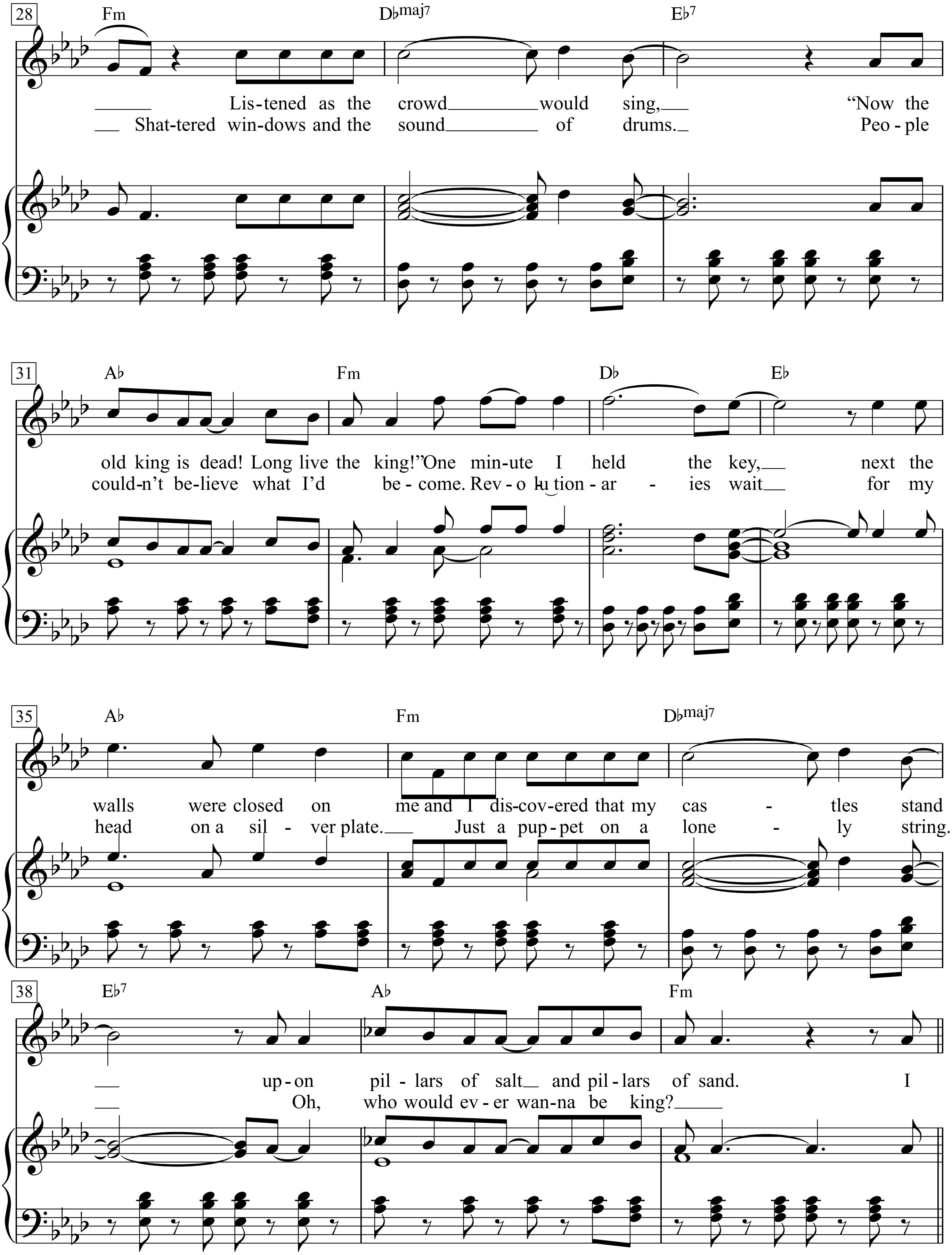

11
F
E
Am
ue - la! ¡Ay Man - ue - la!
Que se ha cu - bier - to de
14
G
F
E
glo-ri - a, Ay Man - ue - la! ¡Ay Man - ue - la!

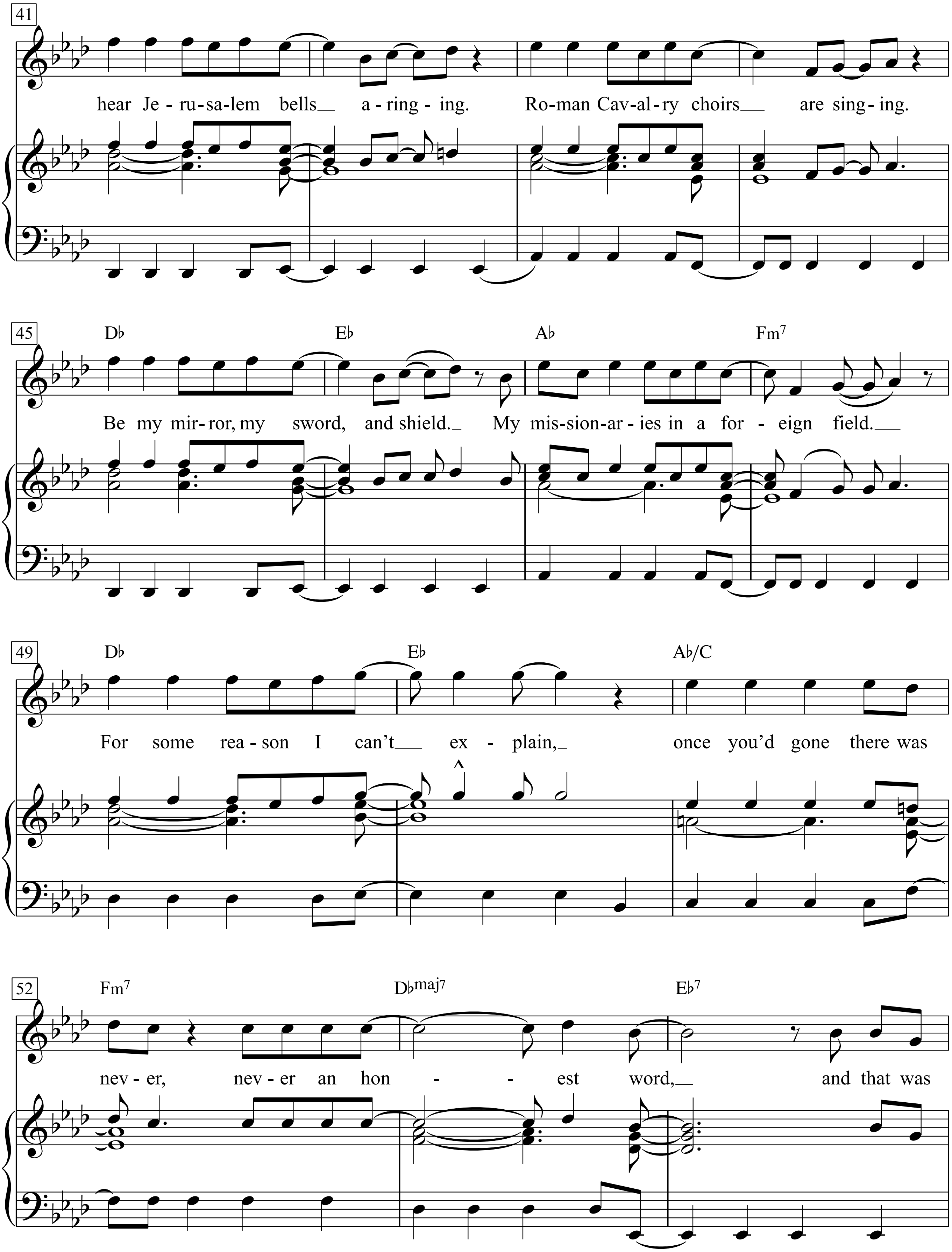
Viva la vida

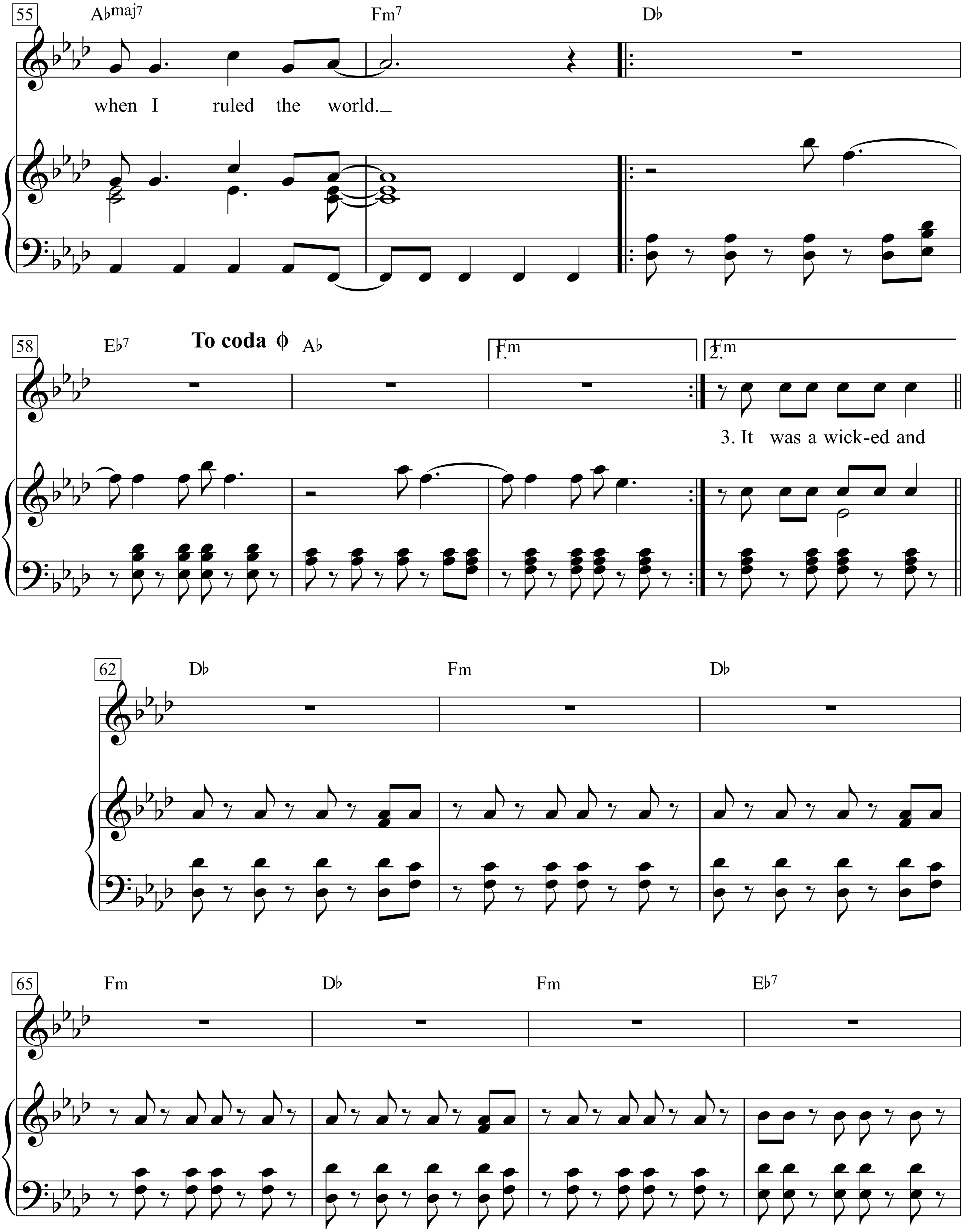
Words & Music by
Guy Berryman, Chris Martin,
Jon Buckland and Will Champion
(Coldplay)

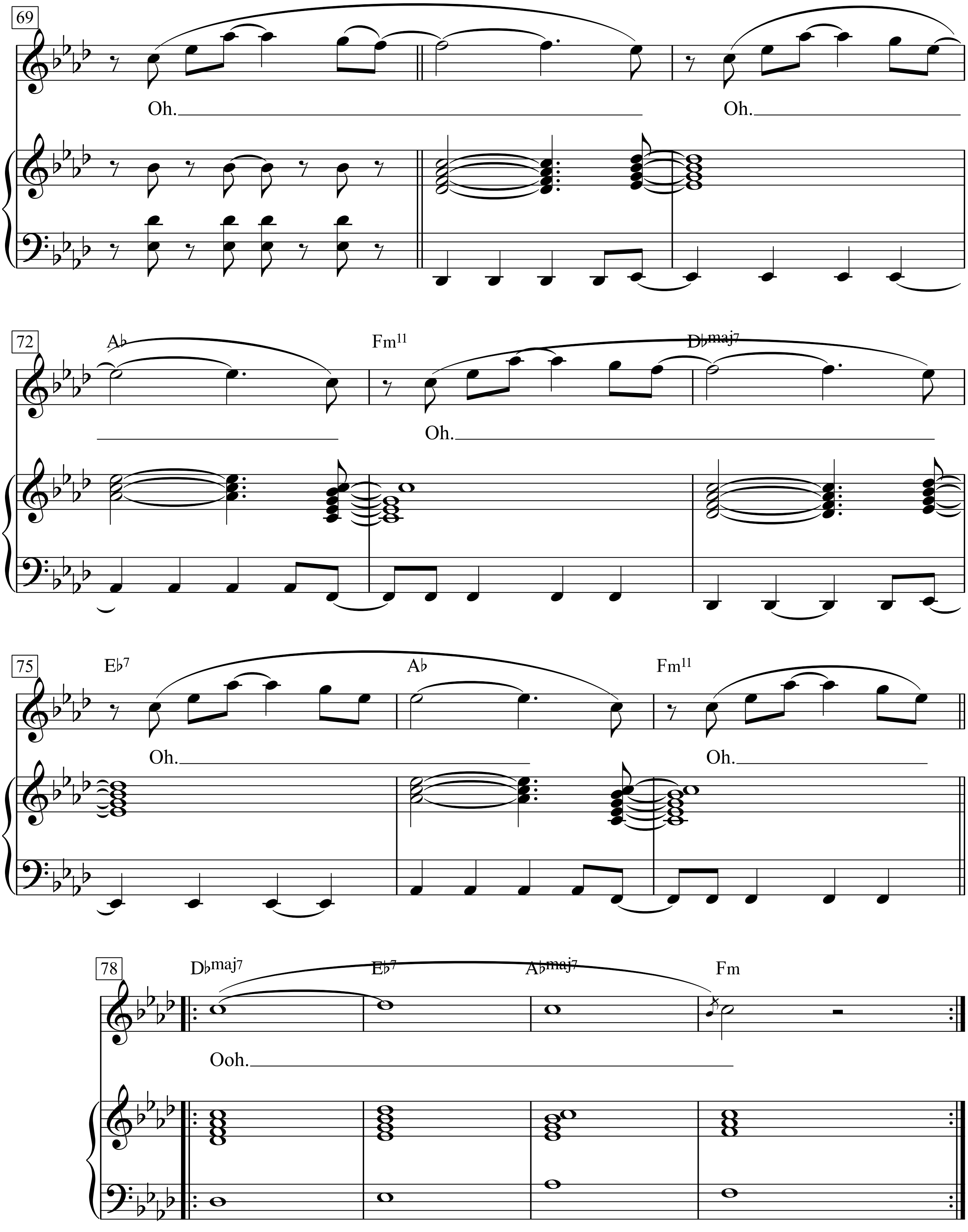



13
sleep a- lone,
sweep the streets I used to own.
17
D♭
E♭7
A♭
Fm(add9)
21
D♭
E♭7
A♭
Fm(add9)
2. I used to
25
D♭maj7
E♭7
A♭
roll the dice,
feel the fear in my en - e-my's eyes.
(3.) wild wind,
blew down the doors to let me in.


28
Fm
D♭maj7
E♭7
Lis-tened as the crowd would sing, "Now the
Shat-tered win-dows and the sound of drums. Peo-ple
31
A♭
Fm
D♭
E♭
old king is dead! Long live the king!" One min-ute I held the key, next the
could-n't be-lieve what I'd be-come. Rev-o-lu-tion-ar-ies wait for my
35
A♭
Fm
D♭maj7
walls were closed on me and I dis-cov-ered that my cas-tles stand
head on a sil-ver plate. Just a pup-pet on a lone-ly string.
38
E♭7
A♭
Fm
up-on pil-lars of salt and pil-lars of sand. I
Oh, who would ev-er wan-na be king?

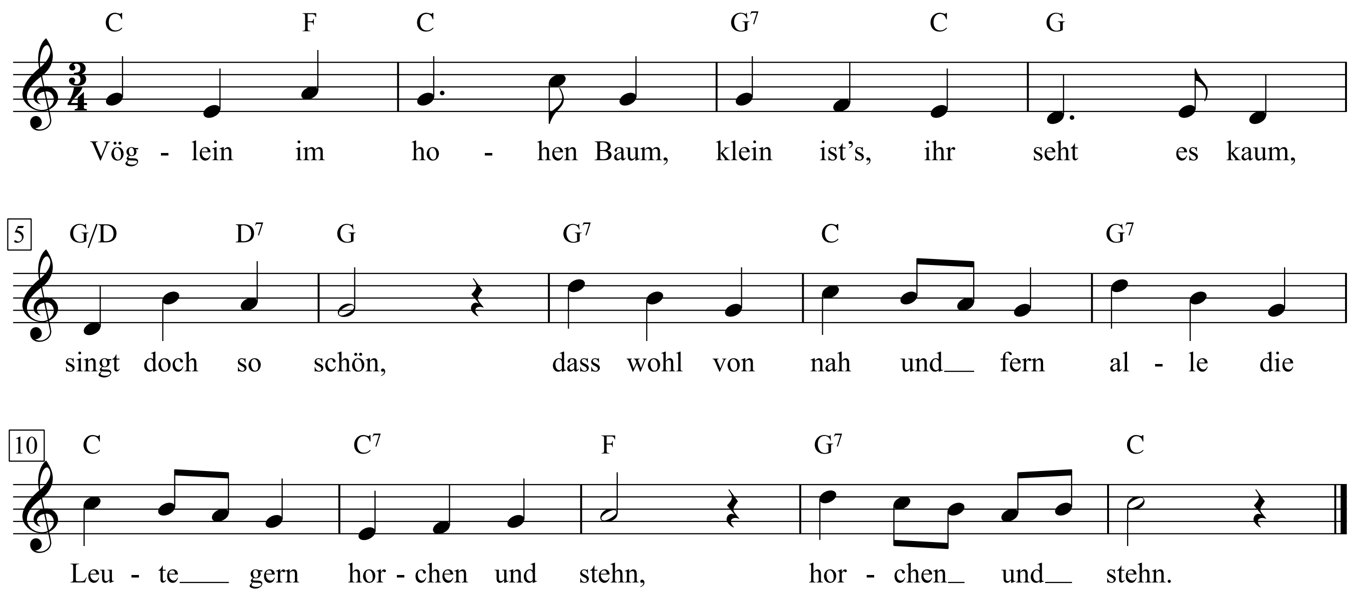

41
hear Je - ru - sa - lem bells a - ring - ing. Ro - man Cav - al - ry choirs are sing - ing.
45
D♭ E♭ A♭ Fm7
Be my mir - ror, my sword, and shield. My mis - sion - ar - ies in a for - eign field.
49
D♭ E♭ A♭/C
For some rea - son I can't ex - plain, once you'd gone there was
52
Fm7 D♭maj7 E♭7
nev - er, nev - er an hon - est word, and that was


55
A♭maj7
Fm7
D♭
when I ruled the world.
58
E♭7
To coda 𝄌
A♭
Fm
1.
Fm
2.
3. It was a wick-ed and
62
D♭
Fm
D♭
65
Fm
D♭
Fm
E♭7


69
Oh.
Oh.
72
A♭
Fm11
D♭maj7
Oh.
75
E♭7
A♭
Fm11
Oh.
Oh.
78
D♭maj7
E♭7
A♭maj7
Fm
Ooh.

Vöglein im hohen Baum

Wilhelm Hey *(1789-1854)* Friedrich Silcher *(1789-1860)*



1, Vöglein im hohen Baum,
klein ist's, ihr seht es kaum,
singt doch so schön,
dass wohl von nah und fern
alle die Leute gern
horchen und stehn, horchen und stehn.

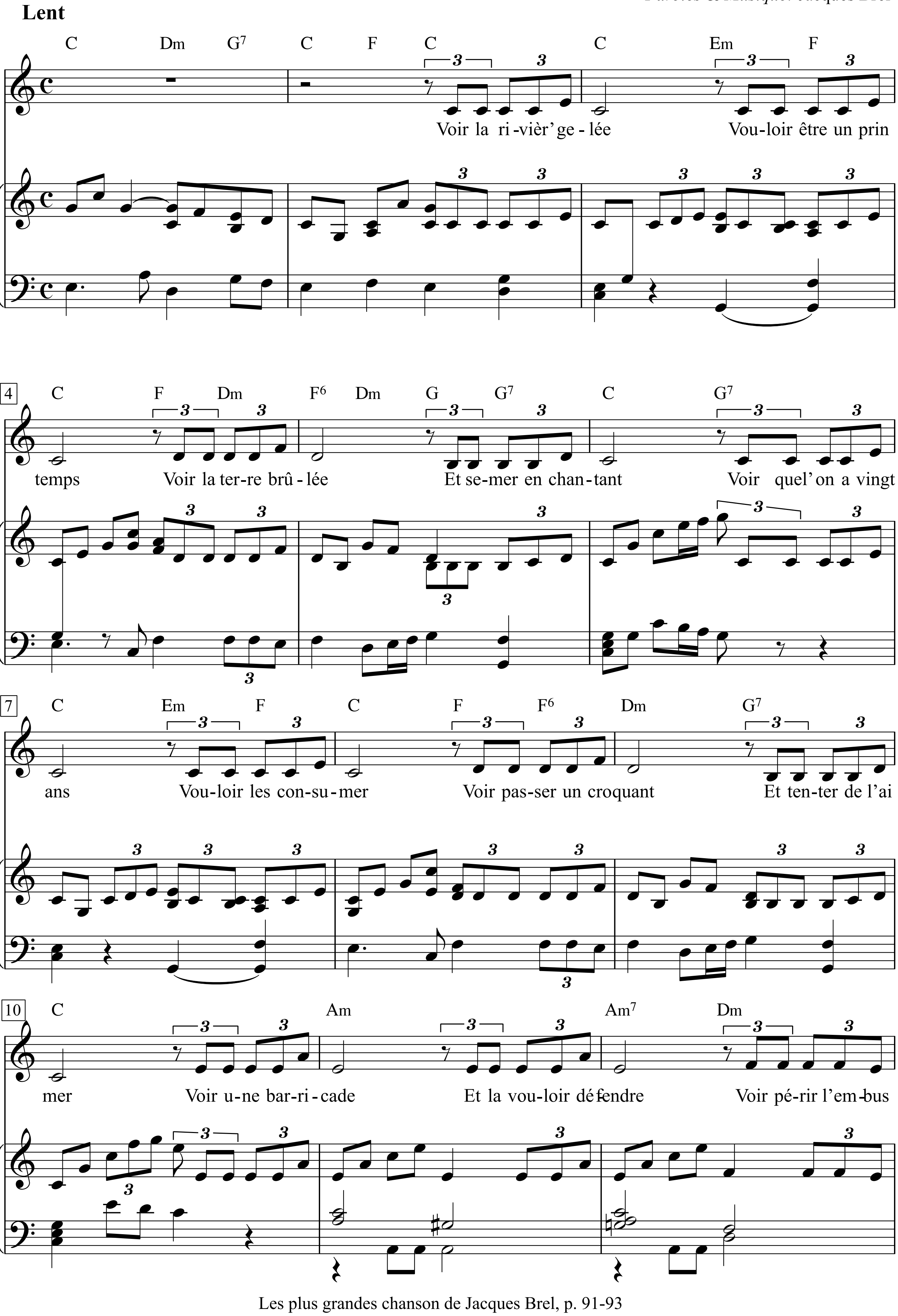
2. Blümlein im Wiesengrund
blühen so lieb und bunt,
tausend zugleich;
wenn ihr vorübergeht,
wenn ihr die Farben seht,
freuet ihr euch, freuet ihr euch.

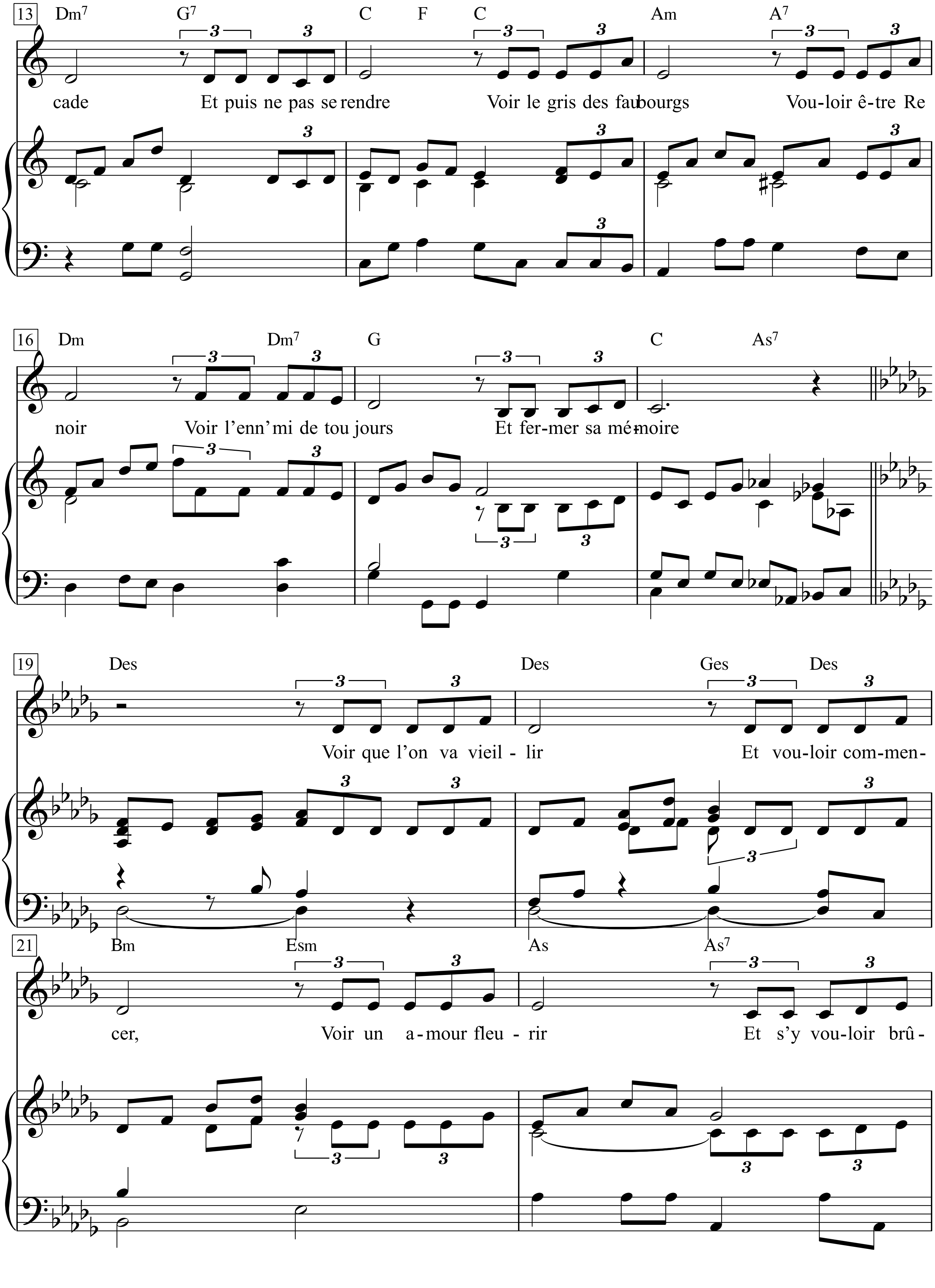
3. Wässerlein fließt so fort
immer von Ort zu Ort
nieder ins Tal:
Dürstet nun Mensch und Vieh,
kommen zum Bächlein sie,
trinken zumal, trinken zumal.

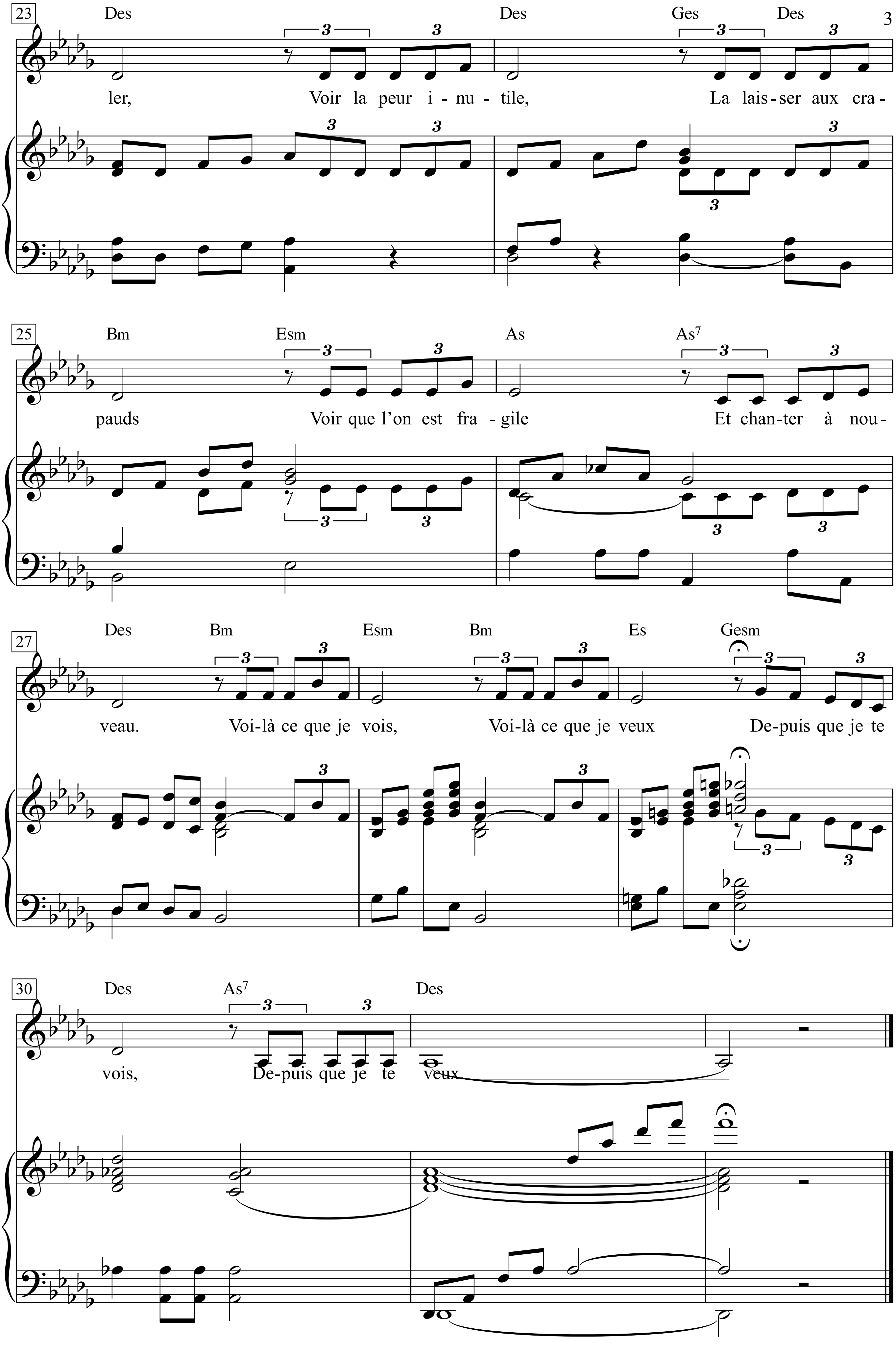
4. Habt ihr es auch bedacht,
wer sie so schön gemacht,
alle die drei?
Gott, der Herr, machte sie,
dass sich nun spät und früh
jedes dran freu, jedes dran freu.

Voir

Paroles & Musique: Jacques Brel




13
Dm7 G7 C F C Am A7
cade Et puis ne pas se rendre Voir le gris des faubourgs Vou-loir ê-tre Re
16
Dm Dm7 G C As7
noir Voir l'enn'mi de tou jours Et fer-mer sa mé-moire
19
Des Des Ges Des
Voir que l'on va vieil - lir Et vou-loir com-men-
21
Bm Esm As As7
cer, Voir un a-mour fleu - rir Et s'y vou-loir brû -

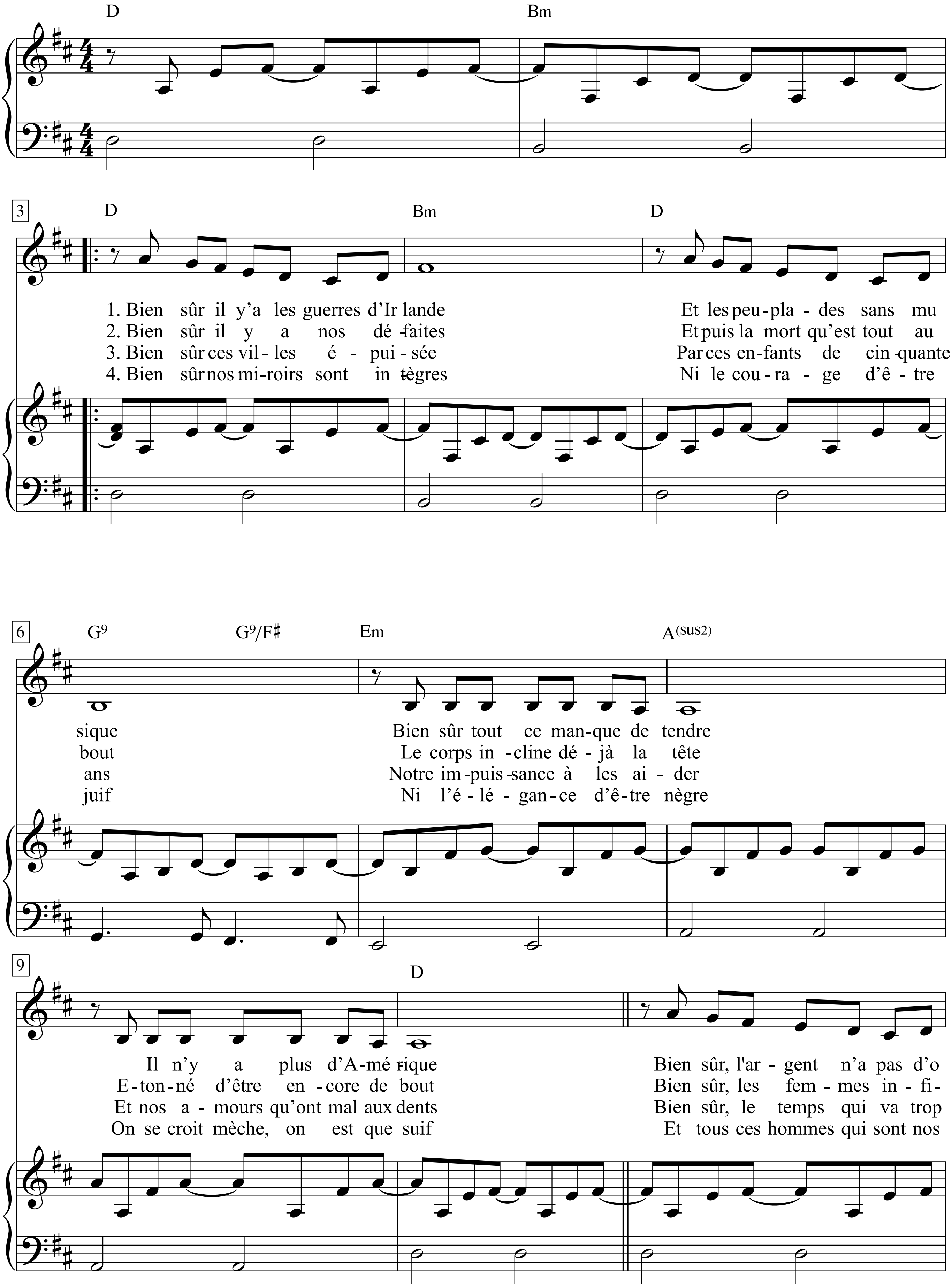

23
Des Des Ges Des
ler, Voir la peur i - nu - tile, La lais-ser aux cra -
25
Bm Esm As As7
pauds Voir que l'on est fra - gile Et chan-ter à nou -
27
Des Bm Esm Bm Es Gesm
veau. Voi-là ce que je vois, Voi-là ce que je veux De-puis que je te
30
Des As7 Des
vois, De-puis que je te veux.

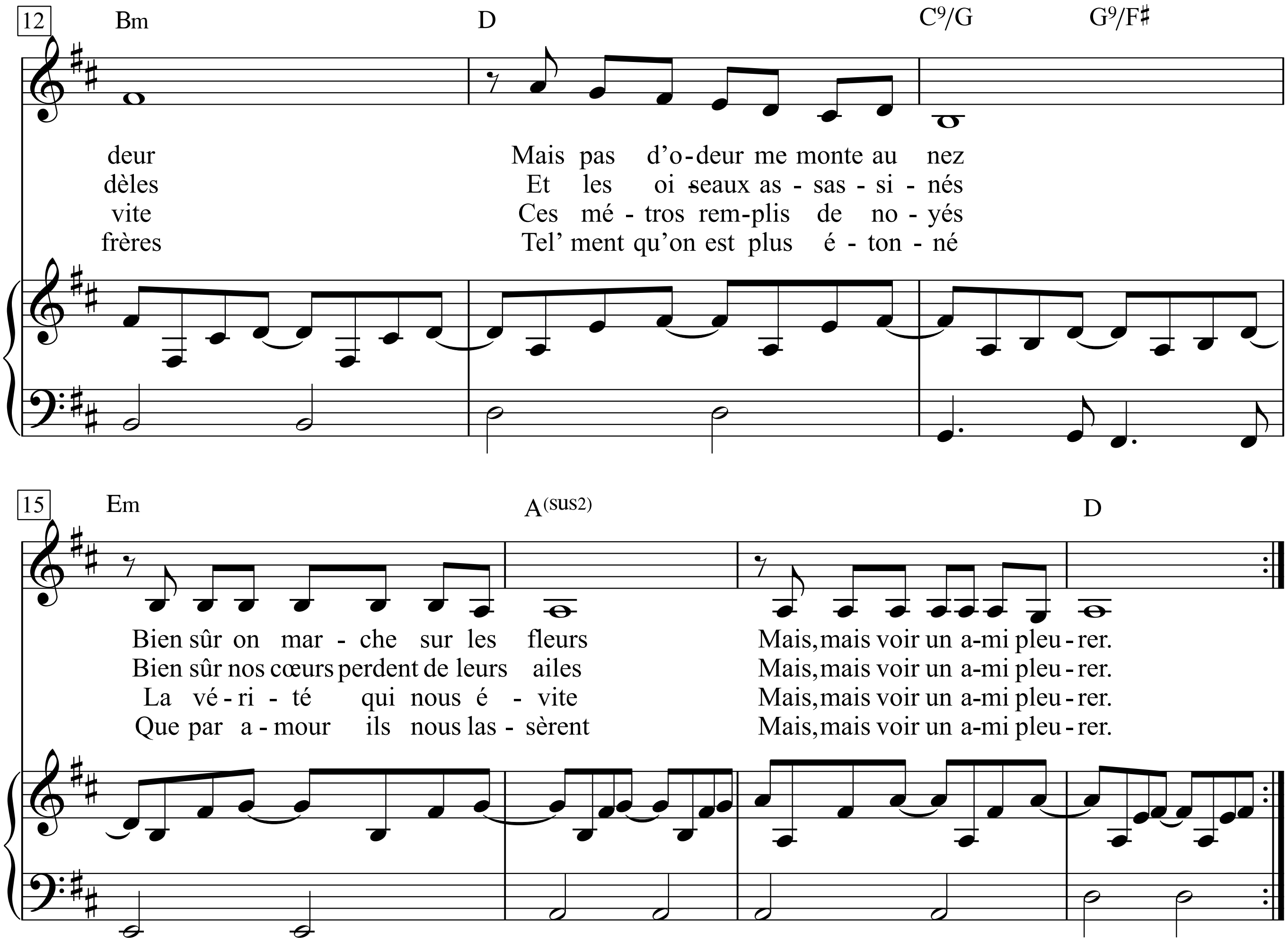
1. Voir la rivièr' gelée
Vouloir être un printemps
Voir la terre brûlée
Et semer en chantant
Voir quel' on a vingt ans
Vouloir les consumer
Voir passer un croquant
Et tenter de l'aimer
Voir une barricade
Et la vouloir défendre
Voir périr l'embuscade
Et puis ne pas se rendre
Voir le gris des faubourgs
Vouloir être Renoir
Voir l'enn'mi de toujours
Et fermer sa mémoire

2. Voir que l'on va vieillir
Et vouloir commencer,
Voir un amour fleurir
Et s'y vouloir brûler,
Voir la peur inutile,
La laisser aux crapauds
Voir que l'on est fragile
Et chanter à nouveau.
Voilà ce que je vois,
Voilà ce que je veux
Depuis que je te vois,
Depuis que je te veux.

Voir un ami pleurer

Paroles & Musique: Jacques Brel





1. Bien sûr il y'a les guerres d'Irlande
Et les peuplades sans musique
Bien sûr tout ce manque de tendre
Il n'y a plus d'Amérique
Bien sûr, l'argent n'a pas d'odeur
Mais pas d'odeur me monte au nez
Bien sûr on marche sur les fleurs
Mais, mais voir un ami pleurer.

2. Bien sûr il y a nos défaites
Et puis la mort qu'est tout au bout
Le corps incline déjà la tête
Etonné d'être encore de bout
Bien sûr, les femmes infidèles
Et les oiseaux assassinés
Bien sûr nos cœurs perdent de leurs ailes
Mais, mais voir un ami pleurer.

3. Bien sûr ces villes épuisée
Par ces enfants de cinquante ans
Notre impuissance à les aider
Et nos amours qu'ont mal aux dents
Bien sûr, le temps qui va trop vite
Ces métros remplis de noyés
La vérité qui nous évite
Mais, mais voir un ami pleurer.

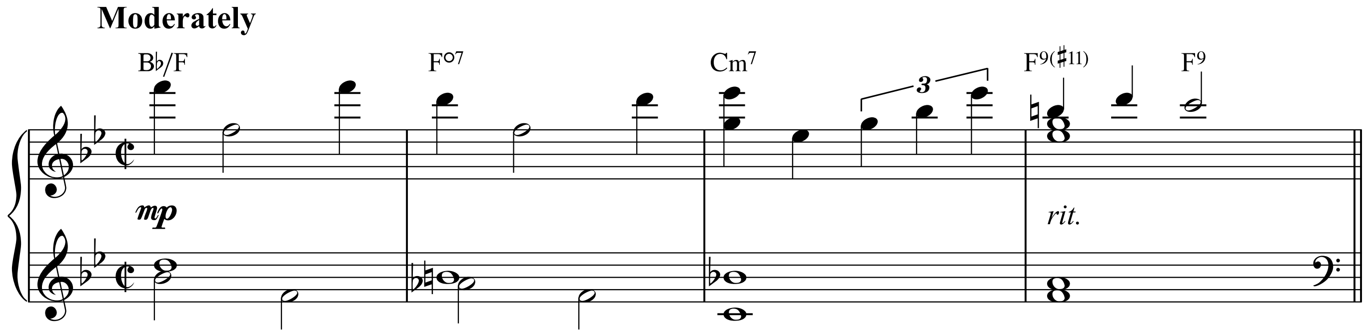
4. Bien sûr nos miroirs sont intègres
Ni le courage d'être juif
Ni l'élégance d'être nègre
On se croit mèche, on est que suif
Et tous ces hommes qui sont nos frères
Tel'ment qu'on est plus étonné
Que par amour ils nous lassèrent
Mais, mais voir un ami pleurer.

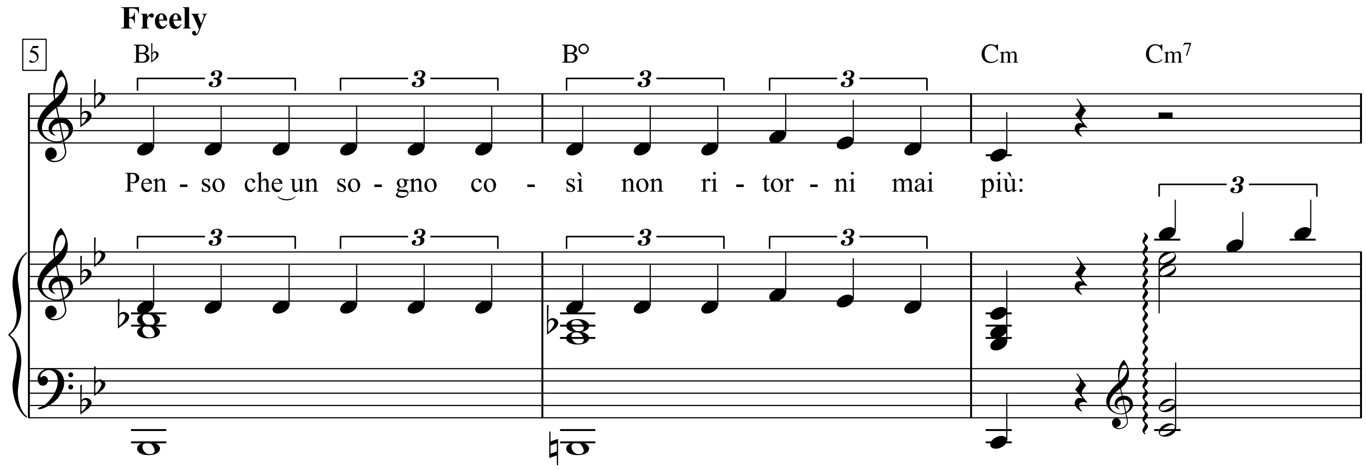
Volare

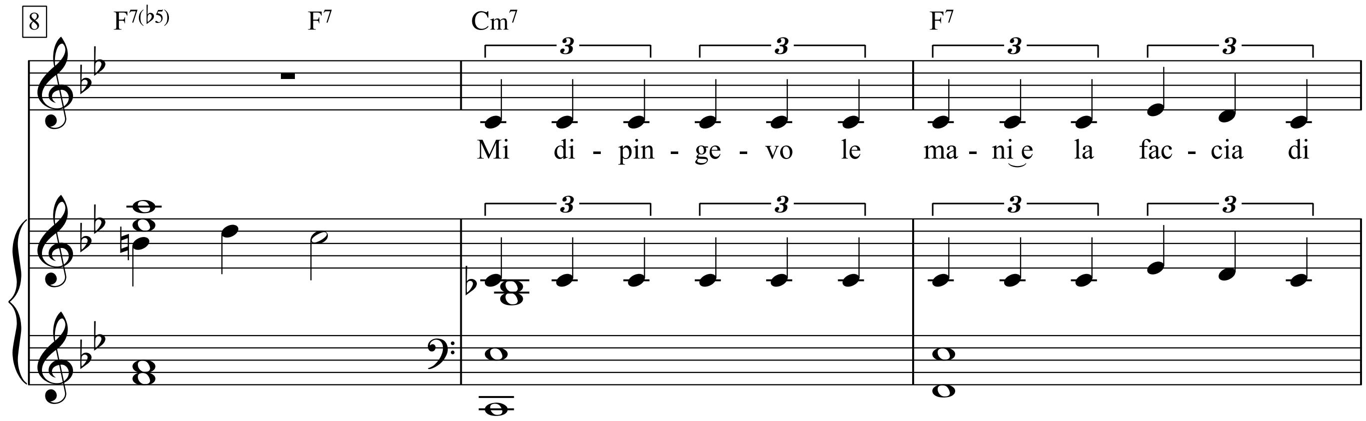
(Nel blu, dipinto di blu)

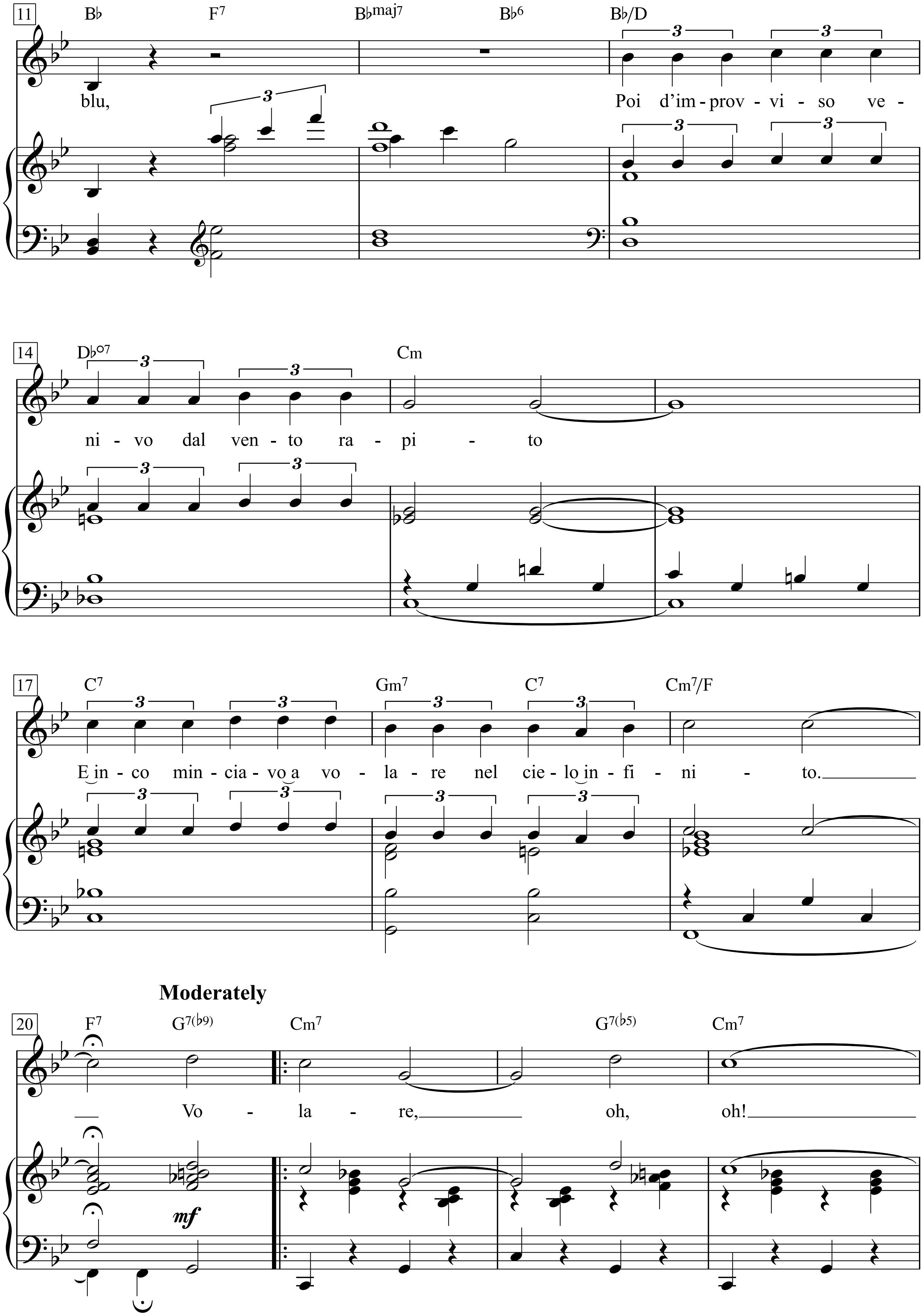
Text by Domenico Modugno and Franco Migliacci

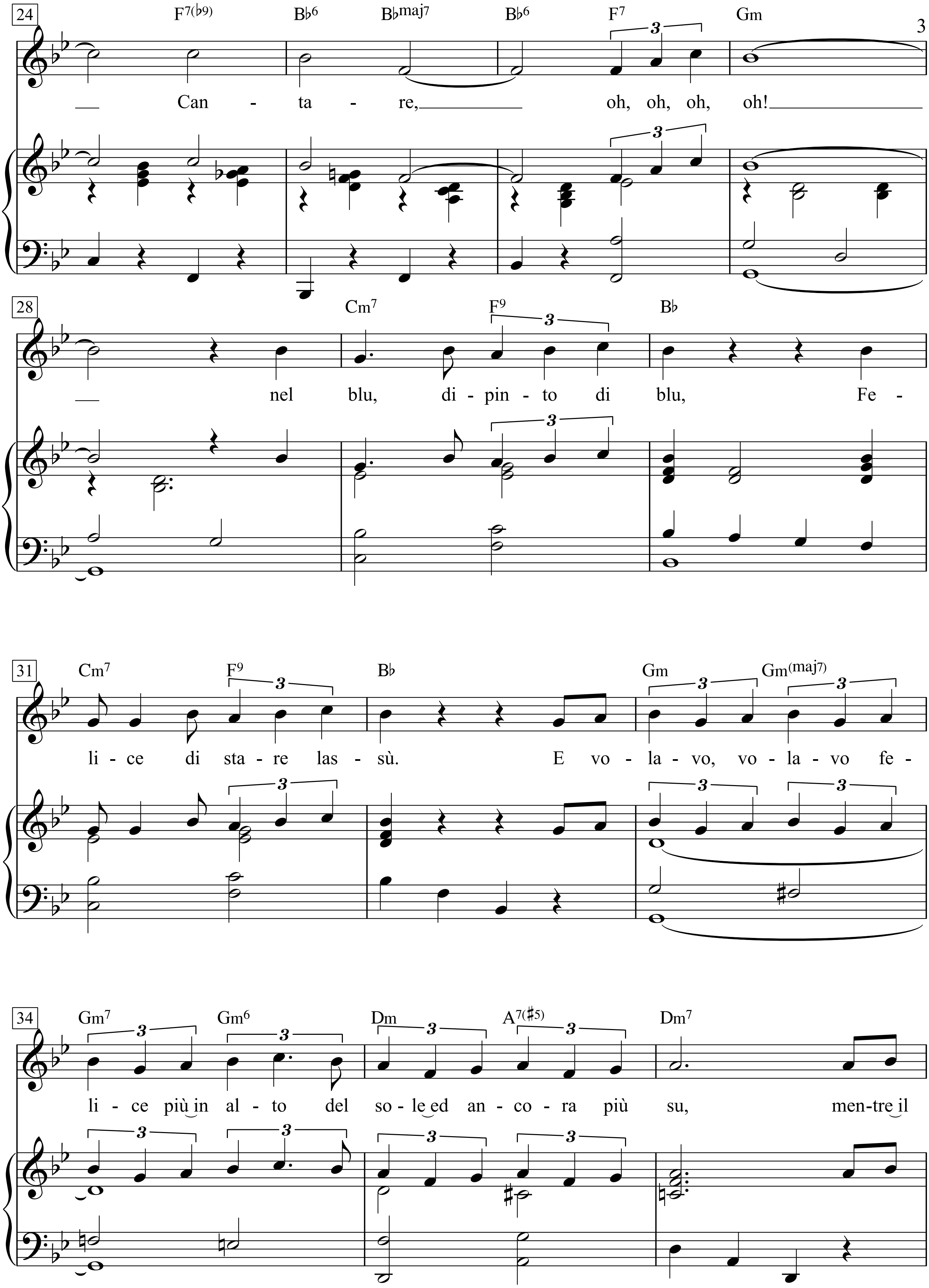
Music by Domenico Modugno
(Domenico Modugno)

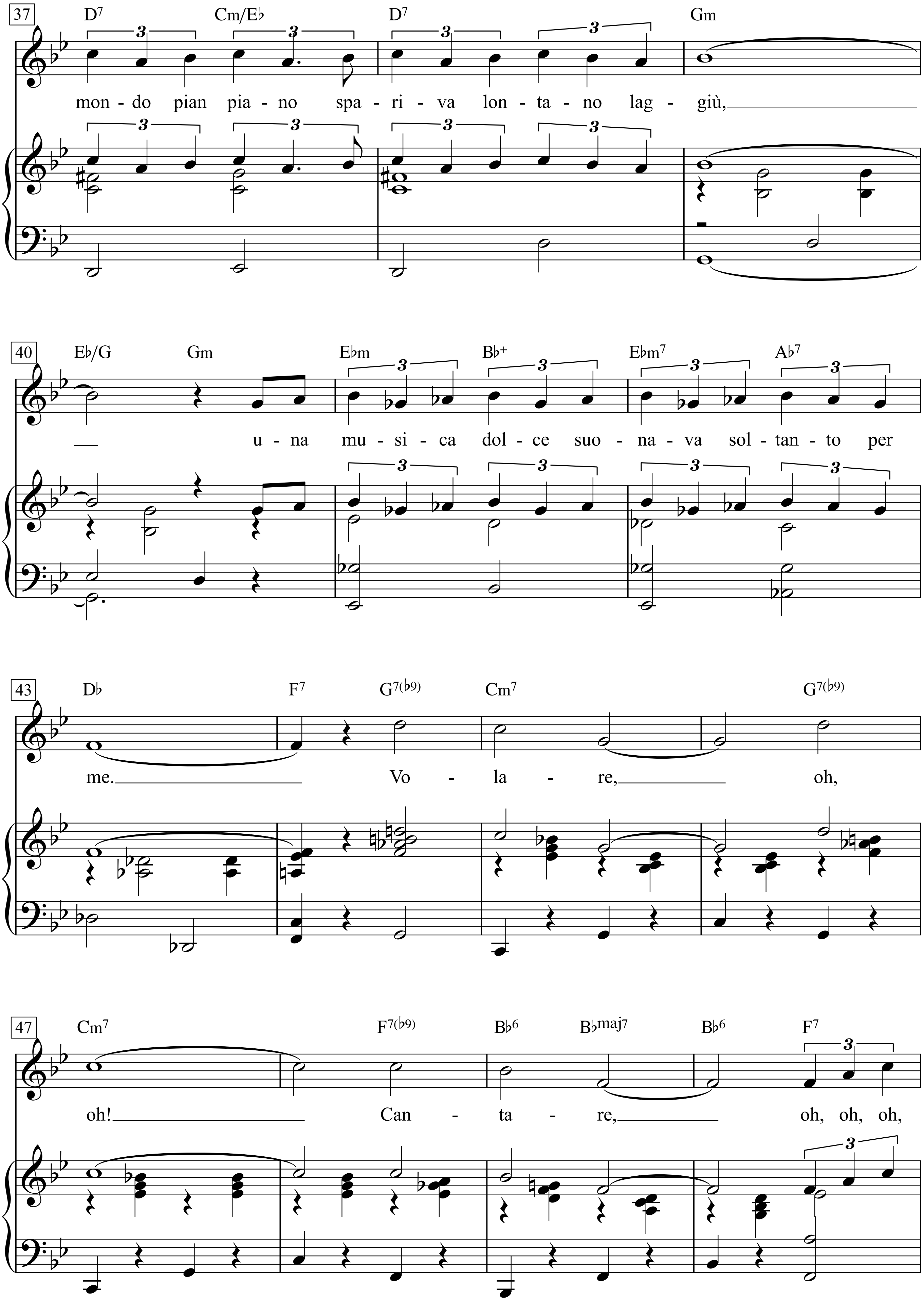


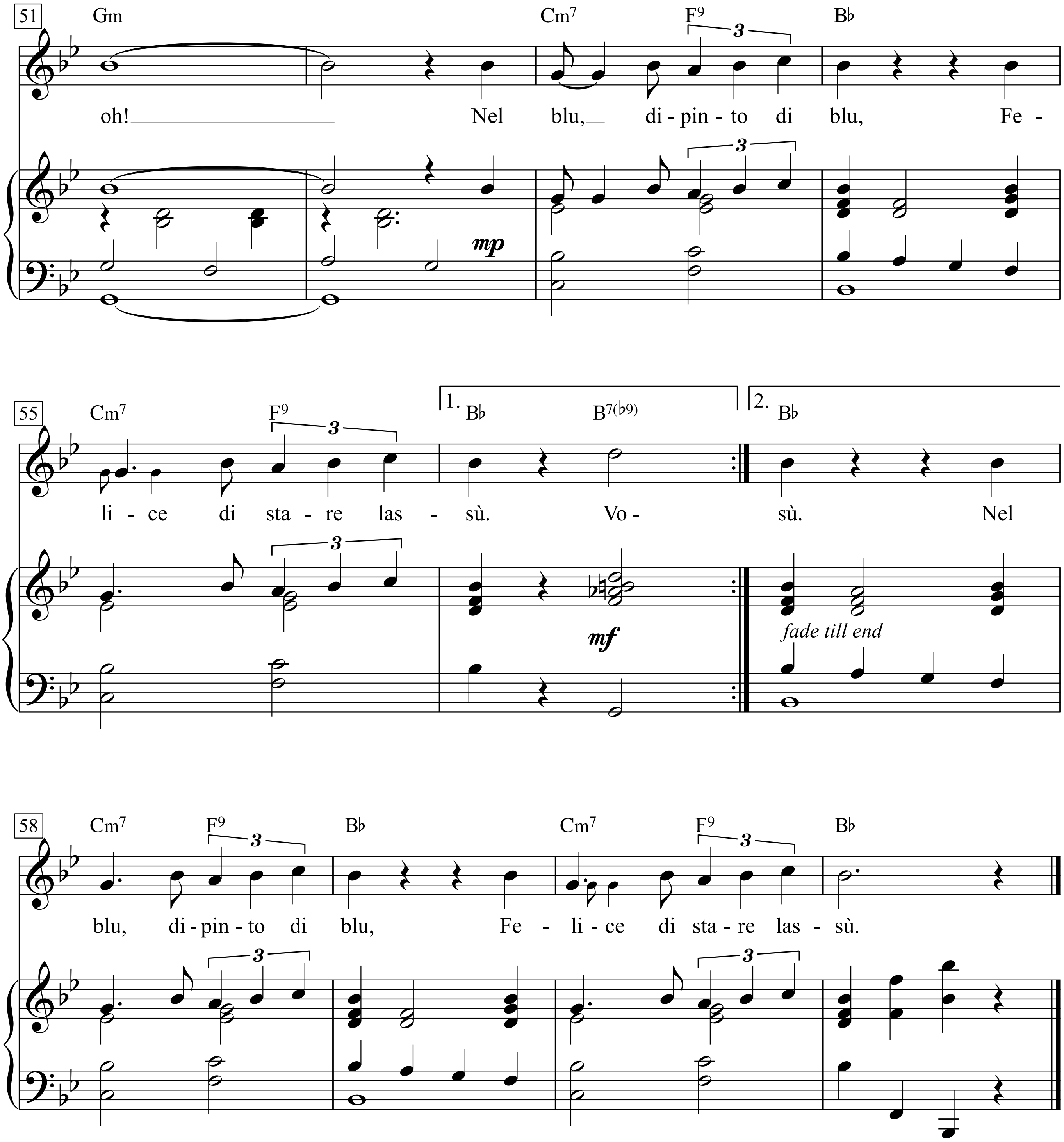





11
B♭ F7 B♭maj7 B♭6 B♭/D
blu, Poi d'im - prov - vi - so ve -
14
D♭°7 Cm
ni - vo dal ven - to ra - pi - to
17
C7 Gm7 C7 Cm7/F
E in - co min - cia - vo a vo - la - re nel cie - lo in - fi - ni - to.
Moderately
20
F7 G7(♭9) Cm7 G7(♭5) Cm7
Vo - la - re, oh, oh!
mf


24
F7(♭9) B♭6 B♭maj7 B♭6 F7 Gm
— Can - ta - re, oh, oh, oh, oh!
28
Cm7 F9 B♭
— nel blu, di - pin - to di blu, Fe -
31
Cm7 F9 B♭ Gm Gm(maj7)
li - ce di sta - re las - sù. E vo - la - vo, vo - la - vo fe -
34
Gm7 Gm6 Dm A7(♯5) Dm7
li - ce più in al - to del so - le ed an - co - ra più su, men - tre il

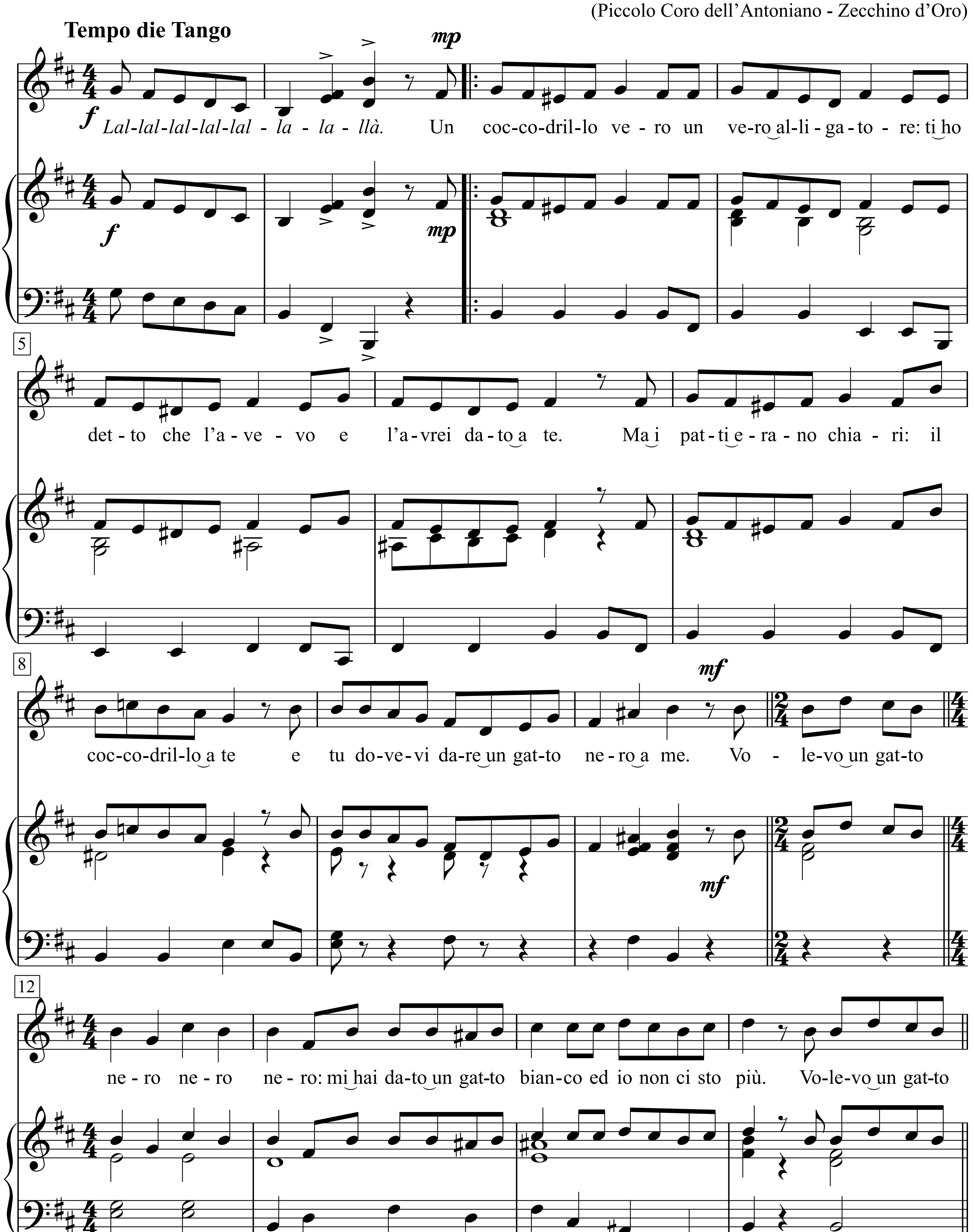

37
D7 Cm/E♭ D7 Gm
mon - do pian pia - no spa - ri - va lon - ta - no lag - giù,
40
E♭/G Gm E♭m B♭+ E♭m7 A♭7
u - na mu - si - ca dol - ce suo - na - va sol - tan - to per
43
D♭ F7 G7(♭9) Cm7 G7(♭9)
me. Vo - la - re, oh,
47
Cm7 F7(♭9) B♭6 B♭maj7 B♭6 F7
oh! Can - ta - re, oh, oh, oh,

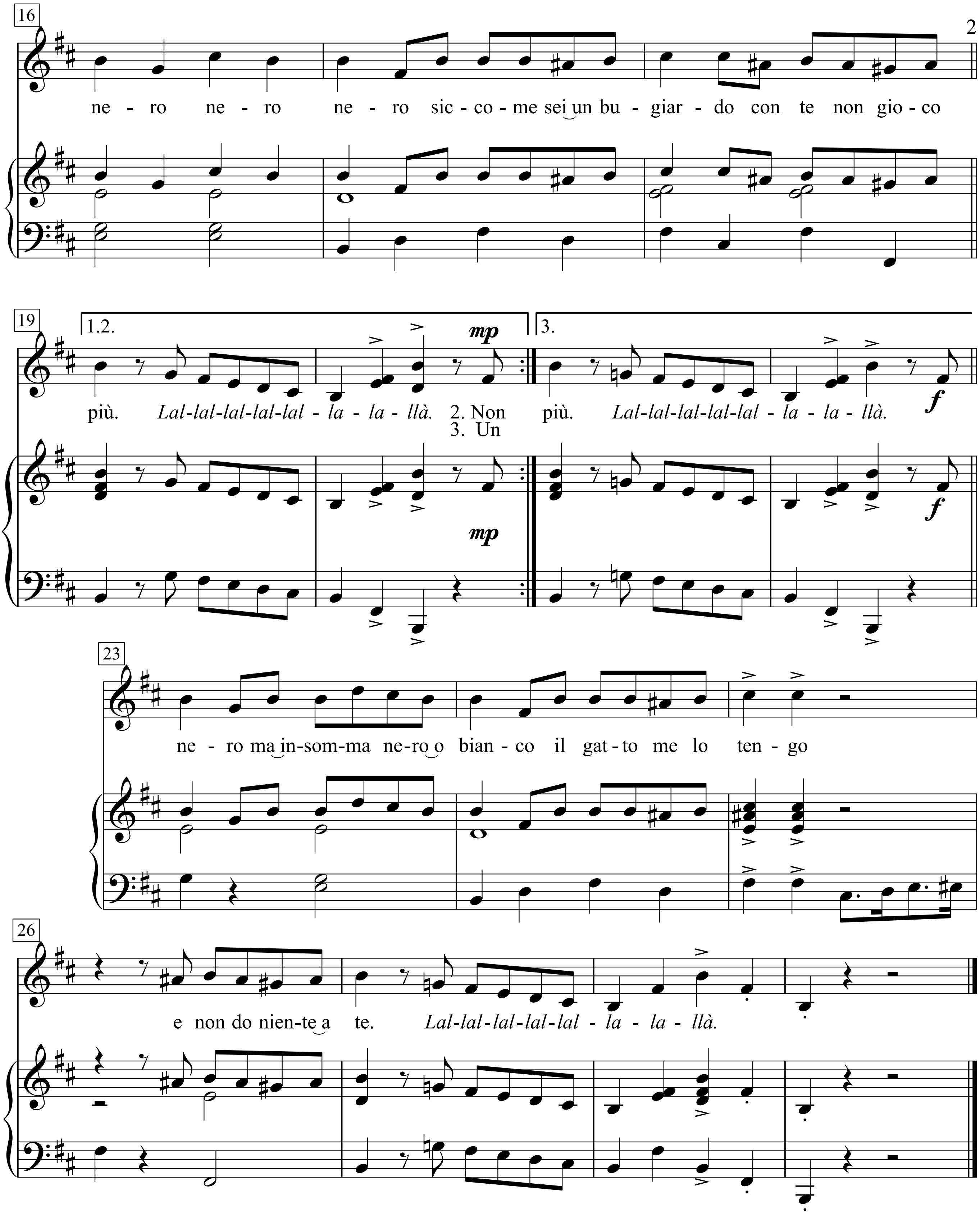

51
Gm
Cm7
F9
Bb
3
oh!
Nel blu, di - pin - to di blu, Fe -
mp
55
Cm7
F9
1. Bb
B7(b9)
2. Bb
li - ce di sta - re las - sù. Vo - sù. Nel
mf
fade till end
58
Cm7
F9
Bb
Cm7
F9
Bb
blu, di - pin - to di blu, Fe - li - ce di sta - re las - sù.

Volevo un gatto nero

Parole di Francesco Maresca

Musica di Francesco and Mario Pagano & Armando Soricillo
(Piccolo Coro dell'Antoniano - Zecchino d'Oro)





https://zecchinodoro.org/
https://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/Zecchino_d%E2%80%99Oro

Coro:
Lallallallallalla la-llà.
I.
Solista:
Un coccodrillo vero
un vero alligatore:
ti ho detto che l'avevo
e l'avrei dato a te.
Ma i patti erano chiari:
il coccodrillo a te
e tu dovevi dare
un gatto nero a me.

Volevo un gatto nero nero nero:
mi hai dato un gatto bianco
ed io non ci sto più.
Volevo un gatto nero nero nero ...
Siccome sei un bugiardo
con te non gioco più.

Coro:
Lallallallallalla la-llà.
II.
Solista:
Non era una giraffa
di plastica o di stoffa:
ma una in carne ed ossa
e l'avrei data a te.
Ma i patti erano chiari:
una giraffa a te
e tu dovevi dare
un gatto nero a me.

Volevo un gatto nero nero nero: ecc.

Coro:
Lallallallallalla la-llà.
III.
Solista:
Un elefante indiano
con tutto il baldacchino:
l'avevo nel giardino
e l'avrei dato a te.
Ma i patti erano chiari:
un elefante a te
e tu dovevi dare
un gatto nero a me.

Volevo un gatto nero nero nero: ecc.

Coro:
Lallallallallalla la-llà.
Solista:
I patti erano chiari:
l'intero zoo per te
e tu dovevi dare
un gatto nero a me.

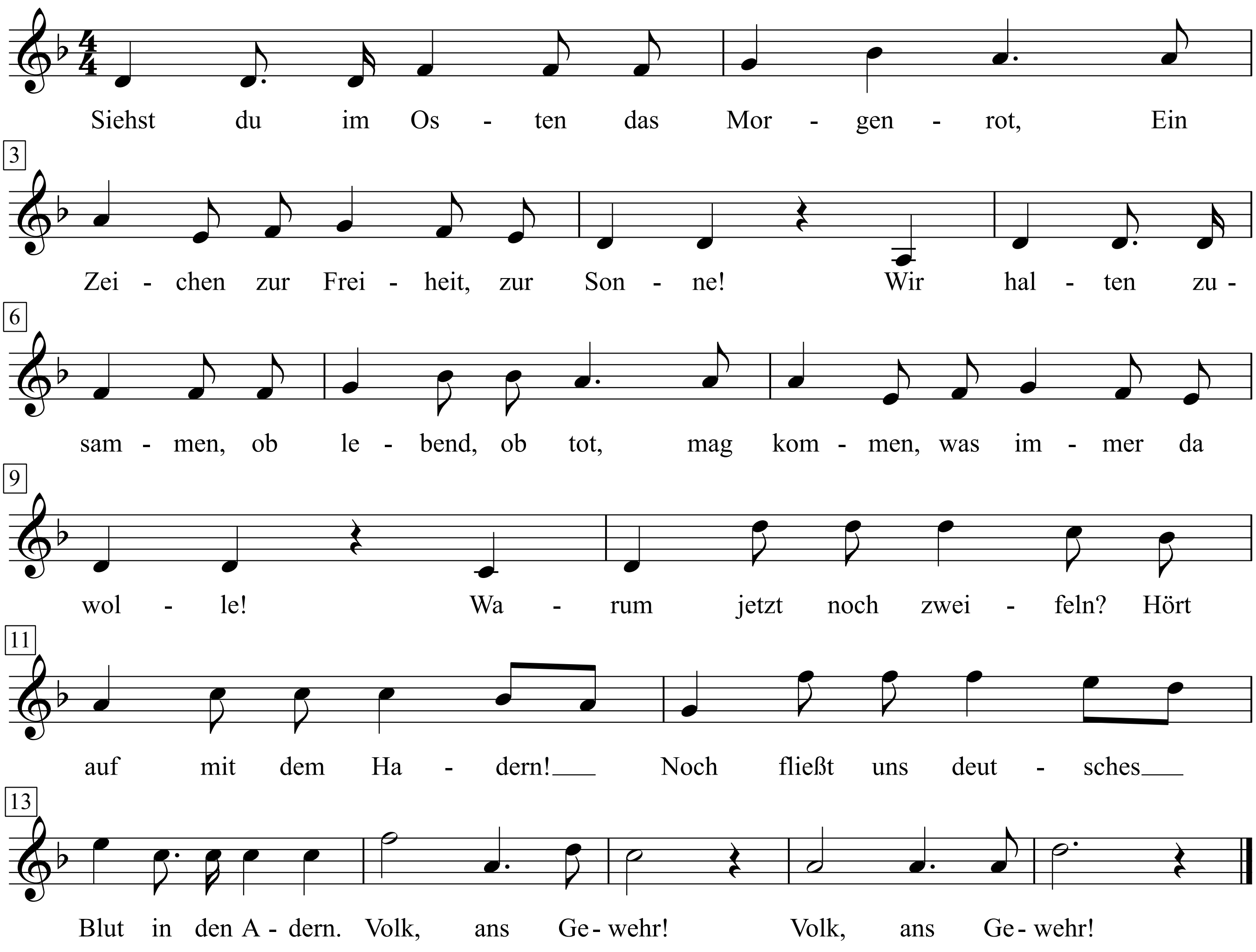
Volevo un gatto nero nero nero:
invece è un gatto bianco
quello che hai dato a me.
Volevo un gatto nero
ma insomma nero o bianco
il gatto me lo tengo
e non do niente a te.

Coro e solista:
Lallallallallalla la-llà.

Volk ans Gewehr

(1931)

Worte & Weise: Arno Pardun



Morgen marschieren wir - Liederbuch der deutschen Soldaten, 1939 (Hans Baumann)

1. Siehst du im Osten das Morgenrot?
Ein Zeichen zur Freiheit, zur Sonne!
Wir halten zusammen, ob lebend, ob tot,
mag kommen, was immer da wolle!
Warum jetzt noch zweifeln, hört auf mit dem Hadern,
Noch fließt uns deutsches Blut in den Adern.
Volk ans Gewehr! Volk ans Gewehr!

2. Viele Jahre zogen dahin.
Geknechtet das Volk und betrogen.
Verräter und Juden sie hatten Gewinn,
sie forderten Opfer Legionen.
Im Volke geboren erstand uns ein Führer,
gab Glaube und Hoffnung an Deutschland uns wieder.
Volk ans Gewehr! Volk ans Gewehr!

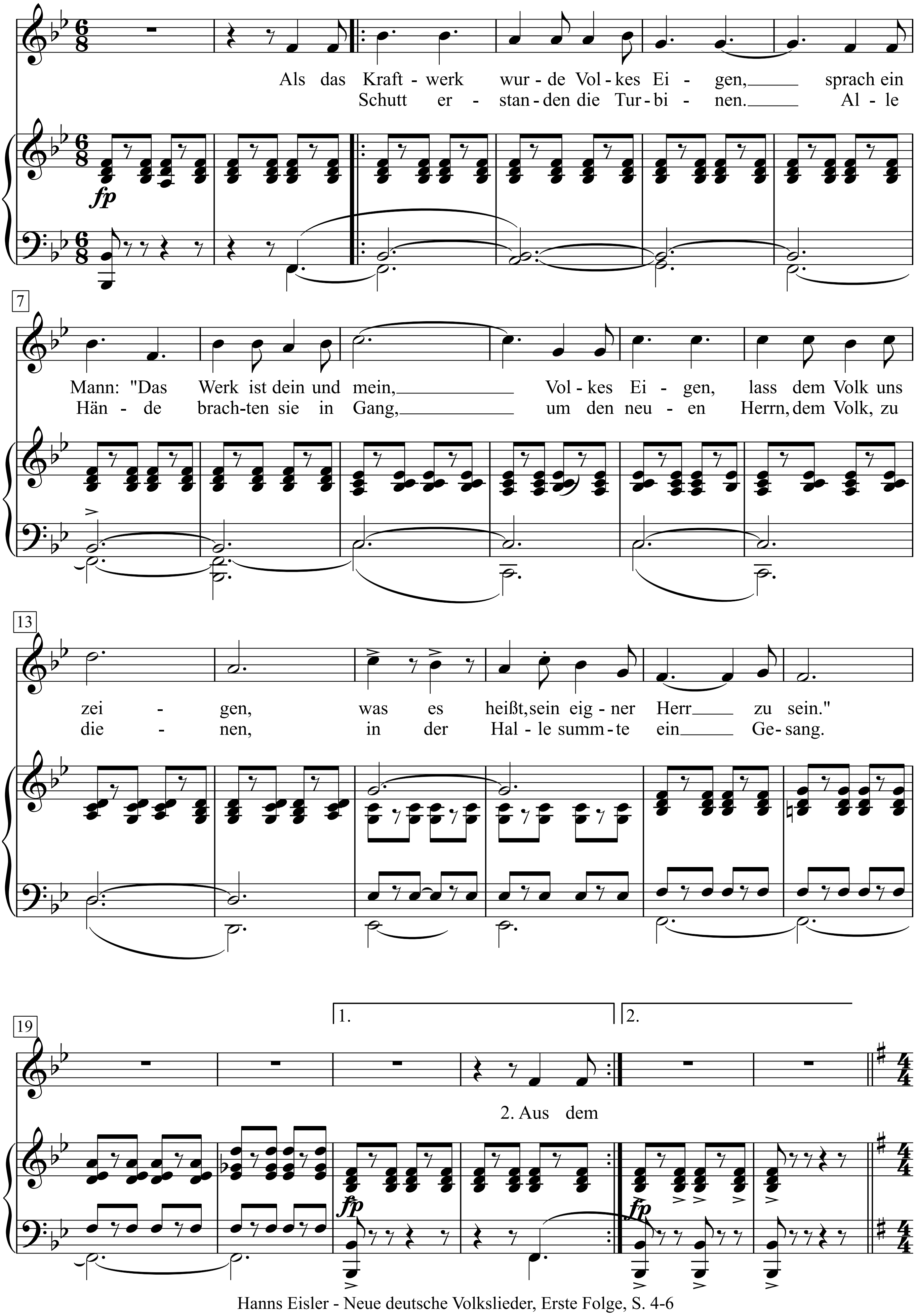
3. Deutscher, wach auf nun und reih dich ein,
wir schreiten dem Siege entgegen!
Frei soll die Arbeit, frei woll'n wir sein
und mutig und trotzig verwegen.
Wir ballen die Fäuste und werden es wagen,
es gibt kein Zurück mehr und keiner darf zagen!
Volk ans Gewehr! Volk ans Gewehr!

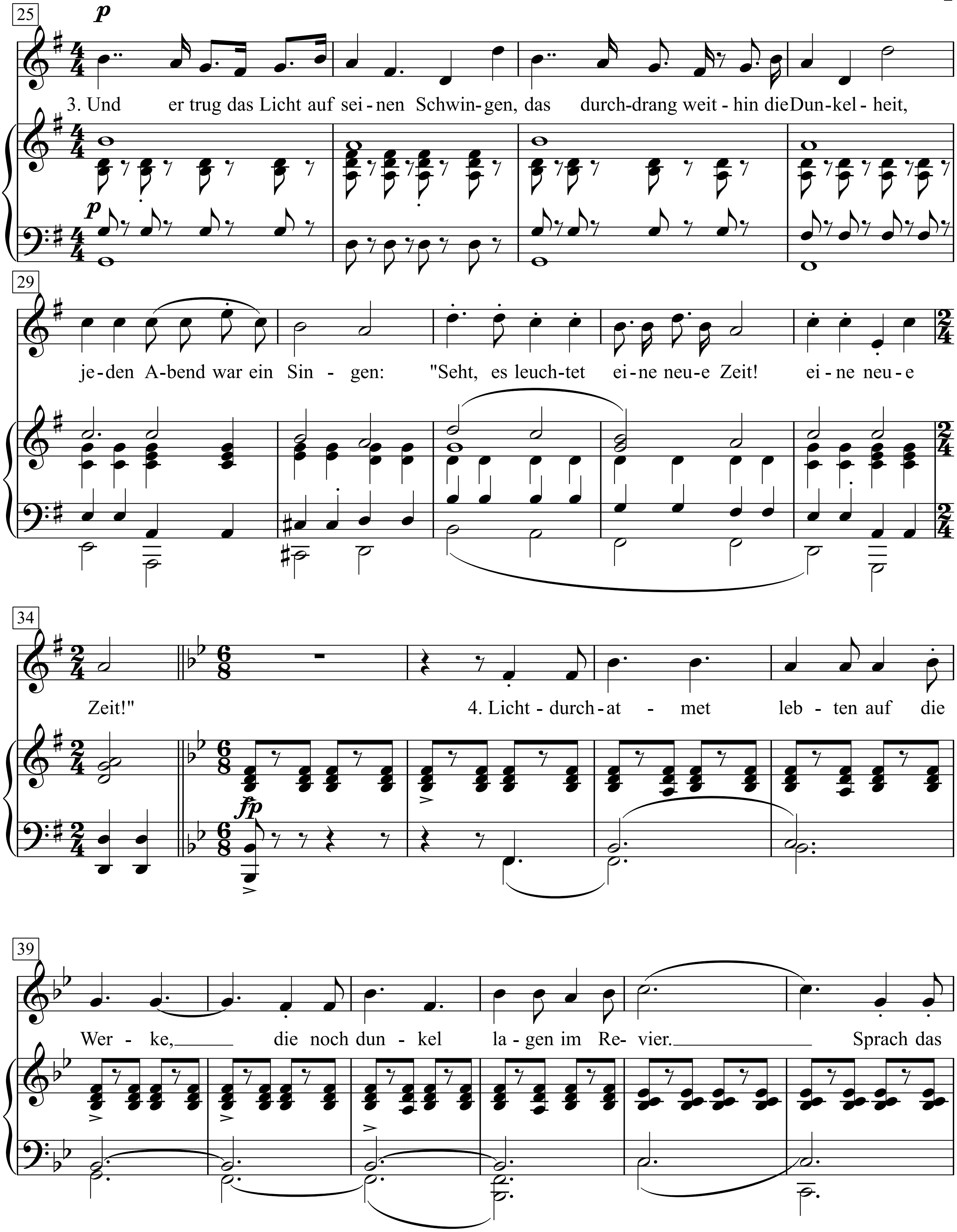
4. Jugend und Alter, Mann für Mann,
umklammern das Hakenkreuzbanner.
Ob Bürger, ob Bauer, ob Arbeitsmann,
sie schwingen das Schwert und den Hammer.
Für Hitler, für Freiheit, für Arbeit und Brot,
Deutschland erwache und Juda den Tod!
Volk ans Gewehr! Volk ans Gewehr!

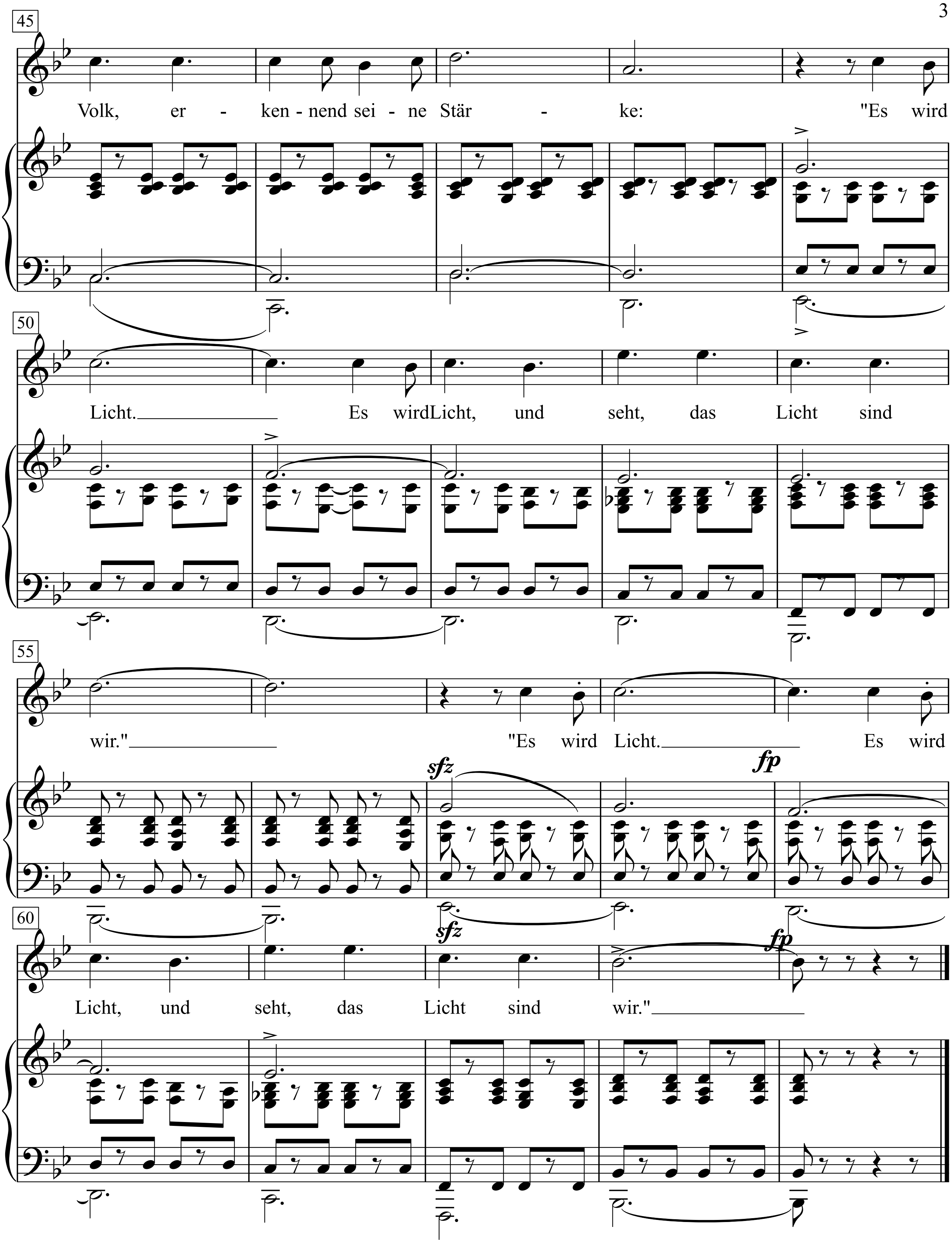
Johannes R. Becher

Volkes eigen

Hanns Eisler




25
p
3. Und er trug das Licht auf sei - nen Schwin - gen, das durch - drang weit - hin die Dun - kel - heit,
p
29
je - den A - bend war ein Sin - gen: "Seht, es leuch - tet ei - ne neu - e Zeit! ei - ne neu - e
34
Zeit!" 4. Licht - durch - at - met leb - ten auf die
fp
39
Wer - ke, die noch dun - kel la - gen im Re - vier. Sprach das


45
Volk, er - ken - nend sei - ne Stär - ke: "Es wird
50
Licht. Es wird Licht, und seht, das Licht sind
55
wir." "Es wird Licht. Es wird
sfz
fp
60
Licht, und seht, das Licht sind wir."
sfz
fp

1. Als das Kraftwerk wurde Volkes Eigen,
sprach ein Mann: "Das Werk ist dein und mein,
Volkes Eigen, lass dem Volk uns zeigen,
was es heißt, sein eigner Herr zu sein.“

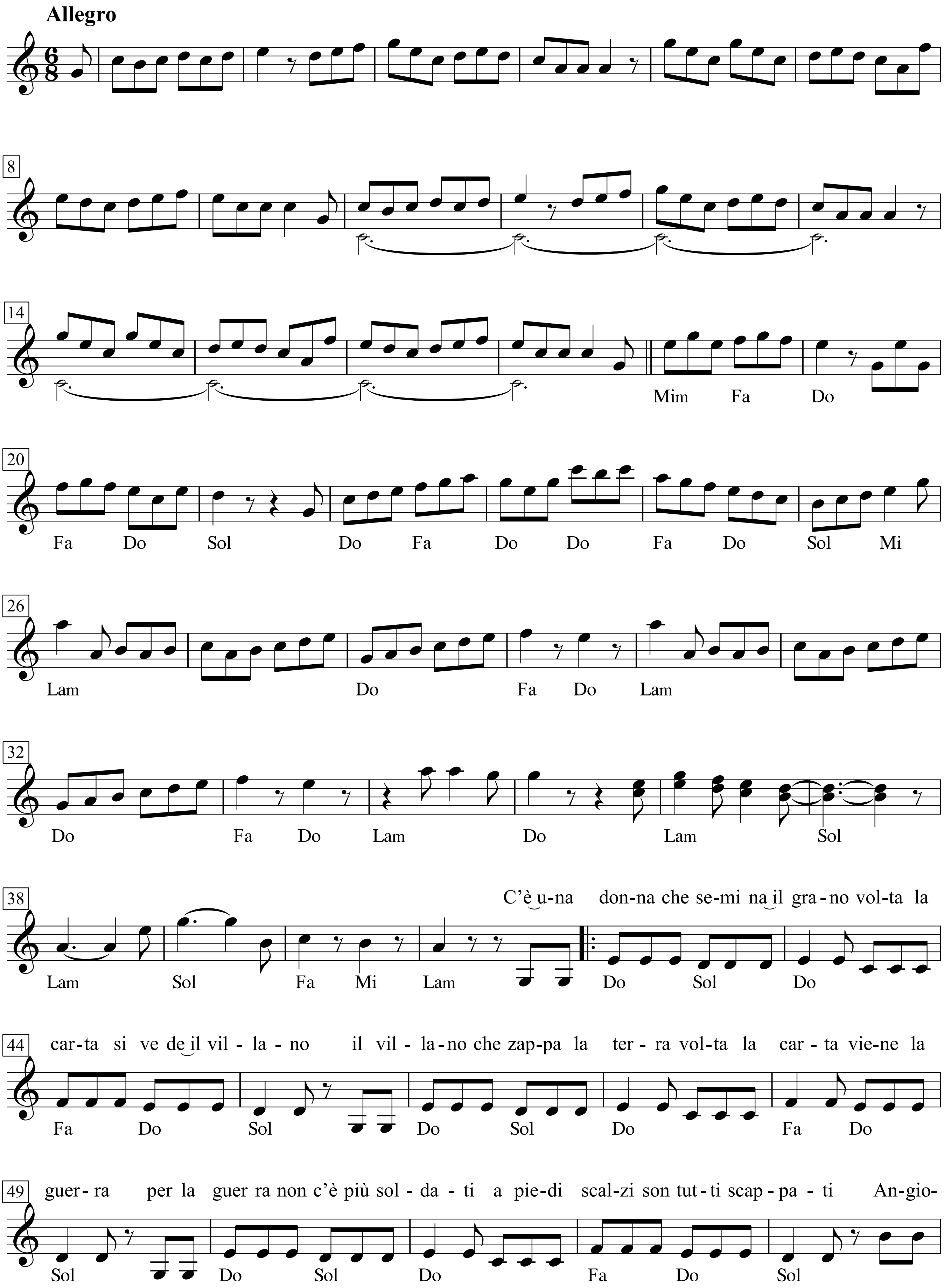
2. Aus dem Schutt erstanden die Turbinen.
Alle Hände brachten sie in Gang,
um den neuen Herrn, dem Volk, zu dienen,
in der Halle summte ein Gesang.

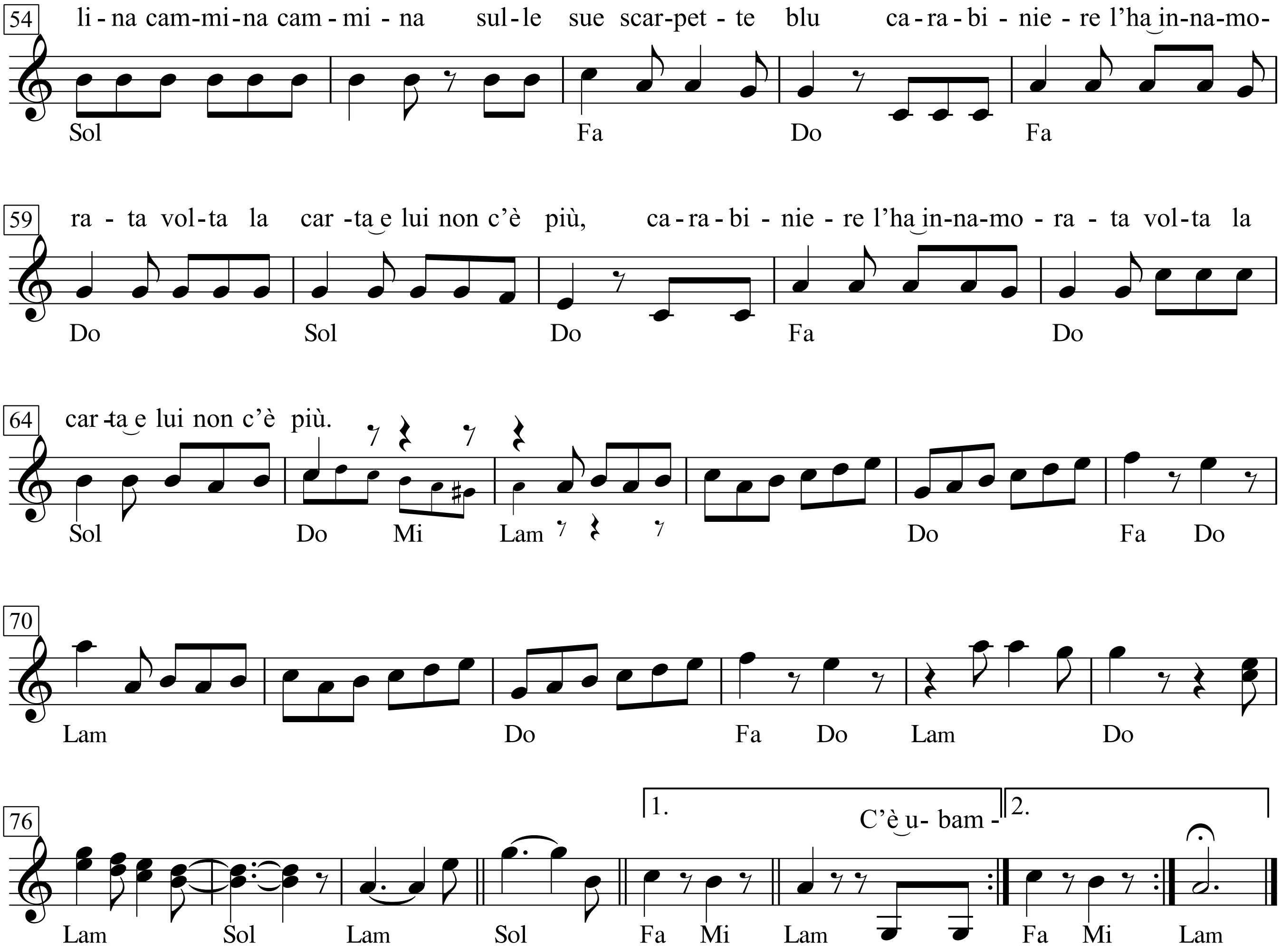
3. Und er trug das Licht auf seinen Schwingen,
das durchdrang weithin die Dunkelheit,
jeden Abend war ein Singen:
"Seht, es leuchtet eine neue Zeit! eine neue Zeit!"

4. Lichtdurchatmet lebten auf die Werke,
die noch dunkel lagen im Revier.
Sprach das Volk, erkennend seine Stärke:
"Es wird Licht. Es wird Licht,
und seht, das Licht sind wir."
"Es wird Licht. Es wird Licht,
und seht, das Licht sind wir."

Volta la carta

Testo e Musica di Fabrizio De Andrè - Massimo Bubola




54
li - na cam-mi-na cam - mi - na sul-le sue scar-pet - te blu ca-ra-bi - nie - re l'ha in-na-mo-
Sol Fa Do Fa
59
ra - ta vol-ta la car -ta e lui non c'è più, ca-ra-bi - nie - re l'ha in-na-mo - ra - ta vol-ta la
Do Sol Do Fa Do
64
car -ta e lui non c'è più.
Sol Do Mi Lam Do Fa Do
70
Lam Do Fa Do Lam Do
76
1. 2.
C'è u- bam -
Lam Sol Lam Sol Fa Mi Lam Fa Mi Lam

C’è una donna che semina il grano
volta la carta si vede il villano
il villano che zappa la terra
volta la carta viene la guerra
per la guerra non c’è più soldati
a piedi scalzi son tutti scappati
Angiolina cammina cammina sulle sue scarpette blu
carabiniere l’ha innamorata volta la carta e lui non c’è più,
carabiniere l’ha innamorata volta la carta e lui non c’è più.

C’è un bambino che sale un cancello
ruba ciliege e piume d’uccello
tira sassate non ha dolori
volta la carta c’è il fante di cuori.
Il fante di cuori che è un fuoco di paglia
volta la carta il gallo ti sveglia
Angiolina alle sei di mattina s’intreccia i capelli con foglie d’ortica
ha una collana di ossi di pesca la gira tre volte in mezzo alle dita,
ha una collana di ossi di pesca la conta tre volte intorno alle dita.

Mia madre ha un mulino e un figlio infedele
gli inzucchera il naso di torta di mele
Mia madre e il mulino son nati ridendo
volta la carta c’è un pilota biondo
Pilota biondo camicie di seta
cappello di volpe sorriso da atleta
Angiolina seduta in cucina che piange, che mangia insalata di more.
Ragazzo straniero ha un disco d’orchestra che gira veloce che paria d’amore
Ragazzo straniero ha un disco d’orchestra che gira che gira che parla d’amore.

Madamadorè ha perso sei figlie
tra i bar del porto e le sue meraviglie
Madamadorè sa puzza di gatto
volta la carta e paga II riscatto,
paga il riscatto con le borse degli occhi
piene di foto di sogni interrotti
Angiolina ritaglia giornali si veste da sposa canta vittoria
chiama i ricordi col loro nome volta la carta e finisce i gloria
chiama i ricordi col loro nome volta la carta e finisce in gloria

Da ist eine Frau die das Korn säht
wende die Karte und man sieht den Flegel
der Flegel der das Feld hackt
wende die Karte und es kommt der Krieg
für den Krieg hat kein Soldaten mehr
barfuß sind alle geflohen
Angiolina geht und geht auf (in) ihren blauen Schuhen
Carabiniere hat sie verliebt gemacht, wende die Karte und er ist nicht mehr da
Carabiniere hat sie verliebt gemacht, wende die Karte und er ist nicht mehr da

Da ist ein Kind das auf ein Tor (ein Gatter) steigt
es klaut Kirschen und Vogelfedern
es wirft mit Steinen und hat keine Schmerzen
wende die Karte und da ist der Herz-Bube
der Herz-Bube ist ein Strohfeuer
wende die Karte und der Hahn erwacht
Angiolina um sechs Uhr am Morgen zöpfelt sich die Haare mit Brennesselblättern
sie hat eine Halskette aus Pfirsichknochen dreht sie drei Mal um die Finger
sie hat eine Halskette aus Pfirsichknochen dreht sie drei Mal um die Finger

Meine Mutter hat eine Mühle und einen untreuen Sohn
sie pudert Ihm die Nase mit Apfelkuchen
Meine Mutter und die Mühle sind lachend geboren
wende die Karte und ein blonder Pilot
blonder Pilot (mit) Hemd aus Seide
Hut vom Fuchs und Lächeln eines Athleten
Angiolina sitzt in der Küche, weint und isst Brombeeren-Salat
Ausländischer Junge hat ein Orchester-Platte die schnell dreht und von Liebe erzählt
Ausländischer Junge hat ein Orchester-Platte die schnell dreht und von Liebe erzählt

Madamadorè hat sechs Töchter verloren
zwischen den Bars des Hafens und seinen Überraschungen
Madamadorè riecht nach Katze
wendet die Karte und zahlt das Lösegeld
zahlt das Lösegeld mit den Augentaschen
voll von Fotos und unterbrochenen Träumen
Angiolina schneidet Zeitungen aus, kleidet sich als Braut und jubelt "Sieg"
sie ruft die Träume mit ihren Namen, wendet das Blatt und endet in Glorie
sie ruft die Träume mit ihren Namen, wendet das Blatt und endet in Glorie

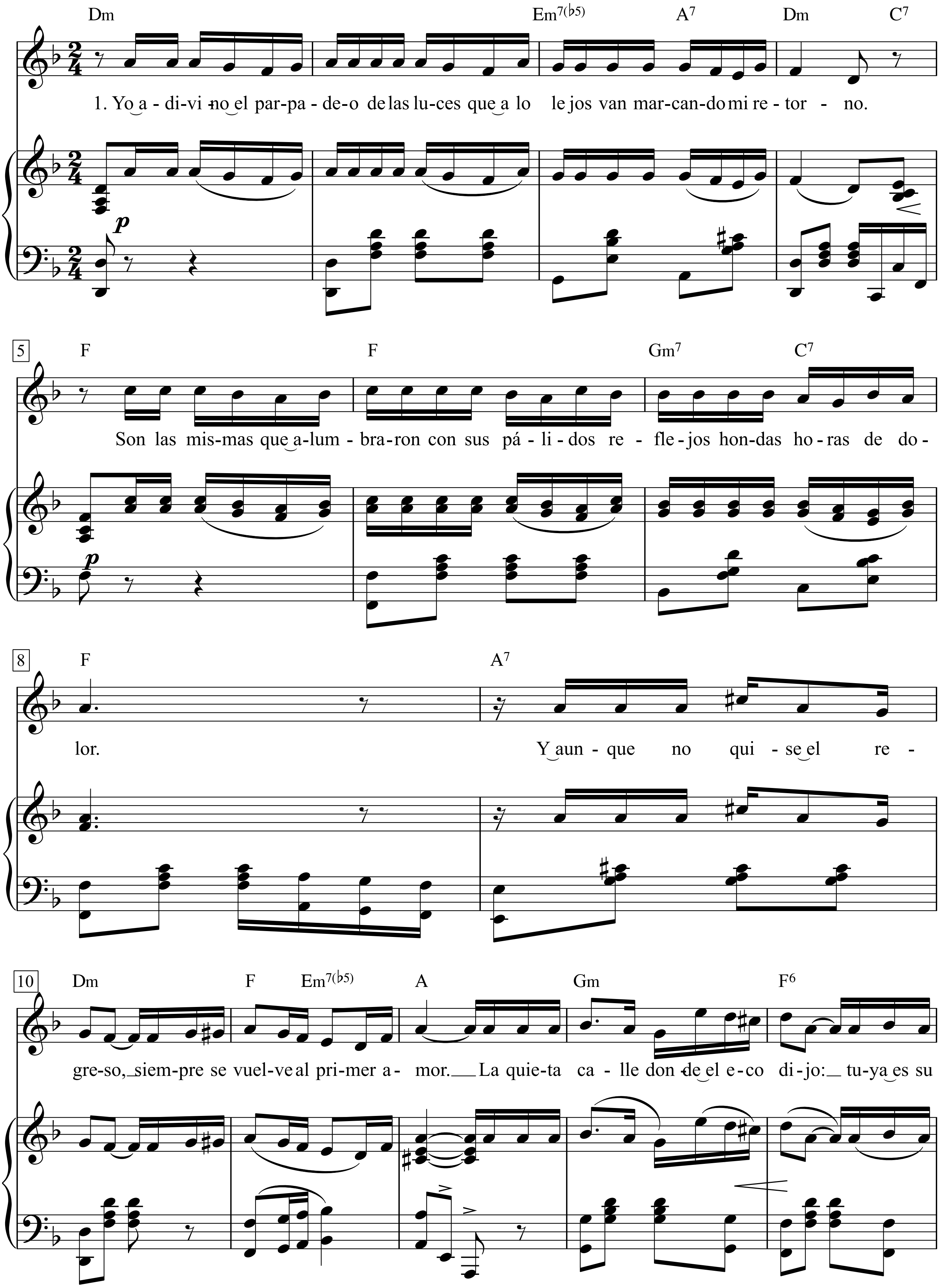
Volver

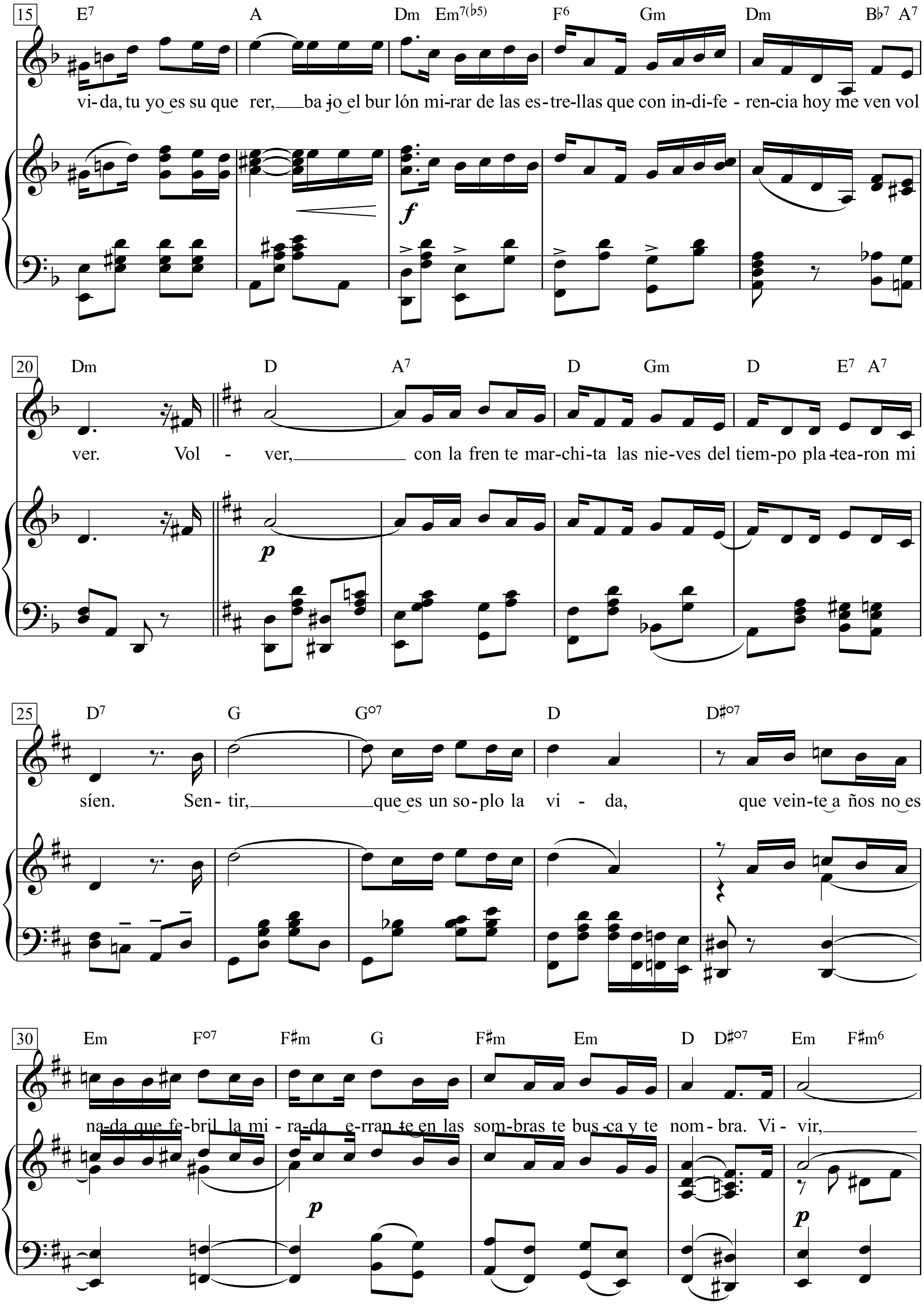
Tango

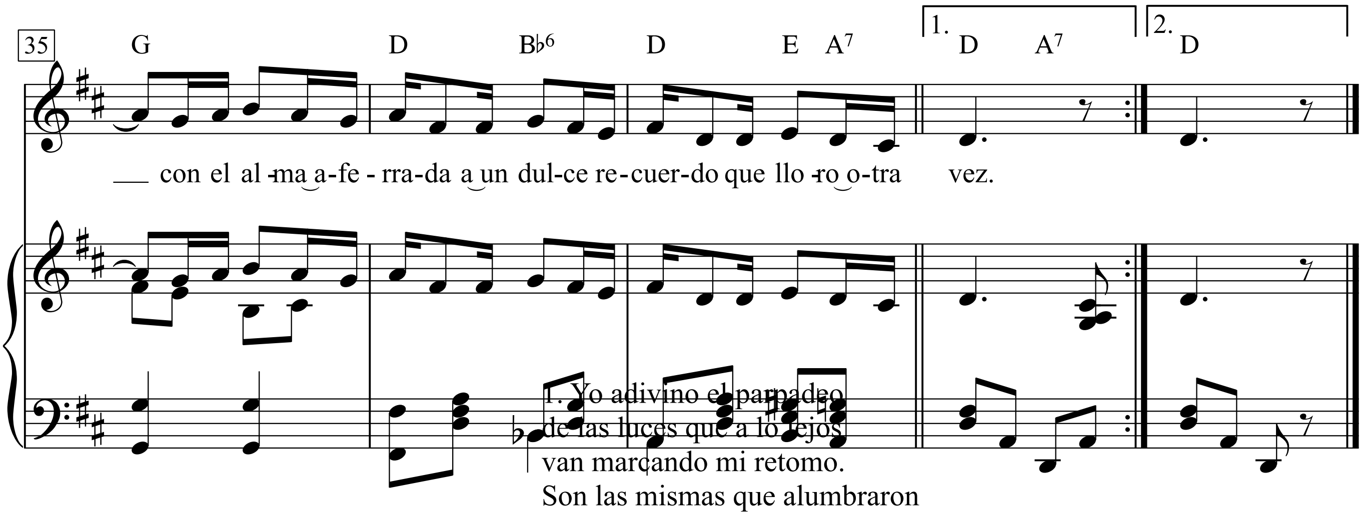
Letra: Alfredo le Pera

Tango Moderato

Música: Carlos Gardel




15
E7 A Dm Em7(b5) F6 Gm Dm Bb7 A7
vi- da, tu yo es su que rer, ba jo el bur lón mi-rar de las es-tre-llas que con in-di-fe - ren-cia hoy me ven vol
20
Dm D A7 D Gm D E7 A7
ver. Vol - ver, con la fren te mar-chi-ta las nie-ves del tiem-po pla-tea-ron mi
25
D7 G G°7 D D#°7
síen. Sen- tir, que es un so-plo la vi - da, que vein-te a ños no es
30
Em F°7 F#m G F#m Em D D#°7 Em F#m6
na-da que fe-bril la mi - ra-da e-rran te en las som-bras te bus -ca y te nom - bra. Vi - vir,



1. Yo adivino el parpadeo
de las luces que a lo lejos
van marcando mi retomo.
Son las mismas que alumbraron
con sus pálidos reflejos
hondas horas de dolor.
Y aunque no quise el regreso,
siempre se vuelve al primer amor.
La quieta calle donde el eco dijo:
tuya es su vida, tuyo es su querer,
bajo el burlón mirar de las estrellas
que con indiferencia hoy me ven volver.

Refrán:
Volver,
con la frente marchita
las nieves del tiempo
platearon mi síen.
Sentir,
que es un soplo la vida,
que veinte años no es nada
que febril la mirada
errante en las sombras
te busca y te nombra.
Vivir,
con el alma aferrada
a un dulce recuerdo
que lloro otra vez.

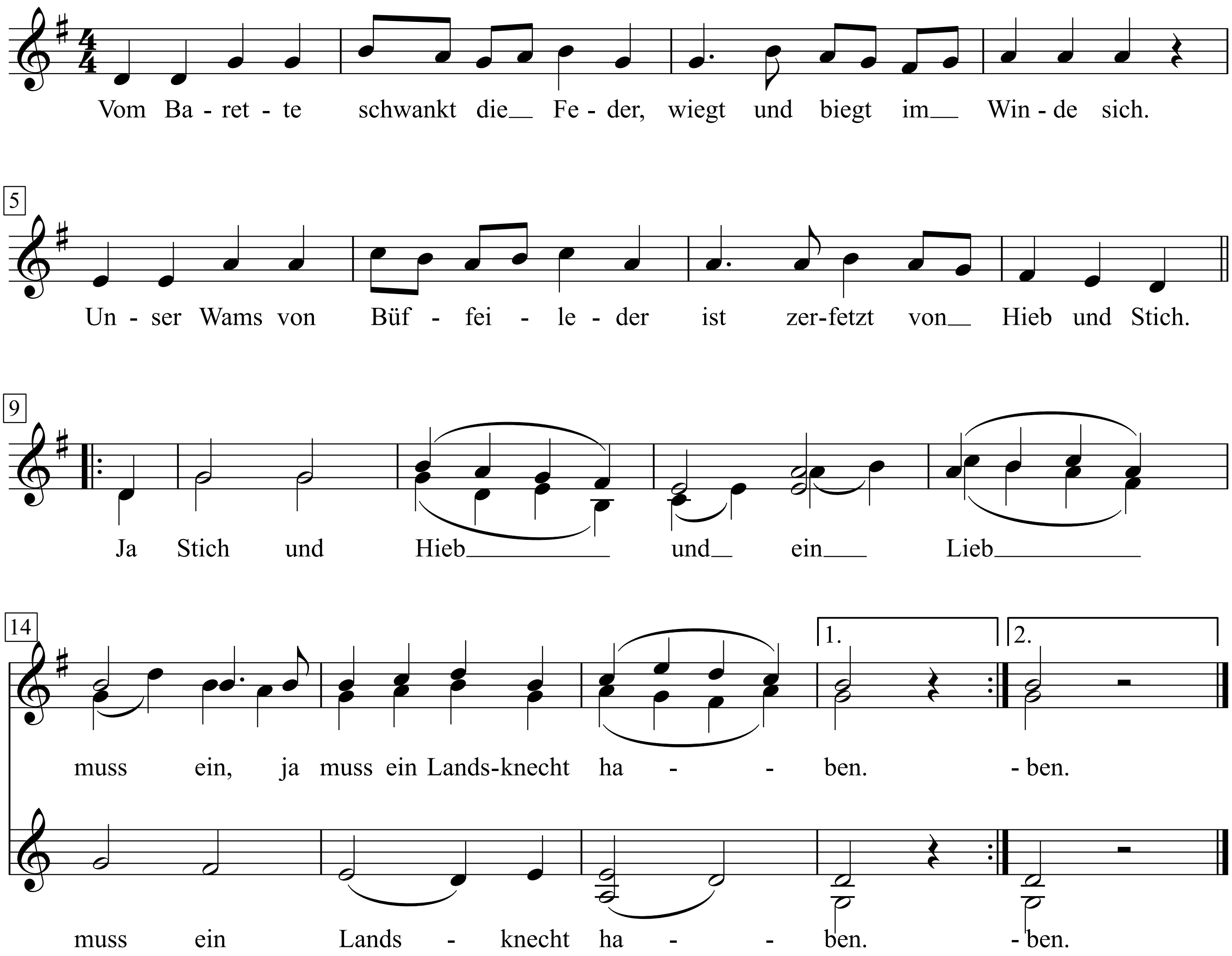
2. Tengo miedo del encuentro
con el pasado que vuelve
a enfrentarse con mi vida.
Tengo miedo de las noches
que pobladas de recuerdos
encadenen mi soñar.
Pero el viajero que huye,
tarde o temprano detiene su andar
y aunque el olvido que todo destruye
haya matado mi vieja ilusión,
guardo escondida una esperanza humilde
que es toda la fortuna de mi corazón.

Repite el Refrán.

Vom Barette schwankt die Feder

Worte: Heinrich von Reder

Weise: Heinz Thum
Satz: Armin Greifenberg



1. Vom Barette schwankt die Feder,
wiegt und biegt im Winde sich;
unser Wams von Büffelleder
ist zerfetzt von Hieb und Stich.
|: Ja Stich und Hieb und ein Lieb
muss ein, muss ein Landsknecht haben. :|

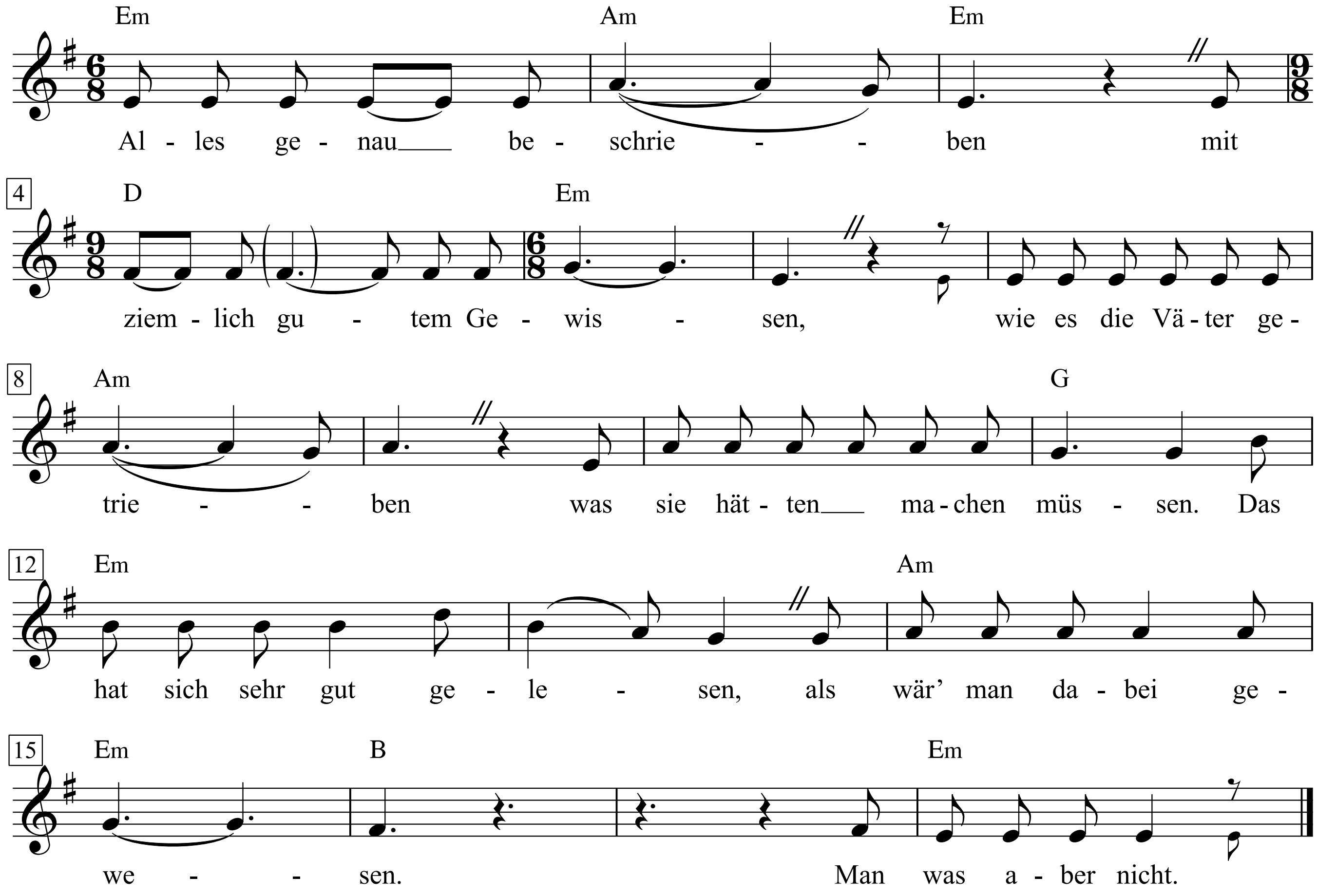
2. Unsre Linke an dem Schwerte,
in der Rechten einen Spieß,
kämpfen wir, soweit die Erde,
bald für das und bald für dies.
|: Ja für dies und das, Suff und Fraß
muss ein, muss ein Landsknecht haben. :|

3. Ruhm und Beute zu gewinnen,
zieh'n wir mutig in die Schlacht.
Einmal müssen wir von hinnen,
hurtig drum bei Tag und Nacht.
|: Ja bei Nacht und Tag, was er mag,
muss ein, muss ein Landsknecht haben. :|

4. Landsknechtleben, lustig Leben
in der Schenk' bei Tag und Nacht!
Sitzt ein fader Kerl daneben,
der nicht singt und der nicht lacht.
|: Ja schmeißt ihn raus, reines Haus,
muss ein, muss ein Landsknecht haben! :|

Vom Machen, Schreiben, Lesen, Machen, Schreiben

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



1. Alles genau beschrieben
mit ziemlich gutem Gewissen,
wie es die Väter getrieben
was sie hätten machen müssen.
Das hat sich sehr gut gelesen,
als wär' man dabei gewesen.
Man was aber nicht.

2. Alles genau beschrieben
mit ziemlich gutem Gewissen,
wie sie es schon wieder trieben,
und was man hat machen müssen.
Das hat sich sehr gut gelesen,
als wär' das woanders gewesen.
Das war's aber nicht.

3. Dann wollte man auch was machen.
Resolutionen geschrieben.
Da mussten die Macher sehr lachen.
Und dann aufs Podium gestiegen,
von Revolution gesungen.
Das hat sehr gut geklungen.
Die kam aber nicht.

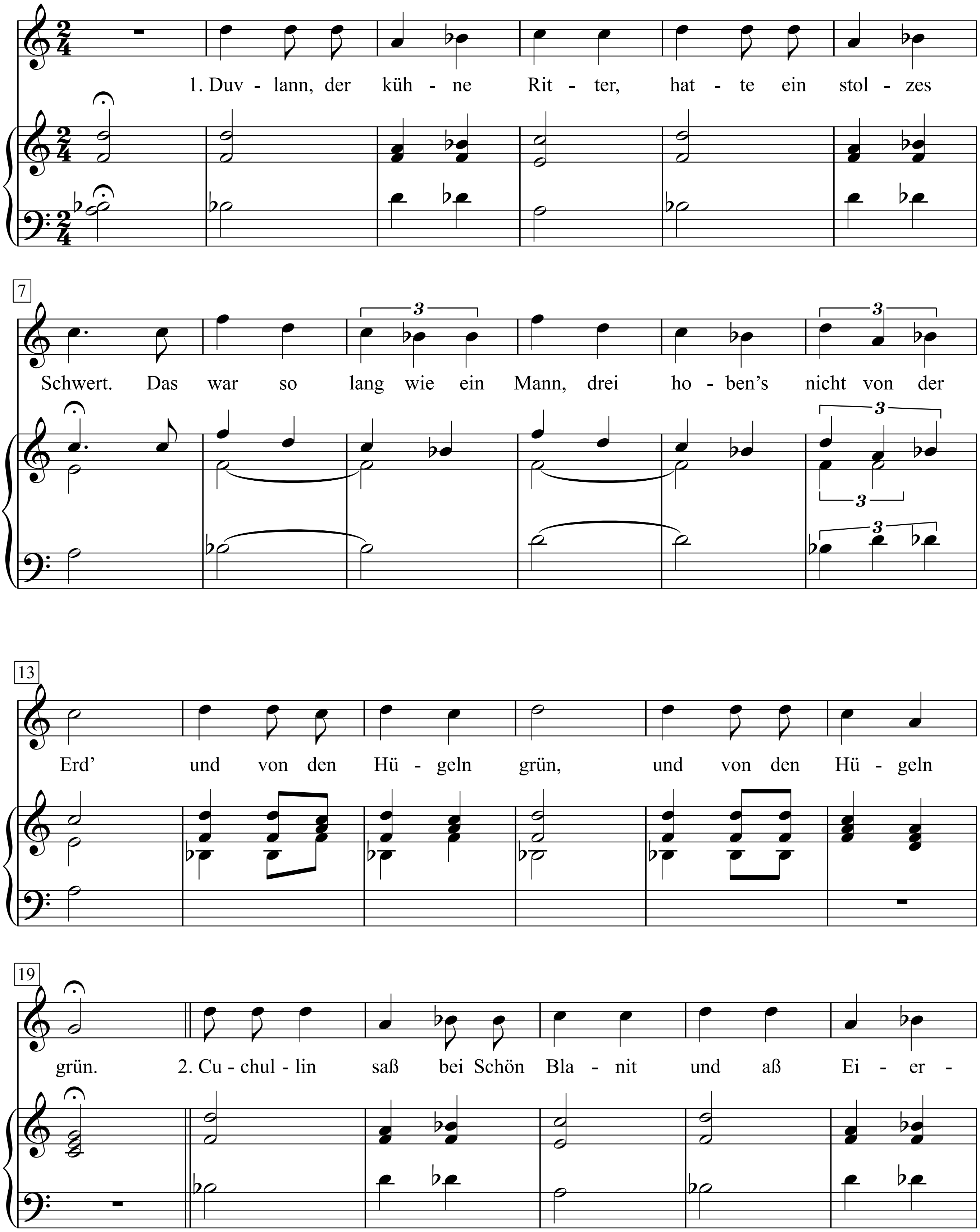
4. Jetzt hockt man so auf der Leiter,
will keine Eier mehr legen.
Die Macher machen so weiter
und haben gar nichts dagegen. –
Dies Lied hat genau beschrieben,
was man so hat getrieben.
Viel war das nicht.

5. Erst wenn man das wird betreiben,
was längst hätt' betrieben werden müssen,
wird man wieder beschreiben,
was sich auch lohnt zu wissen.
Das wird sich viel schwerer lesen,
man ist ja dabeigewesen.
Oder auch nicht.

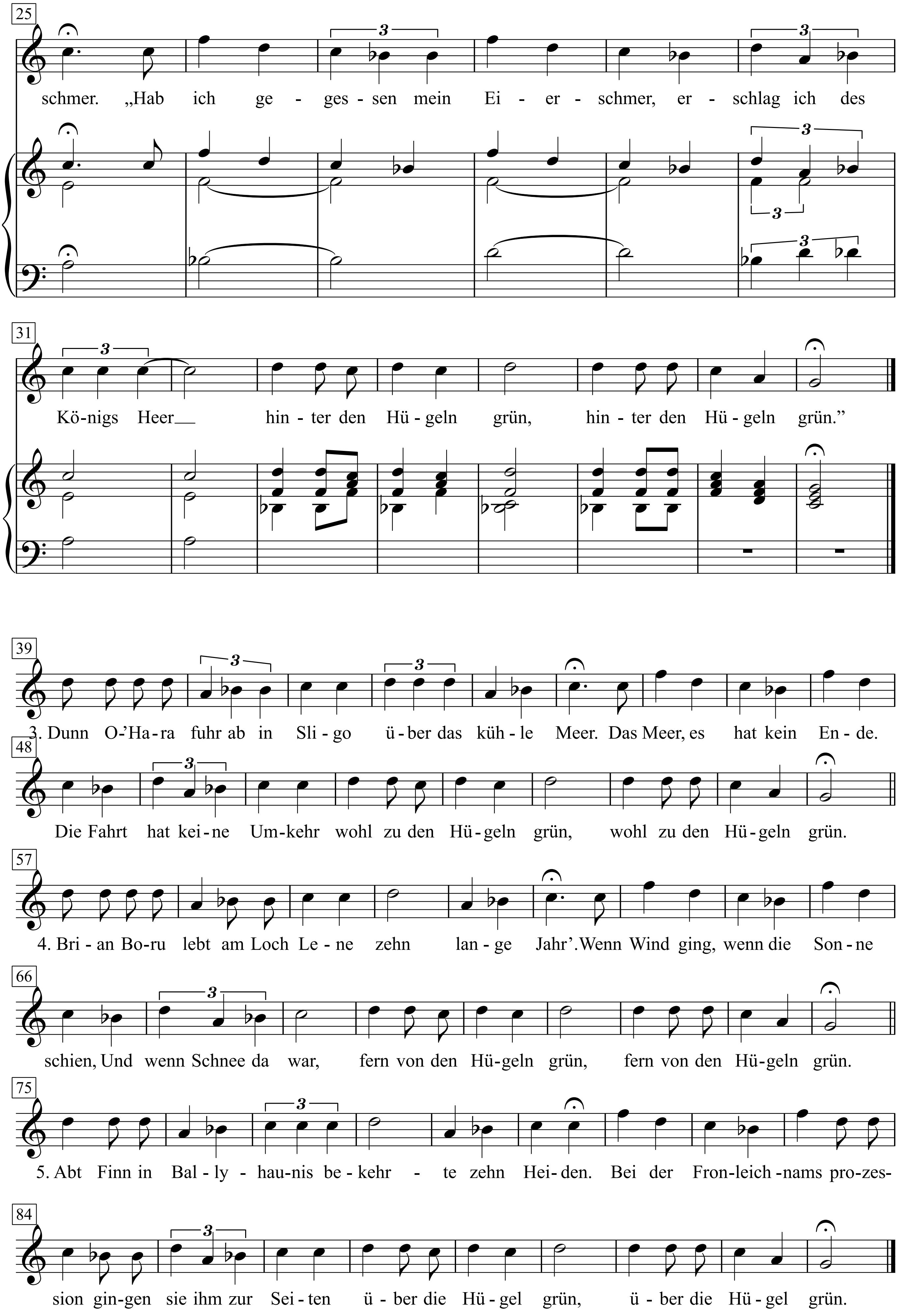
Von den Helden Irlands

Peter Hacks & Anna E. Wiede

Hanns Eisler



Hanns Eisler - Keenen Sechser in der Tasche. Songs und Balladen , S. 58+59


25
schmer. „Hab ich ge - ges - sen mein Ei - er - schmer, er - schlag ich des
31
Kö-nigs Heer__ hin - ter den Hü - geln grün, hin - ter den Hü - geln grün."
39
3. Dunn O-'Ha-ra fuhr ab in Sli - go ü - ber das küh - le Meer. Das Meer, es hat kein En - de.
48
Die Fahrt hat kei - ne Um - kehr wohl zu den Hü - geln grün, wohl zu den Hü - geln grün.
57
4. Bri - an Bo - ru lebt am Loch Le - ne zehn lan - ge Jahr'. Wenn Wind ging, wenn die Son - ne
66
schien, Und wenn Schnee da war, fern von den Hü - geln grün, fern von den Hü - geln grün.
75
5. Abt Finn in Bal - ly - hau - nis be - kehr - te zehn Hei - den. Bei der Fron - leich - nams pro - zes -
84
sion gin - gen sie ihm zur Sei - ten ü - ber die Hü - gel grün, ü - ber die Hü - gel grün.

1. Duvlann, der kühne Ritter, hatte ein stolzes Schwert.
Das war so lang wie ein Mann, drei hoben’s nicht von der Erd’
und von den Hügeln grün, und von den Hügeln grün.

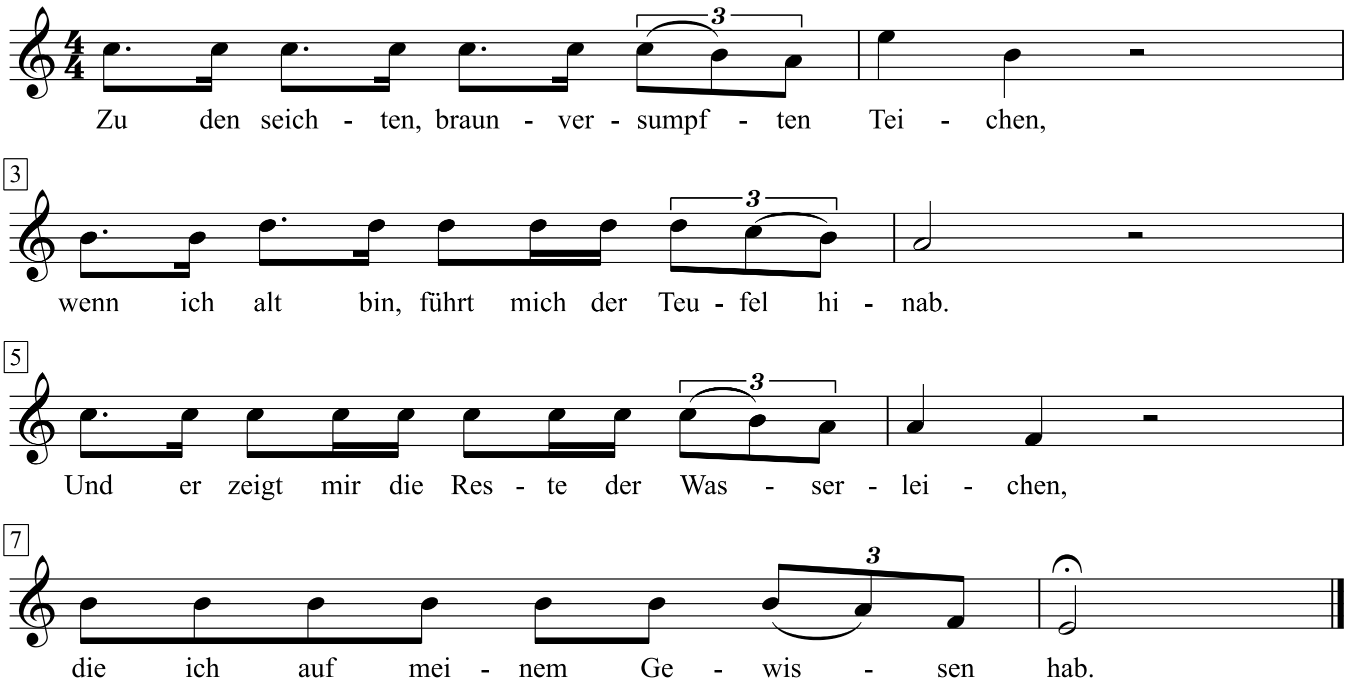
2. Cuchullin saß bei Schön Blanit und aß Eierschmer.
„Hab ich gegessen mein Eierschmer, erschlag ich des Königs Heer
hinter den Hügeln grün, hinter den Hügeln grün.”

3. Dunn O’Hara fuhr ab in Sligo über das kühle Meer.
Das Meer, es hat kein Ende. Die Fahrt hat keine Umkehr
wohl zu den Hügeln grün, wohl zu den Hügeln grün.

4. Brian Boru lebt am Loch Lene zehn lange Jahr’.
Wenn Wind ging, wenn die Sonne schien, Und wenn Schnee da war,
fern von den Hügeln grün, fern von den Hügeln grün.

5. Abt Finn in Ballyhaunis bekehrte zehn Heiden.
Bei der Fronleichnamsprozession gingen sie ihm zur Seiten
über die Hügel grün, über die Hügel grün.

Von den verführten Mädchen

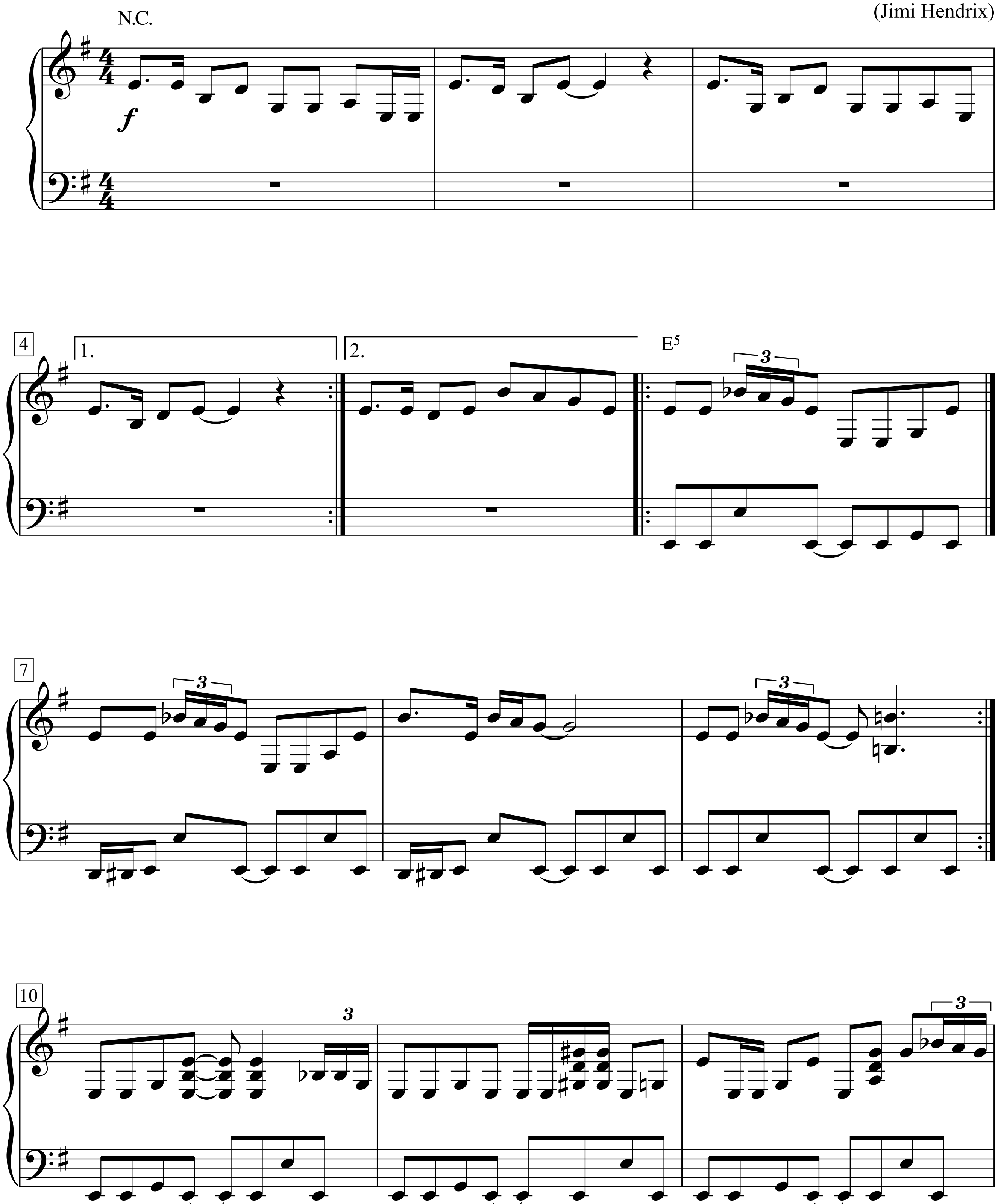


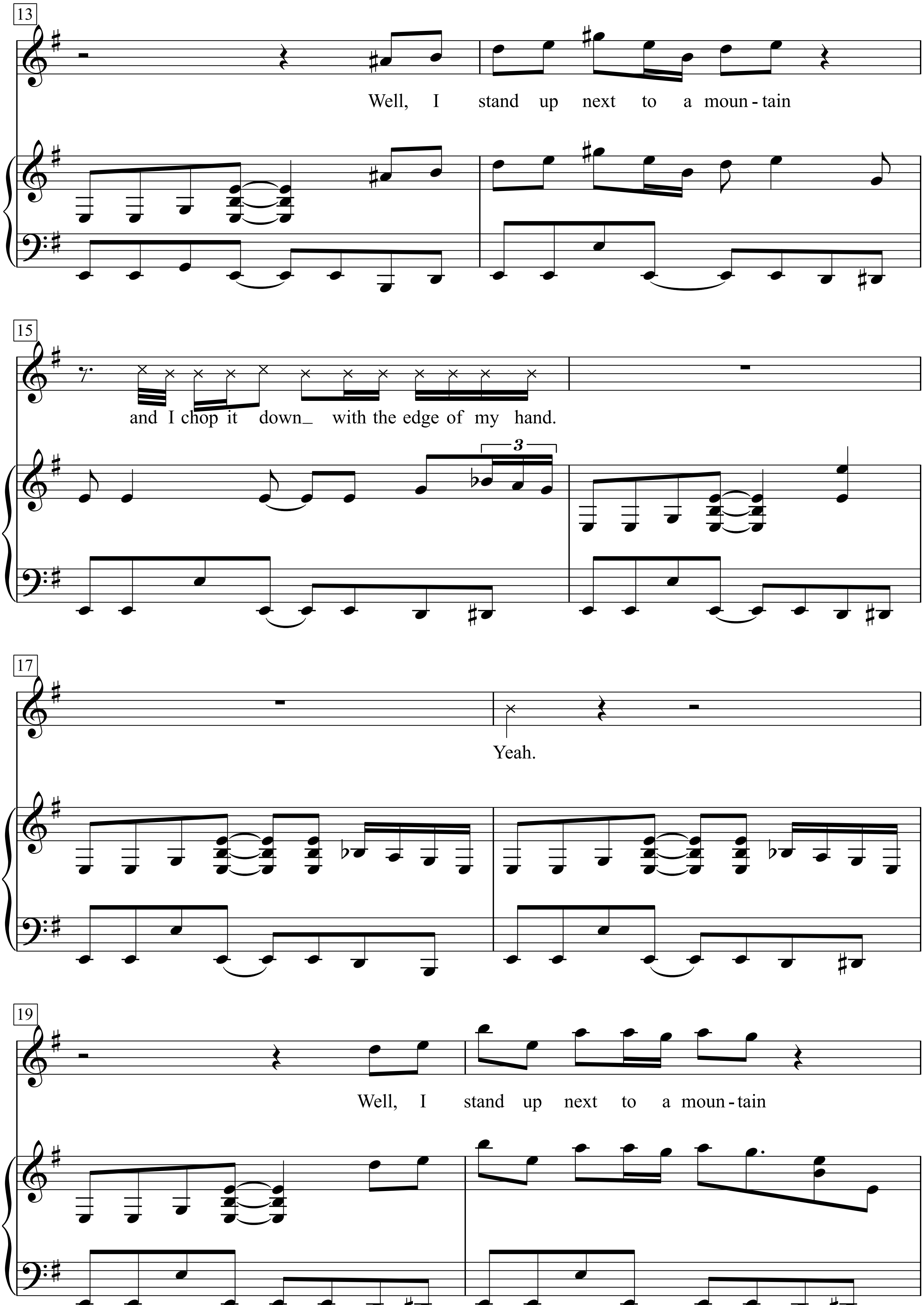
1
Zu den seichten, braunversumpften Teichen
Wenn ich alt bin, führt mich der Teufel hinab.
Und er zeigt mir die Reste der Wasserleichen
Die ich auf meinem Gewissen hab.
2
Unter sehr getrübten Himmeln schwammen
Lässig und müde sie in die Hölle hinein
Wie ein Geflechte von Algen, alle zusammen
Wollen dort auf meine Kosten sein.
3
Ihre faulen entzündeten Leiber gaben
Einst mir Glut, die ich selber mir angefacht
Die den orangenen Tag mit mir genossen haben
Sie entzogen sich der düsteren Nacht.
4
Satt und bequem, als die schöne Speisung vorüber
Stießen aus Faulheit sie mich in Gewissensqual
Versauten die Erde mir, machten den Himmel mir trüber
Ließen mir einen entzündeten Leib und kein Bacchanal.

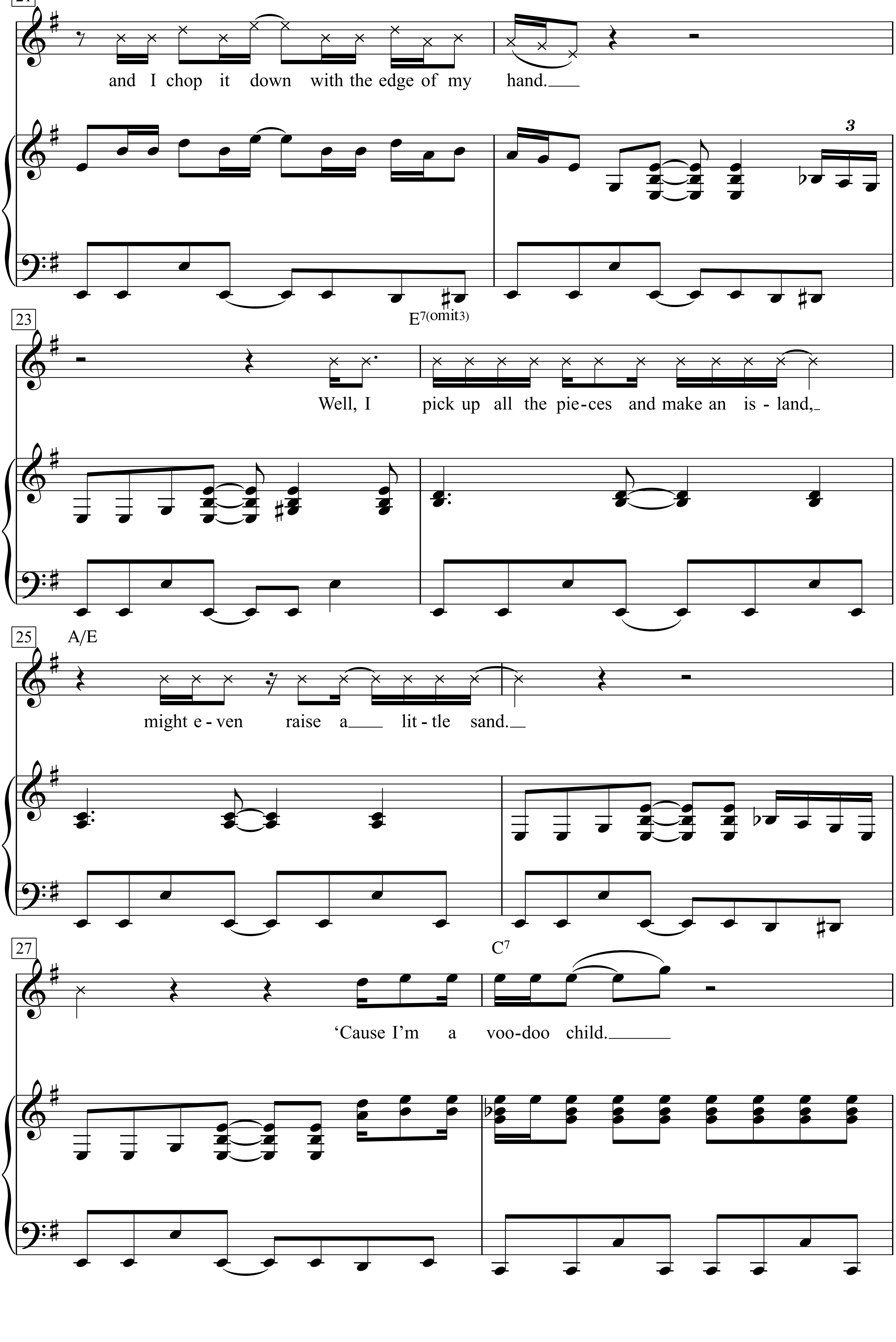
Voodoo Child

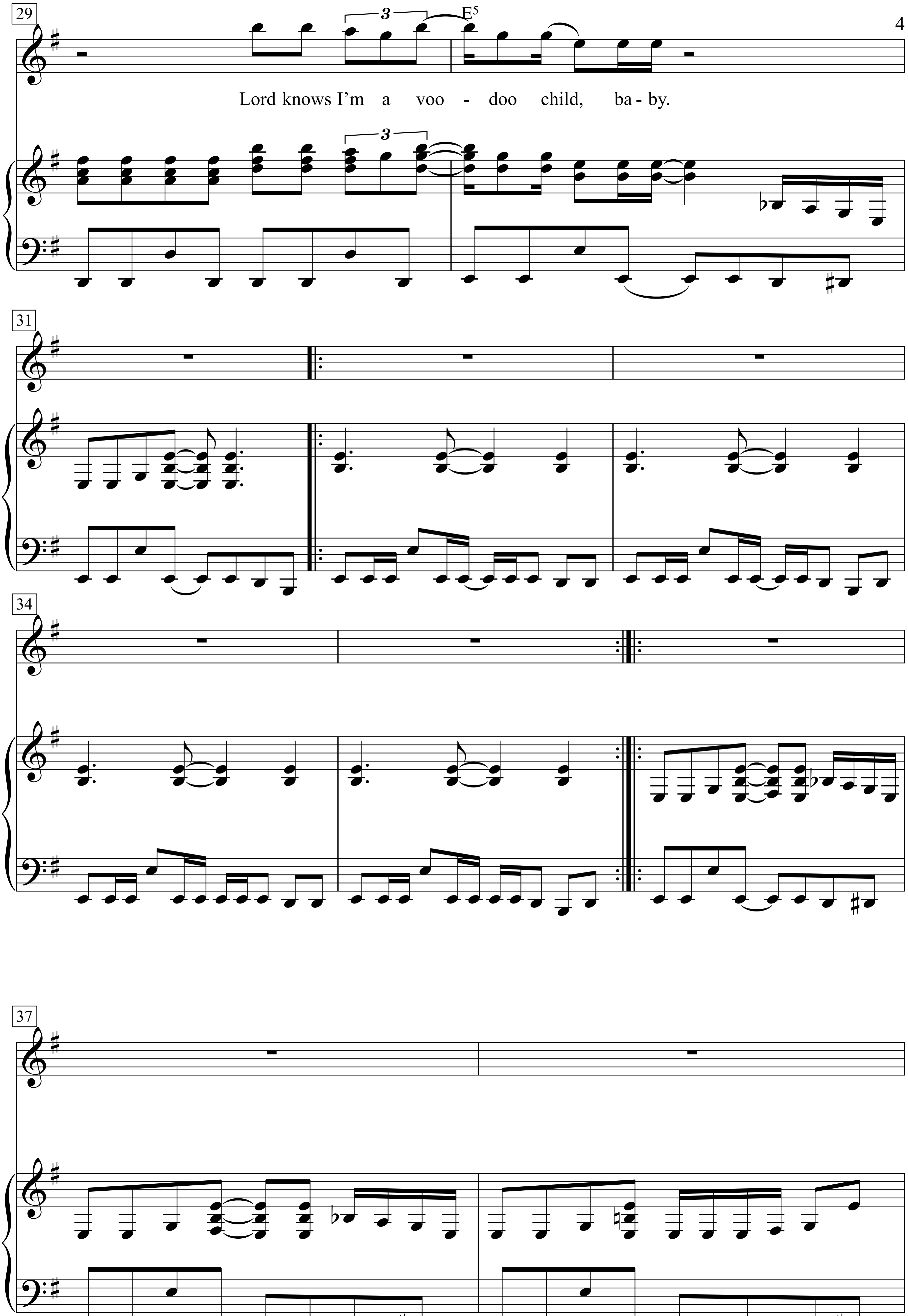
Blues Rock

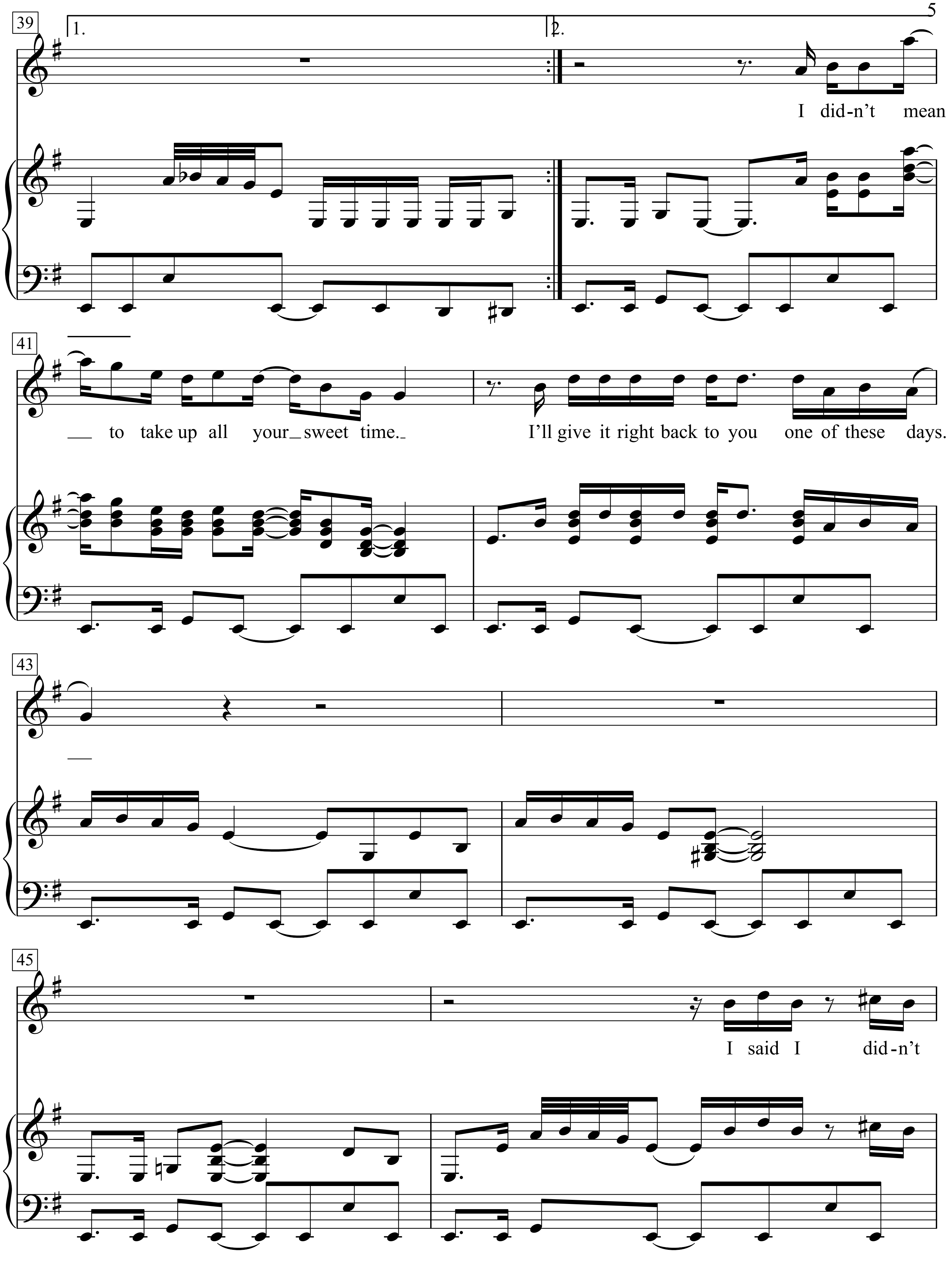
Words & Music by Jimi Hendrix
(Jimi Hendrix)

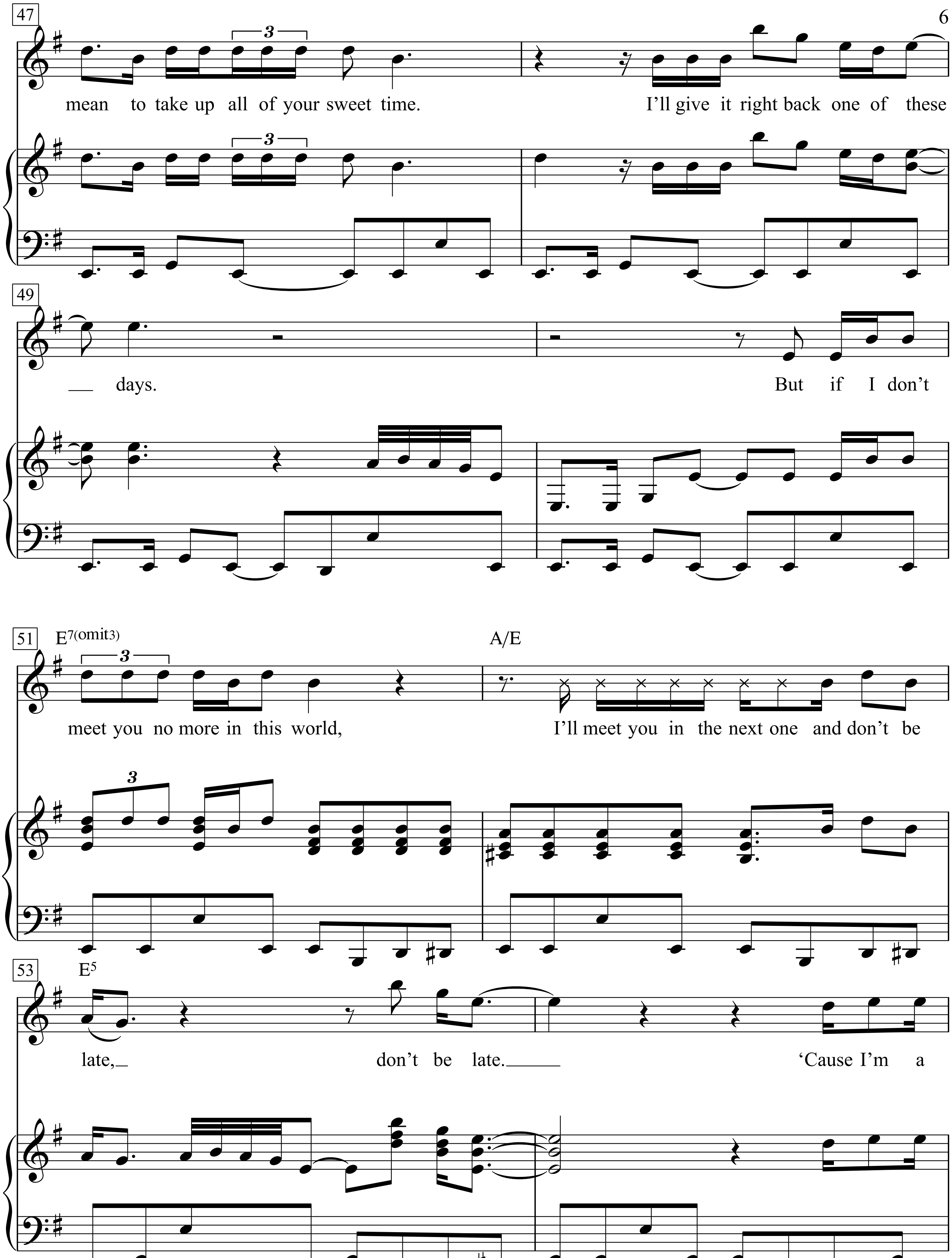


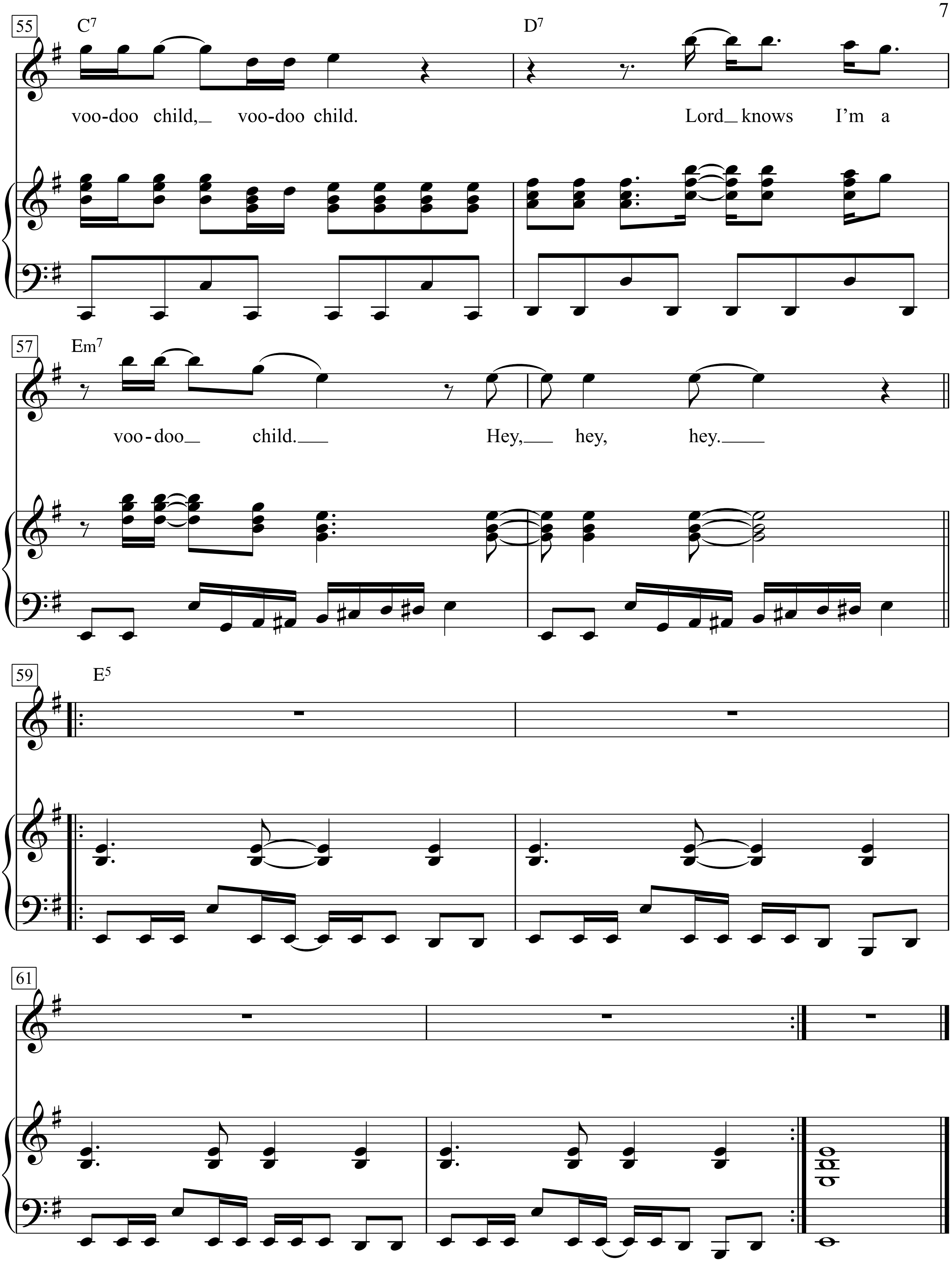

13
Well, I stand up next to a moun - tain
15
and I chop it down_ with the edge of my hand.
3
17
Yeah.
19
Well, I stand up next to a moun - tain


21
and I chop it down with the edge of my hand.
3
E7(omit3)
23
Well, I pick up all the pie-ces and make an is - land,
25
A/E
might e - ven raise a lit - tle sand.
27
C7
'Cause I'm a voo-doo child.


29
3
E5
Lord knows I'm a voo - doo child, ba - by.
3
31
34
37


39
1.
2.
I did-n't mean
41
to take up all your sweet time.
I'll give it right back to you one of these days.
43
45
I said I did-n't

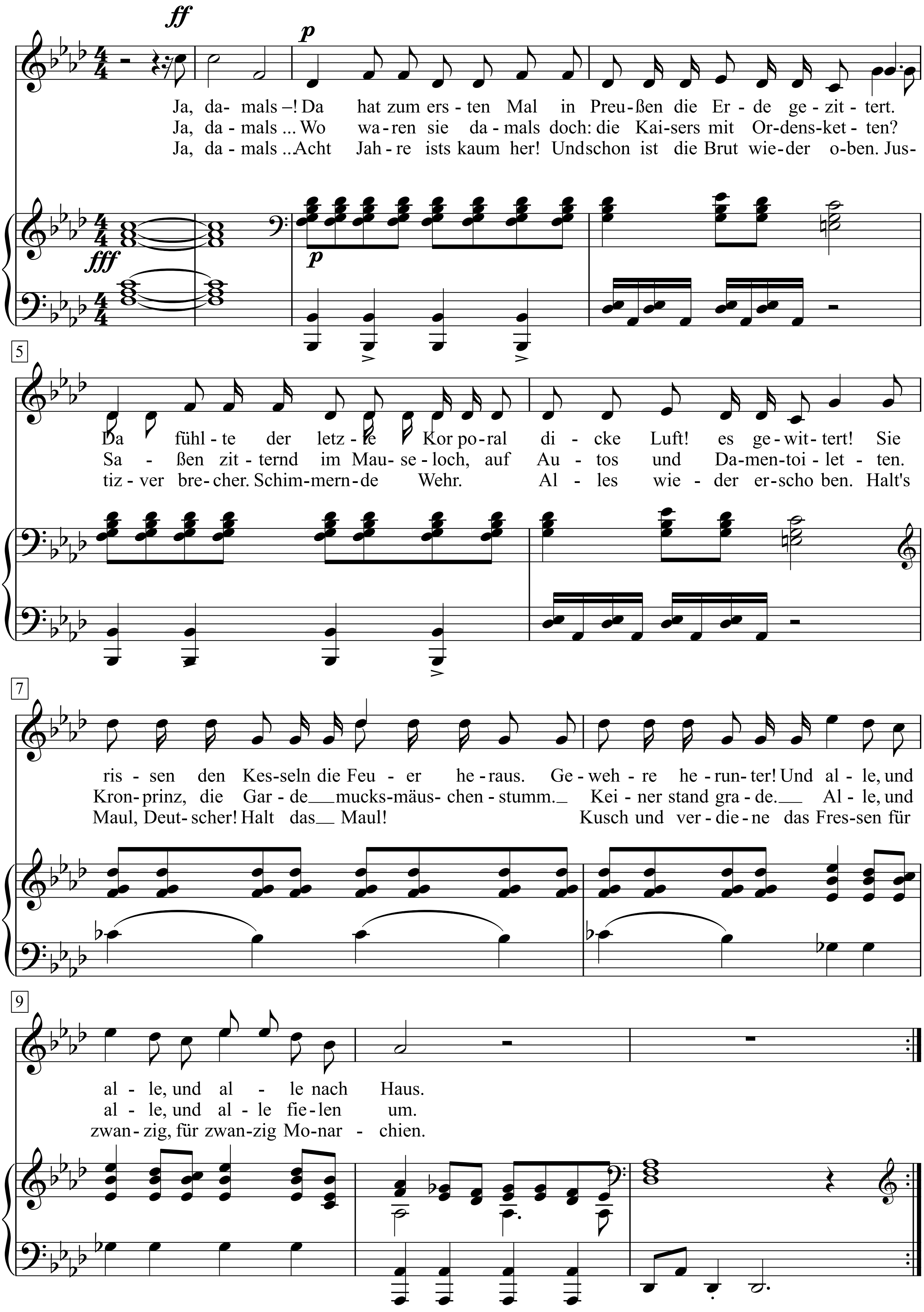

47
mean to take up all of your sweet time.
I'll give it right back one of these
49
days.
But if I don't
51
E7(omit3)
A/E
meet you no more in this world,
I'll meet you in the next one and don't be
53
E5
late,
don't be late.
'Cause I'm a


55
C7
D7
voo-doo child, voo-doo child.
Lord knows I'm a
57
Em7
voo-doo child.
Hey, hey, hey.
59
E5
61

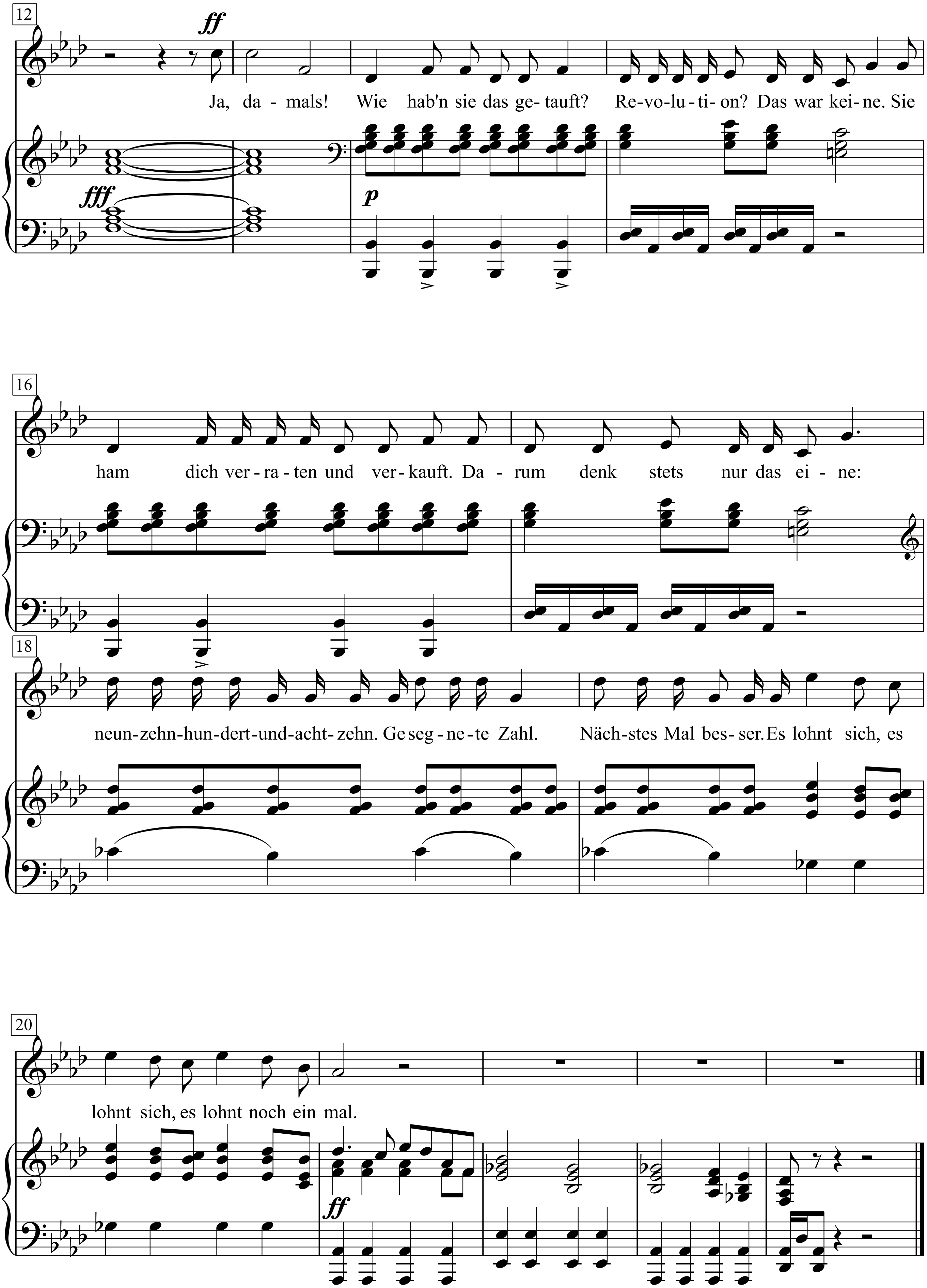
Vor acht Jahren 16. November 1926

Kurt Tucholsky

Hanns Eisler



Hanns Eisler - Lieder und Kantaten Band 9. Lieder nach Texten von Kurt Tucholsky, S. 62+63
62+63


12
ff
Ja, da - mals! Wie hab'n sie das ge- tauft? Re-vo-lu - ti- on? Das war kei- ne. Sie
fff
p
16
ham dich ver - ra - ten und ver - kauft. Da - rum denk stets nur das ei - ne:
18
neun-zehn-hun-dert-und-acht- zehn. Ge seg - ne - te Zahl. Näch-stes Mal bes- ser. Es lohnt sich, es
20
lohnt sich, es lohnt noch ein mal.
ff

1. Ja, damals –!
Da hat zum ersten Mal
in Preußen die Erde gezittert.
Da fühlte der letzte Korporal
dicke Luft! es gewittert!
Sie rissen den Kesseln die Feuer heraus.
Gewehre herunter!
Und alle, und alle, und alle nach Haus.

2. Ja, damals ...
Wo waren sie damals doch:
die Kaisers mit Ordensketten?
Saßen zitternd im Mauseloch,
auf Autos und Damentoiletten.
Kronprinz, die Garde
mucksmäuschenstumm.
Keiner stand grade.
Alle, und alle, und alle fielen um.

3. Ja, damals ...
Acht Jahre ists kaum her!
Und schon ist die Brut wieder oben.
Justizver brecher. Schimmernde Wehr.
Alles wieder erschoben.
Halt's Maul, Deutscher! Halt das Maul!
Kusch und verdiene das Fressen für zwanzig,
für zwanzig Monarchien.

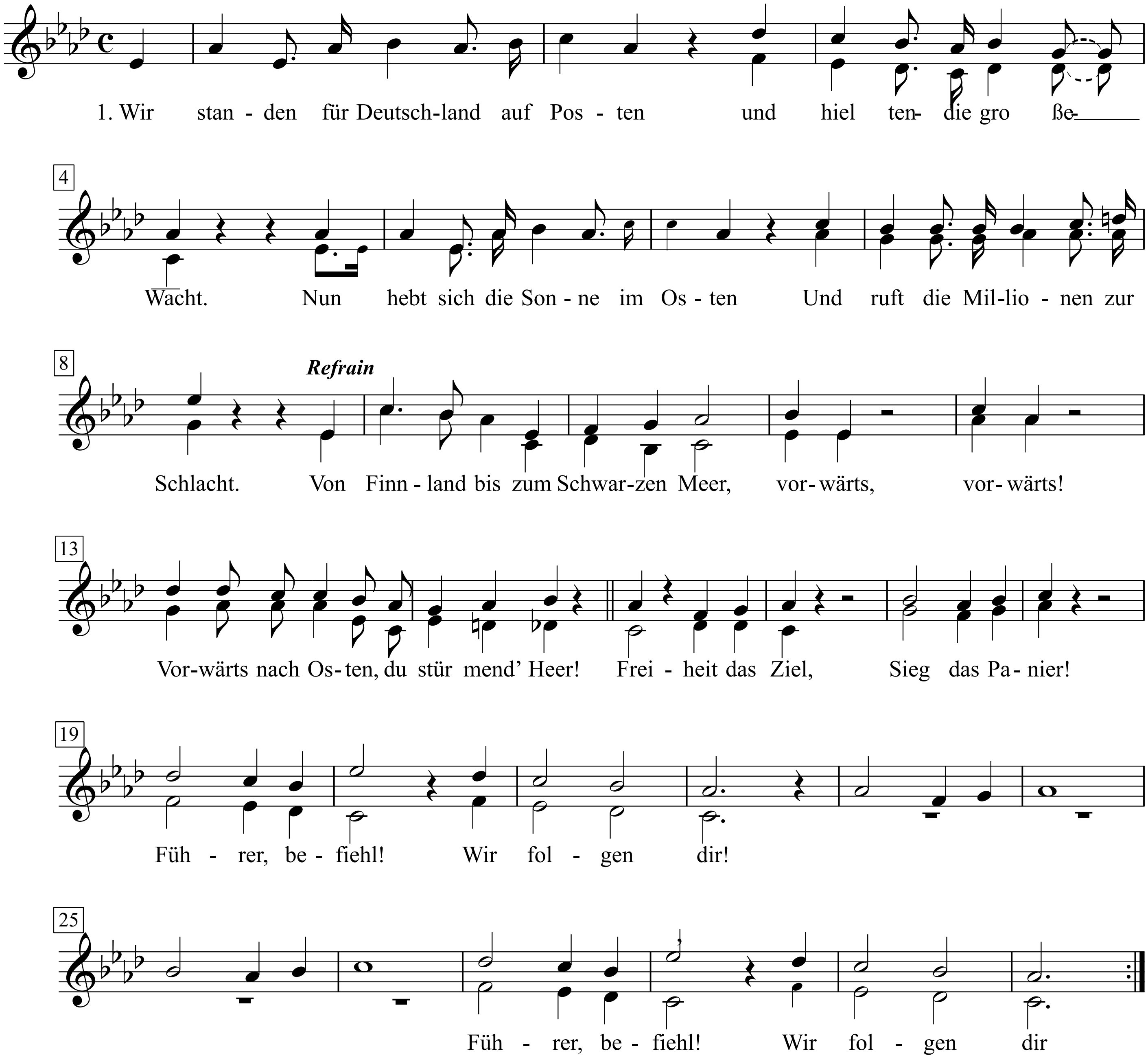
4. Ja, damals!
Wie hab'n sie das getauft?
Revolution? Das war keine.
Sie ham dich verraten und verkauft.
Darum denk stets nur das eine:
neunzehnhundertundachtzehn.
Gesegnete Zahl.
Nächstes Mal besser.
Es lohnt sich, es lohnt sich,
es lohnt noch einmal.

Vorwärts nach Osten

(Von Finnland bis zum Schwarzen Meer)

Heinrich Anacker, Hans Tieszler,
Hans-Wilheln Kulenkampff

Norbert Schultze



1. Wir standen für Deutschland auf Posten
Und hielten die große Wacht.
Nun hebt sich die Sonne im Osten
Und ruft die Millionen zur Schlacht.

Refrain:
Von Finnland bis zum Schwarzen Meer,
Vorwärts, vorwärts!
Vorwärts nach Osten, du stürmend' Heer!
Freiheit das Ziel, Sieg das Panier!
Führer, befiehl! Wir folgen dir!

2. Den Marsch, von Horst Wessel begonnen
Im braunen Gewand der SA,
Vollenden die grauen Kolonnen:
Die große Stunde ist da!

3. Nun brausen nach Osten die Heere
Ins russische Land hinein.
Kameraden, nun an die Gewehre!
Der Sieg wird unser sein!

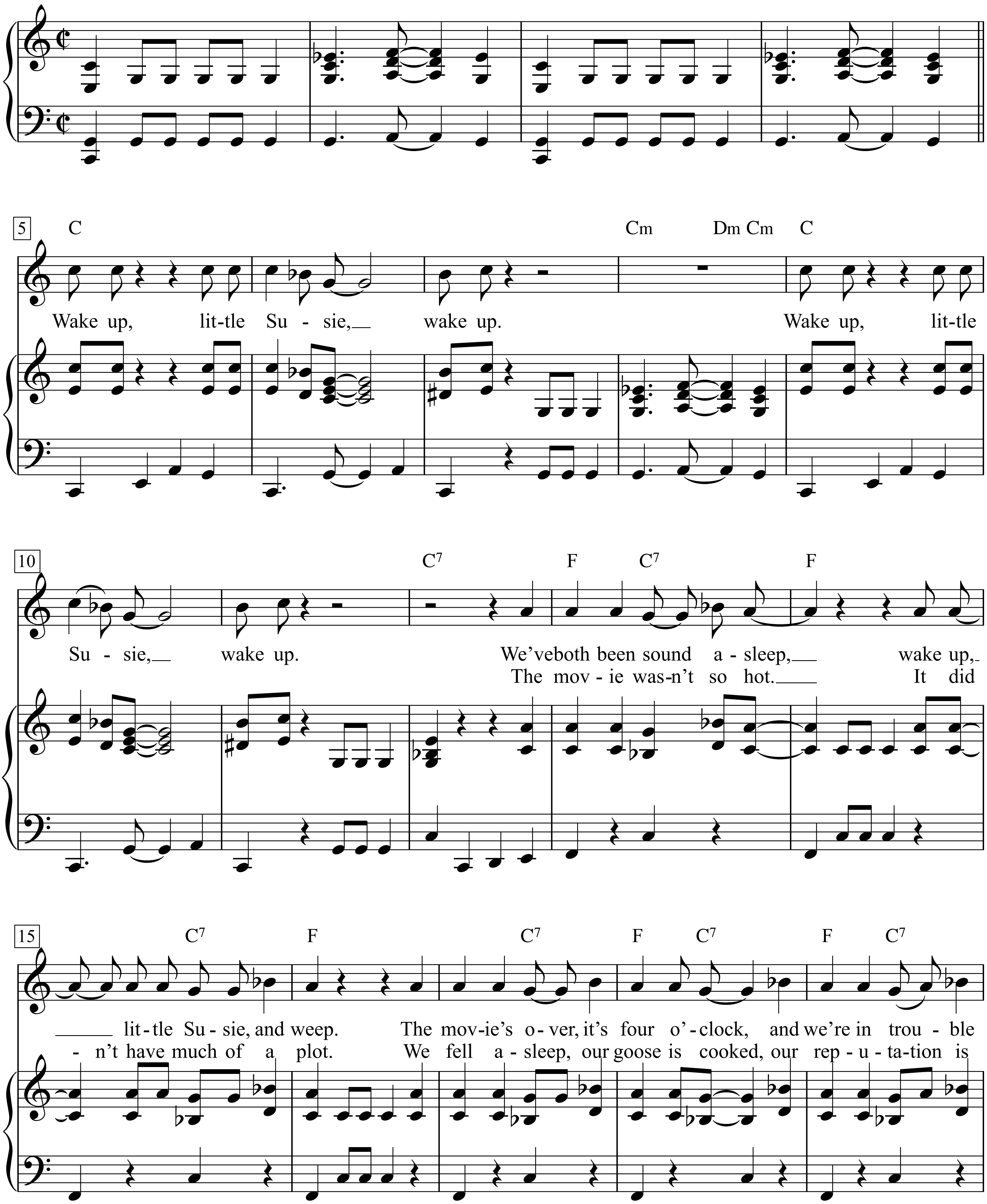
Von Finnland bis zum Schwarzen Meer
(auch Russlandlied oder Das Lied vom Feldzug im Osten oder Vorwärts nach Osten)
ist ein 1941 im Auftrag des deutschen Propagandaministers Joseph Goebbels entstandenes Propagandalied für den bevorstehenden Krieg gegen die Sowjetunion (Unternehmen Barbarossa). Die Fertigstellung verzögerte sich jedoch, sodass es erst eine Woche nach Beginn des Angriffs, am 29. Juni 1941, erstmals im Rundfunk übertragen wurde. Das Lied wurde unter anderem bei den Sondermeldungen des Oberkommandos der Wehrmacht eingespielt.

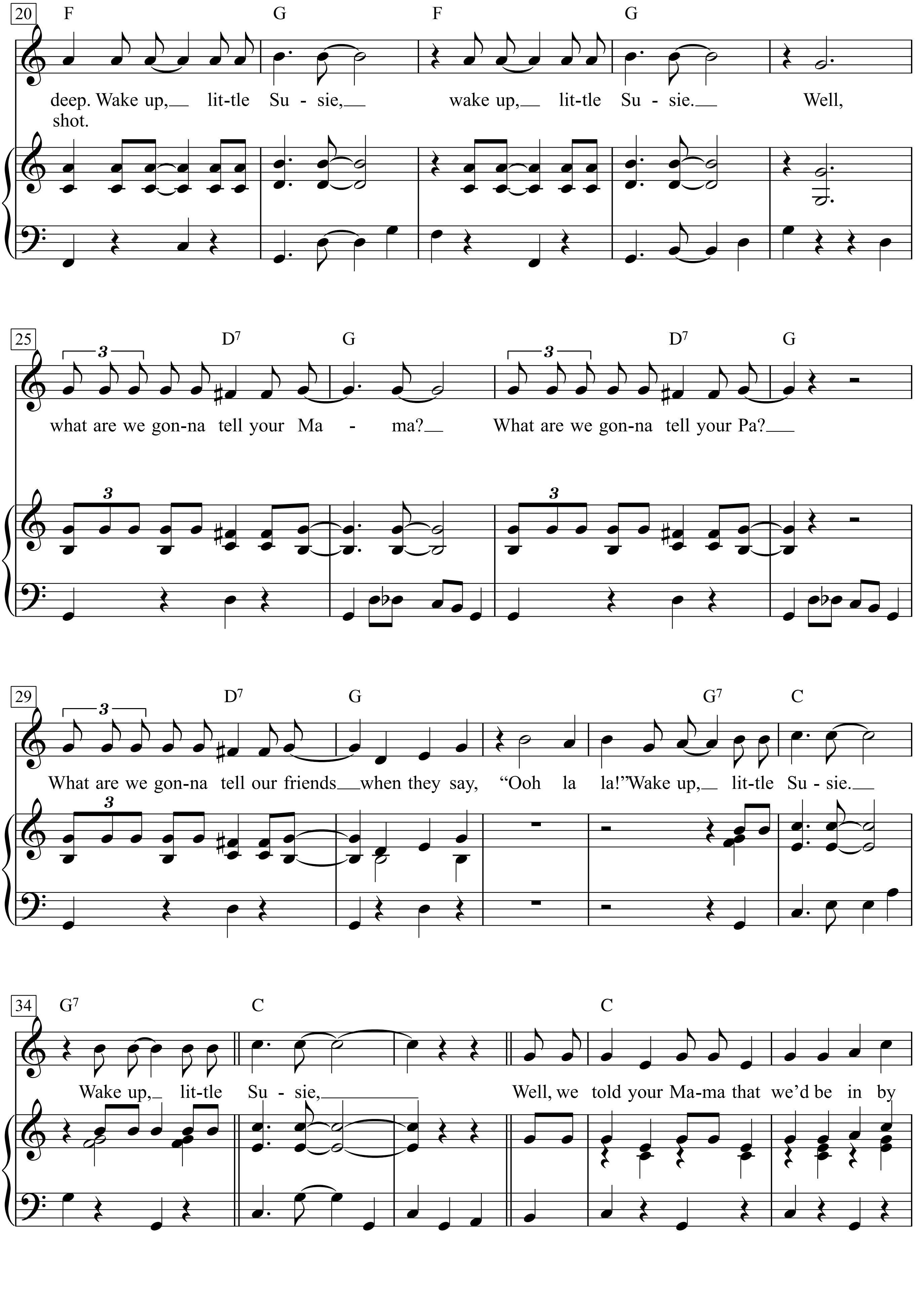
Entstehung
Der Text ist nicht eindeutig einem einzelnen Autor zuzuordnen. In der Regel gelten Heinrich Anacker, Hans Tieszler und Hans-Wilhelm Kulenkampff als gemeinsame Autoren. Joseph Goebbels beschreibt in seinen agebüchern die Urheberschaft wie folgt: „Das neue Rußlandlied ist fertig; eine Gemeinschaftsarbeit von Anacker, Tießler [sic] und Kolbe, die ich nun zusammenstelle und überarbeite. Sie ist dann nicht mehr wiederzuerkennen. Ein großartiges Lied." Anacker und Tieszler stritten Goebbels' Schilderung zufolge um die Autorschaft. Goebbels ergänzte außerdem den Schlussvers des Liedes: „Freiheit das Ziel, Sieg das Panier! Führer befiehl, wir folgen Dir!"

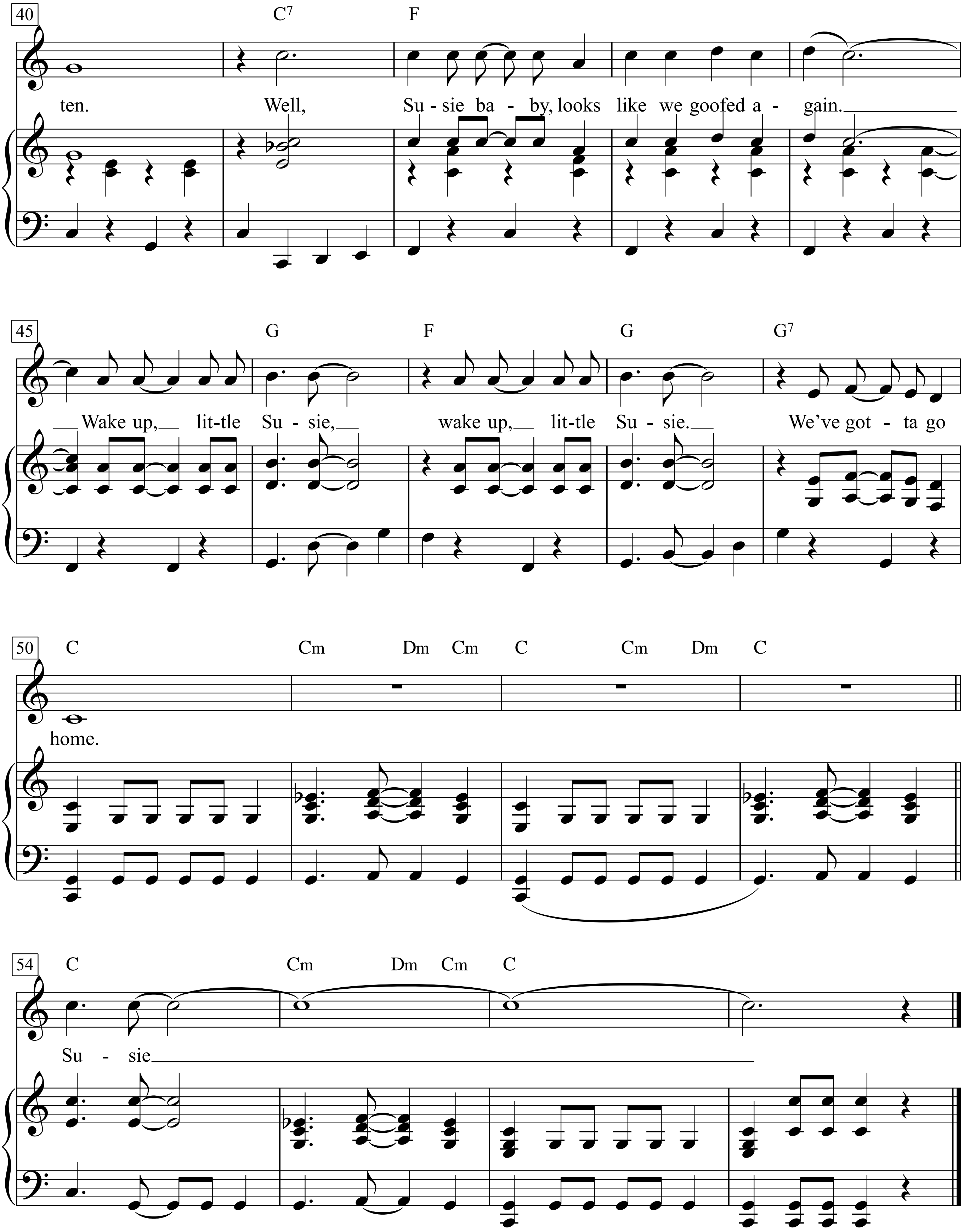
Mit der Vertonung wurden von Goebbels die beiden Komponisten Herms Niel und Norbert Schultze beauftragt: „Niel und Norbert Schulze [sic] schreiben je eine Melodie dazu. Es ist höchste Zeit, da wir sie ja bei den ersten großen Nachrichten mitbringen wollen. Die beste werde ich nehmen."[3] Laut Schultze betrug Goebbels' Zeitvorgabe bis zur Aufführung im Rundfunk 24 Stunden.[2] Goebbels entschied sich für die von Schultze komponierte Melodie und überarbeitete auch diese persönlich, indem er Harmonien änderte und den Rhythmus vereinfachte. Das Lied wurde am 29. Juni 1941 mit den Chören der Staatsoper Berlin und der Deutschen Oper Berlin sowie großem Orchester aufgenommen. An das Ende des Liedes wurde das als Russlandfanfare bekanntgewordene Zitat aus Franz Liszts Les Préludes angefügt.

Wake Up, Little Susie

Words & Music by
Boudleaux Bryant and Felice Bryant
(The Everly Brothers)



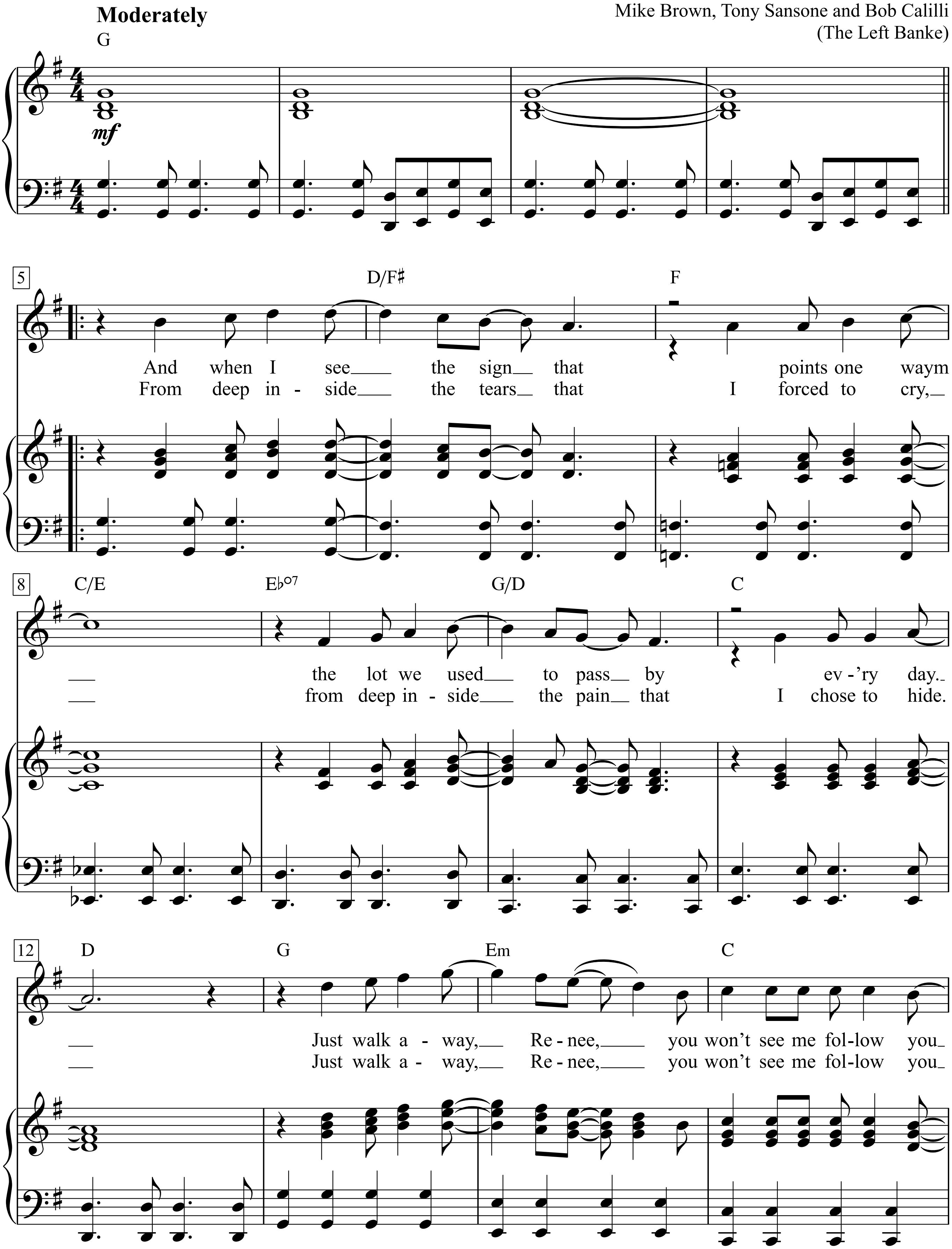

20
F G F G
deep. Wake up, lit-tle Su - sie, wake up, lit-tle Su - sie. Well,
shot.
25
D7 G D7 G
what are we gon-na tell your Ma - ma? What are we gon-na tell your Pa?
3
29
D7 G G7 C
What are we gon-na tell our friends when they say, "Ooh la la!" Wake up, lit-tle Su - sie.
3
34
G7 C C
Wake up, lit-tle Su - sie, Well, we told your Ma-ma that we'd be in by

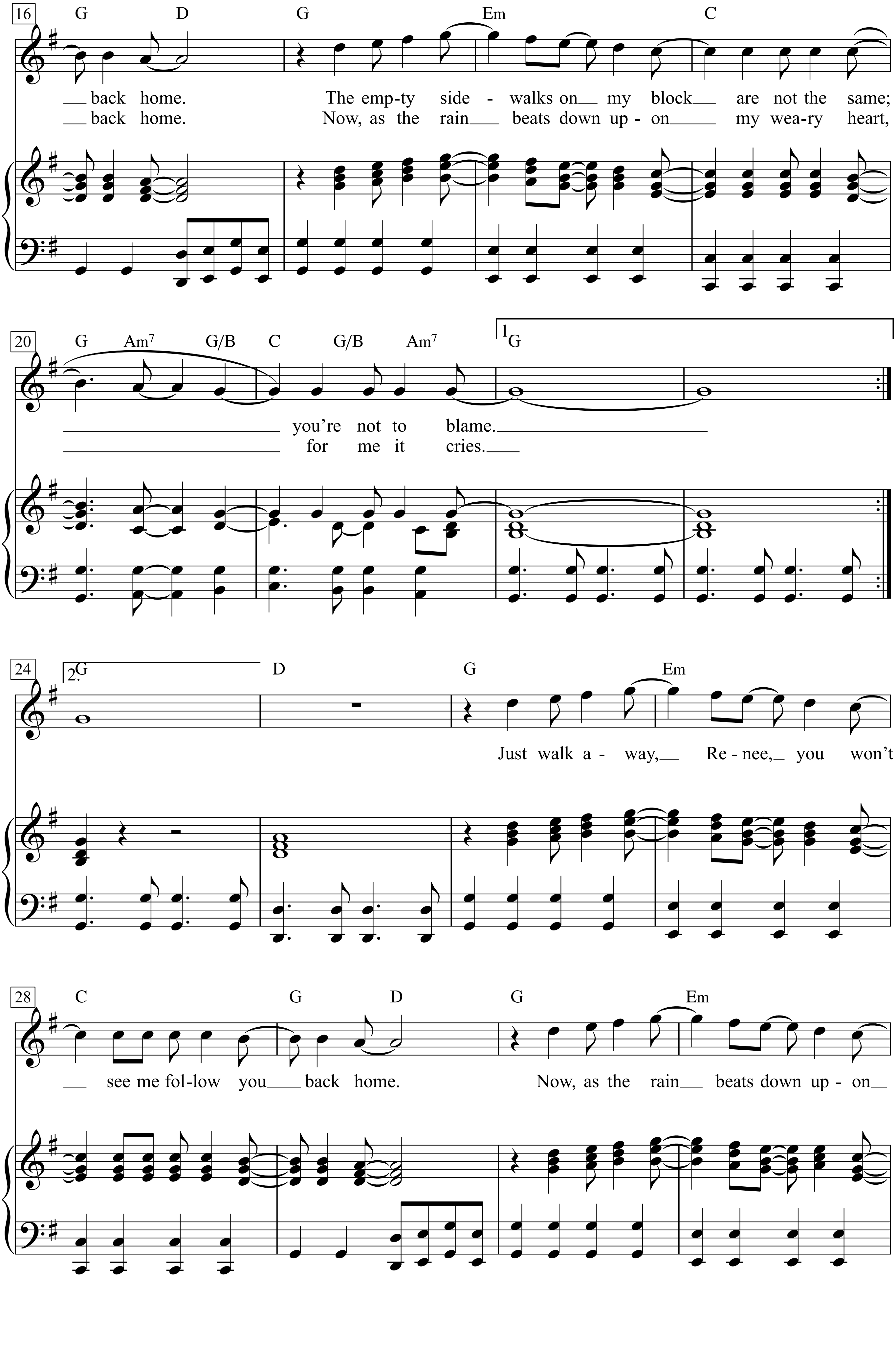

40
C7
F
ten. Well, Su - sie ba - by, looks like we goofed a - gain.
45
G
F
G
G7
Wake up, lit - tle Su - sie, wake up, lit - tle Su - sie. We've got - ta go
50
C
Cm
Dm
Cm
C
Cm
Dm
C
home.
54
C
Cm
Dm
Cm
C
Su - sie

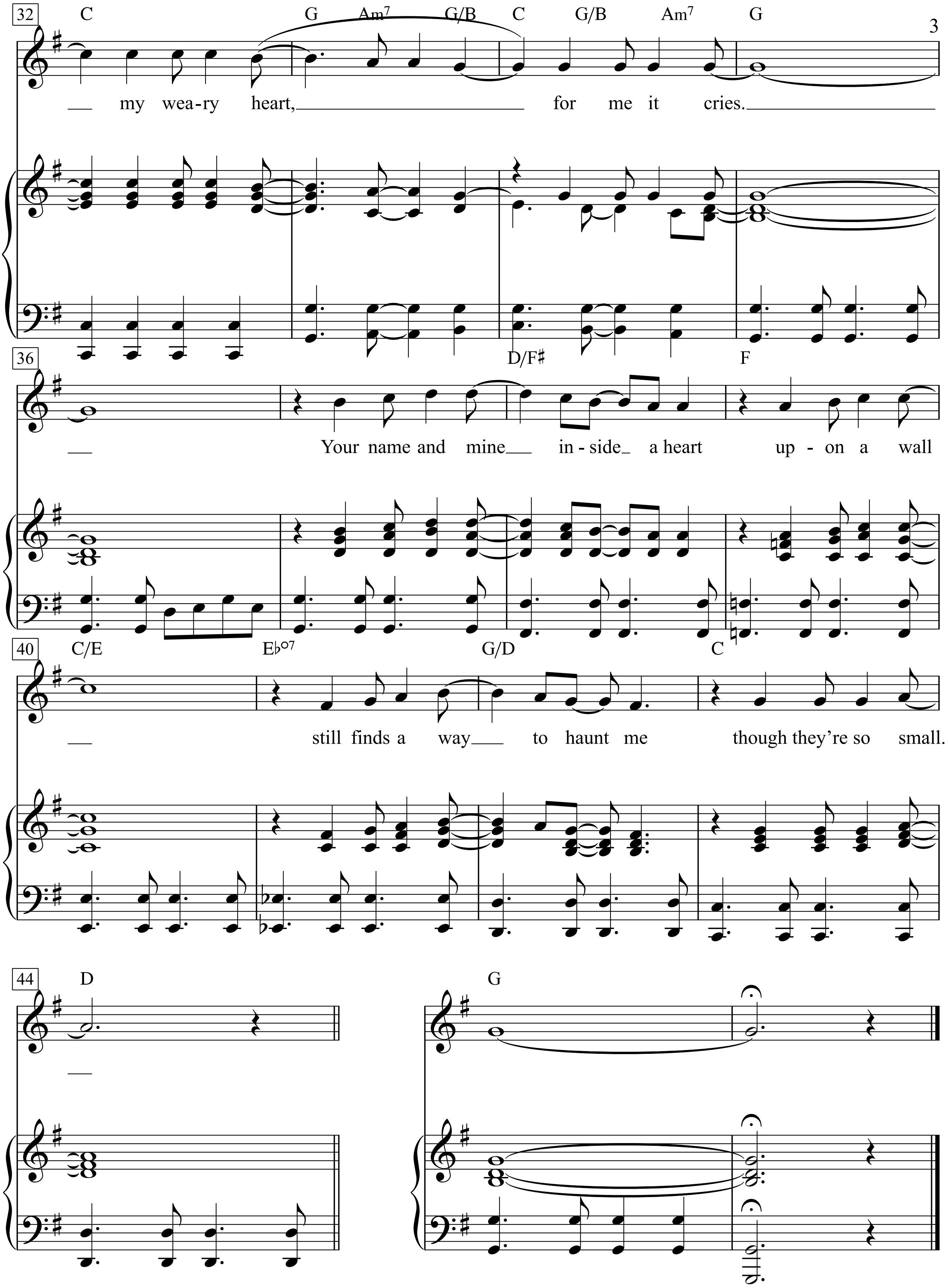
1.
Wake up, little Susie, wake up.
Wake up, little Susie, wake up.
We've both been sound asleep,
wake up, little Susie, and weep.
The movie's over, it's four o'clock,
and we're in trouble deep.
Wake up, little Susie, wake up, little Susie.
Well, what are we gonna tell your Mama?
What are we gonna tell your Pa?
What are we gonna tell our friends when they say,
"Ooh la la!" Wake up, little Susie.
Wake up, little Susie,
Well, we told your Mama that we'd be in by ten.
Well,
Susie baby, looks like we goofed again.
Wake up, little Susie, wake up, little Susie.
We've gotta go home.
Susie
2.
The movie wasn't so hot.
It didn't have much of a plot.
We fell asleep, our goose is cooked,
our reputation is shot.

Walk Away Renee

Words & Music by
Mike Brown, Tony Sansone and Bob Calilli
(The Left Banke)



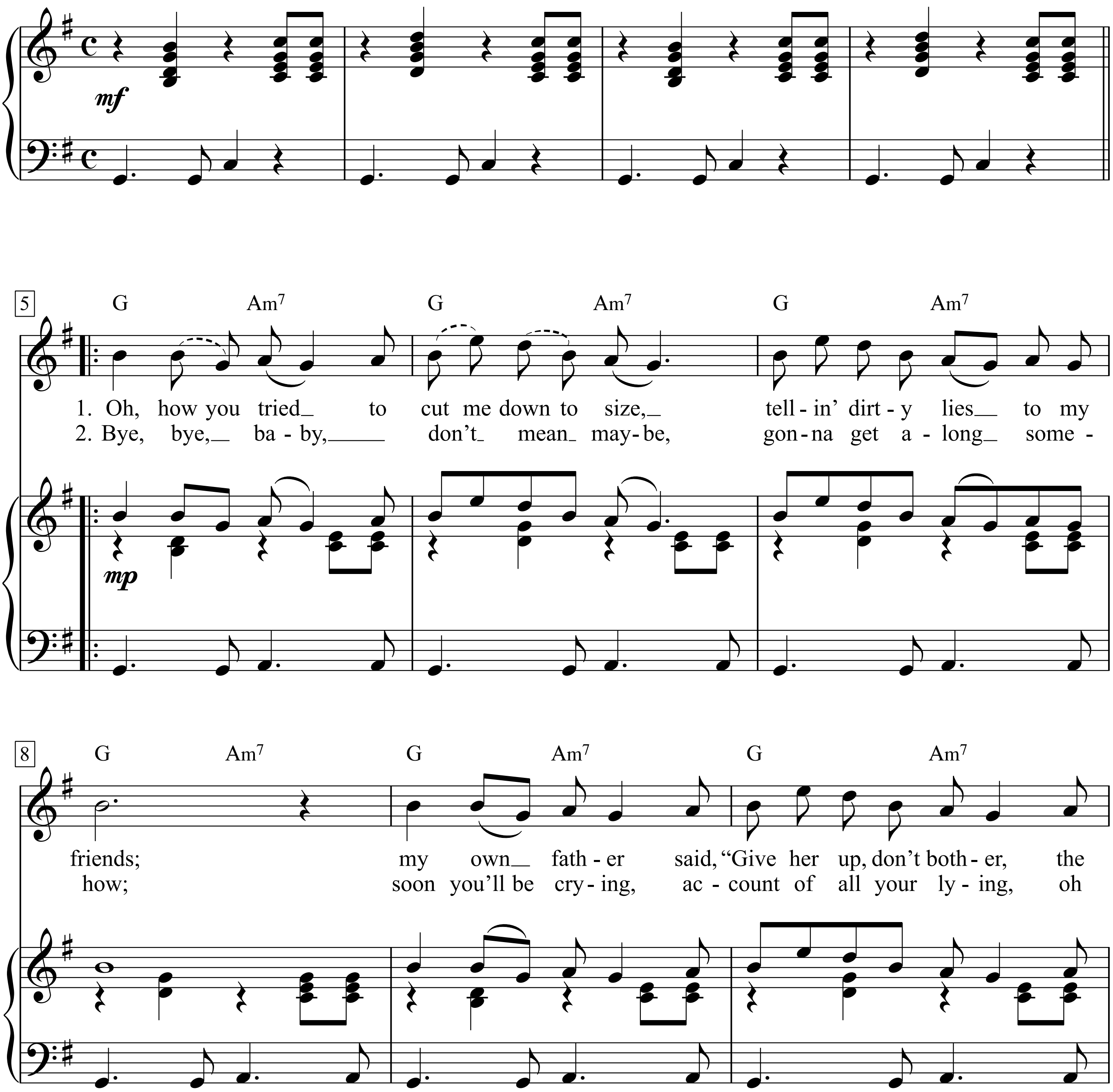

16
G D G Em C
back home. The emp-ty side - walks on my block are not the same;
back home. Now, as the rain beats down up - on my wea-ry heart,
20
G Am7 G/B C G/B Am7
1 G
you're not to blame.
for me it cries.
24
2. G
D G Em
Just walk a - way, Re - nee, you won't
28
C G D G Em
see me fol-low you back home. Now, as the rain beats down up - on

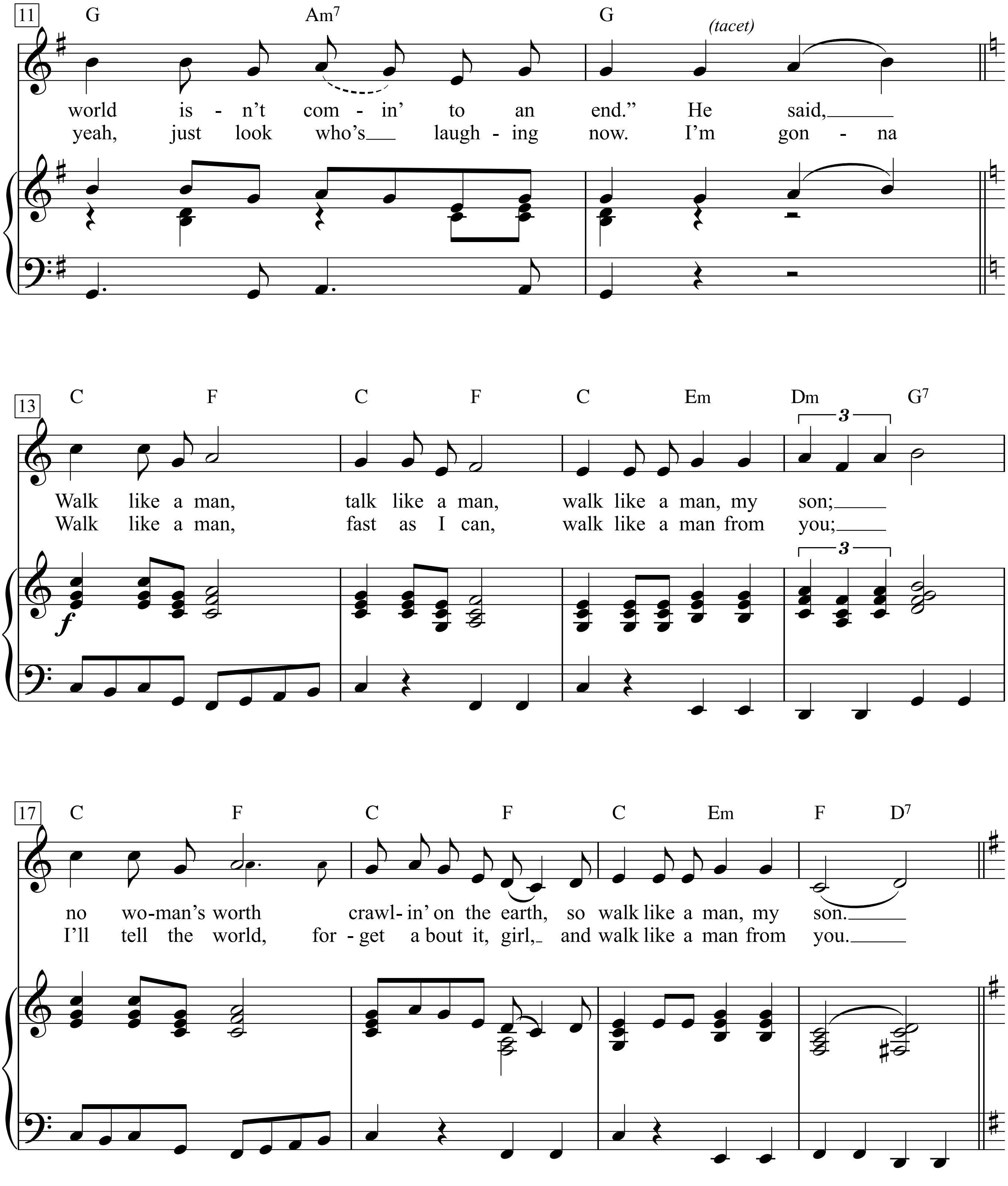

32
C G Am7 G/B C G/B Am7 G
my wea-ry heart, for me it cries.
36
D/F♯ F
Your name and mine in-side a heart up-on a wall
40
C/E E♭○7 G/D C
still finds a way to haunt me though they're so small.
44
D G

Walk Like A Man

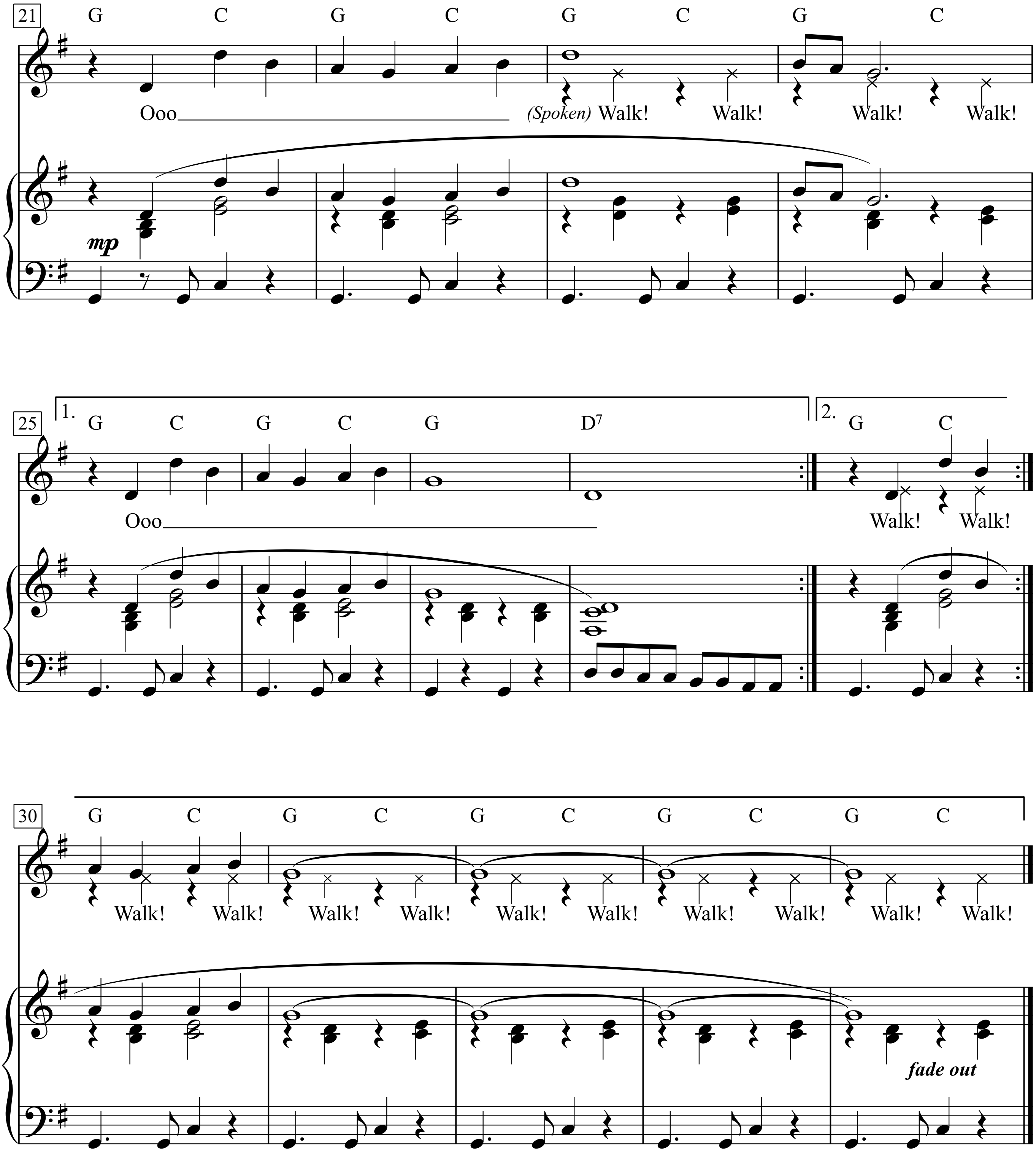
Words & Music by
Bob Crewe and Bob Gaudio
(The 4 Seasons)

With a beat




11
G Am7 G
(tacet)
world is - n't com - in' to an end." He said,
yeah, just look who's laugh - ing now. I'm gon - na
13
C F C F C Em Dm G7
3
Walk like a man, talk like a man, walk like a man, my son;
Walk like a man, fast as I can, walk like a man from you;
f
17
C F C F C Em F D7
no wo-man's worth crawl- in' on the earth, so walk like a man, my son.
I'll tell the world, for - get a bout it, girl, and walk like a man from you.

Interlude


21
G C G C G C G C
Ooo
(Spoken) Walk! Walk! Walk! Walk!
mp
25
1.
G C G C G D7
Ooo
2.
G C
Walk! Walk!
30
G C G C G C G C G C
Walk! Walk! Walk! Walk! Walk! Walk! Walk! Walk! Walk! Walk!
fade out

1. Oh, how you tried to cut me down to size,
tellin' dirty lies to my friends; my own father said,
"Give her up, don't bother, the world isn't comin' to an end."
He said, Walk like a man, talk like a man, walk like a man, my son;
no woman's worth crawlin' on the earth, so walk like a man, my son.
Ooo
(Spoken) Walk! Walk! Walk! Walk!
Ooo Ooo
(Spoken) Walk! Walk! Walk! Walk!
Walk! Walk! Walk! Walk!
Walk! Walk! Walk! Walk!

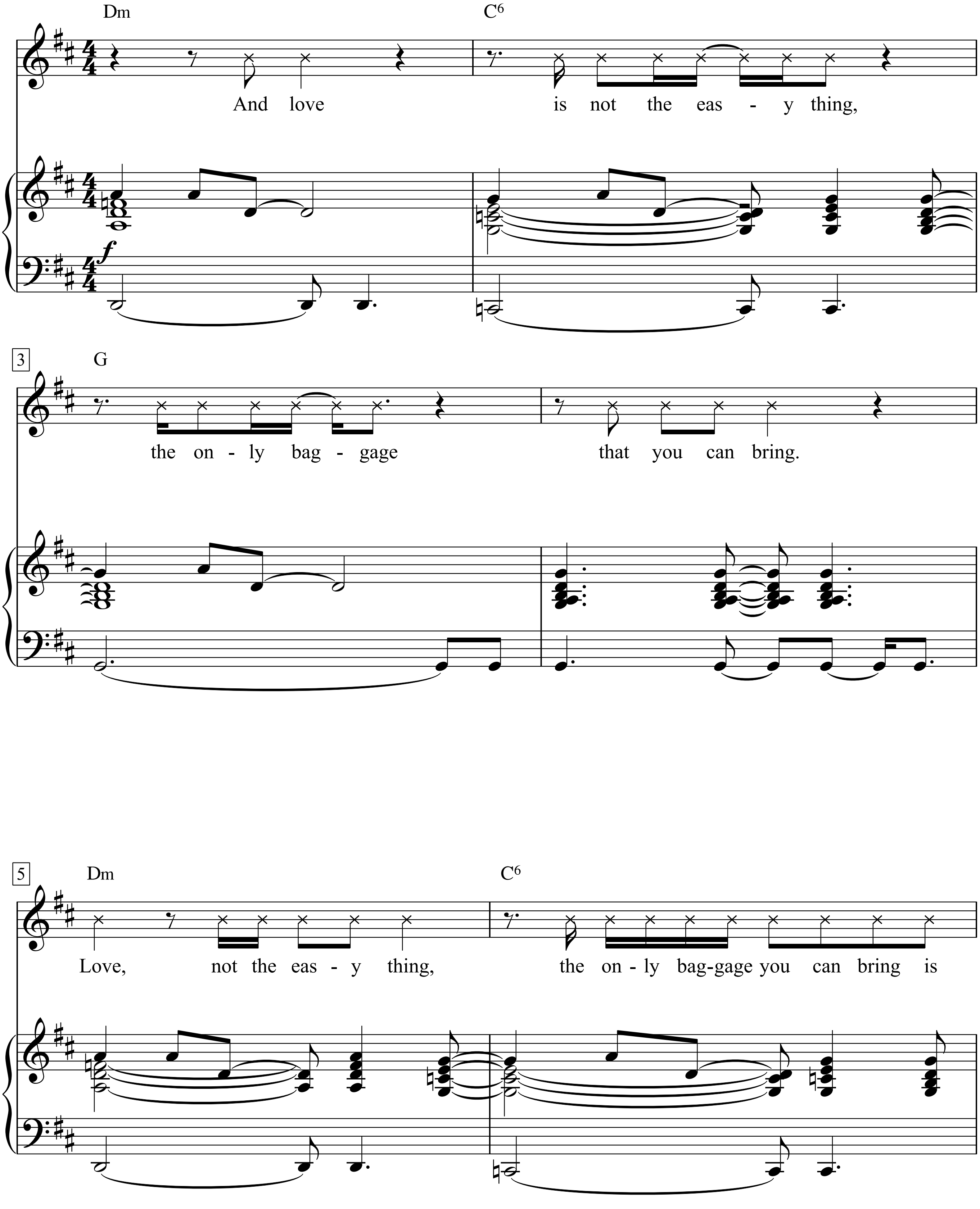
2. Bye, bye, baby, don't mean maybe, gonna get along somehow;
soon you'll be crying, account of all your lying, oh yeah,
just look who's laughing now. I'm gonna
Walk like a man, fast as I can, walk like a man from you;
I'll tell the world, forget about it, girl, and walk like a man from you.

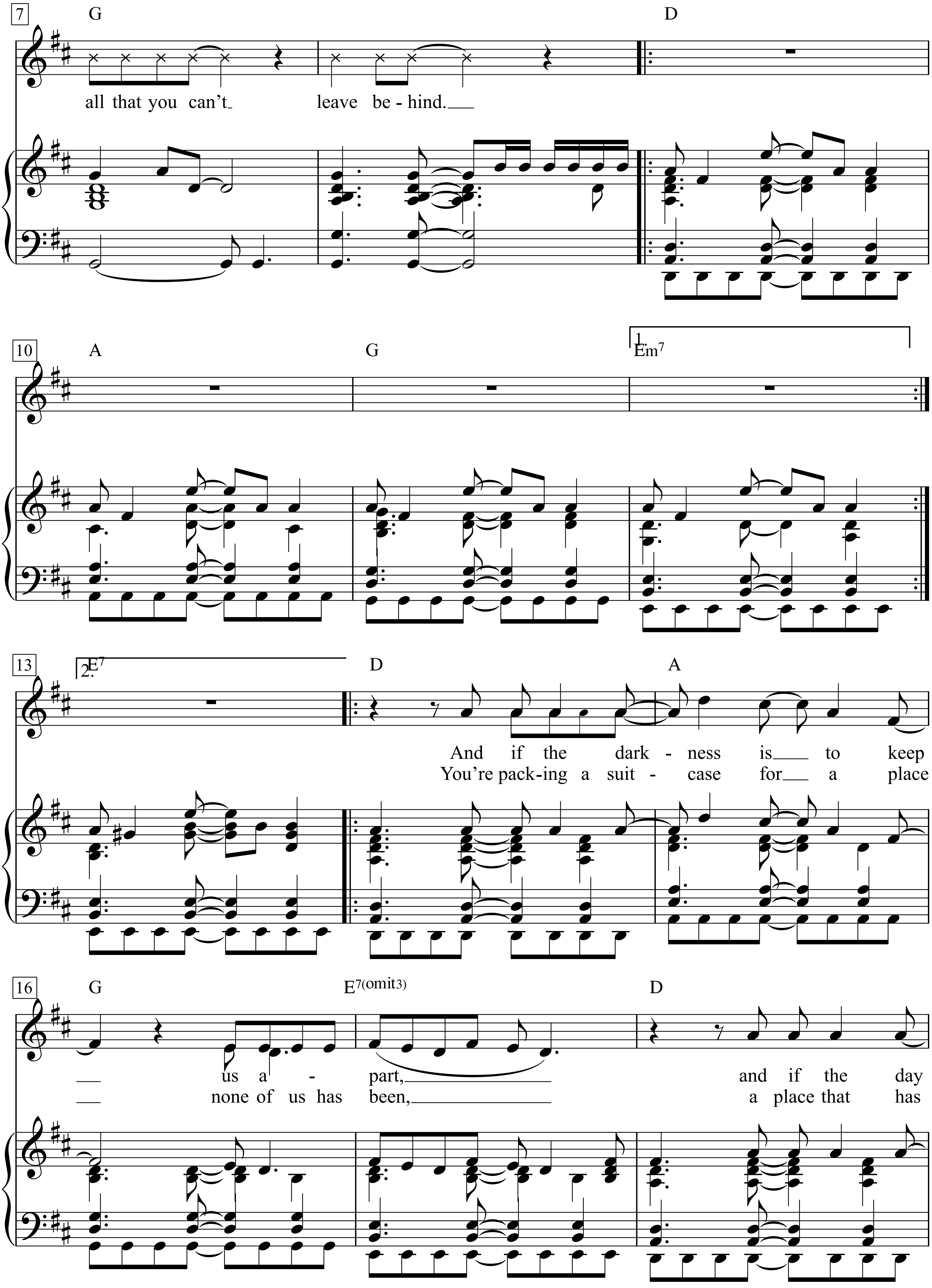
Walk On

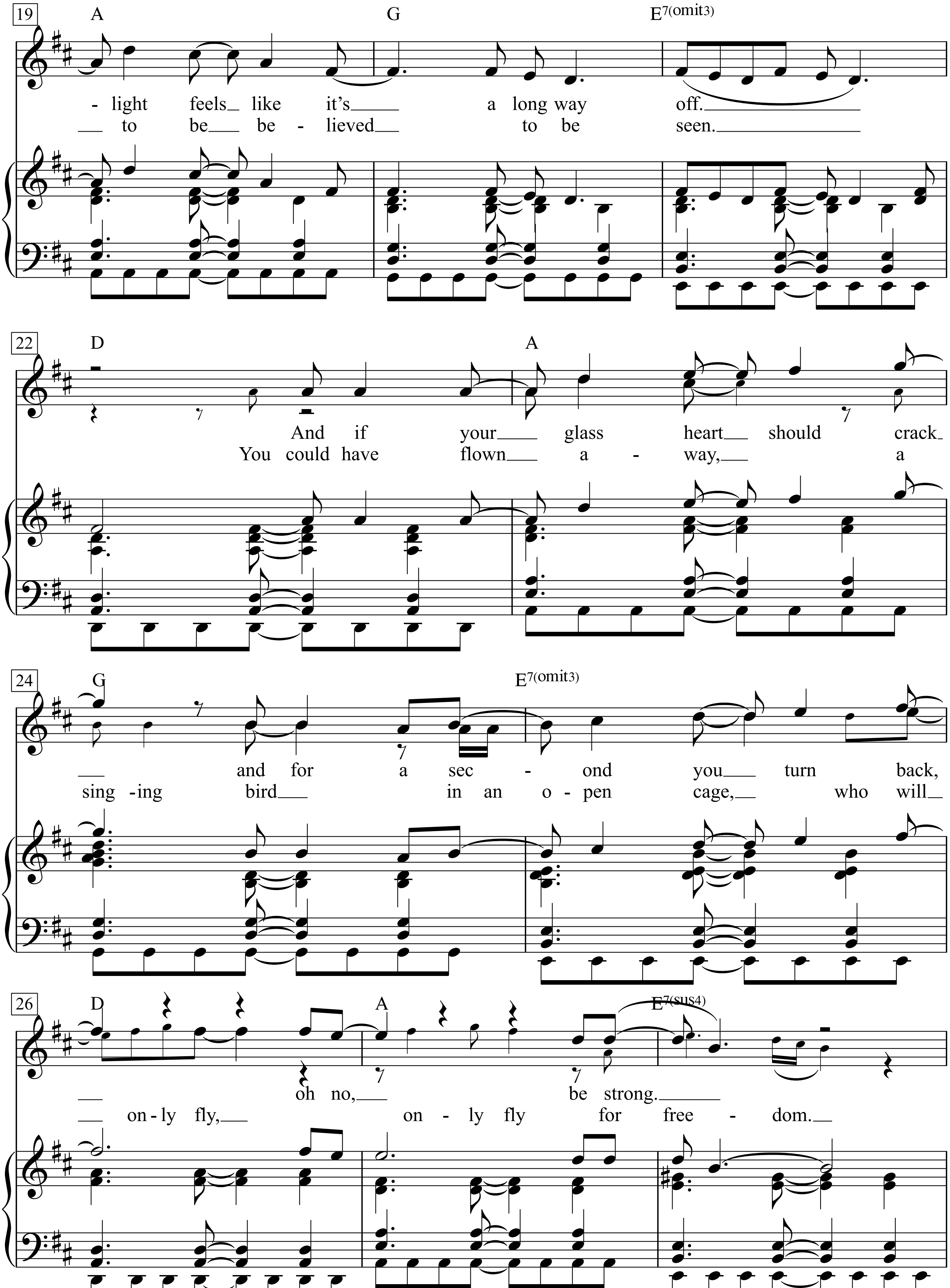
Music by U 2
Dedicated To Aung San Suu
(U 2)

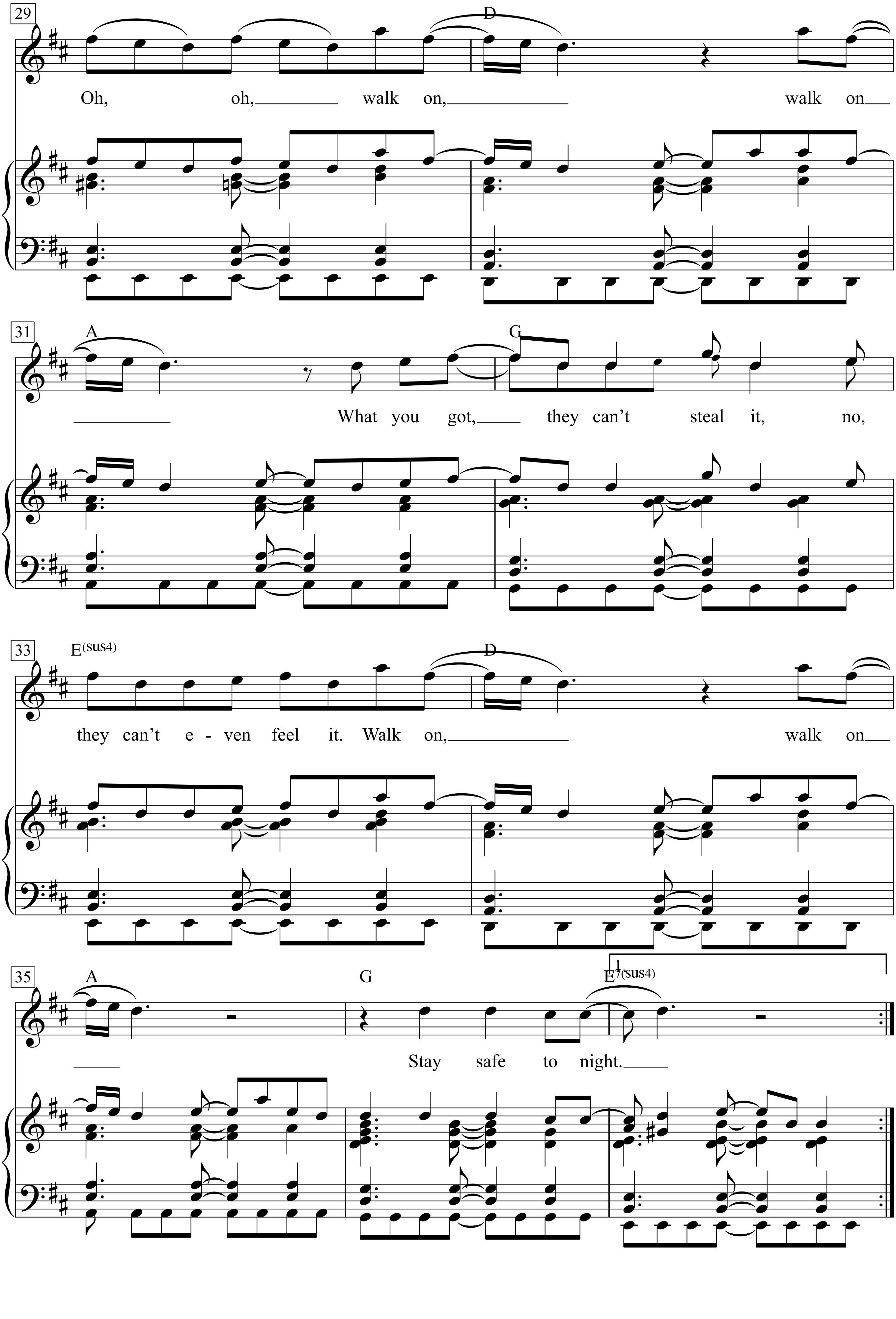
Lyrics by Bono

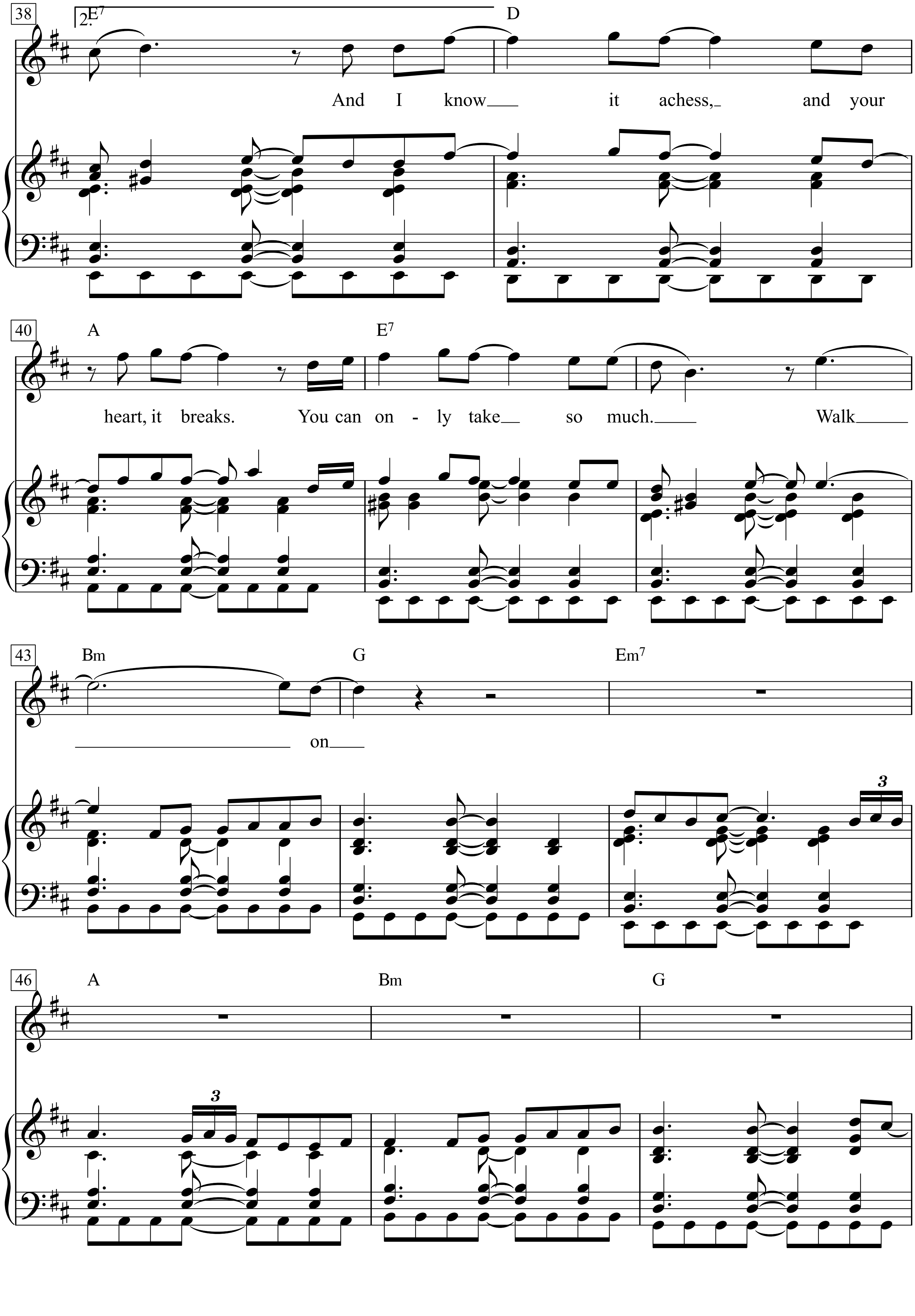
Medium Rock

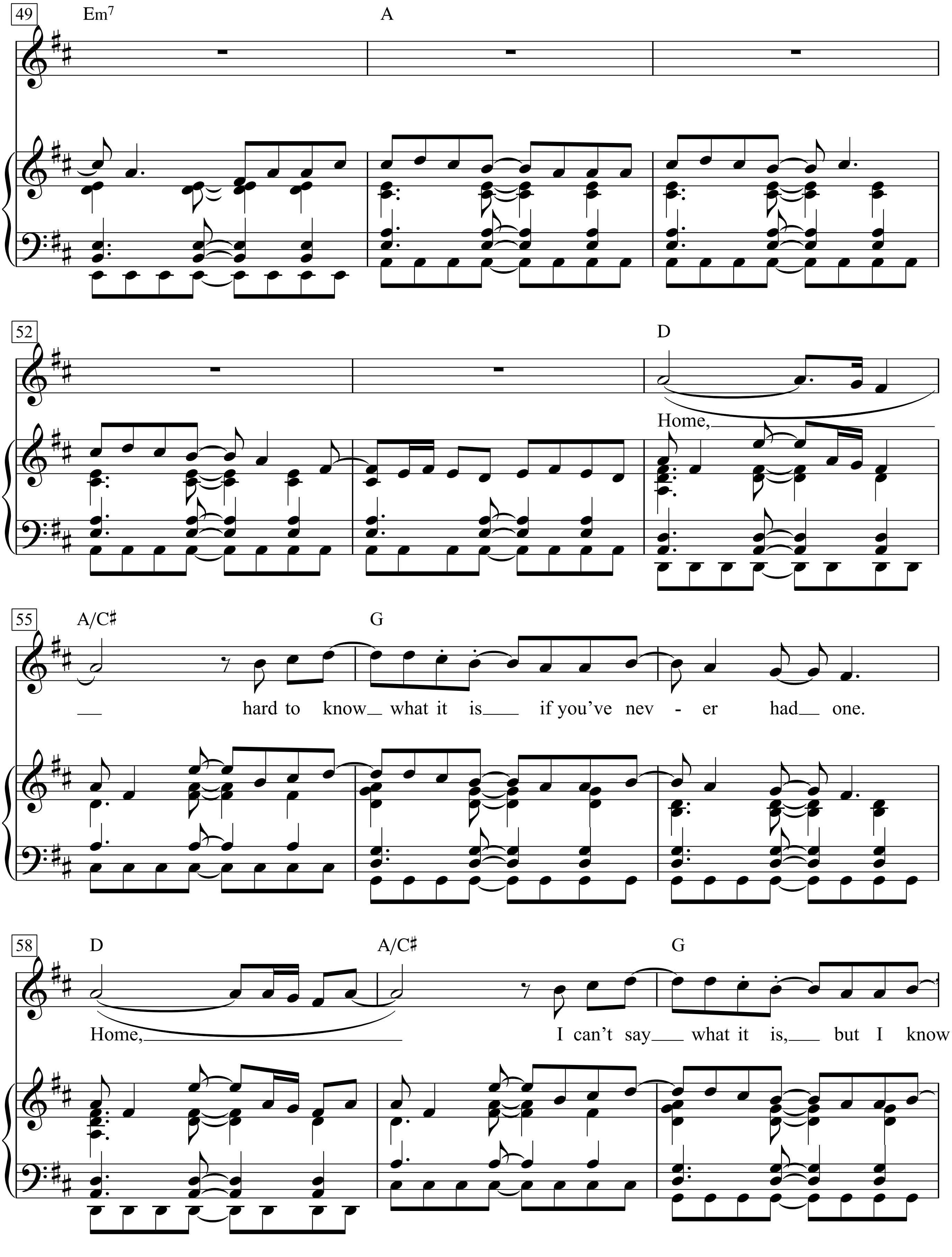


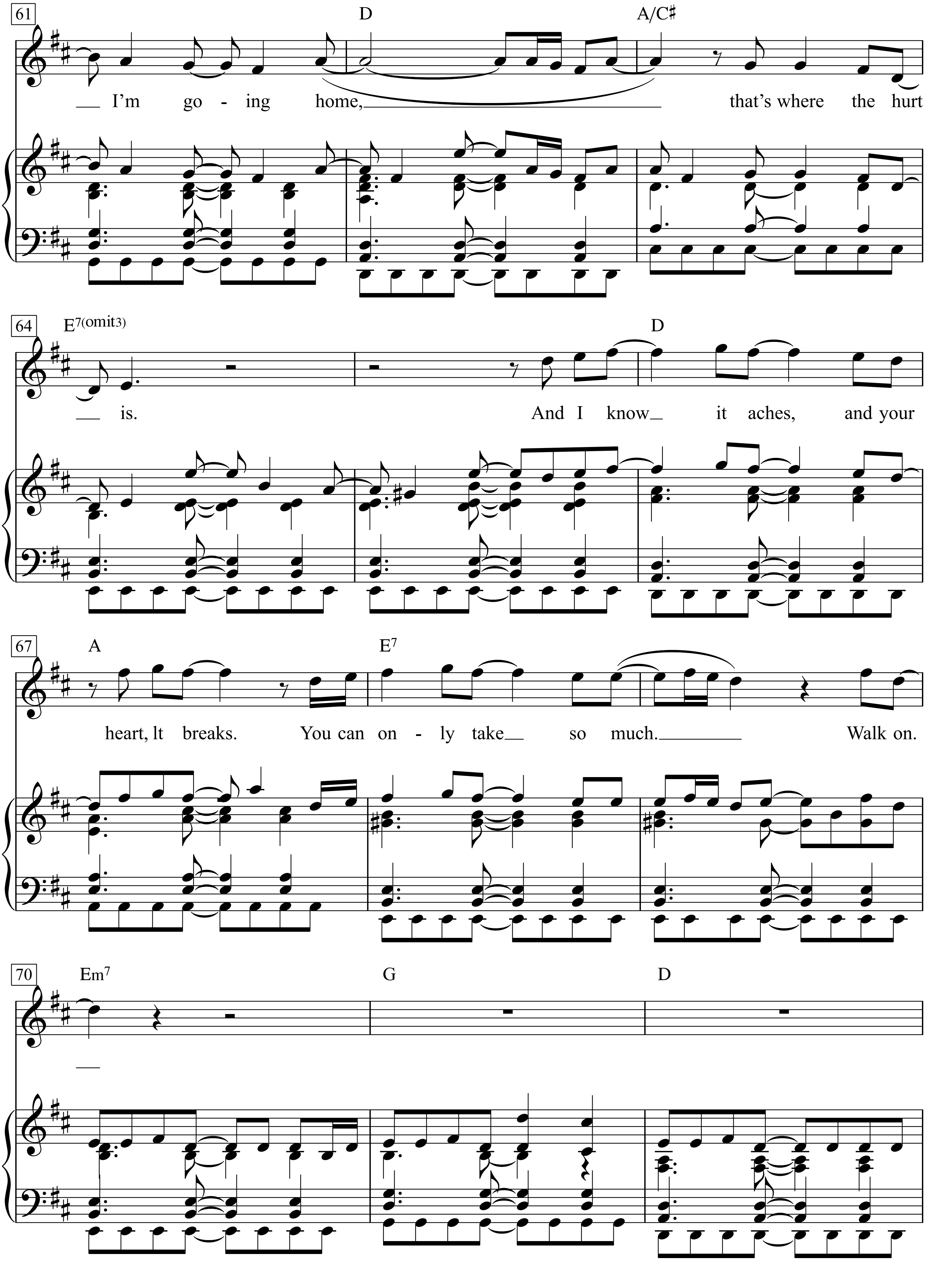

7
G
D
all that you can't leave be - hind.
10
A
G
1.
Em7
13
2.
E7
D
A
And if the dark - ness is to keep
You're pack-ing a suit - case for a place
16
G
E7(omit3)
D
us a - part, and if the day
none of us has been, a place that has

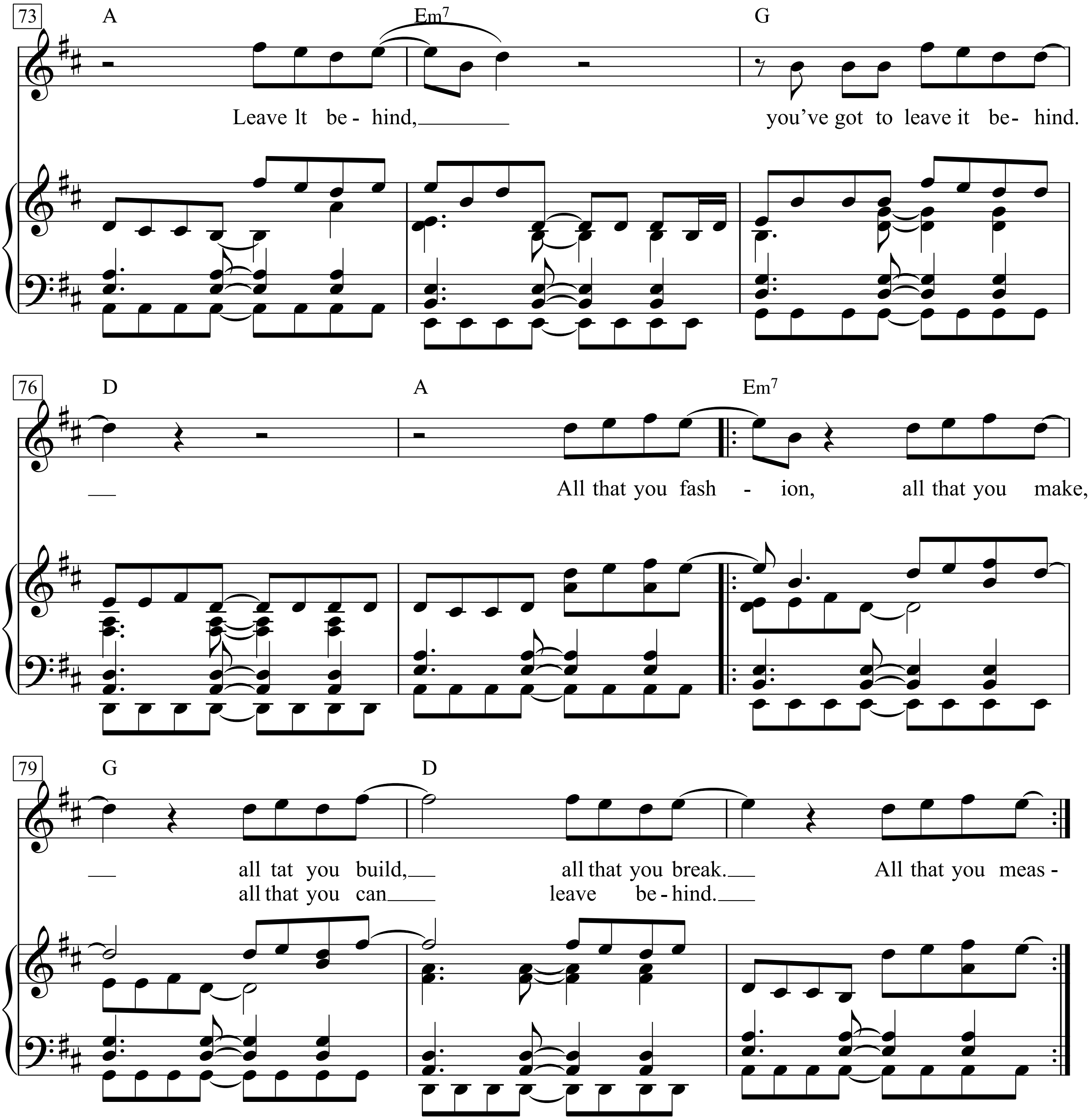

19
A
G
E7(omit3)
- light feels like it's a long way off.
to be be - lieved to be seen.
22
D
A
And if your glass heart should crack
You could have flown a - way, a
24
G
E7(omit3)
and for a sec - ond you turn back,
sing - ing bird in an o - pen cage, who will
26
D
A
E7(sus4)
oh no, be strong.
on - ly fly, on - ly fly for free - dom.


29
D
Oh, oh, walk on, walk on
31
A
G
What you got, they can't steal it, no,
33
E(sus4)
D
they can't e - ven feel it. Walk on, walk on
35
A
G
1.
E(sus4)
Stay safe to night.


38
2.
E7
D
And I know it achess, and your
40
A
E7
heart, it breaks. You can on - ly take so much. Walk
43
Bm
G
Em7
on
3
46
A
Bm
G
3


49
Em7
A
52
D
Home,
55
A/C♯
G
hard to know what it is if you've nev - er had one.
58
D
A/C♯
G
Home,
I can't say what it is, but I know

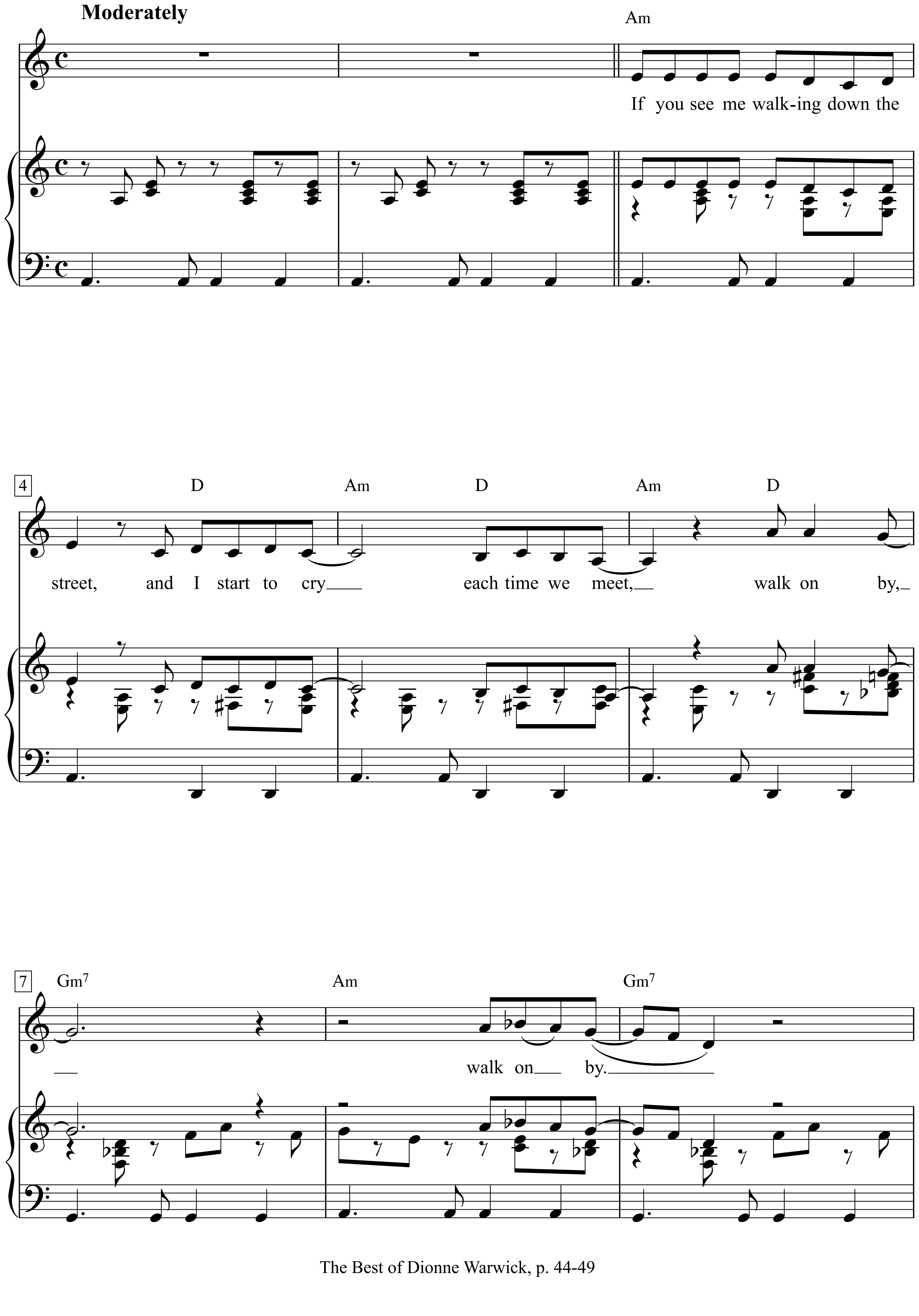

61
D
A/C♯
I'm go - ing home,
that's where the hurt
64
E7(omit3)
D
is.
And I know it aches, and your
67
A
E7
heart, lt breaks.
You can on - ly take so much.
Walk on.
70
Em7
G
D

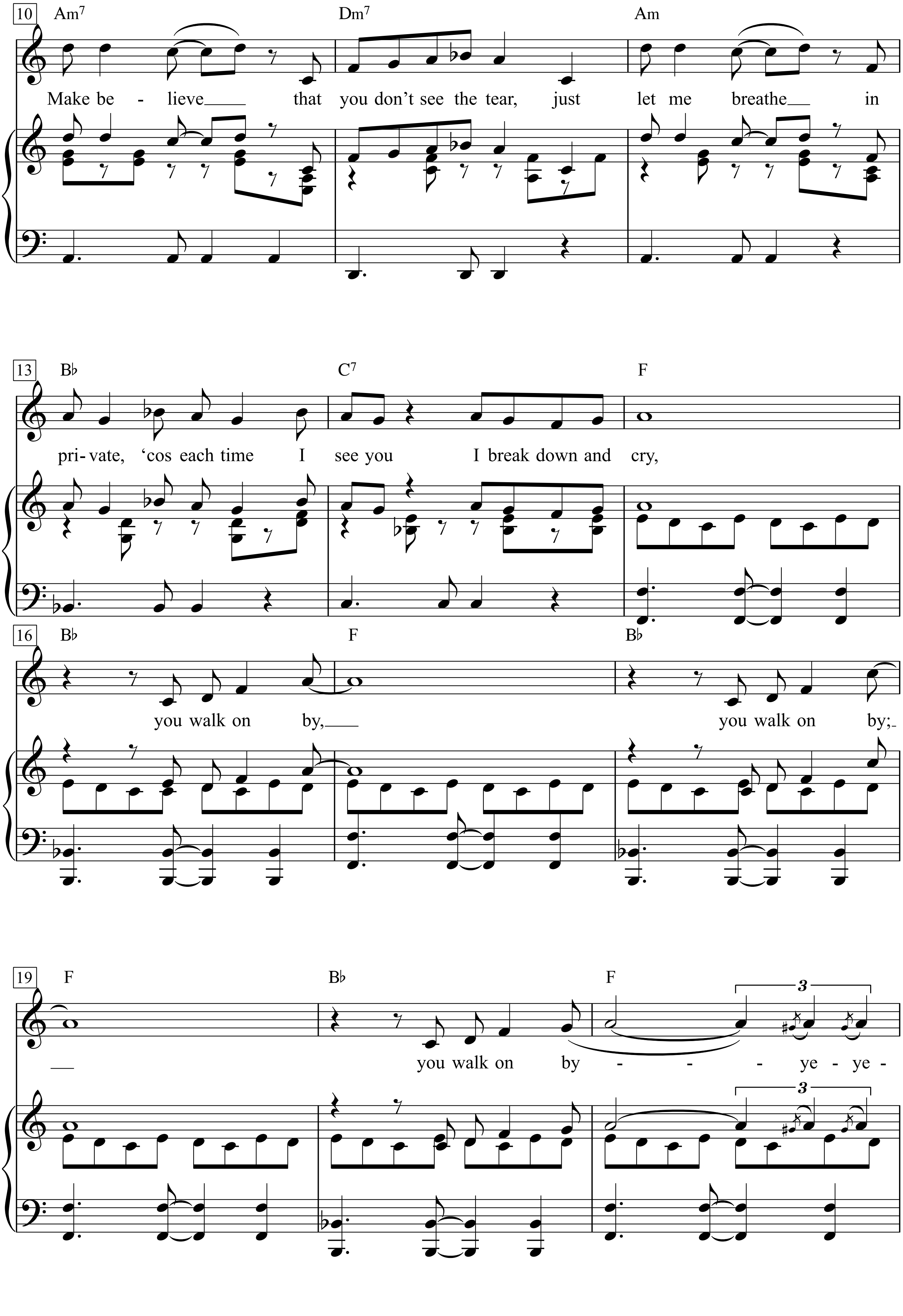

73
A
Em7
G
Leave lt be - hind,
you've got to leave it be- hind.
76
D
A
Em7
All that you fash - ion,
all that you make,
79
G
D
all tat you build,
all that you break.
All that you meas -
all that you can
leave be - hind.

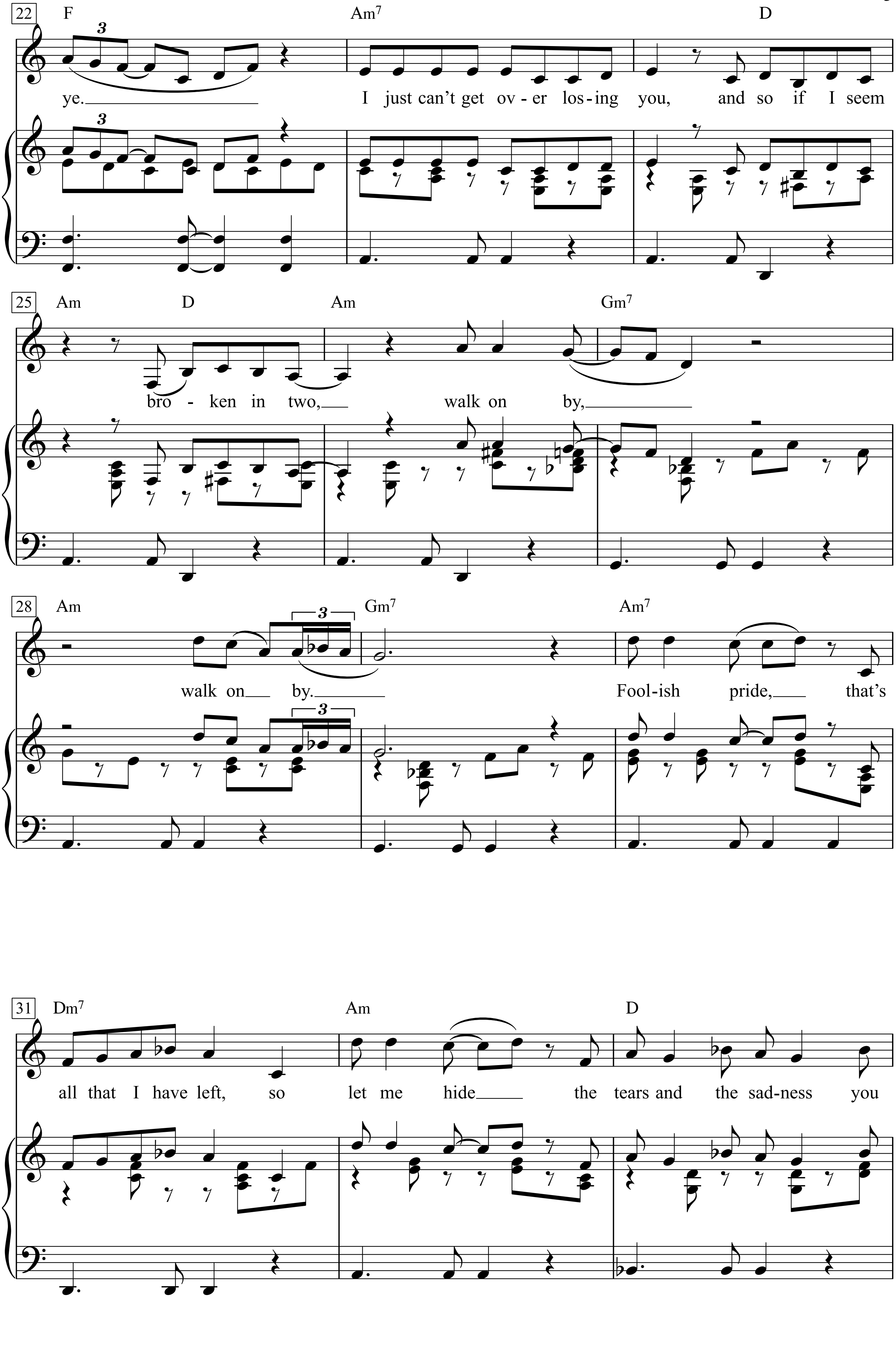
Walk On By

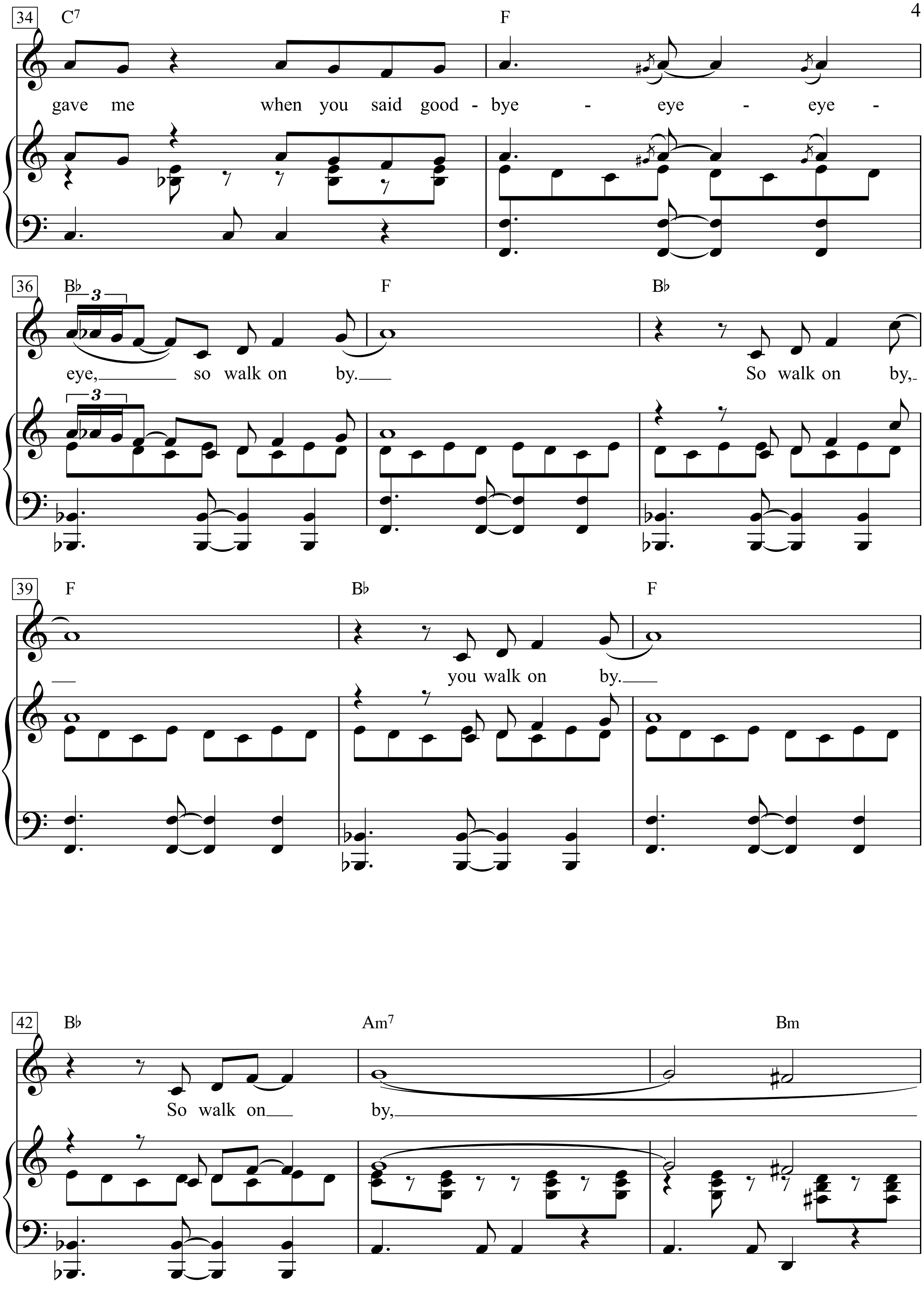
Words by Hal David

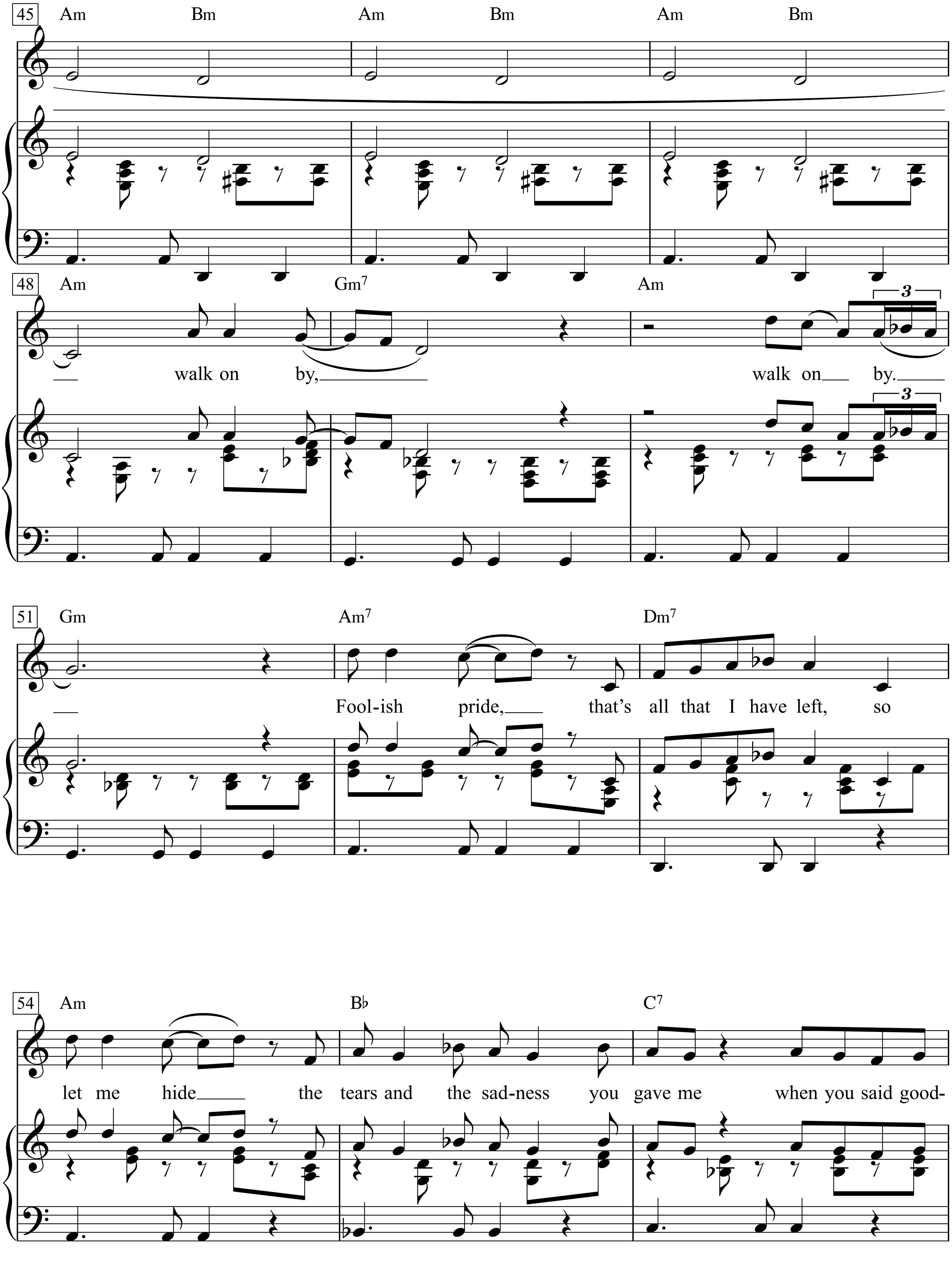
Music by Burt Bacharach
(Dionne Warwick)

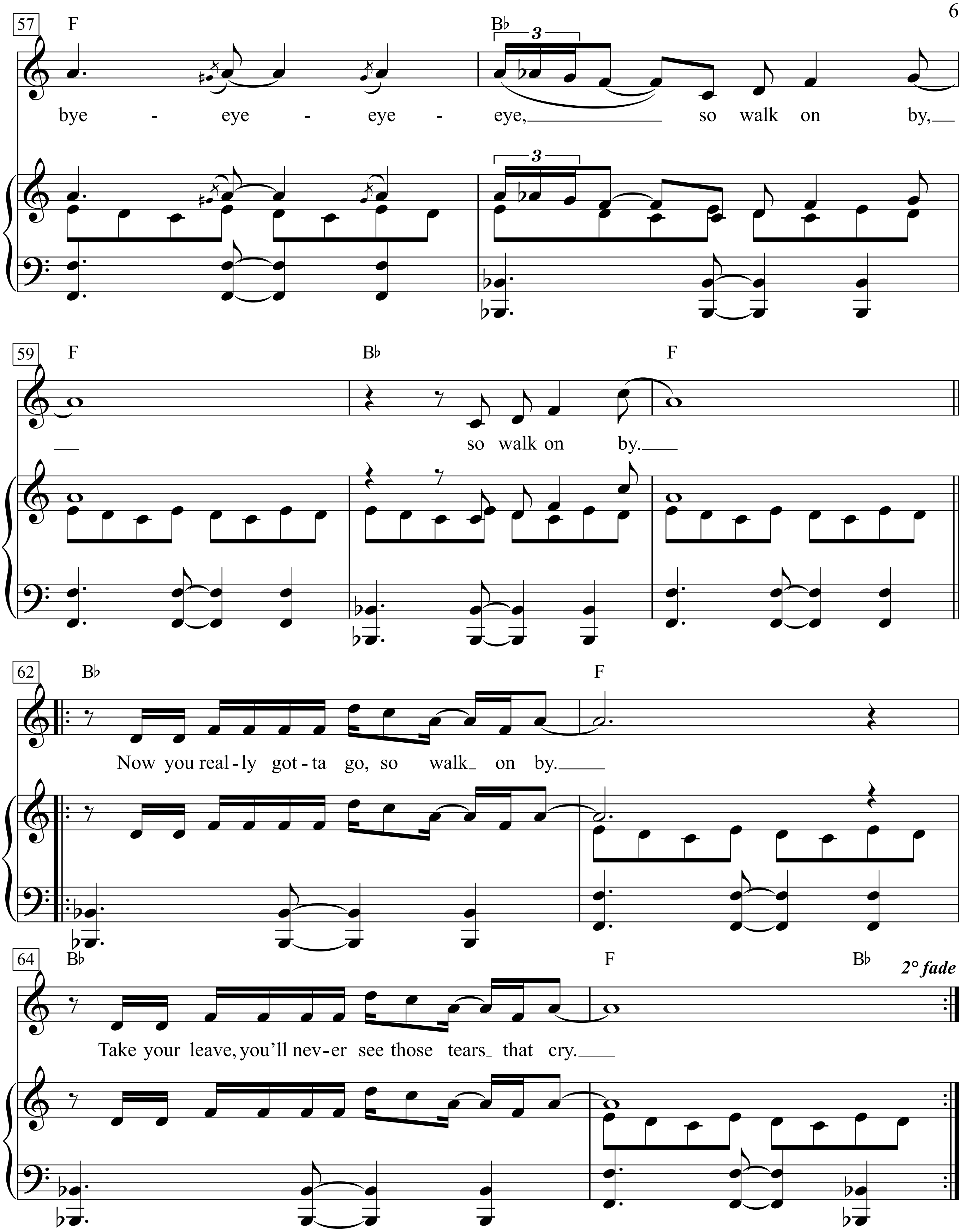



10
Am7
Dm7
Am
Make be - lieve that you don’t see the tear, just let me breathe in
13
B♭
C7
F
pri- vate, ‘cos each time I see you I break down and cry,
16
B♭
F
B♭
you walk on by,
you walk on by;
19
F
B♭
F
3
you walk on by - - - ye - ye -
3


22
F
Am7
D
ye.
I just can't get ov - er los - ing you, and so if I seem
25
Am
D
Am
Gm7
bro - ken in two,
walk on by,
28
Am
Gm7
Am7
walk on by.
Fool - ish pride, that's
31
Dm7
Am
D
all that I have left, so let me hide the tears and the sad - ness you


34
C7
F
gave me when you said good - bye - eye - eye -
3
36
B♭
F
B♭
eye, so walk on by. So walk on by,
39
F
B♭
F
you walk on by.
42
B♭
Am7
Bm
So walk on by,

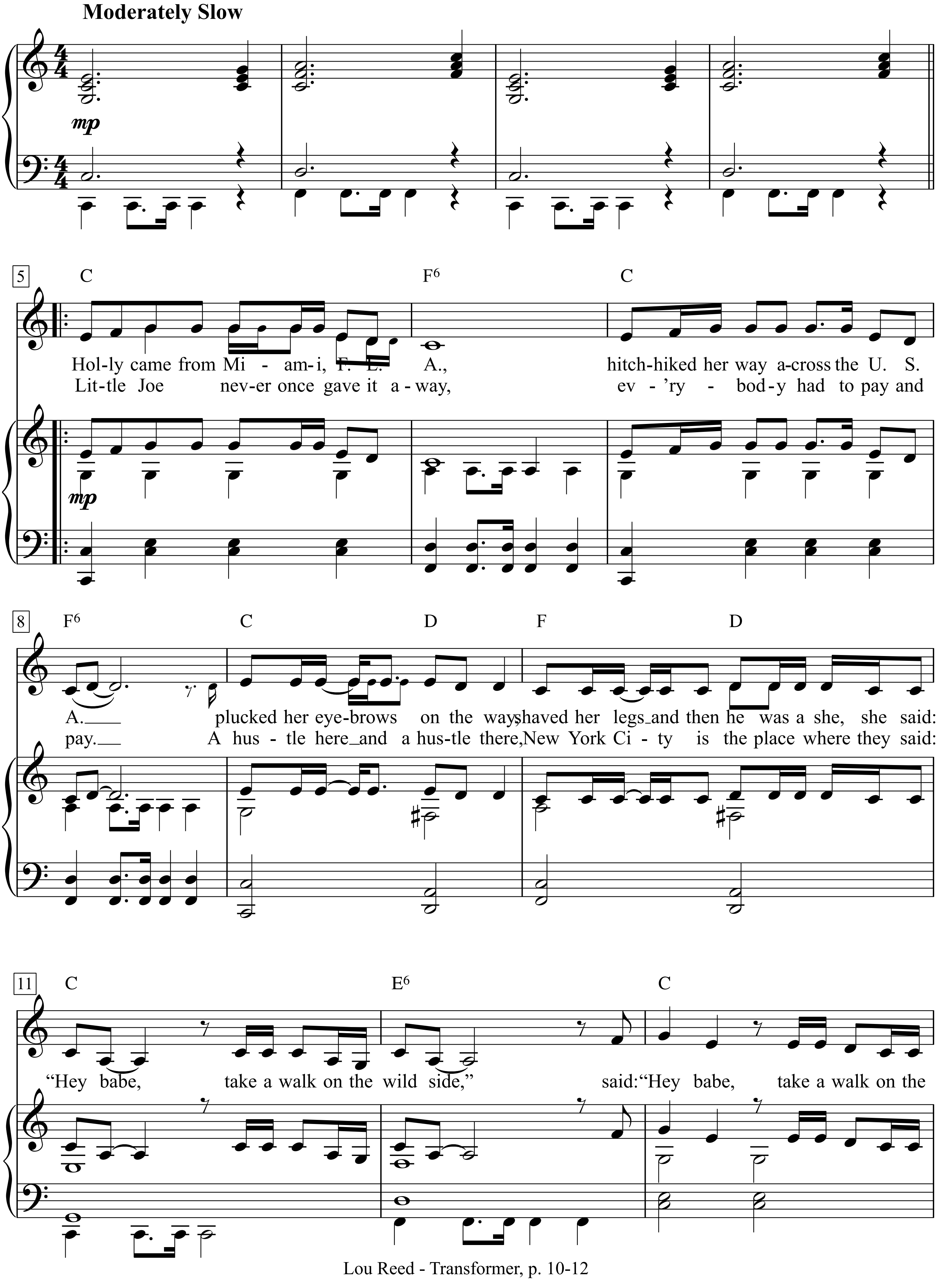

45
Am Bm Am Bm Am Bm
48
Am Gm7 Am
walk on by,
walk on by.
51
Gm Am7 Dm7
Fool-ish pride, that's all that I have left, so
54
Am B♭ C7
let me hide the tears and the sad-ness you gave me when you said good-

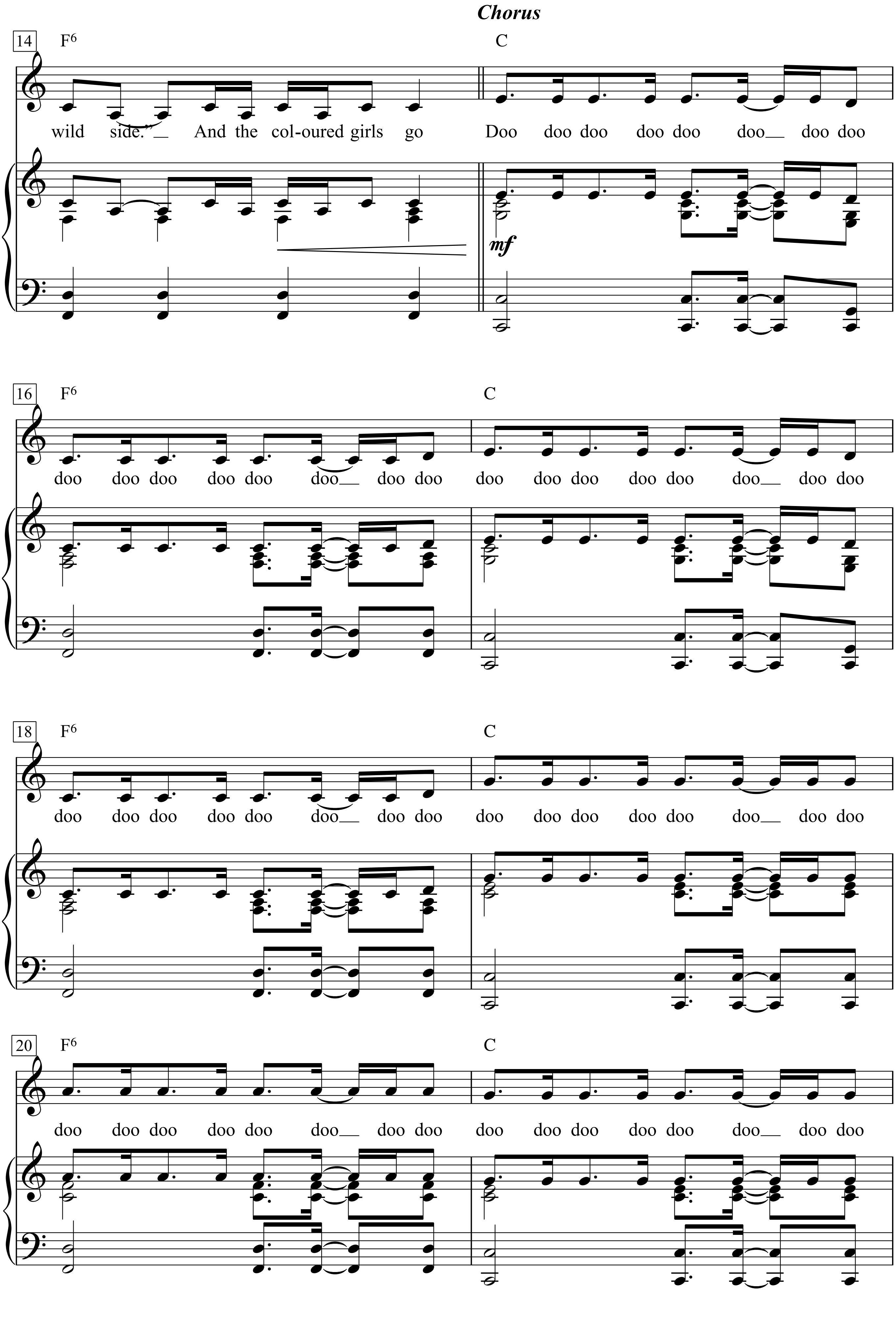

57
F
B♭
bye - eye - eye - eye, so walk on by,
59
F
B♭
F
so walk on by.
62
B♭
F
Now you real-ly got-ta go, so walk on by.
64
B♭
F
B♭
2° fade
Take your leave, you'll nev-er see those tears that cry.

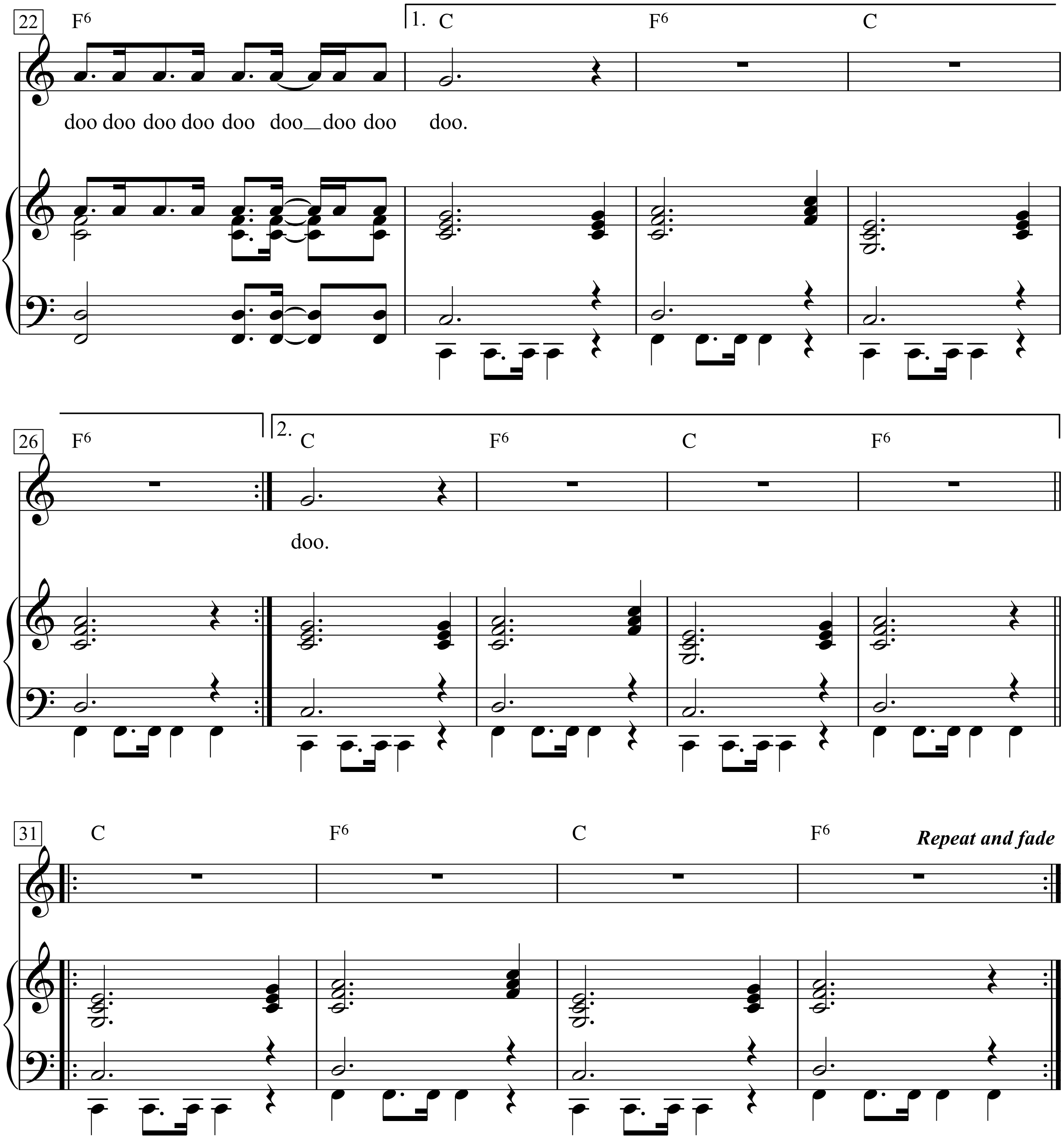
If you see me walking down the street,
and I start to cry each time we meet,
walk on by, walk on by.
Make believe that you don't see the tear,
just let me breathe in private, 'cos each time
I see you I break down and cry,
you walk on by, you walk on by; you walk on by-ye-ye-ye.
I just can't get over losing you,
and so if I seem broken in two,
walk on by, walk on by.
Foolish pride, that's all that I have left,
so let me hide the tears and the sadness
you gave me when you said goodbye-eye-eye-eye,
so walk on by.
So walk on by, you walk on by.
So walk on by, walk on by, walk on by.
Foolish pride, that's all that I have left,
so let me hide the tears and the sadness
you gave me when you said goodbye-eye-eye-eye,
so walk on by, so walk on by.
Now you really gotta go, so walk on by.
Take your leave, you'll never see those tears that cry.

Walk On the Wild Side

Words & Music by Lou Reed
(Lou Reed)




Chorus
14
F6
C
wild side." And the col-oured girls go
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
mf
16
F6
C
doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
18
F6
C
doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
20
F6
C
doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo


22
F6
1.
C
F6
C
doo doo doo doo doo doo_doo doo
doo.
26
F6
2.
C
F6
C
F6
doo.
31
C
F6
C
F6
Repeat and fade

1. Holly came from Miami, F. L. A.,
hitchhiked her way across the U. S. A.
plucked her eyebrows on the way,
shaved her legs and then he was a she, she said:
“Hey babe, take a walk on the wild side,§
said: “Hey babe, take a walk on the wild side.”
And the coloured girls go
Chorus:
Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo
doo doo doo doo doo. doo.

2. Little Joe never once gave it away,
ev’rybody had to pay and pay.
A hustle here and a hustle there,
New York City is the place where they said:
‘Hey babe, take a walk on the wild side,
hey, hey babe, take a walk on the wild side.
And the coloured girls go
Chorus:

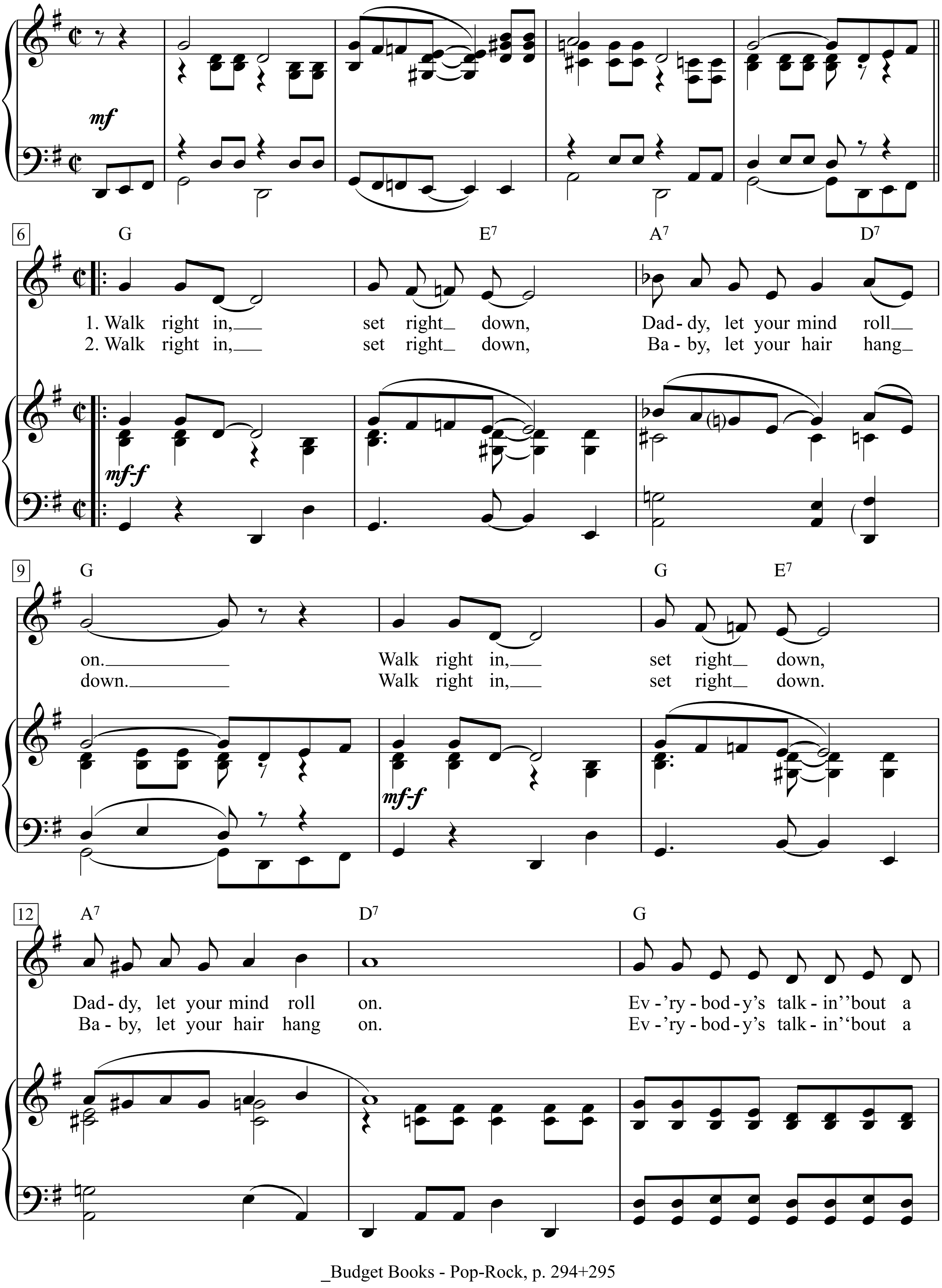
3. Sugar Plum Fairy came and hit the streets
Lookin’ for soul food and a place to eat.
Went to the Apollo
You should have seen him go go go
They said, ‘Hey Sugar, take a walk on the wild side,
I said, hey babe, take a walk on the wild side.’
And the colored girls say:
Chorus:

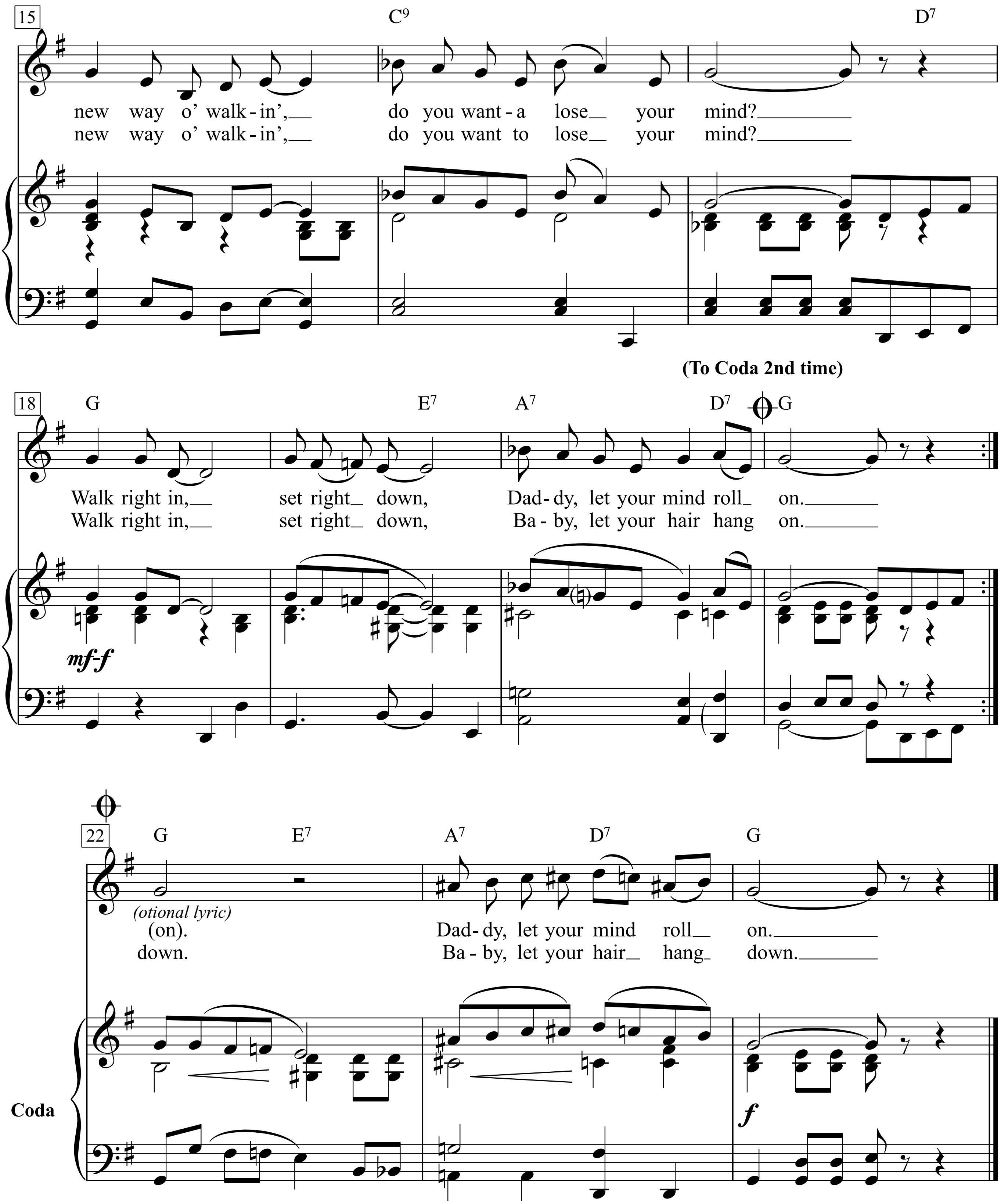
4. Jackie is just speeding away
Thought she was James Dean for a day.
Then I guess she had to crash,
Valium would have helped that bash.
She said, ’Hey babe, take a walk on the wild side.
Said, hey honey, take a walk on the wild side.“
And the colored girls say:
Chorus:

Walk Right In

Words & Music by
Gus Cannon, Hosea Woods
(The Rooftop Singers)

Slowly with strong beat




15
C9
D7
new way o' walk-in', do you want-a lose your mind?
new way o' walk-in', do you want to lose your mind?
(To Coda 2nd time)
18
G
E7
A7
D7
G
Walk right in, set right down, Dad-dy, let your mind roll on.
Walk right in, set right down, Ba-by, let your hair hang on.
mf-f
22
G
E7
A7
D7
G
(otional lyric)
(on). Dad-dy, let your mind roll on.
down. Ba-by, let your hair hang down.
Coda
f

1. Walk right in, set right down,
Daddy, let your mind roll on.
Walk right in, set right down,
Daddy, let your mind roll on.
Ev'rybody's talkin'
'bout a new way o' walkin',
do you wanta lose your mind?
Walk right in, set right down,
Daddy, let your mind roll on.

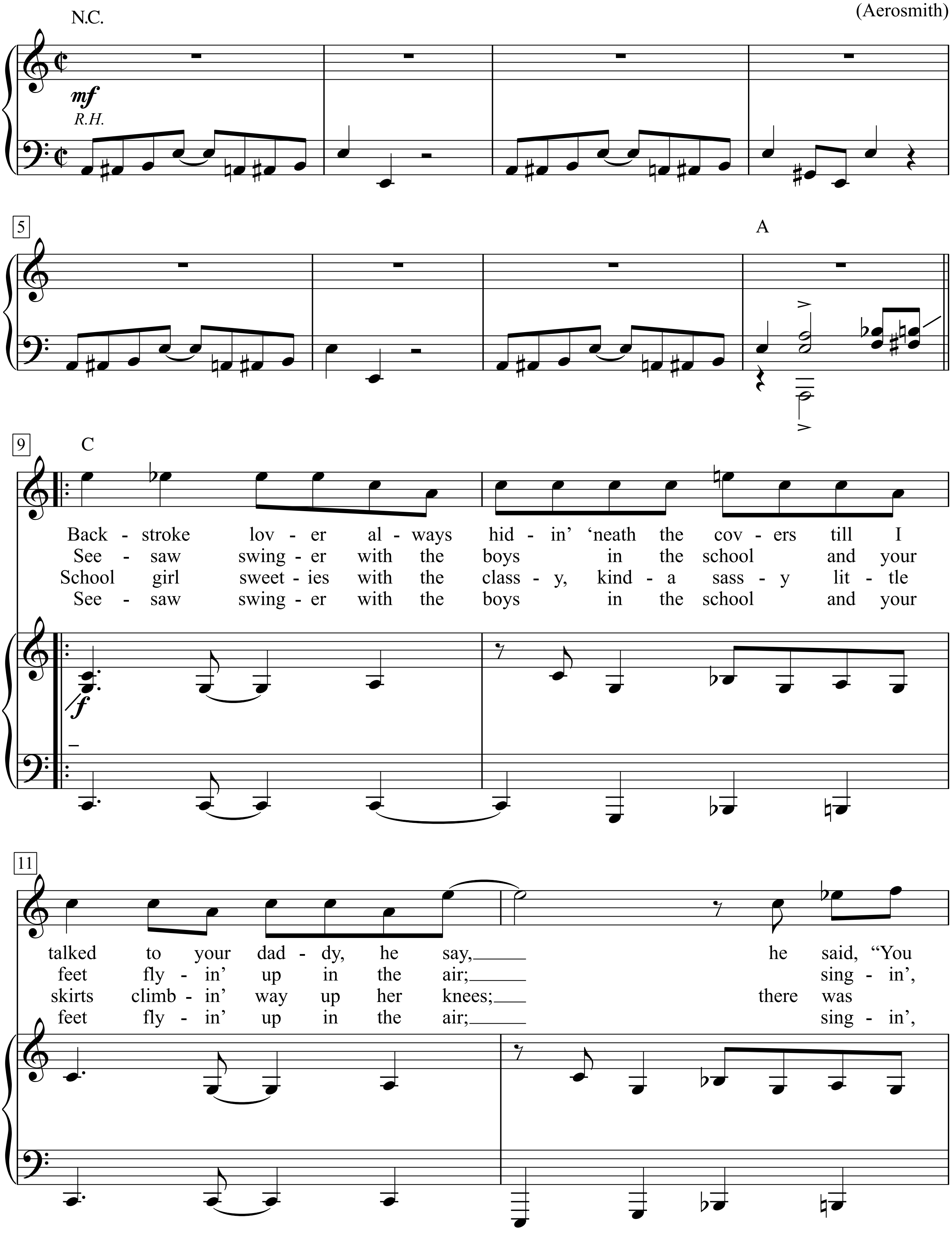
2. Walk right in, set right down,
Baby, let your hair hang down.
Walk right in, set right down.
Baby, let your hair hang on.
Ev'rybody's talkin'
'bout a new way o' walkin'.
do you want to lose your mind?
Walk right in, set right down,
Baby, let your hair hang on.

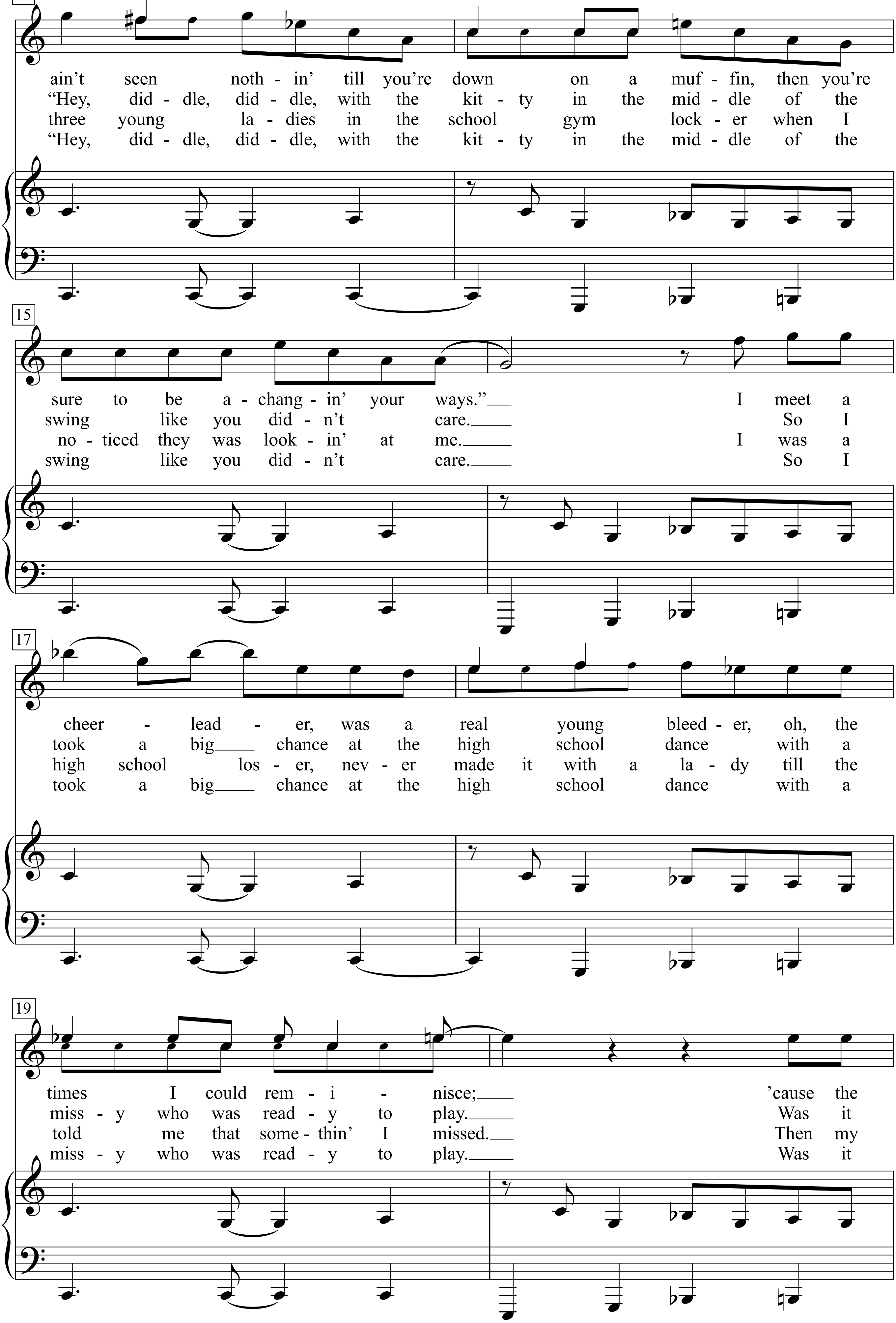
Baby, let your hair hang down.

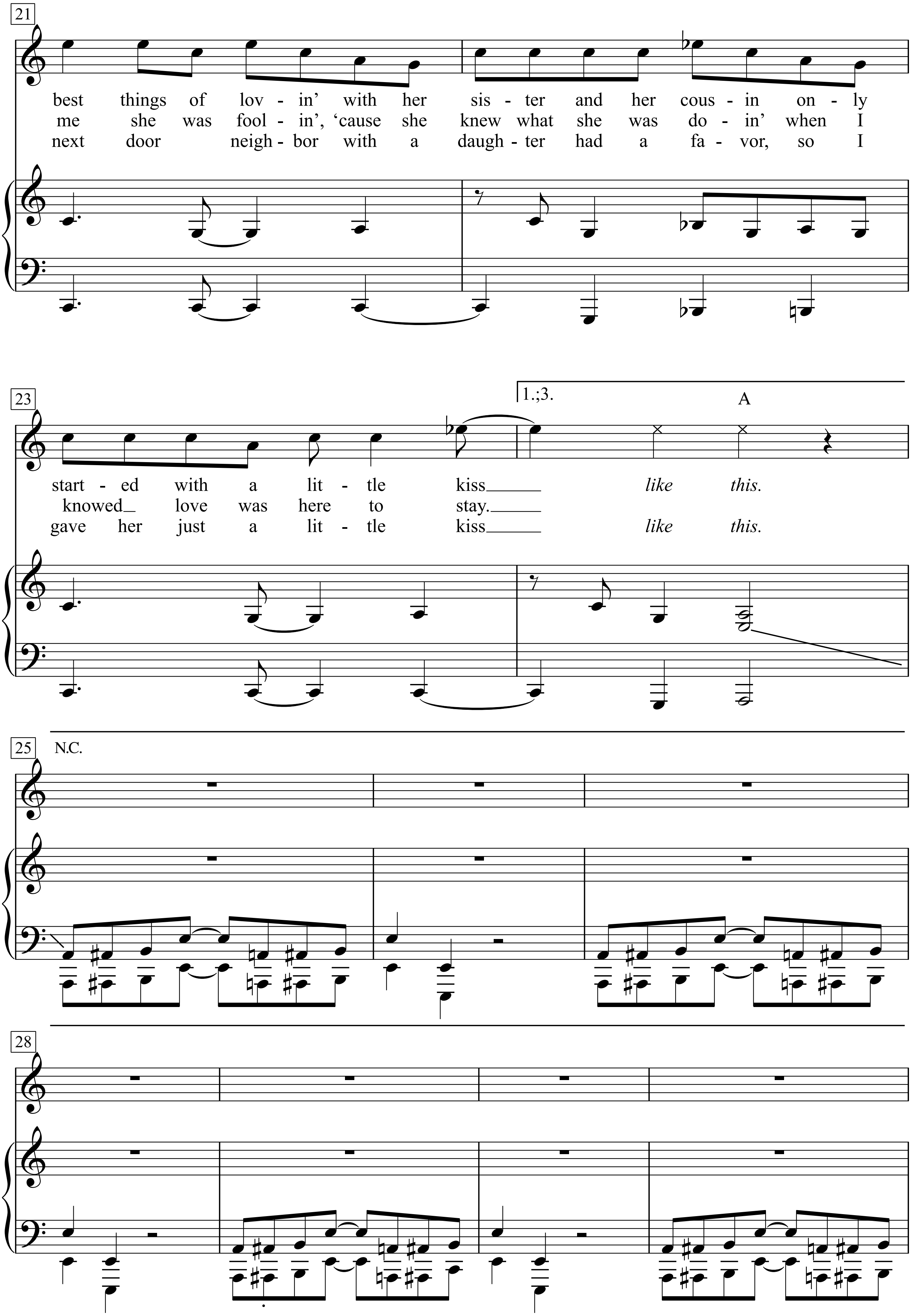
Walk This Way

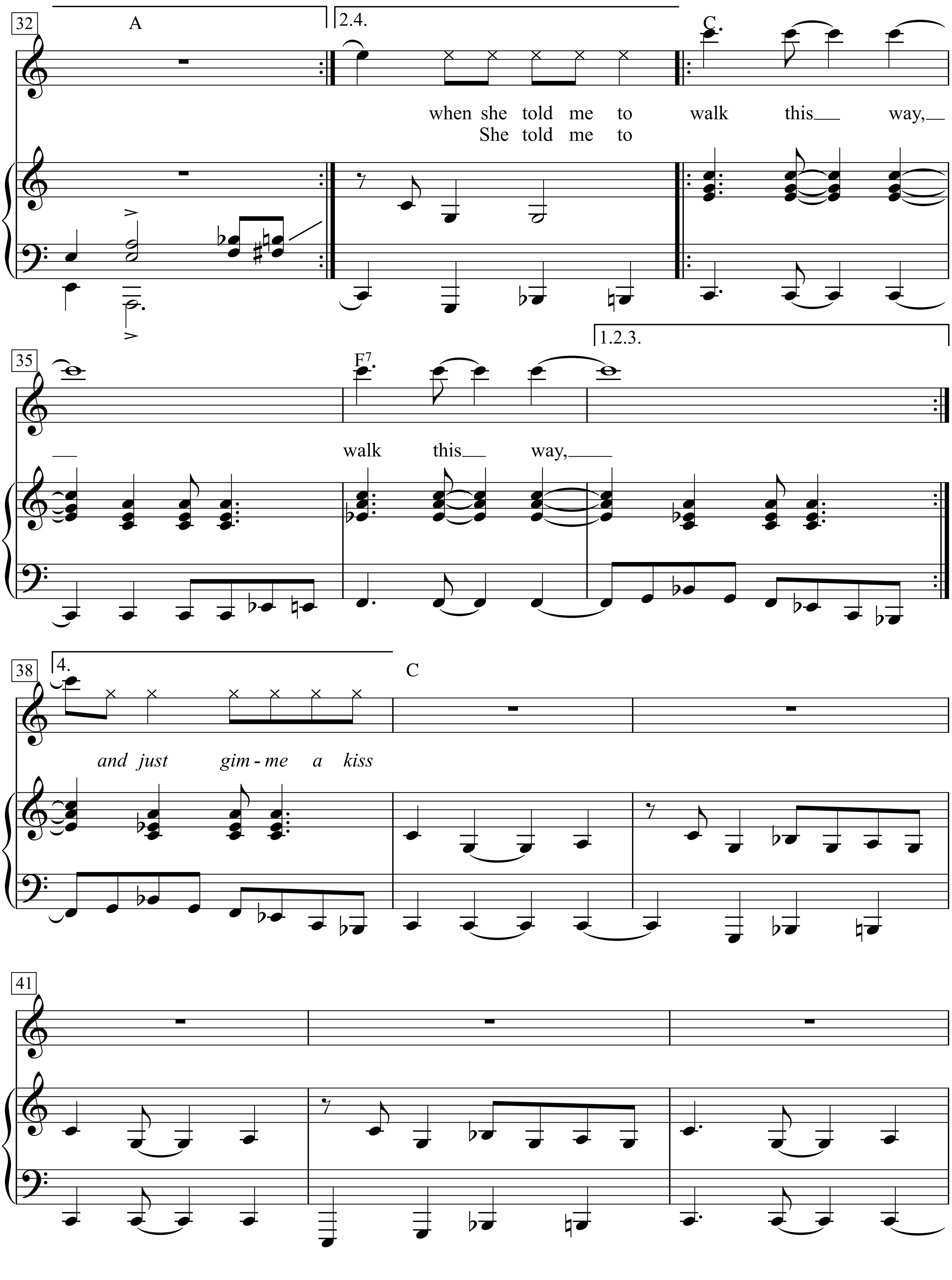
Words & Music by
Steven Tyler and Joe Perry
(Aerosmith)

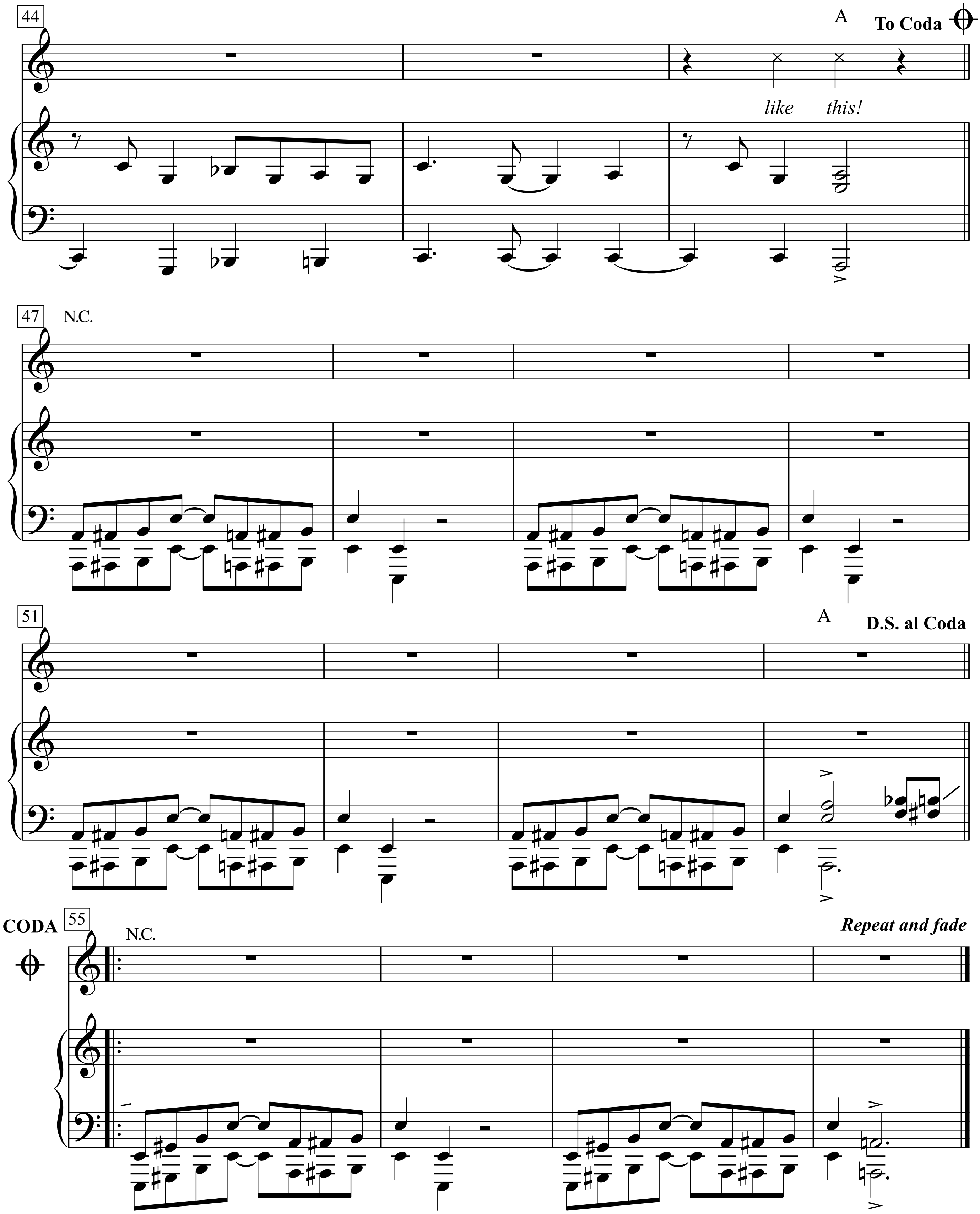
Moderately, in 2




13
ain't seen noth - in' till you're down on a muf - fin, then you're
"Hey, did - dle, did - dle, with the kit - ty in the mid - dle of the
three young la - dies in the school gym lock - er when I
"Hey, did - dle, did - dle, with the kit - ty in the mid - dle of the
15
sure to be a - chang - in' your ways." I meet a
swing like you did - n't care. So I
no - ticed they was look - in' at me. I was a
swing like you did - n't care. So I
17
cheer - lead - er, was a real young bleed - er, oh, the
took a big chance at the high school dance with a
high school los - er, nev - er made it with a la - dy till the
took a big chance at the high school dance with a
19
times I could rem - i - nisce; 'cause the
miss - y who was read - y to play. Was it
told me that some - thin' I missed. Then my
miss - y who was read - y to play. Was it


21
best things of lov - in' with her sis - ter and her cous - in on - ly
me she was fool - in', 'cause she knew what she was do - in' when I
next door neigh - bor with a daugh - ter had a fa - vor, so I
23
1.;3.
A
start - ed with a lit - tle kiss like this.
knowed love was here to stay.
gave her just a lit - tle kiss like this.
25
N.C.
28


32
A
2.4.
when she told me to
She told me to
C
walk this way,
35
walk this way,
F7
1.2.3.
38
4.
and just gim - me a kiss
C
41


44
A
To Coda
like this!
47
N.C.
51
A
D.S. al Coda
CODA
55
N.C.
Repeat and fade

1. Backstroke lover always hidin' ‘neath the covers
till I talked to your daddy, he say, he said,
“You ain't seen nothin' till you're down on a muffin,
then you're sure to be a-changin' your ways.”
I meet a cheerleader, was a real young bleeder,
oh, the times I could reminisce; 'cause the best things of lovin'
with her sister and her cousin only started with a little kiss
like this.

2. Seesaw swinger with the boys in the school
and your feet flyin' up in the air; singin',
“Hey, diddle, diddle, with the kitty in the middle
of the swing like you didn't care.
So I took a big chance at the high school dance
with a missy who was ready to play.
Was it me she was foolin', ‘cause she knew
what she was doin' when I knowed love was here to stay.

3. School girl sweeties with the classy, kinda sassy
little skirts climbin' way up her knees;
there was three young ladies in the school gym locker
when I noticed they was lookin' at me.
I was a high school loser, never made it with a lady
till the boys told me somethin' I missed.
Then my next door neighbor
with a daughter had a favor,
so I gave her just a little kiss like this.

4. Seesaw swinger with the boys in the school
and your feet flyin' up in the air; singin',
“Hey, diddle, diddle, with the kitty in the middle
of the swing like you didn't care.
So I took a big chance at the high school dance
with a missy who was ready to play.

Was it

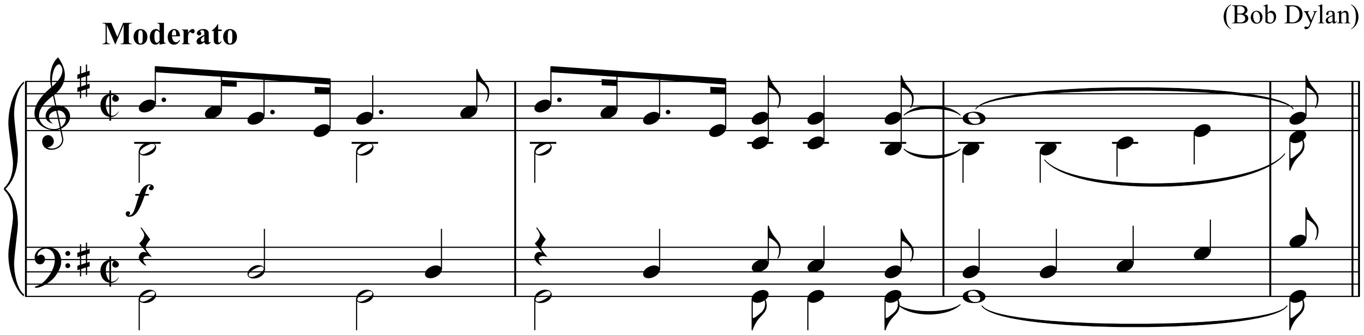
2. when she told me to walk this way,
walk this way,

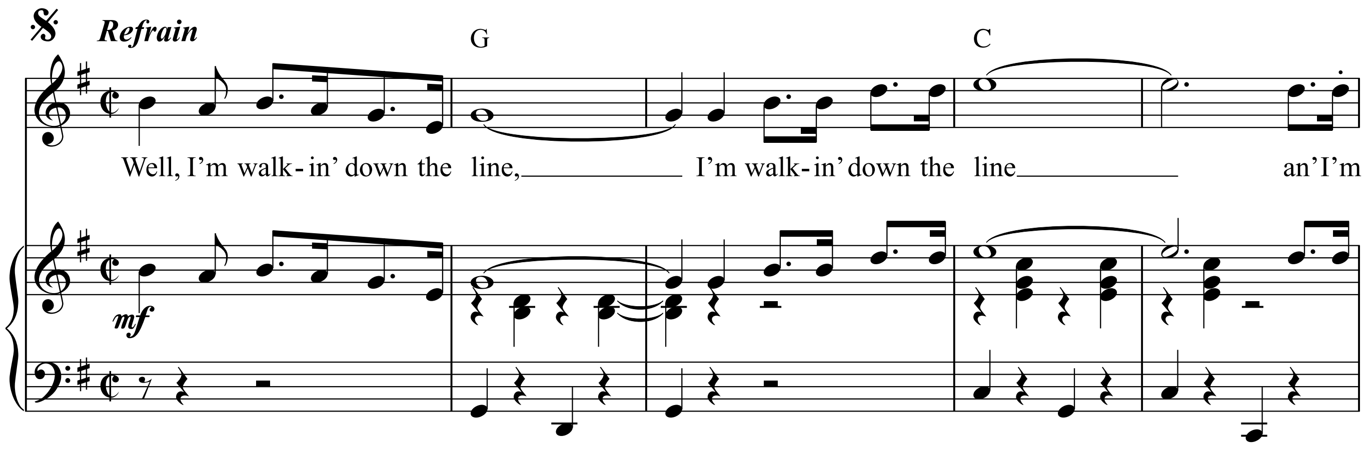
4. and just gimme a kiss like this!

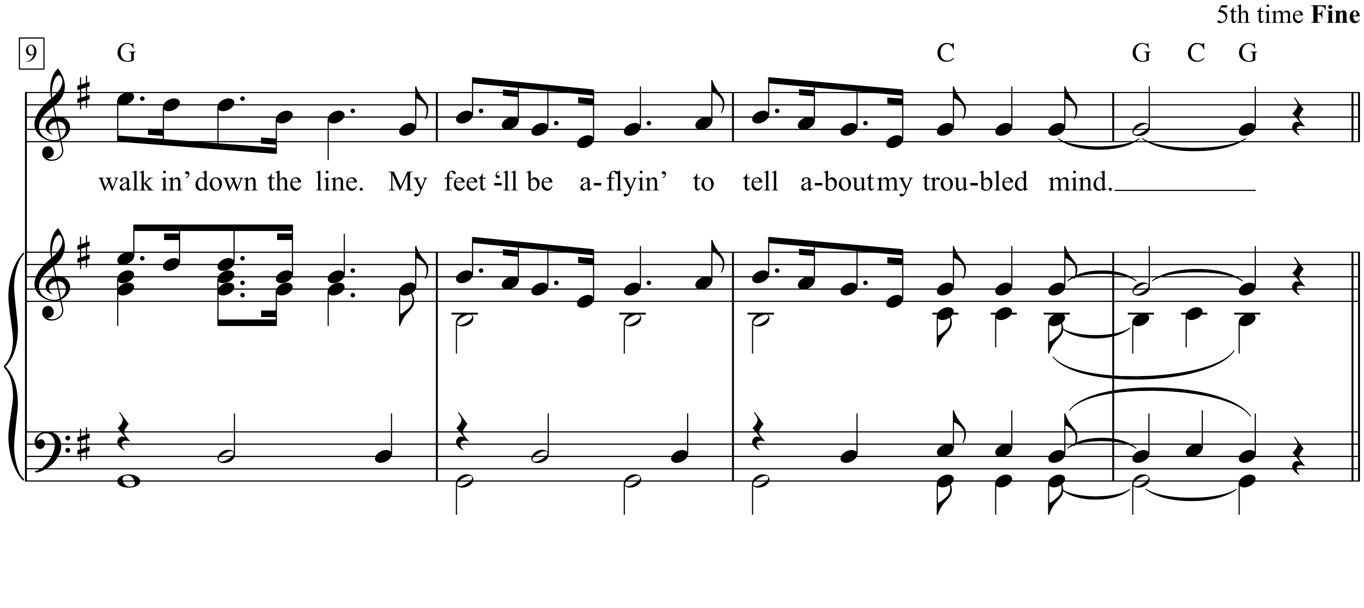
4. She told me to walk this way,
walk this way,

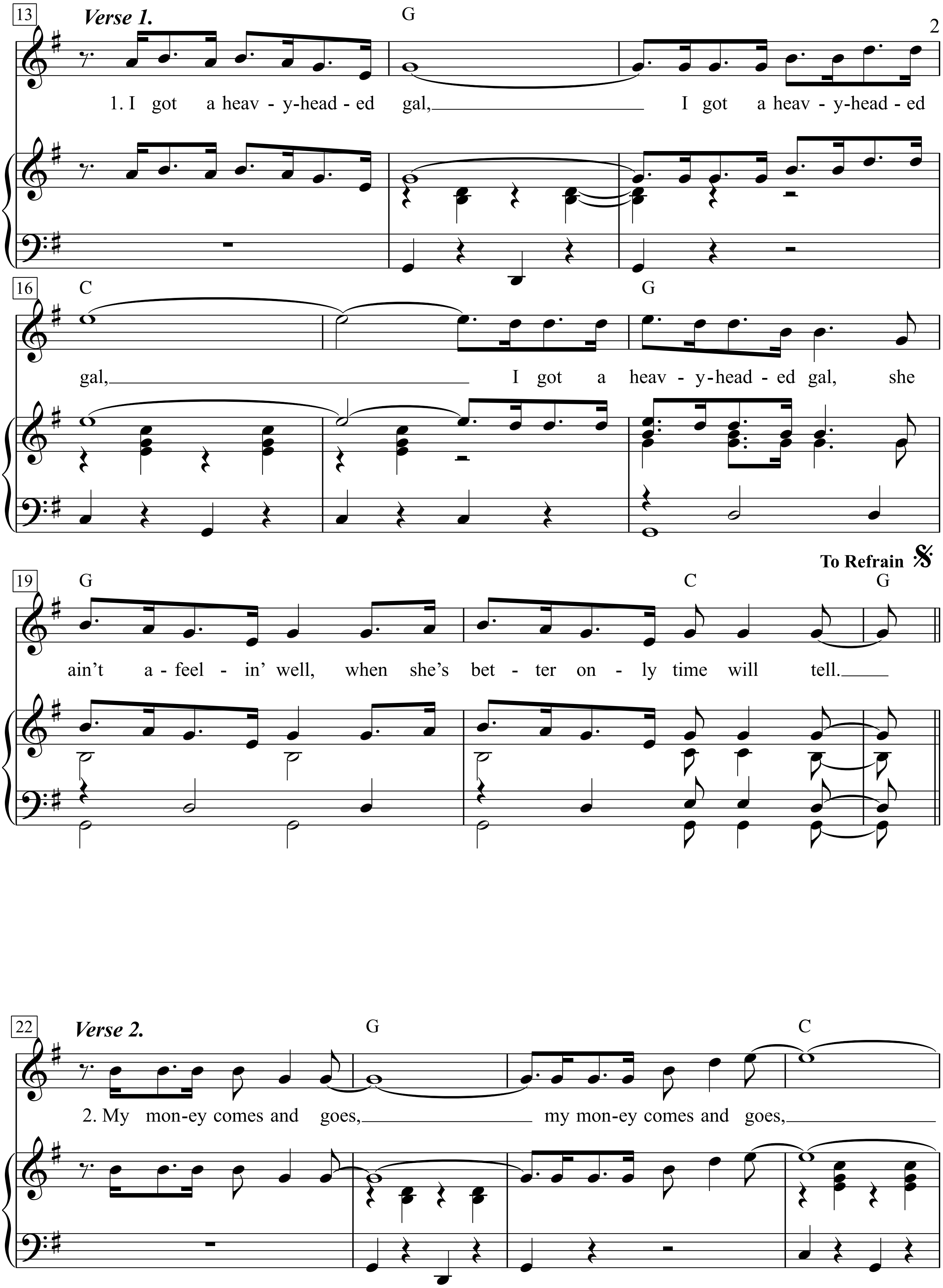
Walkin' Down The Line

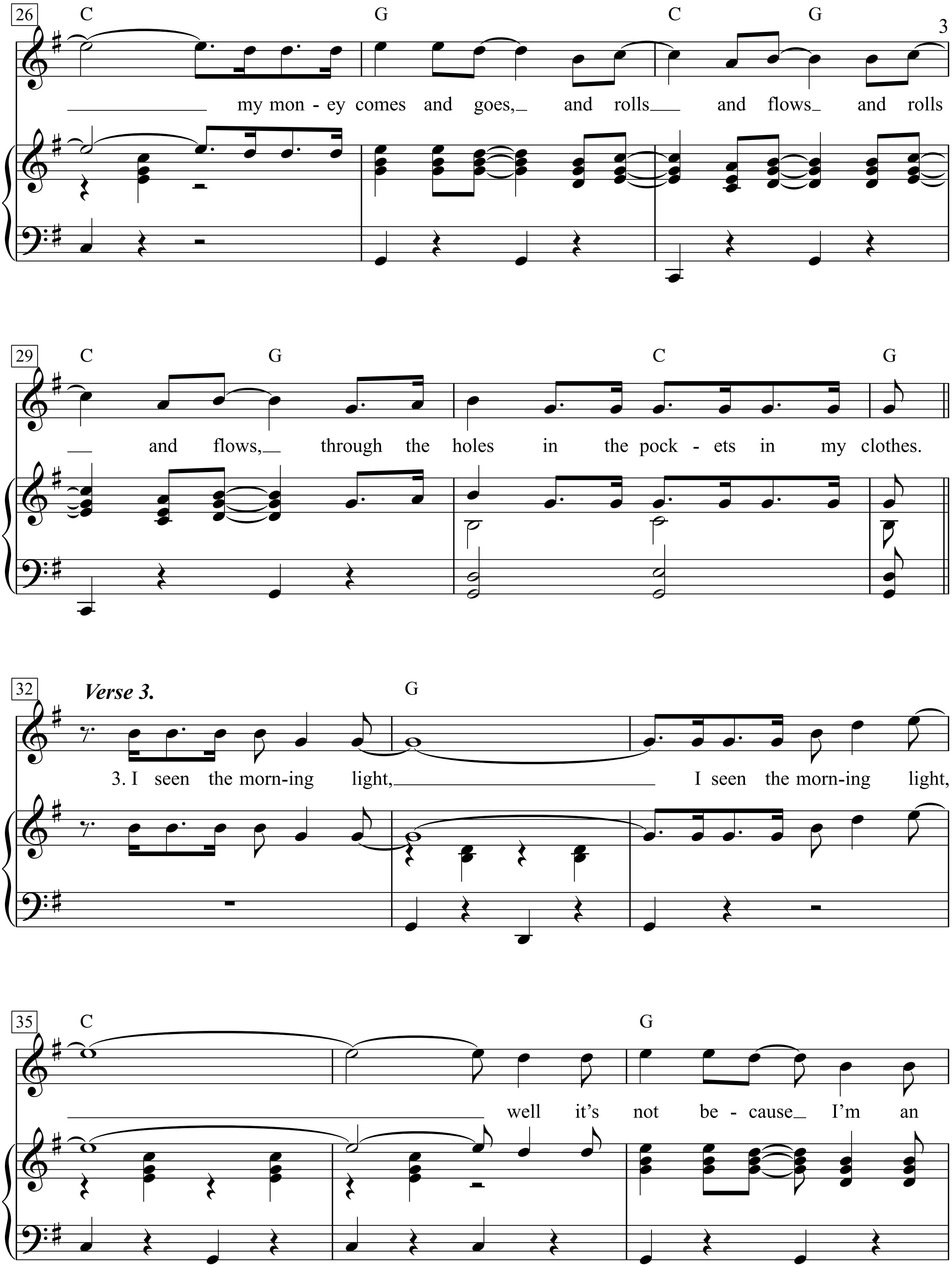
Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)

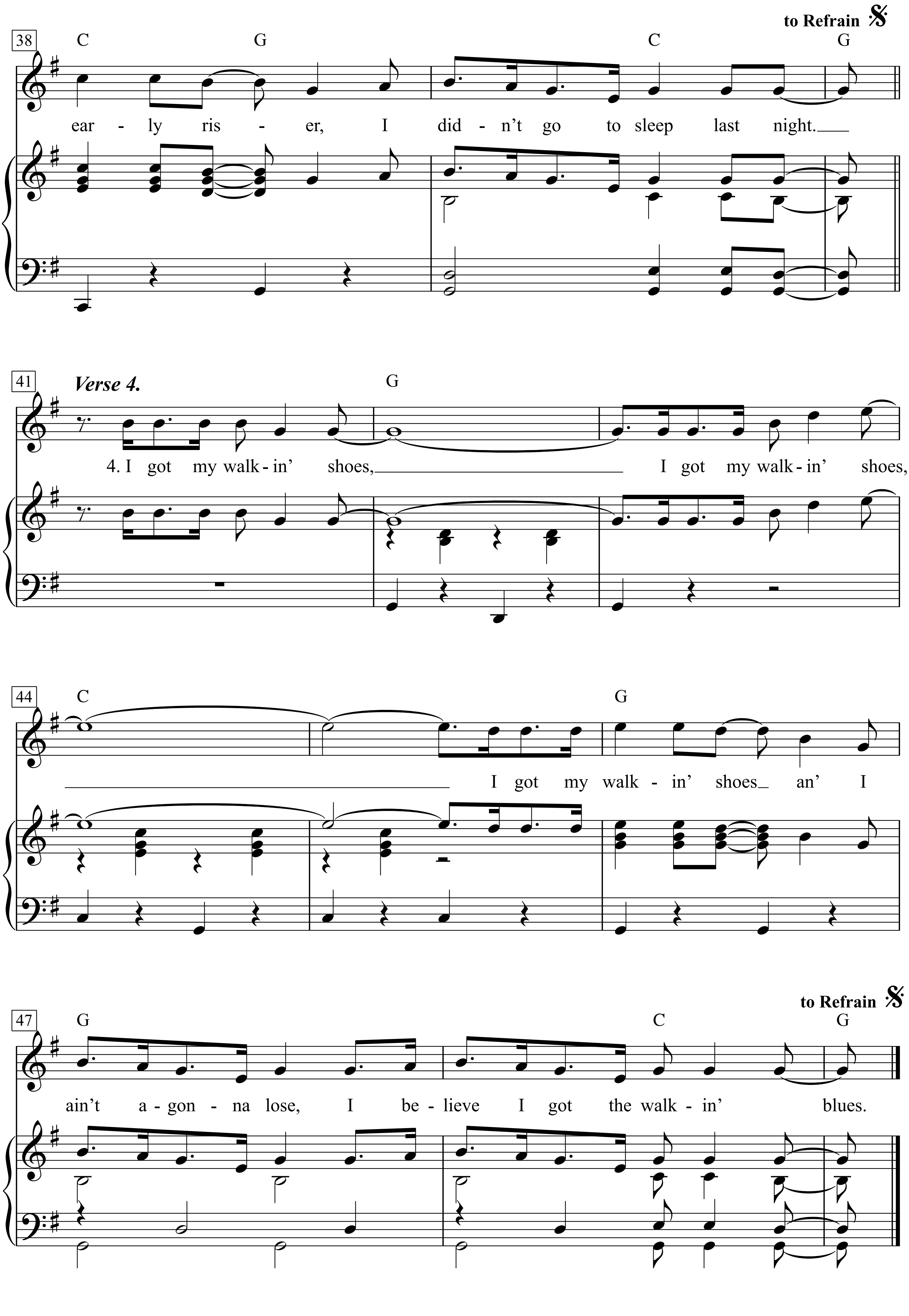







13
Verse 1.
G
1. I got a heav - y-head - ed gal, I got a heav - y-head - ed
16
C
G
gal, I got a heav - y-head - ed gal, she
19
G
To Refrain
C
G
ain't a - feel - in' well, when she's bet - ter on - ly time will tell.
22
Verse 2.
G
C
2. My mon-ey comes and goes, my mon-ey comes and goes,


26
C G C G
my mon - ey comes and goes,_ and rolls_ and flows_ and rolls
29
C G C G
_ and flows,_ through the holes in the pock - ets in my clothes.
32
Verse 3.
G
3. I seen the morn-ing light,_ I seen the morn-ing light,
35
C G
_ well it's not be - cause_ I'm an


to Refrain
38
C G C G
ear - ly ris - er, I did - n't go to sleep last night.
41
Verse 4.
G
4. I got my walk - in' shoes, I got my walk - in' shoes,
44
C G
I got my walk - in' shoes an' I
to Refrain
47
G C G
ain't a - gon - na lose, I be - lieve I got the walk - in' blues.

Refrain:
Well, I’m walkin’ down the line,
I’m walkin’ down the line
An’ I’m walkin’ down the line.
My feet ‘ll be a-flyin’
To tell about my troubled mind.

I got a heavy-headed gal,
I got a heavy-headed gal,
I got a heavy-headed gal,
She ain’t a feelin’ well,
When she’s better only time will tell.

Refrain:

My money comes and goes,
My money comes and goes,
My money comes and goes,
And rolls and flows and rolls and flows,
Through the holes in the pockets in my clothes.

Refrain:

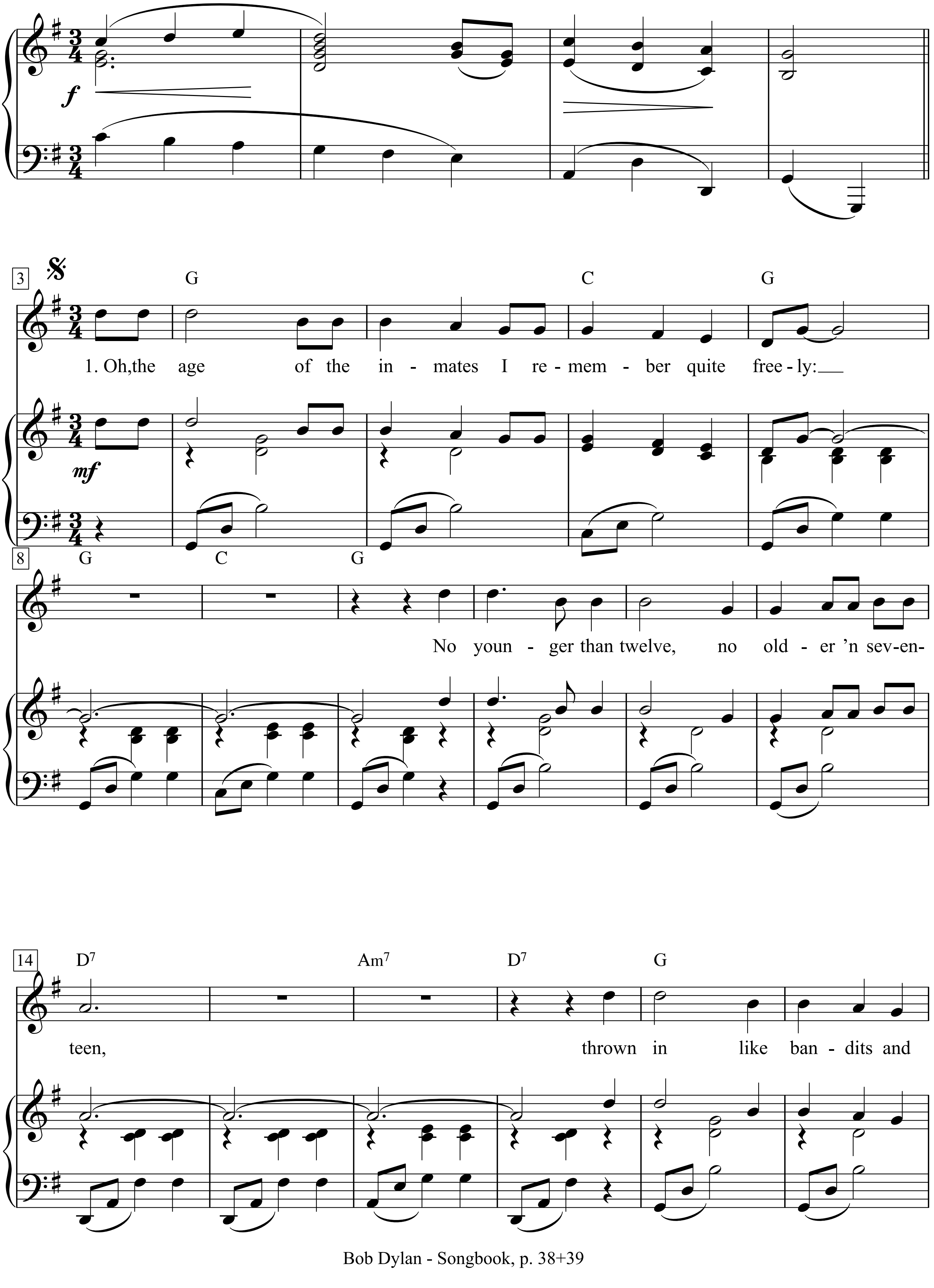
I seen the morning light,
I seen the morning light,
Well it’s not because
I’m an early riser,
I didn’t go to sleep last night.

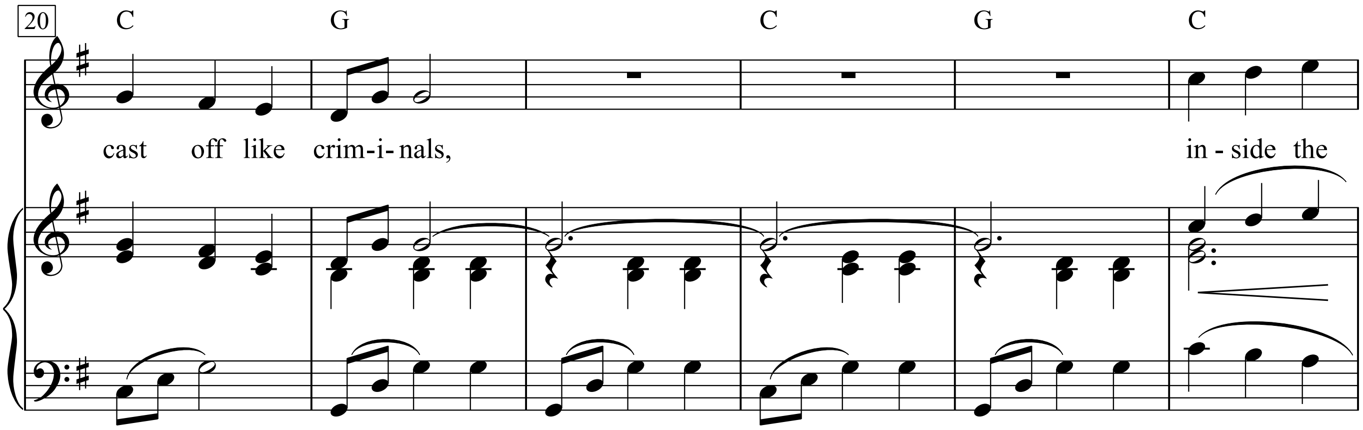
I got my walkin’ shoes,
I got my walkin’ shoes,
I got my walkin’ shoes
An’ I ain’t a-gonna lose,
I believe I got the walkin’ blues.

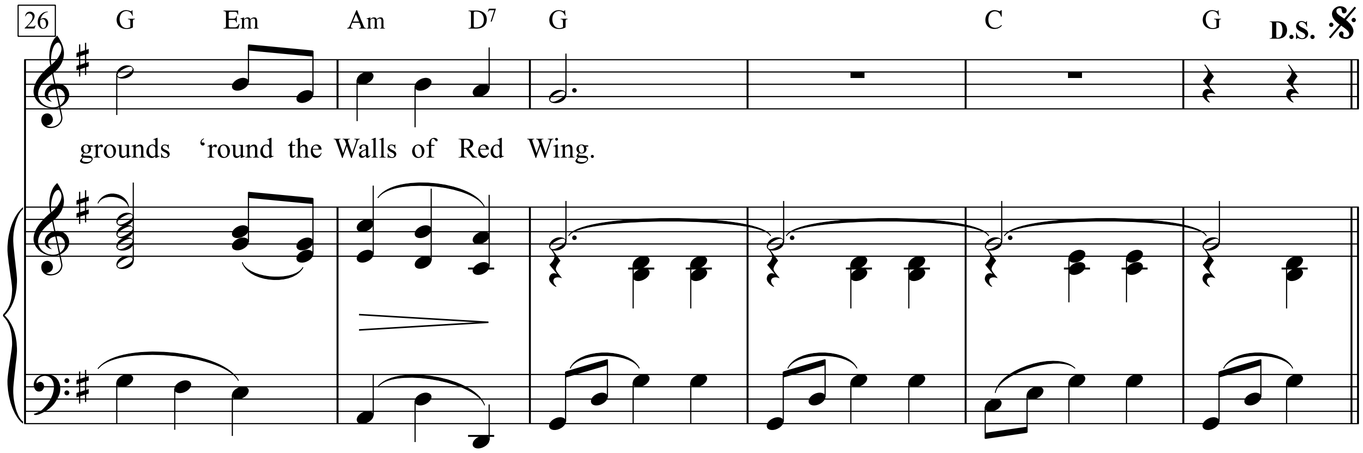
Walls Of Red Wing

Moderato, smoothly

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




20
C G C G C
cast off like crim-i-nals, in-side the


26
G Em Am D7 G C G
D.S.
grounds 'round the Walls of Red Wing.

1. Oh, the age of the inmates
I remember quite freely:
No younger than twelve,
No older ‘n seventeen,
Thrown in like bandits
And cast off like criminals,
Inside the grounds
‘Round the Walls
Of Red Wing.

2. From the dirty old mess hall
You march to the brick wall,
Too weary to talk
And too tired to sing,
Oh it‘s all afternoon
You remember your home town,
Inside the grounds
‘Round the Walls of Red Wing.

3. Oh,the gates are cast iron
And the walls are barbed wire,
Stay far from the fence
With the ’lectricity sting
And it‘s keep down your head
And stay in your number,
On the inside grounds
‘Round the Walls of Red Wing.

4. Oh, it’s fare thee well
To the deep hollow dungeon,
Farewell to the boardwalk
That takes you to the screen
And farewell to the minutes
They threaten you with it,
Inside the grounds
‘Round the Walls of Red Wing.

5. It’s many a guard
That stands around smilin‘,
Holdin’ his club
Like he was a king,
Hopin’ to get you
Behind a wood pilin’,
Inside the grounds
’Round the Walls of Red Wing.

6. The night aimed shadows
Through the crossbar windows
And the wind punched hard
To make the wall siding sing,
It’s many a night
I pretended to be a sleepin‘,
On the inside grounds
’Round the Walls of Red Wing.

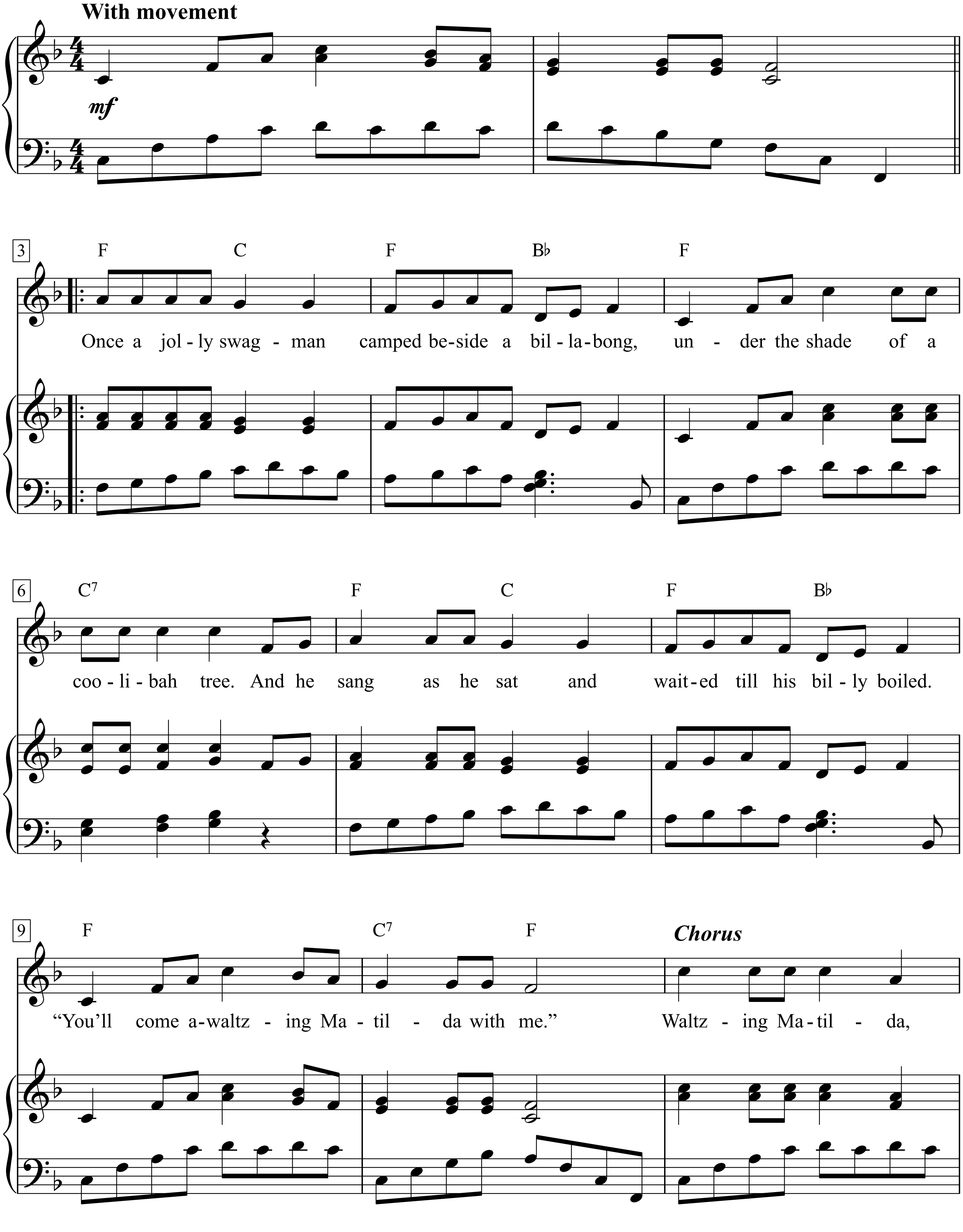
7. As the rain rattled heavy
On the bunk house shingles
And the sounds in the night
They made my ears ring,
’Til the keys of the guards
Clicked the tune of the morning,
On the inside grounds
‘Round the Walls of Red Wing.

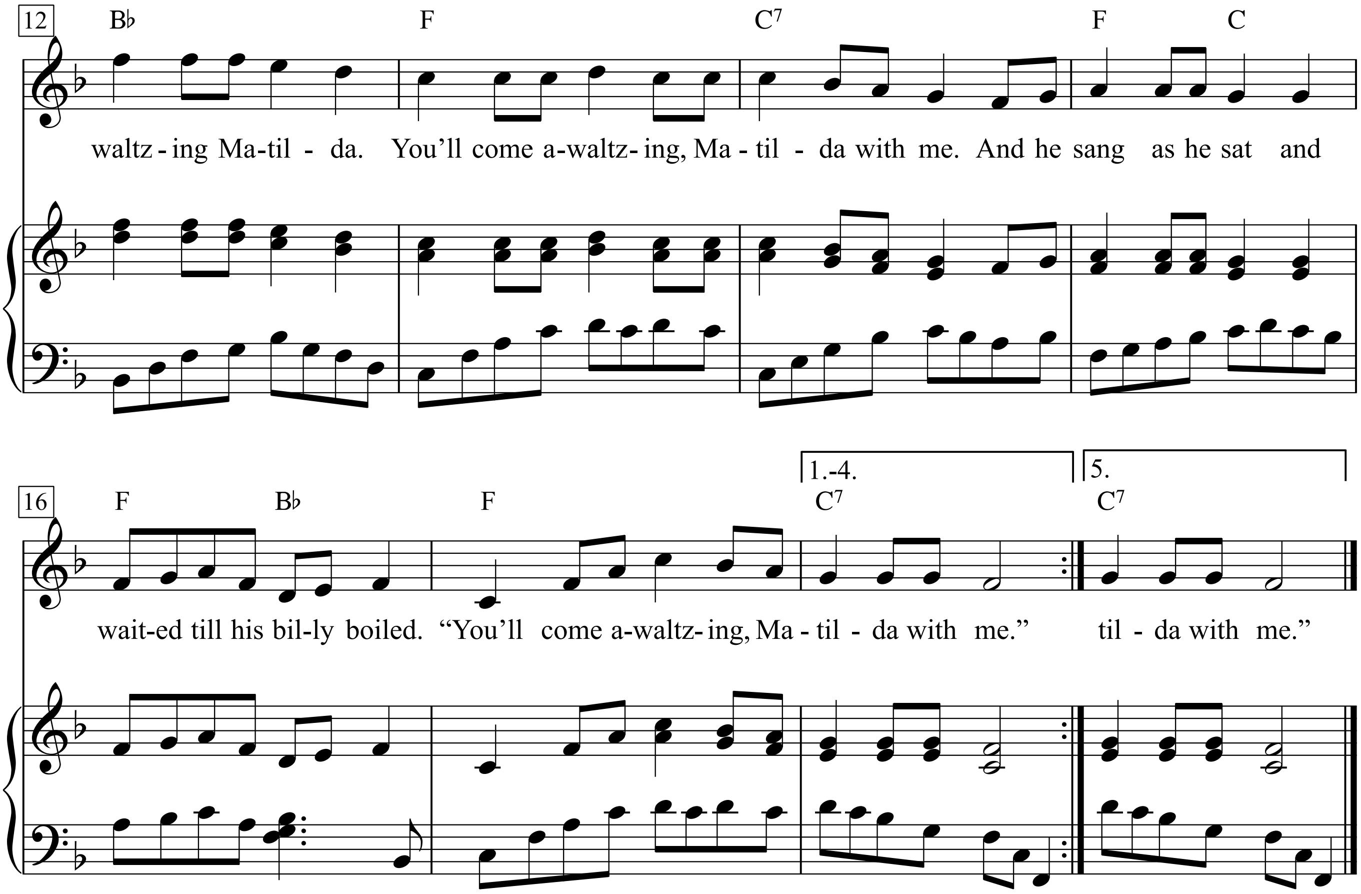
8. Oh, some of us’ll end up
In St. Cloud Prison
And some of us‘ll
Wind up to be lawyers and things,
And some of us’ll stand up to
Meet you on your crossroads,
From inside the grounds
’Round the Walls of Red Wing.

Waltzing Matilda

Words by Andrew Barton Paterson

Music by Marie Cowan





1. Once a jolly swagman camped beside a billabong
Under the shade of a coollbah tree,
And he sang as he sat and waited while his billy boiled,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."
Chorus:
Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda.
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda with me.
And he sang as he sat and waited till his billy boiled.
'You'll come awaltzing, Matilda with me."

2. Down came a jumbuck to drink beside the billabong.
Up jumped the swagman and seized him with glee.
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tuckerbag,
'You''ll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Chorus:

3. Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred,
Down came the troopers, one, two, three,
'Where''s that jolly jumbuck you"ve got in your tuckerbag?
'You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Chorus:

4. Up jumped the swagman, right into the billabong,
'You''ll never catch me alive," said he.
And his ghost may be heard as you ride beside the billabong,
'You''ll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Chorus:

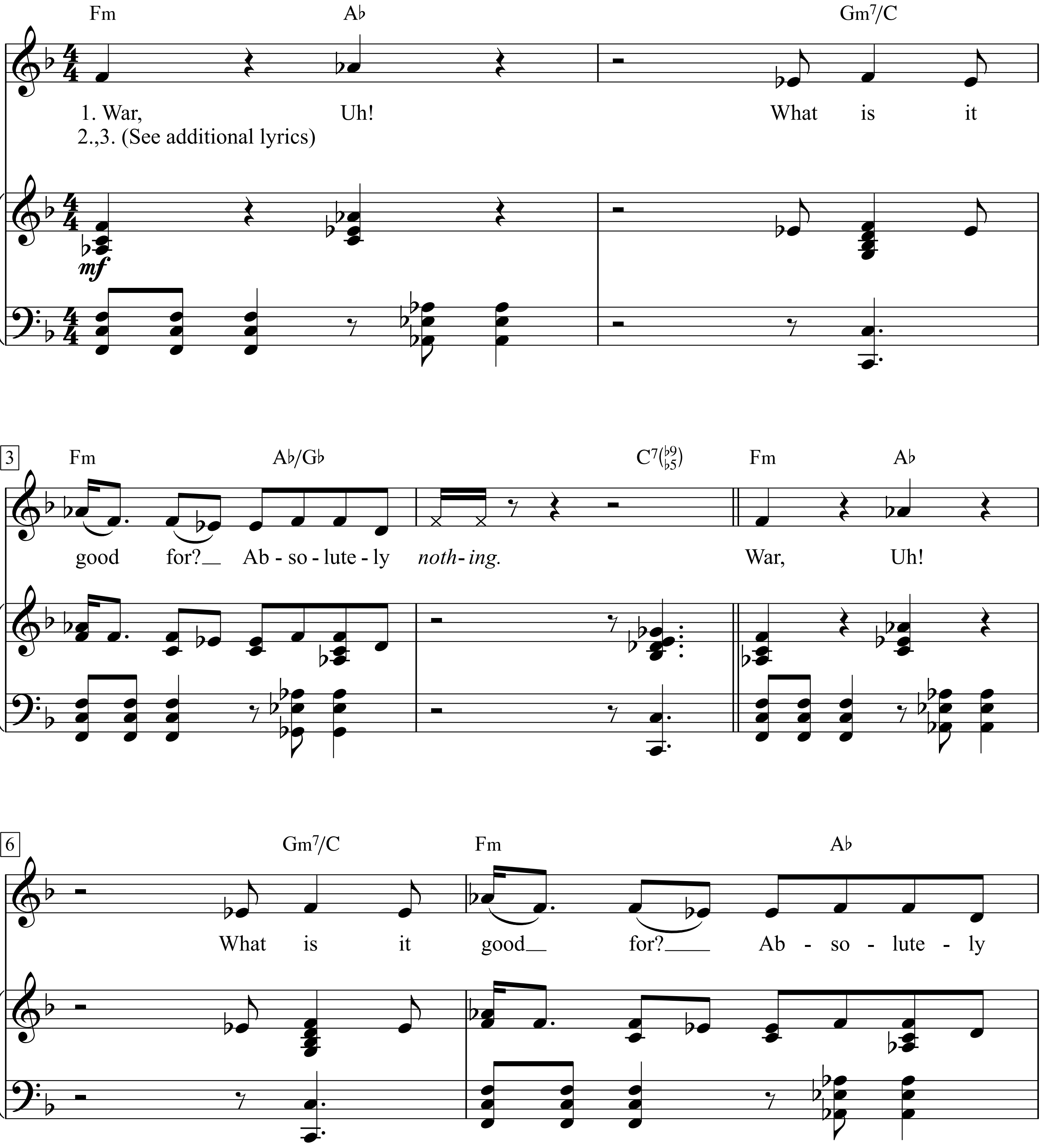
Definitions:

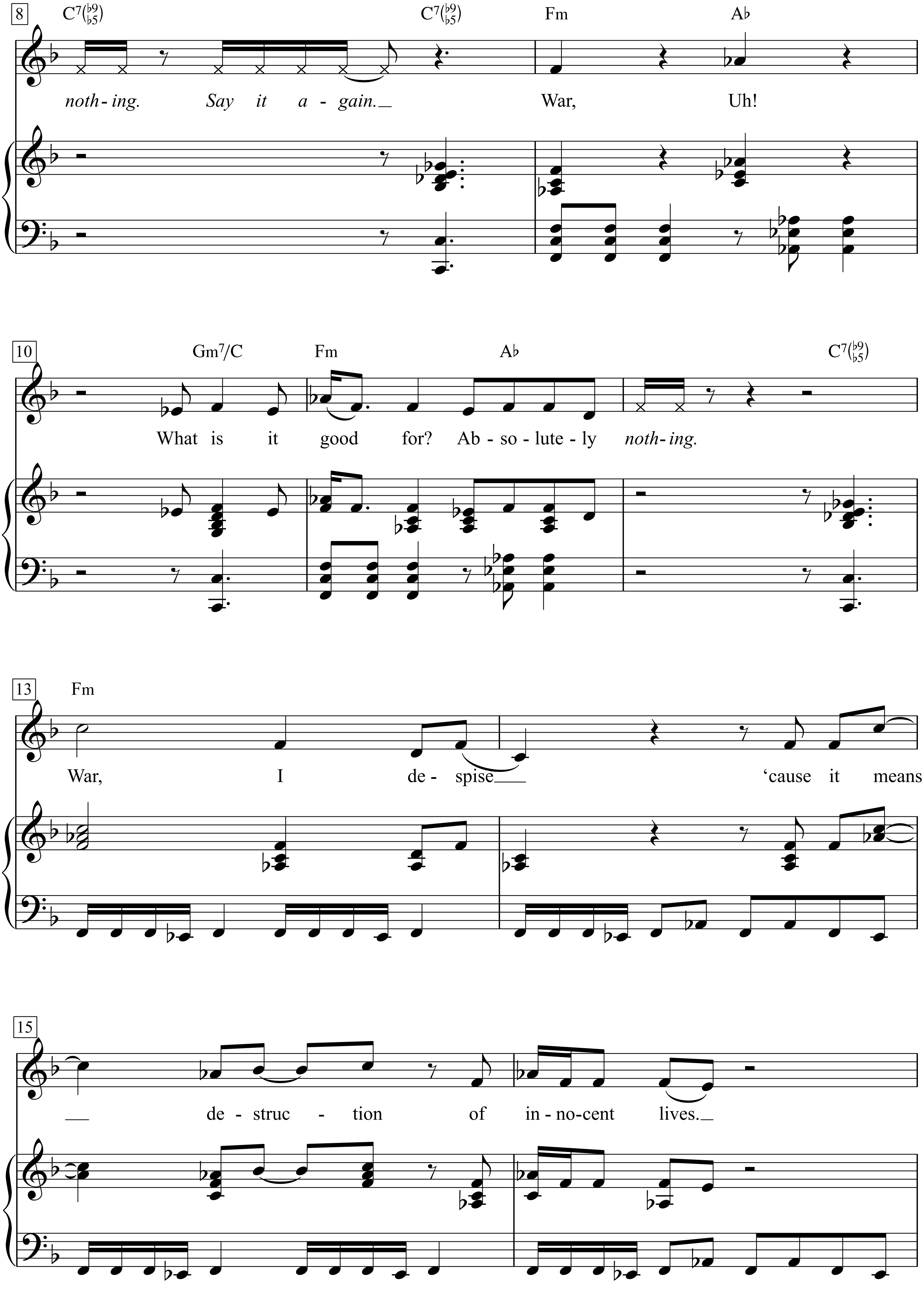
swagman (tramp)
billabong (water hole)
coolibah tree (eucalyptus tree)
billy (tin can used for cooking)
jumbuck (sheep) tucker bag (food bag)
matilda (bundle at the end of a stick)
squatter (sheep rancher)

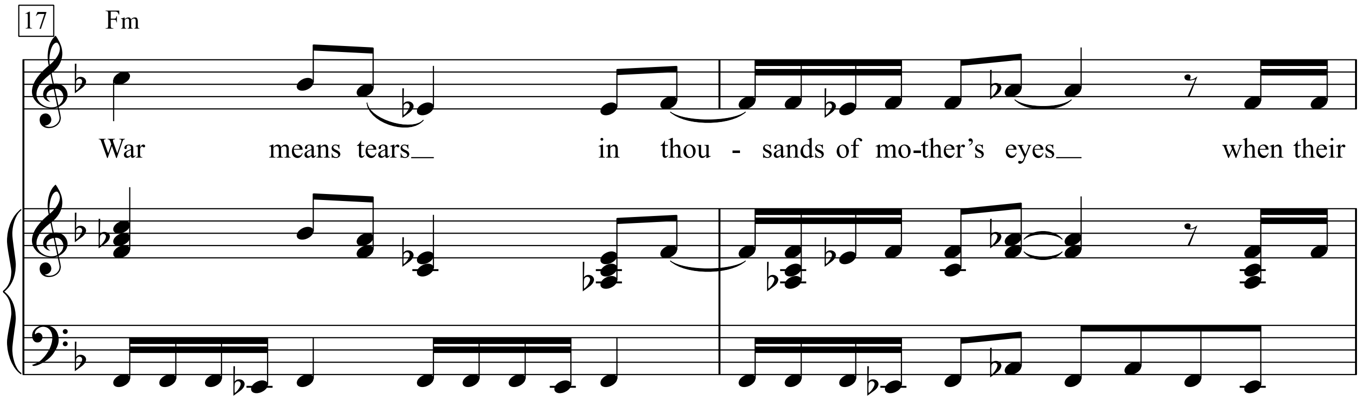
War

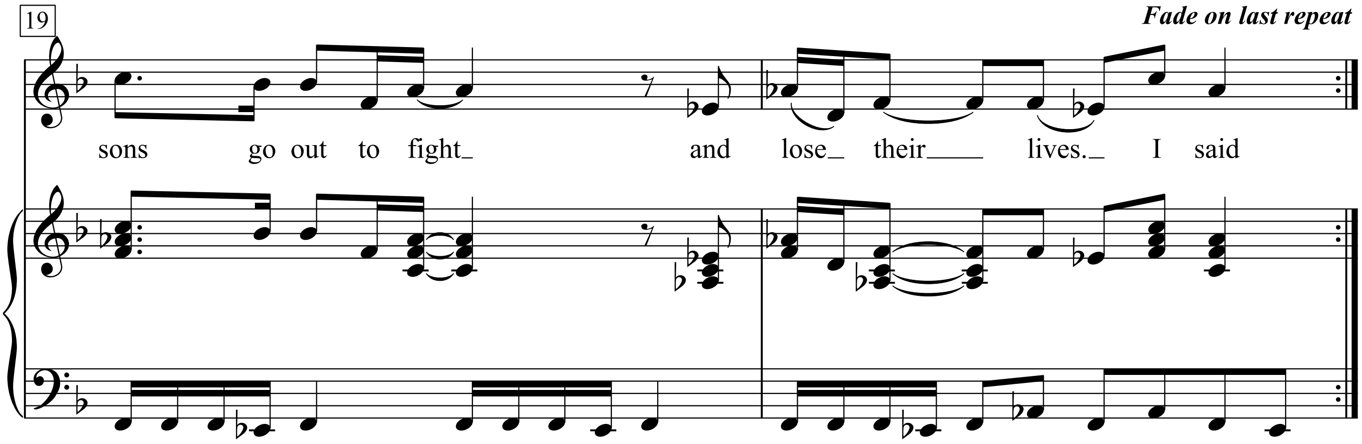
Words & Music by
Norman Whitfield and Barnett Strong
(The Temptations, Edwin Starr)

Slow Rock (with doubele time feel)




8
C7(♭9 ♭5)
C7(♭9 ♭5)
Fm
A♭
noth-ing. Say it a-gain. War, Uh!
10
Gm7/C
Fm
A♭
C7(♭9 ♭5)
What is it good for? Ab-so-lute-ly noth-ing.
13
Fm
War, I de-spise 'cause it means
15
de-struc-tion of in-no-cent lives.


17
Fm
War means tears in thou - sands of mo-ther's eyes when their


19
Fade on last repeat
sons go out to fight and lose their lives. I said

1. War, Uh! What is it good for? Absolutely nothing.
War, Uh! What is it good for? Absolutely nothing.
Say it again.
War, Uh! What is it good for? Absolutely nothing.
War, I despise 'cause it means destruction of innocent lives.
War means tears in thousands of mother's eyes
when their sons go out to fight and lose their lives.

I said

Additional Lyrics
2. War, uh! What is it good for? Absolutely nothing; say it again;
War, uh! What is it good for? Absolutely nothing.
War it's nothing but a heartbreaker; War, friend only to the undertaker.
War is an enemy to all mankind. The thought of war blows my mind.
War has caused unrest within the younger generation;
Induction then destruction, who wants to die? Ah
War, uh um! What is it good for? You tell me nothing, um!
War, uh! What is it good for? Absolutely nothing.
Good God, war, it's nothing but a heartbreaker;
War, friend only to the undertaker;

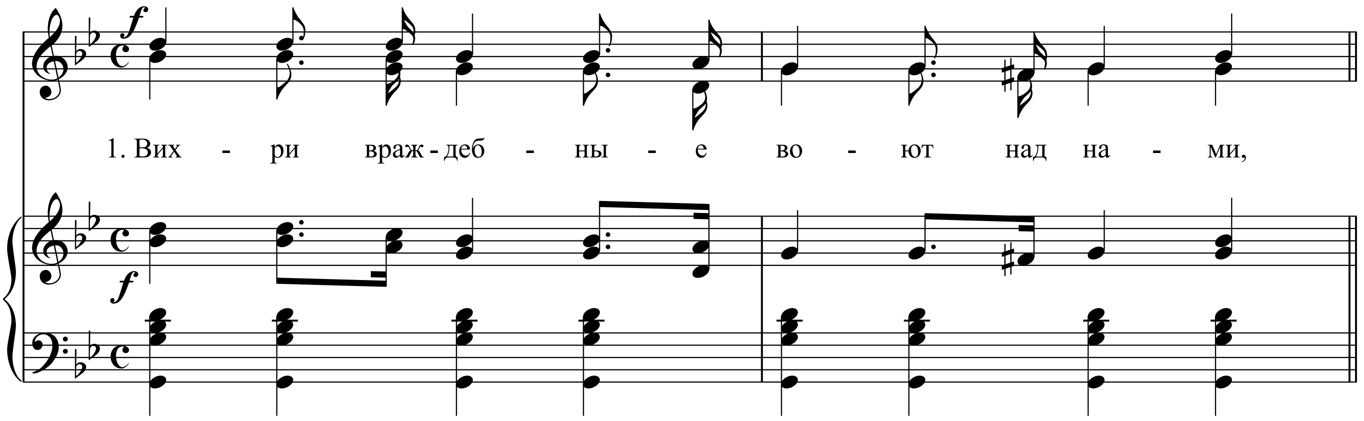
3. Wars have shattered many a young man's dreams;
Made him disabled, bitter and mean.
Life is much too short and precious to spend fighting wars each day.
War can't give life, it can only take it away. Ah
War, Uh um! What is it good for? Absolutely nothing, um.
War, good God almighty, listen, what is it good for? Absolutely nothing, yeah.
War, it's nothing but a heartbreaker; War, friend only to the undertaker.
Peace, love and understanding, tell me is there no place for them today?
They say we must fight to keep our freedom, but Lord knows it's gotta be a better way.
I say war, uh um, yeah, yeah. What is it good for? Absolutely nothing; say it again;
War, yea, yea, yea, yea, what is it good for? Absolutely nothing; say it again;
War, nothing but a heartbreaker; What is it good for? Friend only to the undertaker …
(Fade)

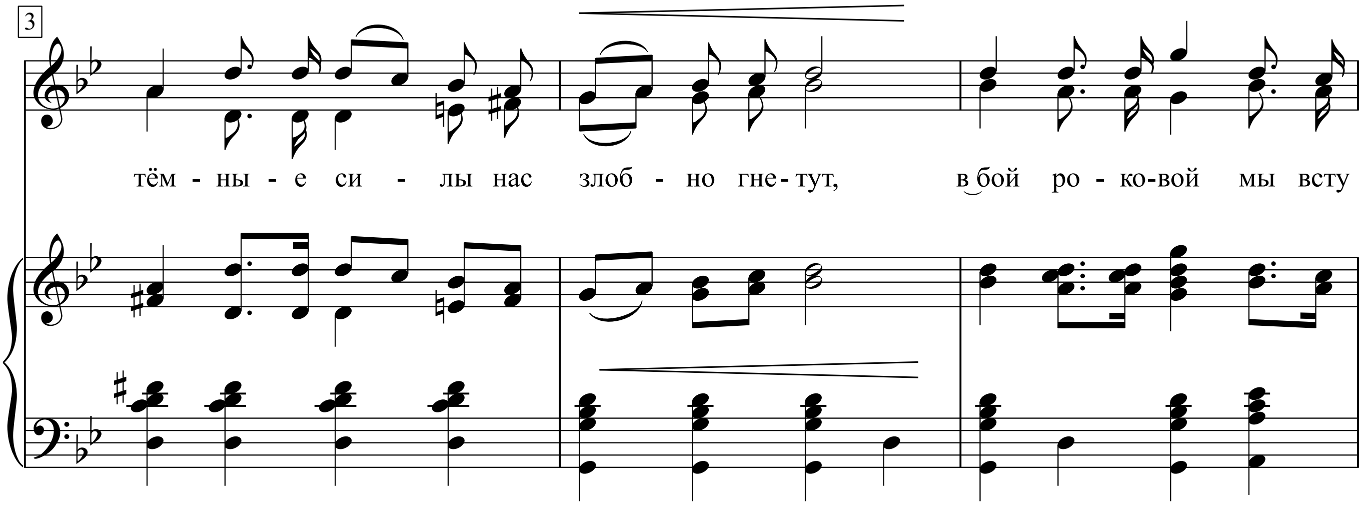
Варшавянка

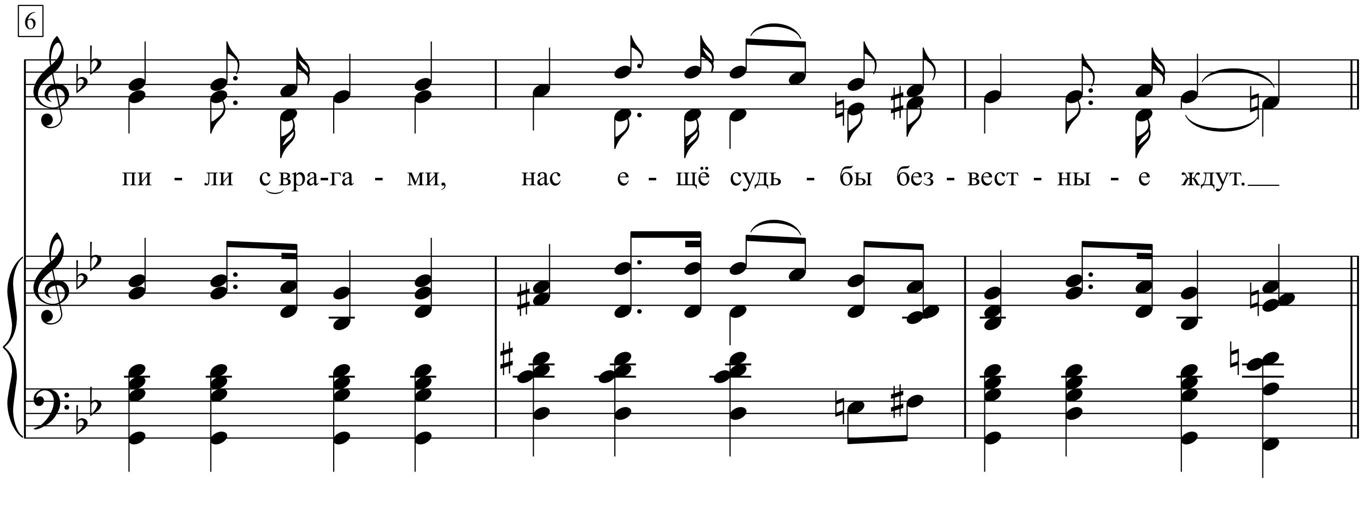
(Warschawjanka)

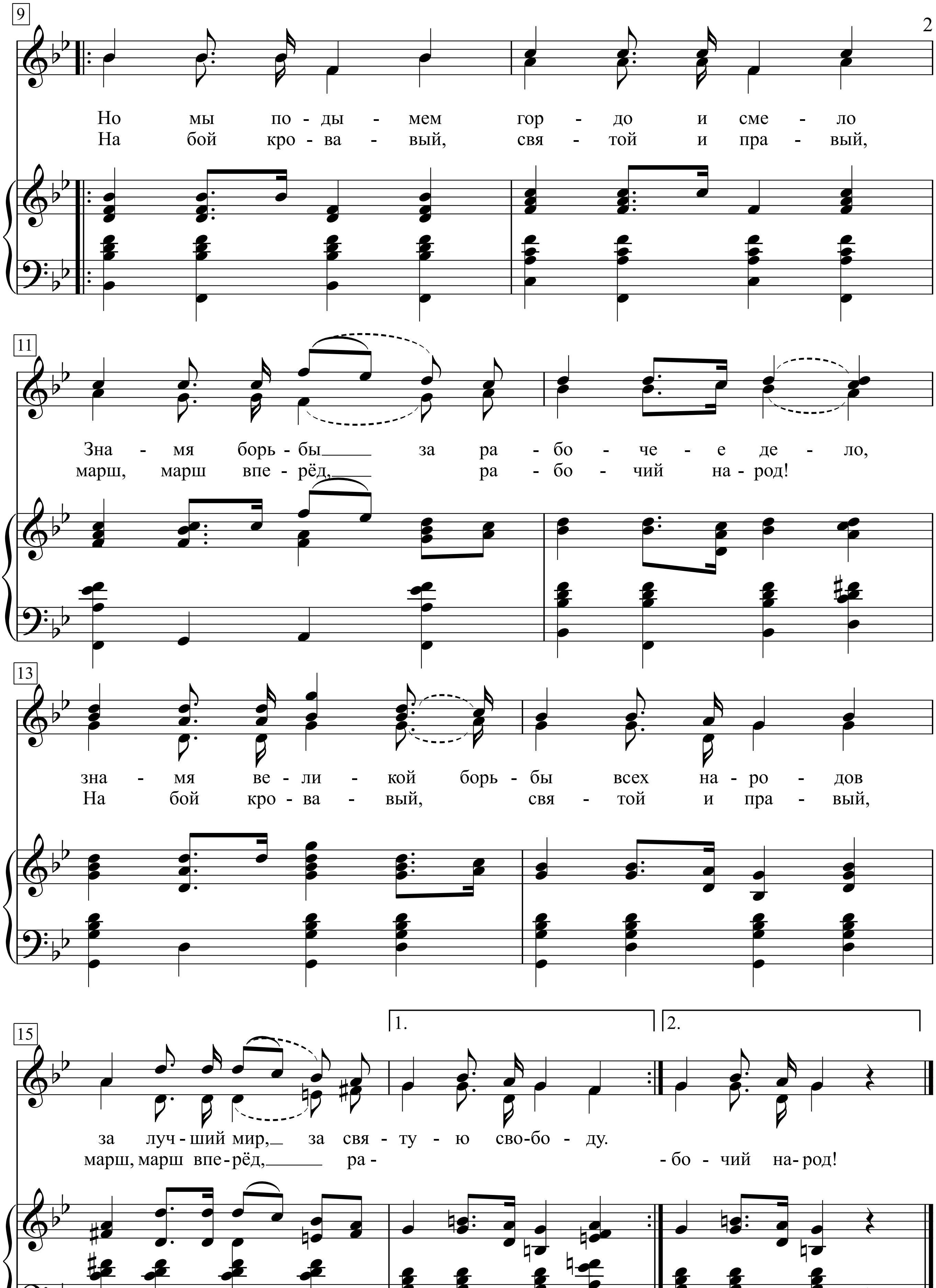
Русский текст Г. Кржижановского

В темпе марша








9
Но мы по - ды - мем гор - до и сме - ло
На бой кро - ва - вый, свя - той и пра - вый,
11
Зна - мя борь - бы за ра - бо - че - е де - ло,
марш, марш впе - рёд, ра - бо - чий на - род!
13
зна - мя ве - ли - кой борь - бы всех на - ро - дов
На бой кро - ва - вый, свя - той и пра - вый,
15
1.
2.
за луч - ший мир, за свя - ту - ю сво - бо - ду.
марш, марш впе - рёд, ра - - бо - чий на - род!

1. Вихри враждебные воют над нами,
Тёмные силы нас злобно гнетут,
В бой роковой мы вступили с врагами,
Нас ещё судьбы безвестные ждут.
Но мы подымем гордо и смело
Знамя борьбы за рабочее дело,
Знамя великой борьбы всех народов
За лучший мир, за святую свободу.

Припев:
На бой кровавый,
Святой и правый,
Марш, марш вперёд,
Ра-бо-чий на-род!

2. Мрёт в наши дни с голодухи рабочий,
Станем ли, братья, мы дольше молчать?
Наших сподвижников юные очи
Может ли вид эшафота пугать?
В битве великой не сгинут бесследно
Павшие с честью во имя идей,
Их имена с нашей песнью победной
Станут священны мильонам людей.

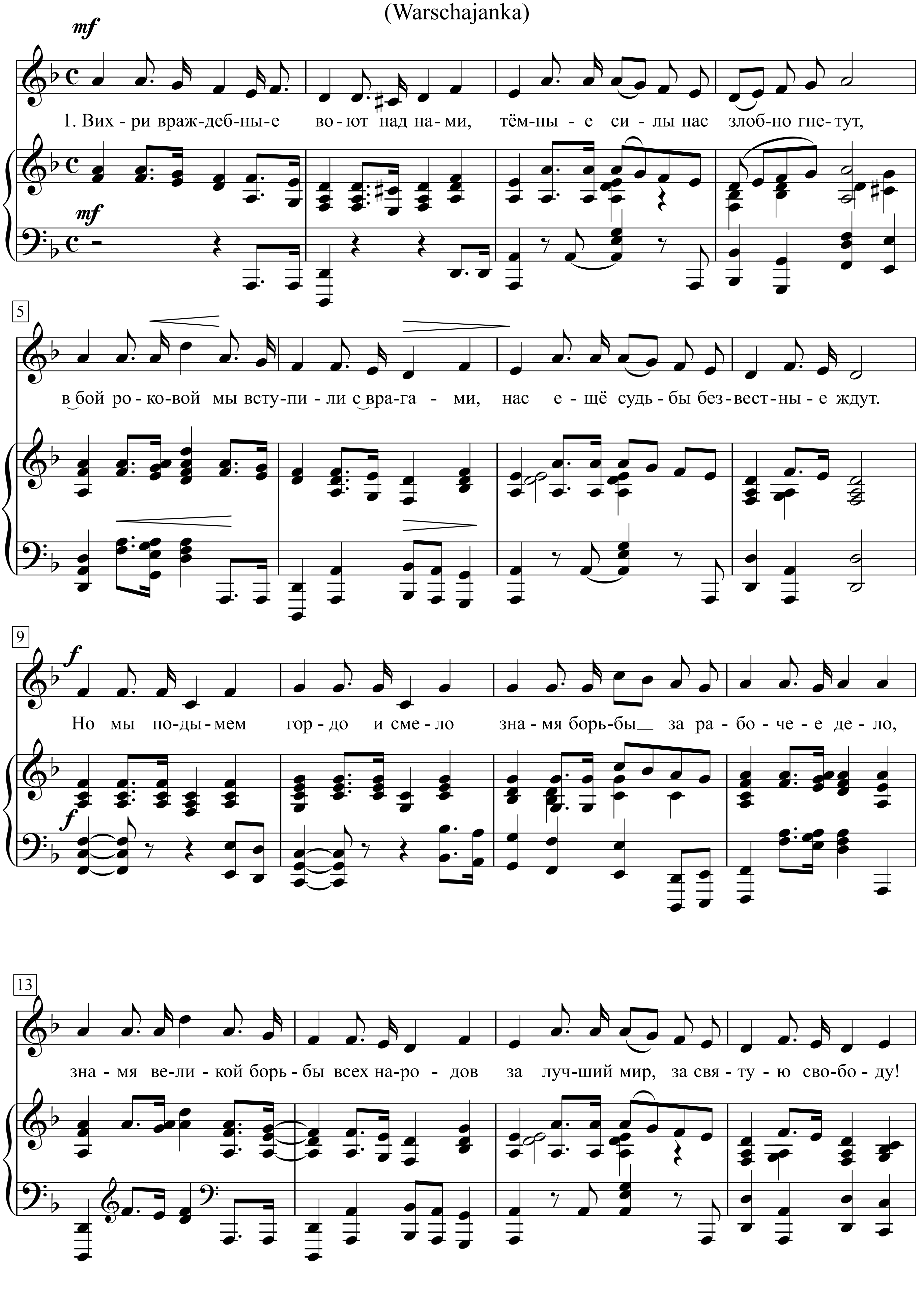
Припев:

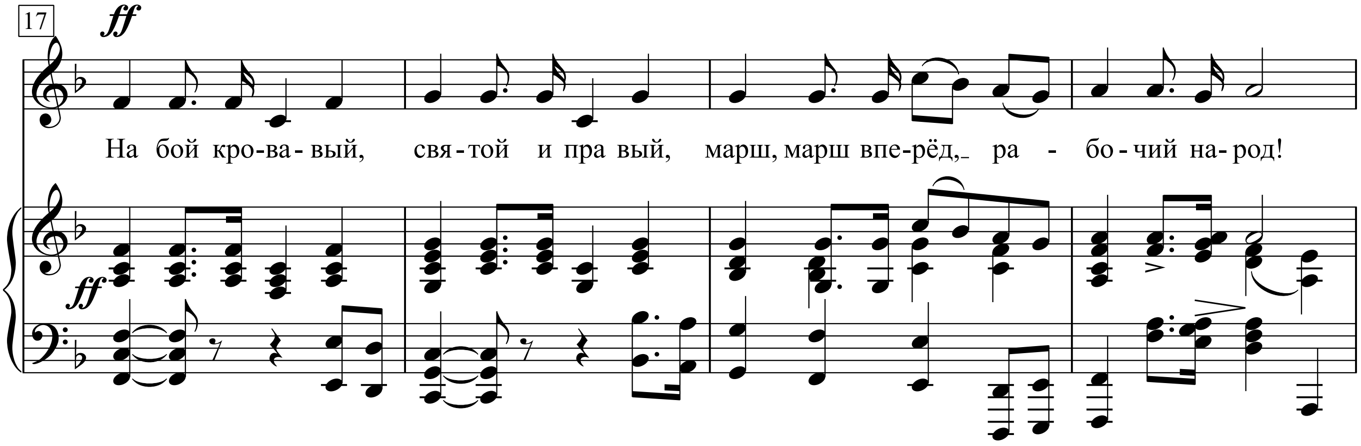
3. Нам ненавистны тиранов короны,
Цепи народа-страдальца мы чтим,
Кровью народной залитые троны
Мы кровью наших врагов обагрим.
2 раза
Месть беспощадная всем супостатам,
Всем паразитам трудящихся масс,
Мщенье и смерть всем царям-плутократам,
Близок победы торжественный час.

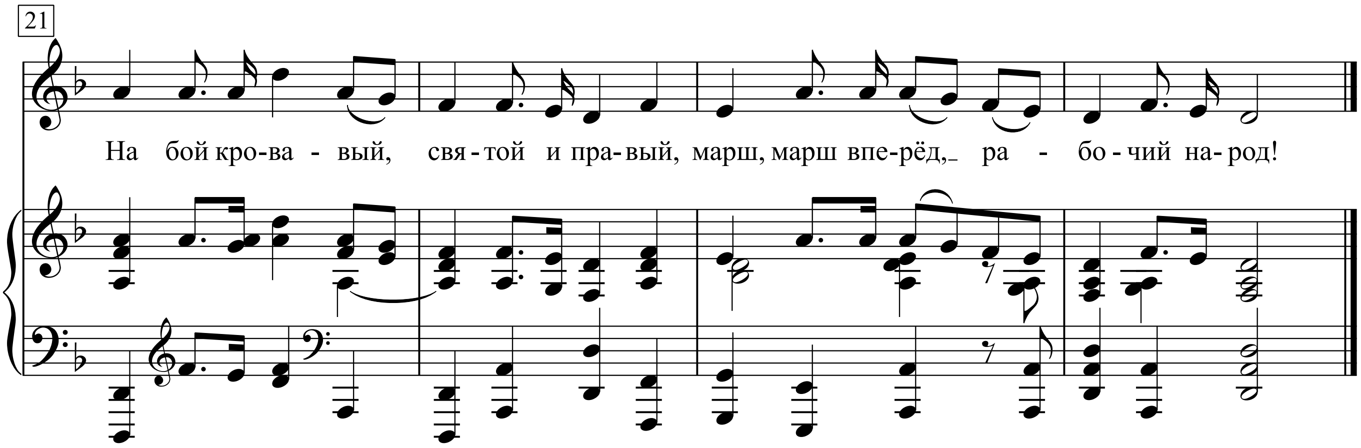
Припев:
На бой кровавый,
Святой и правый,
Марш, марш вперёд,
Рабочий народ!

Варшавянка

(Warschajanka)




17
ff
На бой кро-ва-вый, свя-той и пра вый, марш, марш впе-рёд,_ ра - бо-чий на-род!
ff


21
На бой кро-ва - вый, свя-той и пра-вый, марш, марш впе-рёд,_ ра - бо-чий на-род!

1. Вихри враждебные воют над нами,
тёмные силы нас злобно гнетут,
в бой роковой мы вступили с врагами,
нас ещё судьбы безвестные ждут.
Но мы поды мем гордо и смело
знамя борьбы за рабочее дело,
знамя великой борьбы всех народов
за лучший мир, за святую свободу!

Припев:
На бой кровавый, святой и правый,
марш, марш вперёд, рабочий народ!
На бой кровавый, святой и правый,
марш, марш вперёд, рабочий народ!

2. Мрёт в наши дни с голодухи рабочий,
Станем ли, братья, мы дольше молчать?
Наших сподвижников юные очи
Может ли вид эшафота пугать?
В битве великой не сгинут бесследно
Павшие с честью во имя идей,
Их имена с нашей песнью победной
Станут священны мильонам людей.

Припев:

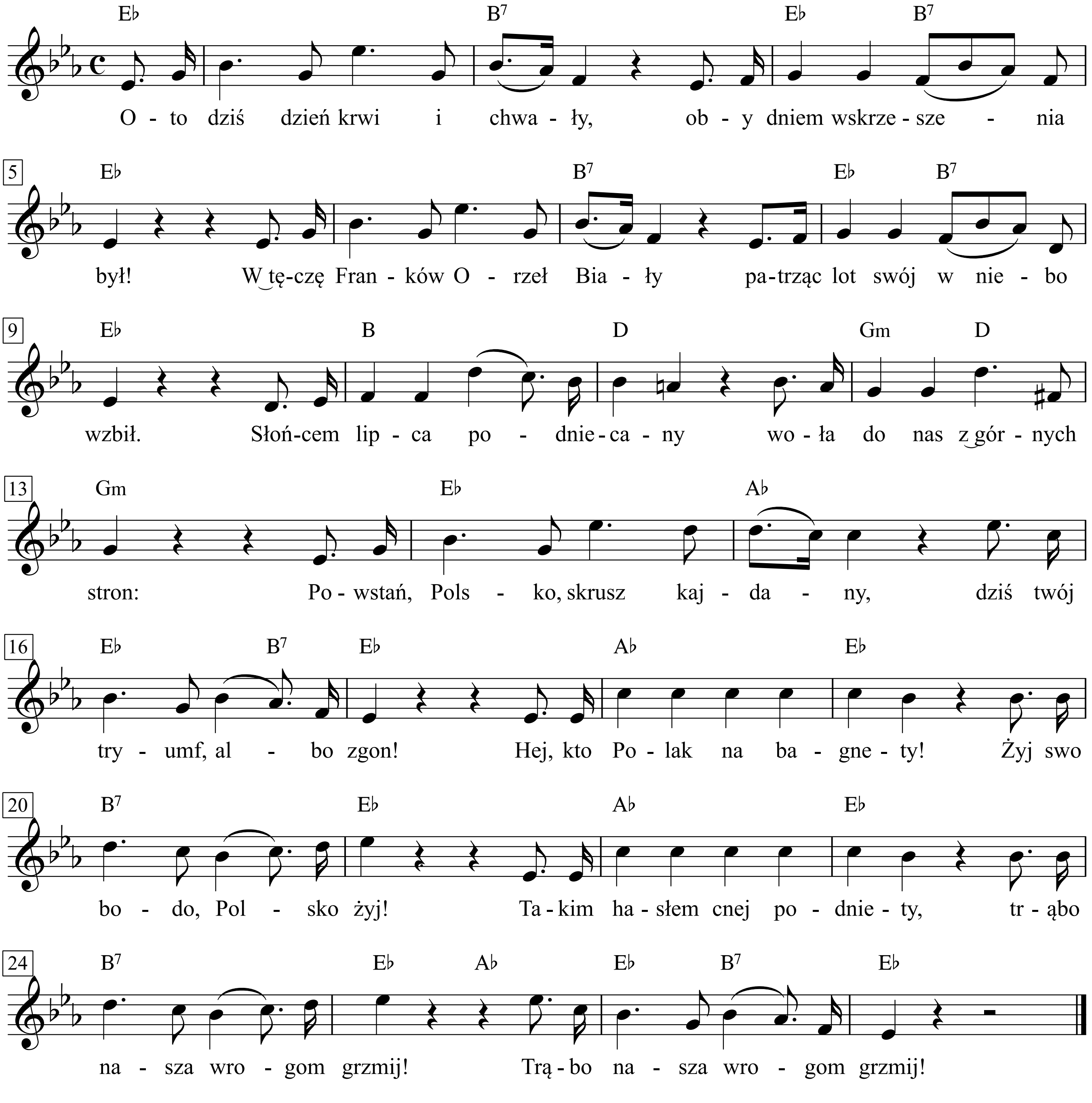
3. Нам ненавистны тиранов короны,
Цепи народа-страдальца мы чтим,
Кровью народной залитые троны
Мы кровью наших врагов обагрим.
Месть беспощадная всем супостатам,
Всем паразитам трудящихся масс,
Мщенье и смерть всем царям-плутократам,
Близок победы торжественный час.

Припев:
На бой кровавый,
Святой и правый,
Марш, марш вперёд,
Рабочий народ!

Warszawianka

(1831)

Słowa: Casimir Delavinge
Muzyka: Karol Kurpiński
Przekład z francuskiego: Karol Sienkiewicz



1. Oto dziś dzień krwi i chwały,
Oby dniem wskrzeszenia był!
W tęczę Franków Orzeł Biały
Patrząc lot swój w niebo wzbił.
Słońcem lipca podniecany
Woła do nas z górnych stron:
Powstań, Polsko, skrusz kajdany,
Dziś twój tryumf, albo zgon!
Refrain:
Hej, kto Polak na bagnety!
Żyj swobodo, Polsko żyj!
Takim hasłem cnej podniety,
Trąbo nasza wrogom grzmij!
Trąbo nasza wrogom grzmij!

2. „Na koń!" – woła Kozak mściwy,
„Karcić bunty Polskich rot!
Bez Bałkanów są ich niwy,
Wszystko zmiecie jeden lot!"
Stój! Za Bałkan pierś ta stanie,
Car wasz marzy płonny łup!
Z wrogów naszych nie zostanie
Na tej ziemi, chyba trup!
Refrain:
Hej, kto Polak na bagnety!
Żyj swobodo, Polsko żyj!
Takim hasłem cnej podniety,
Trąbo nasza wrogom grzmij!
Trąbo nasza wrogom grzmij!

3. Droga Polsko, dzieci Twoje
Dziś szczęśliwych doszły chwil,
Od tych sławnych, gdy ich boje
Wieńczył Kremli, Tybr i Nil.
Lat dwadzieścia nasze męże
Los po obcych ziemiach siał,
Dziś, o Matko, kto polęże,
Na Twem łonie będzie spał.
Refrain:
Hej, kto Polak na bagnety!
Żyj swobodo, Polsko żyj!
Takim hasłem cnej podniety,
Trąbo nasza wrogom grzmij!
Trąbo nasza wrogom grzmij!

4. Wstań Kościuszko! Ugodź w serca,
Co litością mamić śmią.
Znałże litość ów morderca,
Który Pragę zalał krwią?
Niechaj krew tę krwią dziś spłaci,
Niech nią zrosi grunt, zły gość!
Laur męczeński naszych braci
Bujniej po niej będzie rość.
Refrain:
Hej, kto Polak na bagnety!
Żyj swobodo, Polsko żyj!
Takim hasłem cnej podniety,
Trąbo nasza wrogom grzmij!
Trąbo nasza wrogom grzmij!

5. Tocz Polaku bój zacięty,
Ulec musi dumny car,
Pokaż jemu pierścień święty,
Nieulękłych Polek dar.
Niech to godło ślubów drogich
Wrogom naszym wróży grób
Niech krwią zlane w bojach srogich
Nasz z Wolnością świadczy ślub.
Refrain:
Hej, kto Polak na bagnety!
Żyj swobodo, Polsko żyj!
Takim hasłem cnej podniety,
Trąbo nasza wrogom grzmij!
Trąbo nasza wrogom grzmij!

6. O, Francuzi! Czyż bez ceny
Rany nasze dla was są?
Spod Marengo, Wagram, Jeny,
Drezna Lipska, Waterloo…
Świat was zdradzał, my dotrwali,
Śmierć czy tryumf, my gdzie wy!
Bracia! my wam krew dawali,
Dziś wy dla nas nic – prócz łzy?
Refrain:
Hej, kto Polak na bagnety!
Żyj swobodo, Polsko żyj!
Takim hasłem cnej podniety,
Trąbo nasza wrogom grzmij!
Trąbo nasza wrogom grzmij!

7. Wy przynajmniej, coście legli
W obcych krajach za kraj swój,
Bracia nasi, z grobów zbiegli,
Błogosławcie bratni bój.
Lub zwyciężym, lub gotowi,
Z trupów naszych tamę wznieść
By krok spóźnić olbrzymowi,
Co chce światu pęta nieść.
Refrain:
Hej, kto Polak na bagnety!
Żyj swobodo, Polsko żyj!
Takim hasłem cnej podniety,
Trąbo nasza wrogom grzmij!
Trąbo nasza wrogom grzmij!

8. Grzmijcie bębny, ryczcie działa
Dalej, dzieci w gęsty szyk!
Wiedzie hufce Wolność, chwała,
Tryumf błyska w ostrzu pik!
Leć nasz Orle w górnym pędzie,
Sławie, Polsce, światu służ!
Kto przeżyje wolnym będzie,
Kto umiera – wolnym już!
Refrain:
Hej, kto Polak na bagnety!
Żyj swobodo, Polsko żyj!
Takim hasłem cnej podniety,
Trąbo nasza wrogom grzmij!
Trąbo nasza wrogom grzmij!

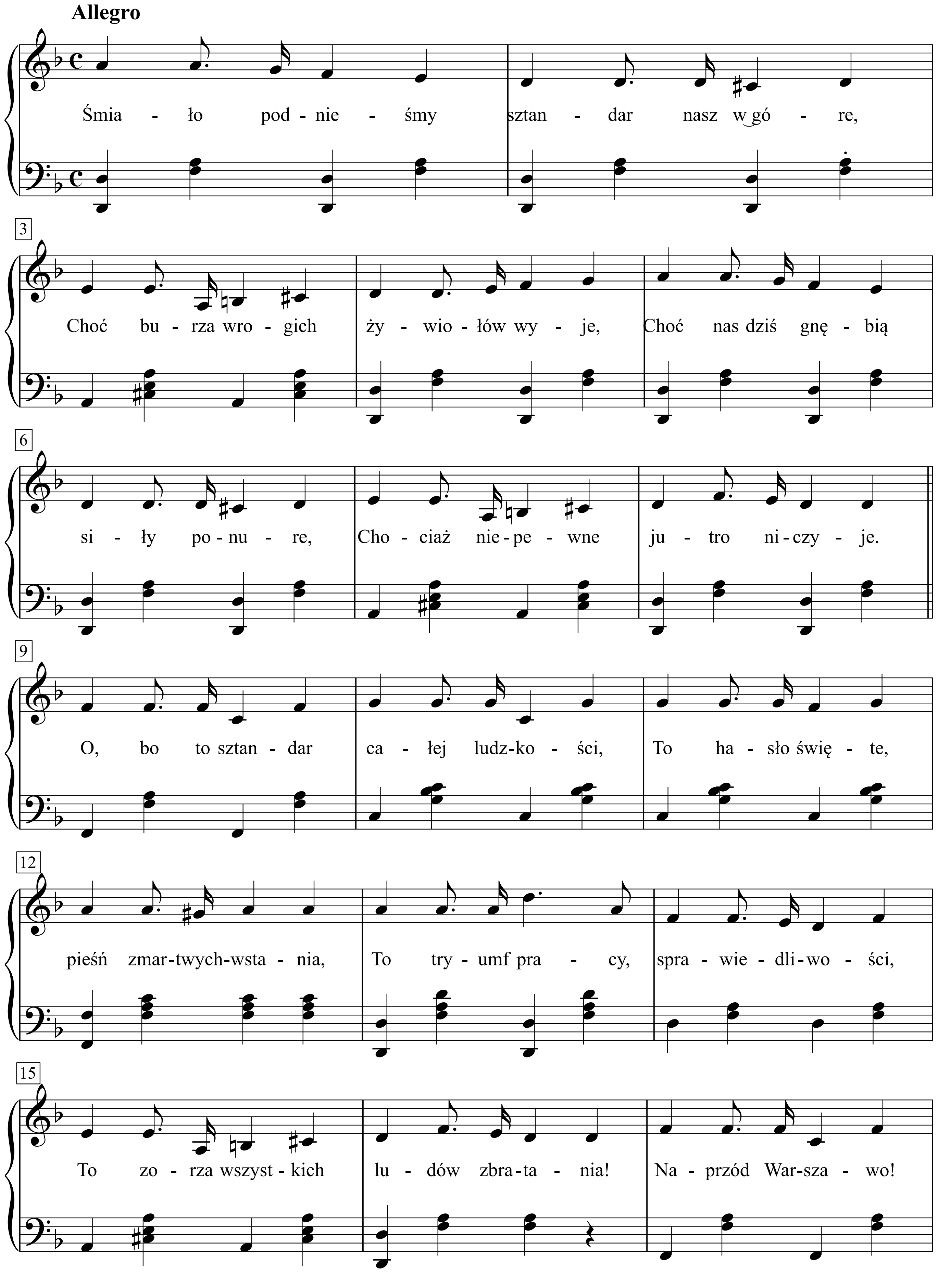
W grudniu 1831 roku, gdy wieść o Powstaniu Listopadowym w Polsce dotarła do Francji, Casimir Delavigne (1793–1843), francuski poeta i dramaturg o polonofilskich przekonaniach, napisał słowa pieśni La Varsovienne. Prawykonanie, z muzyką Aubera, odbyło się na koncercie „polskim" w Paryżu 1 marca 1831 roku. Pieśń wykonał Adolf Neurit, przejmującym głosem do najwyższego stopnia wzniecając uniesienie.
Trzy tygodnie później utwór dotarł nad Wisłę, gdzie Karol Sienkiewicz (1793–1860) przełożył go na język polski, a muzykę (odmienną od francuskiego pierwowzoru) skomponował Karol Kurpiński. Pierwodruk w języku polskim ukazał się na łamach „Polaka Sumiennego" 27 marca 1831 roku. Polskie prawykonanie miało miejsce tydzień później (5 kwietnia), w Teatrze Narodowym w Warszawie, w okresie tryumfów oręża polskiego po bitwie pod Dębem Wielkim i Iganiami. Pieśń śpiewała cała publiczność teatru od parteru do galerii, a wkrótce stała się najbardziej popularnym marszem wojskowym.
W 1898 roku Stanisław Wyspiański, uczynił ją głównym motywem – ogłoszonego pod tym samym tytułem – dramatu, którego akcja rozgrywa się podczas bitwy pod Grochowem 25 lutego 1831 roku. Obecnie każda defilada wojskowa rozpoczyna się w porywającym rytmie Warszawianki.

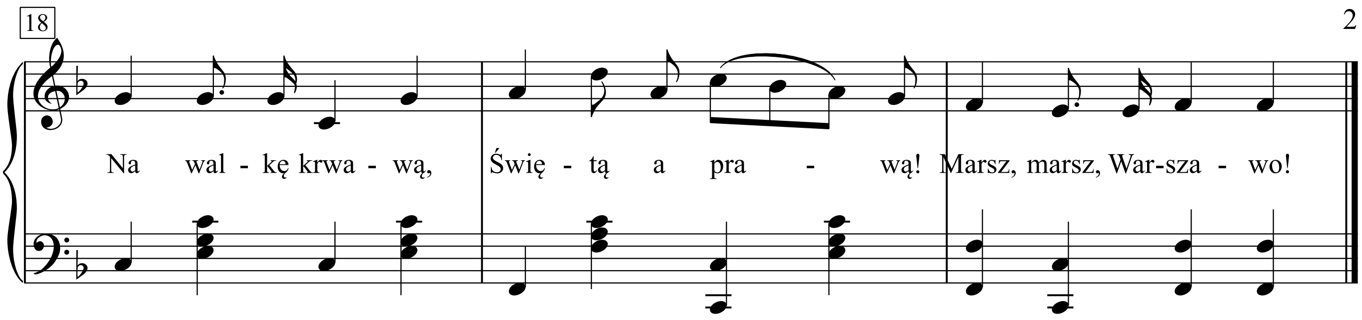
Warszawianka

(1905)

Text: Wacław Święcicki (1883)

Musik; polnisches Freiheitslied





1905

Śmiało podnieśmy sztandar nasz w górę!
Choć burza wrogich żywiołów wyje,
Choć nas dziś gnębią siły ponure,
Chociaż niepewne jutro niczyje...
O!... bo to sztandar całej ludzkości,
To hasło święte, pieśń zmartwychwstania,
To tryumf pracy – sprawiedliwości,
To zorza wszystkich ludów zbratania.

Naprzód, Warszawo!
Na walkę krwawą,
Świętą a prawą!
Marsz, marsz, Warszawo!

Dziś, gdy roboczy lud ginie z głodu,
Zbrodnią w rozkoszy tonąć, jak w błocie;
I hańba temu, kto z nas za młodu
Lęka się stanąć choć na szafocie!
Nikt za ideę nie ginie marnie,
Z czasem zwycięża Chrystus Judasza!
Niech święty ogień młodość ogarnie,
Choć wielu padnie – lecz przyszłość nasza!

Naprzód, Warszawo!
Na walkę krwawą,
Świętą a prawą!
Marsz, marsz, Warszawo!

Hura!... zerwijmy z carów korony,
Gdy ludy dotąd chodzą w cierniowej;
I w krwi zatopmy nadgniłe trony,
Spurpurowione we krwi ludowej!...
Ha!... zemsta straszna dzisiejszym katom,
Co wysysają życie z milionów!...
Ha!... zemsta carom i plutokratom!
A przyjdzie żniwo przyszłości plonów!

Naprzód, Warszawo!
Na walkę krwawą,
Świętą a prawą!
Marsz, marsz, Warszawo!

SDKPiL i KPP

Śmiało podnieśmy sztandar nasz w górę!
Choć burza wrogich żywiołów wyje,
Choć nas dziś gnębią siły ponure,
Chociaż niepewne jutro niczyje...
O!... bo to sztandar całej ludzkości,
To hasło święte, pieśń zmartwychwstania,
To tryumf pracy — sprawiedliwości,
To zorza wszystkich ludów zbratania.

Naprzód Warszawo!
Na walkę krwawą,
Świętą a prawą!
Marsz, Warszawo, marsz!

Dziś, gdy roboczy lud ginie z głodu,
Zbrodnią w rozkoszy tonąć, jak w błocie;
I hańba temu, kto z nas za młodu
Lęka się stanąć choć na szafocie!
O, nie bez śladu każdy z tych skona,
Co życie sprawie oddają w darze,
Bo nasz zwycięski śpiew ich imiona
Milionom ludzi ku czci przekaże!

Naprzód Warszawo!
Na walkę krwawą,
Świętą a prawą!
Marsz, Warszawo, marsz!

Hura!... zerwijmy z carów korony,
Gdy ludy dotąd chodzą w cierniowej;
I w krwi zatopmy nadgniłe trony,
Spurpurowiałe we krwi ludowej!...
Ha!... zemsta straszna dzisiejszym katom,
Co wysysają życie z milionów!...
Ha!... zemsta carom i plutokratom!
A przyjdzie żniwo przyszłości plonów!

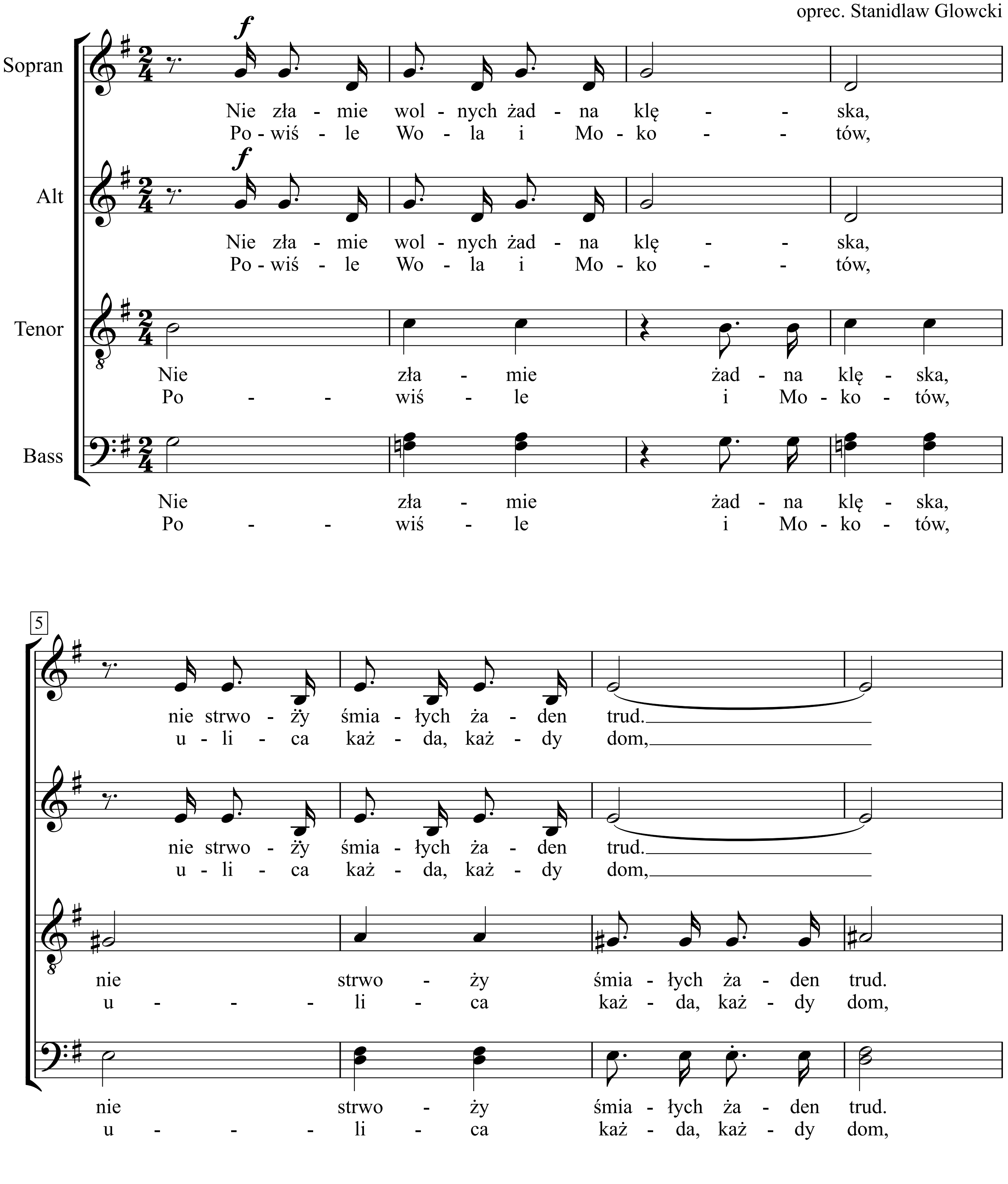
Naprzód, Warszawo!
Na walkę krwawą,
Świętą a prawą!
Marsz, Warszawo, marsz!

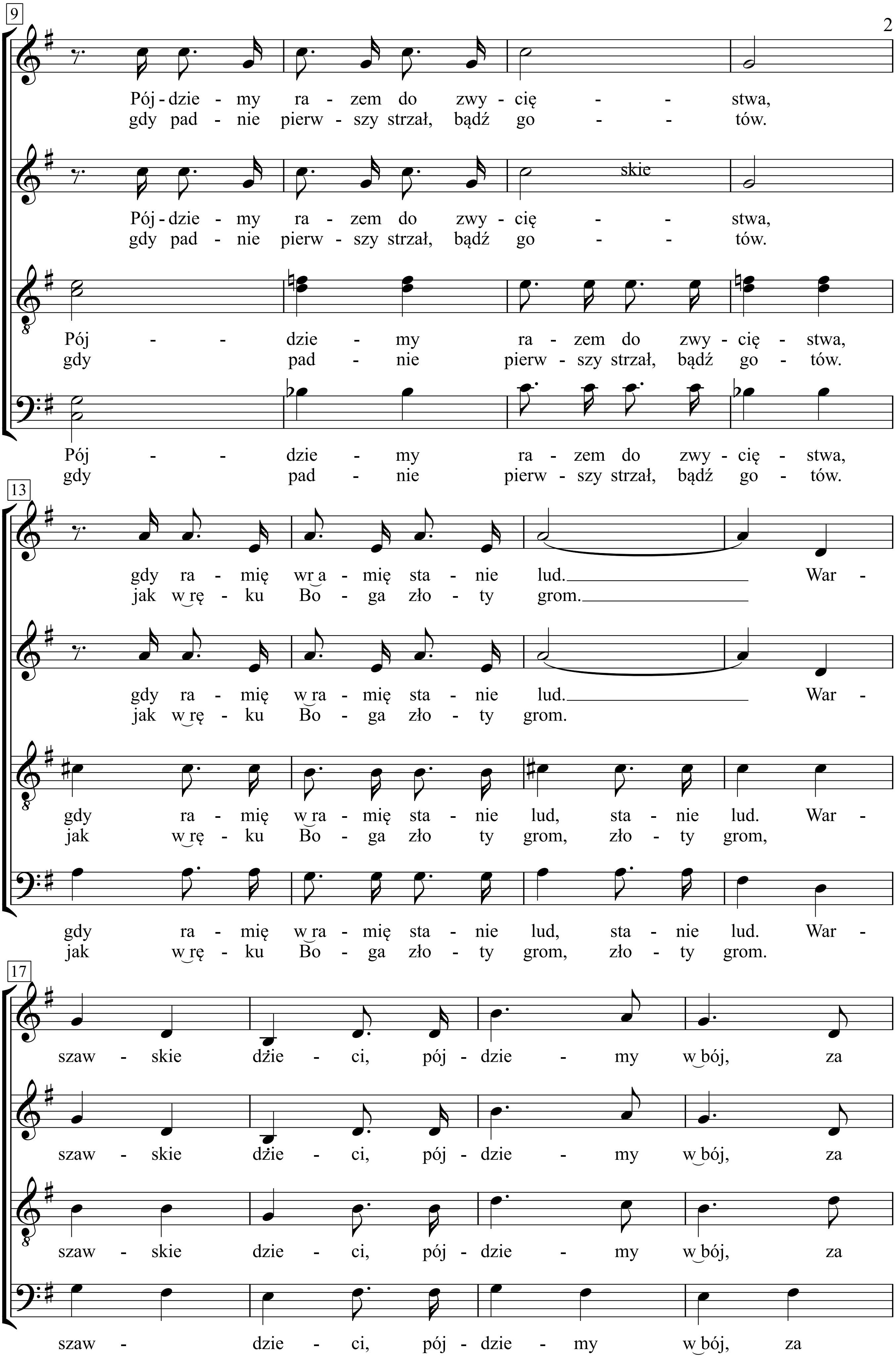
Warszawskie dzieci

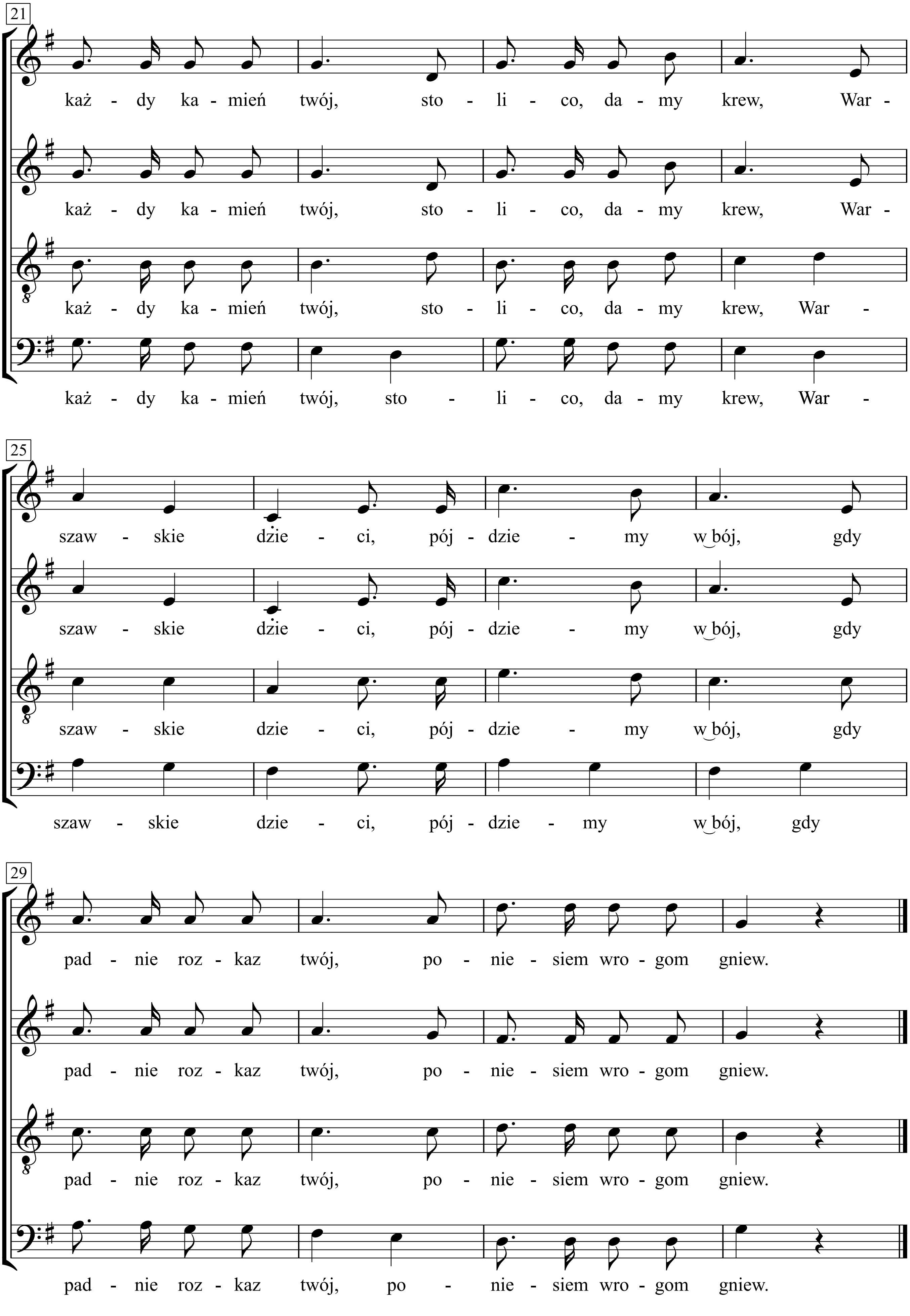
(1944)

Stanislaw Ryszard Dobrowolski

Andrzej Panufnik
oprec. Stanidlaw Glowcki




9
Pój - dzie - my ra - zem do zwy - cię - - stwa,
gdy pad - nie pierw - szy strzał, bądź go - - tów.
skie
Pój - dzie - my ra - zem do zwy - cię - - stwa,
gdy pad - nie pierw - szy strzał, bądź go - - tów.
Pój - - dzie - my ra - zem do zwy - cię - stwa,
gdy pad - nie pierw - szy strzał, bądź go - tów.
Pój - - dzie - my ra - zem do zwy - cię - stwa,
gdy pad - nie pierw - szy strzał, bądź go - tów.
13
gdy ra - mię w ra - mię sta - nie lud. War -
jak w rę - ku Bo - ga zło - ty grom.
gdy ra - mię w ra - mię sta - nie lud. War -
jak w rę - ku Bo - ga zło - ty grom.
gdy ra - mię w ra - mię sta - nie lud, sta - nie lud. War -
jak w rę - ku Bo - ga zło ty grom, zło - ty grom,
gdy ra - mię w ra - mię sta - nie lud, sta - nie lud. War -
jak w rę - ku Bo - ga zło - ty grom, zło - ty grom.
17
szaw - skie dżie - ci, pój - dzie - my w bój, za
szaw - skie dżie - ci, pój - dzie - my w bój, za
szaw - skie dzie - ci, pój - dzie - my w bój, za
szaw - dzie - ci, pój - dzie - my w bój, za

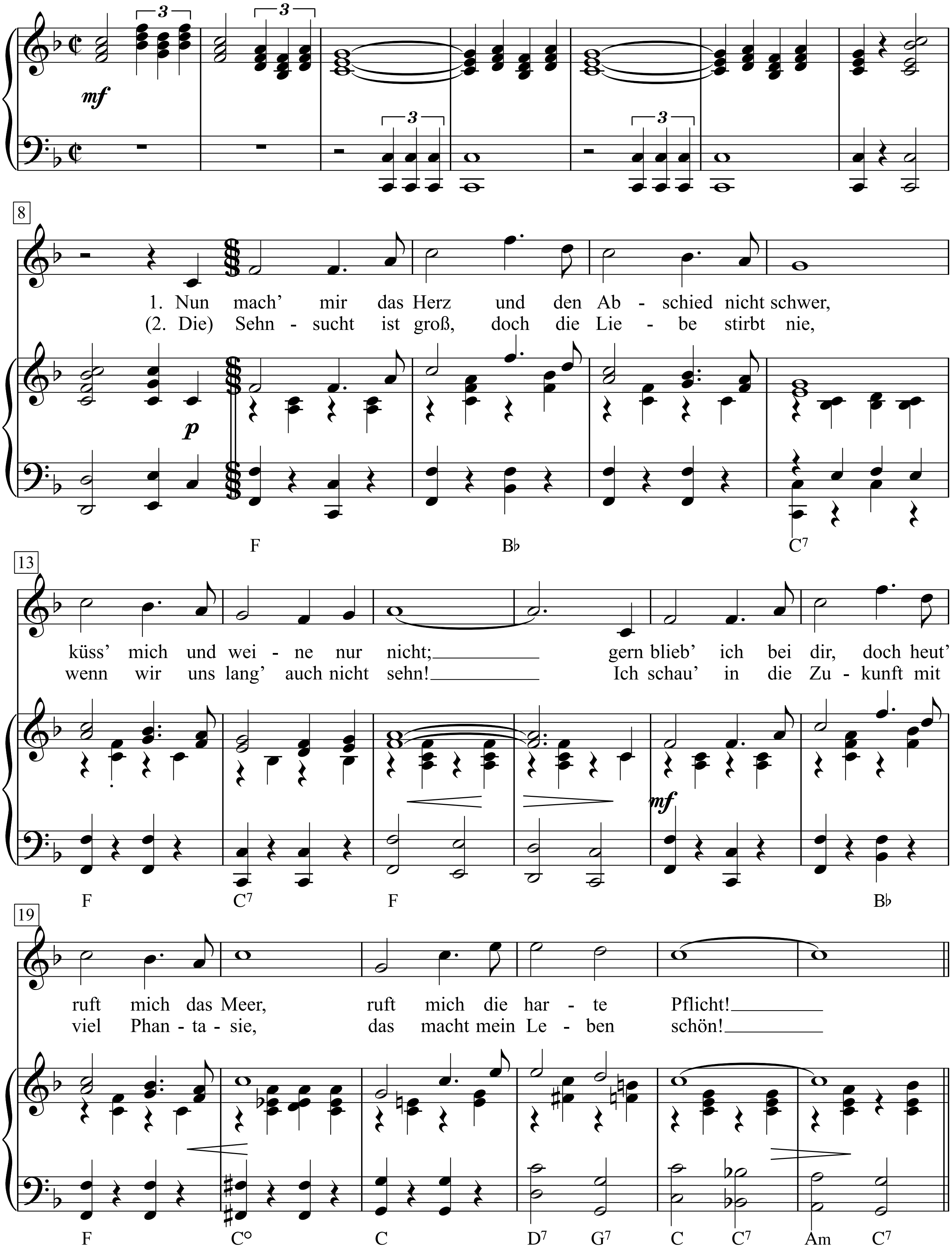

21
każ - dy ka - mień twój, sto - li - co, da - my krew, War -
każ - dy ka - mień twój, sto - li - co, da - my krew, War -
każ - dy ka - mień twój, sto - li - co, da - my krew, War -
każ - dy ka - mień twój, sto - li - co, da - my krew, War -
25
szaw - skie dzie - ci, pój - dzie - my w bój, gdy
szaw - skie dzie - ci, pój - dzie - my w bój, gdy
szaw - skie dzie - ci, pój - dzie - my w bój, gdy
szaw - skie dzie - ci, pój - dzie - my w bój, gdy
29
pad - nie roz - kaz twój, po - nie - siem wro - gom gniew.
pad - nie roz - kaz twój, po - nie - siem wro - gom gniew.
pad - nie roz - kaz twój, po - nie - siem wro - gom gniew.
pad - nie roz - kaz twój, po - nie - siem wro - gom gniew.

Warte, mein Mädel, dort in der Heimat

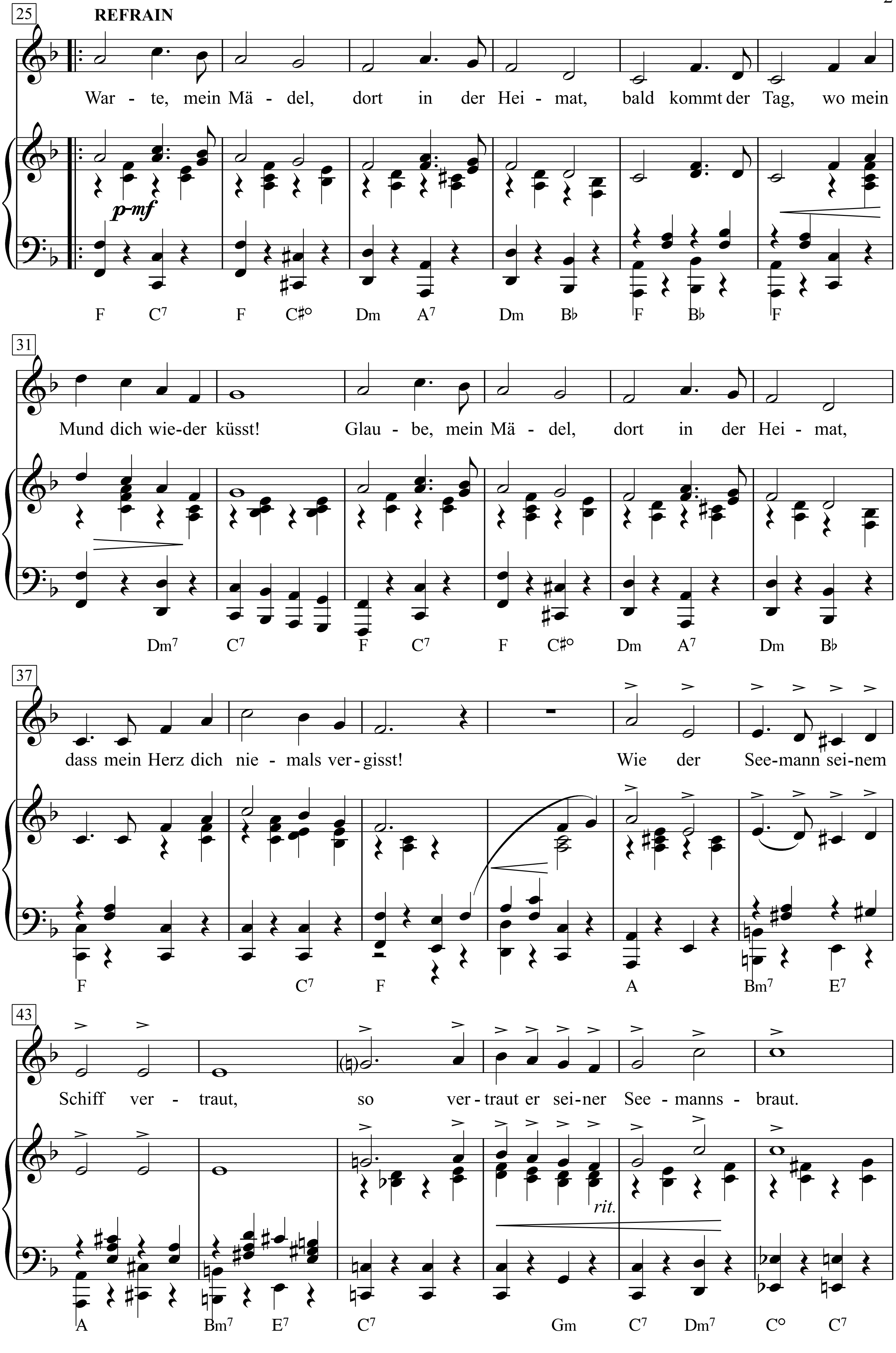
Marschlied aus dem Film „U-Boote westwärts”

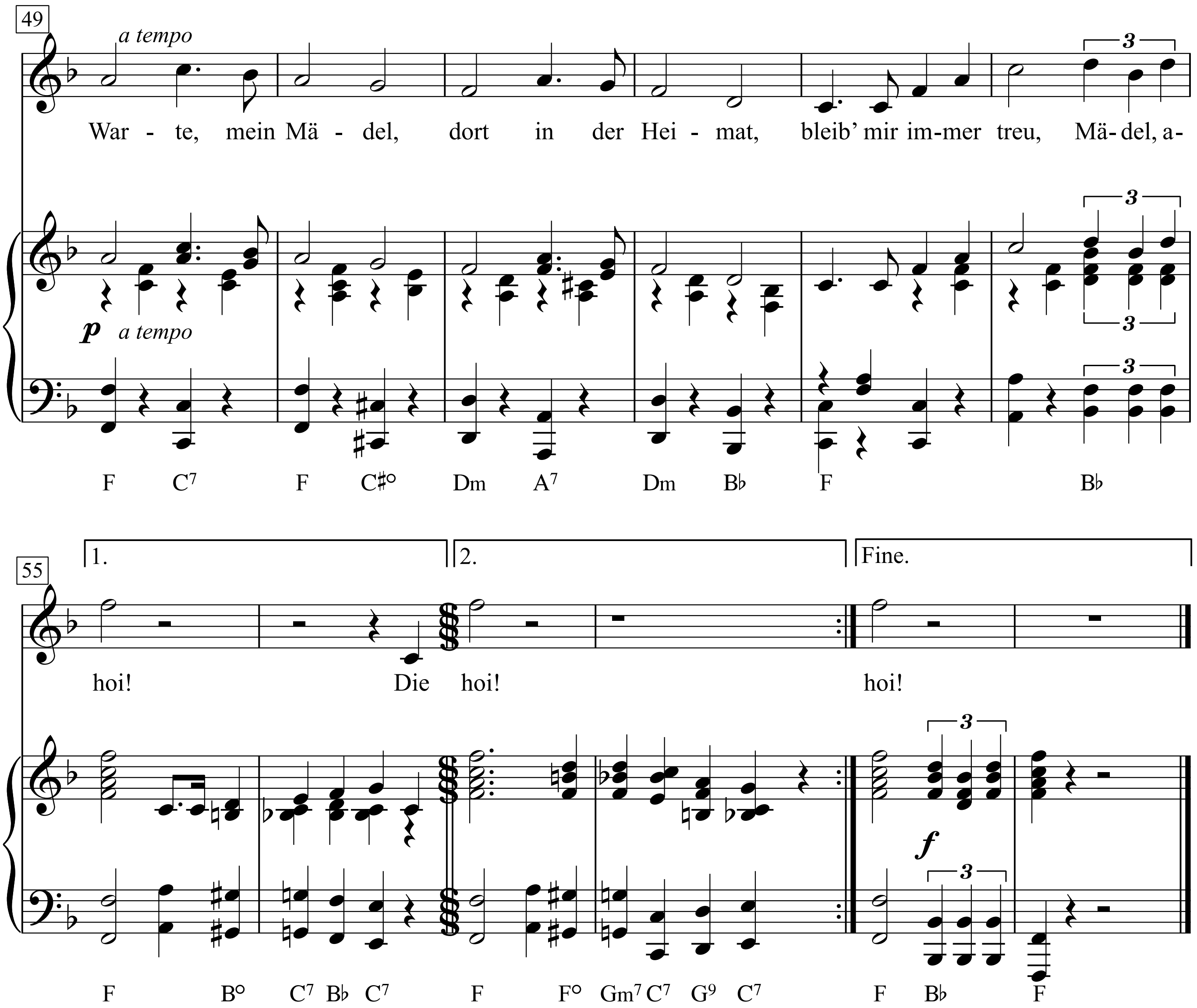
Text: Bruno Balz

Musik: Harald Böhmelt



Bohème Evergreens Heft 17, S. 10+11


25
REFRAIN
War - te, mein Mä - del, dort in der Hei - mat, bald kommt der Tag, wo mein
p-mf
F C7 F C♯° Dm A7 Dm B♭ F B♭ F
31
Mund dich wie-der küsst! Glau - be, mein Mä - del, dort in der Hei - mat,
Dm7 C7 F C7 F C♯° Dm A7 Dm B♭
37
dass mein Herz dich nie - mals ver - gisst! Wie der See-mann sei-nem
F C7 F A Bm7 E7
43
Schiff ver - traut, so ver - traut er sei - ner See - manns - braut.
rit.
A Bm7 E7 C7 Gm C7 Dm7 C° C7



1. Nun mach' mir das Herz und den Abschied nicht schwer,
küss' mich und weine nur nicht;
gern blieb' ich bei dir, doch heut' ruft mich das Meer,
ruft mich die harte Pflicht!

Refrain:
Warte, mein Mädel, dort in der Heimat,
bald kommt der Tag, wo mein Mund dich wieder küsst!
Glaube, mein Mädel, dort in der Heimat,
dass mein Herz dich niemals vergisst!
Wie der Seemann seinem Schiff vertraut,
so vertraut er seiner Seemannsbraut.
Warte, mein Mädel, dort in der Heimat,
bleib' mir immer treu,
Mädel, ahoi! Die hoi! hoi!

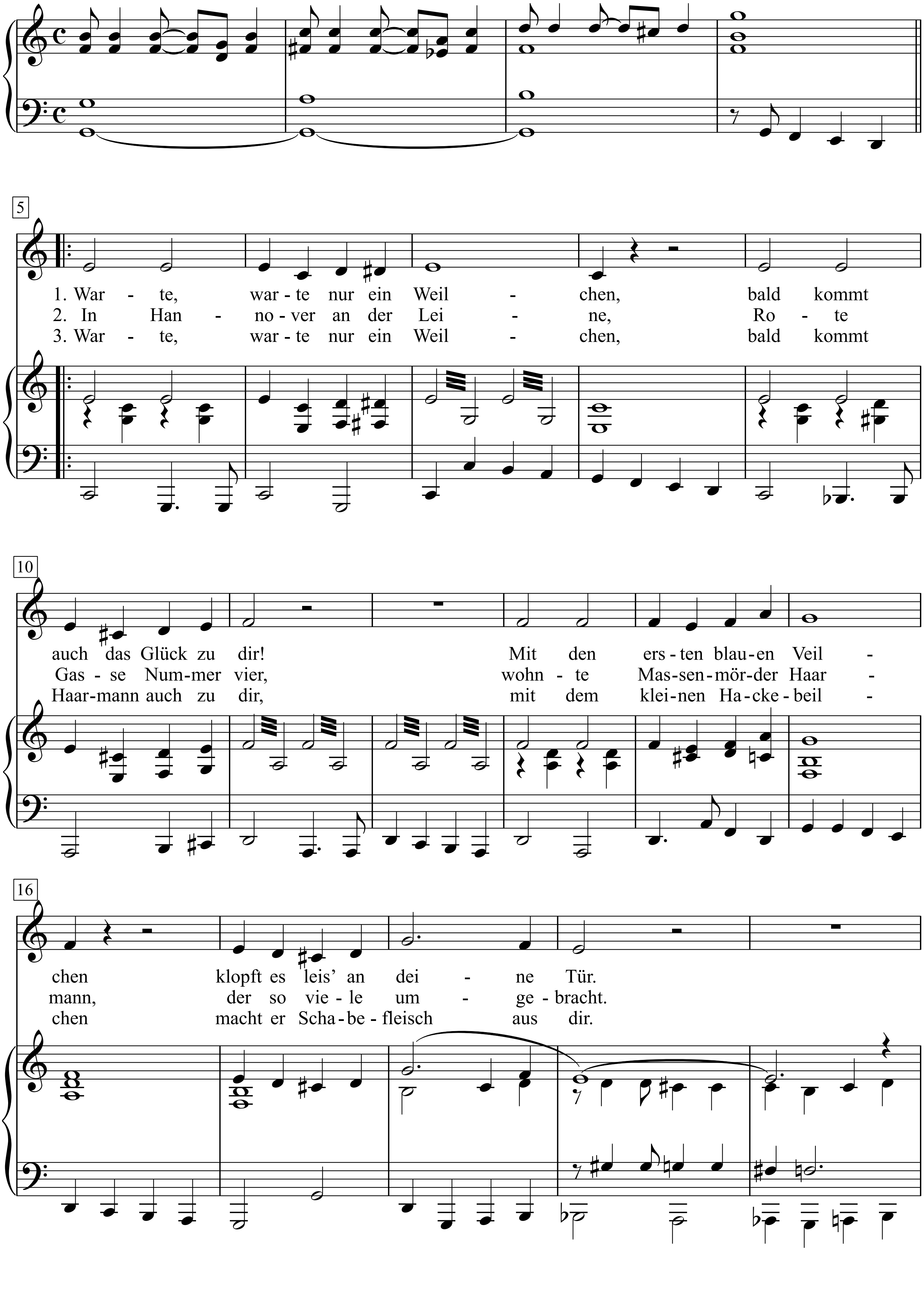
2. Die Sehnsucht ist groß, doch die Liebe stirbt nie,
wenn wir uns lang' auch nicht sehn!
Ich schau' in die Zukunft mit viel Phantasie,
das macht mein Leben schön!

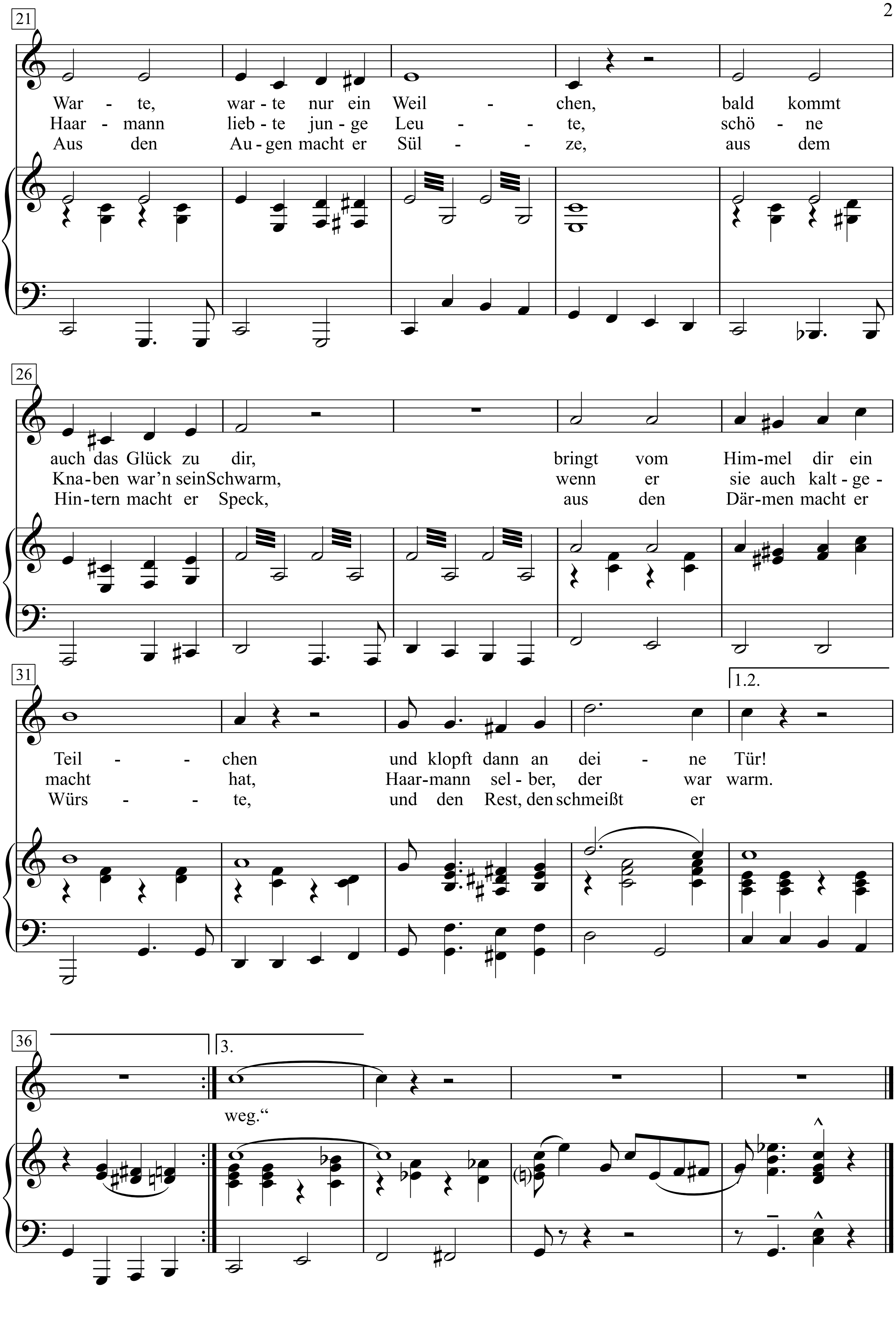
Refrain:
Warte, mein Mädel, dort in der Heimat,
bald kommt der Tag, wo mein Mund dich wieder küsst!
Glaube, mein Mädel, dort in der Heimat,
dass mein Herz dich niemals vergisst!
Wie der Seemann seinem Schiff vertraut,
so vertraut er seiner Seemannsbraut.
Warte, mein Mädel, dort in der Heimat,
bleib' mir immer treu,
Mädel, ahoi! Die hoi! hoi!

Warte, warte nur ein Weilchen

Willi Kollo
Volksmund

Walter Kollo
Bearbeitung: Heinz Kohring




21
War - te, war - te nur ein Weil - chen, bald kommt
Haar - mann lieb - te jun - ge Leu - - te, schö - ne
Aus den Au - gen macht er Sül - - ze, aus dem
26
auch das Glück zu dir, bringt vom Him - mel dir ein
Kna - ben war'n sein Schwarm, wenn er sie auch kalt - ge -
Hin - tern macht er Speck, aus den Där - men macht er
31
1.2.
Teil - - chen und klopft dann an dei - ne Tür!
macht hat, Haar - mann sel - ber, der war warm.
Würs - - te, und den Rest, den schmeißt er
36
3.
weg."

1. Warte, warte nur ein Weilchen,
bald kommt auch das Glück zu dir!
Mit den ersten blauen Veilchen
klopft es leis' an deine Tür.
Warte, warte nur ein Weilchen,
bald kommt auch das Glück zu dir,
bringt vom Himmel dir ein Teilchen
und klopft dann an deine Tür!

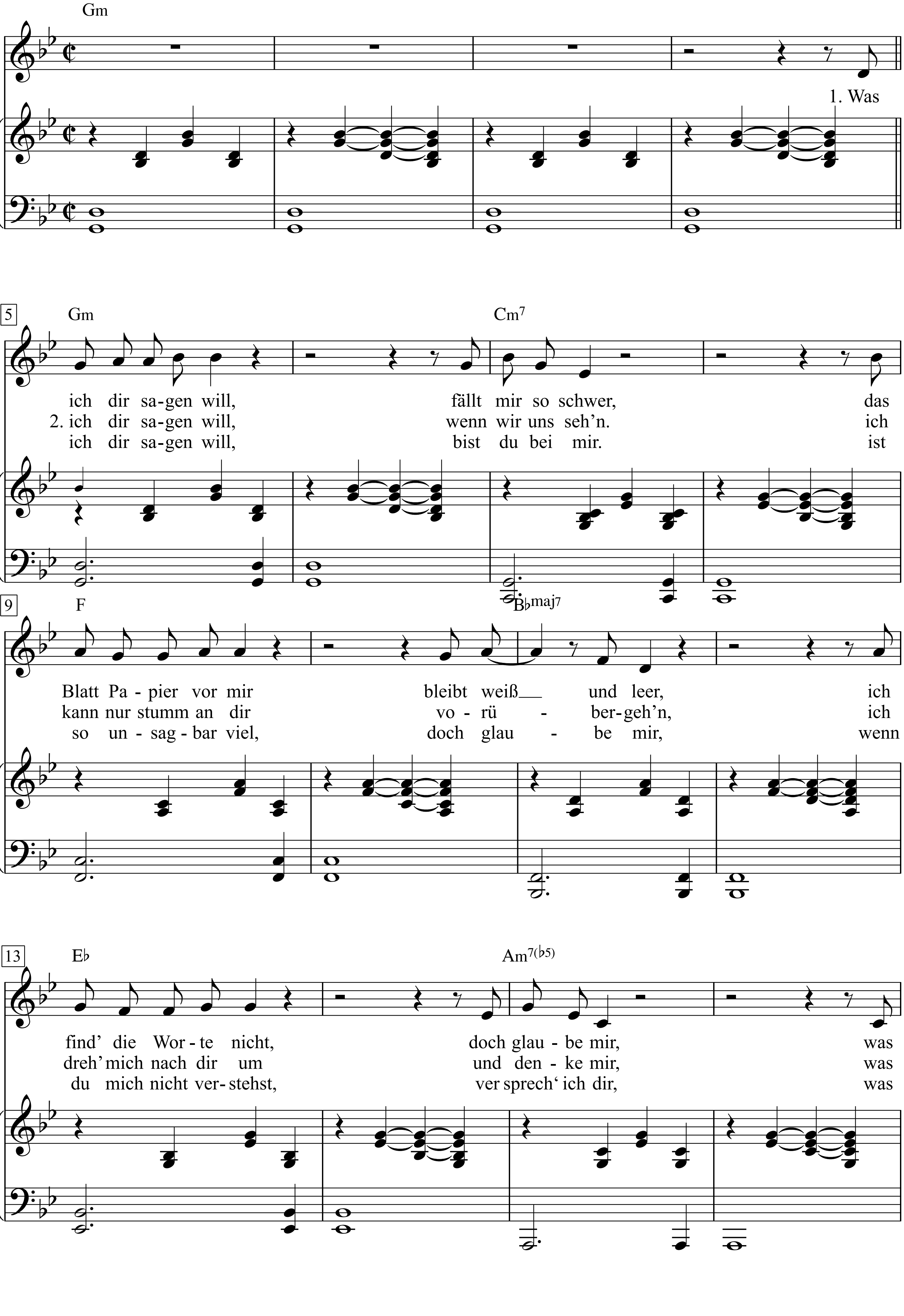
2. In Hannover an der Leine,
Rote Gasse Nummer vier,
wohnte Massenmörder Haarmann,
der so viele umgebracht.
Haarmann liebte junge Leute,
schöne Knaben war'n sein Schwarm,
wenn er sie auch kaltgemacht hat,
Haarmann selber, der war warm.

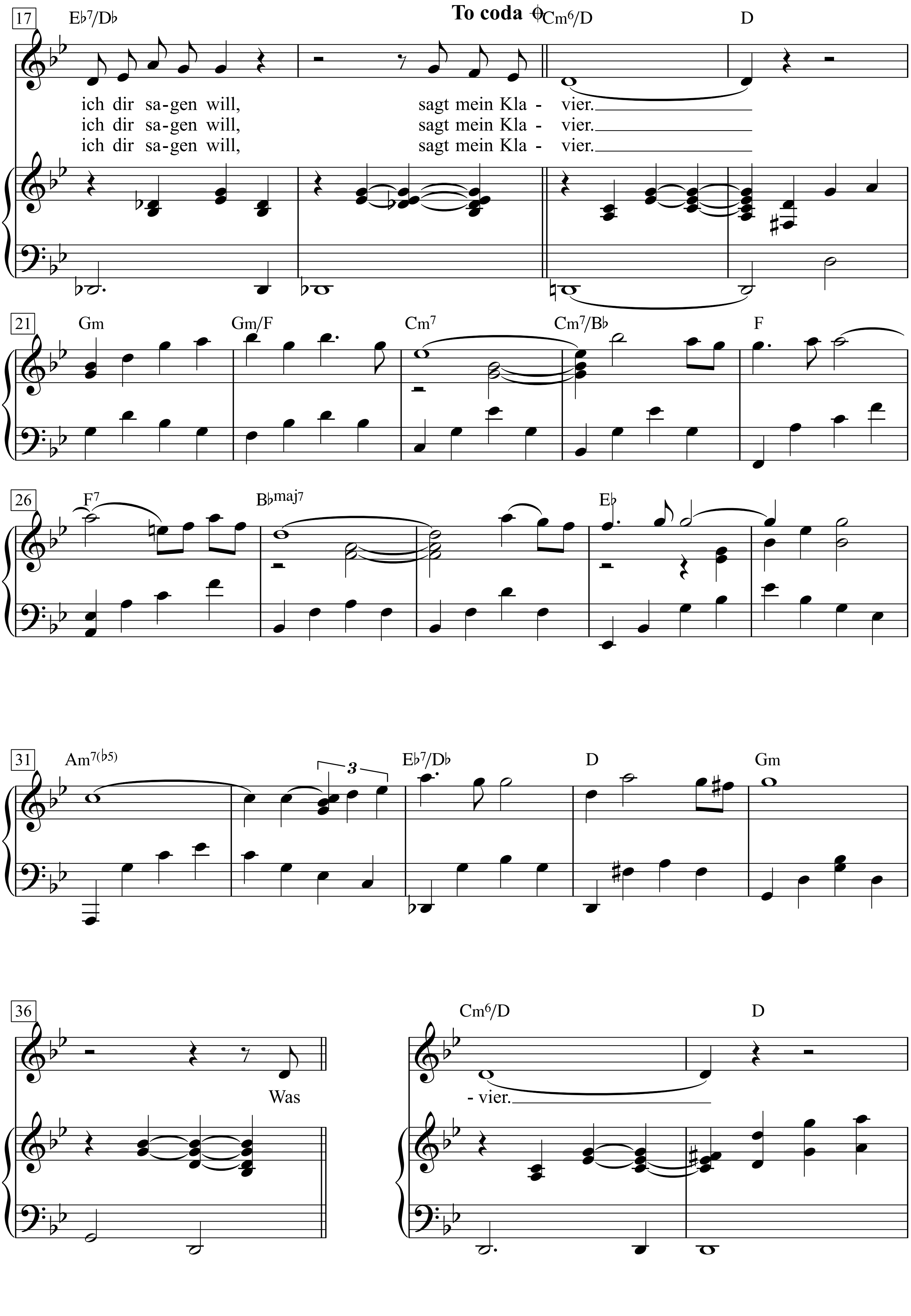
3. Warte, warte nur ein Weilchen,
bald kommt Haarmann auch zu dir,
mit dem kleinen Hackebeilchen
macht er Schabefleisch aus dir.
Aus den Augen macht er Sülze,
aus dem Hintern macht er Speck,
aus den Därmen macht er Würste,
und den Rest, den schmeißt er weg."

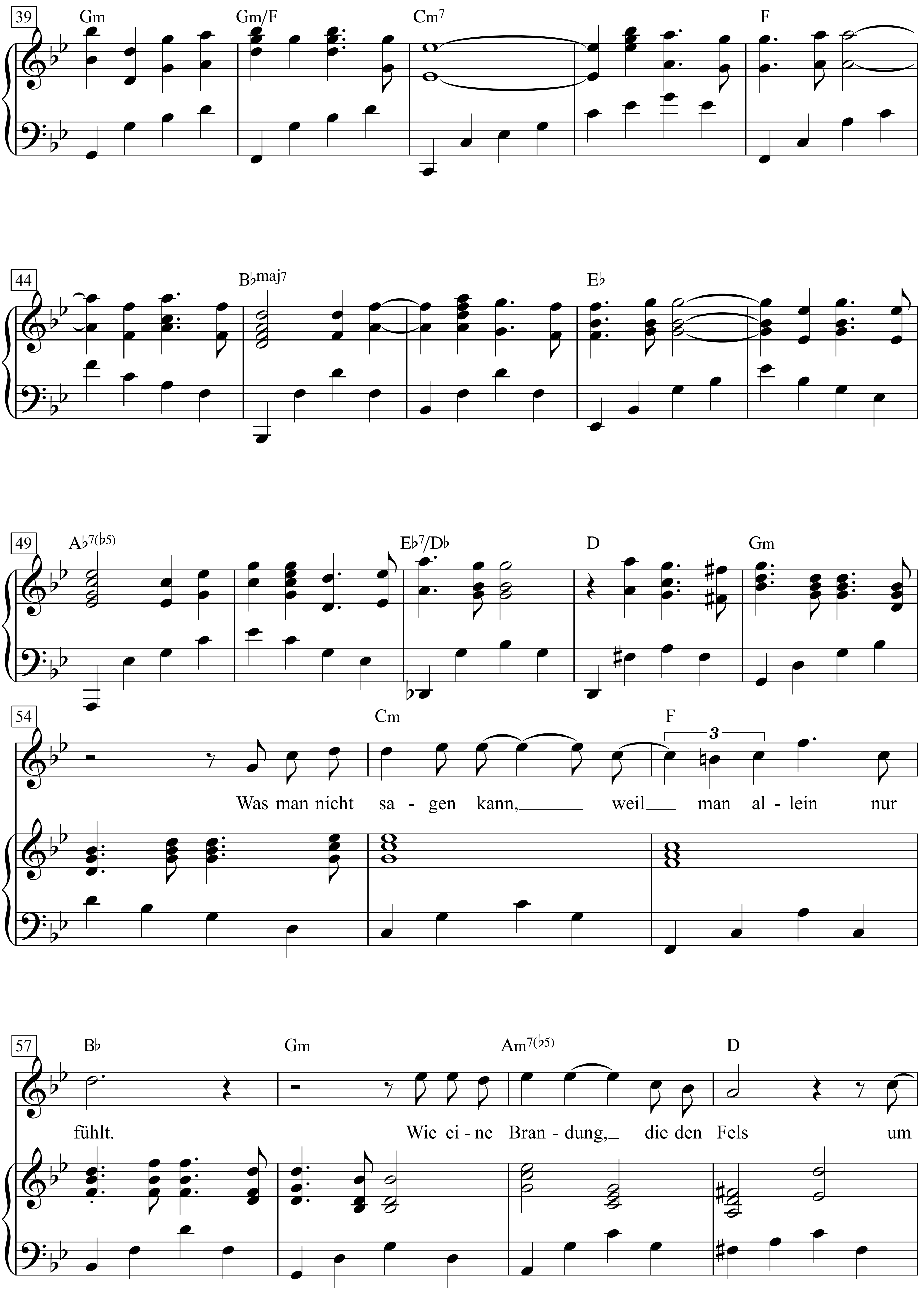
Was ich dir sagen will

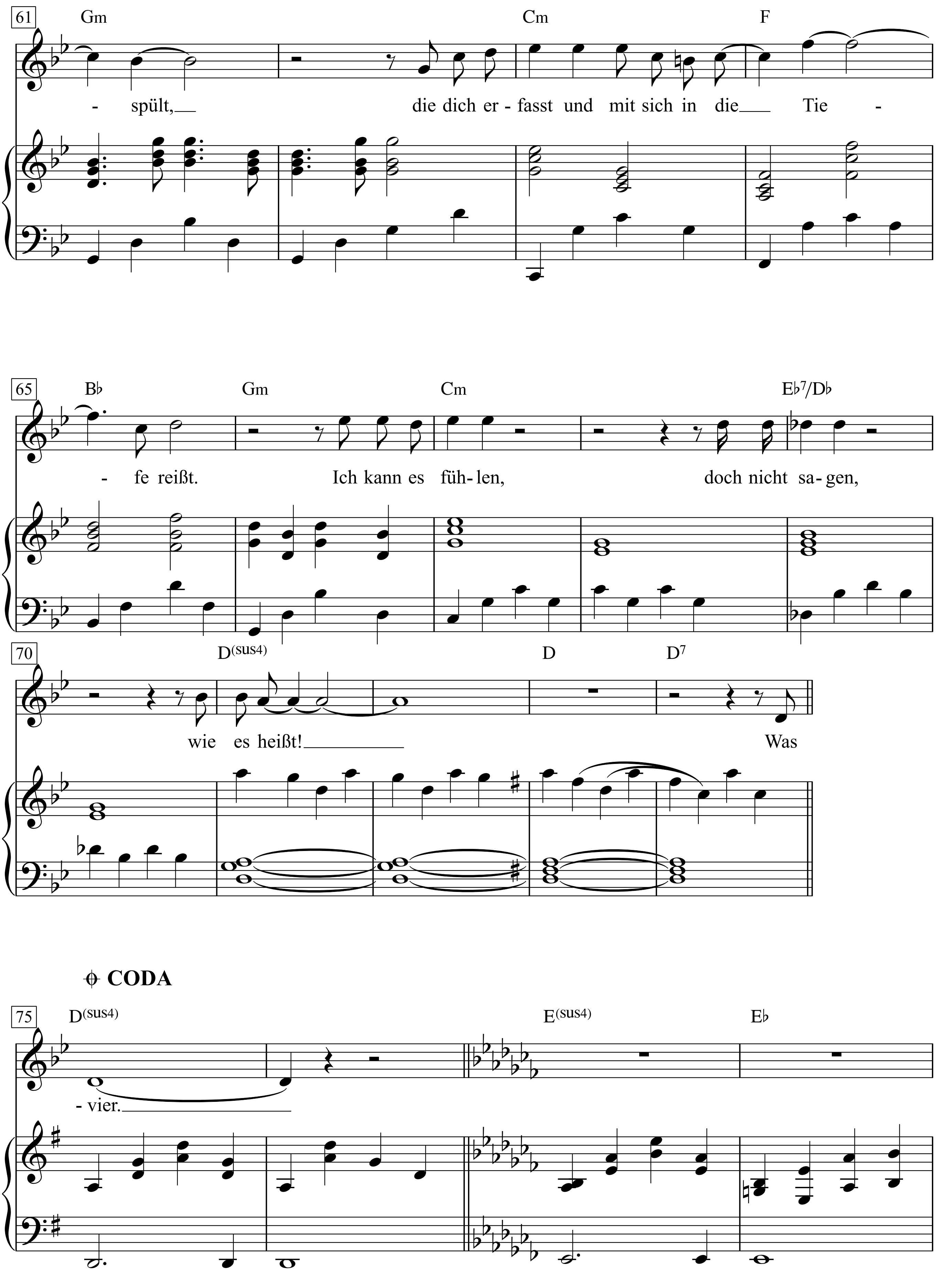
Text: Joachim Fuchsberger

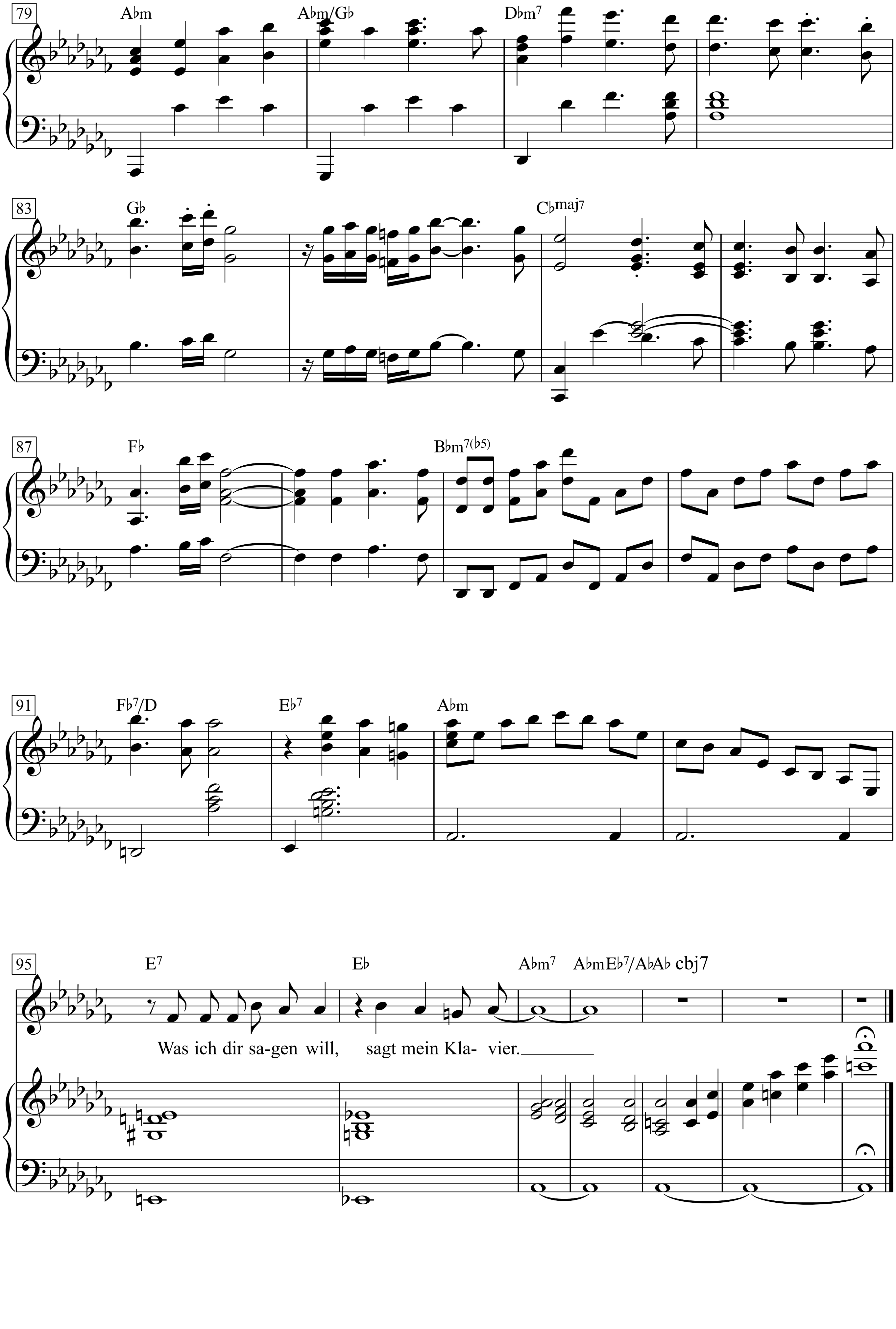
Musik: Udo Jürgend
(Udo Jurgens)




17
E♭7/D♭
To coda
Cm6/D
D
ich dir sa-gen will, sagt mein Kla - vier.
ich dir sa-gen will, sagt mein Kla - vier.
ich dir sa-gen will, sagt mein Kla - vier.
21
Gm
Gm/F
Cm7
Cm7/B♭
F
26
F7
B♭maj7
E♭
31
Am7(♭5)
3
E♭7/D♭
D
Gm
36
Was
Cm6/D
D
- vier.


39
Gm
Gm/F
Cm7
F
44
B♭maj7
E♭
49
A♭7(♭5)
E♭7/D♭
D
Gm
54
Cm
F
3
Was man nicht sa - gen kann, weil man al - lein nur
57
B♭
Gm
Am7(♭5)
D
fühlt. Wie ei - ne Bran - dung, die den Fels um

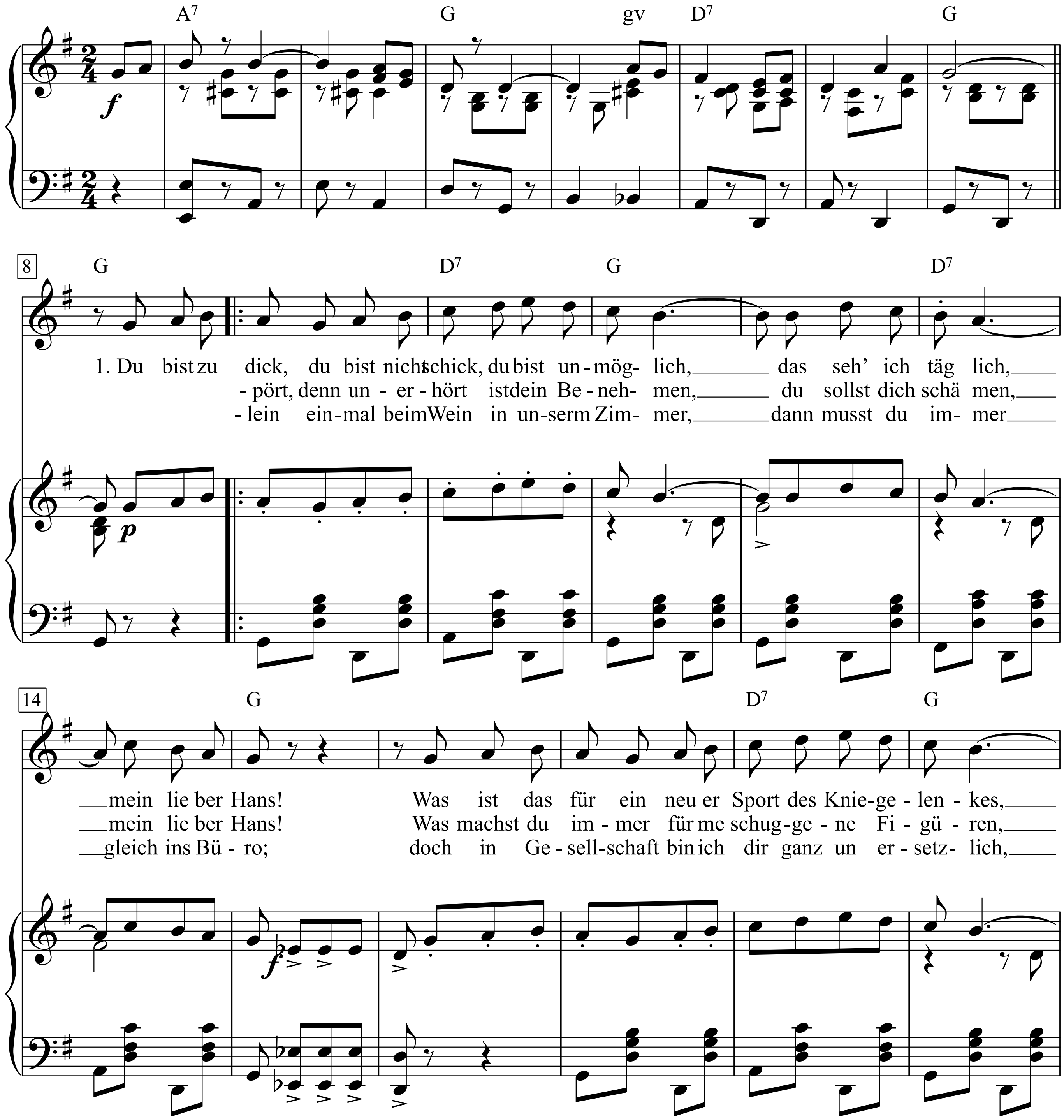

61
Gm
Cm
F
- spült, die dich er - fasst und mit sich in die Tie -
65
B♭
Gm
Cm
E♭7/D♭
- fe reißt. Ich kann es füh - len, doch nicht sa - gen,
70
D(sus4)
D
D7
wie es heißt! Was
CODA
75
D(sus4)
E(sus4)
E♭
- vier.

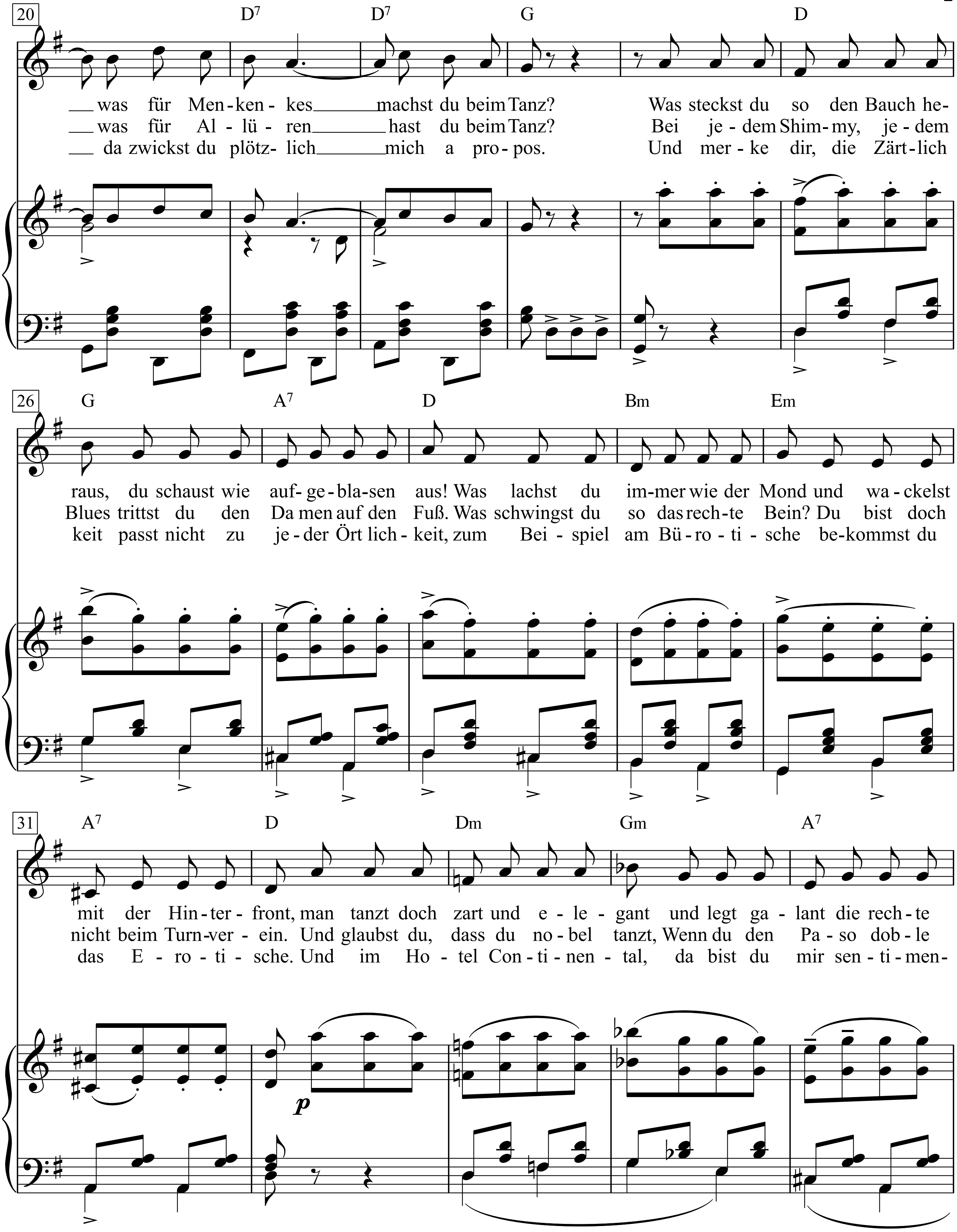

79
A♭m
A♭m/G♭
D♭m7
83
G♭
C♭maj7
87
F♭
B♭m7(♭5)
91
F♭7/D
E♭7
A♭m
95
E7
E♭
A♭m7
A♭mE♭7/A♭A♭ cbj7
Was ich dir sa-gen will, sagt mein Kla- vier.

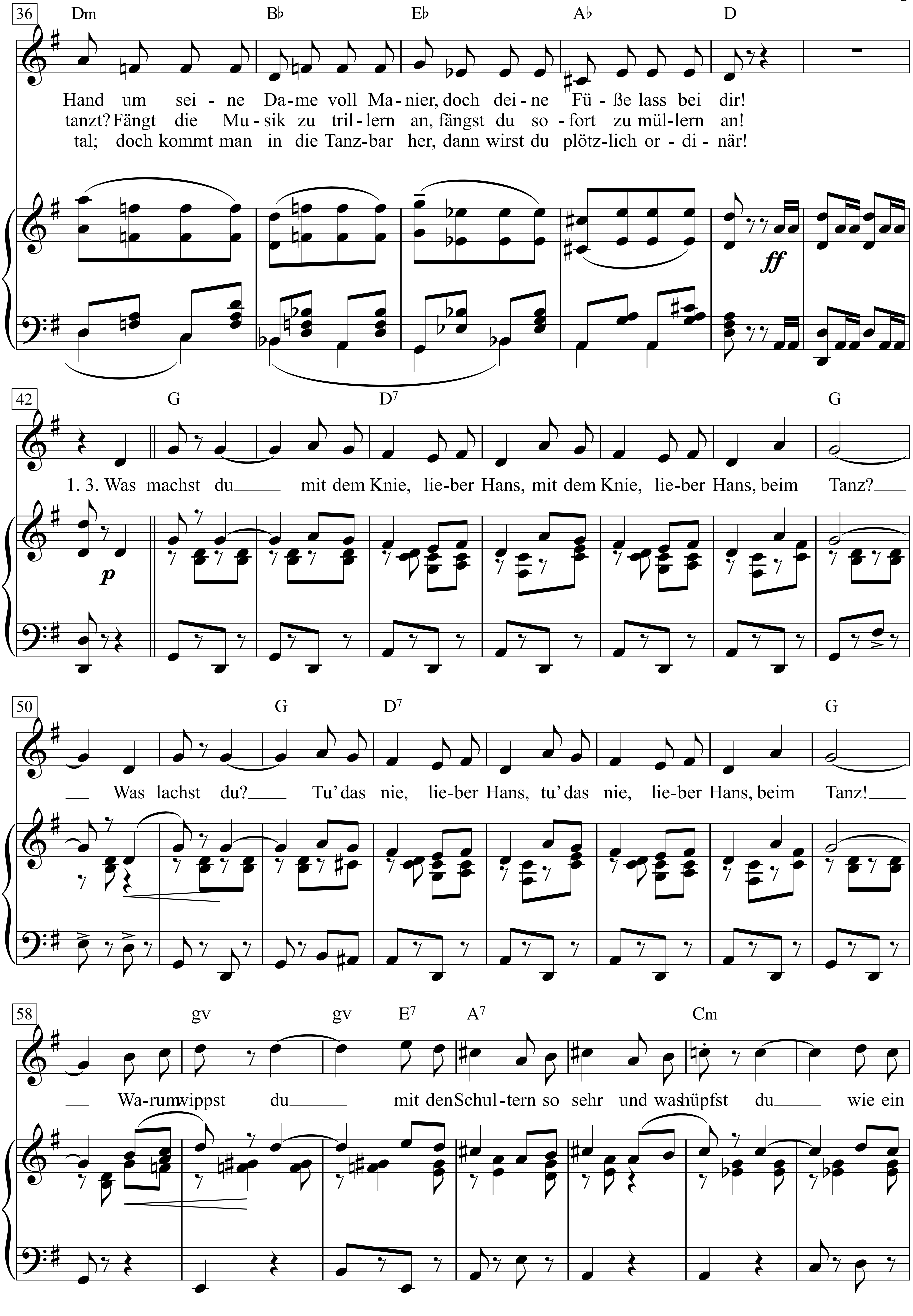
Was machst du mit dem Knie, lieber Hans?

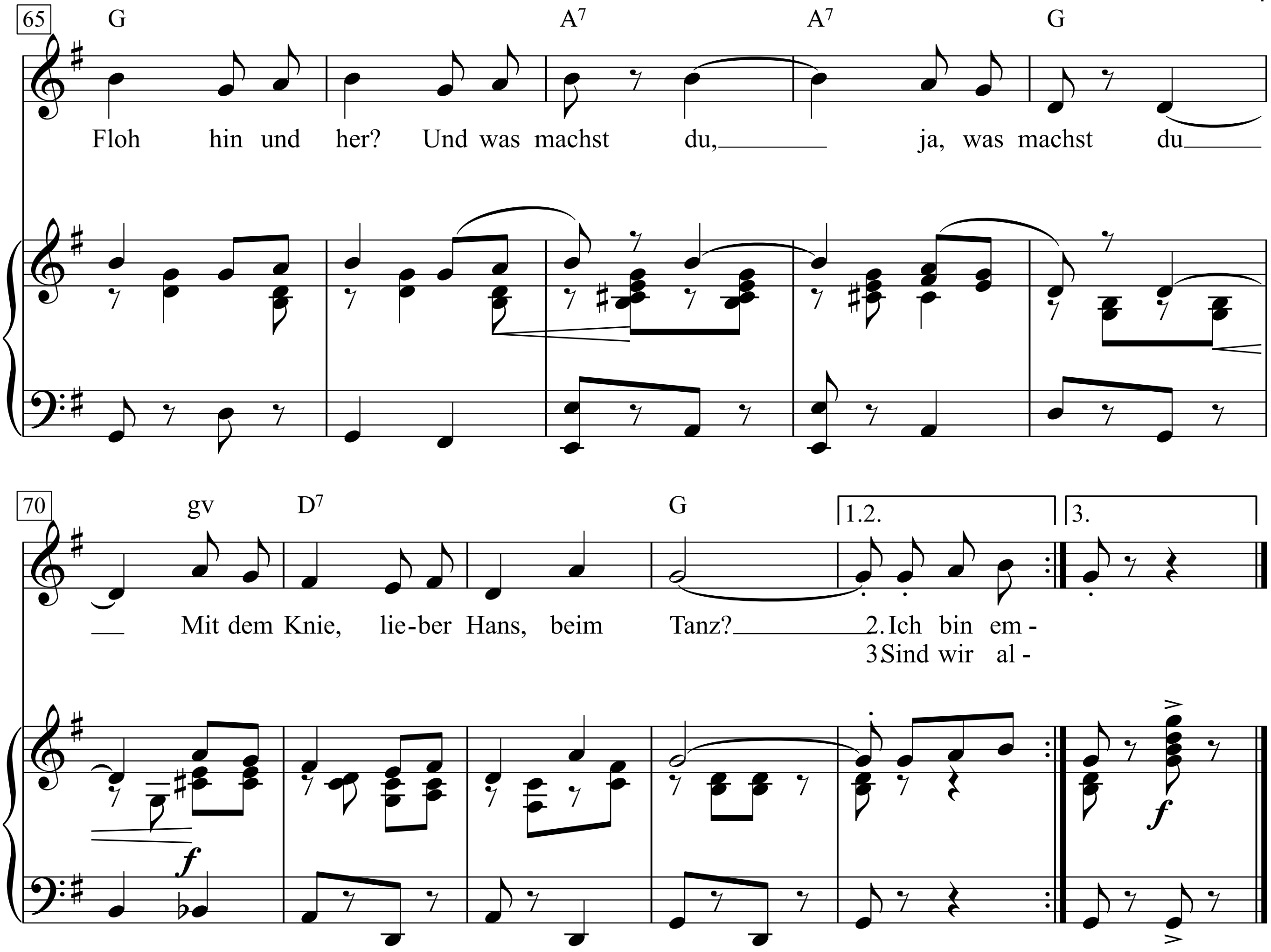
Fritz Löhner-Beda

Richard Fall




20
D7 D7 G D
— was für Men-ken-kes — machst du beim Tanz? Was steckst du so den Bauch he-
— was für Al-lü-ren — hast du beim Tanz? Bei je-dem Shim-my, je-dem
— da zwickst du plötz-lich — mich a pro-pos. Und mer-ke dir, die Zärt-lich
26
G A7 D Bm Em
raus, du schaust wie auf-ge-bla-sen aus! Was lachst du im-mer wie der Mond und wa-ckelst
Blues trittst du den Da men auf den Fuß. Was schwingst du so das rech-te Bein? Du bist doch
keit passt nicht zu je-der Ört lich-keit, zum Bei-spiel am Bü-ro-ti-sche be-kommst du
31
A7 D Dm Gm A7
mit der Hin-ter-front, man tanzt doch zart und e-le-gant und legt ga-lant die rech-te
nicht beim Turn-ver-ein. Und glaubst du, dass du no-bel tanzt, Wenn du den Pa-so dob-le
das E-ro-ti-sche. Und im Ho-tel Con-ti-nen-tal, da bist du mir sen-ti-men-
p


36
Dm Bb Eb Ab D
Hand um sei - ne Da-me voll Ma-nier, doch dei-ne Fü - ße lass bei dir!
tanzt? Fängt die Mu - sik zu tril - lern an, fängst du so - fort zu mül-lern an!
tal; doch kommt man in die Tanz-bar her, dann wirst du plötz-lich or - di - när!
ff
42
G D7 G
1. 3. Was machst du mit dem Knie, lie-ber Hans, mit dem Knie, lie-ber Hans, beim Tanz?
p
50
G D7 G
Was lachst du? Tu' das nie, lie-ber Hans, tu' das nie, lie-ber Hans, beim Tanz!
58
gv gv E7 A7 Cm
Wa-rum wippst du mit den Schul-tern so sehr und was hüpfst du wie ein


65
G A7 A7 G
Floh hin und her? Und was machst du, ja, was machst du
70
gv D7 G
1.2.
3.
Mit dem Knie, lie-ber Hans, beim Tanz? 2. Ich bin em -
3.Sind wir al -

Du bist zu dick, du bist nicht schick, du bist unmöglich!
Das seh' ich täglich, mein lieber Hans.
Was ist das für ein neuer Sport des Kniegelenkes?
Was für *Menkenkes* machst du beim Tanz?

Was steckst du so den Bauch heraus?
Du schaust wie aufgeblasen

Sind wir allein
einmal beim Wein
in un-serm Zimmer,
dann musst du immer
gleich ins Büro;
doch in Gesellschaft bin ich dir ganz un-ersetzlich,
da zwickst du plötzlich
mich a pro-pos.

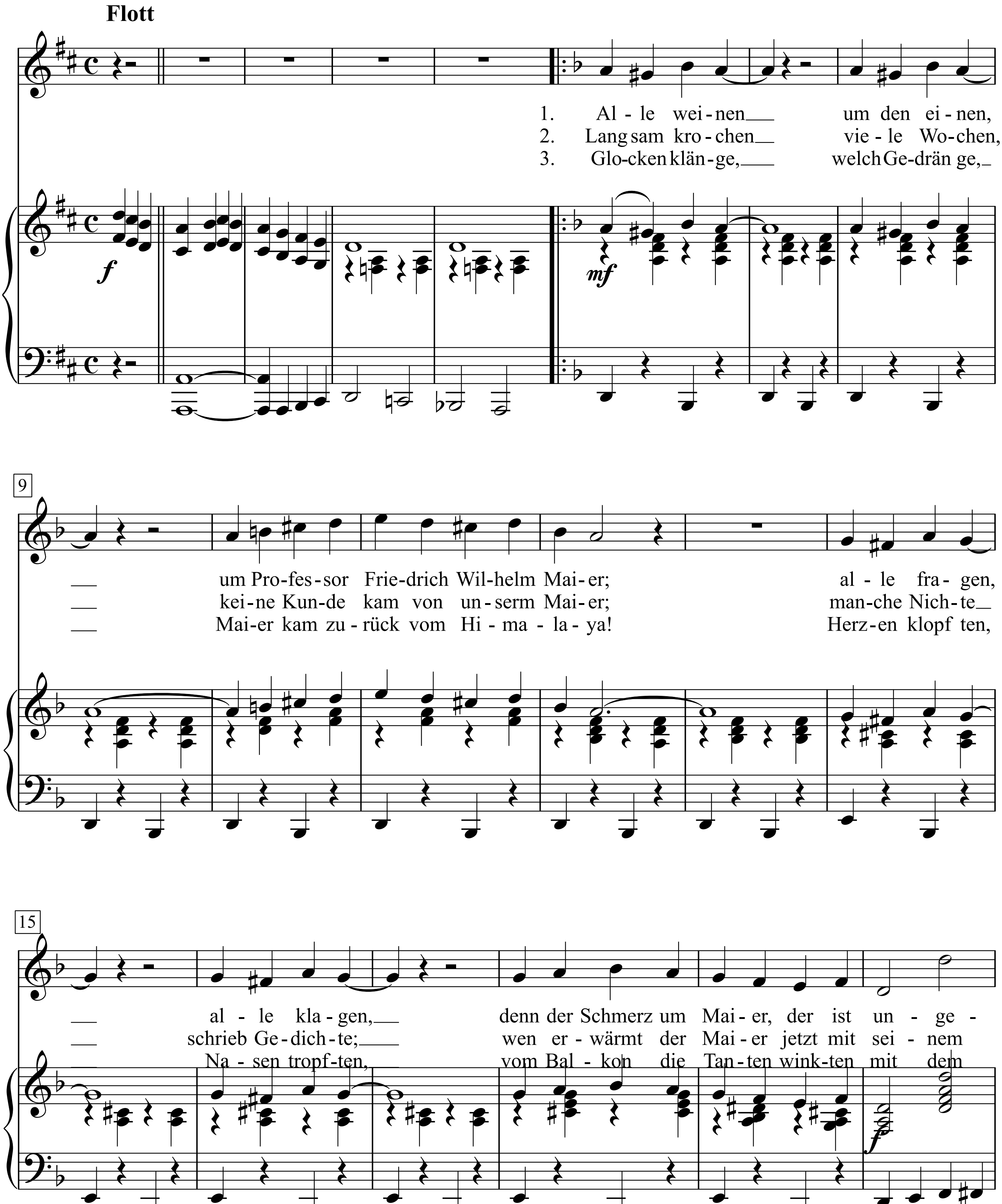
Und merke dir, die Zärtlichkeit
passt nicht zu jeder Örtlichkeit,
zum Beispiel am Bürotische
bekommst du das Erotische.
Und im Hotel Continental,
da bist du mir sentimental;
doch kommt man in die Tanzbar her,
dann wirst du plötzlich ordinär!

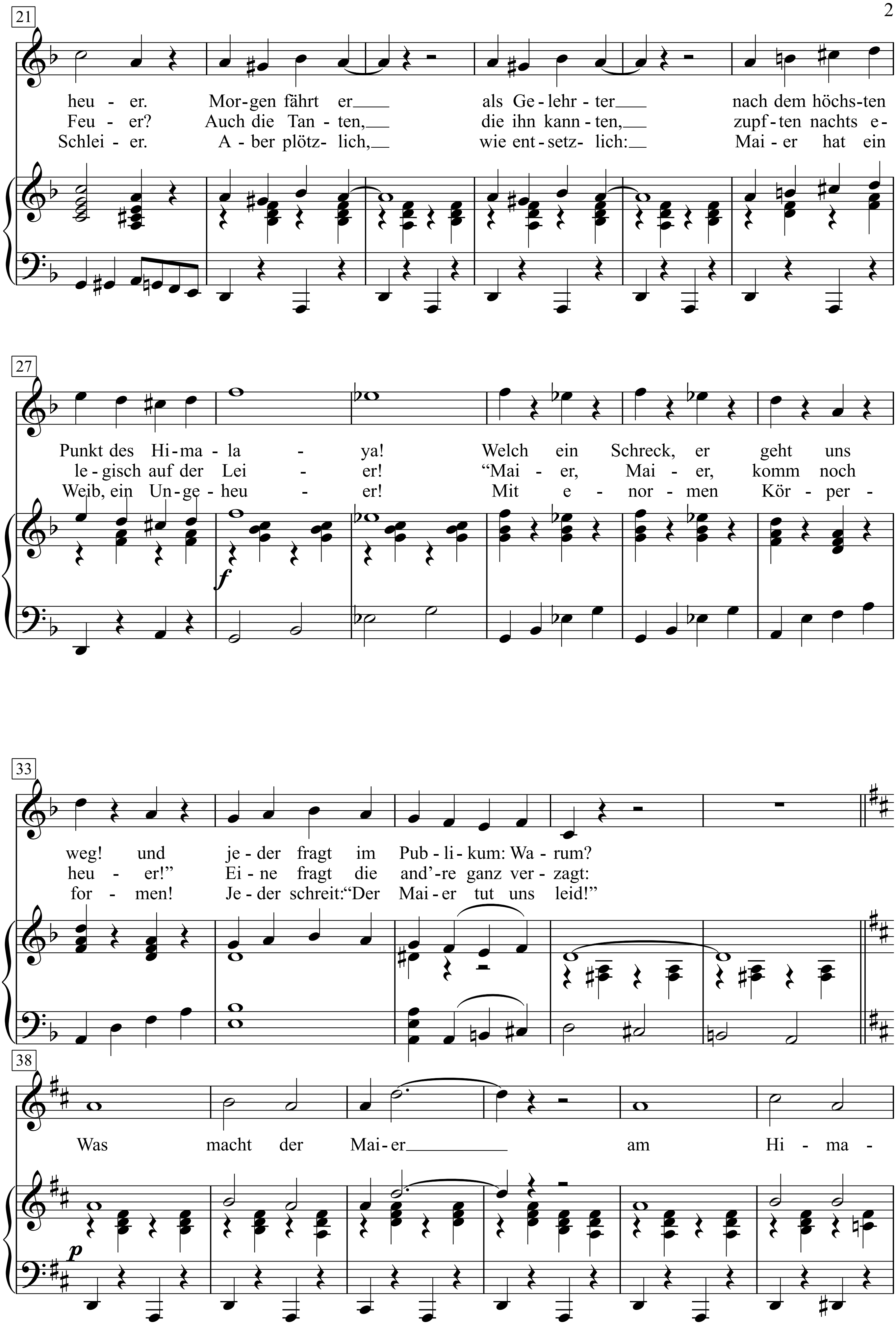
Was steckst du so den Bauch heraus?
Du schaust wie aufgeblasen aus!
Was lachst du immer wie der Mond
Und wackelst mit der Hinterfront?
Man tanzt doch zart und elegant
Und legt galant die rechte Hand
Um seine Dame voll Manier,
Doch deine Füße lass bei
https://lyricstranslate.com/de/brigitte-mira-was-machst-du-mit-dem-knie-lieber-hans-lyrics.html

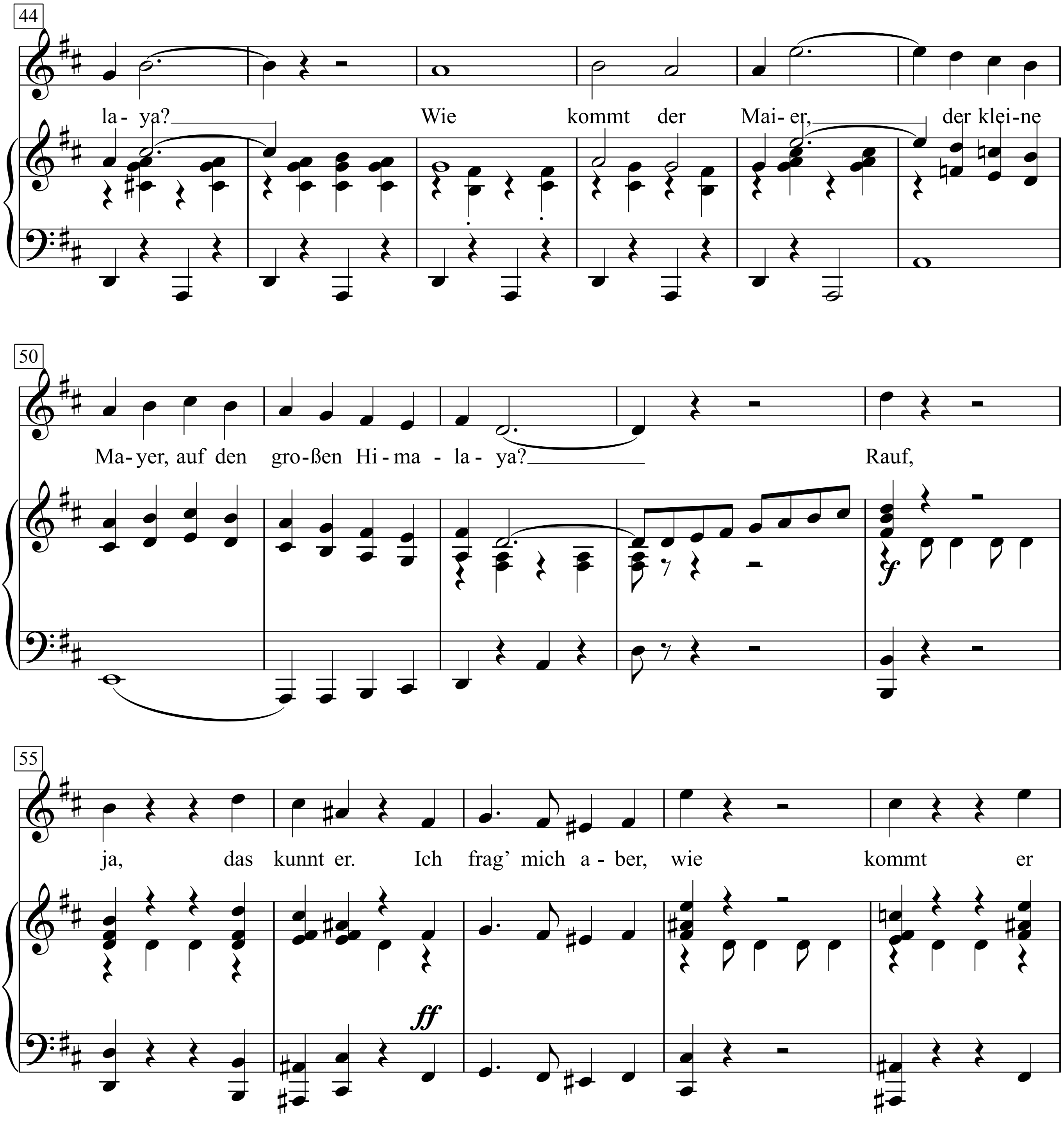
Was macht der Maier am Himalaya?

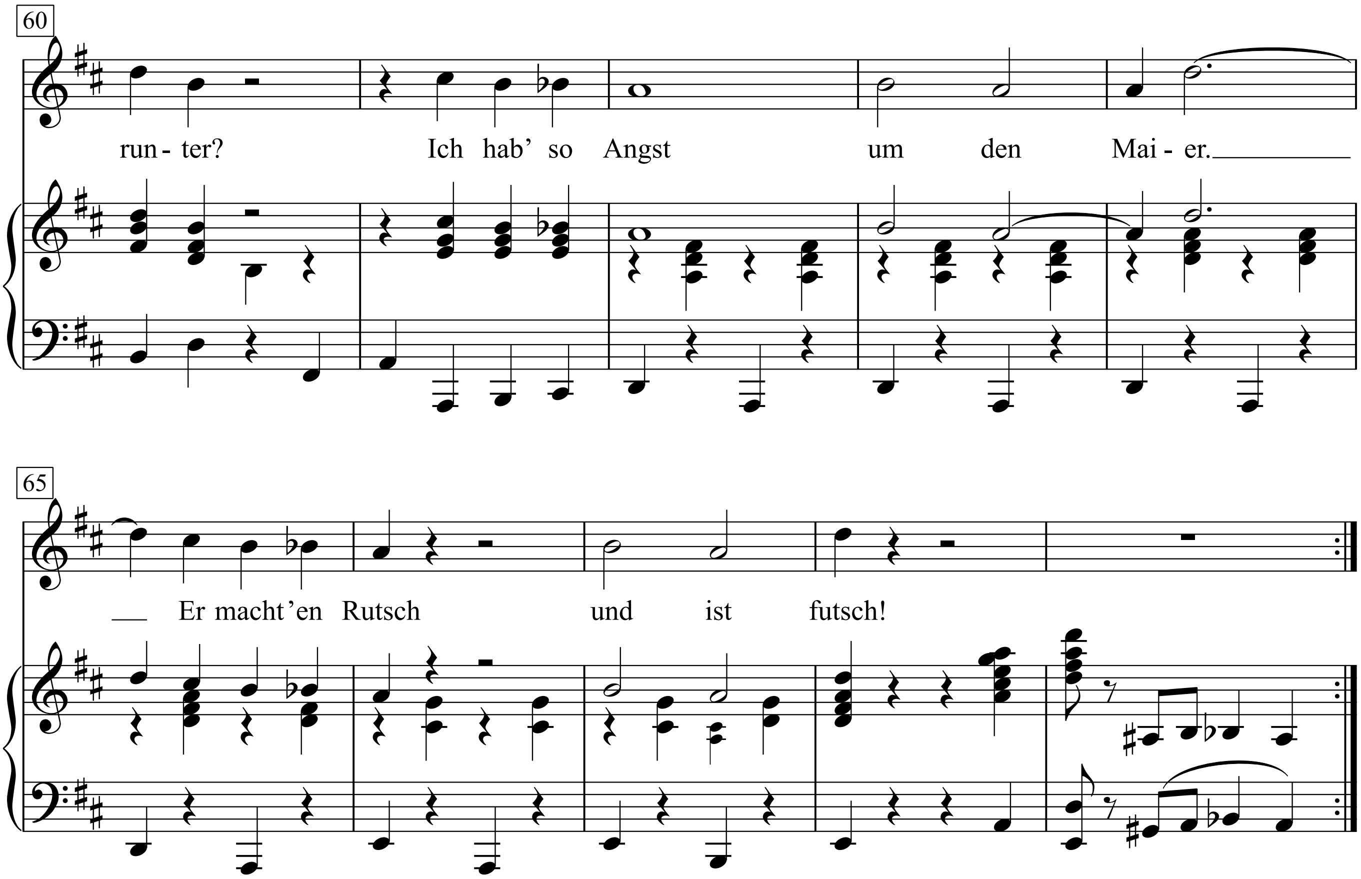
Fritz Rotter & Otto Stransky

Anton Profes




21
heu - er. Mor-gen fährt er als Ge-lehr-ter nach dem höchs-ten
Feu - er? Auch die Tan - ten, die ihn kann - ten, zupf-ten nachts e-
Schlei - er. A - ber plötz- lich, wie ent-setz- lich: Mai - er hat ein
27
Punkt des Hi-ma - la - ya! Welch ein Schreck, er geht uns
le-gisch auf der Lei - er! “Mai - er, Mai - er, komm noch
Weib, ein Un-ge-heu - er! Mit e - nor - men Kör - per -
f
33
weg! und je-der fragt im Pub - li - kum: Wa - rum?
heu - er!” Ei - ne fragt die and’-re ganz ver - zagt:
for - men! Je - der schreit: “Der Mai - er tut uns leid!”
38
Was macht der Mai-er am Hi - ma -
p


44
la- ya? Wie kommt der Mai- er, der klei-ne
50
Ma-yer, auf den gro-ßen Hi-ma - la - ya? Rauf,
f
55
ja, das kunnt er. Ich frag' mich a - ber, wie kommt er
ff


60
run - ter? Ich hab' so Angst um den Mai - er.
65
Er macht'en Rutsch und ist futsch!

1. Alle weinen um den einen,
um Professor Friedrich Wilhelm Maier;
alle fragen, alle klagen,
denn der Schmerz um Maier,
der ist ungeheuer.
Morgen fährt er als Gelehrter
nach dem höchsten Punkt des Himalaya!
Welch ein Schreck, er geht uns weg!
und jeder fragt im Publikum: Warum?

Was macht der Maier am Himalaya?
Wie kommt der Maier, der kleine Mayer,
auf den großen Himalaya?
Rauf, ja, das kunnt er.
Ich frag' mich aber,
wie kommt er runter?
Ich hab' so Angst um den Maier.
Er macht 'en Rutsch und ist futsch!

2. Langsam krochen viele Wo chen,
keine Kunde kam von unserm Maier;
manche Nichte schrieb Gedichte;
wen erwärmt der Maier jetzt mit seinem Feuer?
Auch die Tanten, die ihn kannten,
zupften nachts elegisch auf der Leier!
"Maier, Maier, komm noch heuer!"
Eine fragt die and're ganz verzagt:

Was macht der Maier am Himalaya ...

3. Glockenklänge, welch Gedränge,
Maier kam zurück vom Himalaya!
Herzen klopften, Nasen tropften,
vom Balkon die Tanten winkten mit dem Schleier.
Aber plötzlich, wie entsetzlich:
Maier hat ein Weib, ein Ungeheuer!
Mit enormen Körperformen!
Jeder schreit: "Der Maier tut uns leid!"

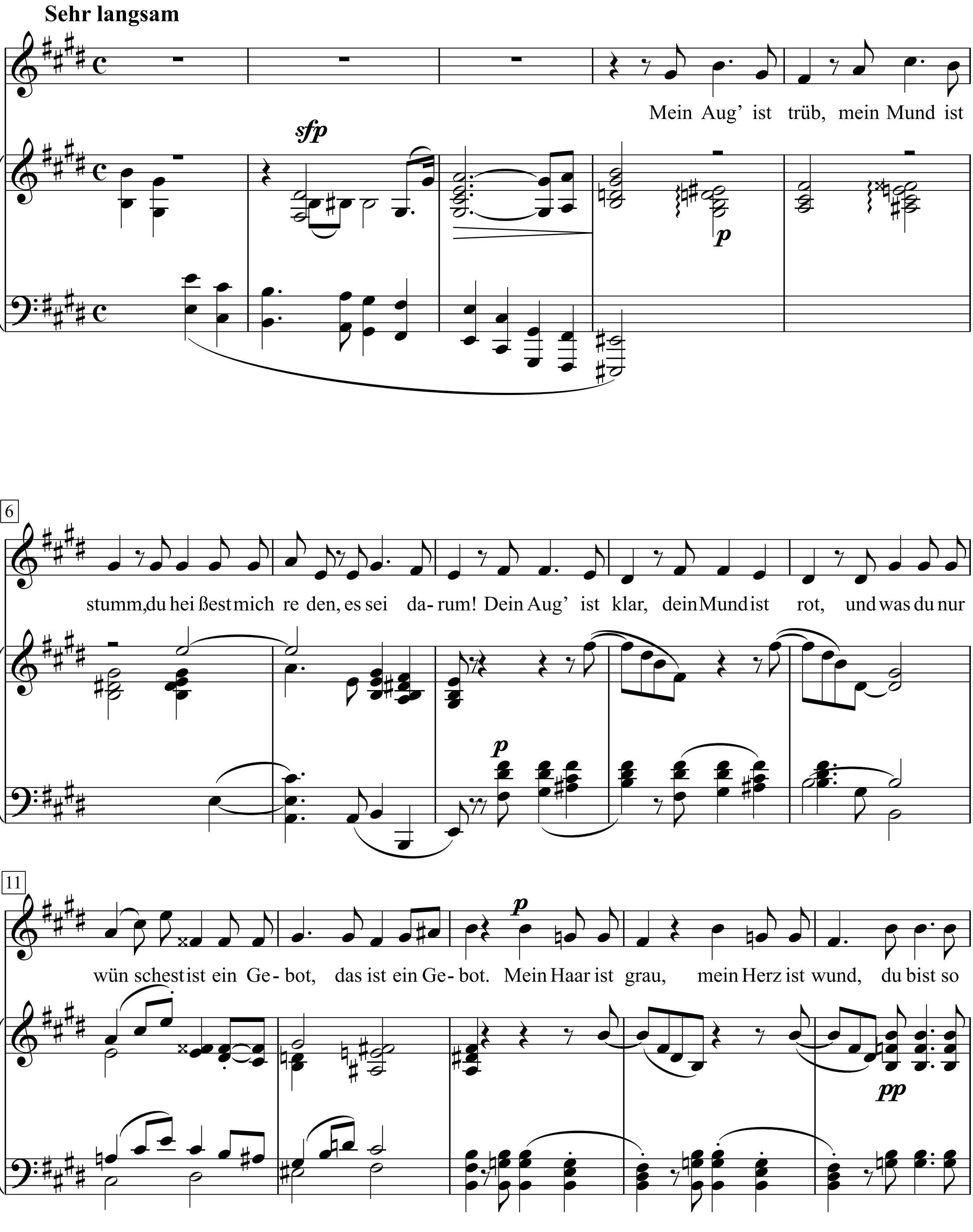
Was macht der Maier am Himalaya ...

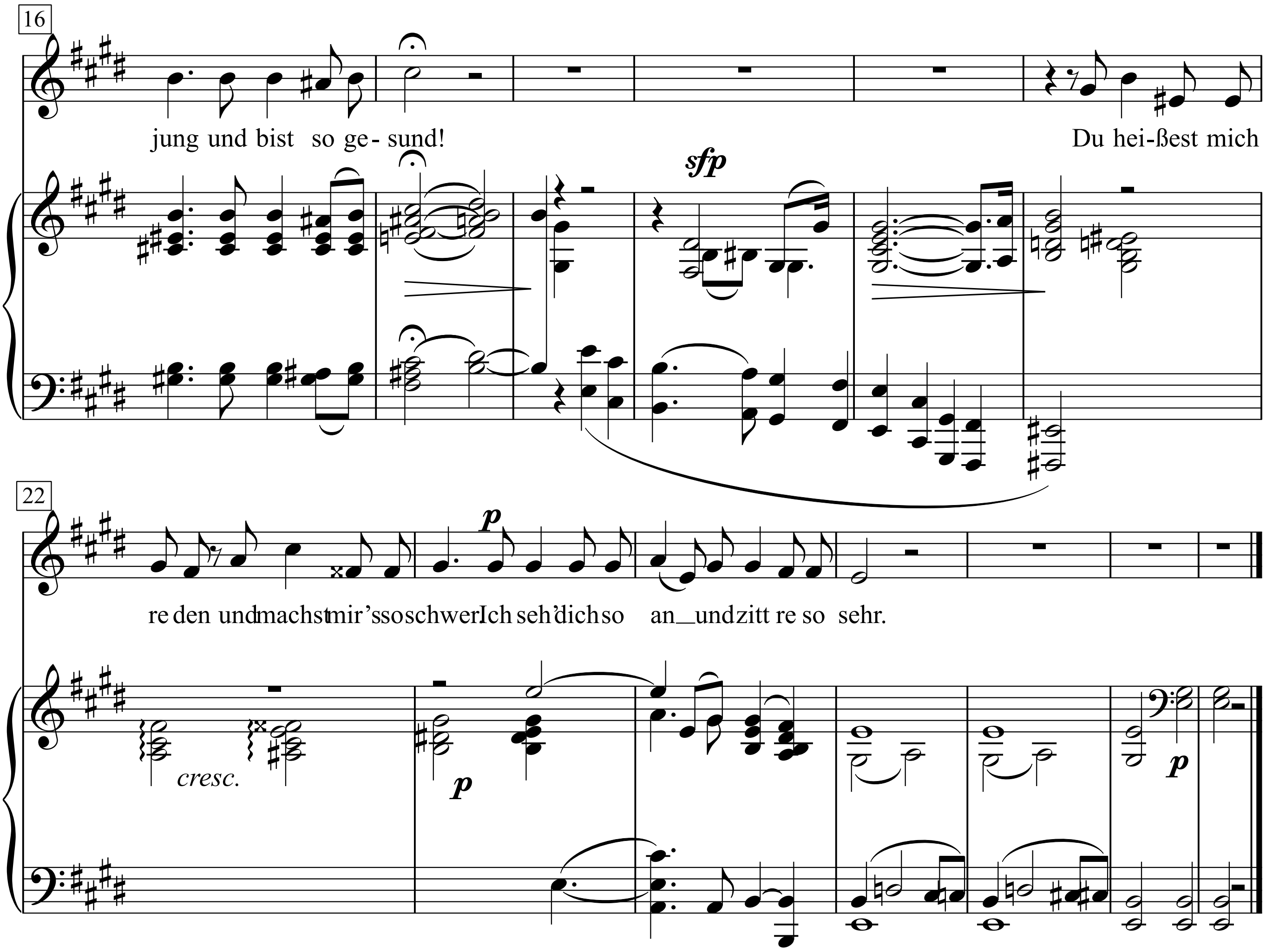
Was soll ich sagen!

Adelbert von Chamisso

(op. 27,3)

Robert Schumann

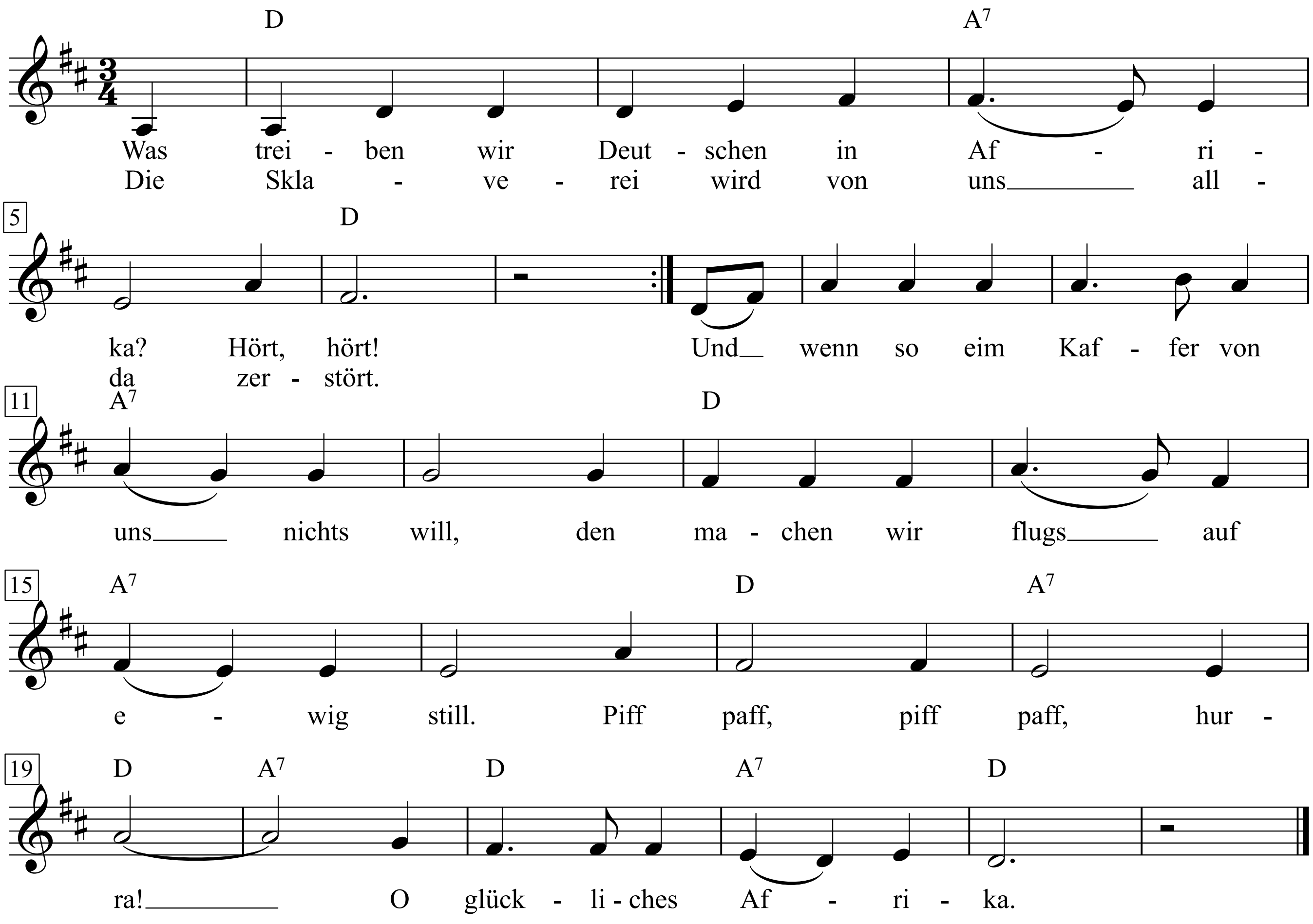



16
jung und bist so ge- sund!
Du hei-ßest mich
sfp
22
p
re den und machst mir's so schwer Ich seh' dich so an und zitt re so sehr.
cresc.
p
p

Was treiben wir Deutschen in Afrika?

Anonym;
Demekokratisches Liederbuch, Stuttgart 1898

Melodie:
Es klappert die Mühle am rauschenden Bach



1. Was treiben wir Deutsche in Afrika?
Hört, hört!
Die Sklaverei wird von uns allda
zerstört.
Und wenn so eim Kaffer von uns nichts will,
den machen wir flugs auf ewig still.
Piff paff, piff paff, hurra!
O glückliches Afrika.

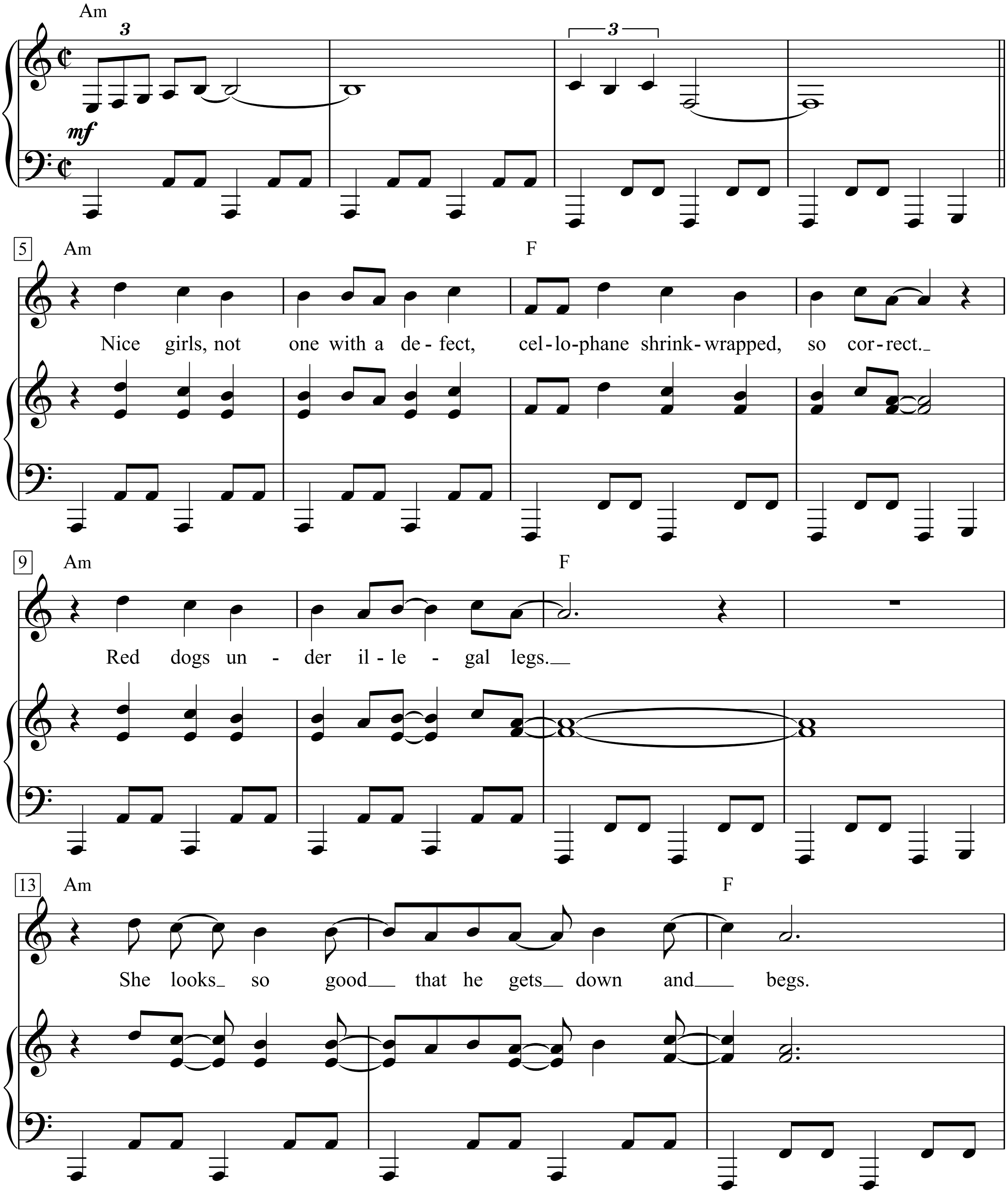
2. Wir pred'gen den Heiden sa Christentum.
Wie brav!
Und wer's nicht will glauben, den bringen wir um,
Piff paff!
O selig die Wilden, die also man lehrt
die christliche Liebe mit Feuer und Schwert.
Piff paff, piff paff, hurra!
O glückliches Afrika.

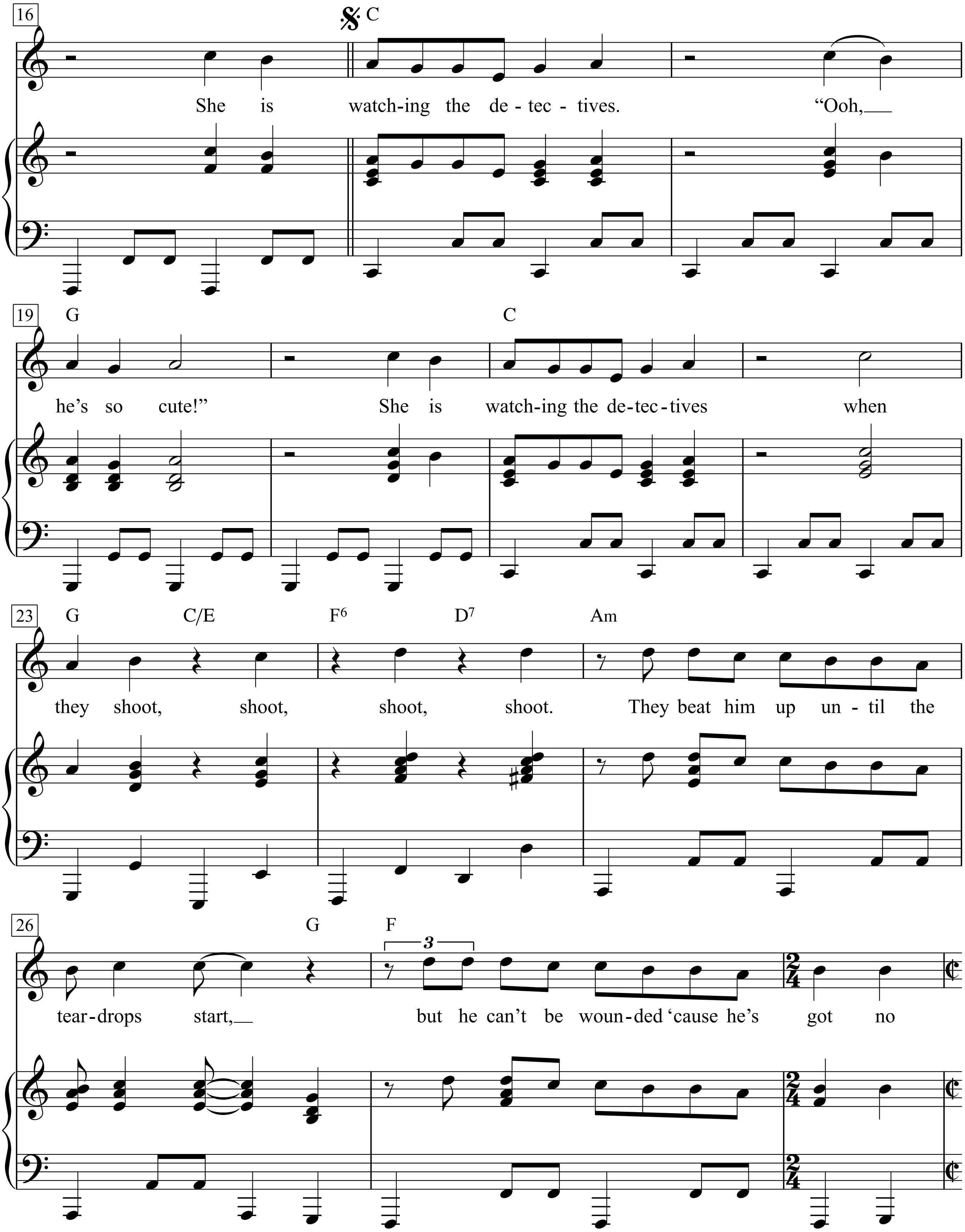
3. Wir haben gar scheidige Missionär.
Juchhei!
Den Branntwein, den Krupp und das Mausergewehr,
die drei.
So tragen Kultur wir nach Afrika.
Geladen! Gebt Feuer! Halleluja!
Piff paff, piff paff, hurra!
O glückliches Afrika!

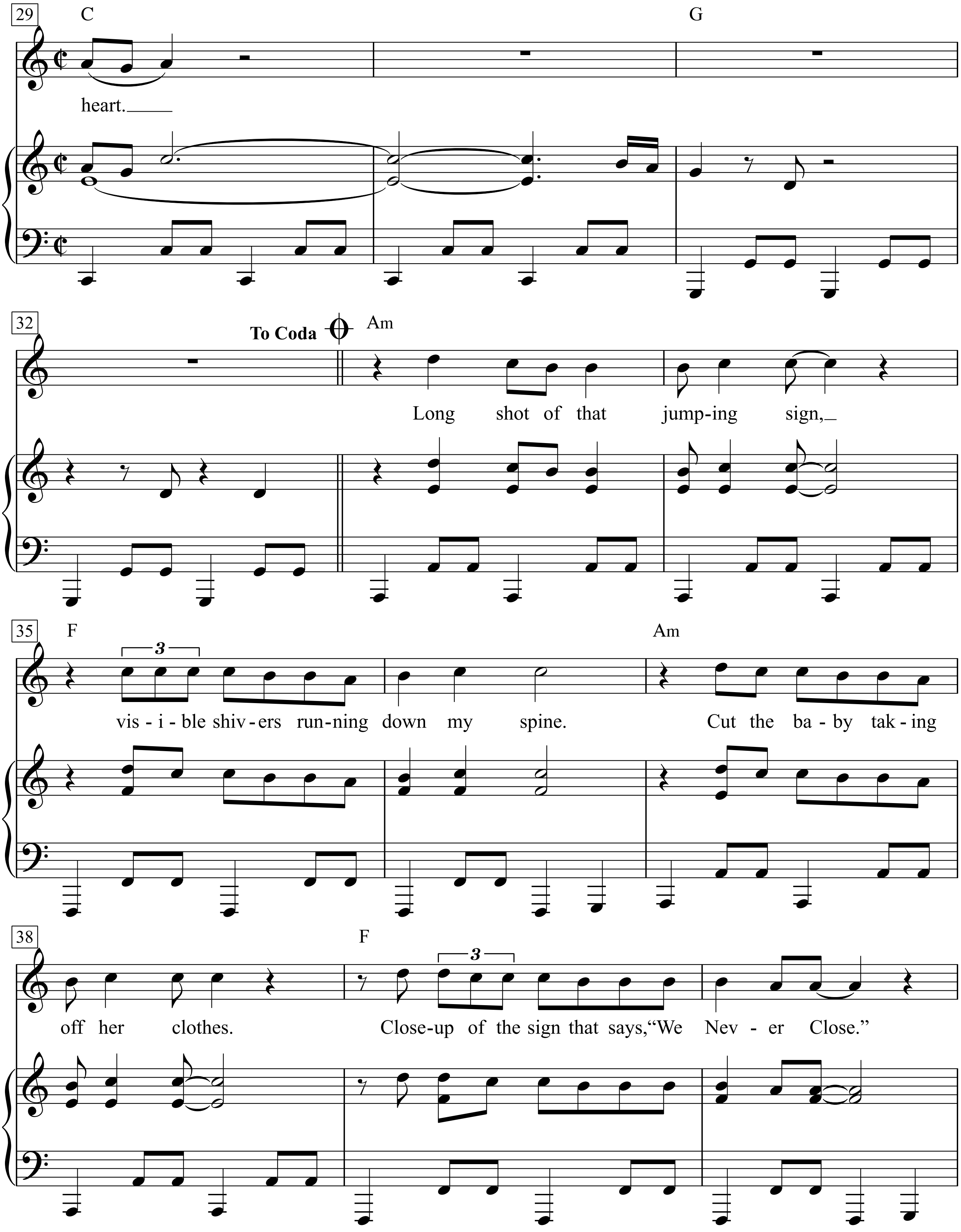
Watching The Detectives

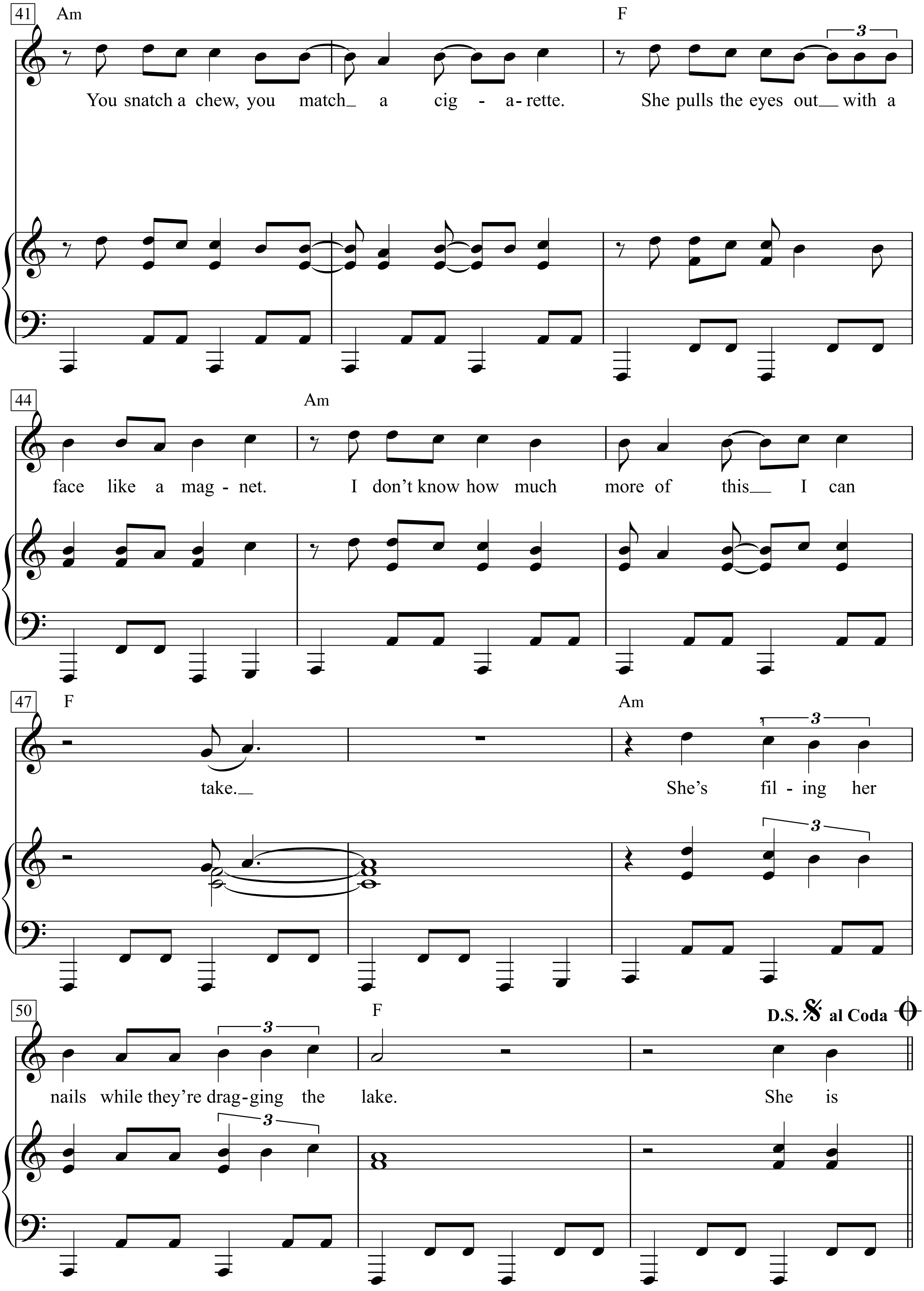
Words & Music by Elvis Costello
(Elvis Costello)

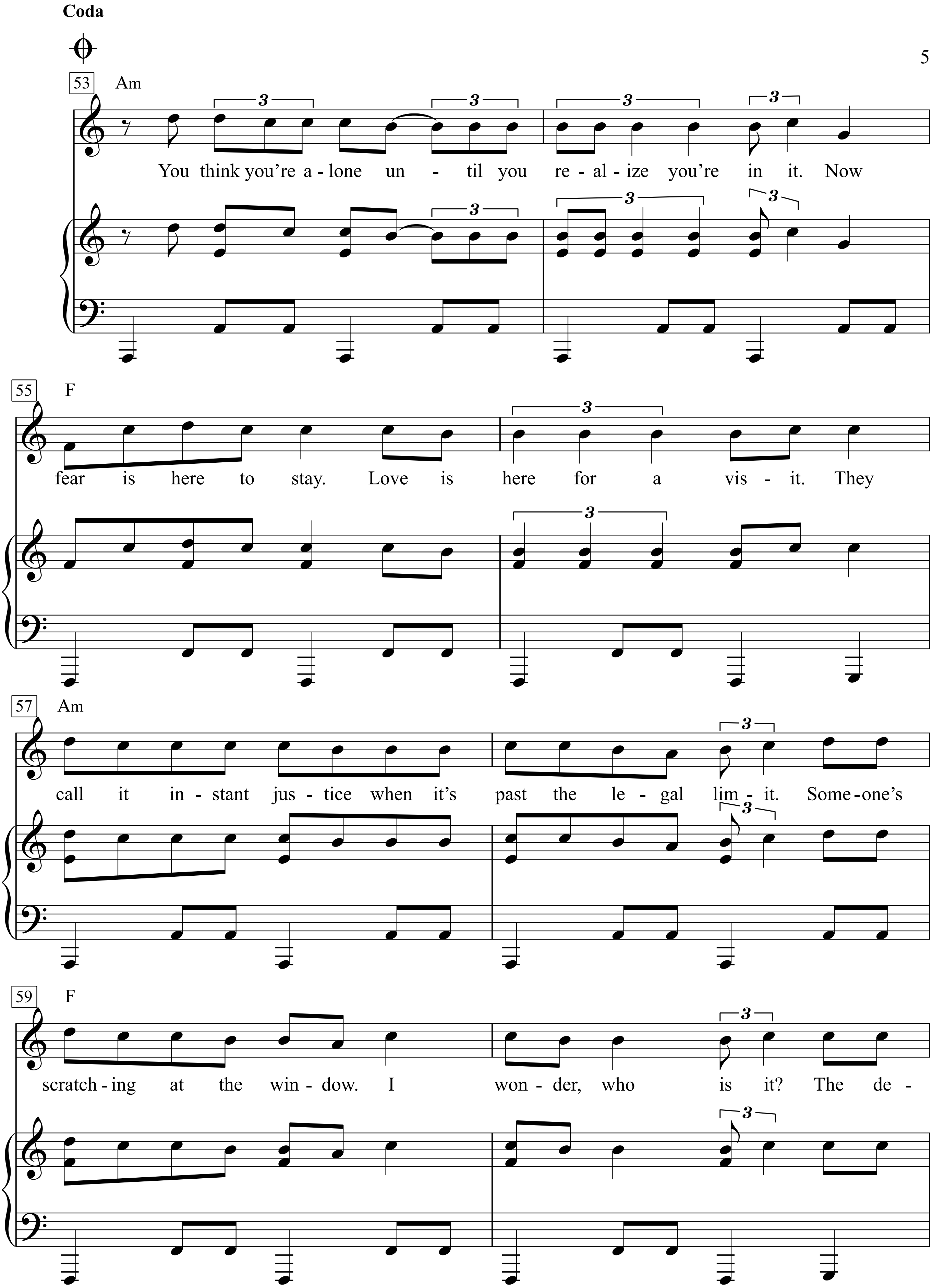
Moderately slow, in 2 (♫ = ♩♪ triplet)

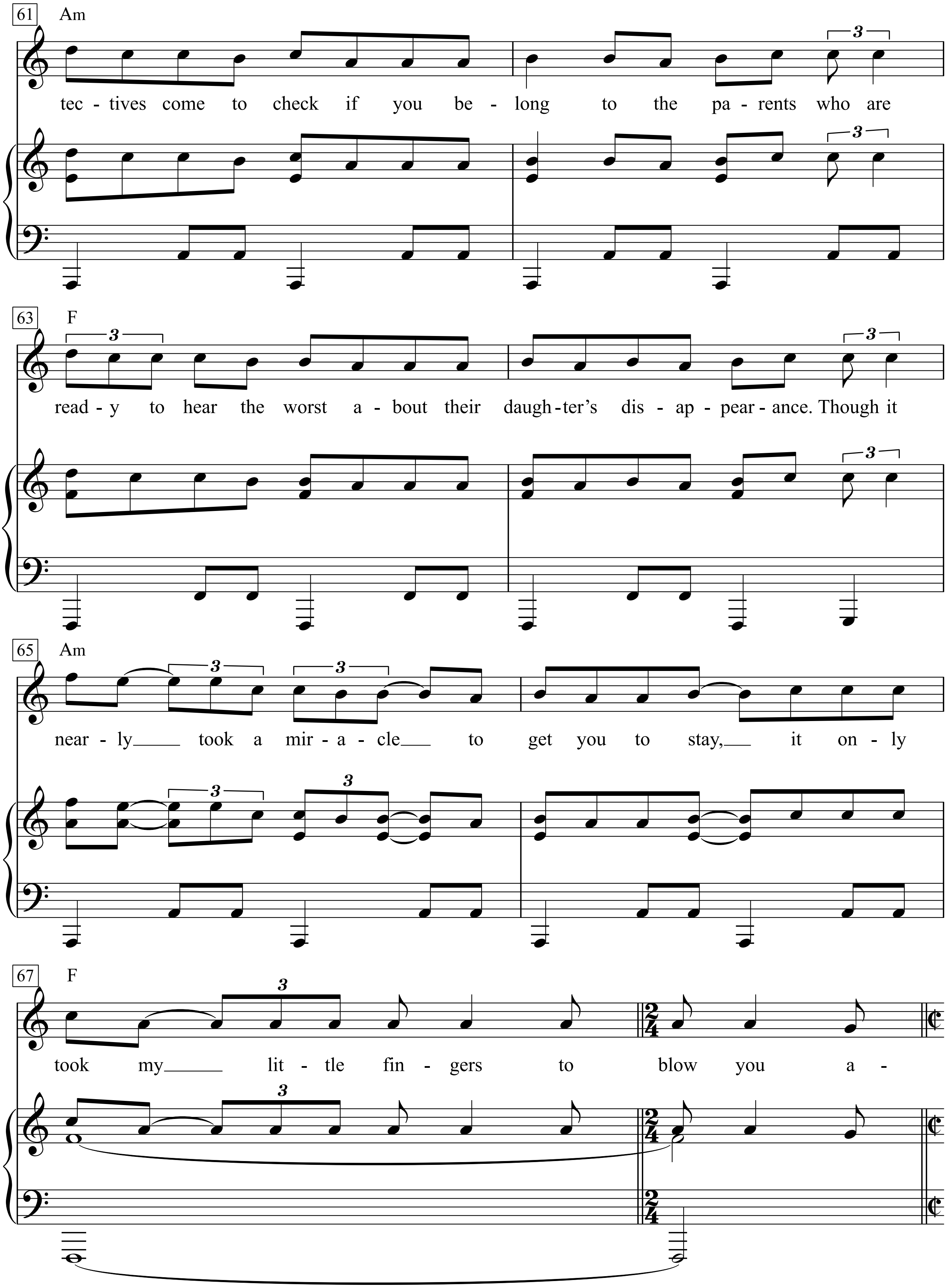


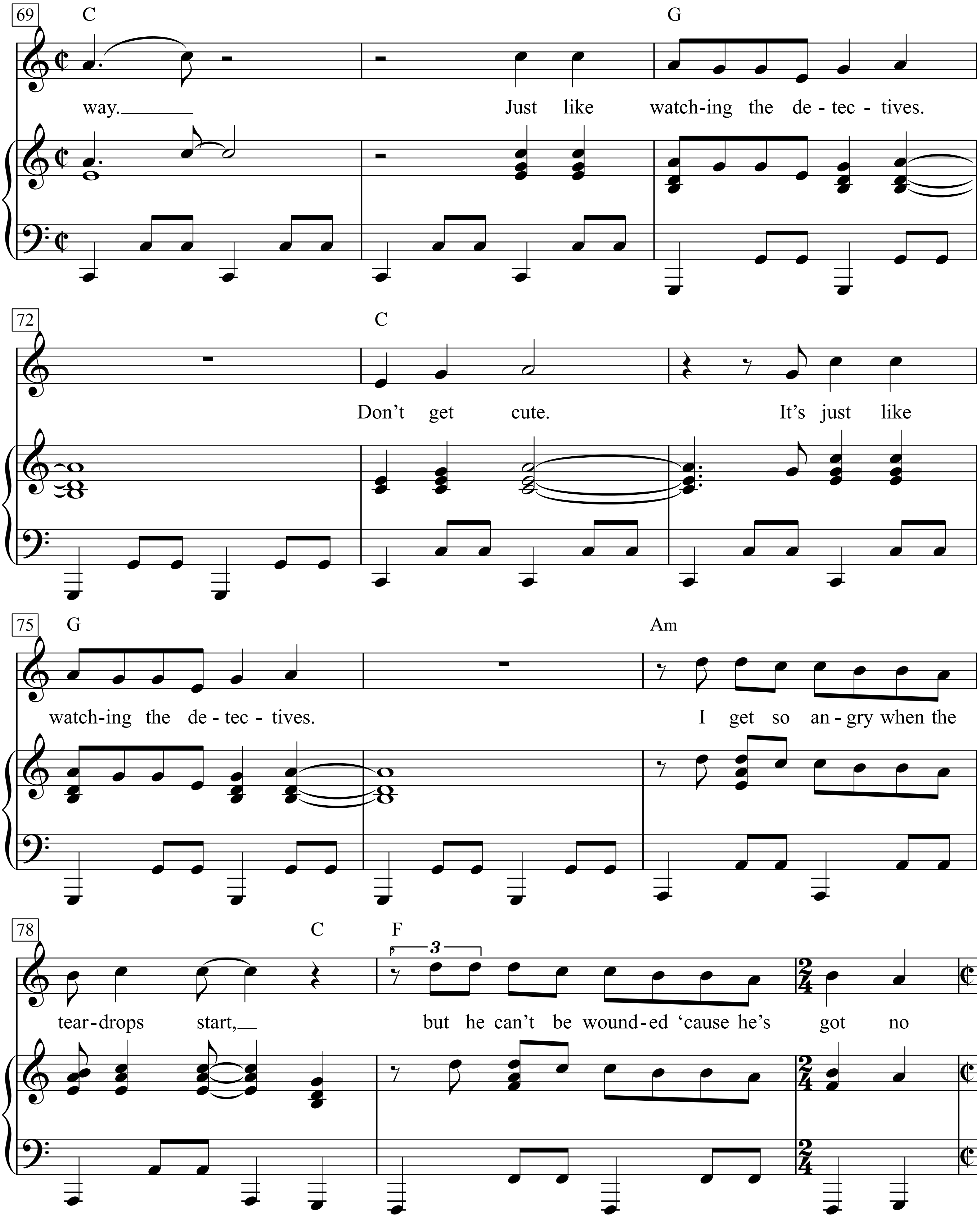

16
C
She is watch-ing the de - tec - tives. "Ooh,
19
G
C
he's so cute!" She is watch-ing the de-tec-tives when
23
G
C/E
F6
D7
Am
they shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot. They beat him up un - til the
26
G
F
3
tear-drops start, but he can't be woun-ded 'cause he's got no

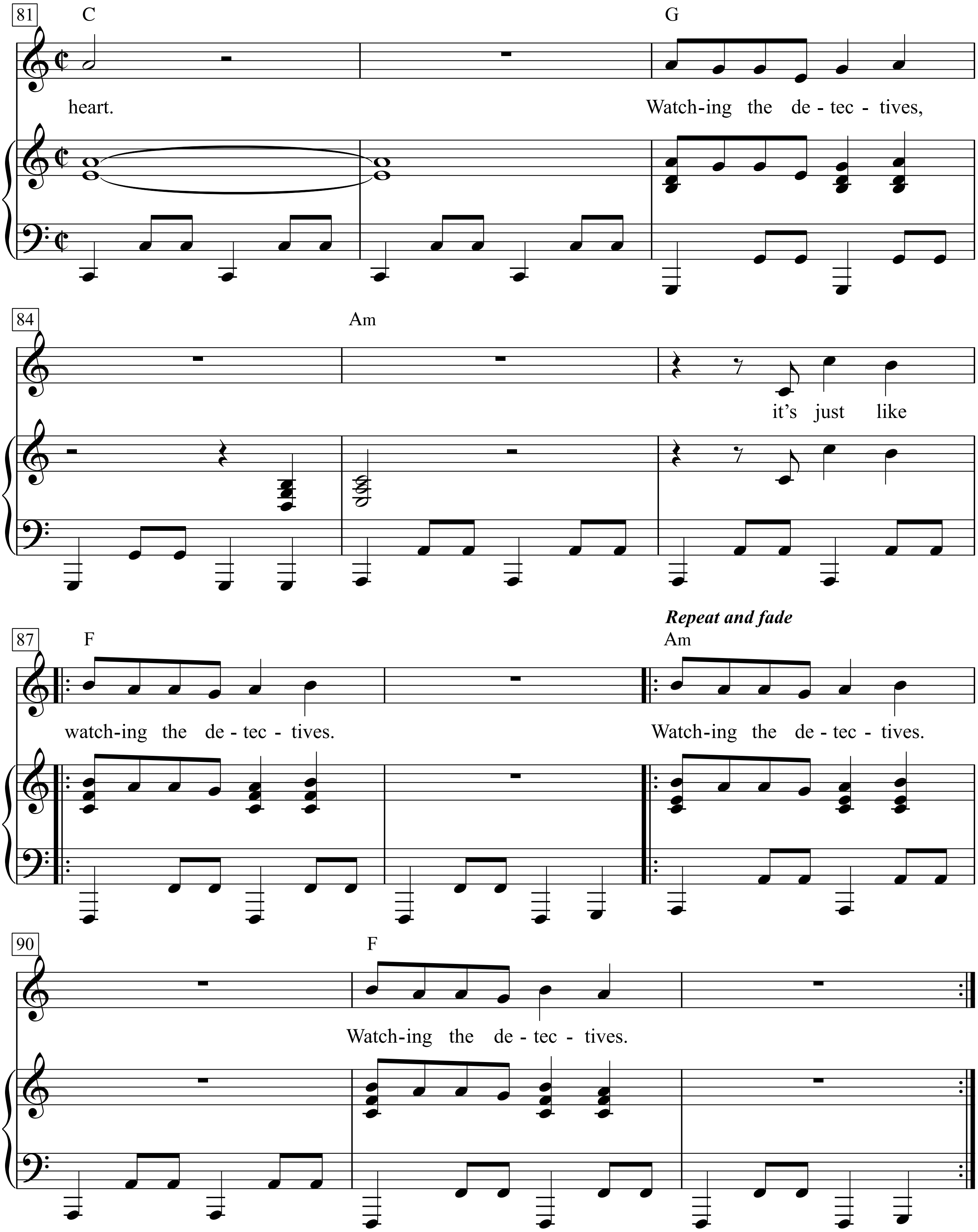

29
C
G
heart.
32
To Coda
Am
Long shot of that jump-ing sign,
35
F
3
Am
vis - i - ble shiv - ers run - ning down my spine.
Cut the ba - by tak - ing
38
F
3
off her clothes.
Close-up of the sign that says, "We Nev - er Close."


41
Am
F
You snatch a chew, you match_ a cig - a-rette.
3
She pulls the eyes out__ with a
44
Am
face like a mag - net.
I don't know how much
more of this__ I can
47
F
Am
take.__
She's fil - ing her
50
F
D.S. 𝄋 al Coda 𝄌
nails while they're drag-ging the lake.
She is


Coda
53
Am
You think you're a - lone un - til you re - al - ize you're in it. Now
55
F
fear is here to stay. Love is here for a vis - it. They
57
Am
call it in - stant jus - tice when it's past the le - gal lim - it. Some - one's
59
F
scratch - ing at the win - dow. I won - der, who is it? The de -


61
Am
tec - tives come to check if you be - long to the pa - rents who are
63
F
read - y to hear the worst a - bout their daugh - ter's dis - ap - pear - ance. Though it
65
Am
near - ly took a mir - a - cle to get you to stay, it on - ly
67
F
took my lit - tle fin - gers to blow you a -


69
C
G
way.
Just like watch-ing the de-tec-tives.
72
C
Don't get cute.
It's just like
75
G
Am
watch-ing the de-tec-tives.
I get so an-gry when the
78
C
F
3
tear-drops start,
but he can't be wound-ed 'cause he's got no

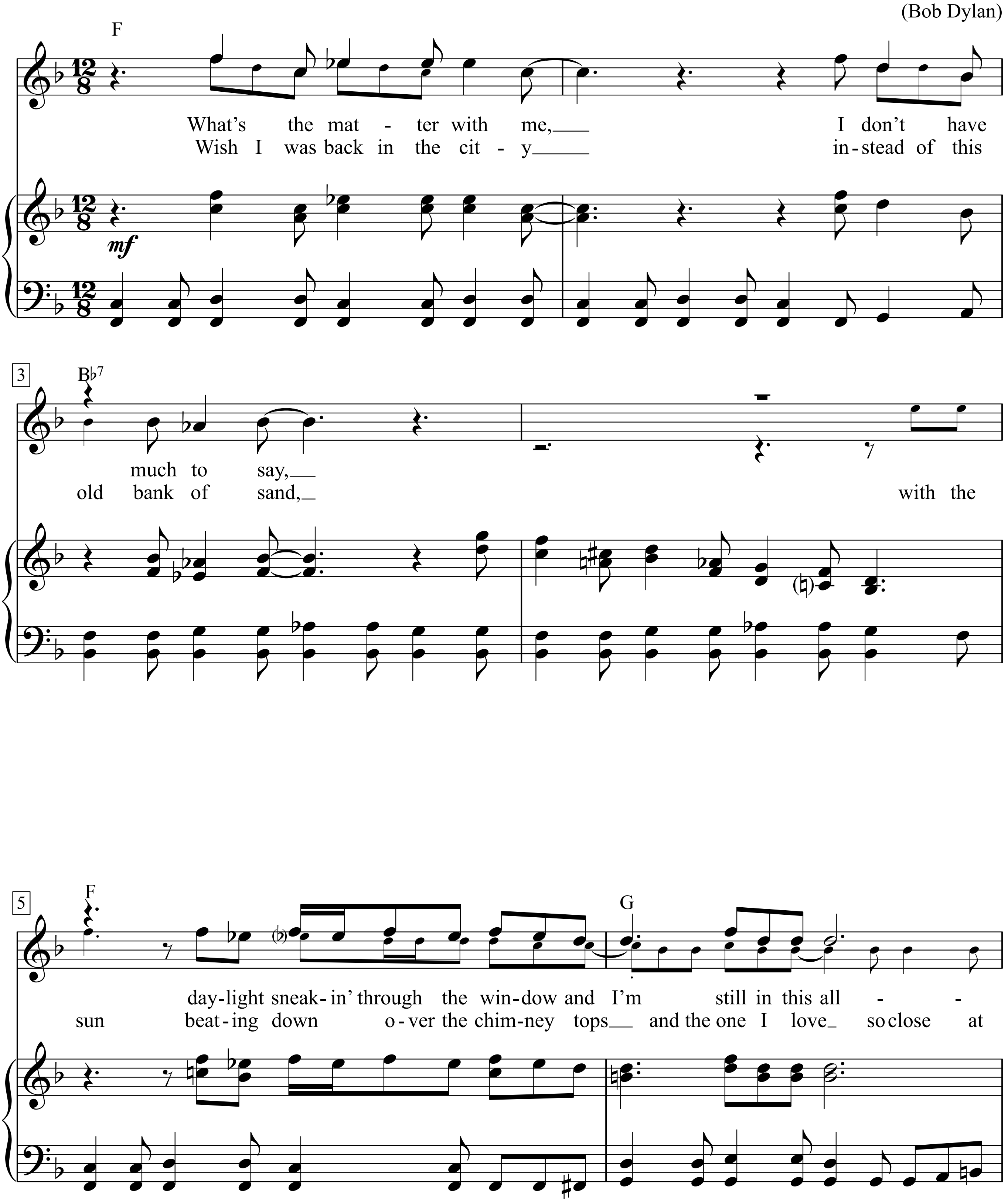

81
C
G
heart.
Watch-ing the de - tec - tives,
84
Am
it's just like
87
F
Repeat and fade
Am
watch-ing the de - tec - tives.
Watch-ing the de - tec - tives.
90
F
Watch-ing the de - tec - tives.

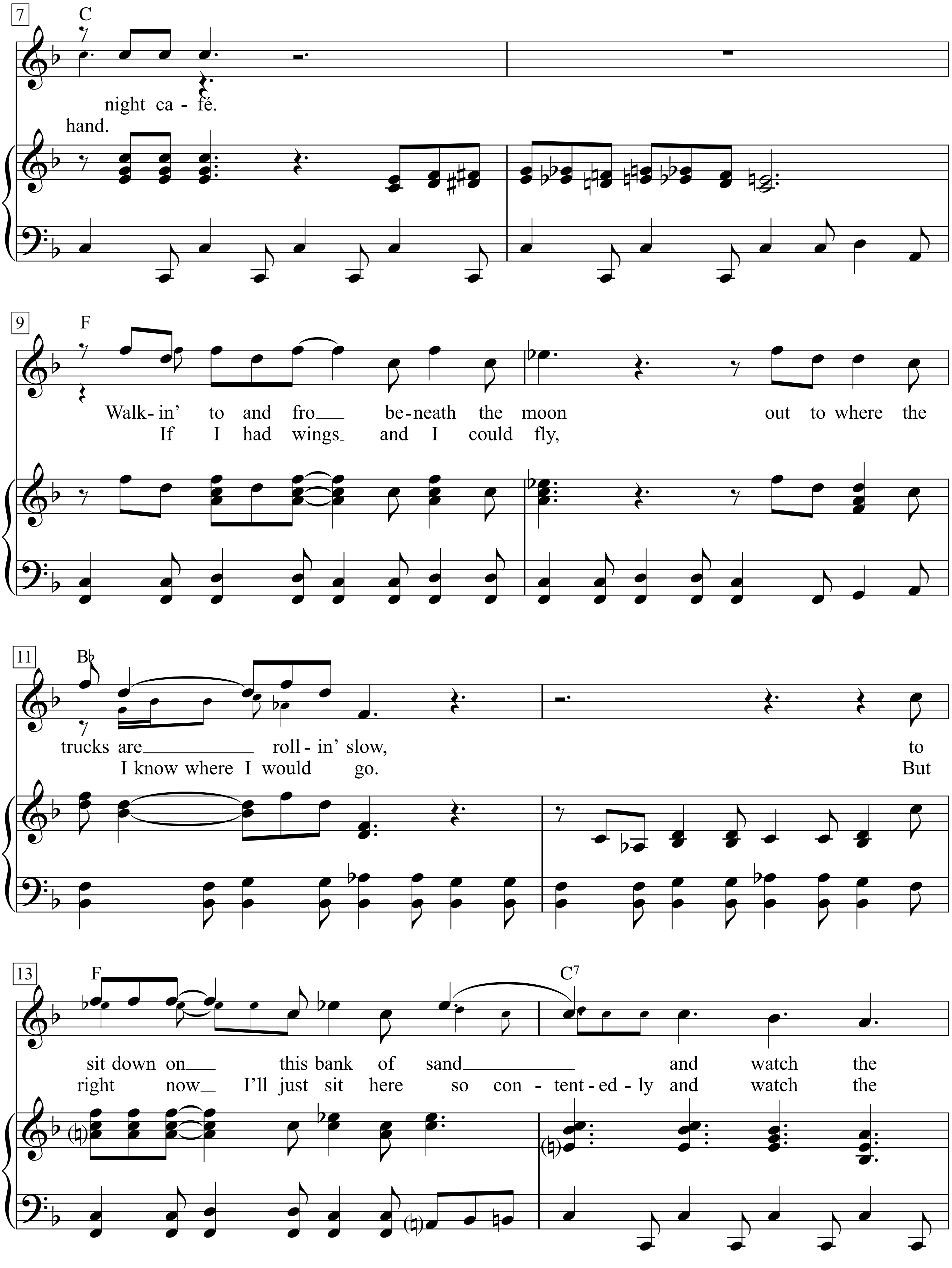
1. Nice girls, not one with a defect,
cellophane shrink-wrapped, so correct.
Red dogs under illegal legs.
She looks so good that he gets down and begs.
She is watching the detectives. “Ooh, he’s so cute!”
She is watching the detectives
when they shoot, shoot, shoot, shoot.
They beat him up until the teardrops start,
but he can’t be wounded ‘cause he’s got no heart.
Long shot of that jumping sign,
visible shivers running down my spine.
Cut the baby taking off her clothes.
Close-up of the sign that says, “We Never Close.”
You snatch a chew, you match a cigarette.
She pulls the eyes out with a face like a magnet.
I don’t know how much more of this I can take.
She’s filing her nails while they’re dragging the lake.
She is
Coda:
You think you’re alone until you realize you’re in it.
Now fear is here to stay.
Love is here for a visit.
They call it instant justice when it’s past the legal limit.
Someone’s scratching at the window.
I wonder, who is it?
The detectives come to check if you belong to the parents
who are ready to hear the worst
about their daughter’s disappearance.
Though it nearly took a miracle to get you to stay,
it only took my little fingers to blow you away.
Just like watching the detectives.
Don’t get cute.
It’s just like watching the detectives.
I get so angry when the teardrops start,
but he can’t be wounded ‘cause he’s got no heart.
Watching the detectives.
it’s just like watching the detectives,
Watching the detectives.
Watching the detectives.

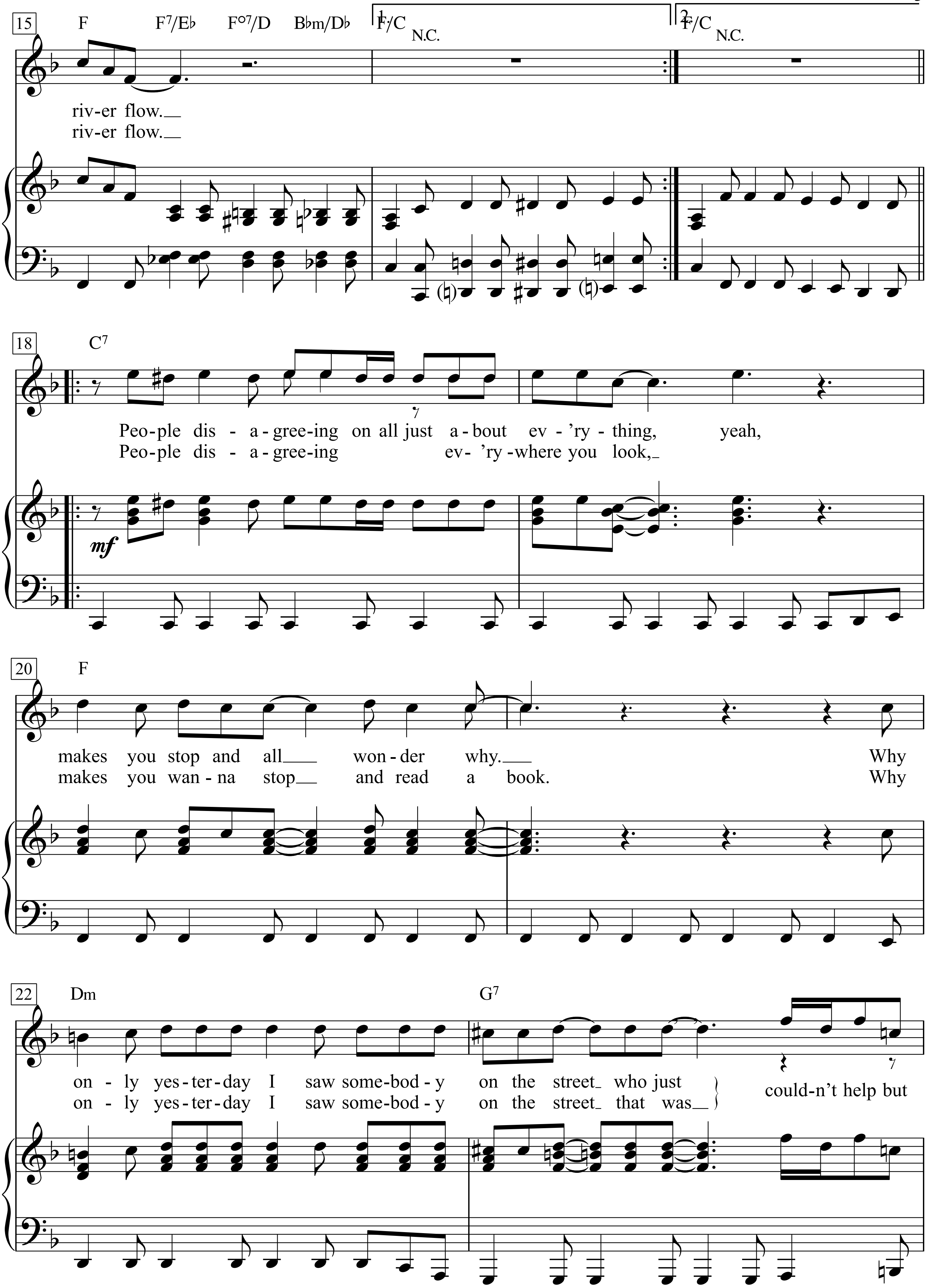
Watching The River Flow

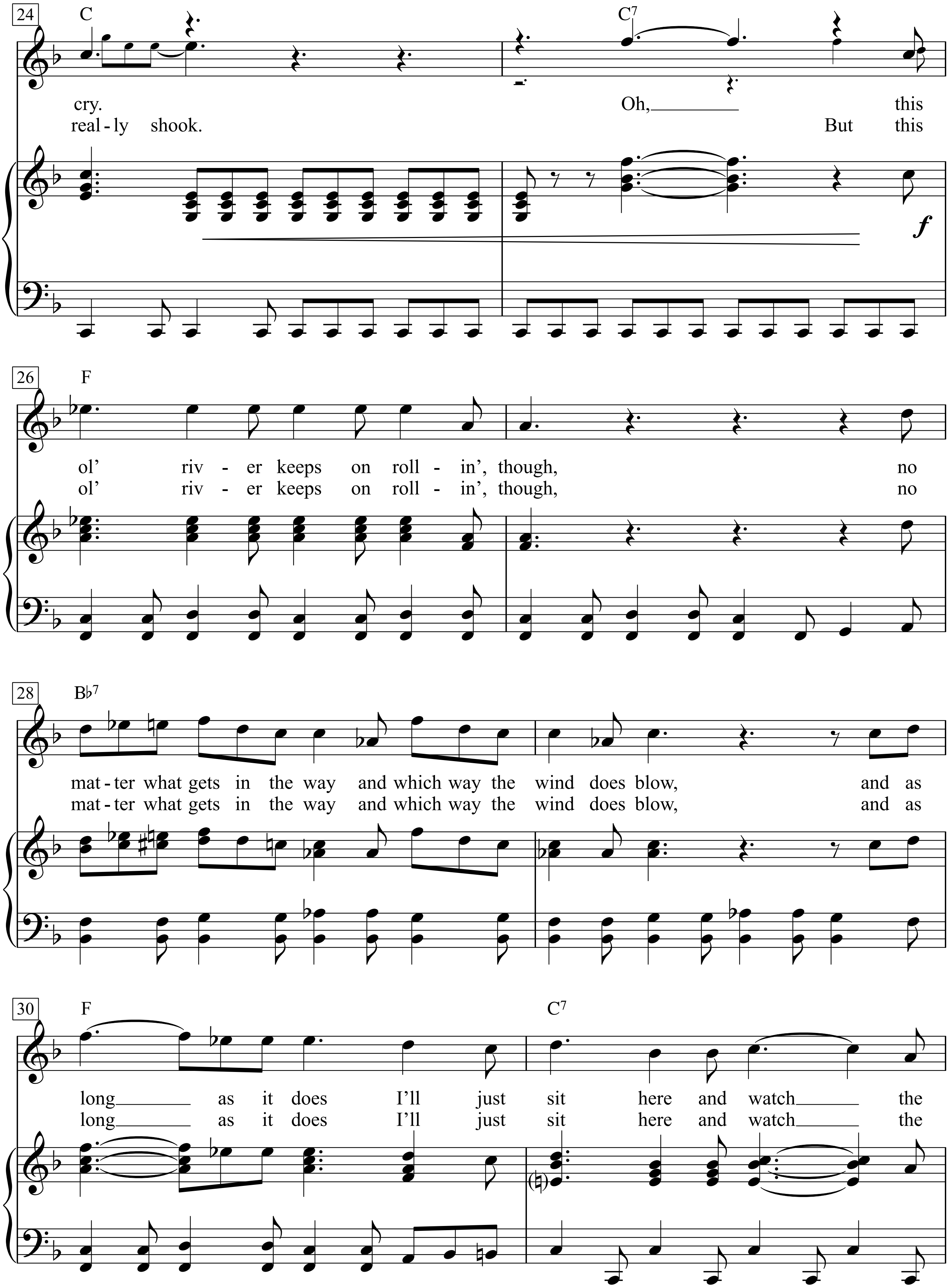
Moderate blues

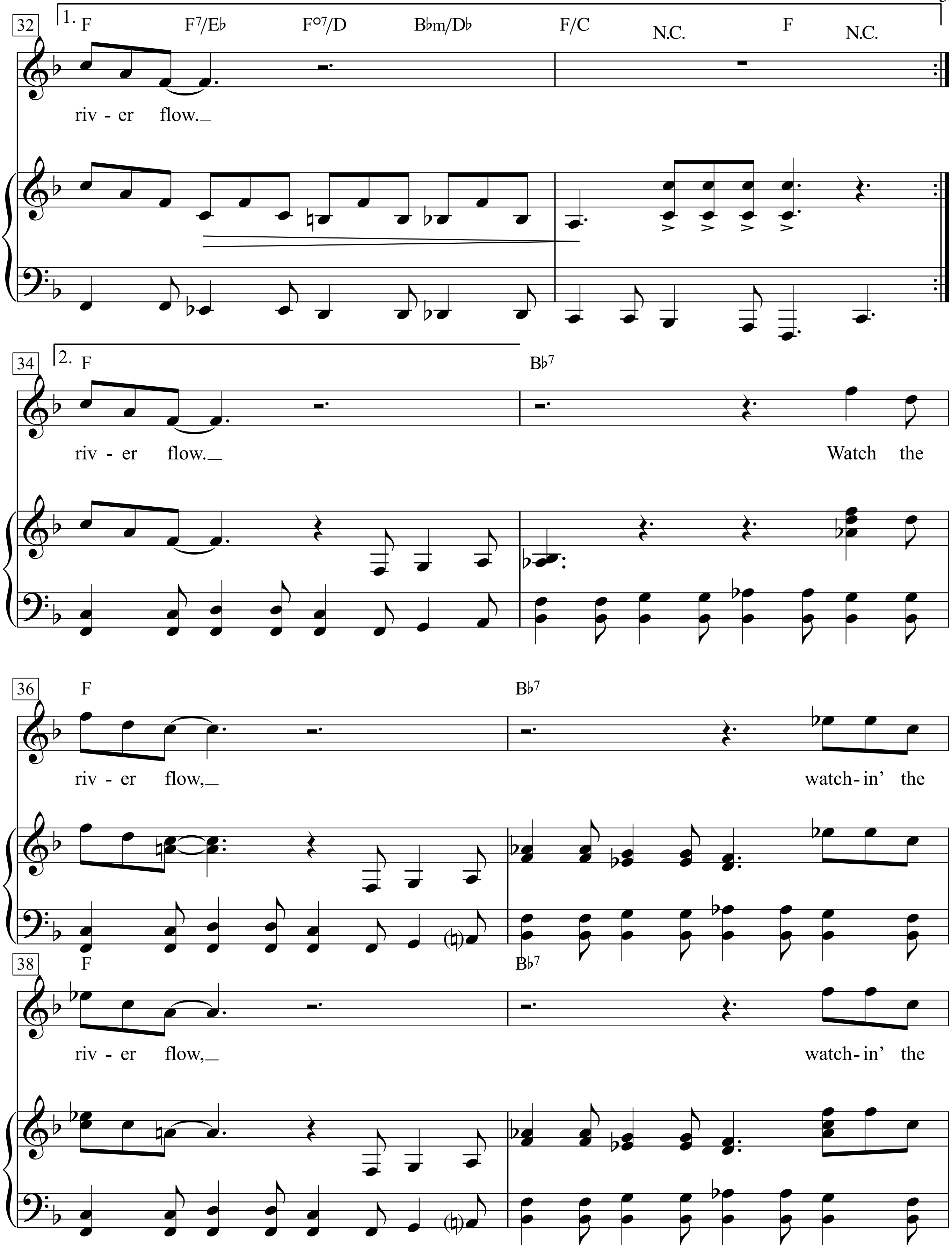
Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)

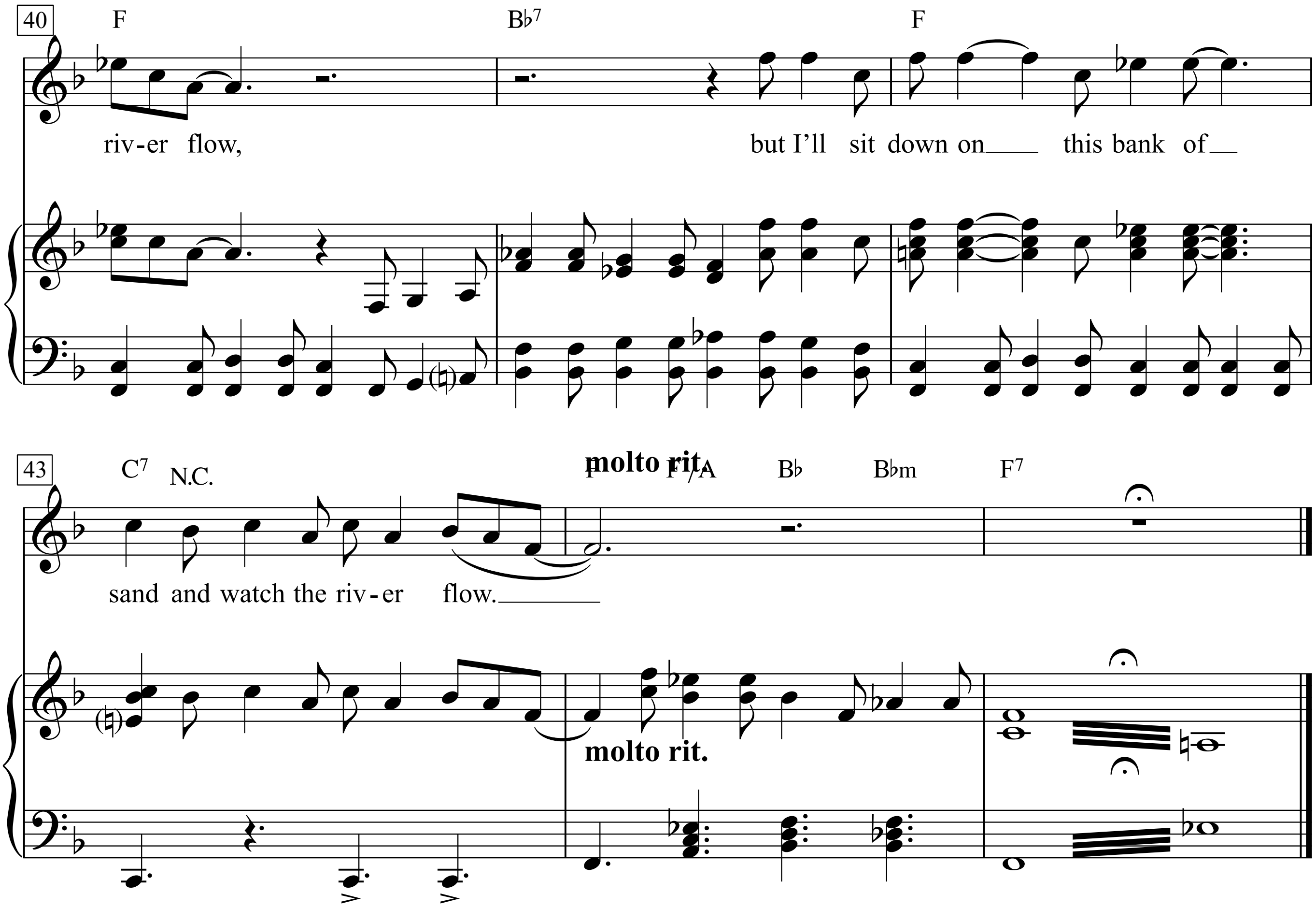



7
C
night ca - fé.
hand.
9
F
Walk- in' to and fro beneath the moon out to where the
If I had wings and I could fly,
11
B♭
trucks are roll- in' slow, to
I know where I would go. But
13
F
C7
sit down on this bank of sand and watch the
right now I'll just sit here so con - tent - ed - ly and watch the


15
F F7/E♭ F°7/D B♭m/D♭
1. F/C N.C.
2. F/C N.C.
riv-er flow.
riv-er flow.
18
C7
Peo-ple dis - a-gree-ing on all just a-bout ev - 'ry - thing, yeah,
Peo-ple dis - a-gree-ing ev- 'ry -where you look,
mf
20
F
makes you stop and all won-der why. Why
makes you wan-na stop and read a book. Why
22
Dm
G7
on - ly yes-ter-day I saw some-bod-y on the street who just
on - ly yes-ter-day I saw some-bod-y on the street that was
could-n't help but


24
C
C7
cry.
Oh,
this
real - ly shook.
But this
f
26
F
ol' riv - er keeps on roll - in', though,
no
28
B♭7
mat - ter what gets in the way and which way the wind does blow,
and as
30
F
C7
long as it does I'll just sit here and watch the


32
1.
F F7/E♭ F°7/D B♭m/D♭ F/C N.C. F N.C.
riv - er flow.
34
2.
F B♭7
riv - er flow. Watch the
36
F B♭7
riv - er flow, watch - in' the
38
F B♭7
riv - er flow, watch - in' the


40
F
B♭7
F
riv-er flow,
but I'll sit down on this bank of
43
C7
N.C.
molto rit.
F
F/A
B♭
B♭m
F7
sand and watch the riv-er flow.
molto rit.

What’s the matter with me
I don’t have much to say
Daylight sneakin’ through the window
And I’m still in this all-night café.
Walkin’ to and fro beneath the moon
Out to where the trucks are rollin’ slow
To sit down on this bank of sand
And watch the river flow

Wish I was back in the city
Instead of this old bank of sand
With the sun beating down over the chimney tops
And the one I love so close at hand
If I had wings and I could fly
I know where I would go
But right now I’ll just sit here so contentedly
And watch the river flow

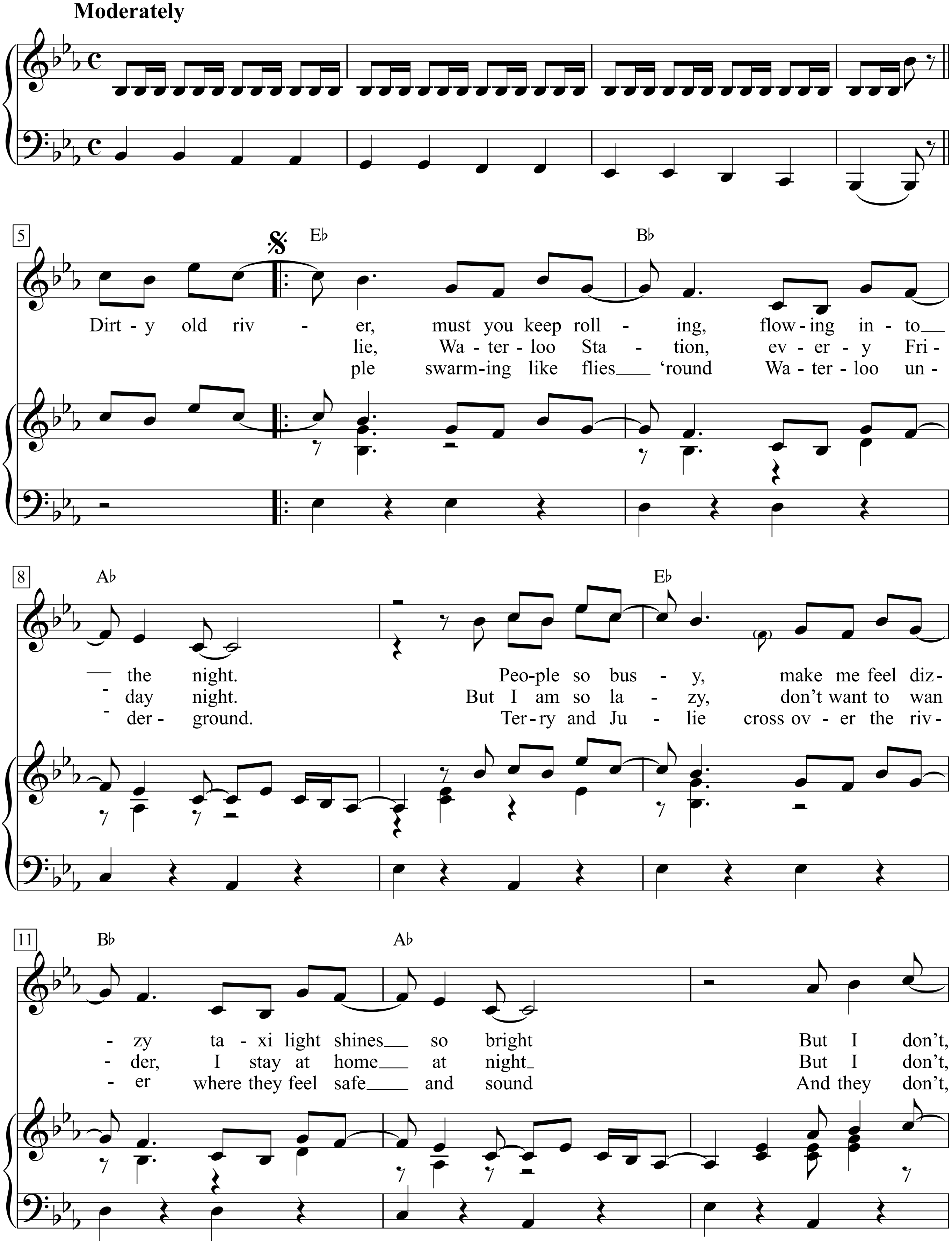
People disagreeing on all just about ev’rything, Yeah
Makes you stop and all wonder why
Why only yesterday I saw somebody on the street
Who just couldn’t help but cry
Oh, this ol’ river keeps on rollin’, though
No matter what gets in the way and which way the wind does blow
And as long as it does I’ll just sit here
And watch the river flow.

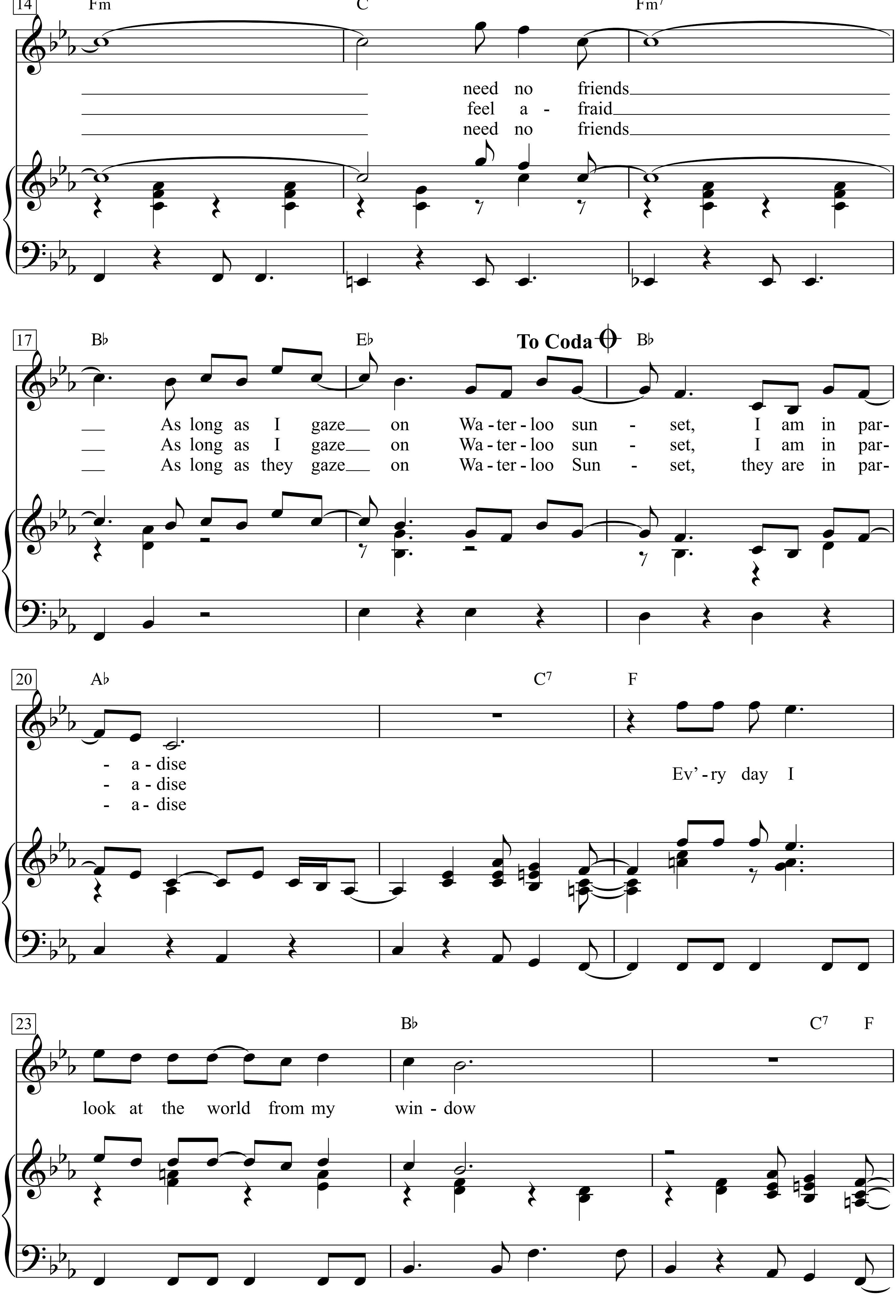
People disagreeing ev’rywhere you look
Makes you wanna stop and read a book
Why only yesterday I saw somebody on the street
That was really shook
But this ol’ river keeps on rollin’, though
No matter what gets in the way and which way the wind does blow
And as long as it does I’ll just sit here
And watch the river flow

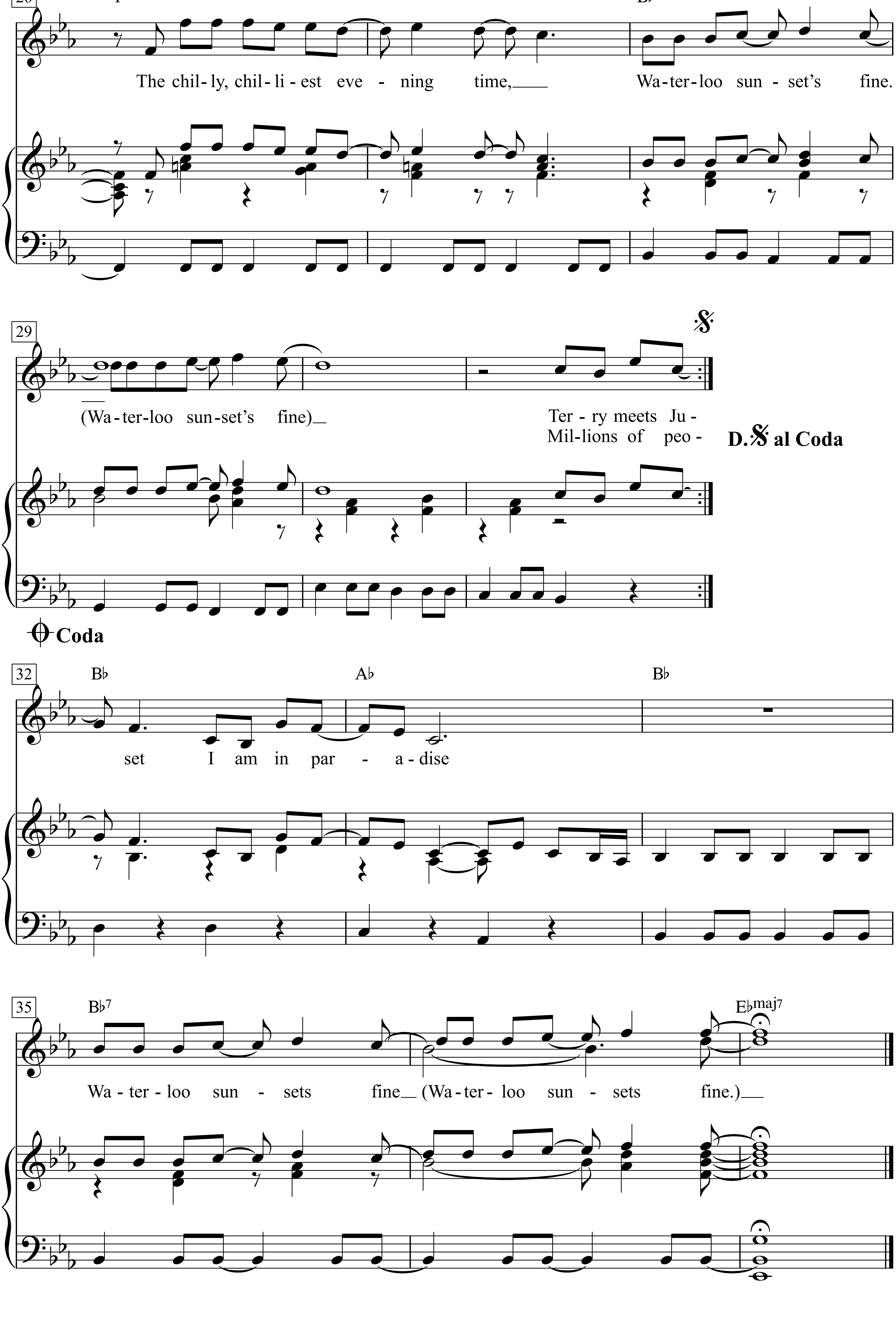
Watch the river flow
Watchin’ the river flow
Watchin’ the river flow
But I’ll sit down on this bank of sand
And watch the river flow

Waterloo Sunset

Rax Davies
(The Kinks)




14
Fm
C
Fm7
need no friends
feel a - fraid
need no friends
17
B♭
E♭
To Coda
B♭
As long as I gaze on Wa - ter - loo sun - set, I am in par-
As long as I gaze on Wa - ter - loo sun - set, I am in par-
As long as they gaze on Wa - ter - loo Sun - set, they are in par-
20
A♭
C7
F
- a - dise
- a - dise
- a - dise
Ev' - ry day I
23
B♭
C7
F
look at the world from my win - dow


26
F
B♭7
The chil-ly, chil-li-est eve - ning time,
Wa-ter-loo sun - set's fine.
29
(Wa-ter-loo sun-set's fine)
Ter - ry meets Ju -
Mil-lions of peo -
D.𝄋 al Coda
Coda
32
B♭
A♭
B♭
set I am in par - a-dise
35
B♭7
E♭maj7
Wa - ter - loo sun - sets fine (Wa-ter- loo sun - sets fine.)

1. Dirty old river, must you keep rolling, flowing into the night.
People so busy, make me feel dizzy taxi light shines so bright
But I don’t, need no friends
As long as I gaze on Waterloo sunset, I am in paradise
Ev’ry day I look at the world from my window
The chilly, chilliest evening time,
Waterloo sunset’s fine. (Waterloo sunset’s fine)

Terry meets Julie, Waterloo Station, every Fri day night.
But I am so lazy, don’t want to wander,
I stay at home at night But I don’t, feel afraid
As long as I gaze on Waterloo sunset, I am in paradise

Millions of people swarming like flies ‘round Waterloo underground.
Terry and Julie cross over the river where they feel safe and sound
And they don’t, need no friends
As long as they gaze on Waterloo Sunset, they are in paradise

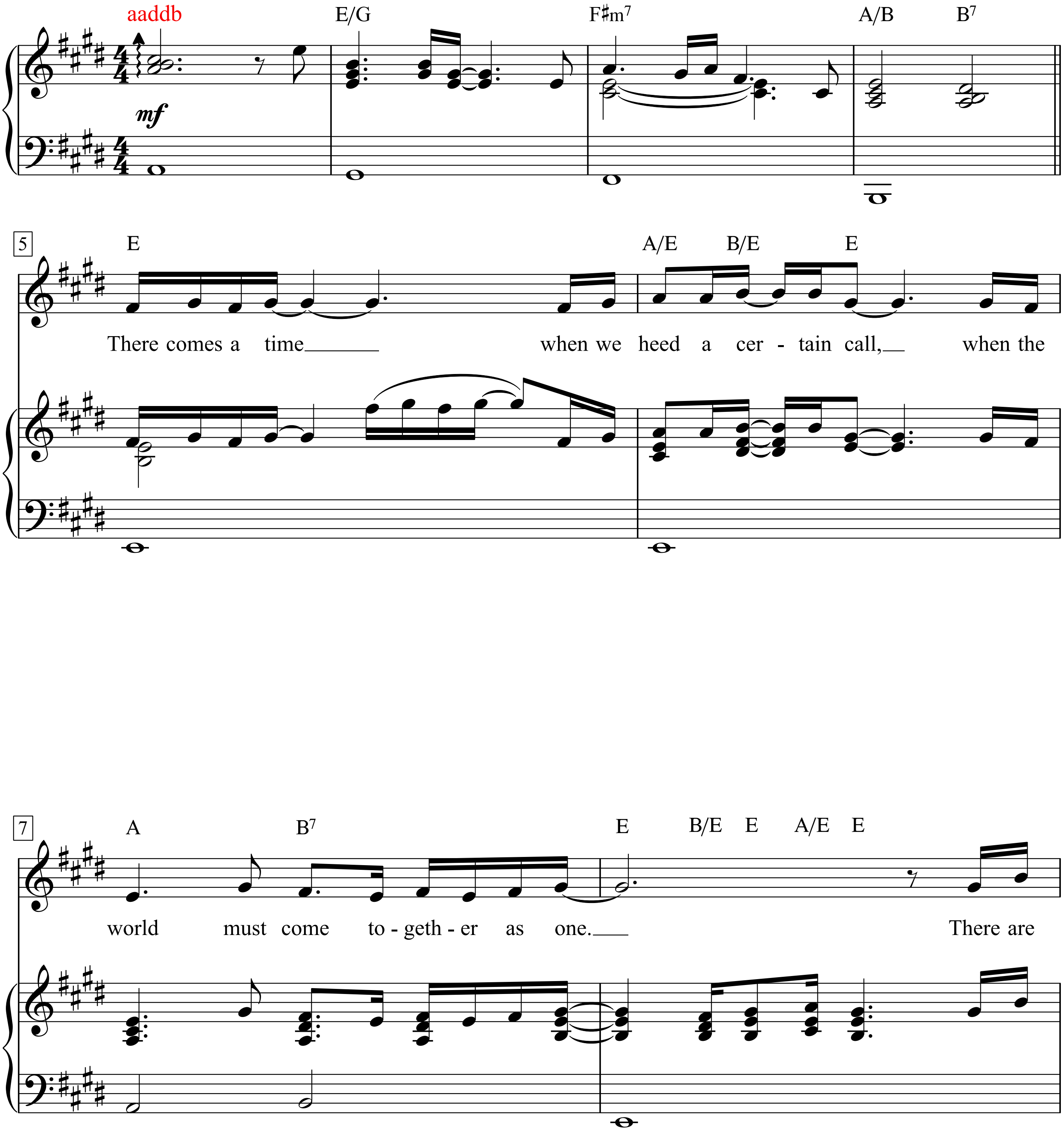
set I am in paradise Waterloo sunsets fine (Waterloo sunsets fine.)

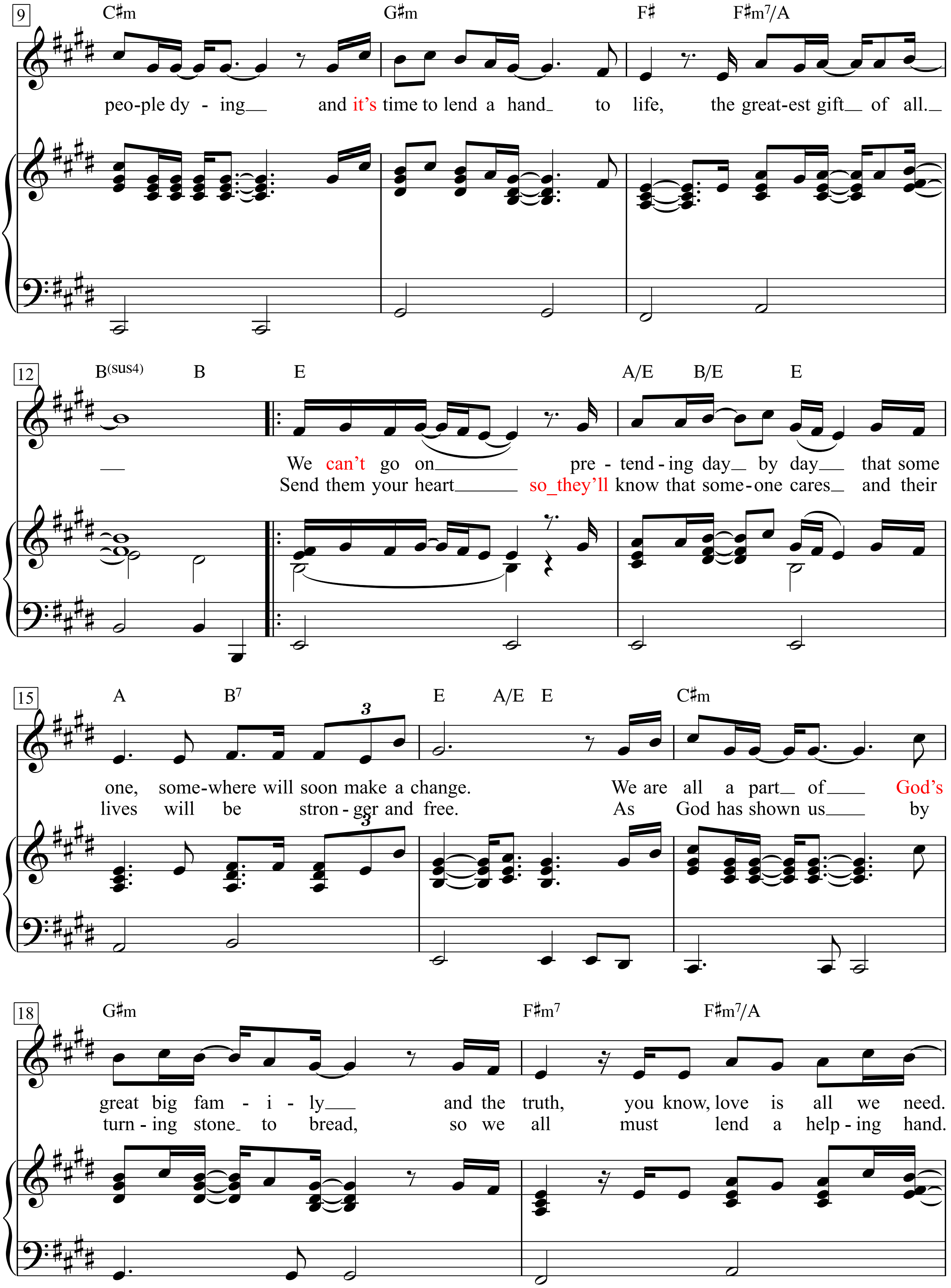
2.

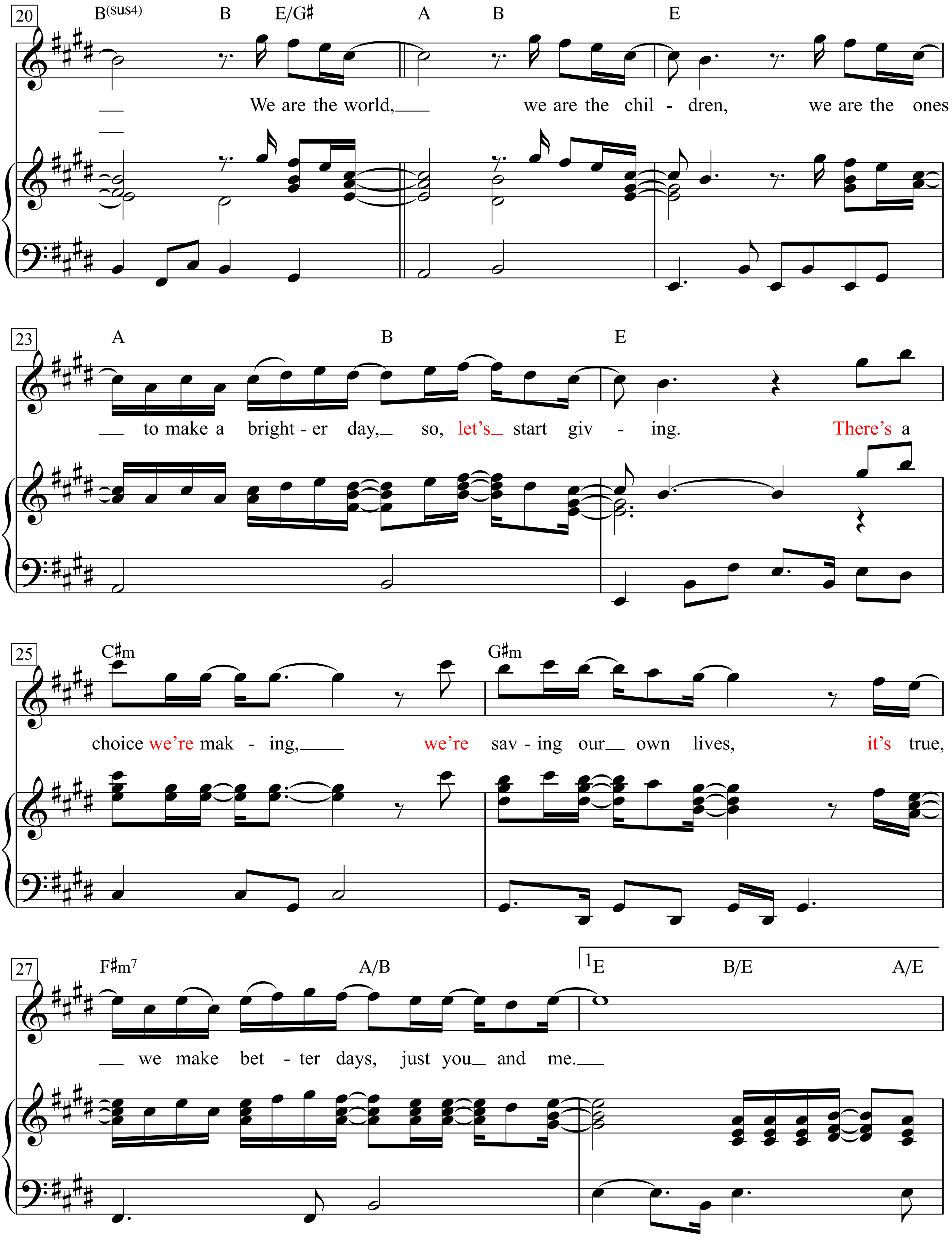
We Are The World

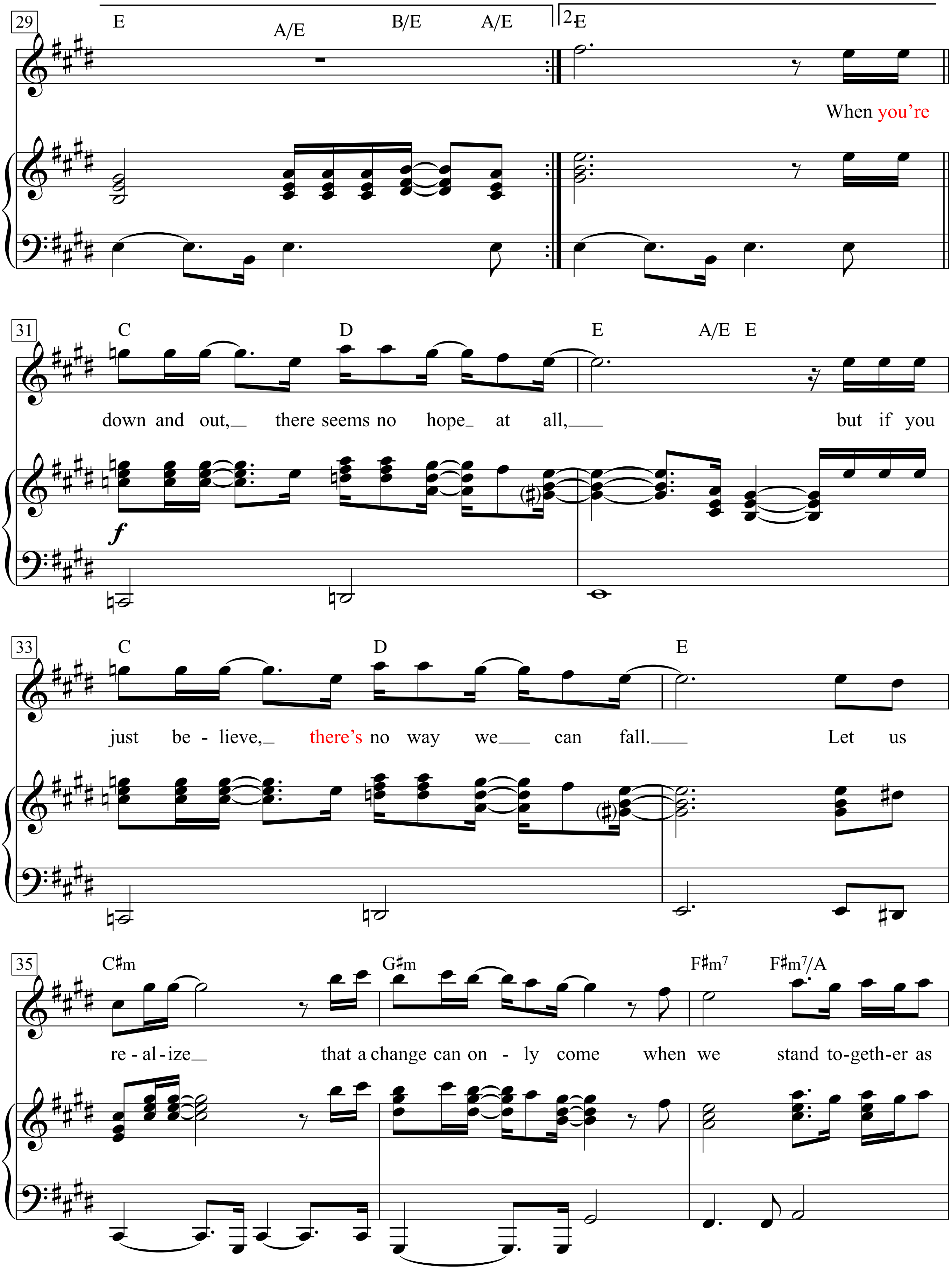
Moderately slow

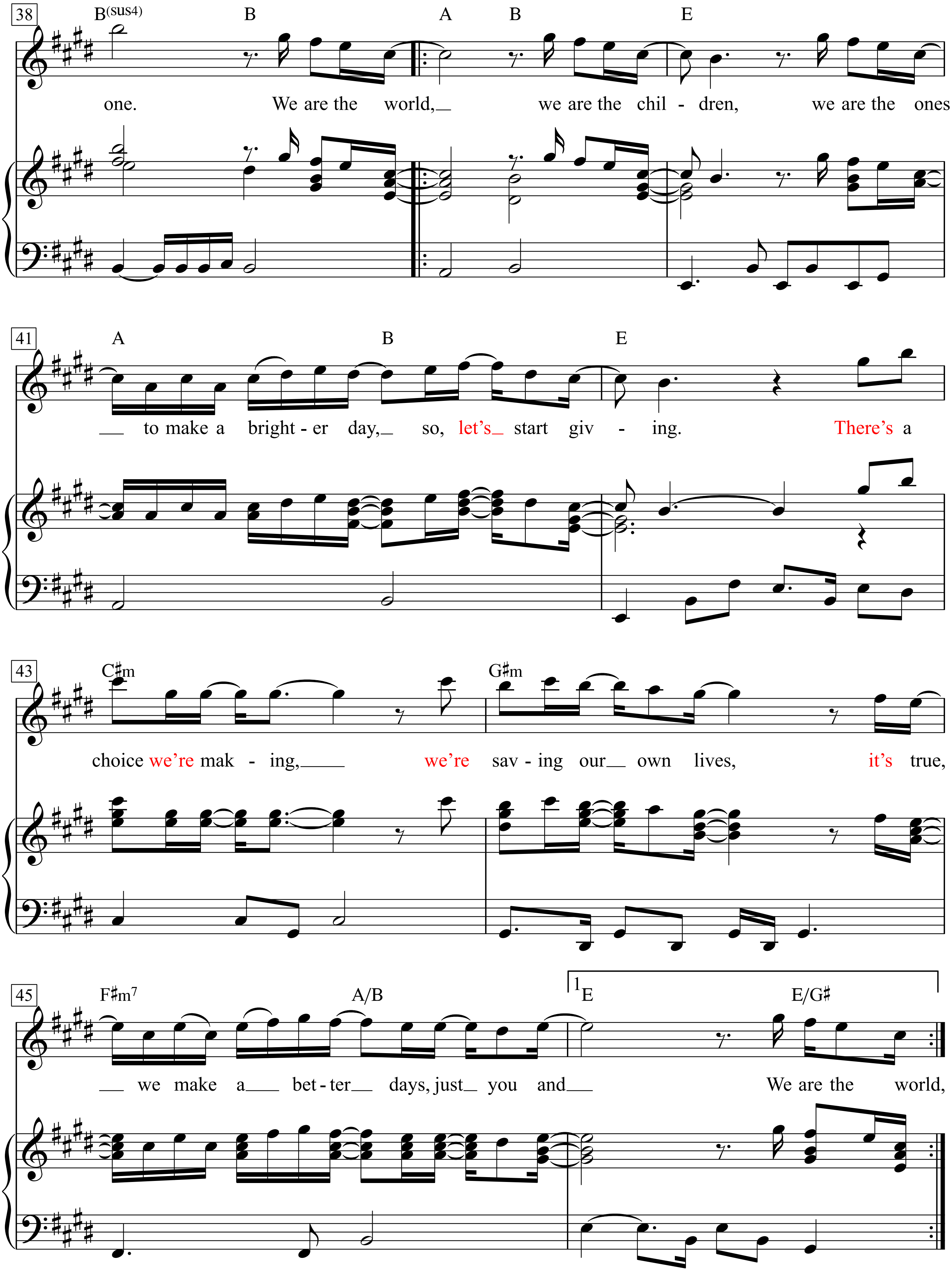
Words & Music by
Michael Jackson and Lionel Richie

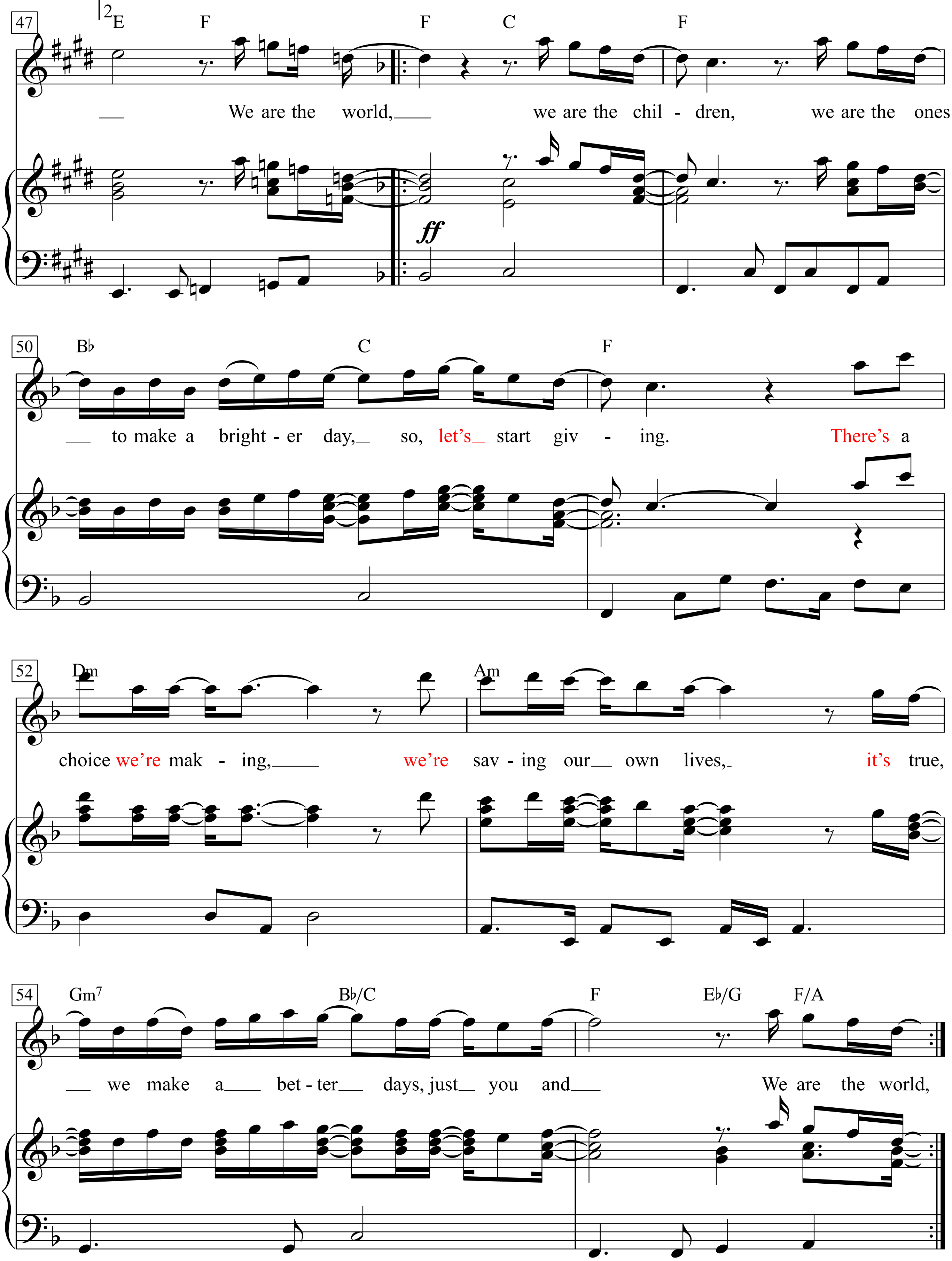



9
C♯m G♯m F♯ F♯m7/A
peo-ple dy - ing and it's time to lend a hand to life, the great-est gift of all.
12
B(sus4) B E A/E B/E E
We can't go on pre - tend - ing day by day that some
Send them your heart so they'll know that some - one cares and their
15
A B7 E A/E E C♯m
one, some-where will soon make a change. We are all a part of God's
lives will be stron - ger and free. As God has shown us by
3
18
G♯m F♯m7 F♯m7/A
great big fam - i - ly and the truth, you know, love is all we need.
turn - ing stone to bread, so we all must lend a help - ing hand.


20
B(sus4) B E/G♯ A B E
We are the world, we are the chil - dren, we are the ones
23
A B E
to make a bright - er day, so, let's start giv - ing. There's a
25
C♯m G♯m
choice we're mak - ing, we're sav - ing our own lives, it's true,
27
F♯m7 A/B 1E B/E A/E
we make bet - ter days, just you and me.

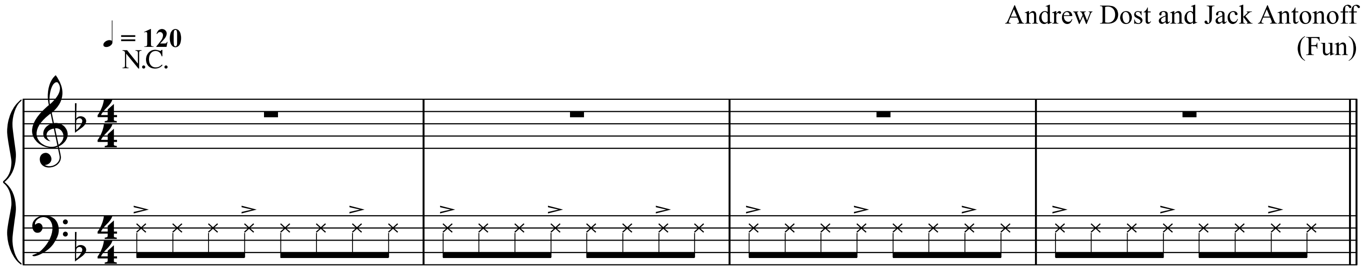

29
E A/E B/E A/E
2 E
When you're
31
C D E A/E E
down and out, there seems no hope at all, but if you
33
C D E
just be - lieve, there's no way we can fall. Let us
35
C♯m G♯m F♯m7 F♯m7/A
re - al - ize that a change can on - ly come when we stand to-geth-er as

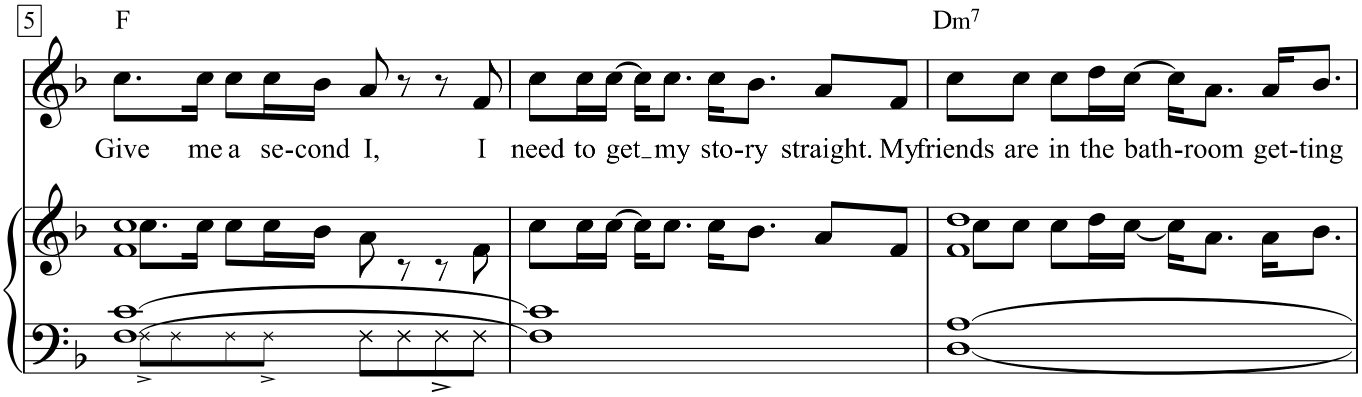

38
B(sus4) B A B E
one. We are the world, we are the chil - dren, we are the ones
41
A B E
to make a bright - er day, so, let's start giv - ing. There's a
43
C♯m G♯m
choice we're mak - ing, we're sav - ing our own lives, it's true,
45
F♯m7 A/B 1 E E/G♯
we make a bet - ter days, just you and We are the world,

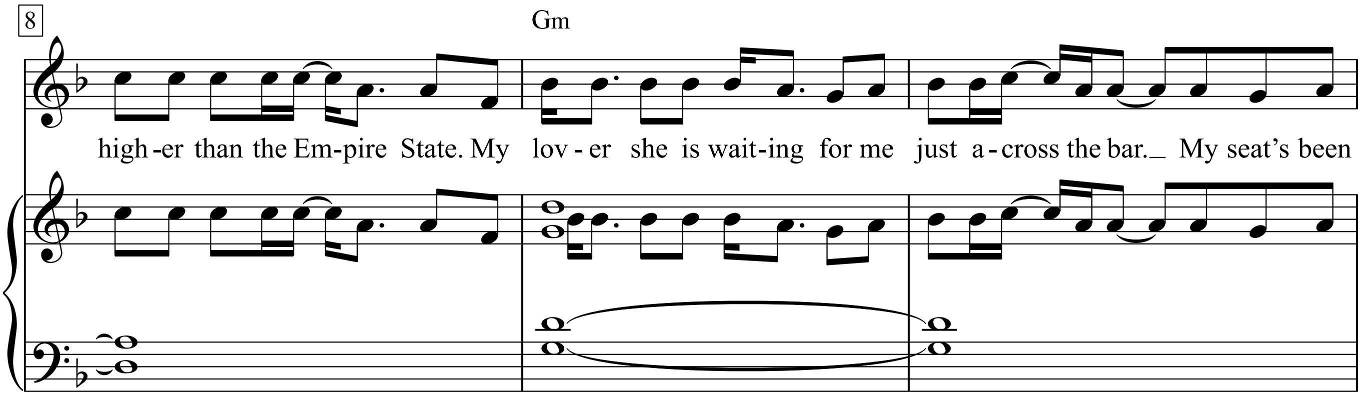

47
E F F C F
We are the world, we are the chil - dren, we are the ones
ff
50
B♭ C F
to make a bright - er day, so, let's start giv - ing. There's a
52
Dm Am
choice we're mak - ing, we're sav - ing our own lives, it's true,
54
Gm7 B♭/C F E♭/G F/A
we make a bet - ter days, just you and We are the world,

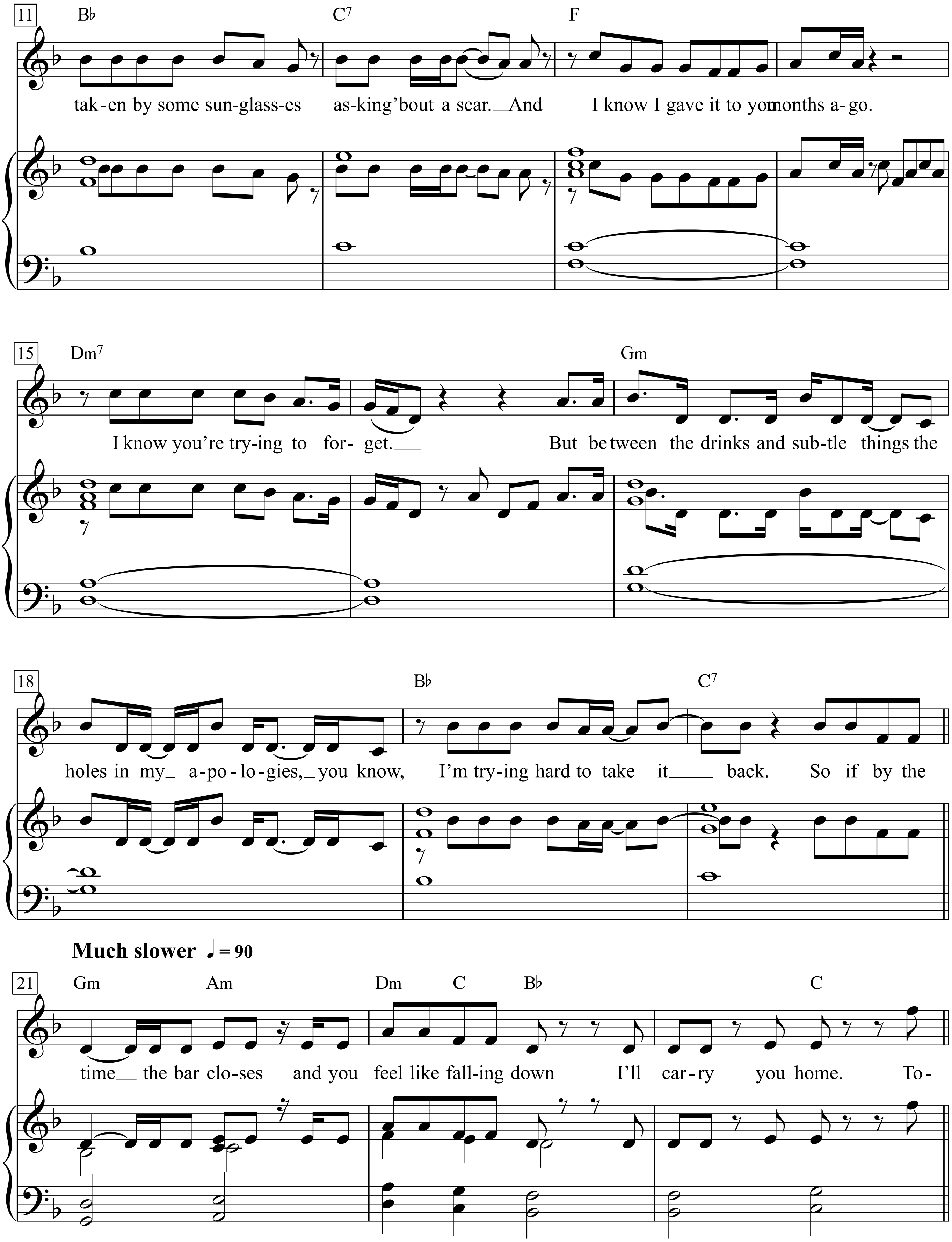
We Are Young

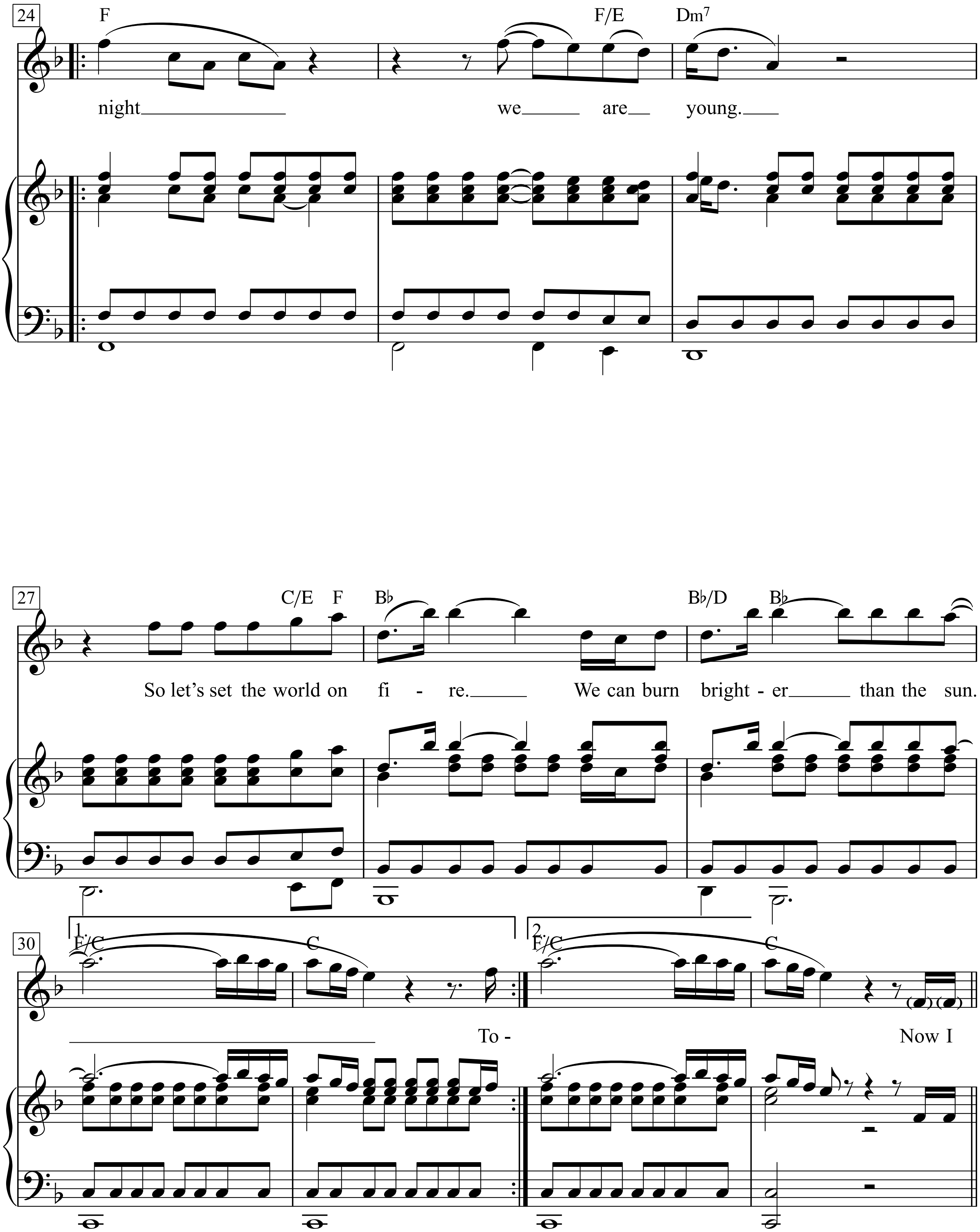
Words & Music by
Jeff Bhasker, Nate Ruess,
Andrew Dost and Jack Antonoff
(Fun)

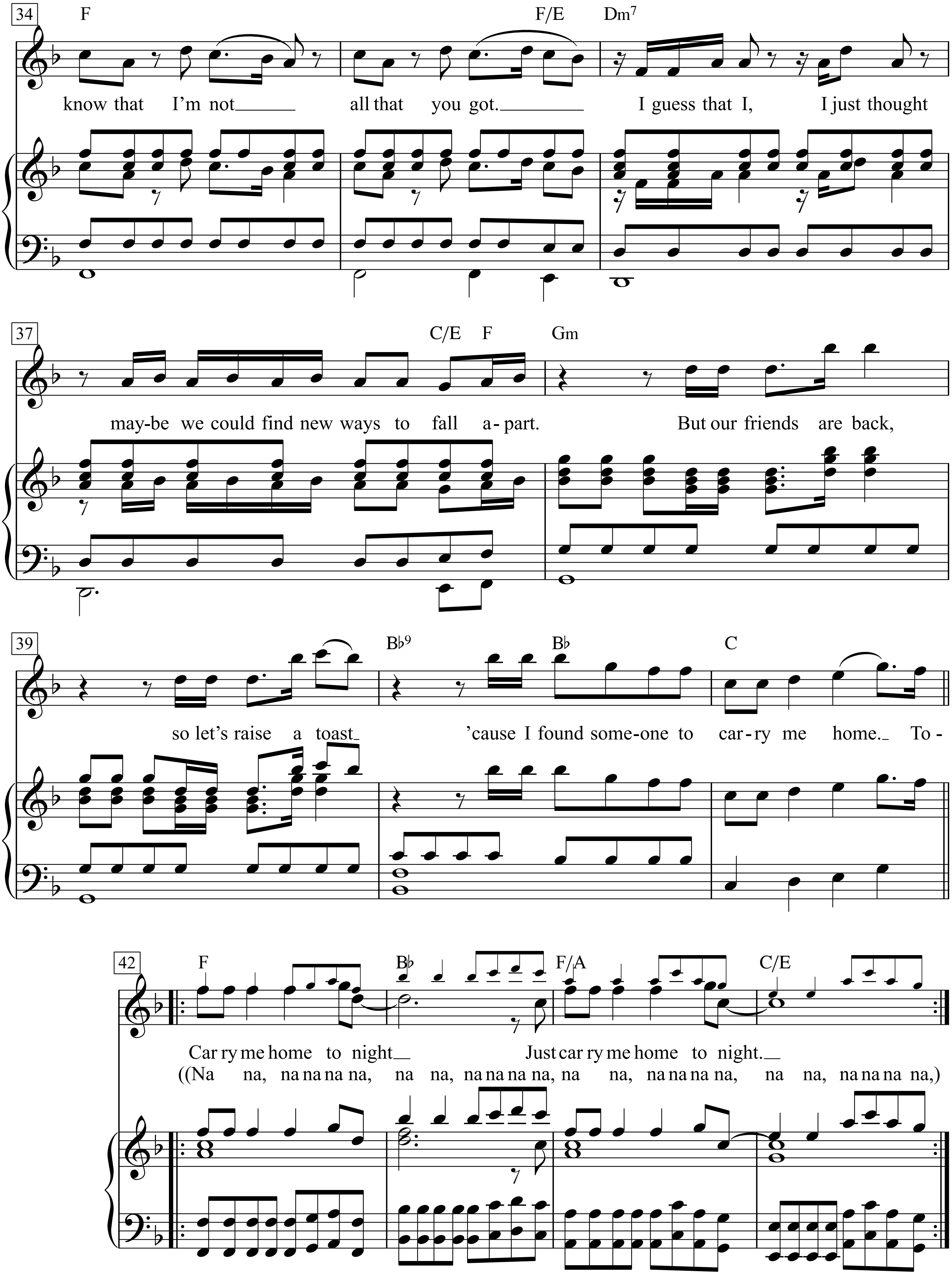


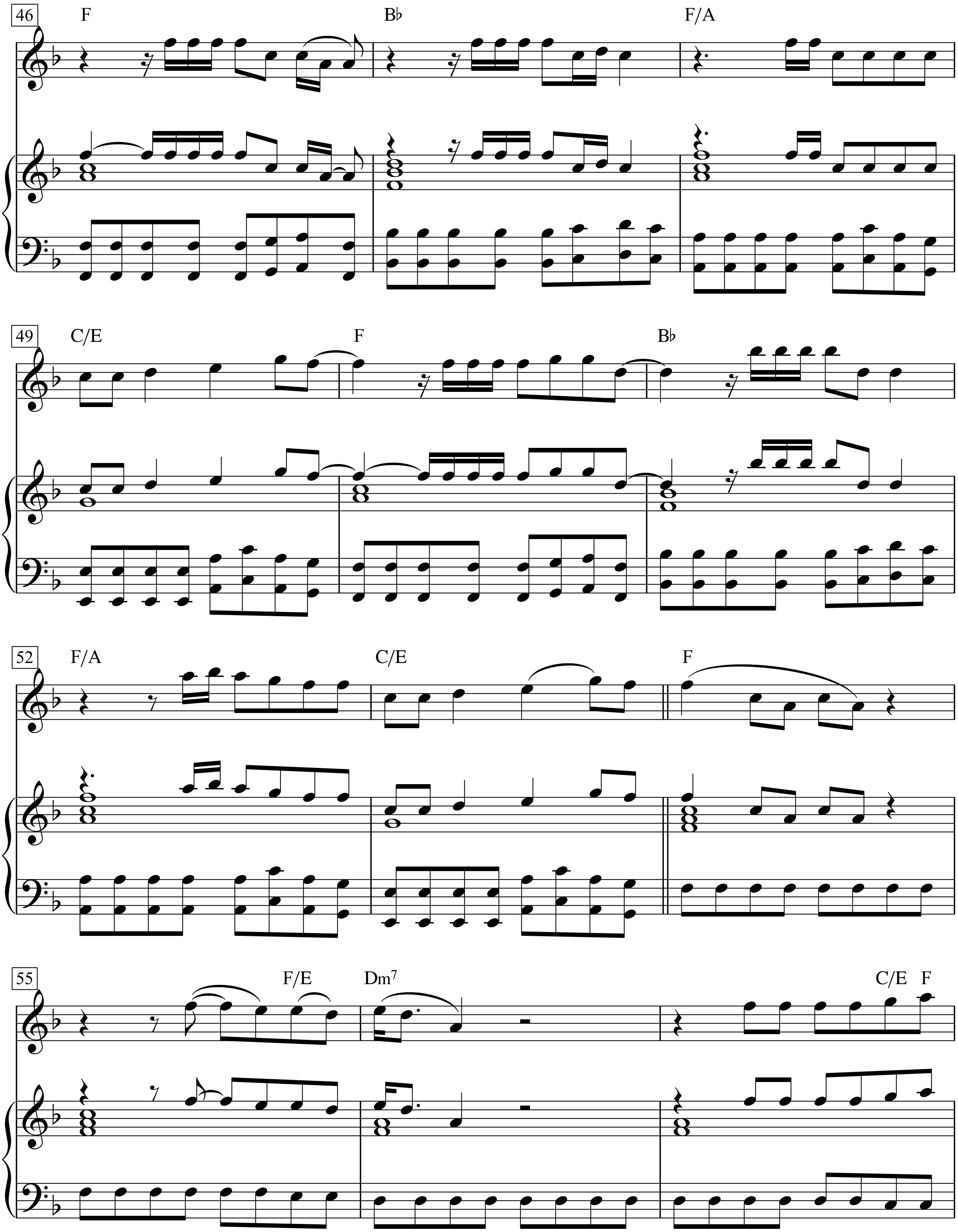


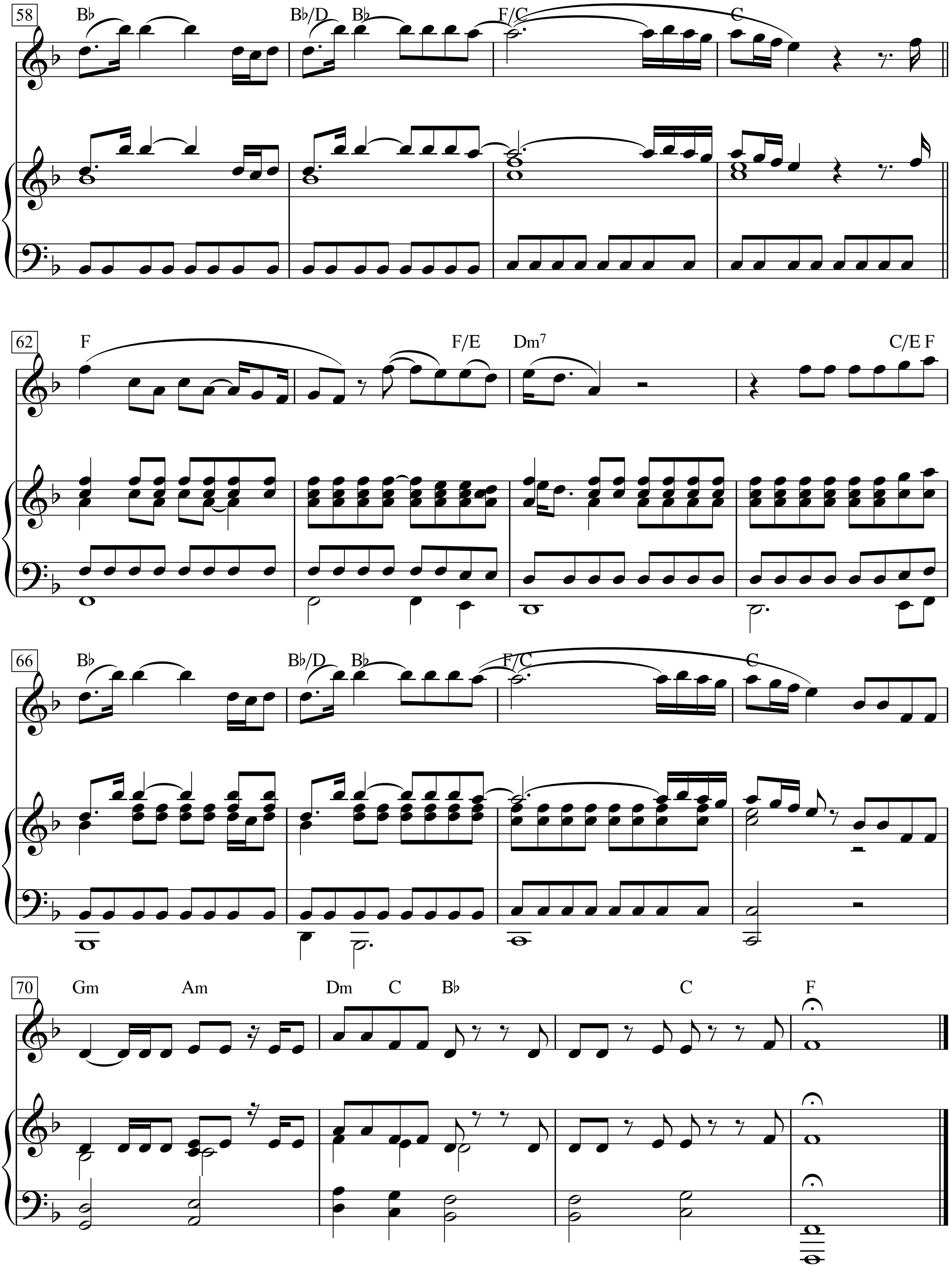



11
B♭ C7 F
tak-en by some sun-glass-es as-king 'bout a scar. And I know I gave it to you months a-go.
15
Dm7 Gm
I know you're try-ing to for- get. But be tween the drinks and sub-tle things the
18
B♭ C7
holes in my a-po-lo-gies, you know, I'm try-ing hard to take it back. So if by the
Much slower ♩ = 90
21
Gm Am Dm C B♭ C
time the bar clo-ses and you feel like fall-ing down I'll car-ry you home. To-


24
F
F/E
Dm7
night we are young.
27
C/E F
B♭
B♭/D B♭
So let's set the world on fi - re. We can burn bright - er than the sun.
30
1.
F/C
C
To -
2.
F/C
C
Now I


34
F
F/E
Dm7
know that I'm not all that you got. I guess that I, I just thought
37
C/E
F
Gm
may-be we could find new ways to fall a-part. But our friends are back,
39
B♭9
B♭
C
so let's raise a toast 'cause I found some-one to car-ry me home. To -
42
F
B♭
F/A
C/E
Car ry me home to night Just car ry me home to night.
((Na na, na na na na, na na, na na na na, na na, na na na na, na na, na na na na,)

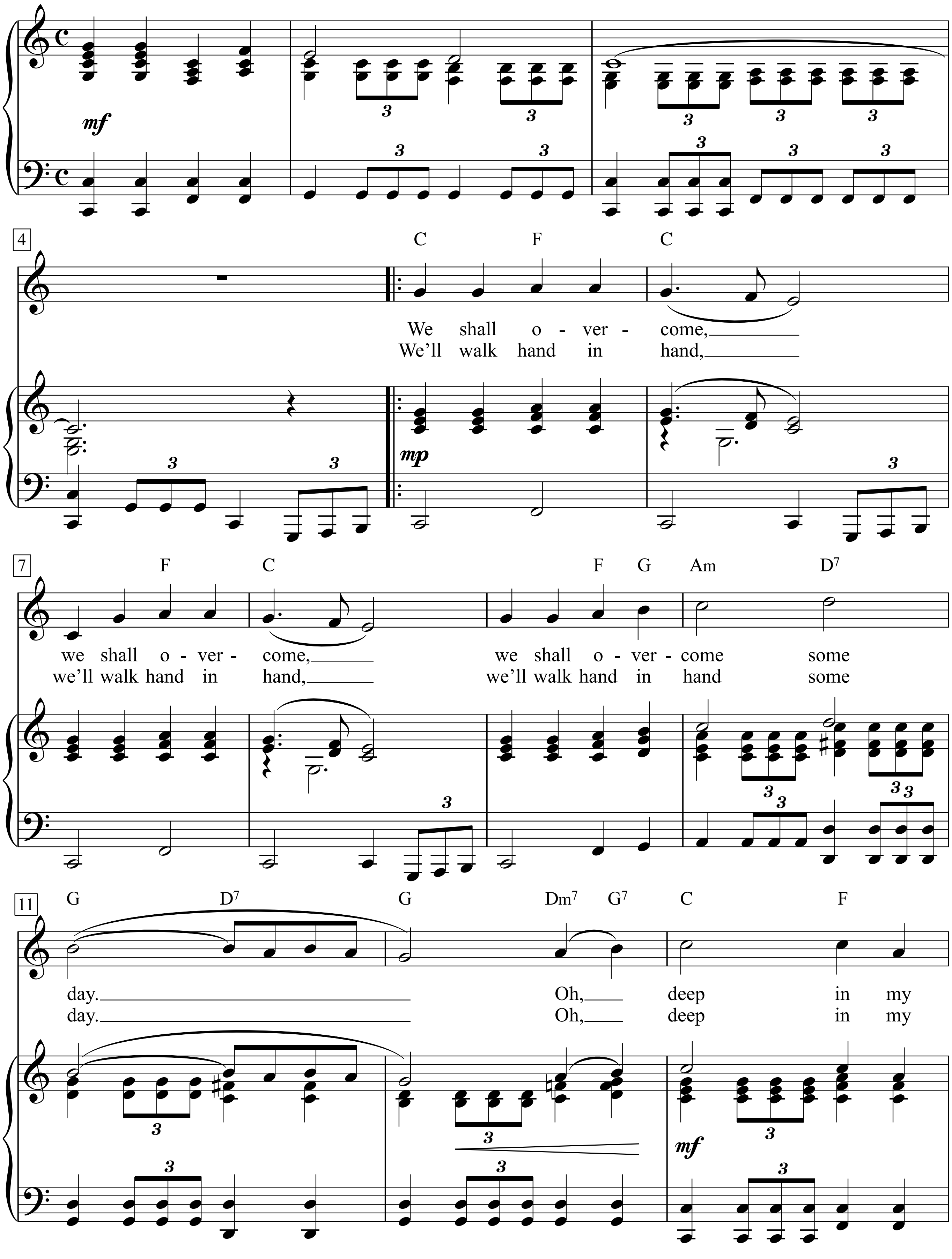

46
F
B♭
F/A
49
C/E
F
B♭
52
F/A
C/E
F
55
F/E
Dm7
C/E
F

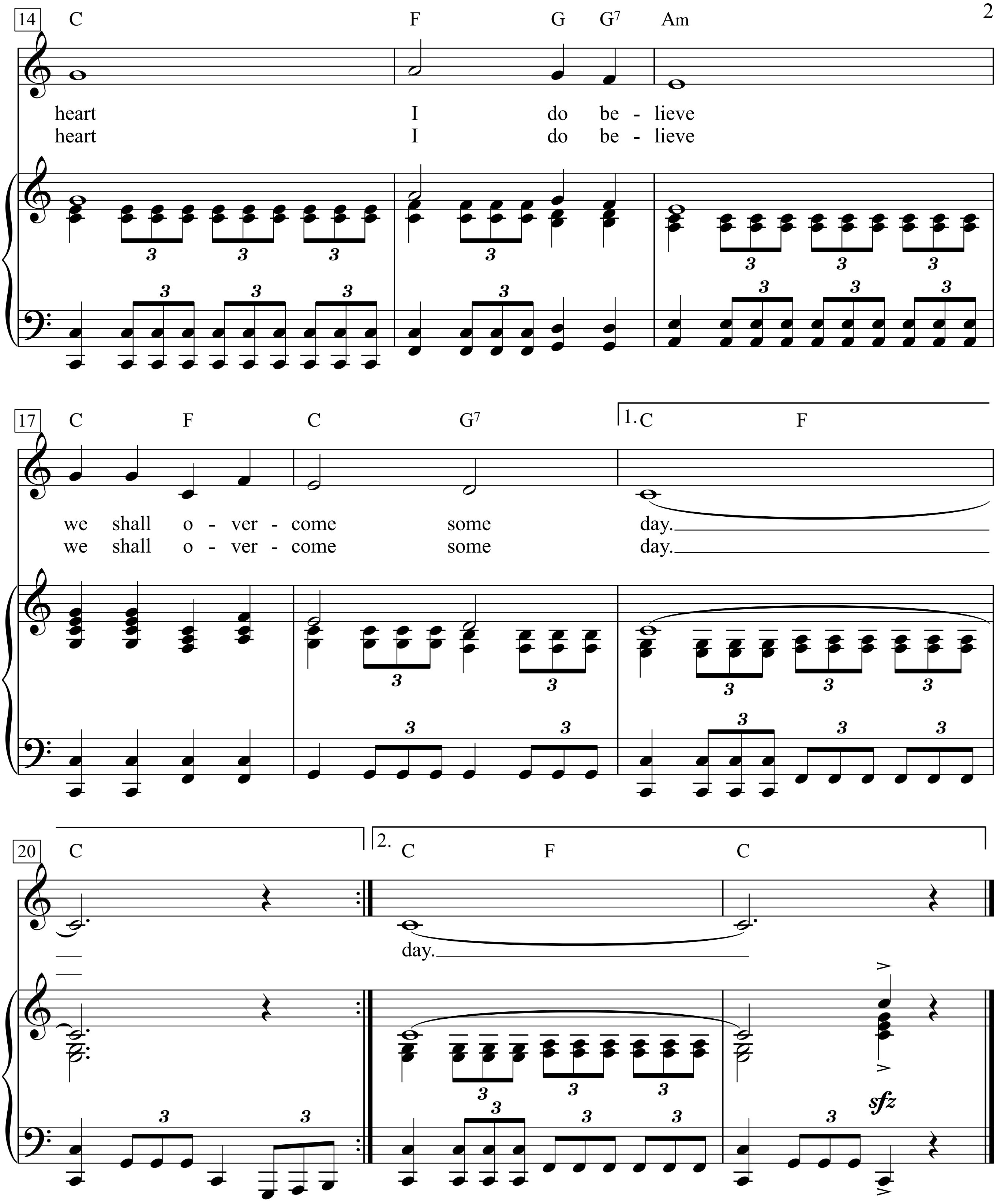

58
B♭
B♭/D
B♭
F/C
C
62
F
F/E
Dm7
C/E F
66
B♭
B♭/D
B♭
F/C
C
70
Gm
Am
Dm
C
B♭
C
F

We Shall Overcome

New Words and Music Adaption by
Zilphia Horton, Frank Hamilton, Guy Carawan and Pete Seeger

Moderately slow with determination




14
C F G G7 Am
heart I do be - lieve
heart I do be - lieve
17
C F C G7
1. C F
we shall o - ver - come some day.
we shall o - ver - come some day.
20
C
2. C F C
day.
sfz

1. We shall overcome, we shall overcome,
We shall overcome some day.
Oh, deep in my heart I do believe
We shall overcome some day. day.

2. We'll walk hand in hand, we'll walk hand in hand,
We'll walk hand in hand some day.
Oh, deep in my heart I do believe
We shall overcome some day.

3. We are not afraid, we are not afraid,
We are not afraid today.
Oh, deep in my heart I do believe
We shall overcome some day.

4. We shall stand together, we shall stand together,
We shall stand together - now,
Oh, deep in my heart I do believe
We shall overcome some day.

5. The truth will make us free, the truth will make us free,
The truth will make us free some day,
Oh, deep in my heart I do believe
We shall overcome some day.

6. The Lord will see us through, the Lord will see us through,
The Lord will see us through some day,
Oh, deep in my heart I do believe
We shall overcome some day.

7. We shall be like Him, we shall be like Him,
We shall be like Him someday,
Oh, deep in my heart I do believe
We shall overcome someday.

8. We shall live in peace, we shall live in peace,
We shall live in peace some day,
Oh, deep in my heart I do believe
We shall overcome some day.

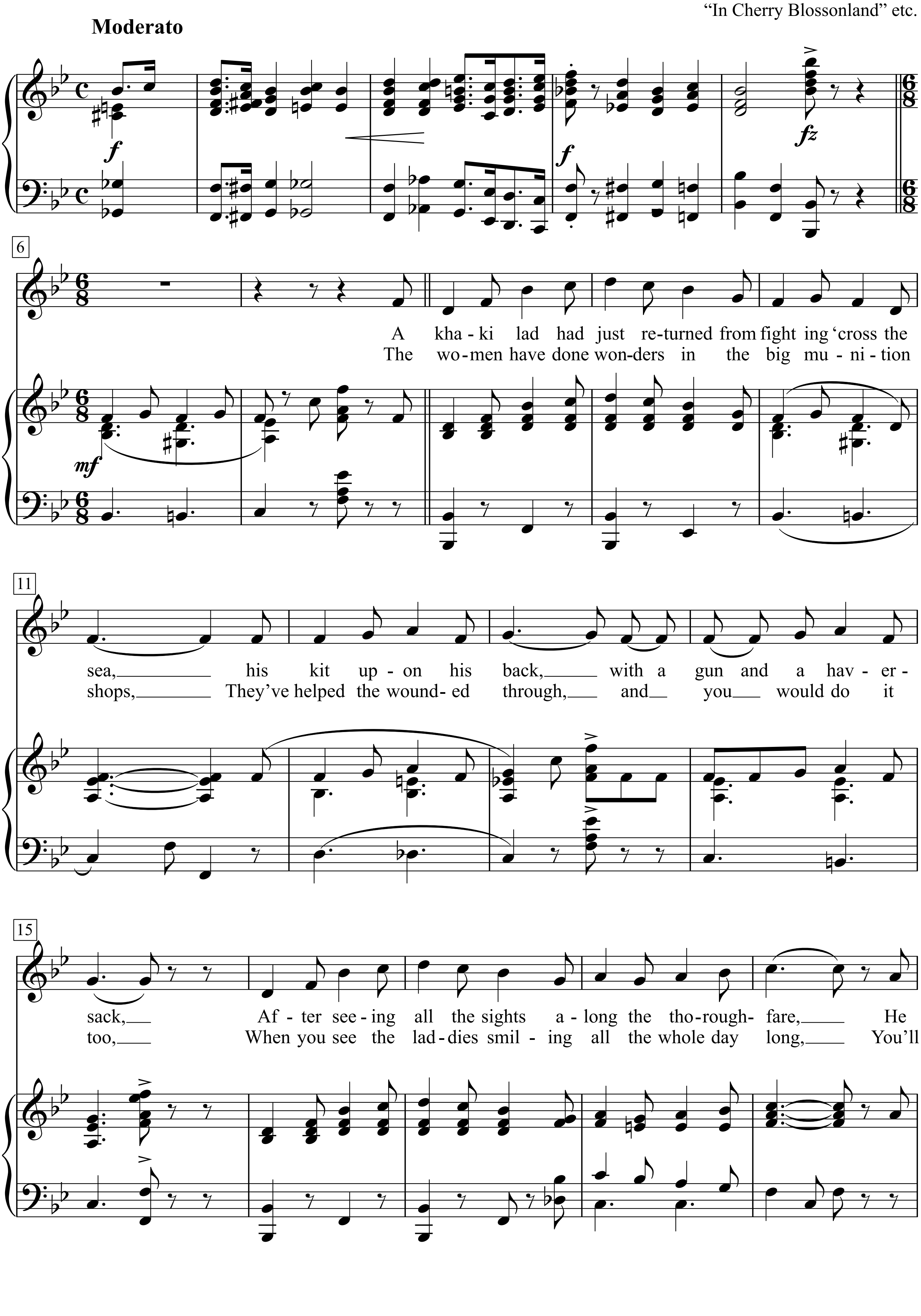
9. The whole wide world around, the whole wide world around,
The whole wide world around some day,
Oh, deep in my heart I do believe
We shall overcome some day.

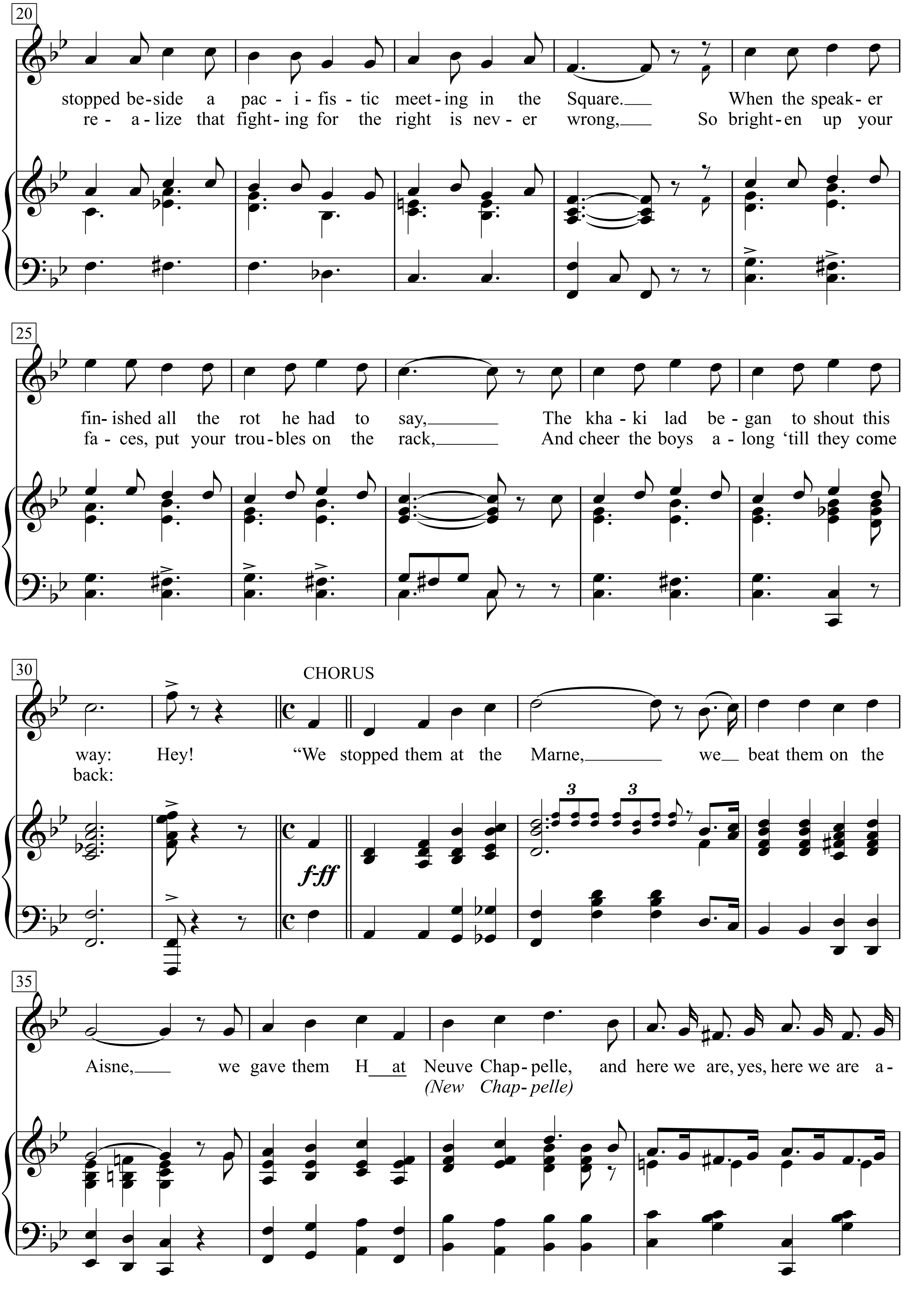
10. We shall overcome, we shall overcome,
We shall overcome some day,
Oh, deep in my heart I do believe
We shall overcome some day.

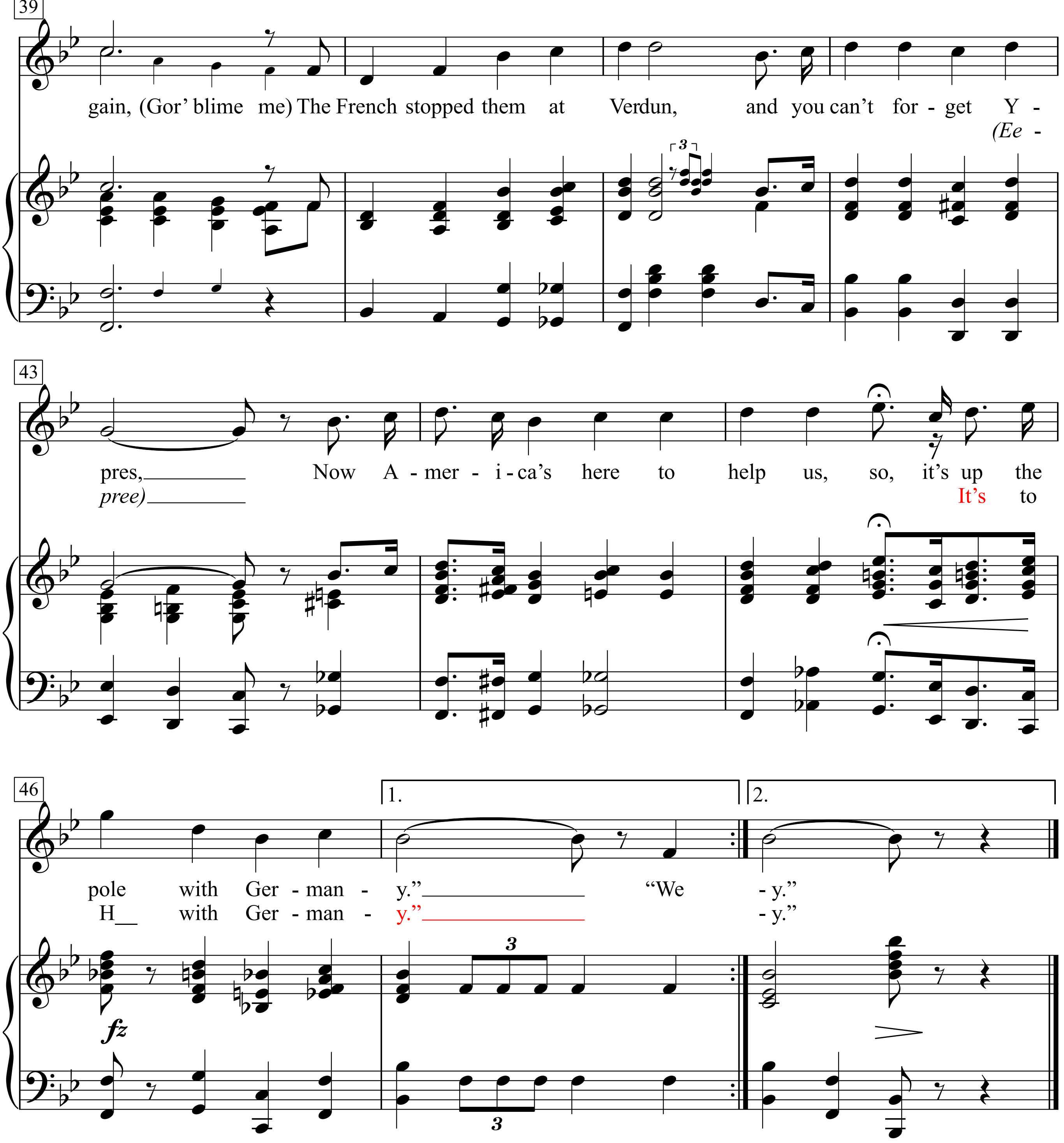
We Stopped Them At The Marne

(It's To H__ With Germany)

Words & Music: Lieut. Gitz Rice
Composer of "l Want To Go Horne"
"In Cherry Blossonland" etc.




20
stopped be-side a pac - i - fis - tic meet-ing in the Square. When the speak-er
re - a-lize that fight-ing for the right is nev - er wrong, So bright-en up your
25
fin-ished all the rot he had to say, The kha - ki lad be-gan to shout this
fa - ces, put your trou-bles on the rack, And cheer the boys a - long 'till they come
30
CHORUS
way: Hey! "We stopped them at the Marne, we beat them on the
back:
fff
35
Aisne, we gave them H at Neuve Chap-pelle, and here we are, yes, here we are a -
(New Chap-pelle)


39
gain, (Gor' blime me) The French stopped them at Verdun, and you can't for - get Y -
(Ee -
43
pres,
pree)
Now A - mer - i - ca's here to help us, so, it's up the
It's to
46
1.
2.
pole with Ger - man - y." "We - y."
H with Ger - man - y." - y."
fz

1. A khaki lad had just returned from fighting ‘cross the sea,
His kit upon his back, With a gun and a haversack,
After seeing all the sights along the thoroughfare,
He stopped beside a pacifistic meeting in the Square,

When the speaker finished all the rot he had to say,
The khaki lad began to shout this way:

Chorus:
Hey! “We stopped them at the Marne,
We beat them on the Aisne,
We gave them H at Neuve Chappelle *(New Chapelle)*,
and here we are, yes, here we are again, (Gor’ blime me)

The French stopped them at Verdun,
and you can’t forget Ypres,
Now America’s here to help us, so,
it’s up the pole with Germany.”

2. The women have done wonders in the big munition shops,
They’ve helped the wounded through, and you would do it too,
When you see the laddies smiling all the whole day long,
You’ll realize that fighting for the right is never wrong,

So brighten up your faces, put your troubles on the rack,
And cheer the boys along ‘till they come back:

Chorus:
Hey! “We stopped them at the Marne,
We beat them on the Aisne,
We gave them H at Neuve Chappelle *(New Chapelle)*,
and here we are, yes, here we are again, (Gor’ blime me)

The French stopped them at Verdun,
and you can’t forget Ypres,
Now America’s here to help us, so,
it’s to H with Germany.”

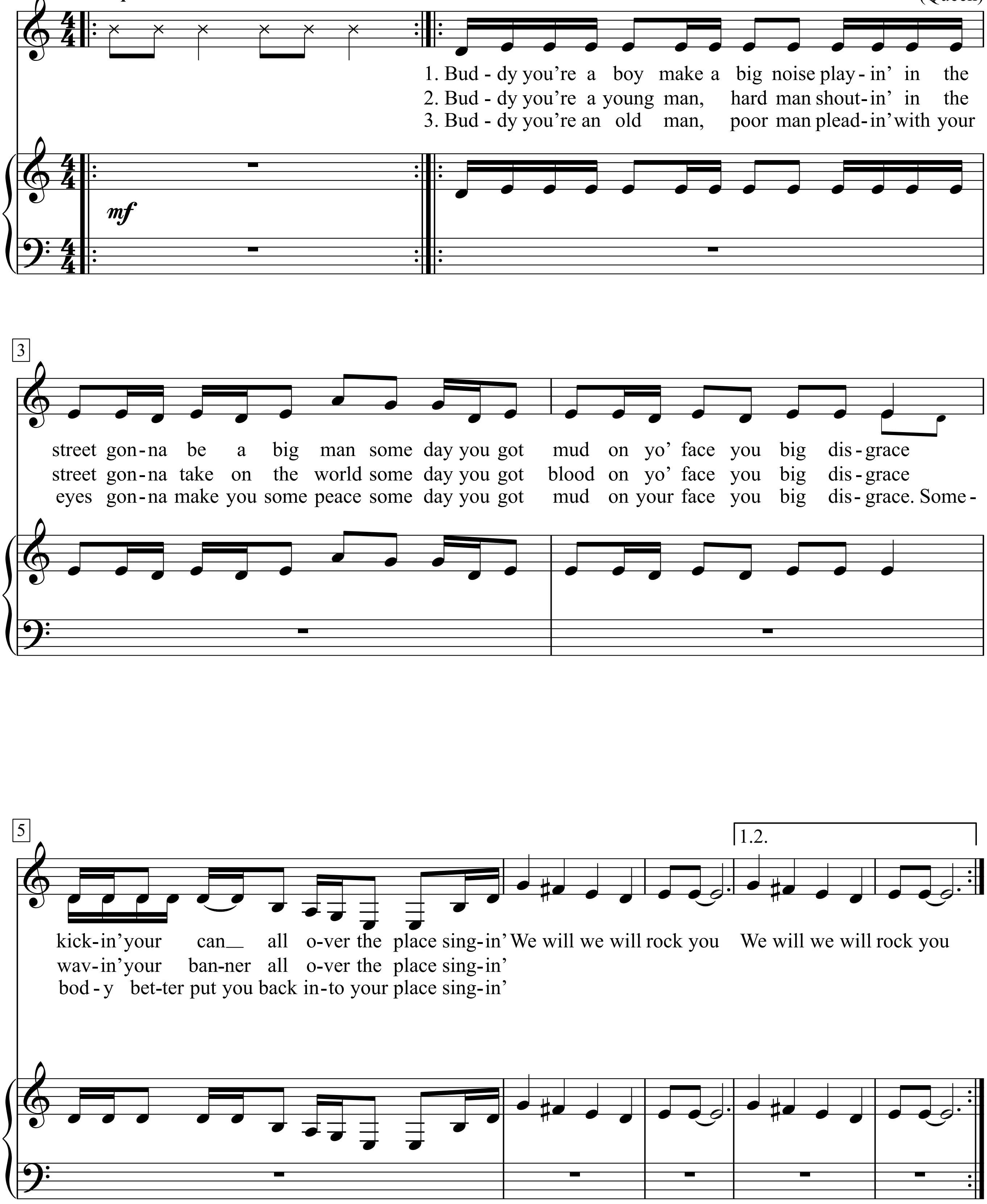
We Will Rock You

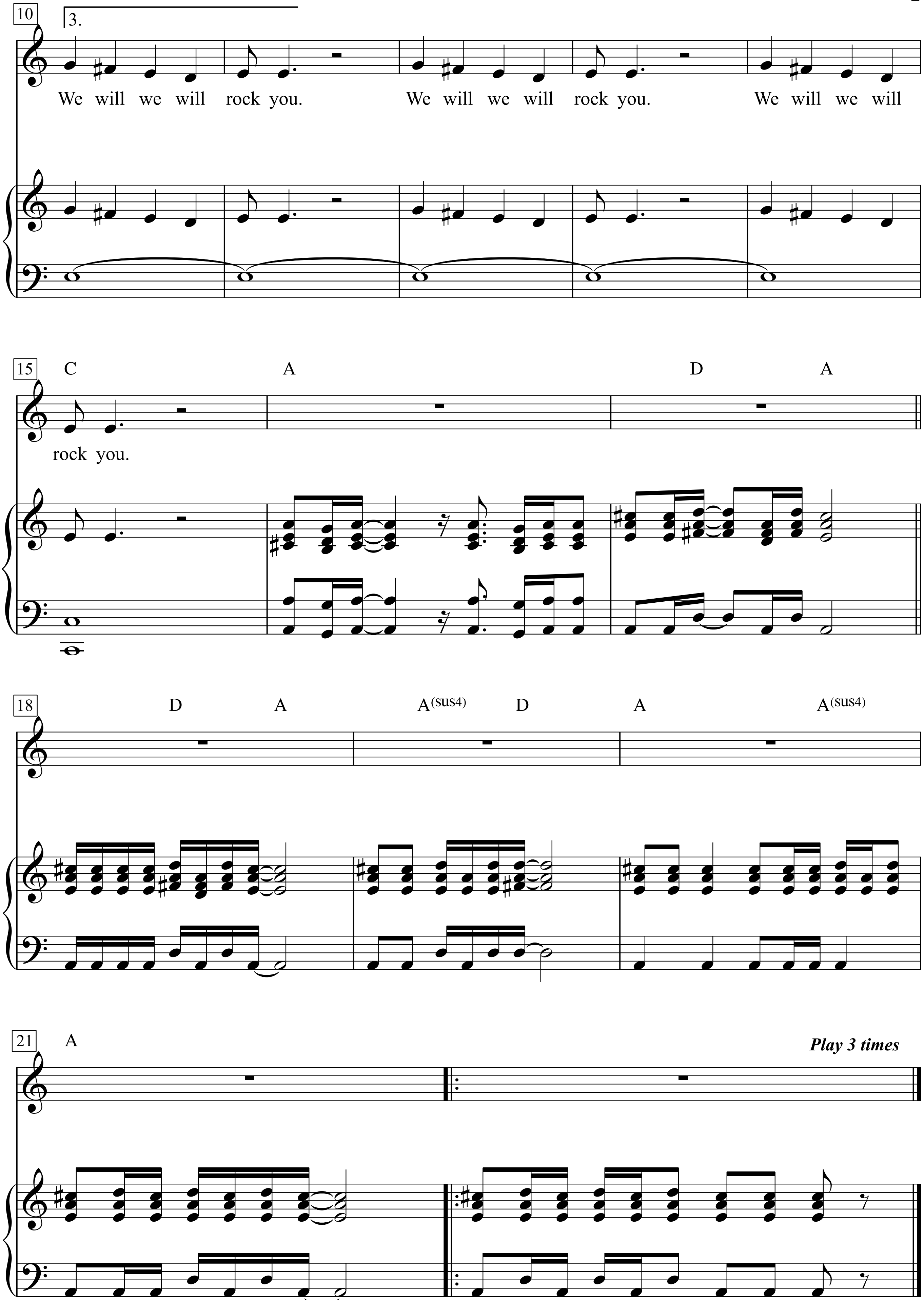
Moderate

Words & Music by Brian May
(Queen)

Repeat 4 times
Clap Hands

N.C.




10
3.
We will we will rock you. We will we will rock you. We will we will
15
C
A
D
A
rock you.
18
D
A
A(sus4)
D
A
A(sus4)
21
A
Play 3 times

1. Buddy you’re a boy make a big noise playin’ in the street
gonna be a big man some day you got mud on yo’ face
you big disgrace kickin’ your can all over the place singin’
We will we will rock you
We will we will rock you
We will we will rock you.
We will we will rock you.
We will we will rock you.

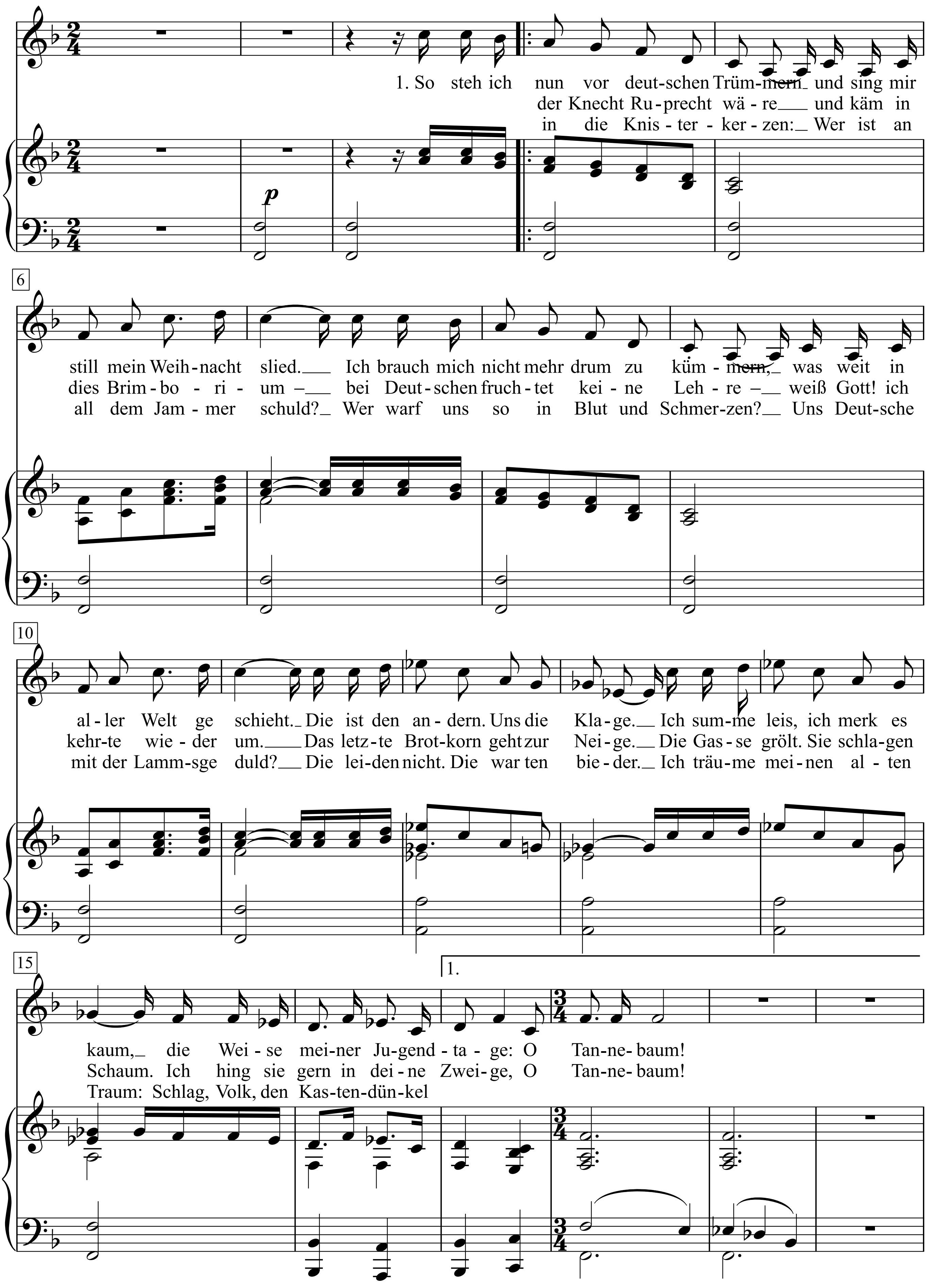
2. Buddy you’re a young man, hard man shoutin’ in the street
gonna take on the world some day you got blood on yo’ face
you big disgrace wavin’ your banner all over the place singin’

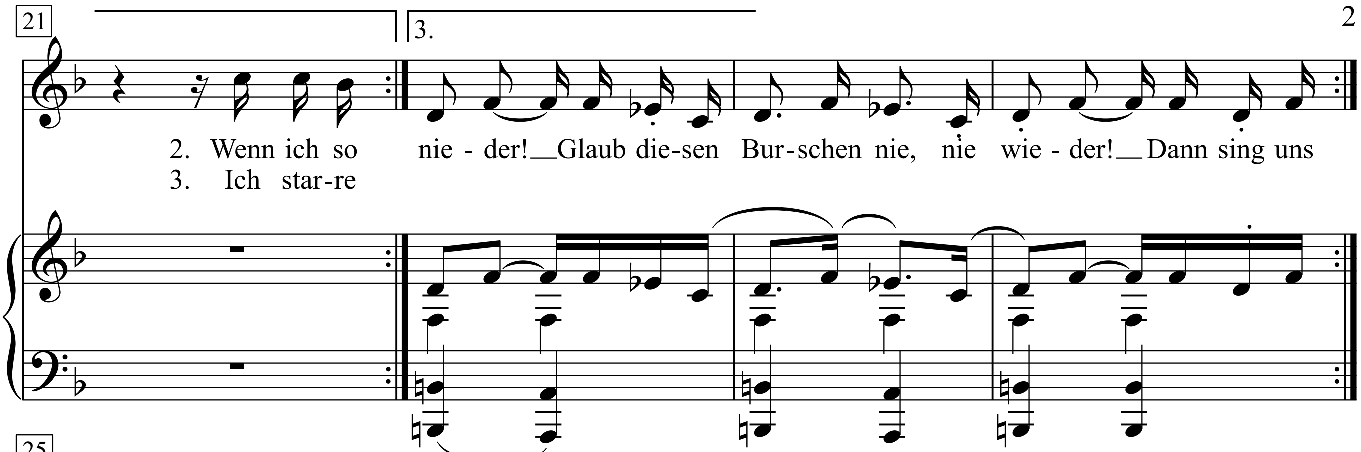
3. Buddy you’re an old man, poor man pleadin’
with your eyes gonna make you some peace some day
you got mud on your face you big disgrace.
Somebody better put you back into your place singin’

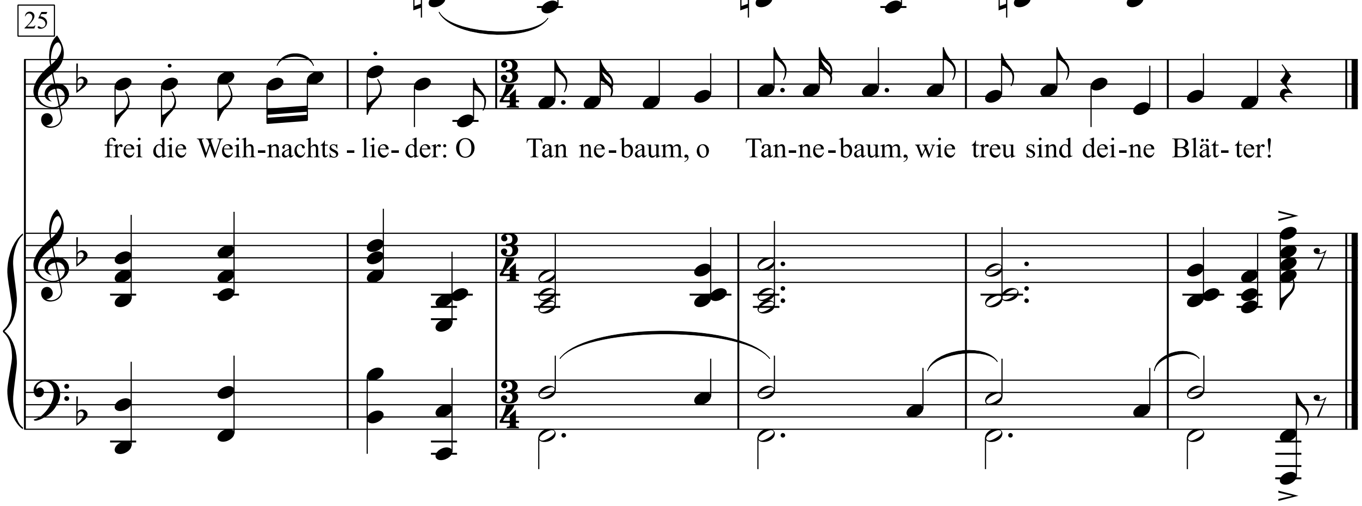
Weihnachten 1918

Kurt Tucholsky

Hanns Eisler







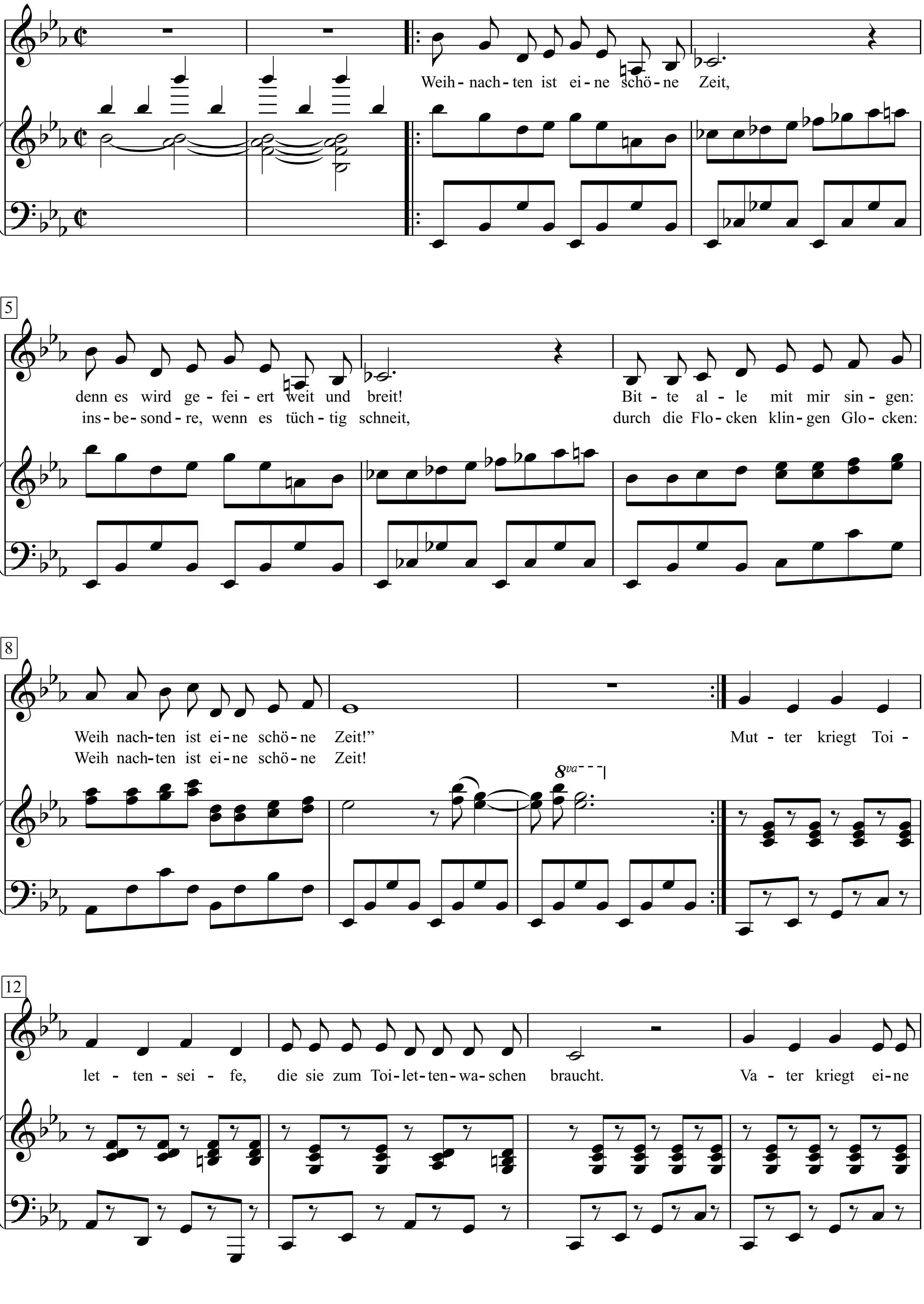
1. So steh ich nun vor deutschen Trümmern
und sing mir still mein Weihnachtslied.
Ich brauch mich nicht mehr drum zu kümmern,
was weit in aller Welt geschieht.
Die ist den andern. Uns die Klage.
Ich summe leis, ich merk es kaum,
die Weise meiner Jugendtage:
O Tannebaum!

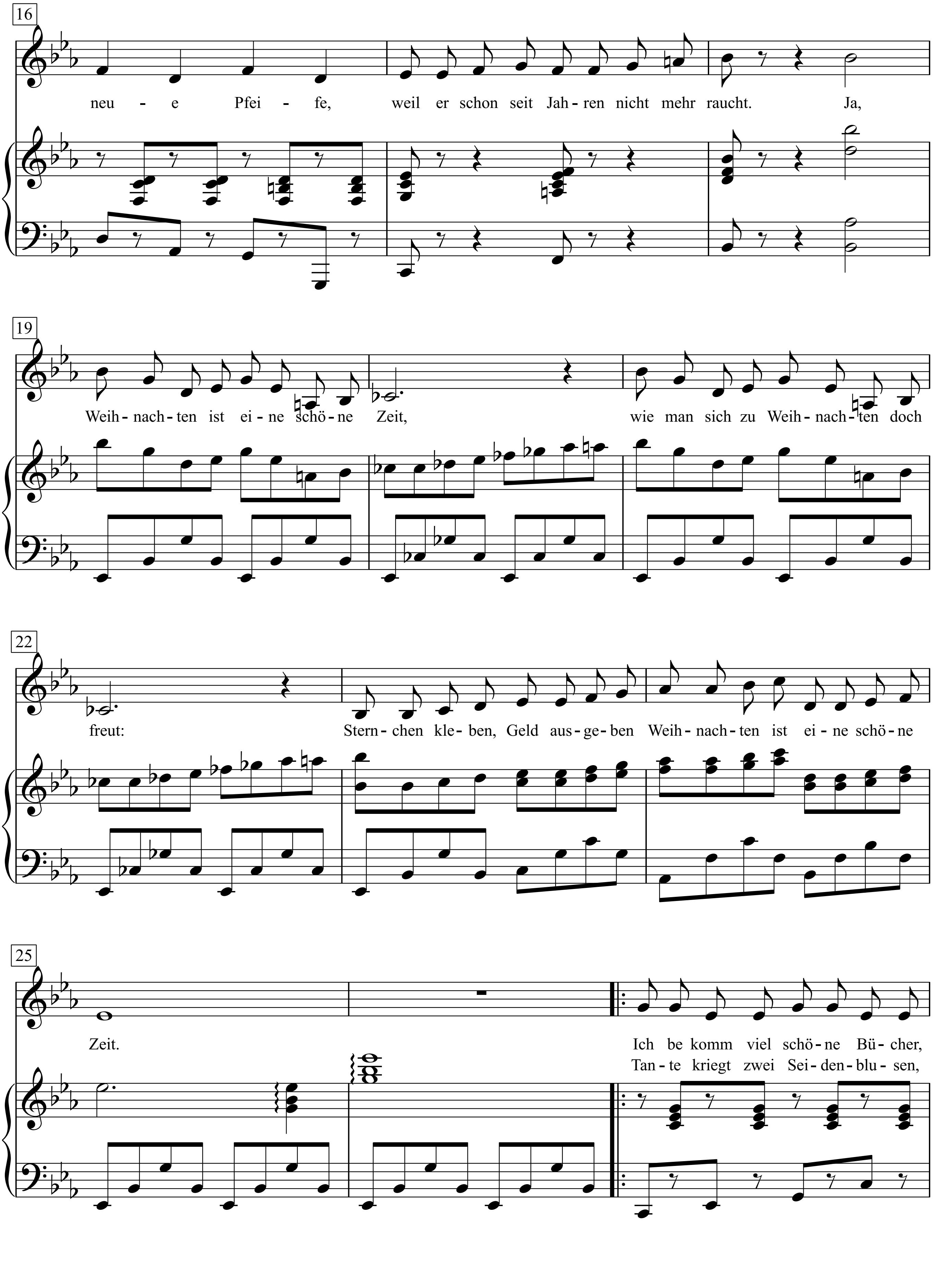
2. Wenn ich so der Knecht Ruprecht wäre
und käm in dies Brimborium –
bei Deutschen fruchtet keine Lehre –
weiß Gott! ich kehrte wieder um.
Das letzte Brotkorn geht zur Neige.
Die Gasse grölt. Sie schlagen Schaum.
Ich hing sie gern in deine Zweige,
O Tannebaum!

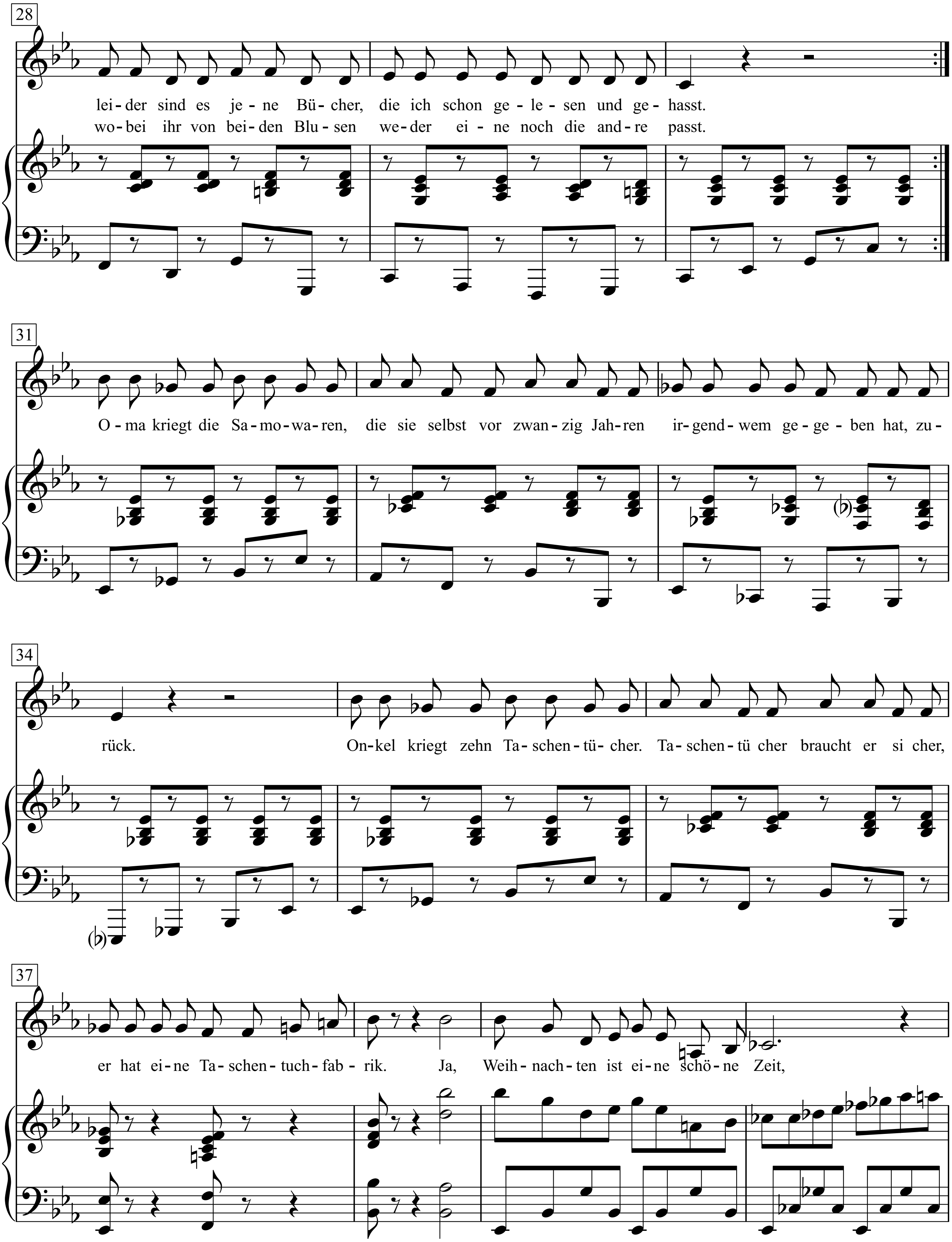
3. Ich starre in die Knisterkerzen:
Wer ist an all dem Jammer schuld?
Wer warf uns so in Blut und Schmerzen?
Uns Deutsche mit der Lammsgeduld?
Die leiden nicht. Die warten bieder.
Ich träume meinen alten Traum:
Schlag, Volk, den Kastendünkel nieder!
Glaub diesen Burschen nie, nie wieder!
Dann sing uns frei die Weihnachtslieder:
O Tannebaum, o Tannebaum,
wie treu sind deune Blätter!

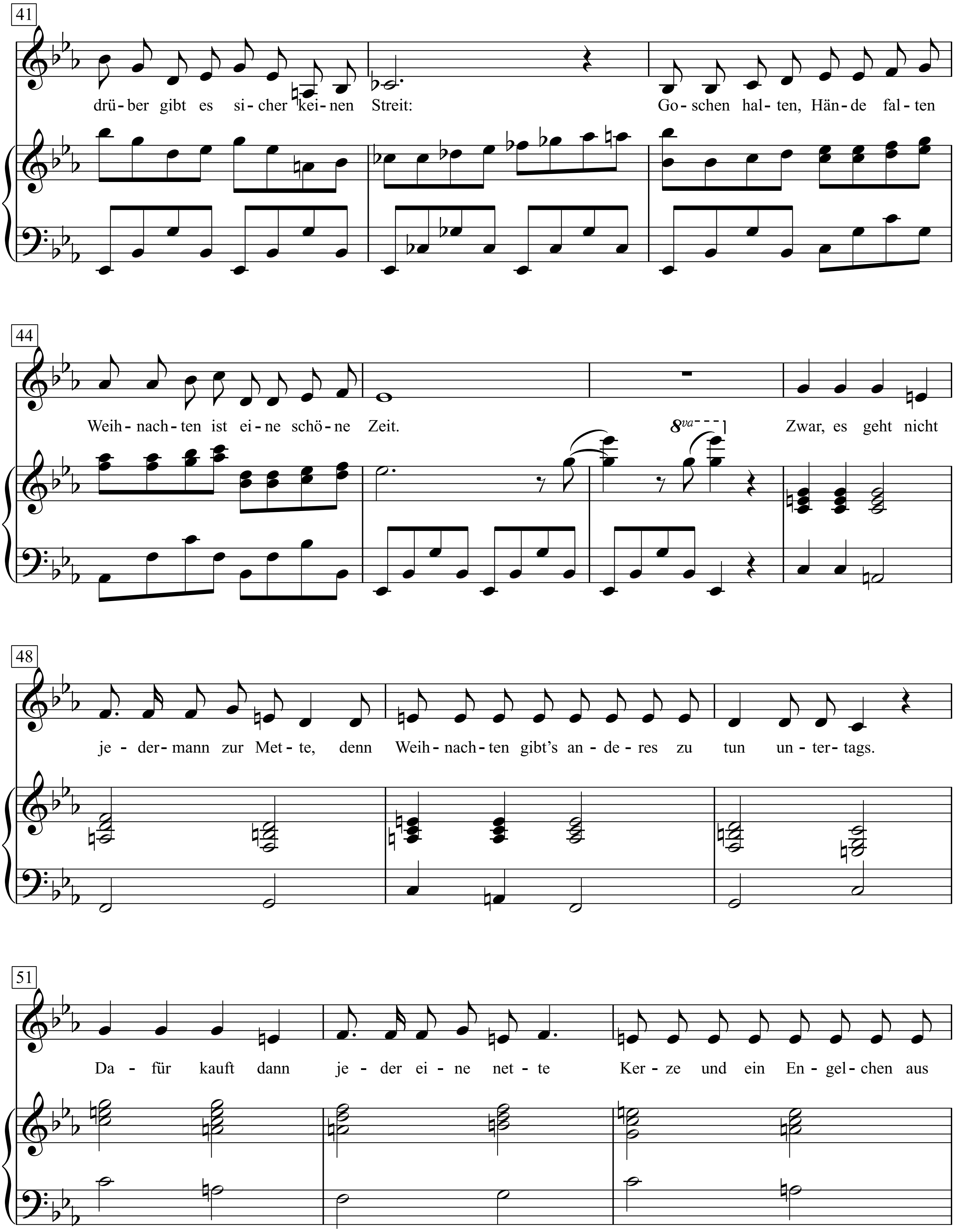
Weihnachten ist eine schone Zeit

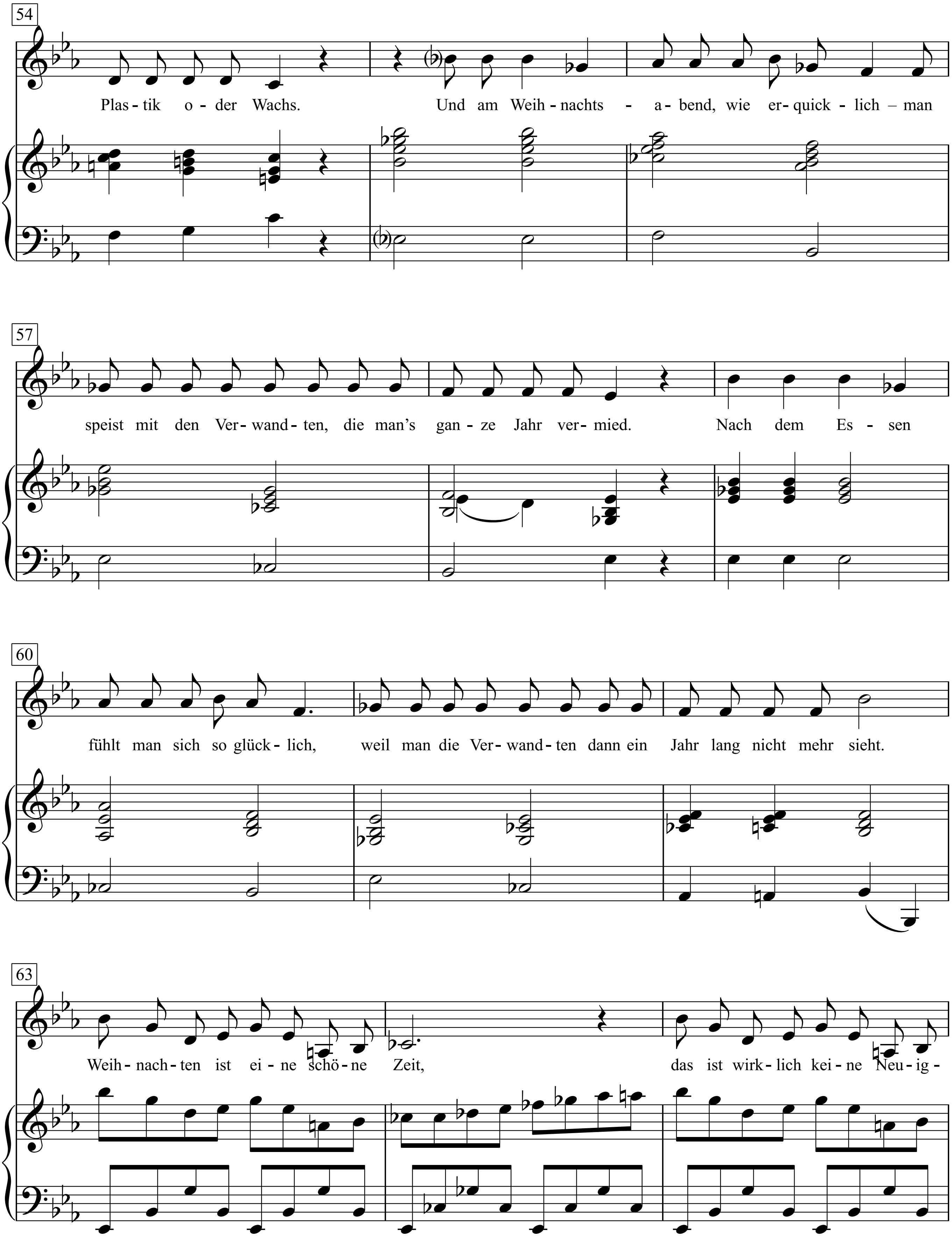
Text & Musik: Georg Kreisler

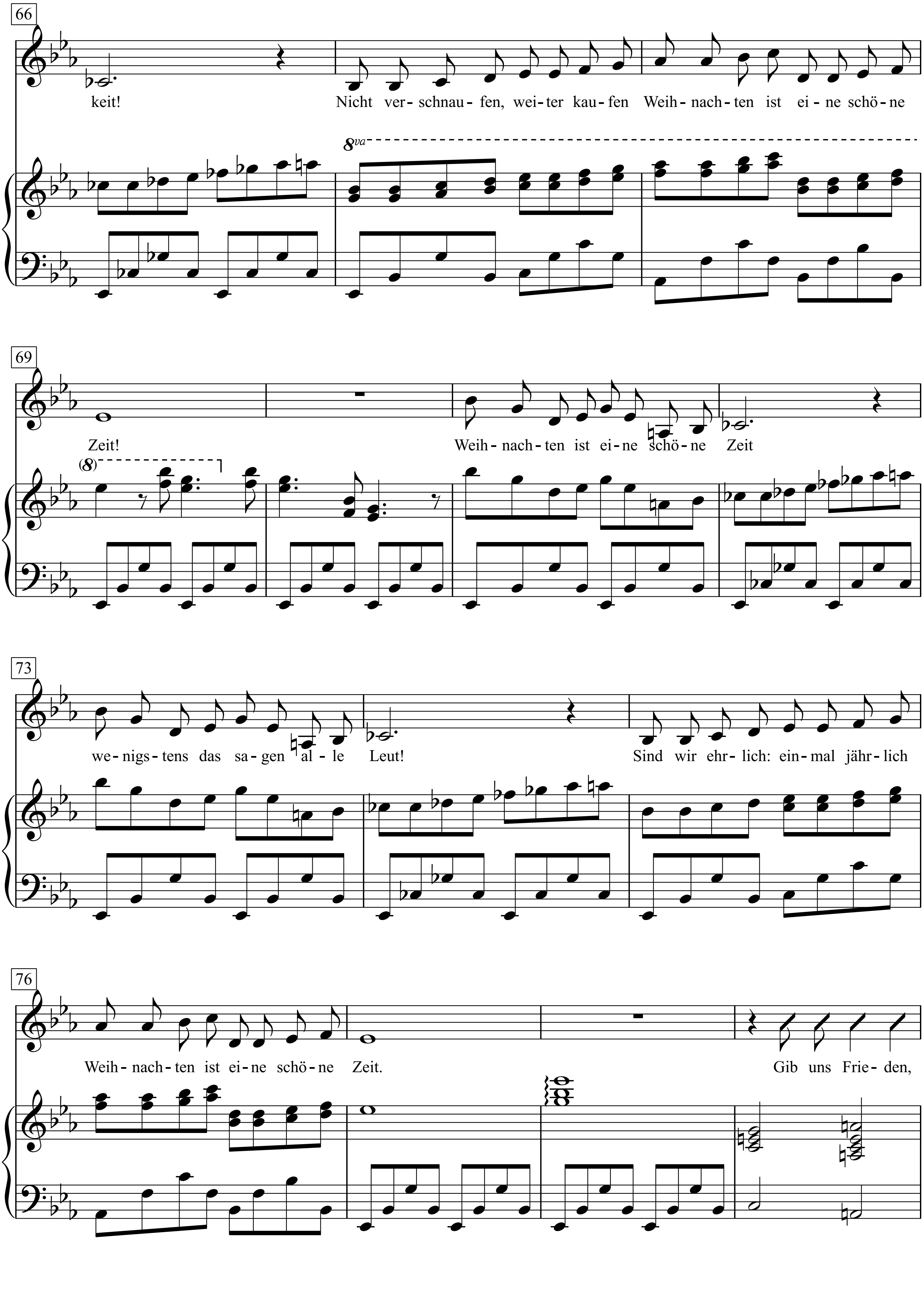


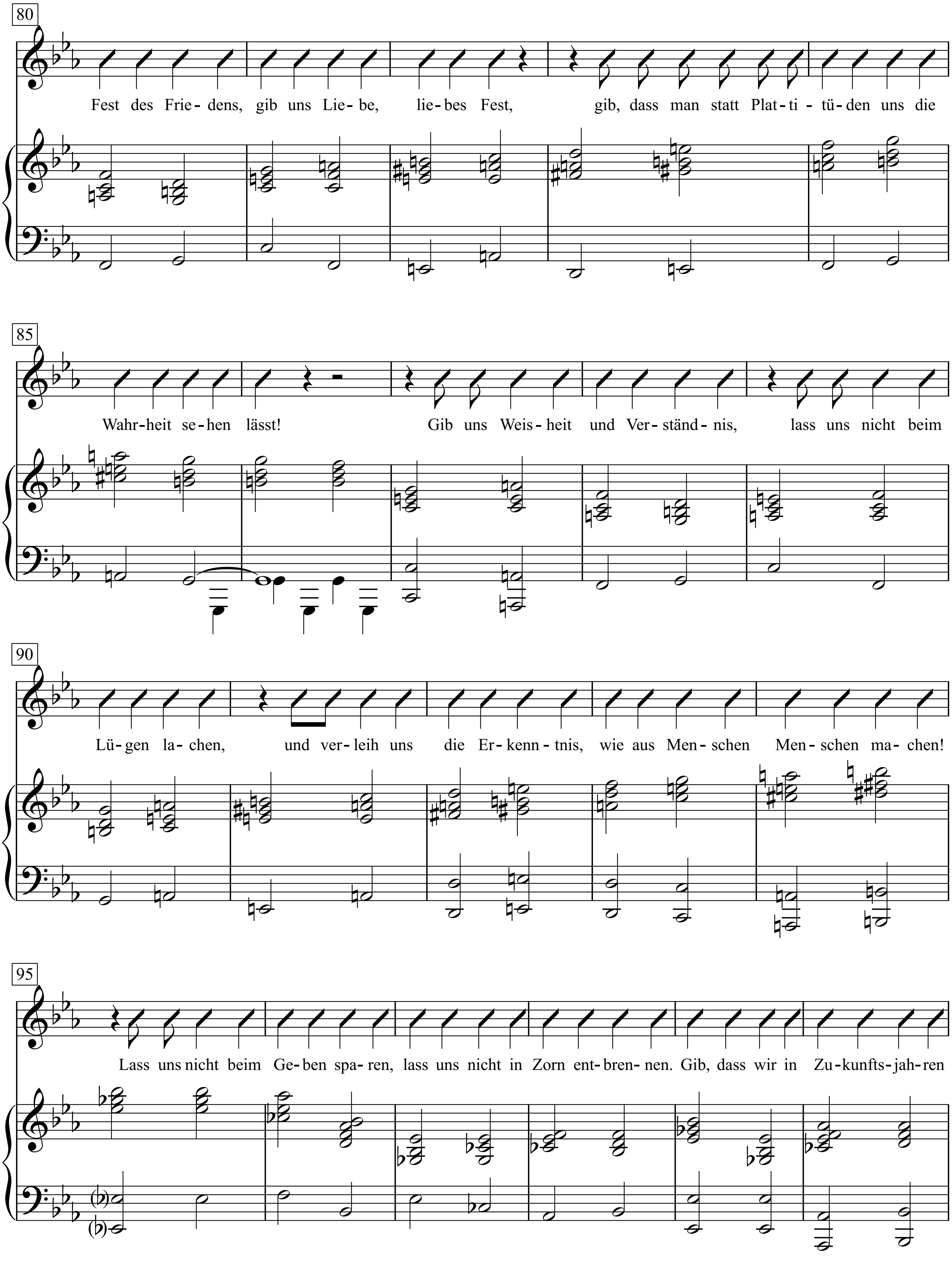

16
neu - e Pfei - fe, weil er schon seit Jah - ren nicht mehr raucht. Ja,
19
Weih - nach - ten ist ei - ne schö - ne Zeit, wie man sich zu Weih - nach - ten doch
22
freut: Stern - chen kle - ben, Geld aus - ge - ben Weih - nach - ten ist ei - ne schö - ne
25
Zeit. Ich be komm viel schö - ne Bü - cher,
Tan - te kriegt zwei Sei - den - blu - sen,

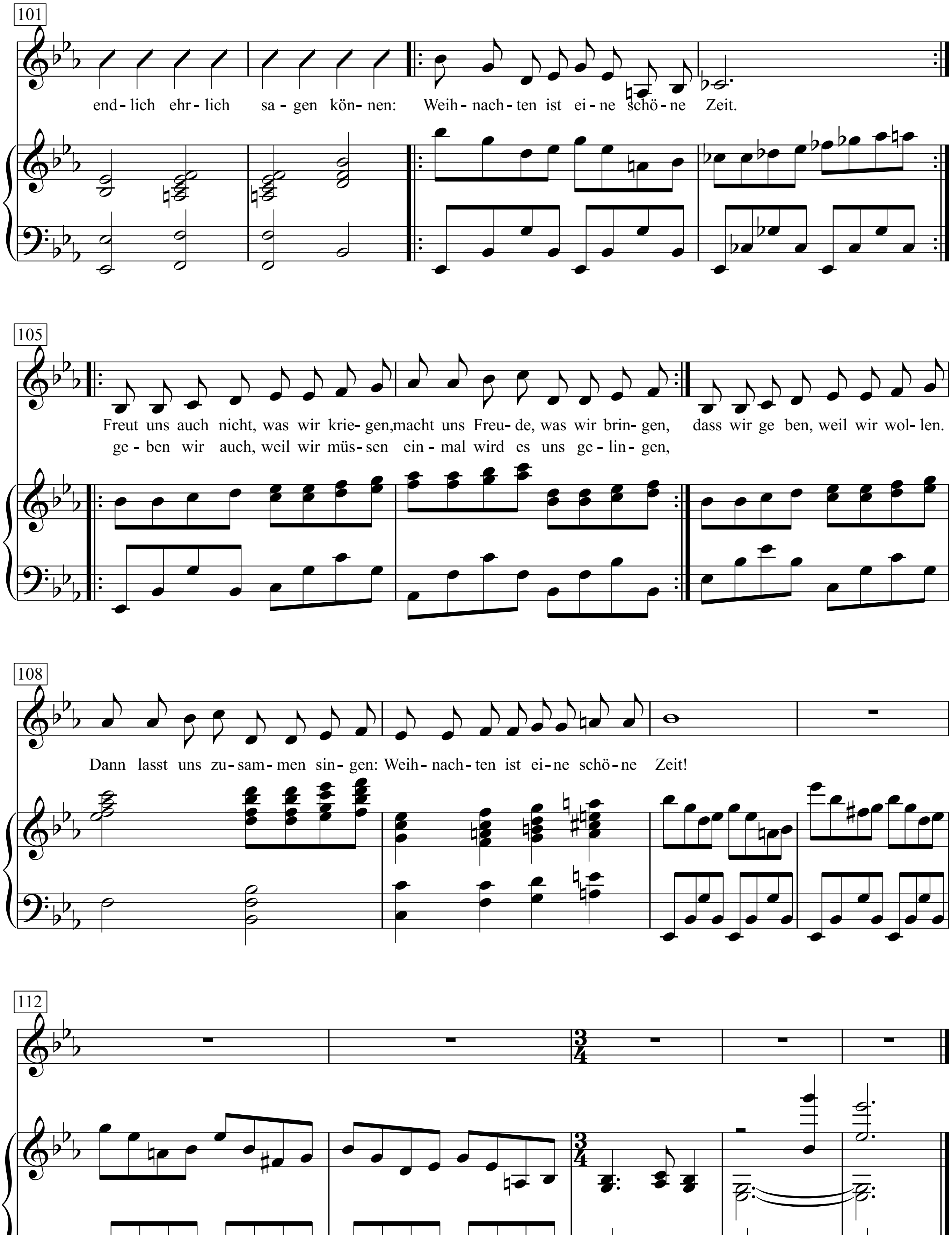

28
lei-der sind es je-ne Bü-cher, die ich schon ge-le-sen und ge-hasst.
wo-bei ihr von bei-den Blu-sen we-der ei-ne noch die and-re passt.
31
O-ma kriegt die Sa-mo-wa-ren, die sie selbst vor zwan-zig Jah-ren ir-gend-wem ge-ge-ben hat, zu-
34
rück. On-kel kriegt zehn Ta-schen-tü-cher. Ta-schen-tü cher braucht er si cher,
37
er hat ei-ne Ta-schen-tuch-fab-rik. Ja, Weih-nach-ten ist ei-ne schö-ne Zeit,


41
drü - ber gibt es si - cher kei - nen Streit:
Go - schen hal - ten, Hän - de fal - ten
44
Weih - nach - ten ist ei - ne schö - ne Zeit.
8va
Zwar, es geht nicht
48
je - der - mann zur Met - te, denn Weih - nach - ten gibt's an - de - res zu tun un - ter - tags.
51
Da - für kauft dann je - der ei - ne net - te Ker - ze und ein En - gel - chen aus


54
Plas - tik o - der Wachs. Und am Weih - nachts - a - bend, wie er - quick - lich – man
57
speist mit den Ver - wand - ten, die man's gan - ze Jahr ver - mied. Nach dem Es - sen
60
fühlt man sich so glück - lich, weil man die Ver - wand - ten dann ein Jahr lang nicht mehr sieht.
63
Weih - nach - ten ist ei - ne schö - ne Zeit, das ist wirk - lich kei - ne Neu - ig -


66
keit! Nicht ver- schnau- fen, wei- ter kau- fen Weih- nach- ten ist ei- ne schö- ne
8va
69
Zeit! Weih- nach- ten ist ei- ne schö- ne Zeit
(8)
73
we- nigs- tens das sa- gen al- le Leut! Sind wir ehr- lich: ein- mal jähr- lich
76
Weih- nach- ten ist ei- ne schö- ne Zeit. Gib uns Frie- den,


80
Fest des Frie-dens, gib uns Lie-be, lie-bes Fest, gib, dass man statt Plat-ti-tü-den uns die
85
Wahr-heit se-hen lässt! Gib uns Weis-heit und Ver-ständ-nis, lass uns nicht beim
90
Lü-gen la-chen, und ver-leih uns die Er-kenn-tnis, wie aus Men-schen Men-schen ma-chen!
95
Lass uns nicht beim Ge-ben spa-ren, lass uns nicht in Zorn ent-bren-nen. Gib, dass wir in Zu-kunfts-jah-ren


101
end- lich ehr- lich sa- gen kön- nen: Weih- nach- ten ist ei- ne schö- ne Zeit.
105
Freut uns auch nicht, was wir krie- gen,macht uns Freu- de, was wir brin- gen, dass wir ge ben, weil wir wol- len.
ge- ben wir auch, weil wir müs- sen ein- mal wird es uns ge- lin- gen,
108
Dann lasst uns zu- sam- men sin- gen: Weih- nach- ten ist ei- ne schö- ne Zeit!
112

Weihnachten ist eine schöne Zeit,
denn es wird gefeiert weit und breit!
Bitte alle mit mir singen:
Weihnachten ist eine schöne Zeit!"

Weihnachten ist eine schöne Zeit, insbesondre,
wenn es tüchtig schneit,
durch die Flocken klingen Glocken:
Weihnachten ist eine schöne Zeit!

Mutter kriegt Toilettenseife,
die sie zum Toilettenwaschen braucht.
Vater kriegt eine neue Pfeife,
weil er schon seit Jahren nicht mehr raucht.
Ja, Weihnachten ist eine schöne Zeit,
wie man sich zu Weihnachten doch freut:
Sternchen kleben, Geld ausgeben
Weihnachten ist eine schöne Zeit.

Ich bekomm viel schöne Bücher,
leider sind es jene Bücher,
die ich schon gelesen und gehasst.
Tante kriegt zwei Seidenblusen,
wobei ihr von beiden Blusen
weder eine noch die andre passt.

Oma kriegt die Samowaren,
die sie selbst vor zwanzig Jahren
irgendwem gegeben hat, zurück.
Onkel kriegt zehn Taschentücher.
Taschentücher braucht er sicher,
er hat ei ne Taschentuchfabrik.
Ja, Weihnachten ist eine schöne Zeit,
drüber gibt es sicher keinen Streit:
Goschen halten, Hände falten
Weihnachten ist eine schöne Zeit.
Zwar, es geht nicht jedermann zur Mette,
denn Weihnachten gibt's anderes zu tun untertags.
Dafür kauft dann jeder eine nette
Kerze und ein Engelchen aus Plastik oder Wachs.
Und am Weihnachtsabend, wie erquicklich –
man speist mit den Verwandten,
die man's ganze Jahr vermied.
Nach dem Essen fühlt man sich so glücklich,
weil man die Verwandten
dann ein Jahr lang nicht mehr sieht.

Weihnachten ist eine schöne Zeit,
das ist wirklich keine Neuigkeit!
Nicht verschnaufen, weiter kaufen
Weihnachten ist eine schöne Zeit!
Weihnachten ist eine schöne Zeit
wenigstens das sagen alle Leut!
Sind wir ehrlich: einmal jährlich
Weihnachten ist eine schöne Zeit.

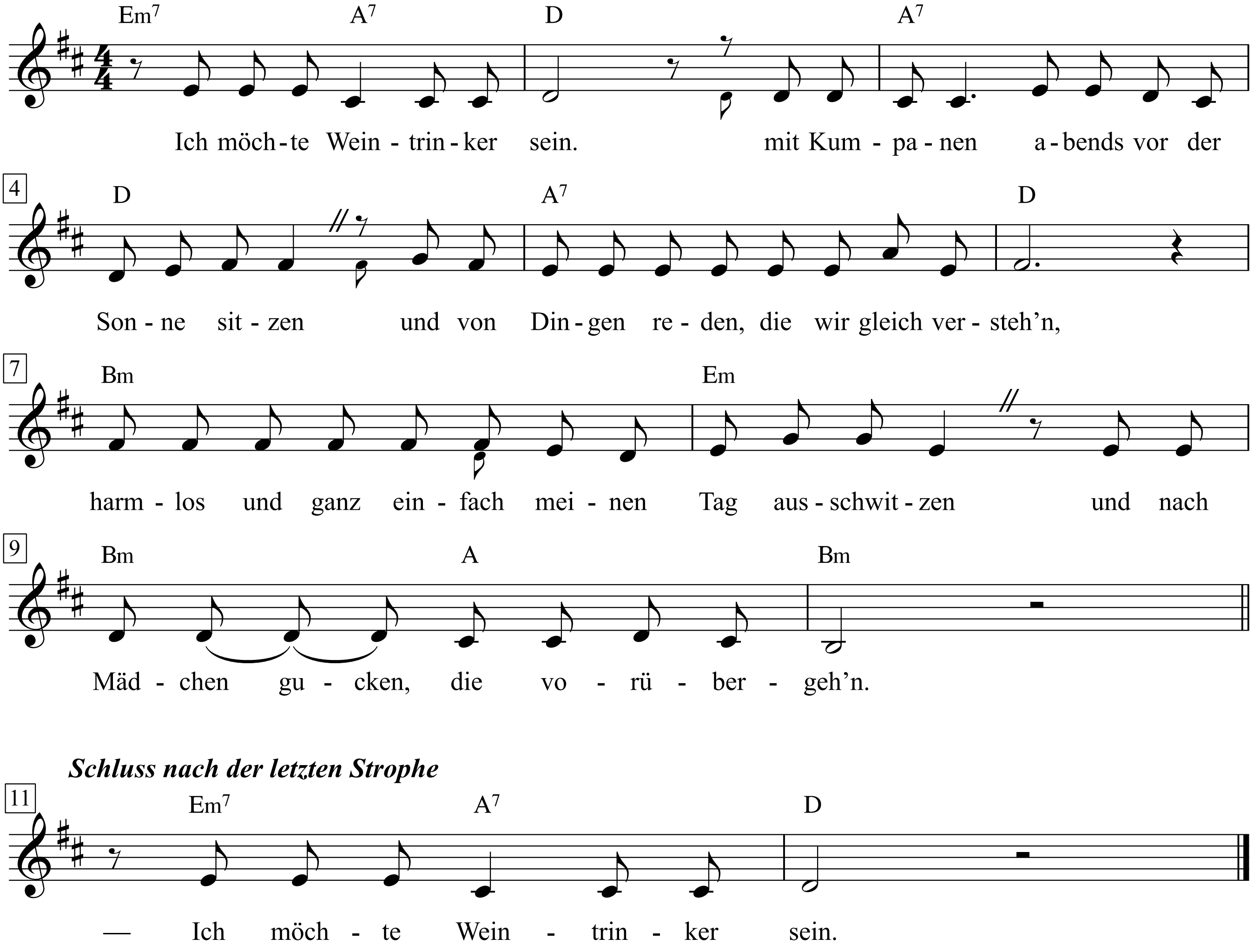
Gib uns Frieden, Fest des Friedens,
gib uns Liebe, liebes Fest,
gib, dass man statt Plattitüden
uns die Wahrheit sehen lässt!
Gib uns Weisheit und Verständnis,
lass uns nicht beim Lügen lachen,
und verleih uns die Erkenntnis,
wie aus Menschen Menschen machen!

Lass uns nicht beim Geben sparen,
lass uns nicht in Zorn entbrennen.
Gib, dass wir in Zukunftsjahren
endlich ehrlich sagen können:
Weihnachten ist eine schöne Zeit.
Weihnachten ist eine schöne Zeit.

Freut uns auch nicht, was wir kriegen,
macht uns Freude, was wir bringen,
geben wir auch, weil wir müssen
einmal wird es uns gelingen,
dass wir geben, weil wir wollen.
Dann lasst uns zusammen singen:
Weihnachten ist eine schöne Zeit!

Weintrinker

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



1. Ich möchte Weintrinker sein,
mit Kumpanen abends vor der Sonne sitzen
und von Dingen reden, die wir gleich versteh'n,
harmlos und ganz einfach meinen Tag ausschwitzen
und nach Mädchen gucken, die vorübergeh'n.

2. Ich möchte Weintrinker sein,
und nicht immer diese hellen Schnäpse saufen,
nicht von Dingen reden, die nur mich angeh'n
mir nicht für zwei Gläser Bier Verständnis kaufen,
nicht mit jenen streiten, die am Tresen steh'n.

3. Ich möchte Weintrinker sein,
bei 'nem herben Roten oder leichten Weißen
um 'ne Runde spielen, nach der keiner fragt,
ein paar Witze über den Verlierer reißen,
der ganz einfach nur darüber lacht.

4. Ich möchte Weintrinker sein,
nicht beim Schnaps um Zehntel Skat mit Hirschbock spielen,
wo man gierig Geld in seine Taschen wischt,
nicht dem Nachbarn heimlich in die Karten schielen,
ihn nicht schlagen, wenn er sich zwei Asse mischt.

5. Ich möchte Weintrinker sein,
mit Kumpanen lachend ein paar Lieder singen,
die sich um Trinken, Mädchen und um Liebe dreh'n,
nebenbei ein bisschen reden von den Dingen,
die am Tag in einer kleinen Stadt gescheh'n.

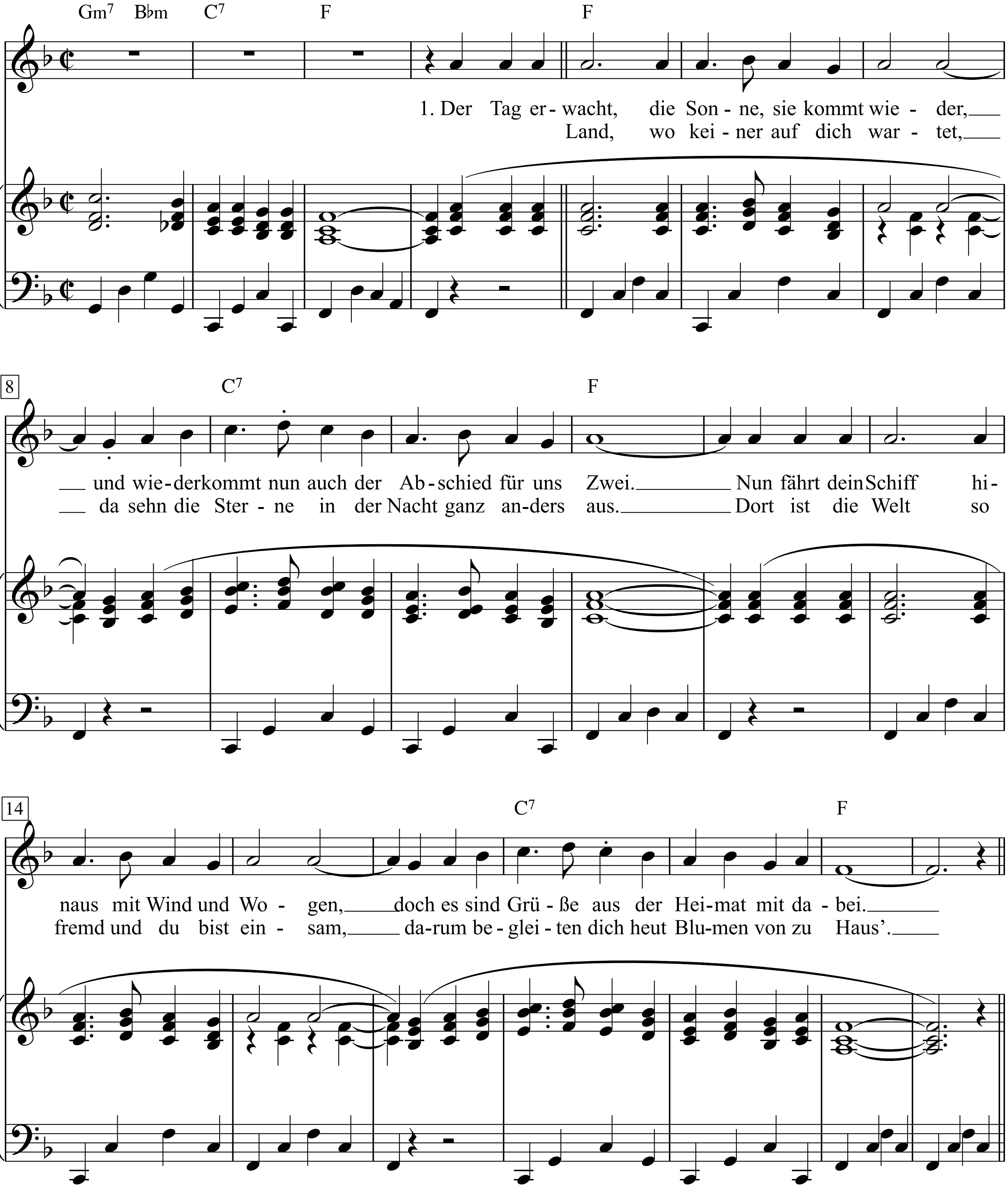
6. Ich möchte Weintrinker sein,
nicht ab Mitternacht ›Frau-Wirtin-Verse‹ grölen,
kein Soldatenlied und nicht den ‹Tag des Herrn‹,
nicht vom ›Mittelabschnitt‹ irgendwas erzählen,
und auch nichts von Hungerpest in Hongkong hör'n.

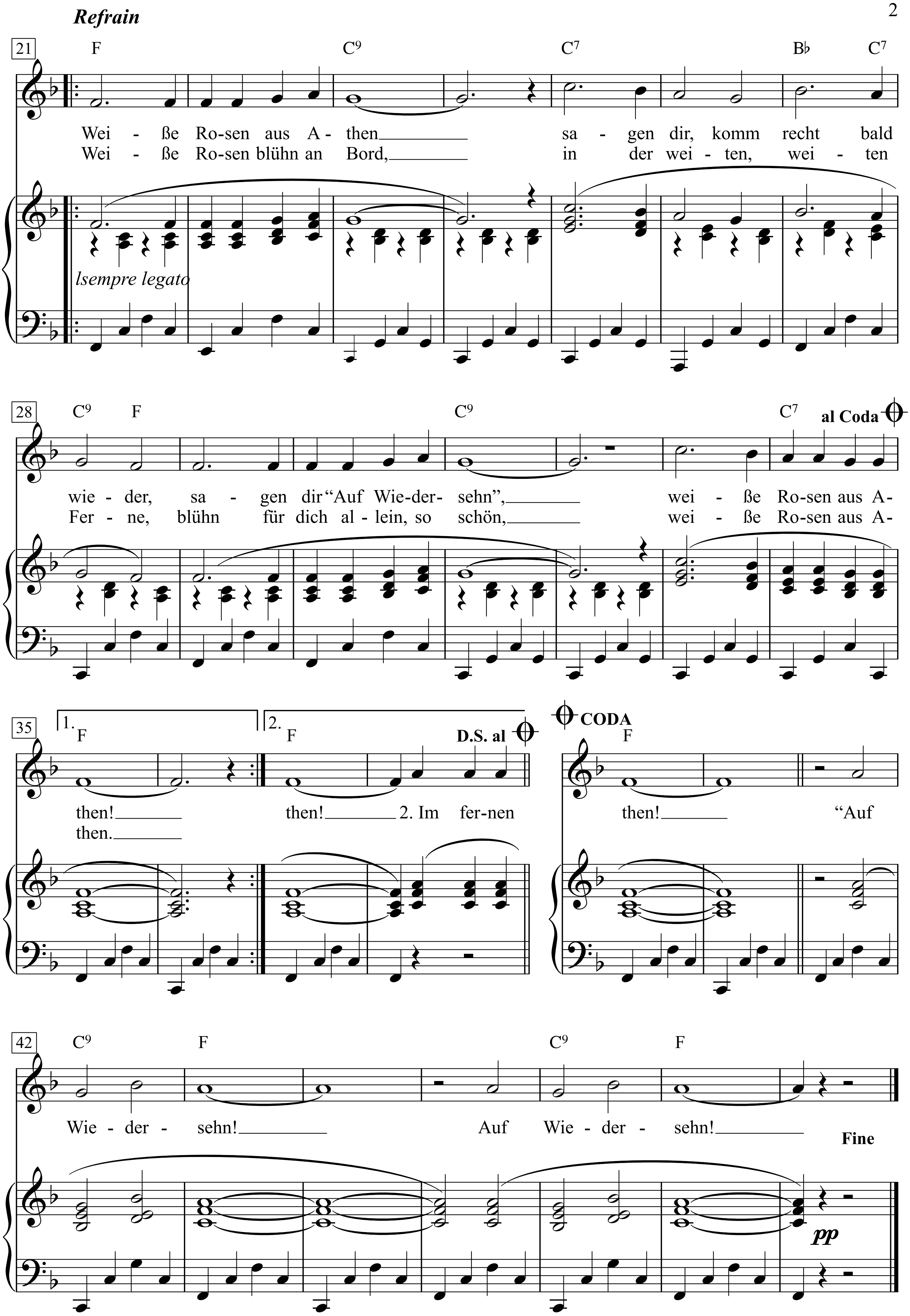
7. Ich möchte Weintrinker sein,
auf dem Nachhauseweg wie Kinder darauf achten,
dass man beim Bürgersteig nicht auf die Ritzen tritt,
und im Bett dran denken, wie die Mädchen lachten,
und im Schlaf noch lachen über meinen Schritt.

Weiße Rosen aus Athen

Fox Moderato

Manos Hadjidakis
(Nana Mouskouri)

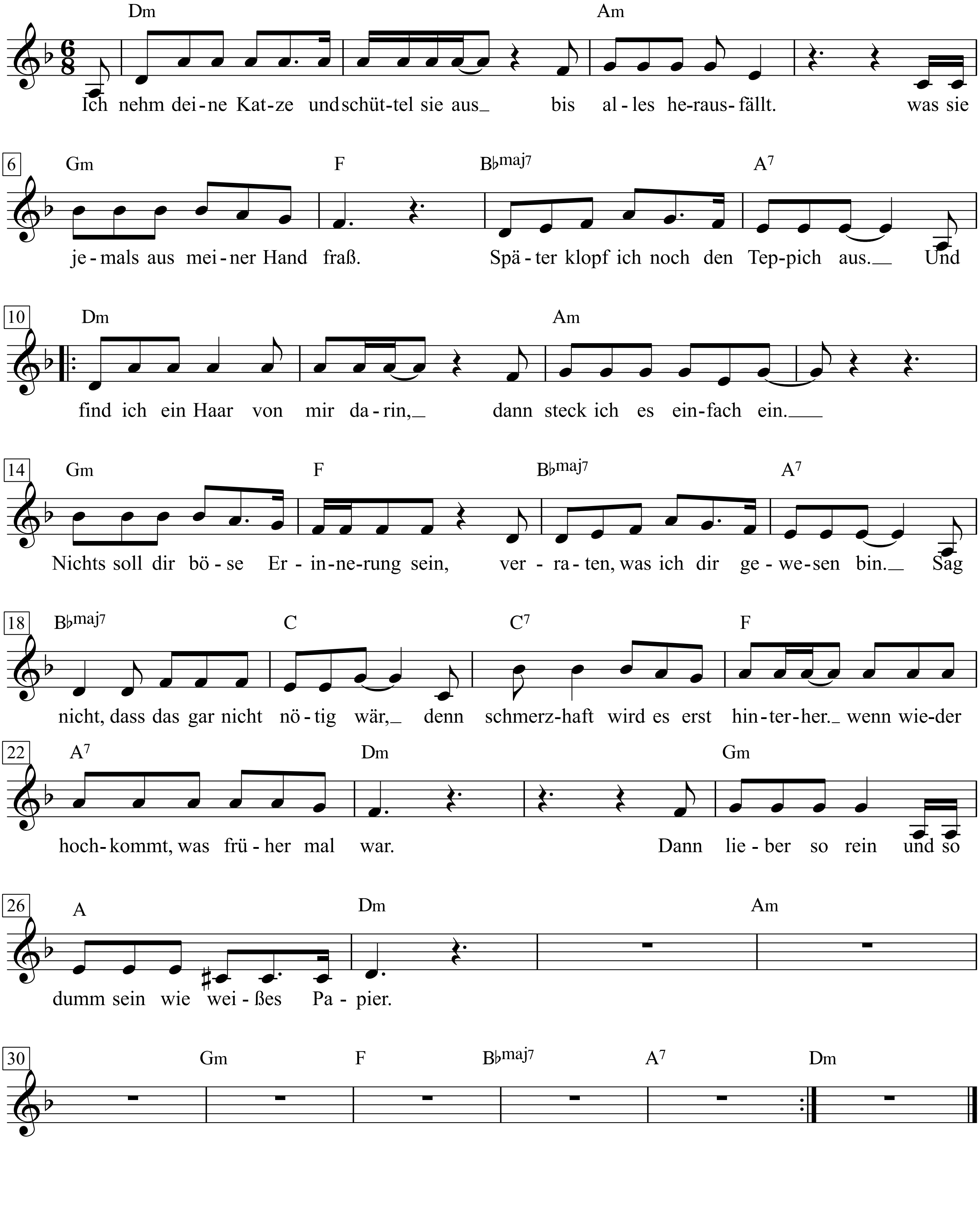



Refrain
21
F C9 C7 B♭ C7
Wei - ße Ro-sen aus A - then sa - gen dir, komm recht bald
Wei - ße Ro-sen blühn an Bord, in der wei - ten, wei - ten
lsempre legato
28
C9 F C9 C7
al Coda
wie - der, sa - gen dir "Auf Wie-der- sehn", wei - ße Ro-sen aus A-
Fer - ne, blühn für dich al - lein, so schön, wei - ße Ro-sen aus A-
35
1. F
2. F
D.S. al
CODA
F
then! then! 2. Im fer-nen
then.
then! "Auf
42
C9 F C9 F
Wie - der - sehn! Auf Wie - der - sehn!
Fine
pp

Weißes Papier

Text: Sven Regener

Musik: Regener Lukas, Friderichs, Poppik
(Element of Crime)



Auch werd ich in Zukunft ein anderer sein
Als der, den du in mir sahst
Die Hose, die du gehäkelt hast
Werf ich in den Container der Heilsarmee rein

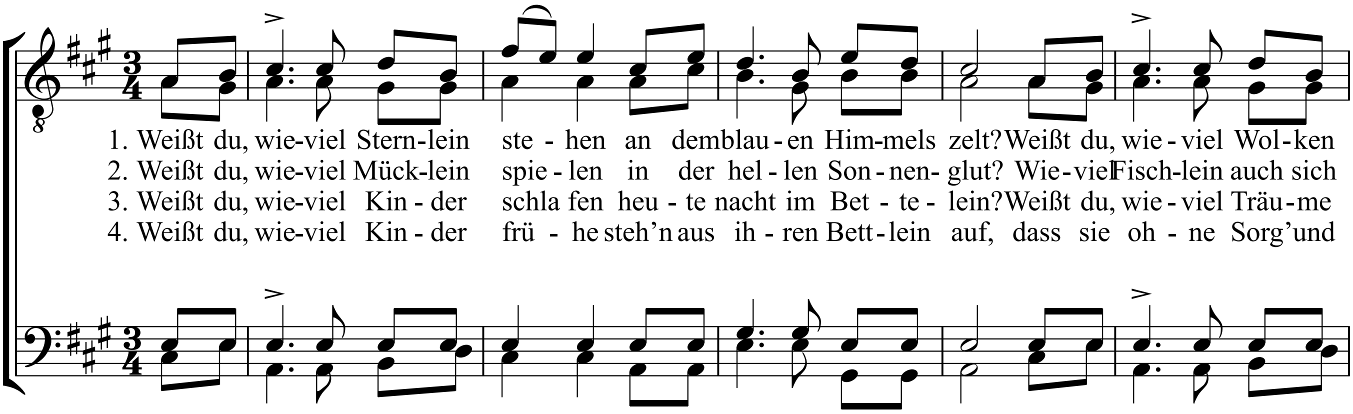
Ich ess auf dem Fußboden aus der Hand
Seh mir jeden Trickfilm im Fernsehen an
Alles, was du nicht magst, lobe ich mir
Ich werd einfach so rein und so dumm sein wie weißes Papier

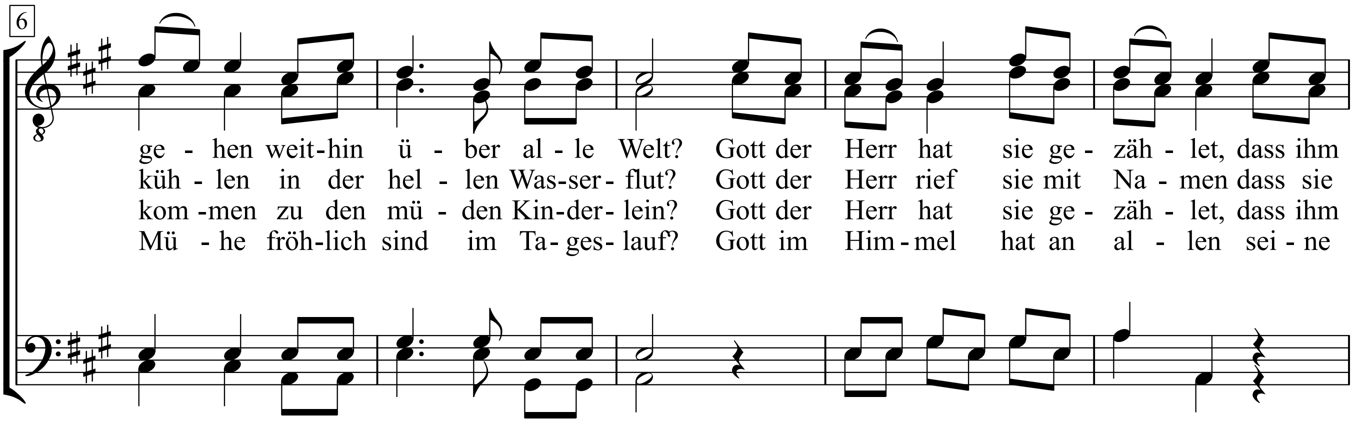
Nicht mal das Meer darf ich wiedersehen
Wo der Wind deine Haare vermisst
Wo jede Welle ein Seufzer
Und jedes Sandkorn ein Blick von dir ist

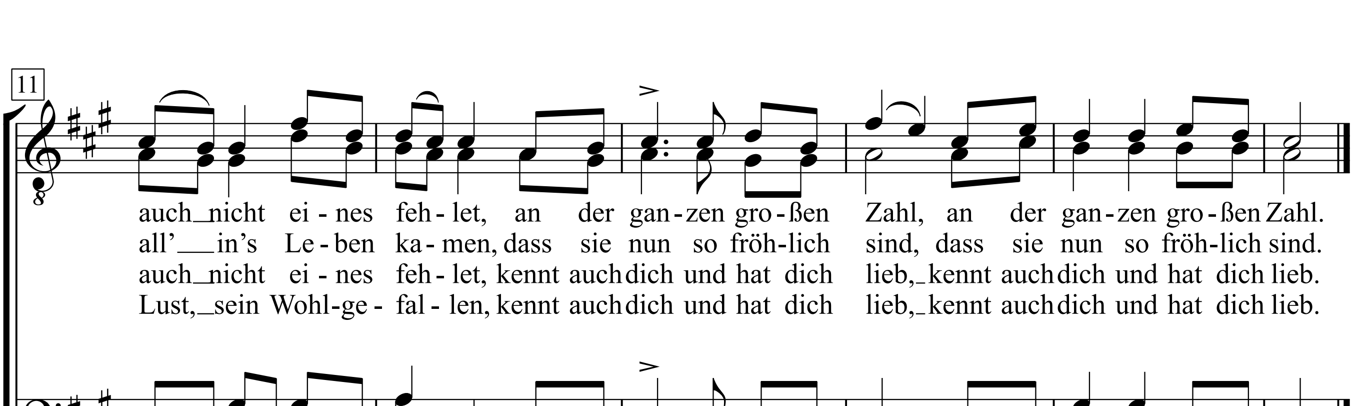
Am liebsten wär ich ein Astronaut
Und flöge auf Sterne, wo gar nichts vertraut
Und versaut ist durch eine Berührung von dir
Ich werd nie mehr so rein und so dumm sein wie weißes Papier

Weißt du, wieviel Sternlein stehen

Einfach und innig

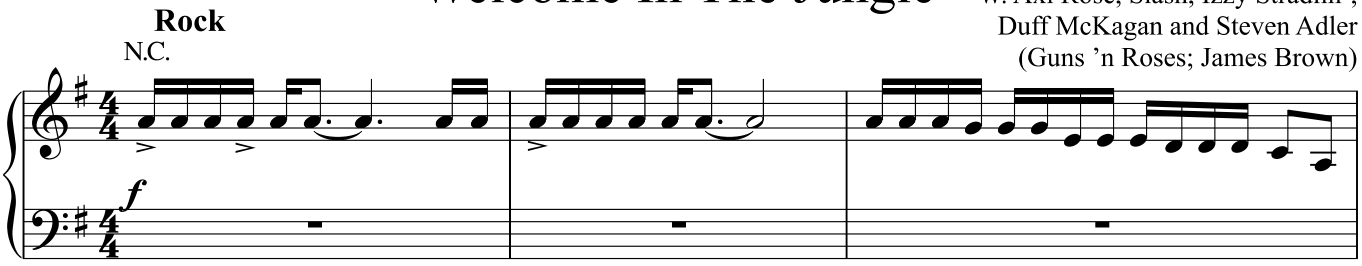


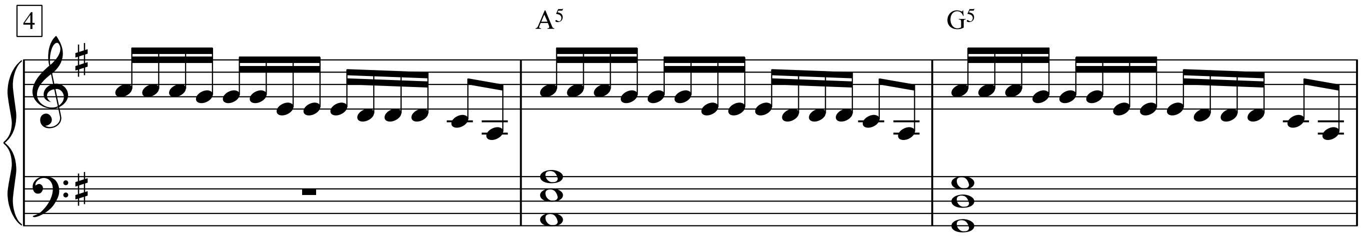


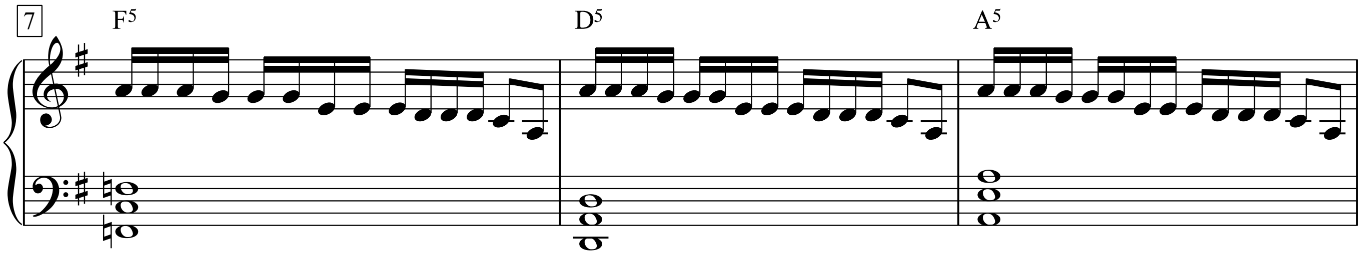


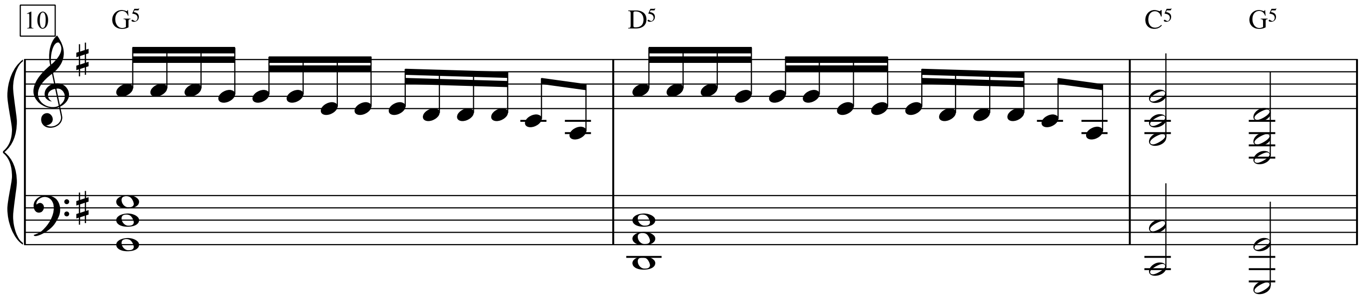
Welcome In The Jungle

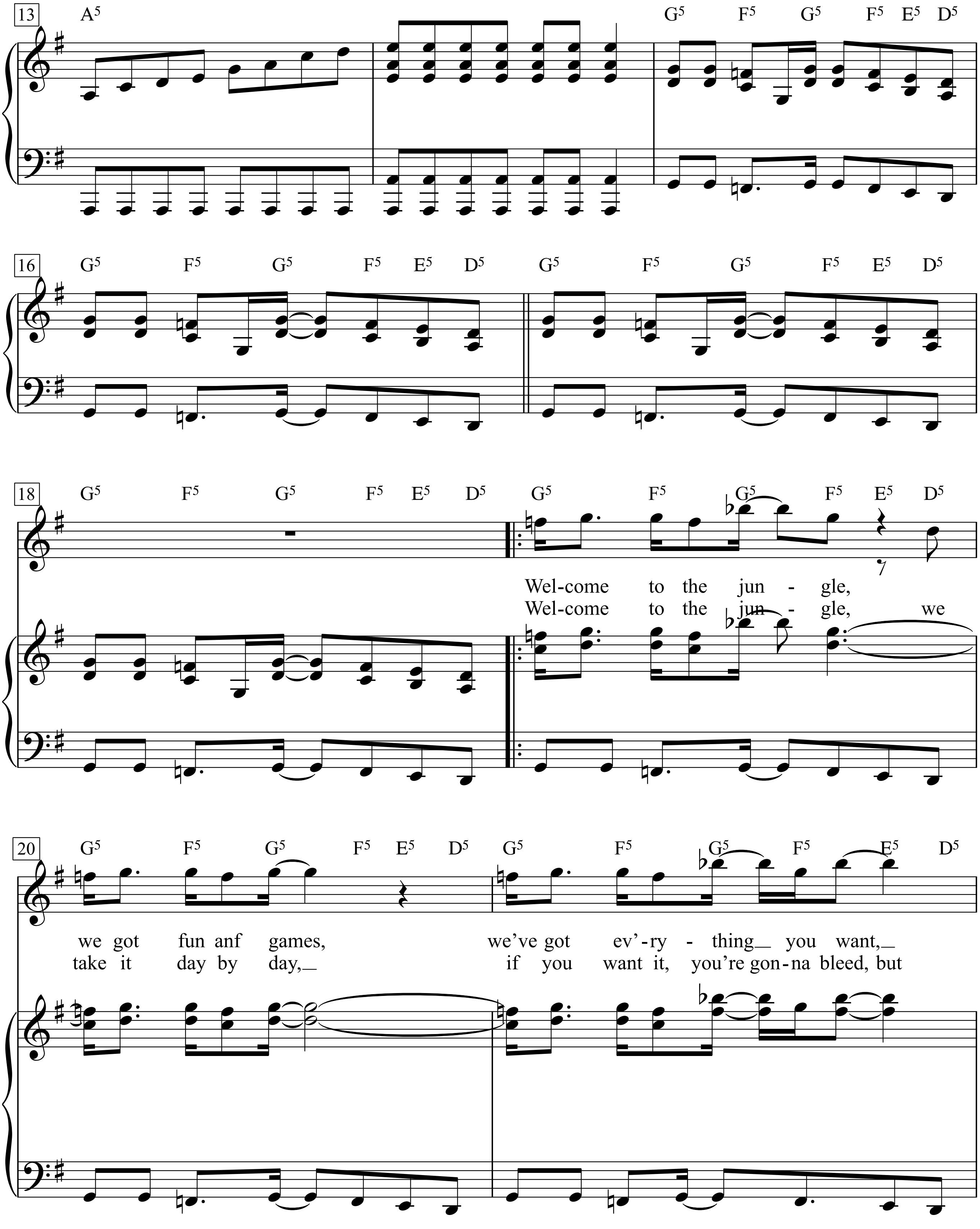
Words & Music by
W. Axl Rose, Slash, Izzy Stradlin',
Duff McKagan and Steven Adler
(Guns 'n Roses; James Brown)

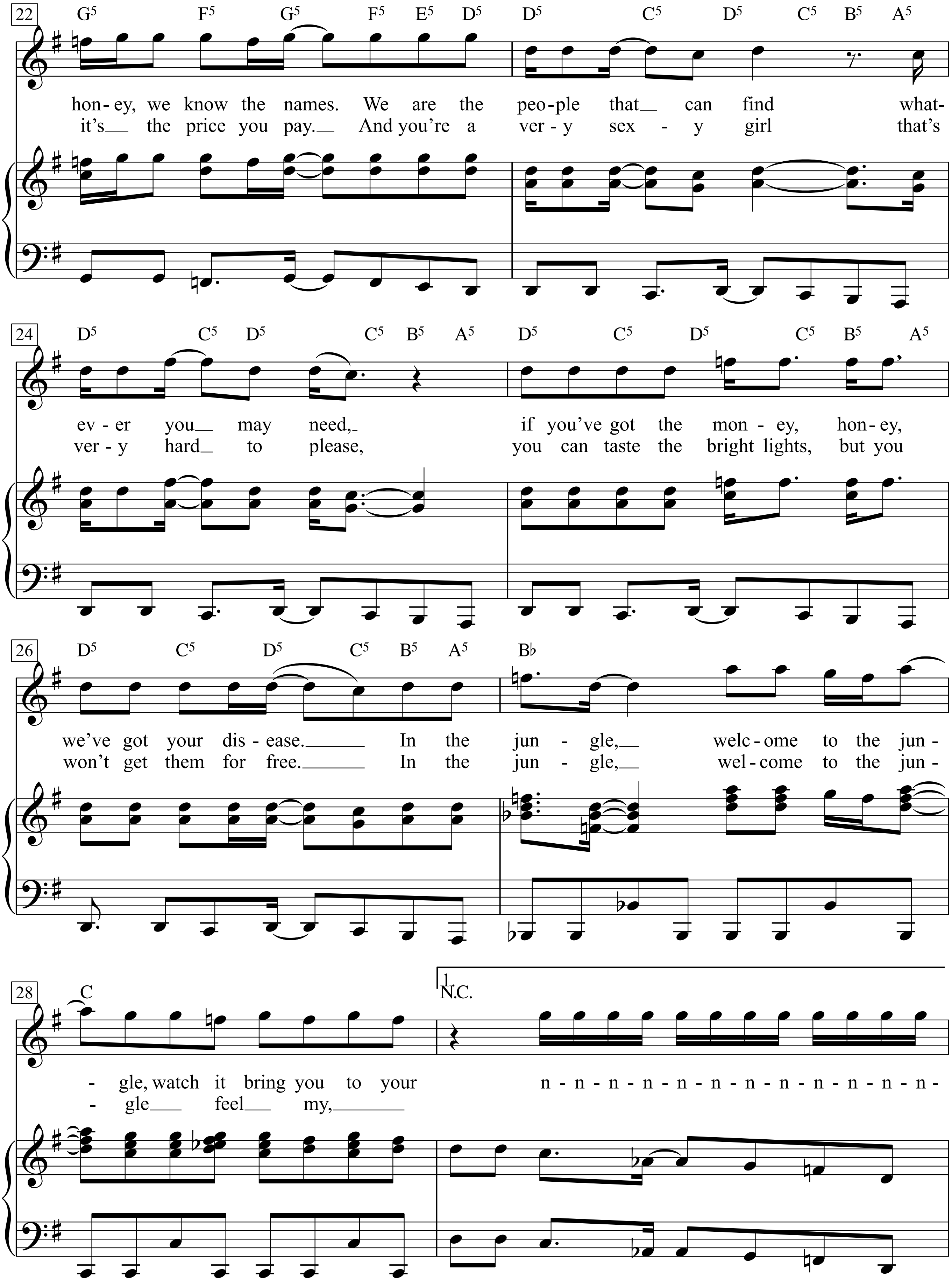


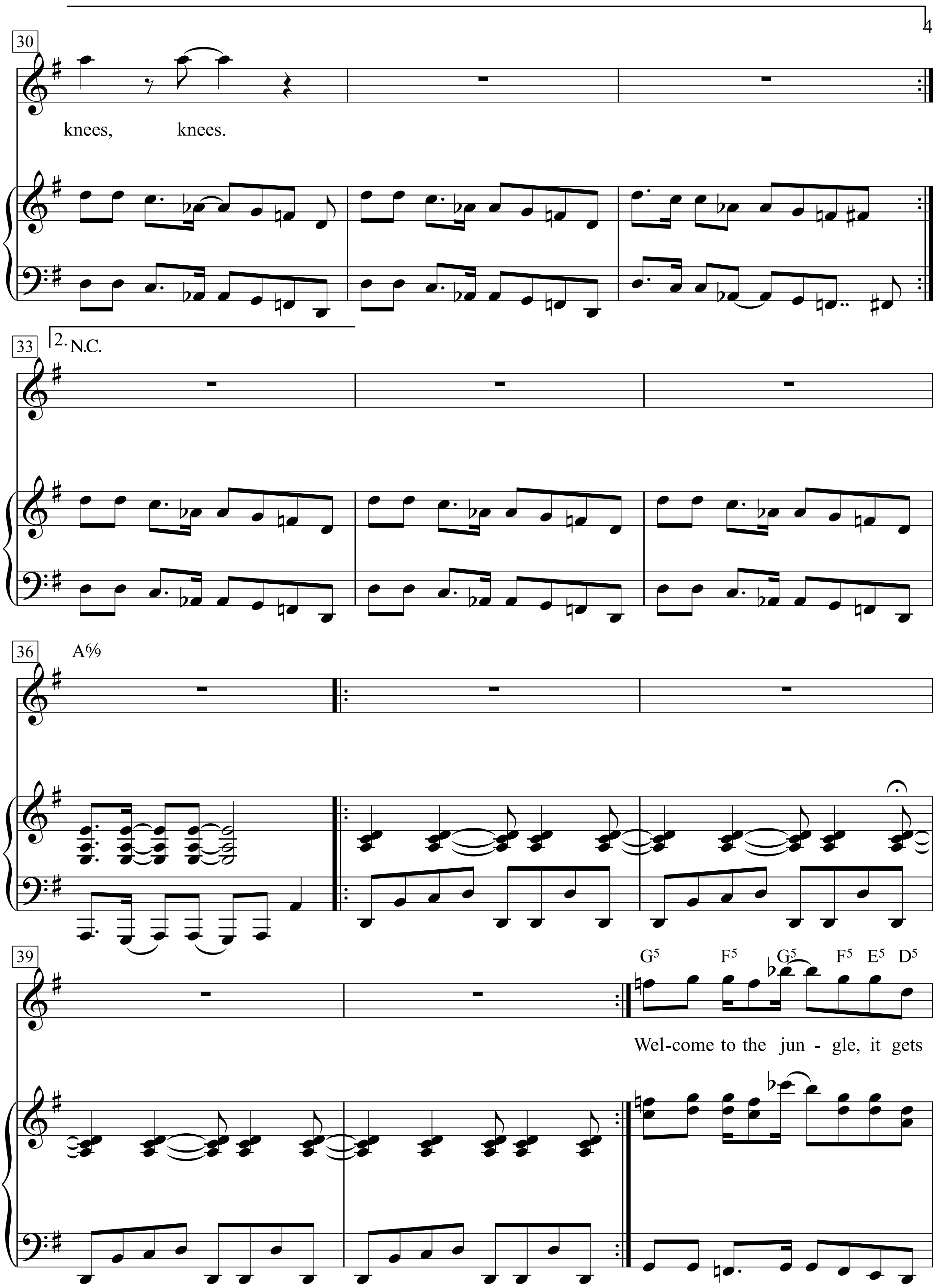


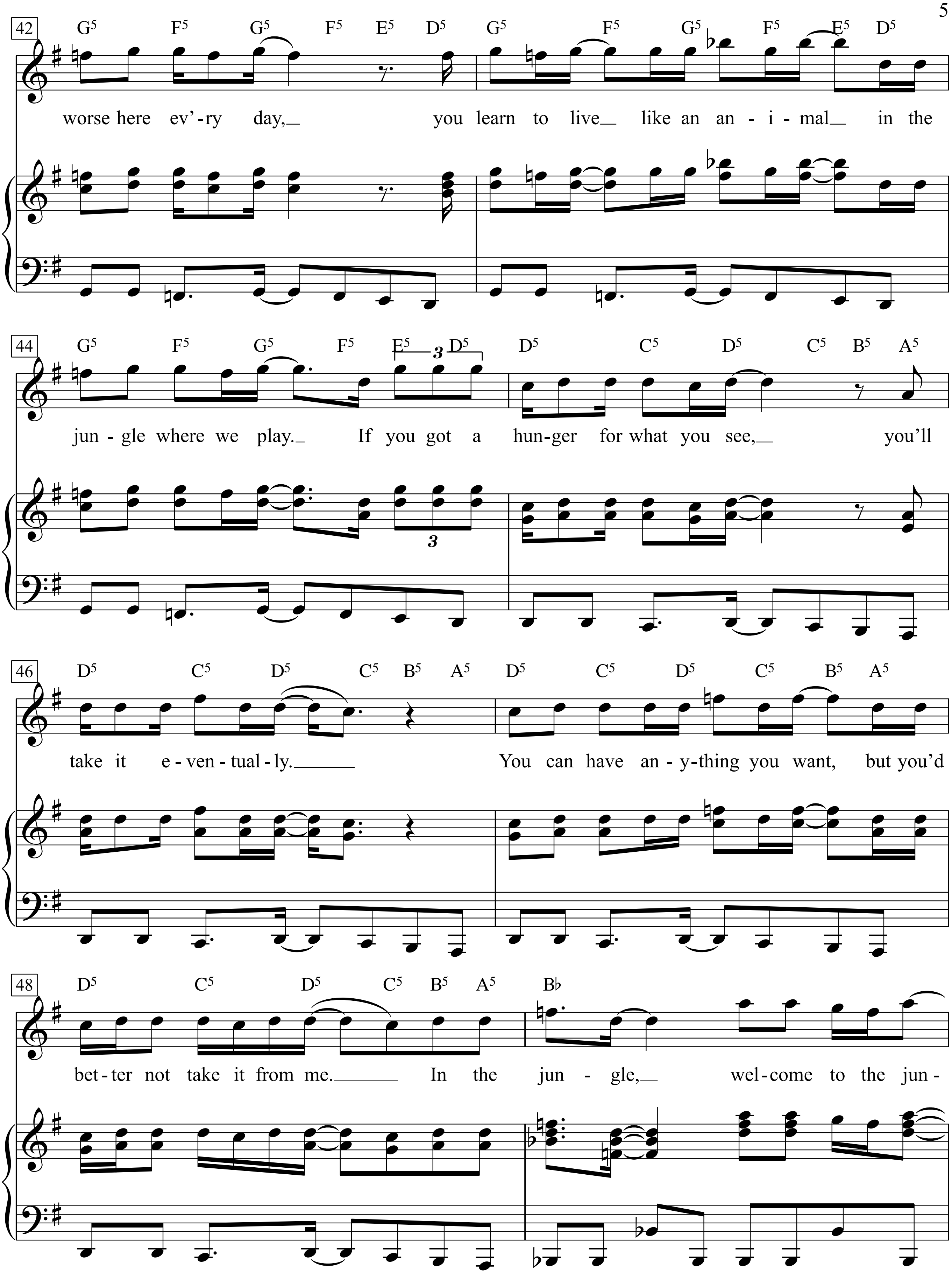


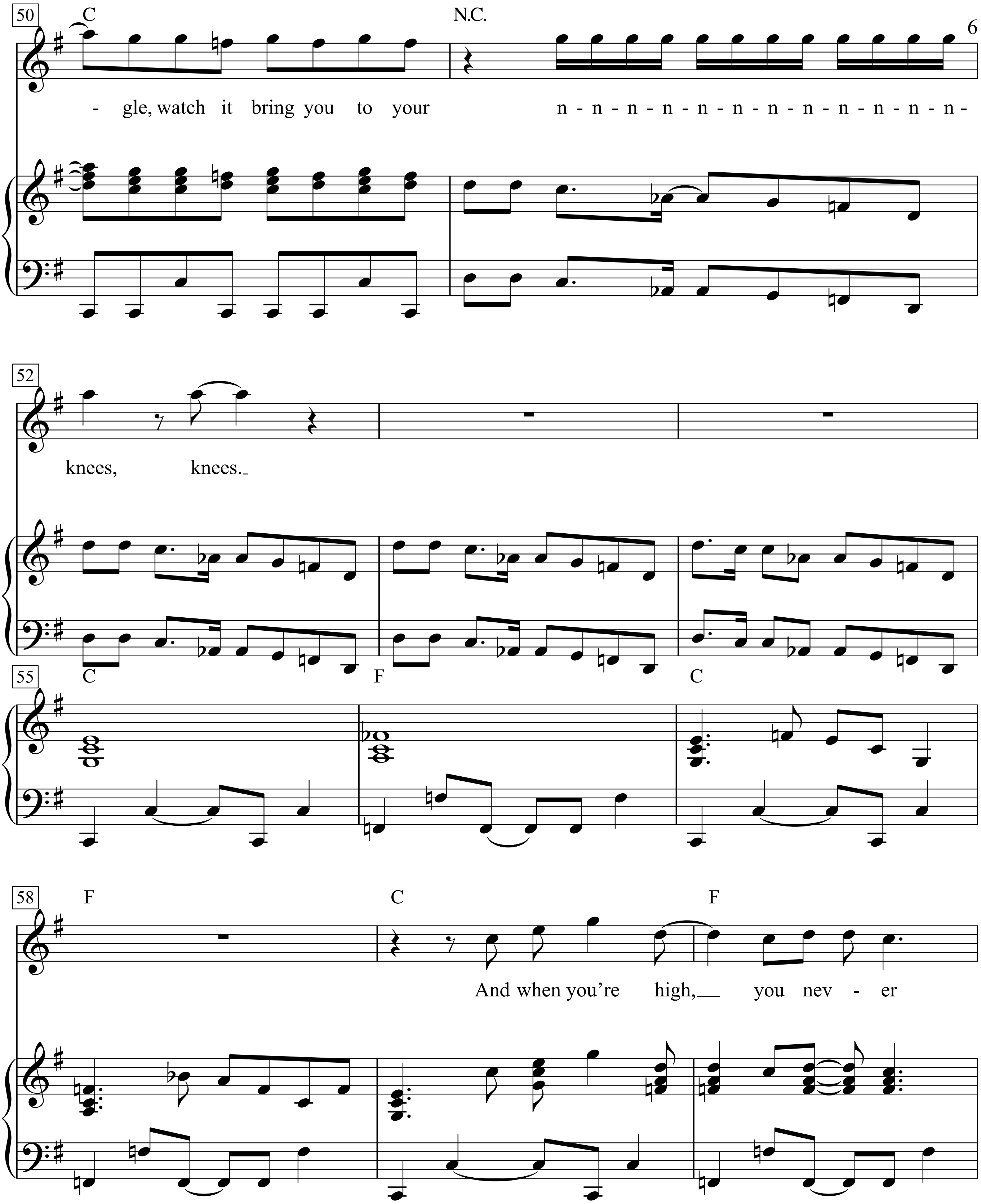


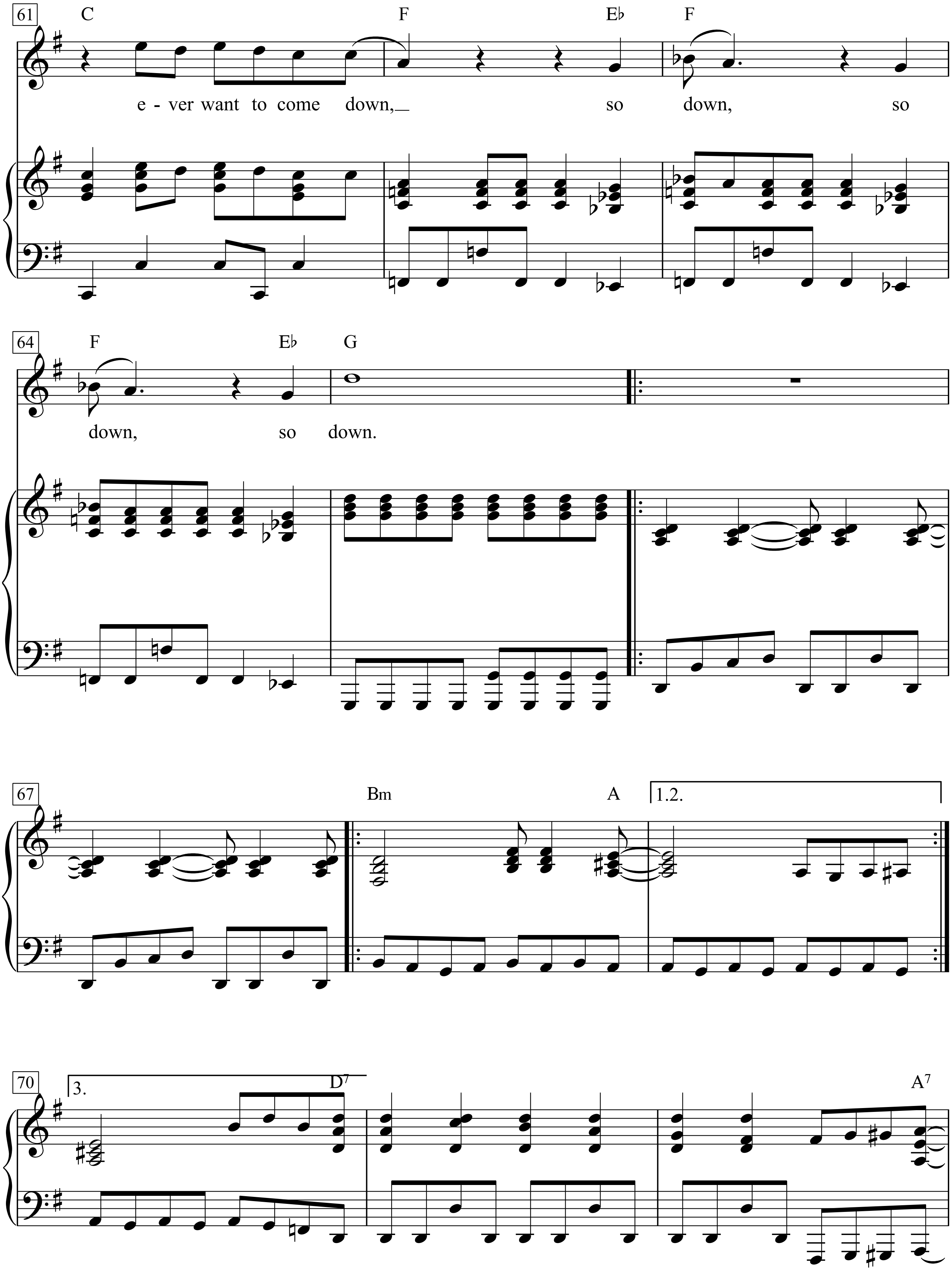

13
A5
G5 F5 G5 F5 E5 D5
16
G5 F5 G5 F5 E5 D5 G5 F5 G5 F5 E5 D5
18
G5 F5 G5 F5 E5 D5 G5 F5 G5 F5 E5 D5
Wel-come to the jun - gle,
Wel-come to the jun - gle, we
20
G5 F5 G5 F5 E5 D5 G5 F5 G5 F5 E5 D5
we got fun anf games, we've got ev'-ry - thing you want,
take it day by day, if you want it, you're gon-na bleed, but

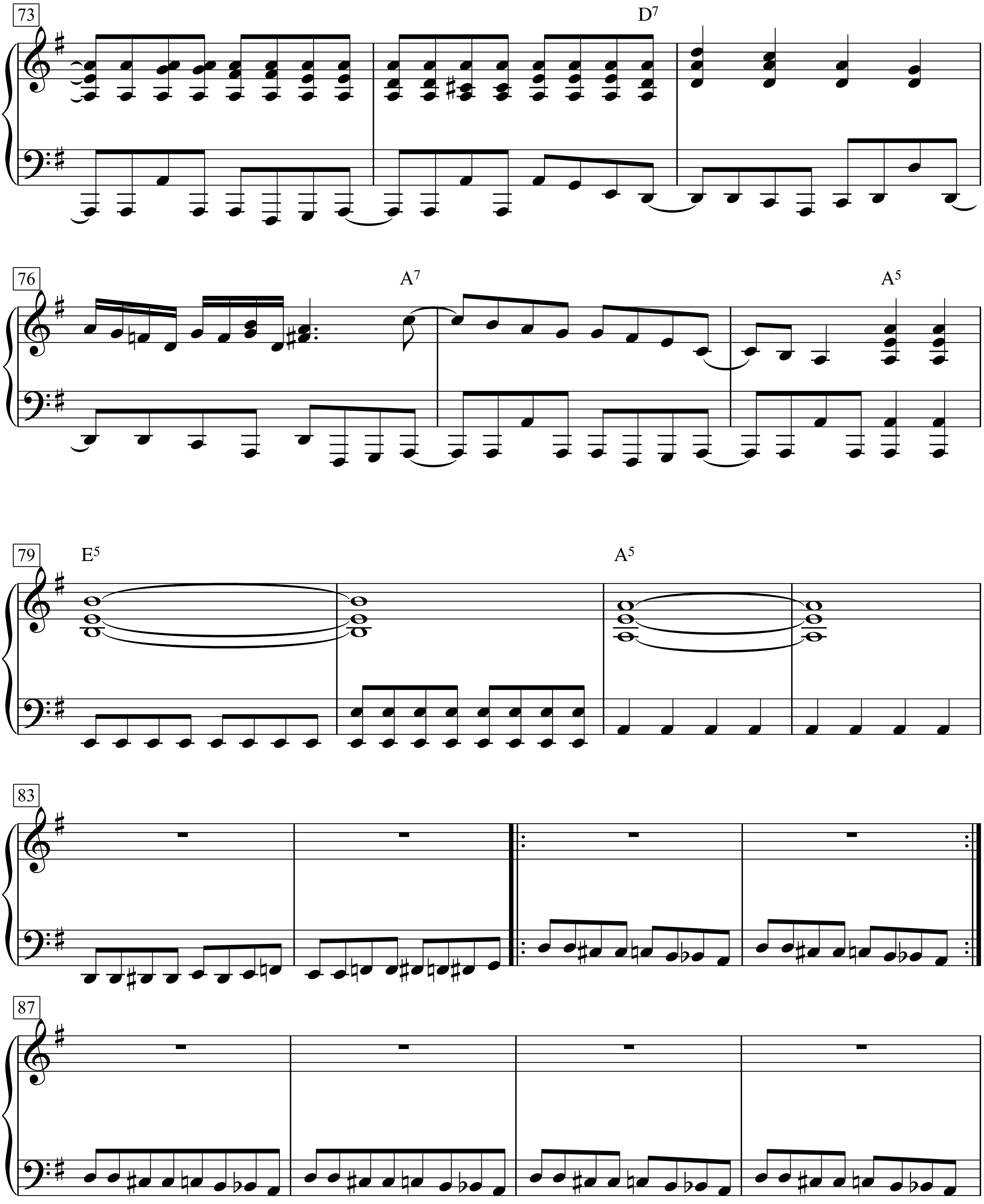

22
G5 F5 G5 F5 E5 D5 D5 C5 D5 C5 B5 A5
hon- ey, we know the names. We are the peo-ple that can find what-
it's the price you pay. And you're a ver - y sex - y girl that's
24
D5 C5 D5 C5 B5 A5 D5 C5 D5 C5 B5 A5
ev - er you may need,
if you've got the mon - ey, hon- ey,
ver - y hard to please,
you can taste the bright lights, but you
26
D5 C5 D5 C5 B5 A5 B♭
we've got your dis - ease. In the jun - gle, welc - ome to the jun -
won't get them for free. In the jun - gle, wel - come to the jun -
28
C
1.
N.C.
- gle, watch it bring you to your
n - n - n - n - n - n - n - n - n - n - n - n -
- gle feel my,

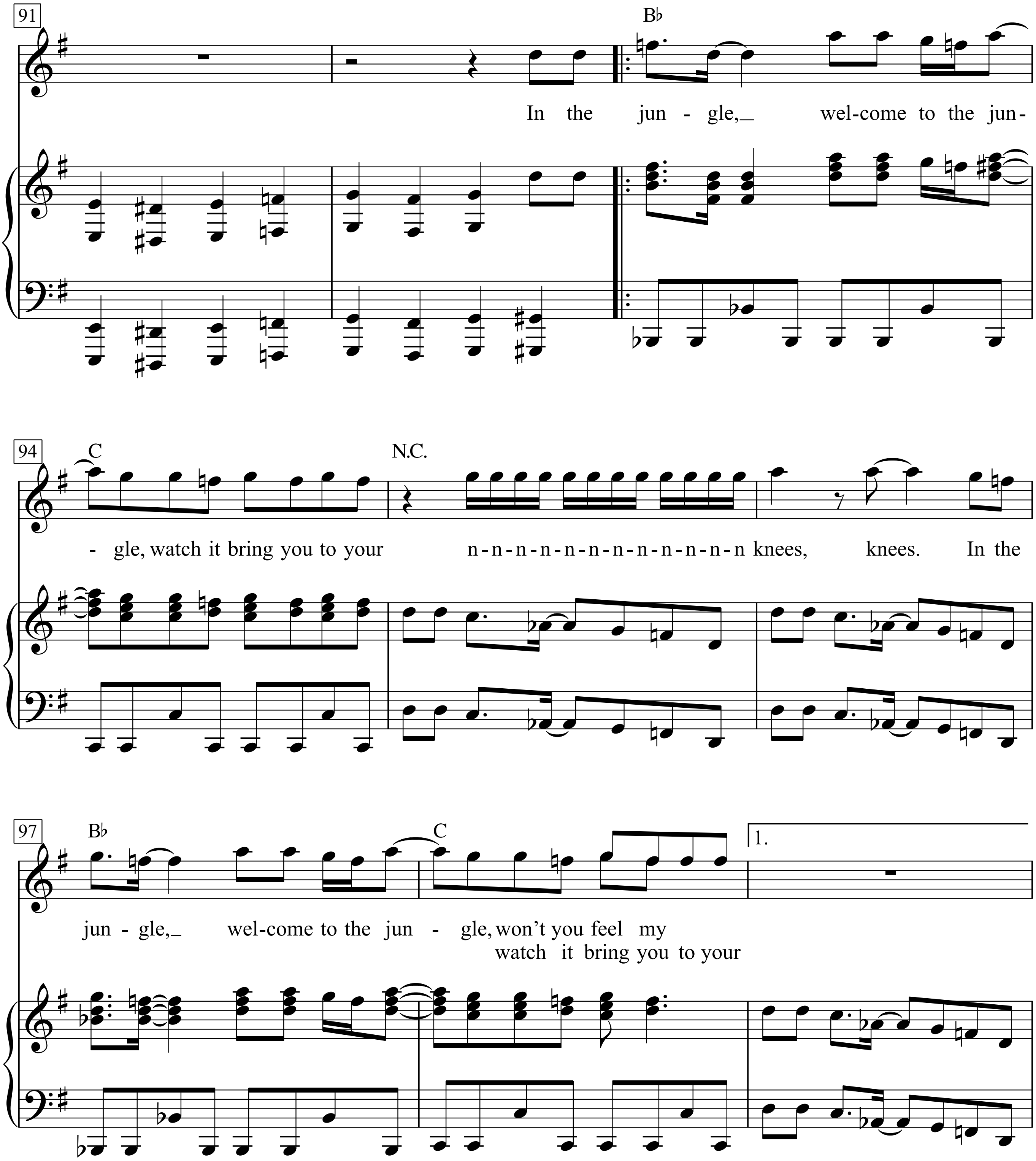

30
knees, knees.
33
2. N.C.
36
A6/9
39
G5 F5 G5 F5 E5 D5
Wel-come to the jun - gle, it gets

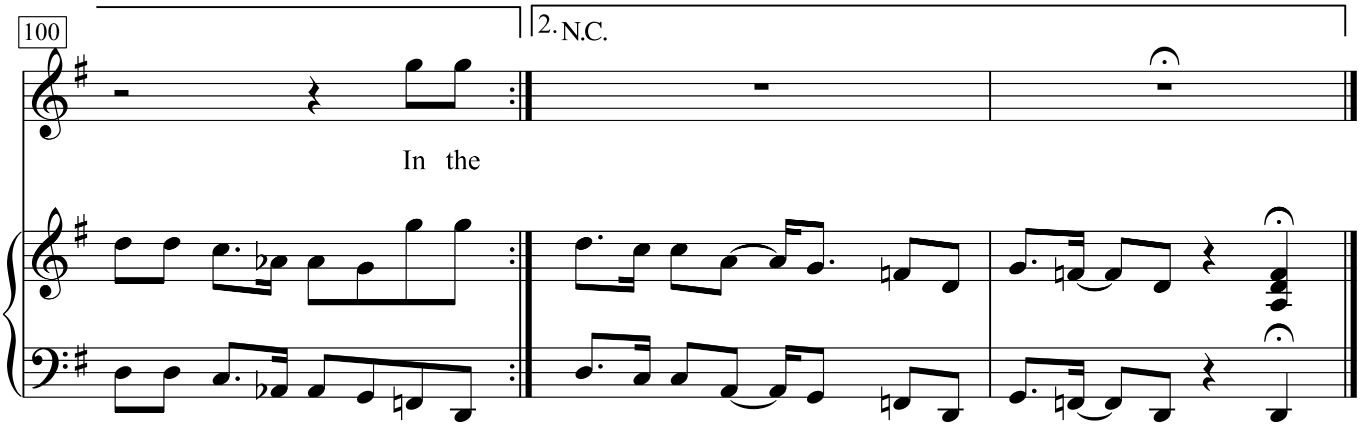

42
G5 F5 G5 F5 E5 D5 G5 F5 G5 F5 E5 D5
worse here ev'-ry day, you learn to live like an an - i - mal in the
44
G5 F5 G5 F5 E5 D5 D5 C5 D5 C5 B5 A5
3
jun - gle where we play. If you got a hun-ger for what you see, you'll
3
46
D5 C5 D5 C5 B5 A5 D5 C5 D5 C5 B5 A5
take it e - ven - tual - ly. You can have an - y-thing you want, but you'd
48
D5 C5 D5 C5 B5 A5 B♭
bet-ter not take it from me. In the jun - gle, wel-come to the jun -


50
C
N.C.
- gle, watch it bring you to your
n - n - n - n - n - n - n - n - n - n - n - n-
52
knees,
knees.
55
C
F
C
58
F
C
F
And when you're
high,
you nev - er


61
C
F
E♭
F
e - ver want to come down,
so
down,
so
64
F
E♭
G
down,
so
down.
67
Bm
A
1.2.
70
3.
D7
A7


73
D7
76
A7
A5
79
E5
A5
83
87


91
B♭
In the jungle, welcome to the jun-
94
C
N.C.
- gle, watch it bring you to your n-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-n knees, knees. In the
97
B♭
C
1.
jun - gle, welcome to the jun - gle, won't you feel my
watch it bring you to your

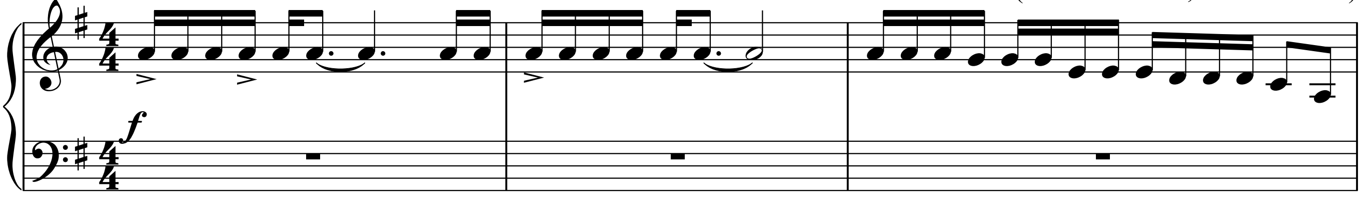

100
2. N.C.
In the

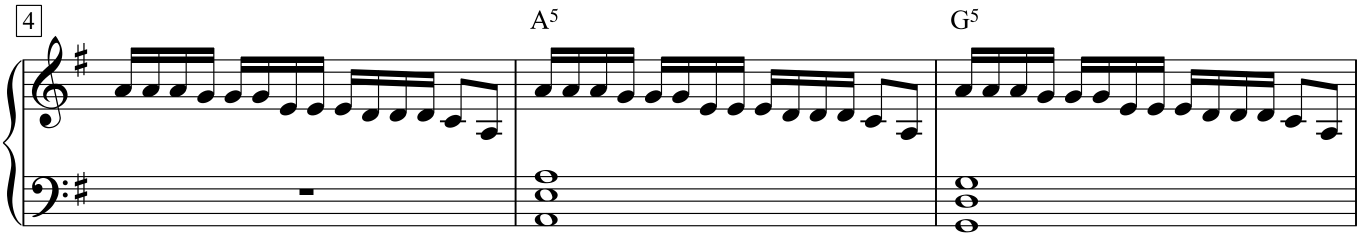
Welcome In The Jungle

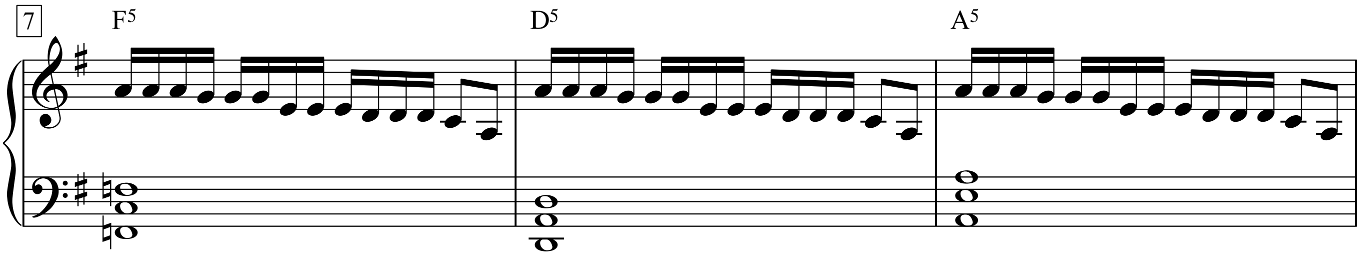
Words & Music by
W. Axl Rose, Slash, Izzy Stradlin',
Duff McKagan and Steven Adler
(Guns N' Roses; James Brown)

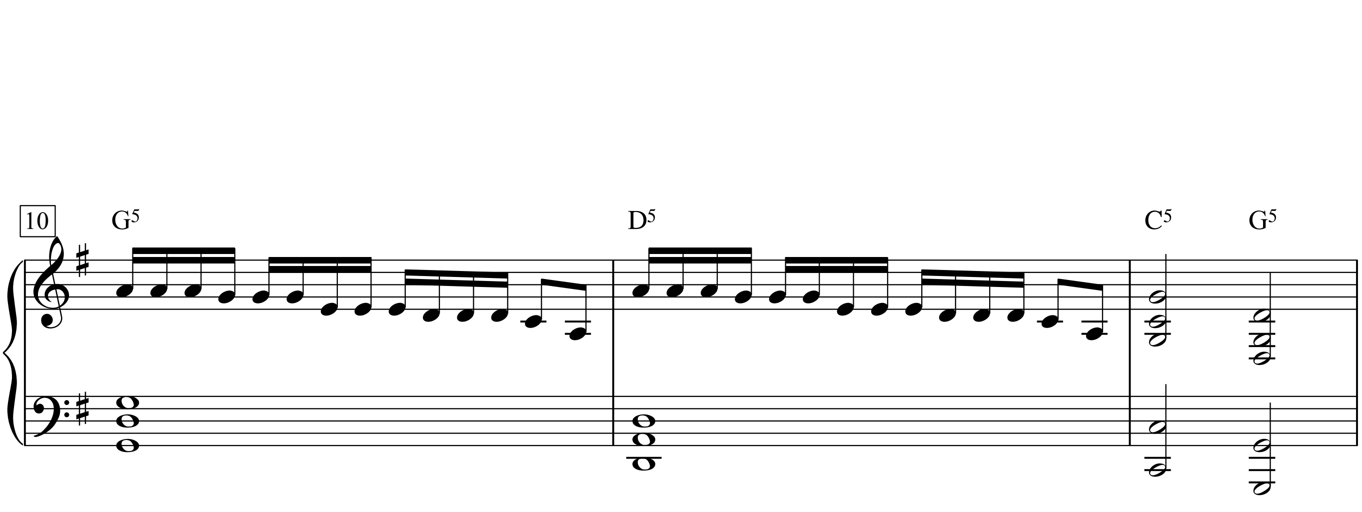
Rock

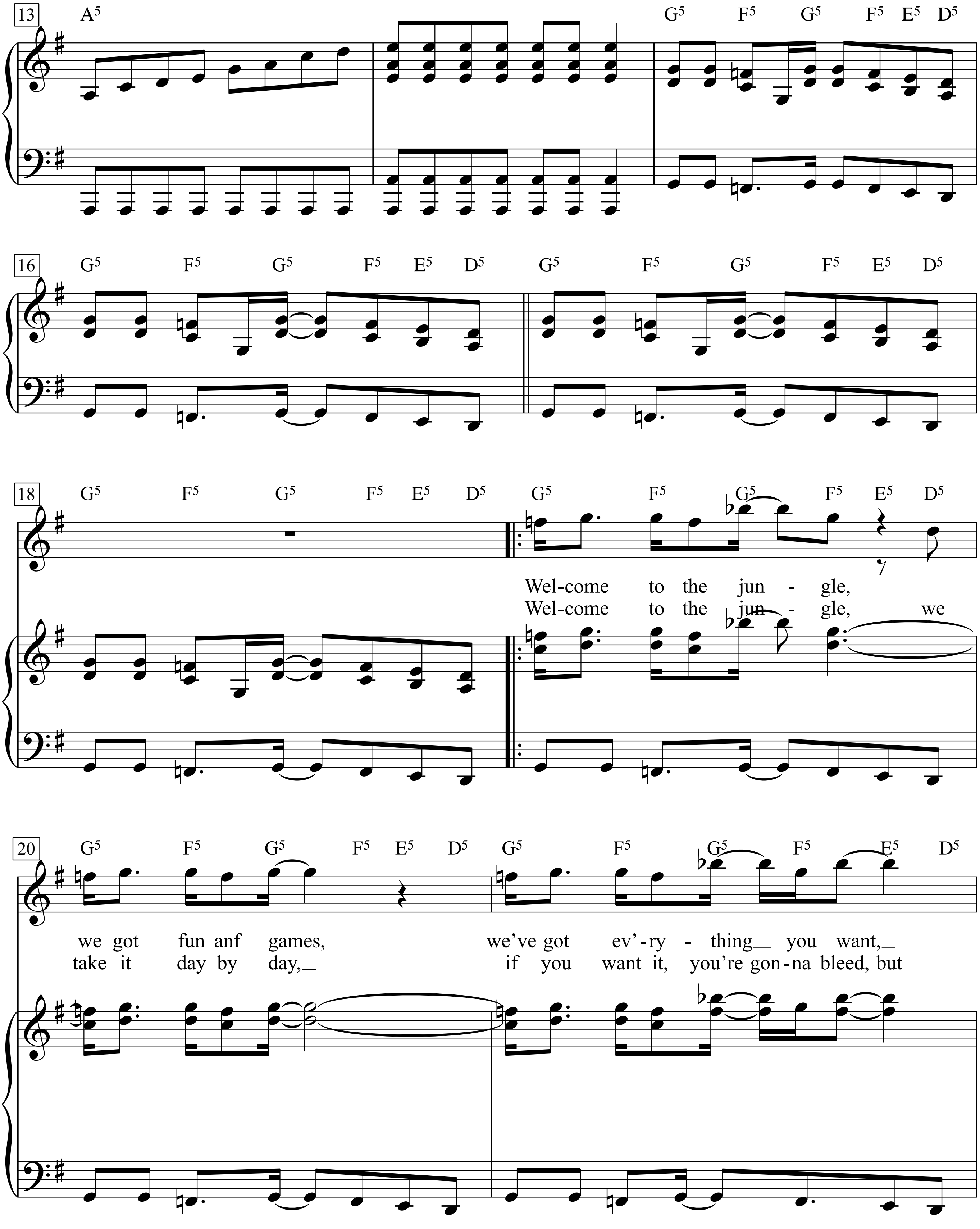
N.C.







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A5
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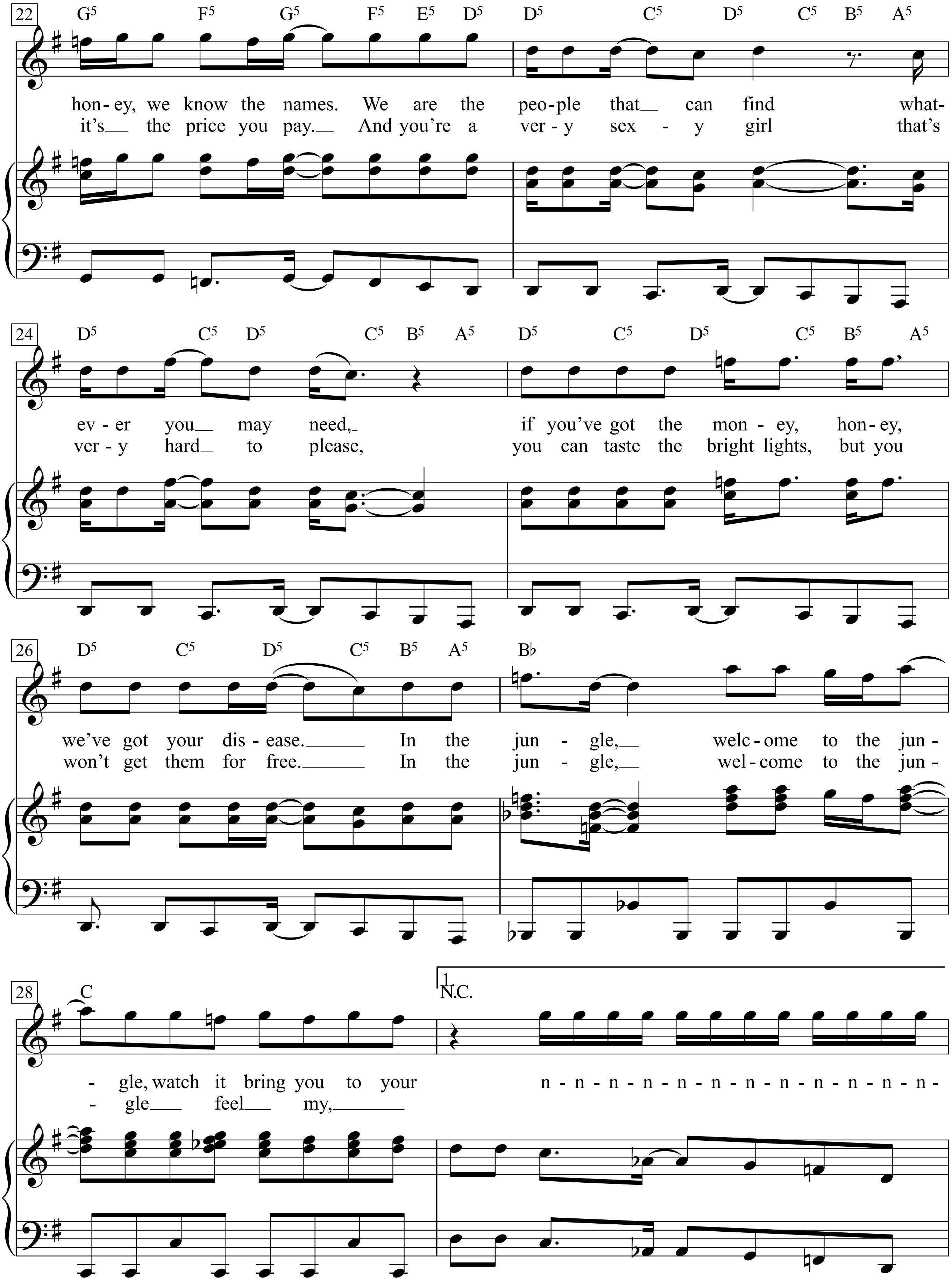
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ev - er you__ may need,_ if you've got the mon - ey, hon - ey,
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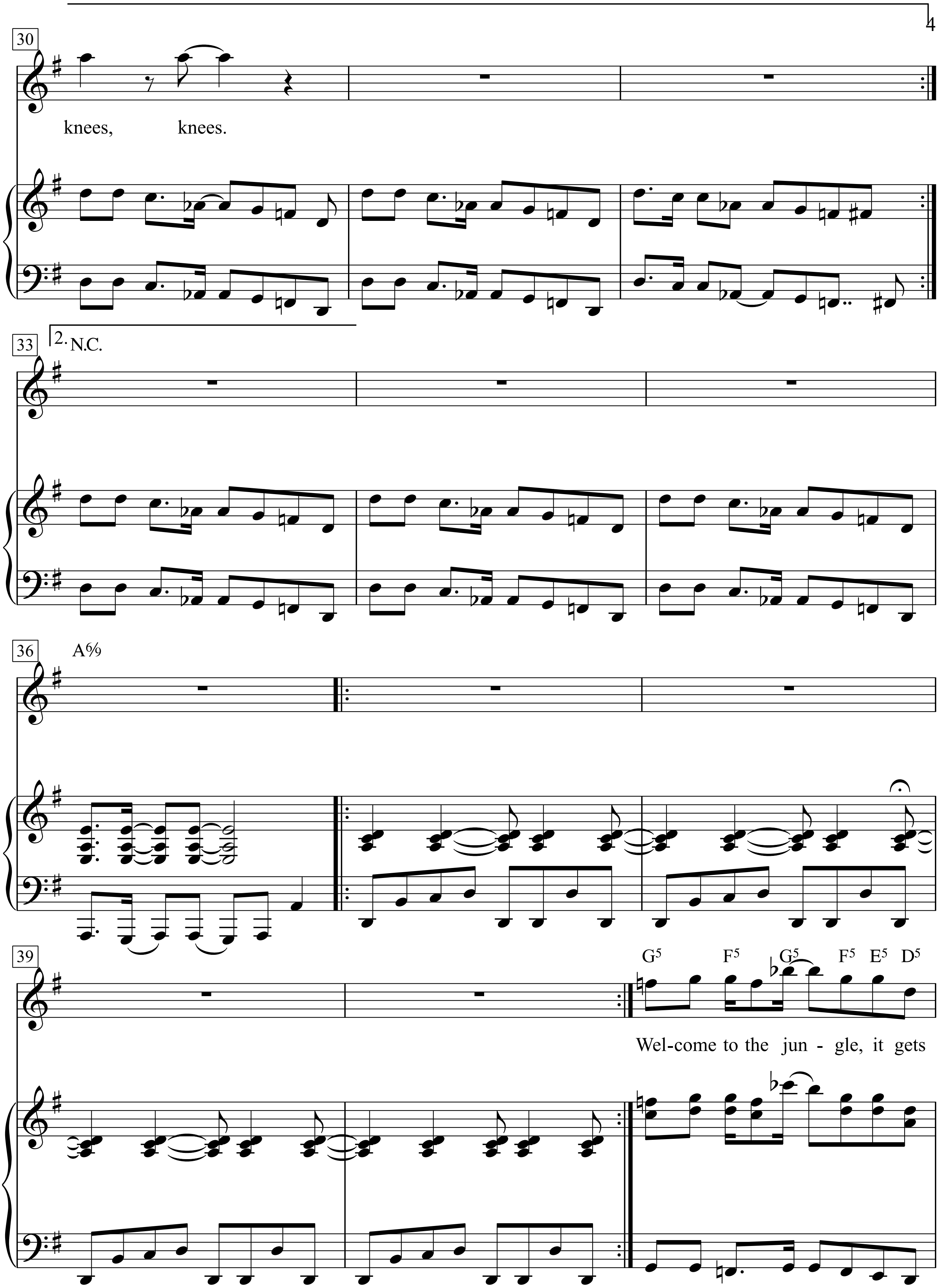
D5 C5 D5 C5 B5 A5 B♭
we've got your dis - ease.______ In the jun - gle,__ welc - ome to the jun -
won't get them for free.______ In the jun - gle,__ wel - come to the jun -
28
C
1.
N.C.
- gle, watch it bring you to your n - n - n - n - n - n - n - n - n - n - n - n -
- gle___ feel___ my,_______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33
2. N.C.
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A6/9
39
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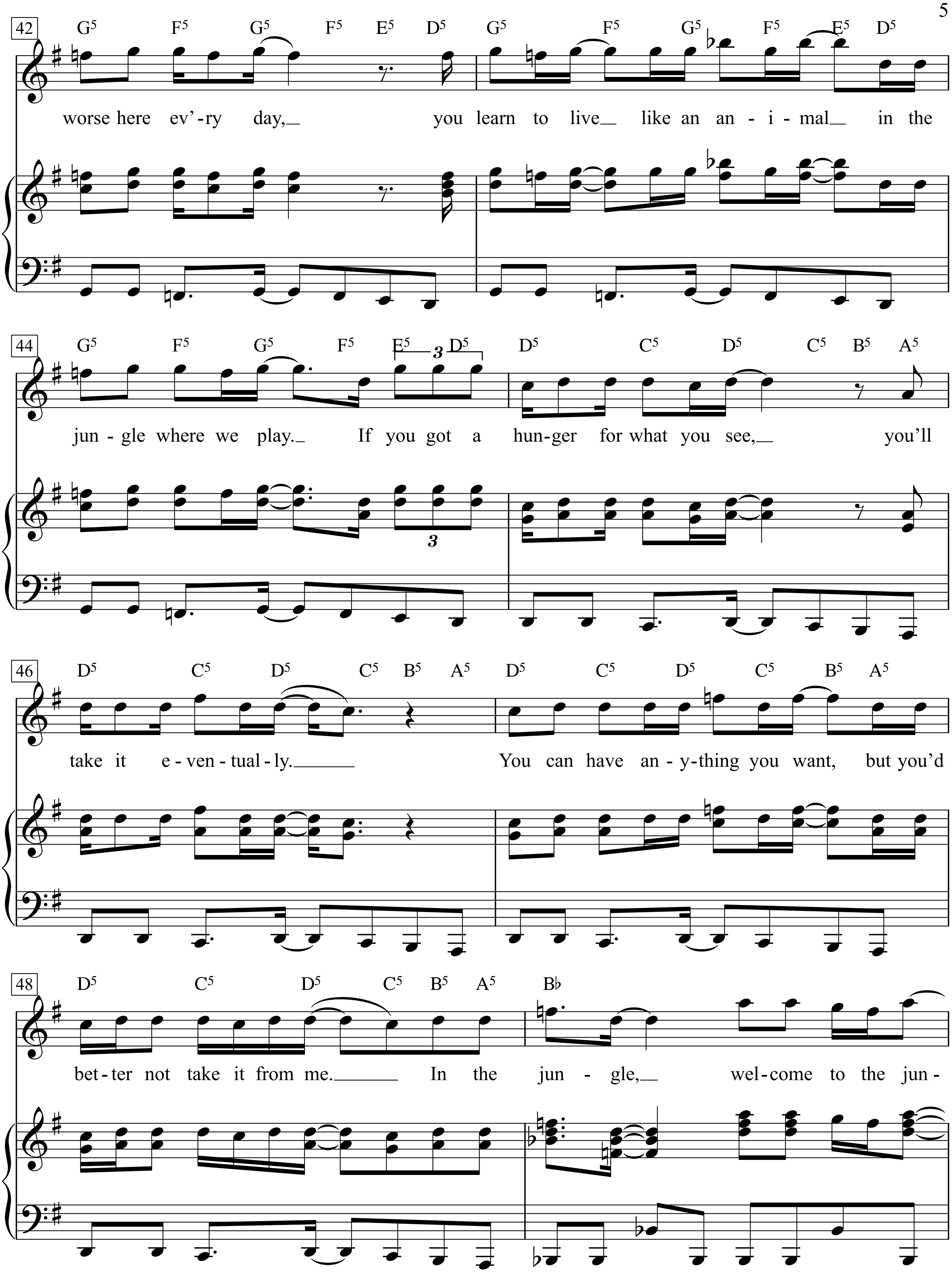
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D5 C5 D5 C5 B5 A5 D5 C5 D5 C5 B5 A5
take it e - ven - tual - ly. You can have an - y-thing you want, but you'd
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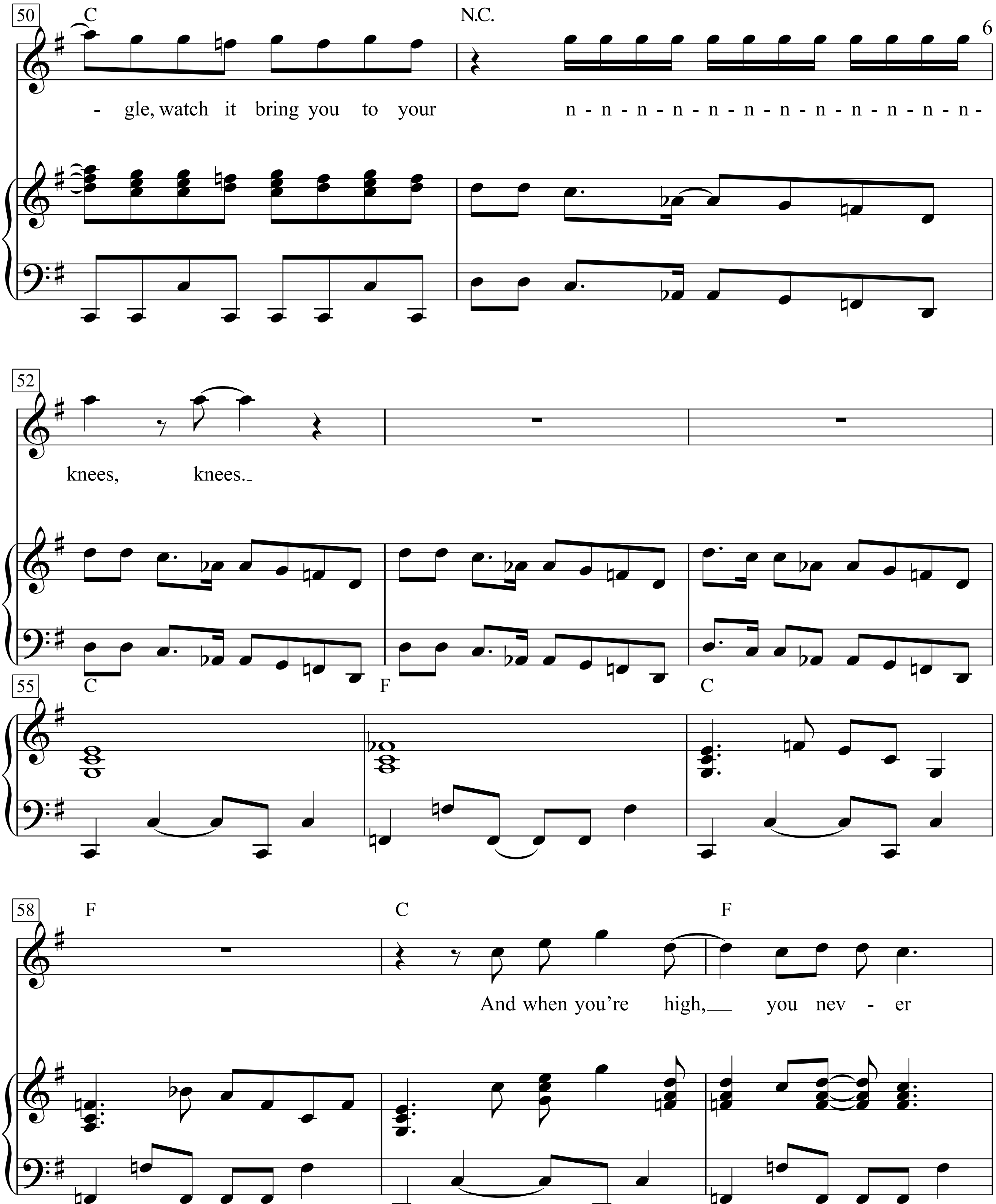
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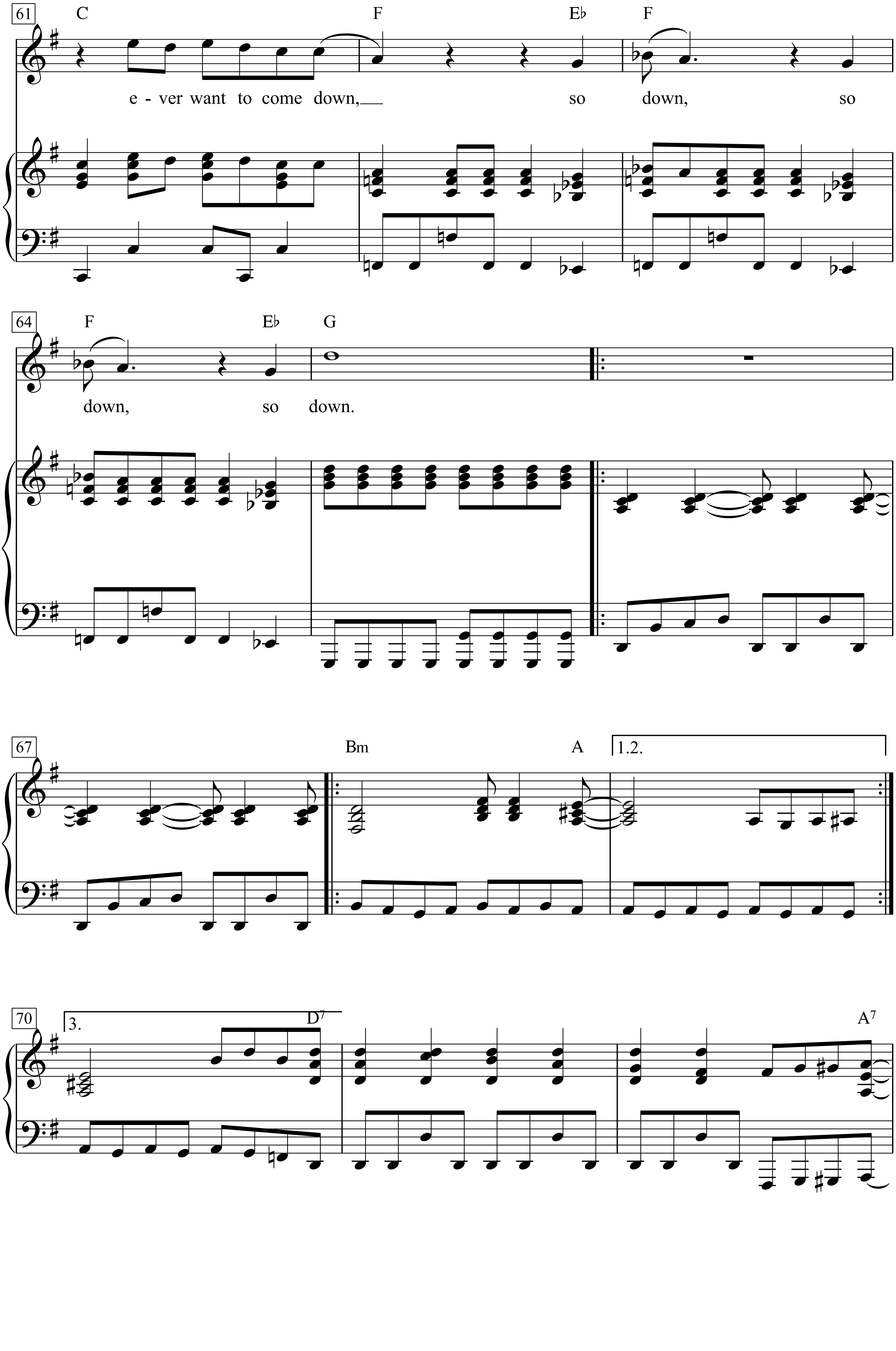
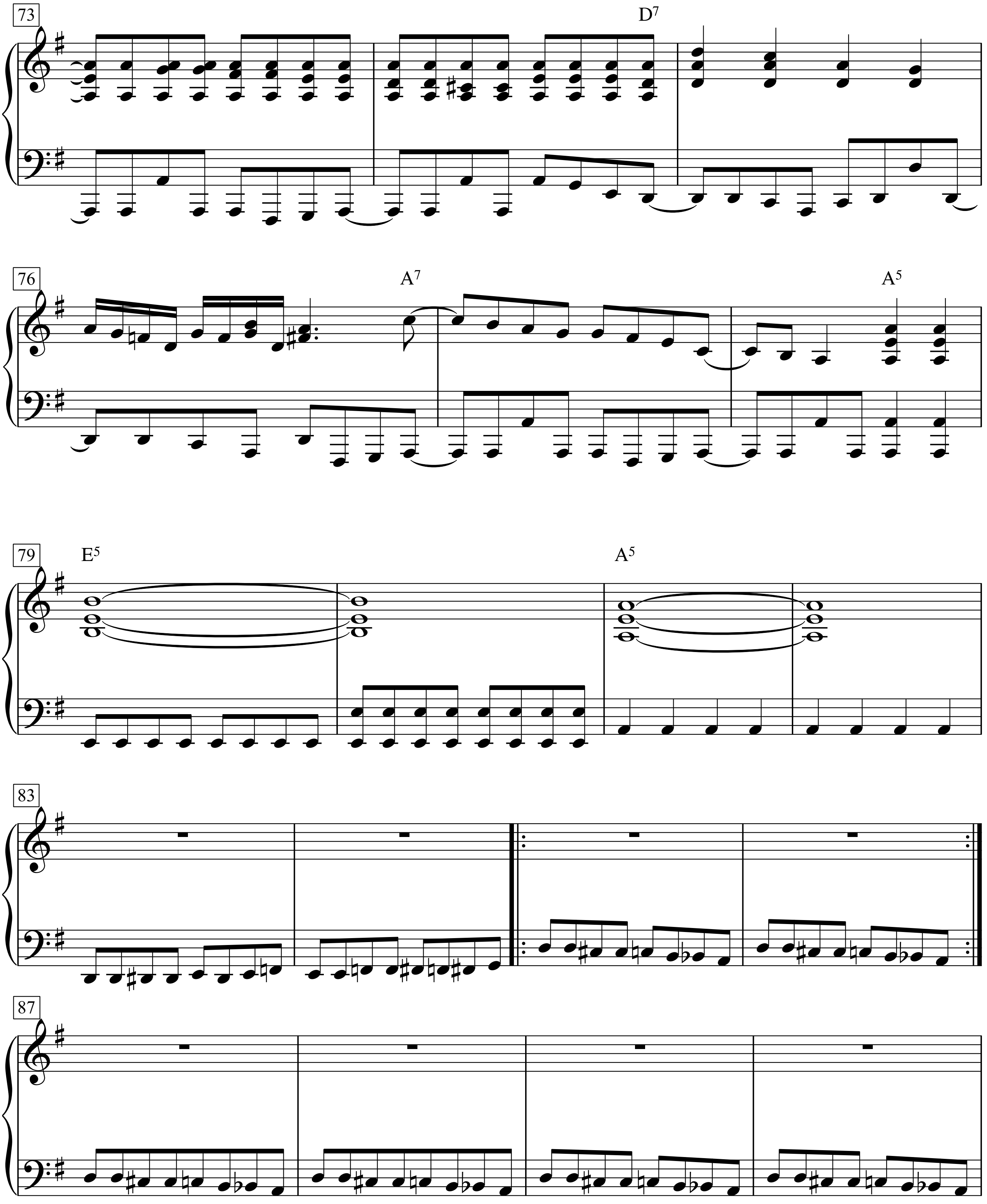
C
N.C.
- gle, watch it bring you to your
n - n - n - n - n - n - n - n - n - n - n - n-
52
knees, knees.
55
C
F
C
58
F
C
F
And when you're high, you nev - er


61
C
F
E♭
F
e - ver want to come down,
so
down,
so
64
F
E♭
G
down,
so
down.
67
Bm
A
1.2.
70
3.
D7
A7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D7
76
A7
A5
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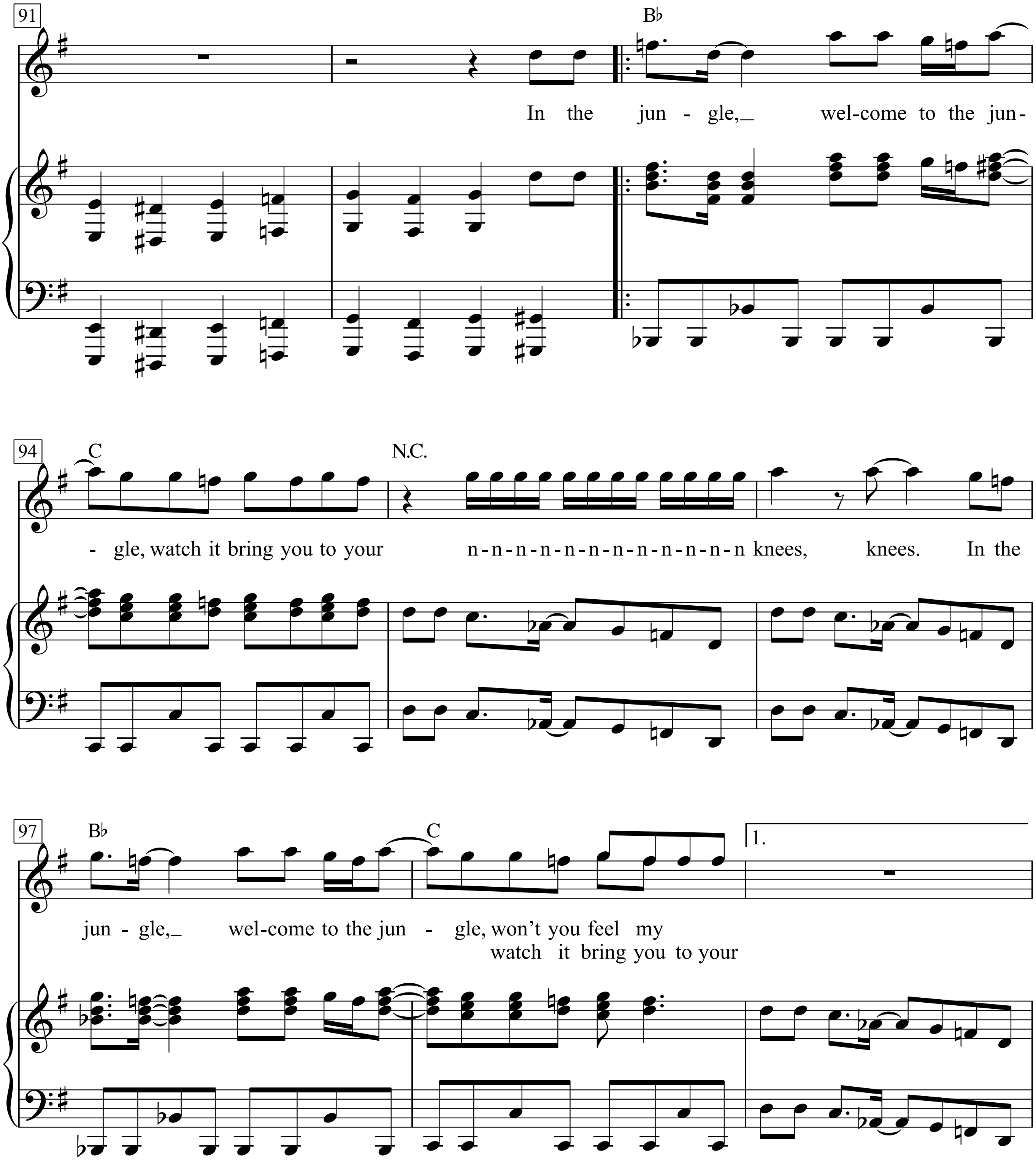
E5
A5
83
87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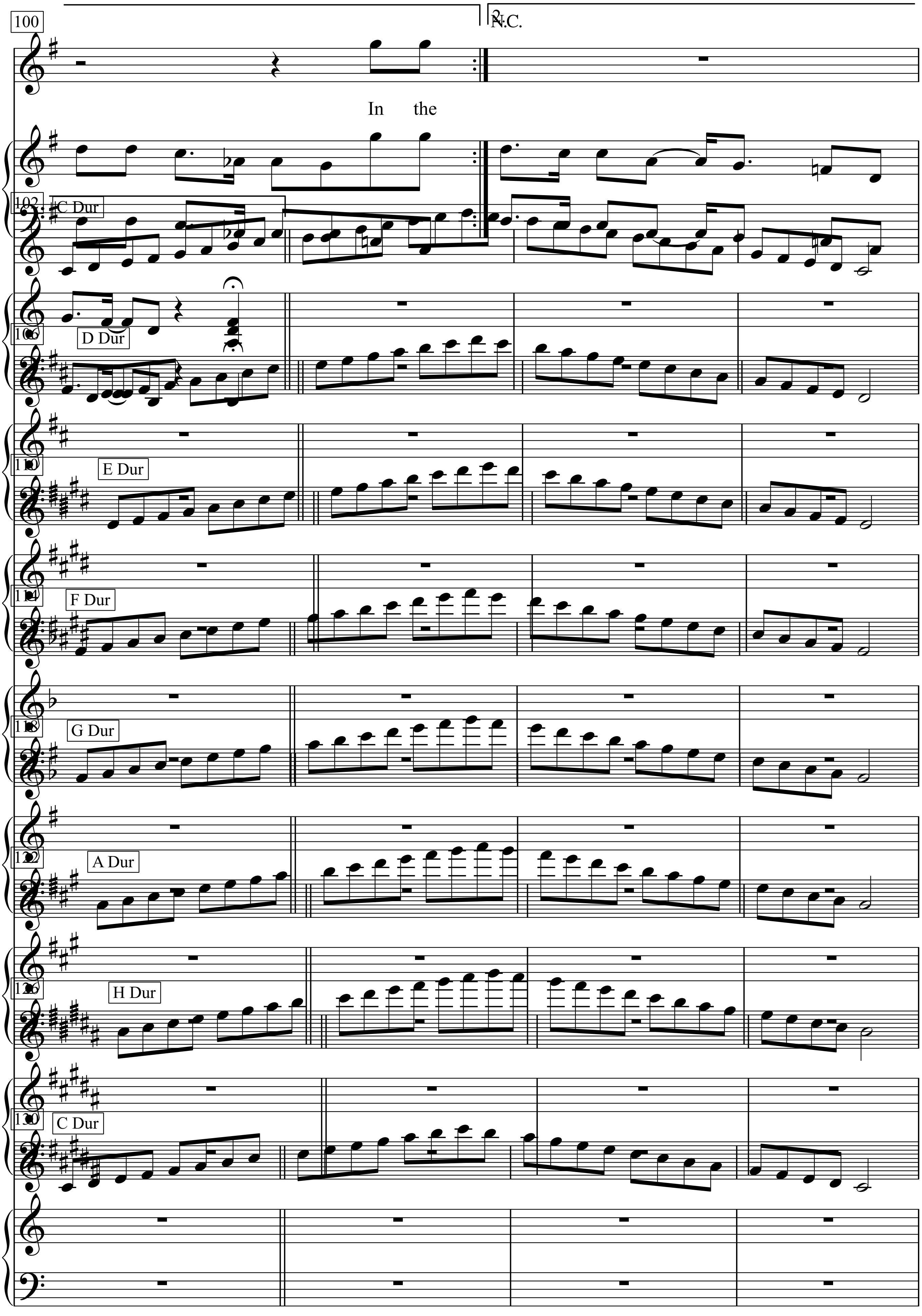
B♭
In the jun - gle,_ wel-come to the jun-
94
C
N.C.
- gle, watch it bring you to your n-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-n-n knees, knees. In the
97
B♭
C
1.
jun - gle,_ wel-come to the jun - gle, won't you feel my
watch it bring you to your

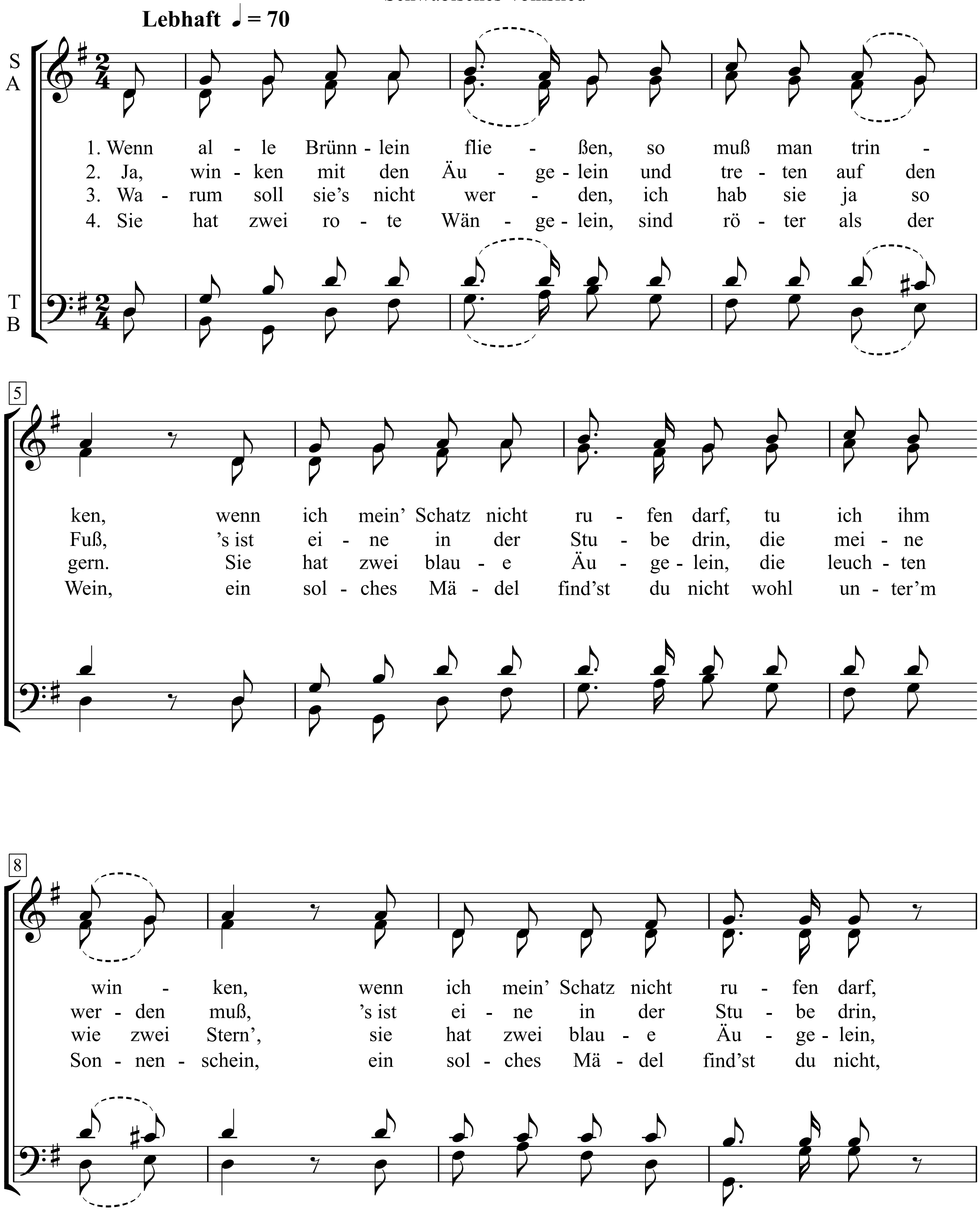

2.
N.C.
In the
C Dur
D Dur
E Dur
F Dur
G Dur
A Dur
H Dur
C Dur

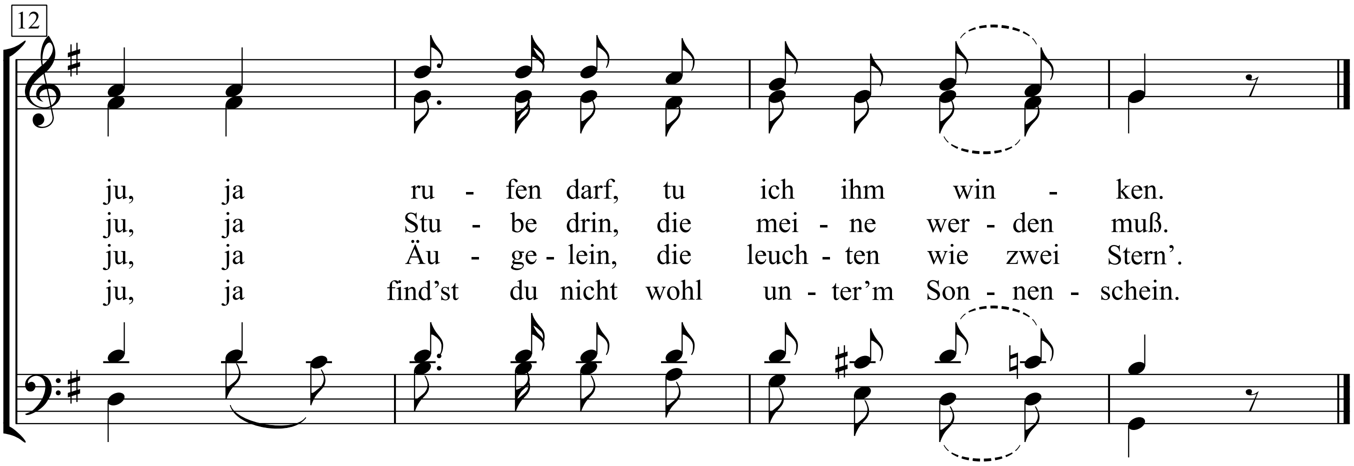
Wenn alle Brünnlein fließen

Text: Johann Ott

(Heimliche Liebe)
Schwäbisches Volkslied

Friedrich Silcher, 1789-1860




12
ju, ja ru - fen darf, tu ich ihm win - ken.
ju, ja Stu - be drin, die mei - ne wer - den muß.
ju, ja Äu - ge - lein, die leuch - ten wie zwei Stern'.
ju, ja find'st du nicht wohl un - ter'm Son - nen - schein.

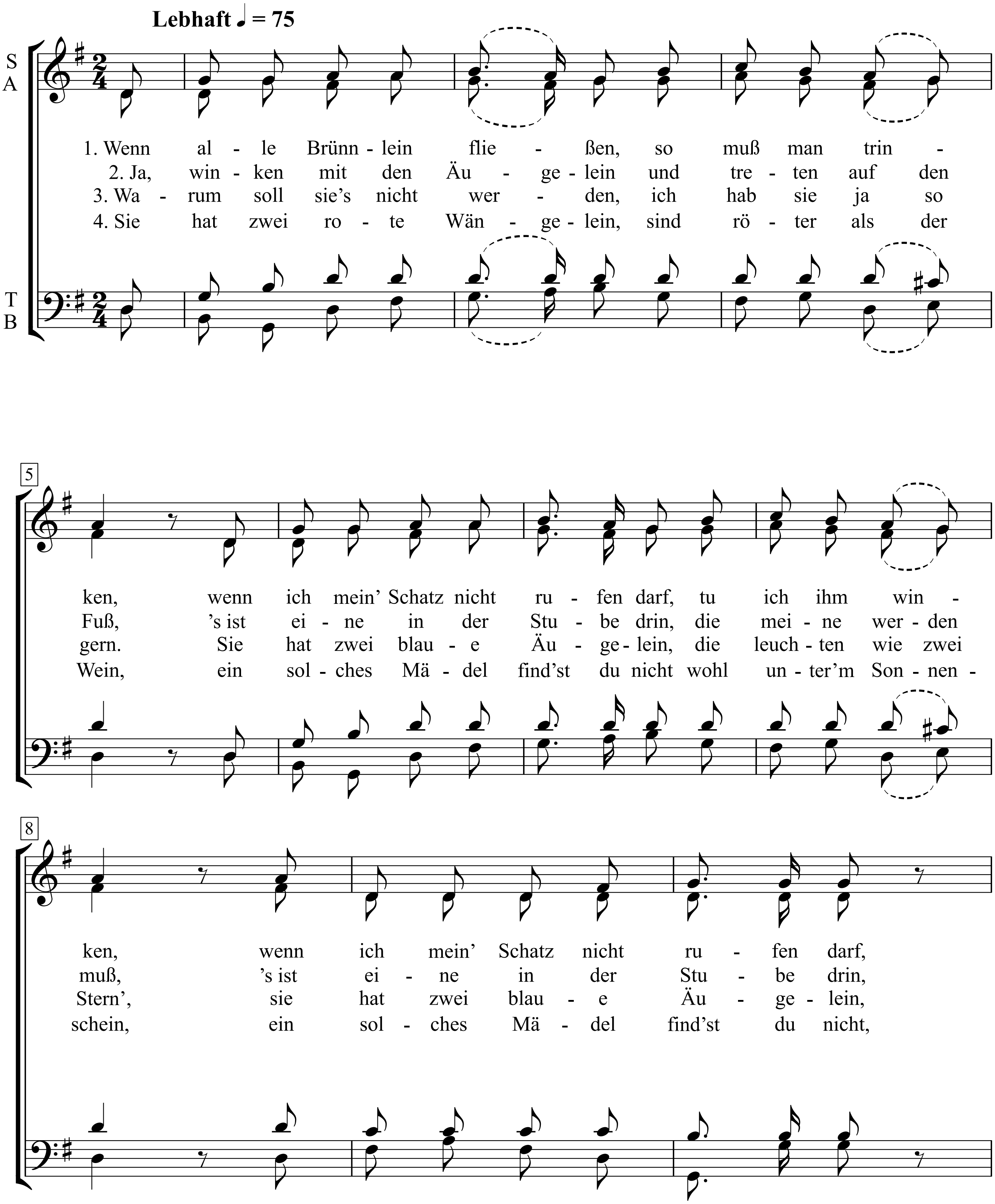
Wenn alle Brünnlein fließen

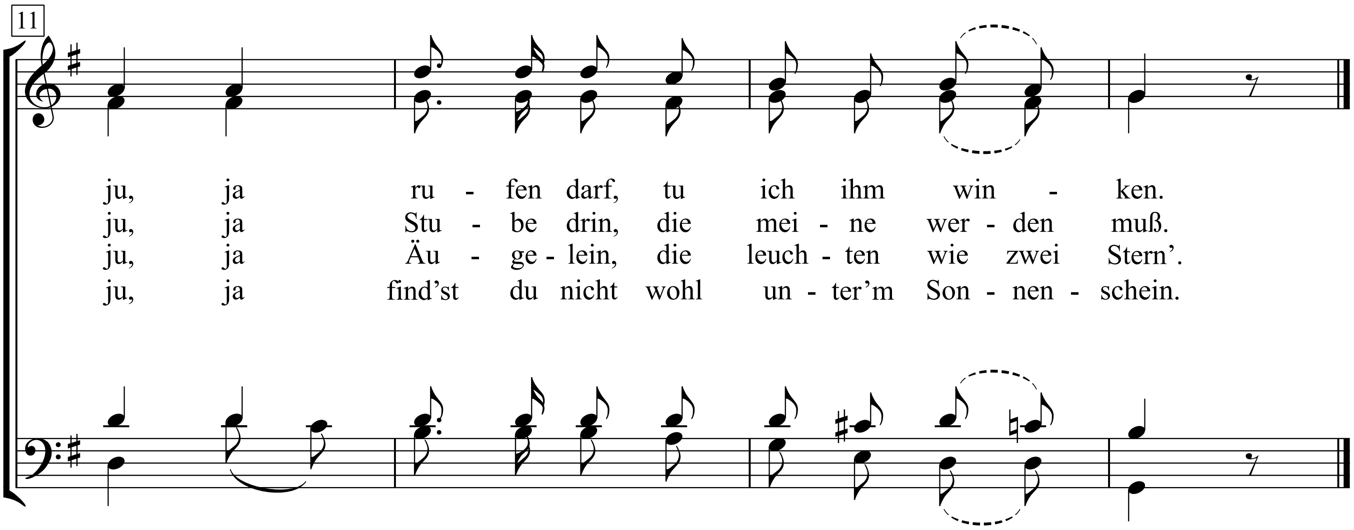
(Heimliche Liebe)

Schwäbisches Volkslied

Text: Johann Ott

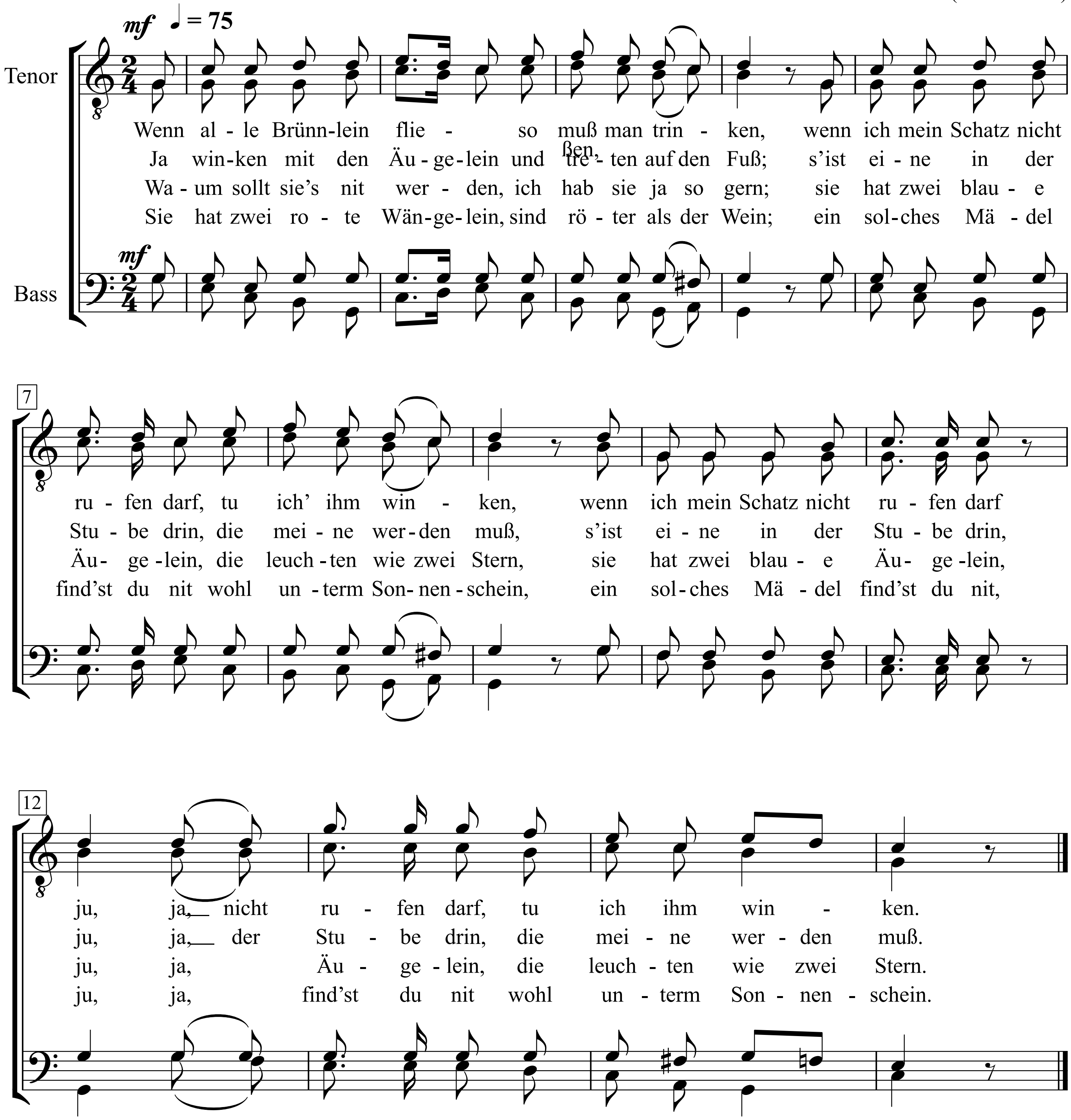
Friedrich Silcher, 1789 - 1860




11
ju, ja ru - fen darf, tu ich ihm win - ken.
ju, ja Stu - be drin, die mei - ne wer - den muß.
ju, ja Äu - ge - lein, die leuch - ten wie zwei Stern'.
ju, ja find'st du nicht wohl un - ter'm Son - nen - schein.

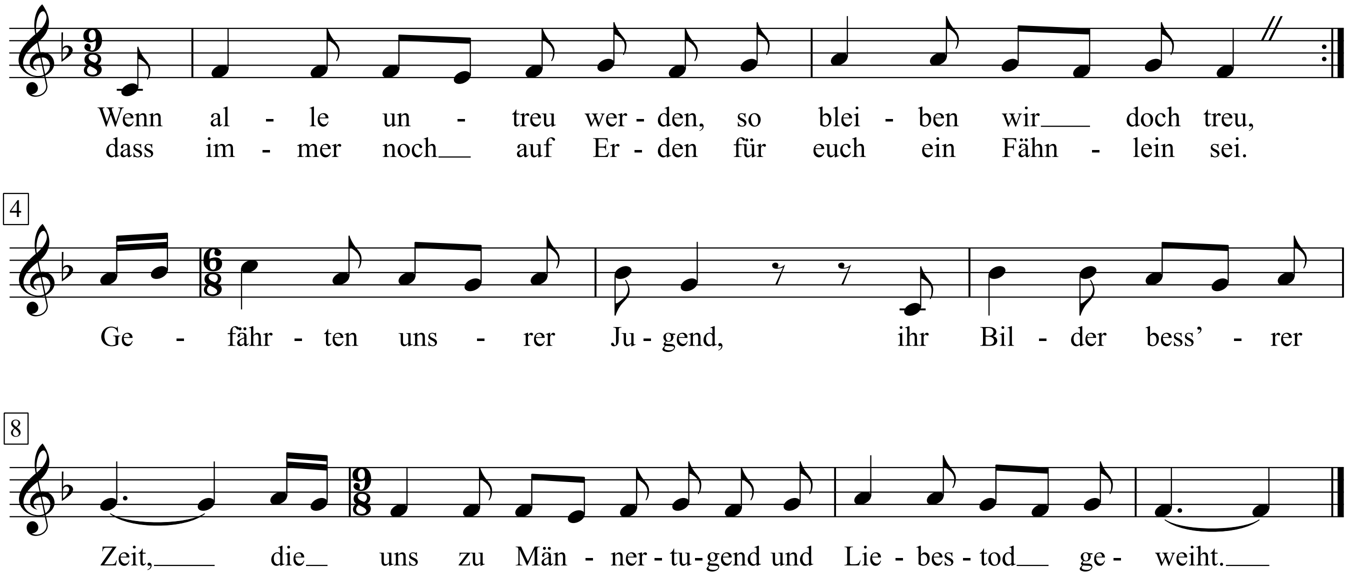
Wenn alle Brünnlein fließen

Worte und Weise: Volkslied
Satz: Friedrich Silcher (1789 - 1860)



Wenn alle untreu werden

Worte nach: Max von Schenkendorf (1814) *Weise:* Auf, auf zum fröhlichen Jagen



Wenn alle untreu werden,
so bleiben wir doch treu,
dass immer noch auf Erden
für euch ein Fähnlein sei.
Gefährten unsrer Jugend,
ihr Bilder bess'rer Zeit,
die uns zu Männertugend
und Liebestod geweiht.

Wollt nimmer von uns weichen,
uns immer nahe sein,
treu wie die deutschen Eichen,
wie Mond und Sonnenschein!
Einst wird es wieder helle,
in aller Brüder Sinn,
sie kehren zu der Quelle
in Lieb und Reue hin.

(Es haben wohl gerungen
die Helden dieser Frist,
und nun der Sieg gelungen,
übt Satan neue List.
Doch wie sich auch gestalten
im Leben mag die Zeit,
Du sollst uns nicht veralten,
o Traum der Herrlichkeit.)

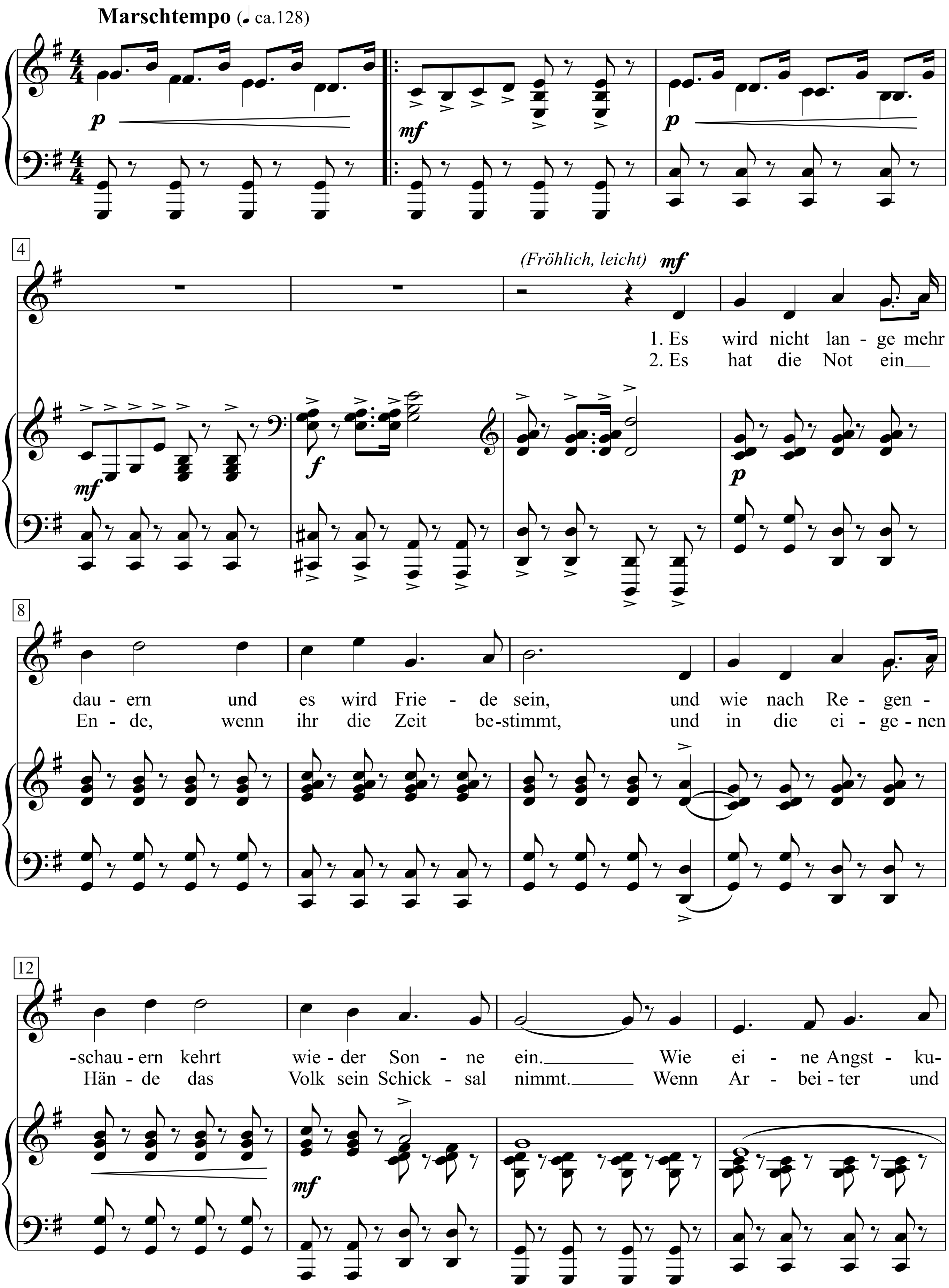
Ihr Sterne seid uns Zeugen,
die ruhig niederschaun,
wenn alle Brüder schweigen
und falschen Götzen traun:
Wir wolln das Wort nicht brechen,
nicht Buben werden gleich,
wolln predigen und sprechen
von heil'gen deutschen Reich!

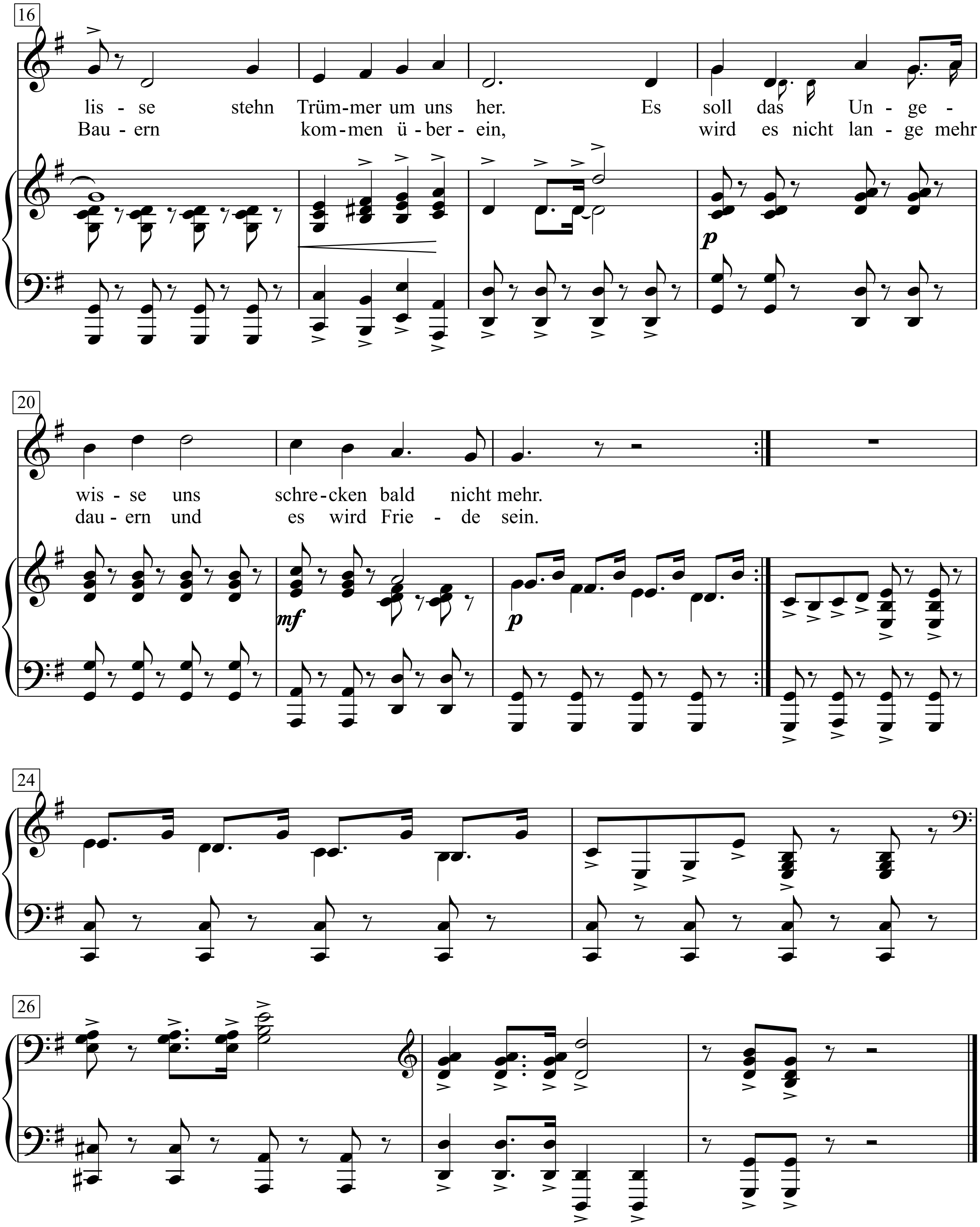
Wenn Arbeiter und Bauern

(1952)

Johannes R. Becher

Hanns Eisler




16
lis - se stehn Trüm-mer um uns her. Es soll das Un - ge -
Bau - ern kom-men ü - ber - ein, wird es nicht lan - ge mehr
20
wis - se uns schre-cken bald nicht mehr.
dau - ern und es wird Frie - de sein.
24
26

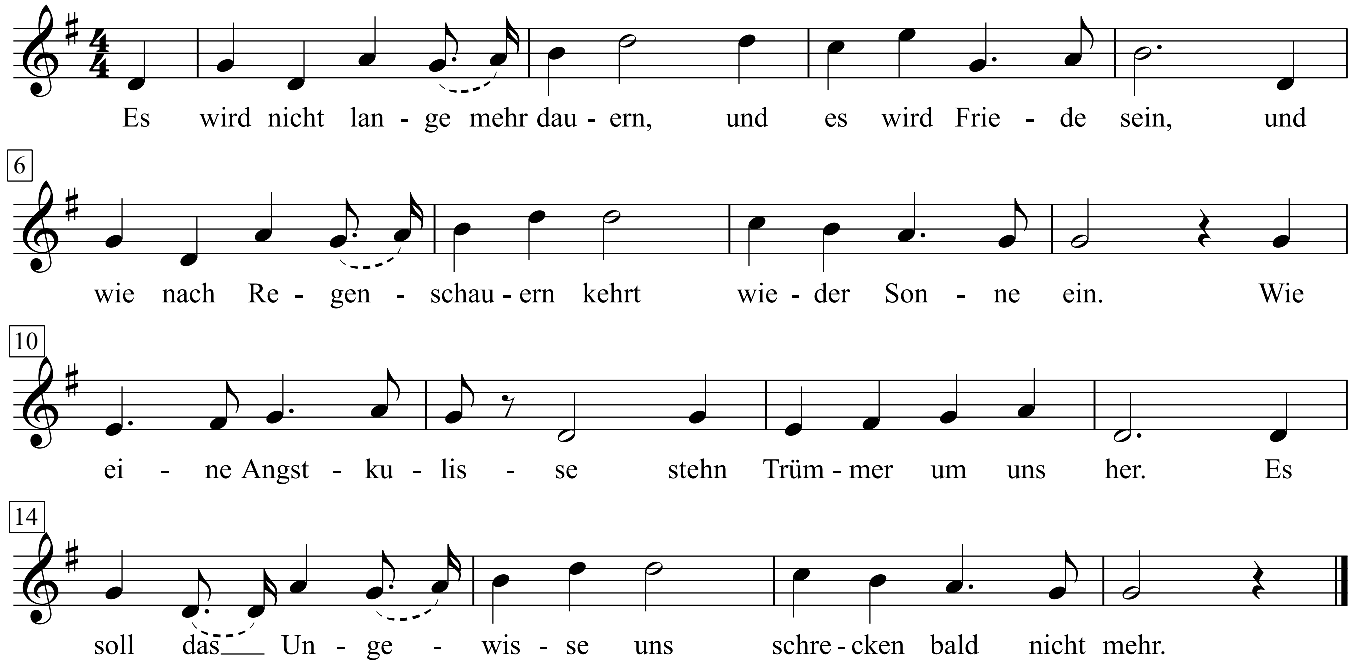
1. Es wird nicht lange mehr dauern
und es wird Friede sein,
und wie nach Regenschauern
kehrt wieder Sonne ein.
Wie eine Angstkulisse
stehn Trümmer um uns her.
Es soll das Ungewisse
uns schrecken bald nicht mehr.

2. Es hat die Not ein Ende,
wenn ihr die Zeit bestimmt,
und in die eigenen Hände
das Volk sein Schicksal nimmt.
Wenn Arbeiter und Bauern
kommen überein,
wird es nicht lange mehr dauern
und es wird Friede sein.

Arbeiter und Bauern

Johannes R. Becher

Hanns Eisler (1950)



1. Es wird nicht lange mehr dauern,
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stehn Trümmer um uns her.
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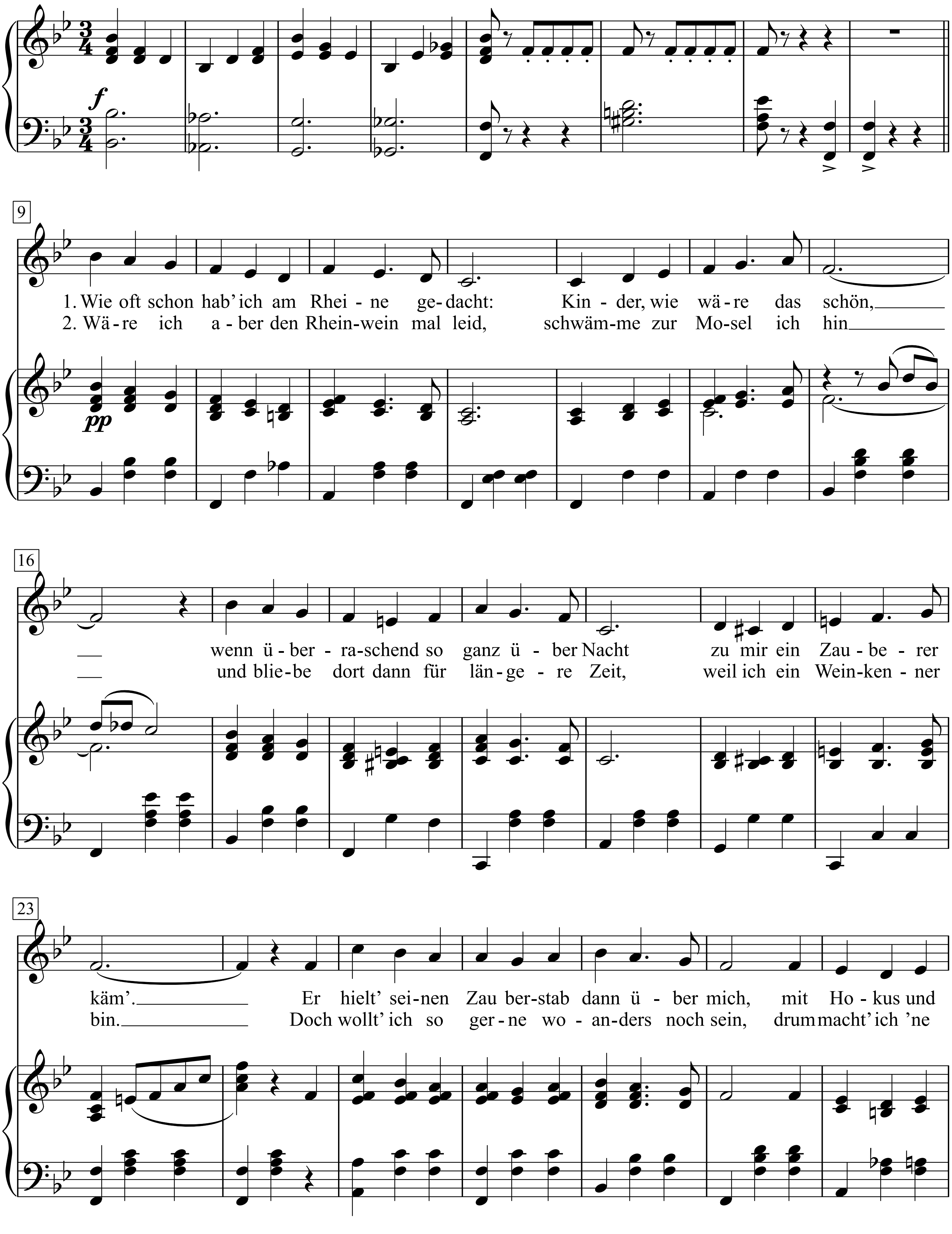
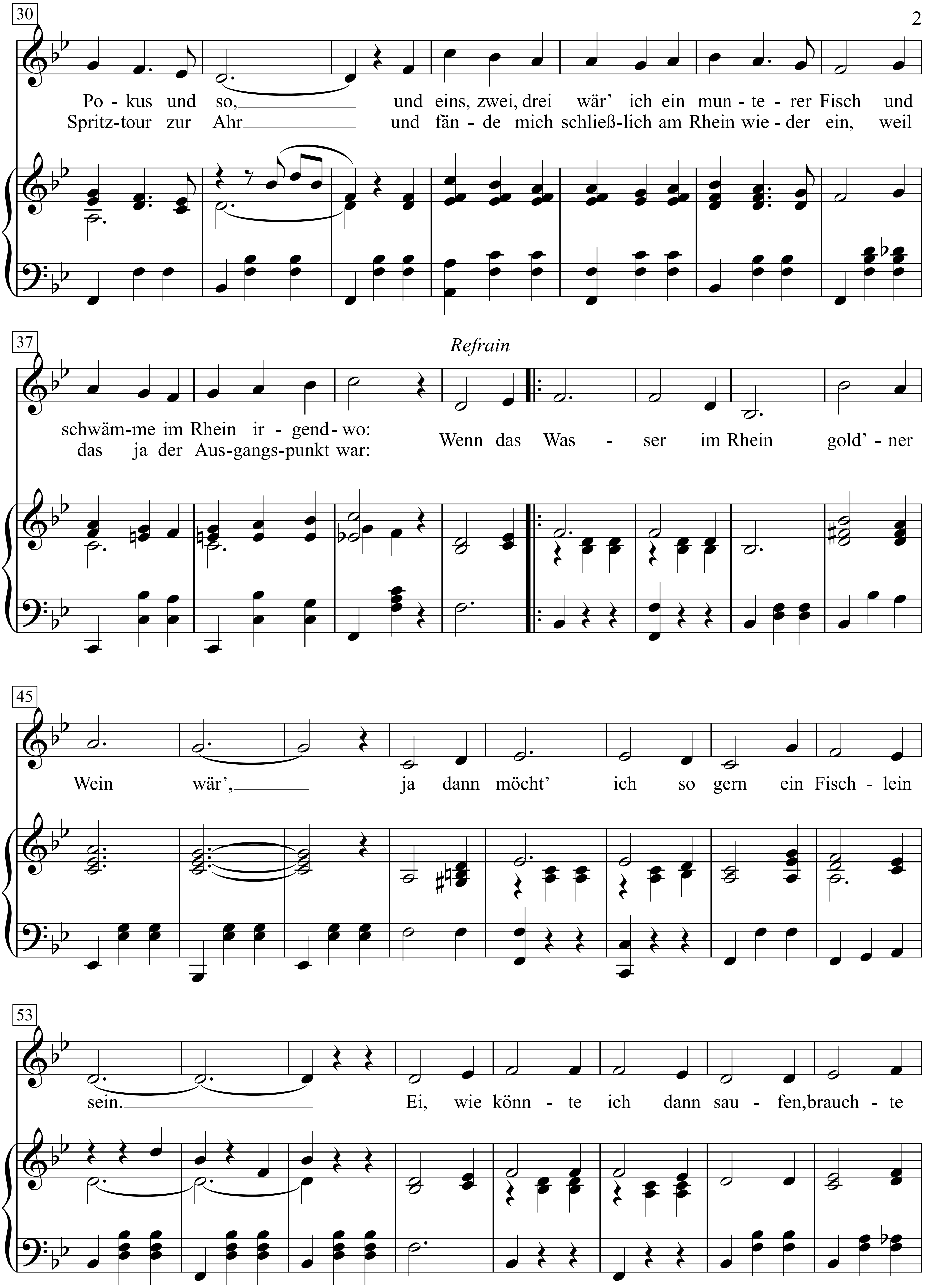
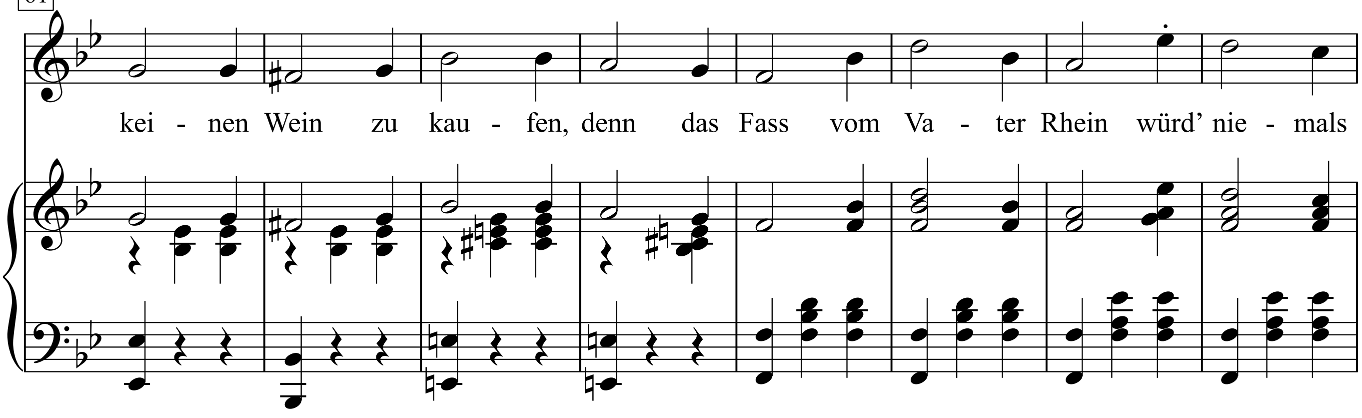
und in die eigenen Hände
das Volk sein Schicksal nimmt.
Wenn Arbeiter und Bauern
kommen überein,
wird es nicht lange mehr dauern,
und es wird Friede sein.

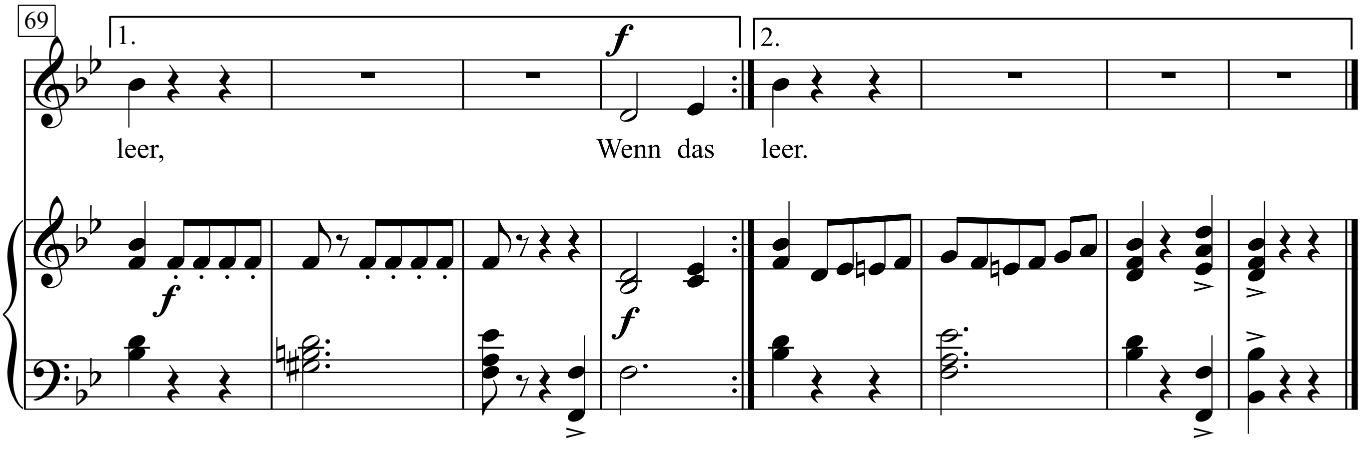
Wenn das Wasser im Rhein gold'ner Wein wär

Text: Heinz Böninghausen *Musik:* Werner Stamm




30
Po - kus und so, und eins, zwei, drei wär' ich ein mun - te - rer Fisch und
Spritz-tour zur Ahr und fän - de mich schließ-lich am Rhein wie - der ein, weil
37
Refrain
schwäm-me im Rhein ir - gend - wo:
das ja der Aus-gangs-punkt war:
Wenn das Was - ser im Rhein gold' - ner
45
Wein wär', ja dann möcht' ich so gern ein Fisch - lein
53
sein. Ei, wie könn - te ich dann sau - fen, brauch - te





1. Wie oft schon hab' ich am Rheine gedacht:
Kinder, wie wäre das schön,
wenn überraschend so ganz über Nacht
zu mir ein Zauberer käm'.
Er hielt' seinen Zauberstab dann über mich,
mit Hokus und Pokus und so,
und eins, zwei, drei wär' ich ein munterer Fisch
und schwämme im Rhein irgendwo:

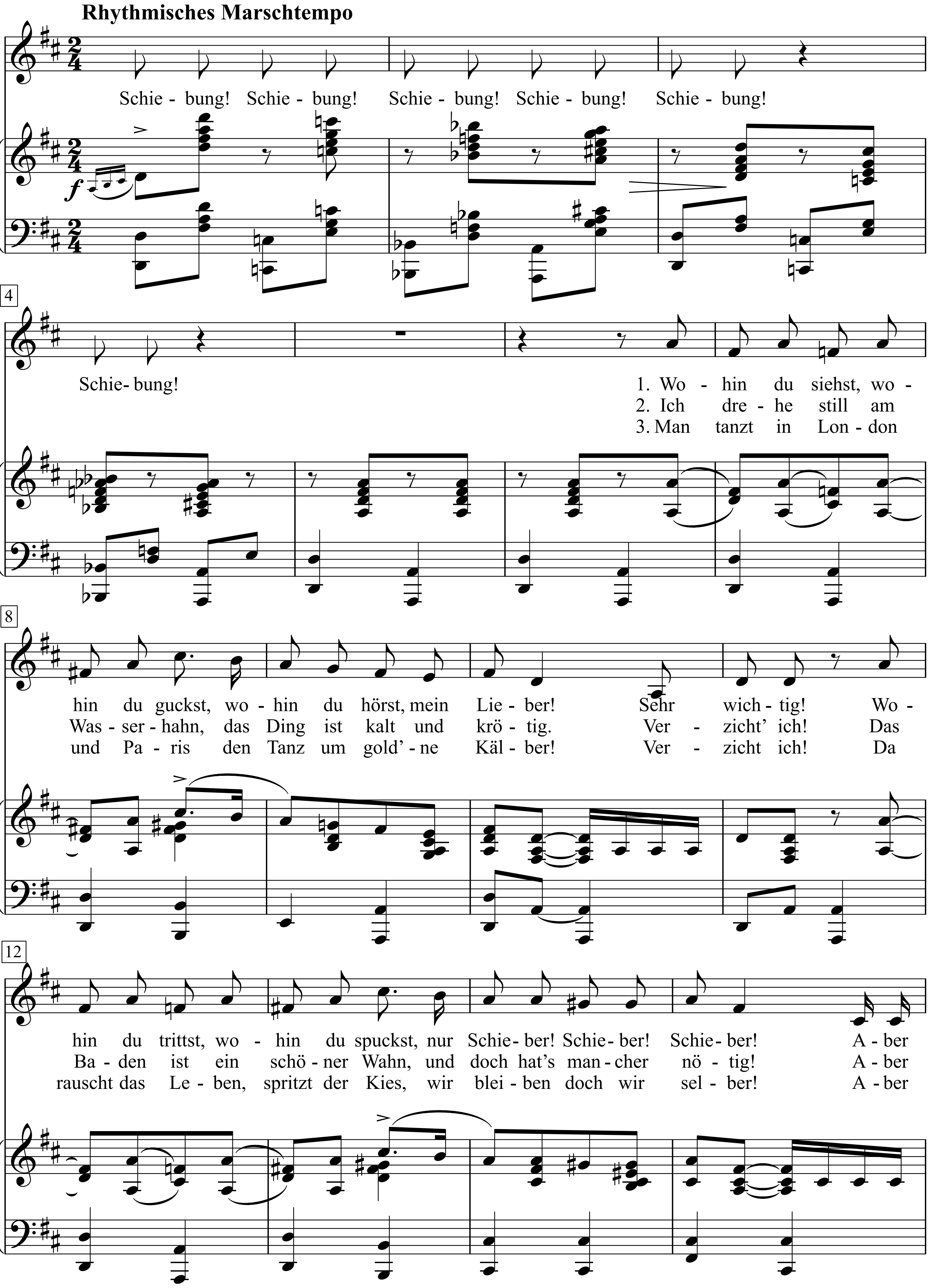
Refrain:
Wenn das Wasser im Rhein gold'ner Wein wär',
ja dann möcht' ich so gern ein Fischlein sein.
Ei, wie könnte ich dann saufen,
brauchte keinen Wein zu kaufen,
denn das Fass vom Vater Rhein würd' niemals leer.

2. Wäre ich aber den Rheinwein mal leid,
schwämme zur Mosel ich hin
und bliebe dort dann für längere Zeit,
weil ich ein Weinkenner bin.
Doch wollt' ich so gerne woanders noch sein,
drum macht' ich 'ne Spritztour zur Ahr
und fände mich schließlich am Rhein wieder ein,
weil das ja der Ausgangspunkt war:

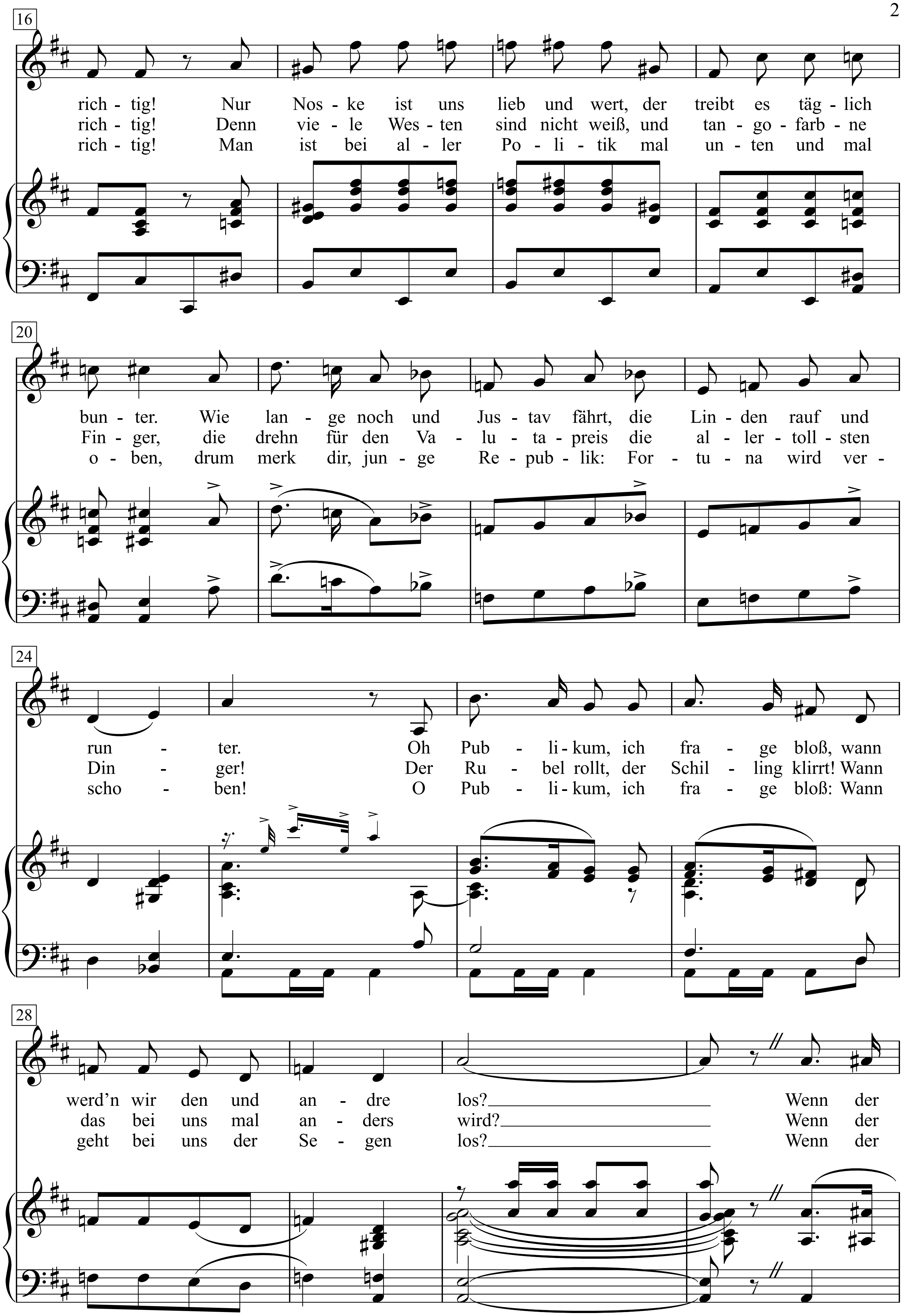
Refrain:
Wenn das Wasser im Rhein gold'ner Wein wär'...

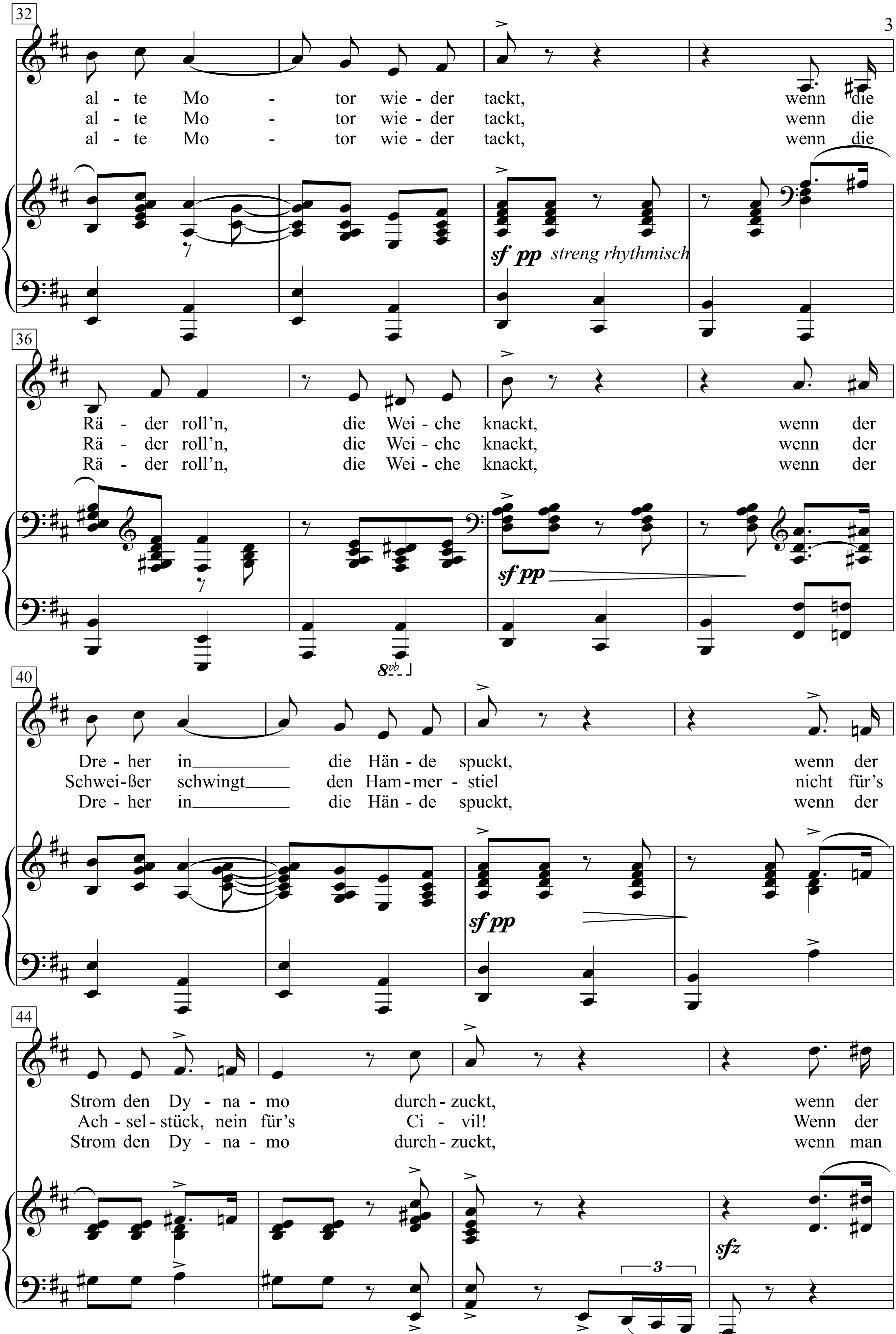
Wenn der alte Motor wieder tackt ...

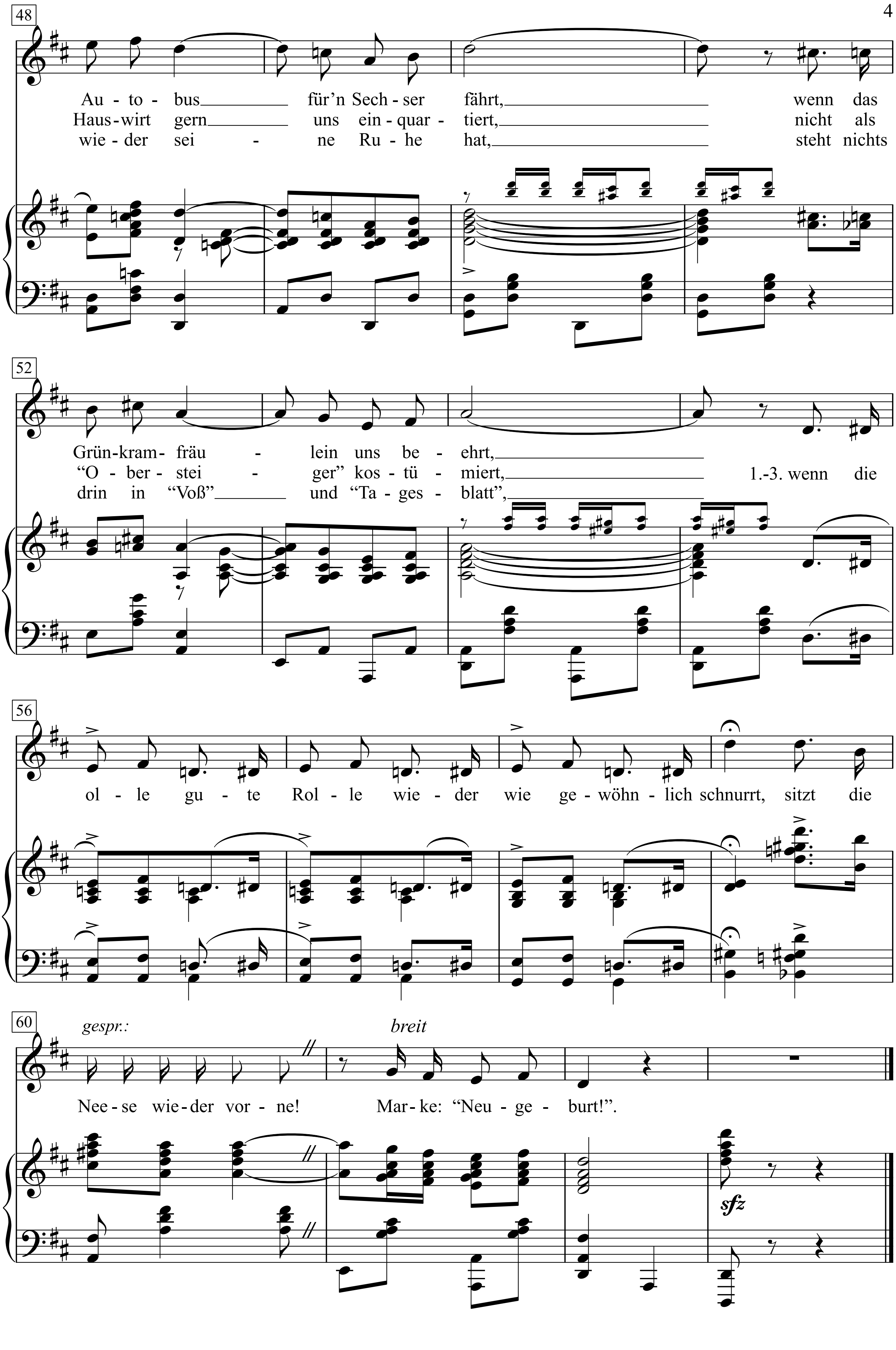
Text: Theobald Tiger (Kurt Tucholsky)) *Musik:* Friedrich Hollaender.



Friedrich Hollaender: Schall und Rauch, S. 10-13


16
rich - tig! Nur Nos - ke ist uns lieb und wert, der treibt es täg - lich
rich - tig! Denn vie - le Wes - ten sind nicht weiß, und tan - go - farb - ne
rich - tig! Man ist bei al - ler Po - li - tik mal un - ten und mal
20
bun - ter. Wie lan - ge noch und Jus - tav fährt, die Lin - den rauf und
Fin - ger, die drehn für den Va - lu - ta - preis die al - ler - toll - sten
o - ben, drum merk dir, jun - ge Re - pub - lik: For - tu - na wird ver -
24
run - ter. Oh Pub - li - kum, ich fra - ge bloß, wann
Din - ger! Der Ru - bel rollt, der Schil - ling klirrt! Wann
scho - ben! O Pub - li - kum, ich fra - ge bloß: Wann
28
werd'n wir den und an - dre los? Wenn der
das bei uns mal an - ders wird? Wenn der
geht bei uns der Se - gen los? Wenn der


32
al - te Mo - tor wie - der tackt, wenn die
al - te Mo - tor wie - der tackt, wenn die
al - te Mo - tor wie - der tackt, wenn die
sf pp streng rhythmisch
36
Rä - der roll'n, die Wei - che knackt, wenn der
Rä - der roll'n, die Wei - che knackt, wenn der
Rä - der roll'n, die Wei - che knackt, wenn der
sf pp
8vb
40
Dre - her in die Hän - de spuckt, wenn der
Schwei - ßer schwingt den Ham - mer - stiel nicht für's
Dre - her in die Hän - de spuckt, wenn der
sf pp
44
Strom den Dy - na - mo durch - zuckt, wenn der
Ach - sel - stück, nein für's Ci - vil! Wenn der
Strom den Dy - na - mo durch - zuckt, wenn man
sfz
3


Au - to - bus für'n Sech - ser fährt, wenn das
Haus - wirt gern uns ein - quar - tiert, nicht als
wie - der sei - ne Ru - he hat, steht nichts
Grün - kram - fräu - lein uns be - ehrt,
"O - ber - stei - ger" kos - tü - miert, 1.-3. wenn die
drin in "Voß" und "Ta - ges - blatt",
ol - le gu - te Rol - le wie - der wie ge - wöhn - lich schnurrt, sitzt die
gespr.:
breit
Nee - se wie - der vor - ne! Mar - ke: "Neu - ge - burt!".
sfz

1. Schiebung! Schiebung! Schiebung!
Schiebung! Schiebung! Schiebung!

Wohin du siehst, wohin du guckst,
wohin du hörst, mein Lieber!
Sehr wichtig!
Wohin du trittst, wohin du spuckst,
nur Schieber! Schieber! Schieber!
Aber richtig!
Nur Noske ist uns lieb und wert,
der treibt es täglich bunter.
Wie lange noch und Justav fährt,
die Linden rauf und runter.
Oh Publikum, ich frage bloß,
wann werd'n wir den und andre los?

Wenn der alte Motor wieder tackt,
wenn die Räder roll'n, die Weiche knackt,
wenn der Dreher in die Hände spuckt,
wenn der Strom den Dynamo durchzuckt,
wenn der Autobus für'n Sechser fährt,
wenn das Grünkramfräulein uns beehrt,
wenn die olle gute Rolle
wieder wie gewöhnlich schnurrt,
sitzt die Neese wieder vorne!
Marke: "Neugeburt!".

2. Schiebung! Schiebung! Schiebung!
Schiebung! Schiebung! Schiebung!

Ich drehe still am Wasserhahn,
das Ding ist kalt und krötig.
Verzicht' ich!
Det Baden ist ein schöner Wahn,
und doch hat's mancher nötig!
Aber richtig!
Denn viele Westen sind nicht weiß,
und tangofarbne Finger,
die drehn für den Valutapreis
die allertollsten Dinger!
Der Rubel rollt, der Schilling klirrt!
Wann das bei uns mal anders wird?

Wenn der alte Motor wieder tackt,
wenn die Räder roll'n, die Weiche knackt,
wenn der Schweißer schwingt den
Hammerstiel
nicht für's Achselstück, nein für's Civil!
Wenn der Hauswirt gern uns einquartiert,
nicht als "Obersteiger" kostümiert,
wenn die olle gute Rolle
wieder wie gewöhnlich schnurrt,
sitzt die Neese wieder vorne!
Marke: "Neugeburt!".

3. Schiebung! Schiebung! Schiebung!
Schiebung! Schiebung! Schiebung!

Man tanzt in London und Paris
den Tanz um gold'ne Kälber!
Verzicht ich!
Da rauscht das Leben, spritzt der Kies,
wir bleiben doch wir selber!
Aber richtig!
Man ist bei aller Politik
mal unten und mal oben,
drum merk dir, junge Republik:
Fortuna wird verschoben!
O Publikum, ich frage bloß:
Wann geht bei uns der Segen los?

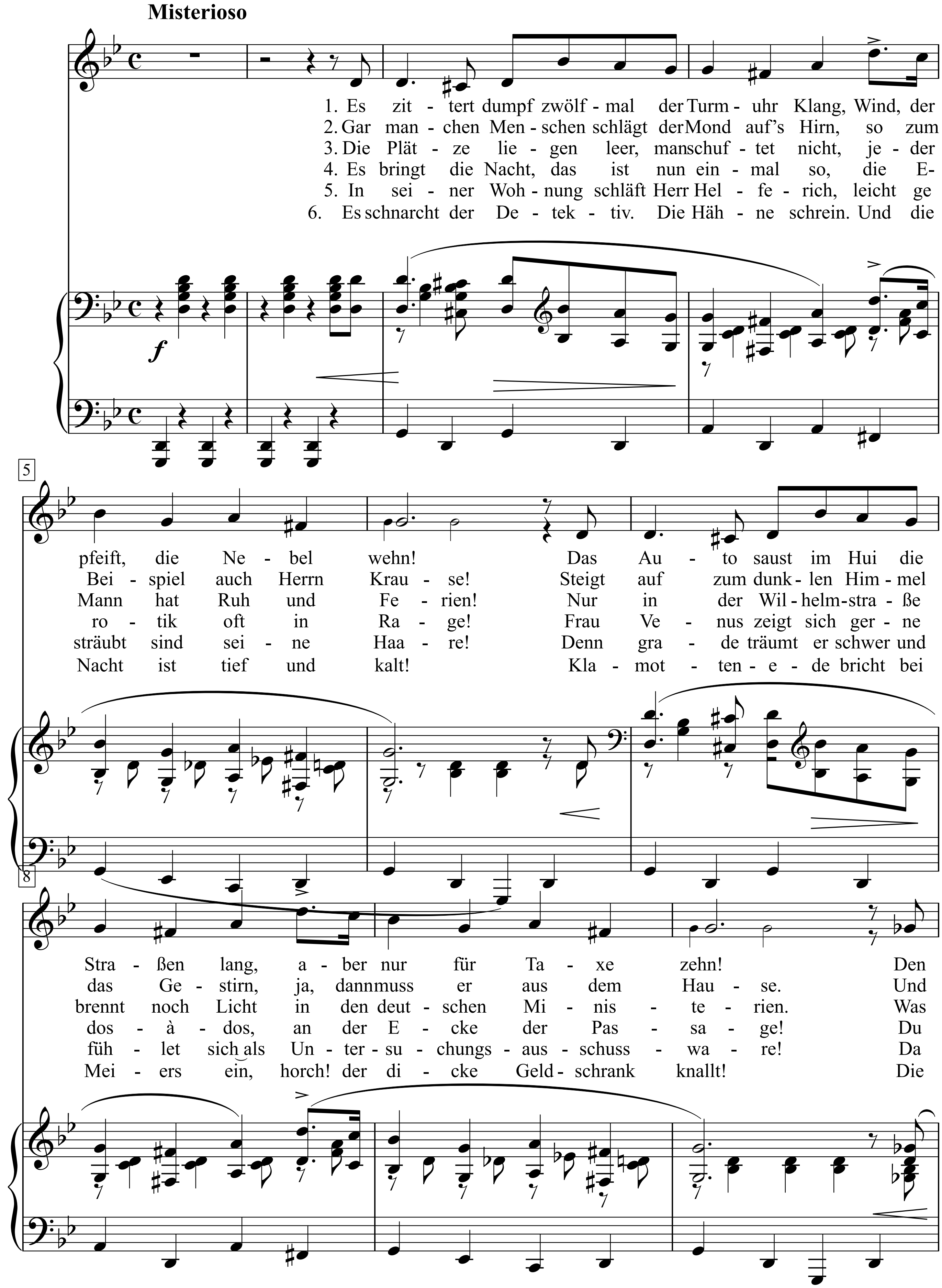
Wenn der alte Motor wieder tackt,
wenn die Räder roll'n, die Weiche knackt,
wenn der Dreher in die Hände spuckt,
wenn der Strom den Dynamo durchzuckt,
wenn man wieder seine Ruhe hat,
steht nichts drin in "Voß" und "Tagesblatt",
wenn die olle gute Rolle
wieder wie gewöhnlich schnurrt,
sitzt die Neese wieder vorne!
Marke: "Neugeburt!".

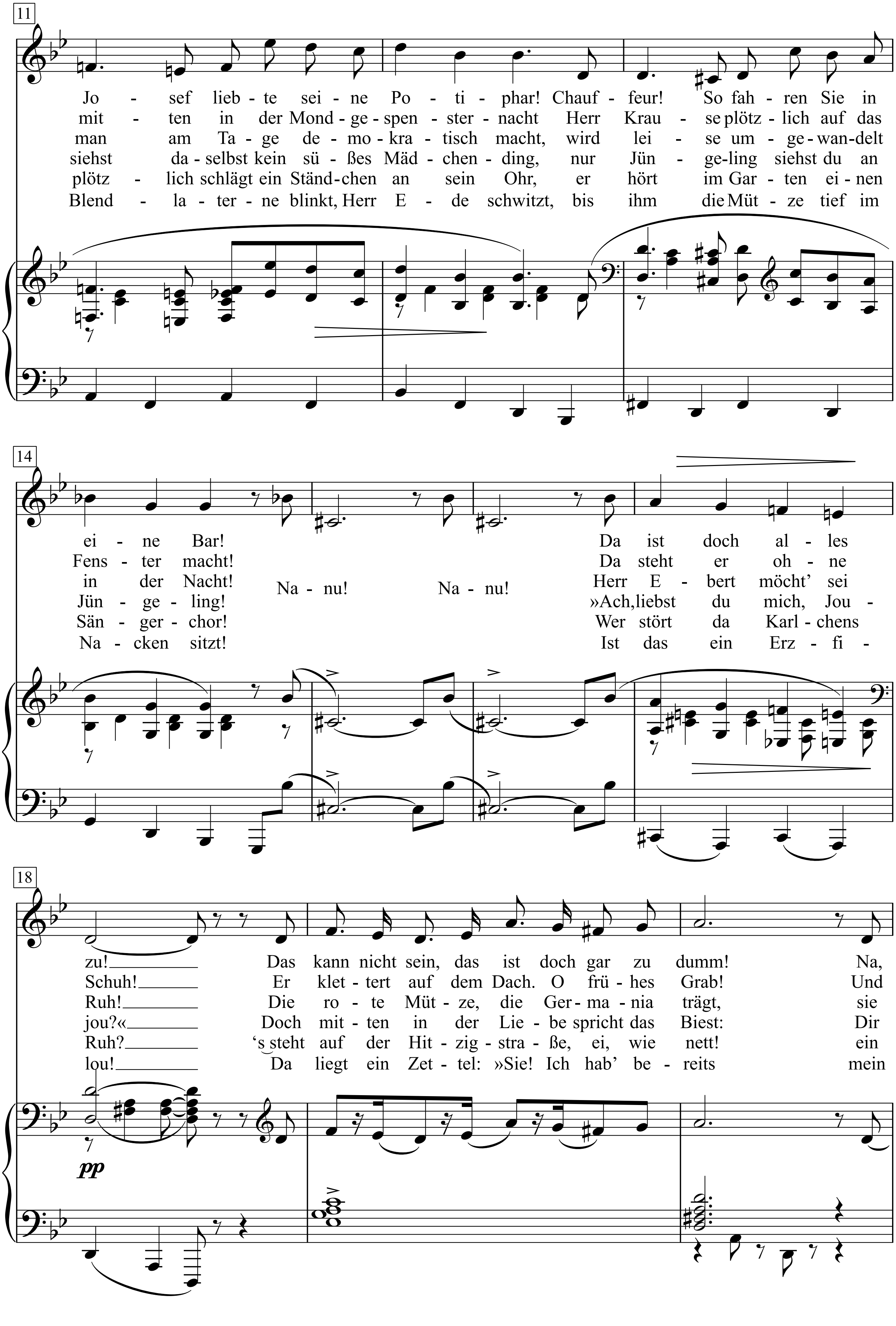
4. Ich danke schön für den Applaus,
und auf die Blumenspende
verzicht ich.
Wer lacht, dem bleibt in seinem Bauch
kein trauriger Gedanke;
und schließlich liegt ja „Schall und Rauch"
doch dichte bei der Panke.
Es wird schon wern mit die Mutter Bern,
mit die Mutter Horn is auch jeworn …

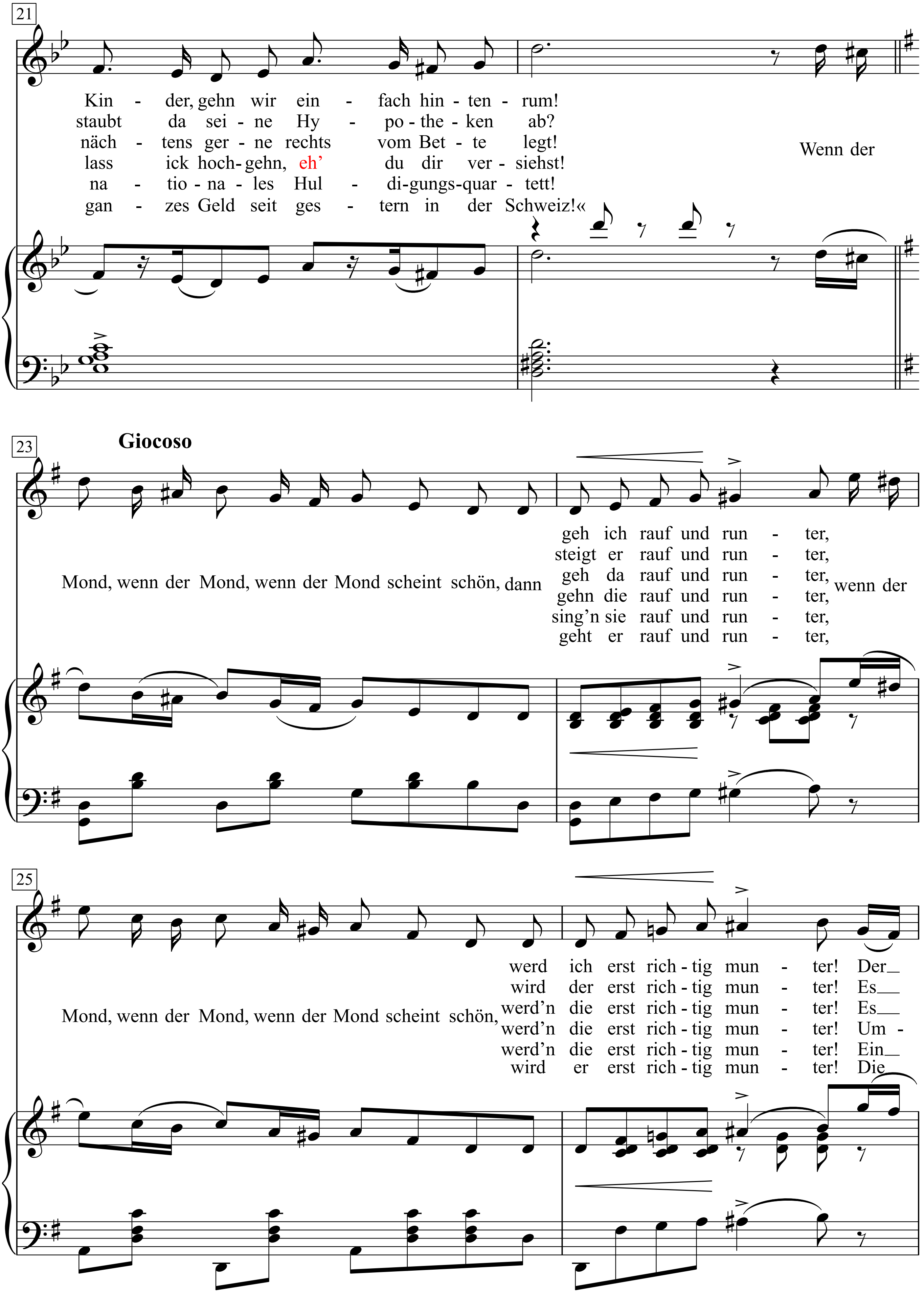
Wenn der alte Motor wieder tackt,
wenn die Räder roll'n, die Weiche knackt,
wenn die letzte Kriegsgesellschaft kracht,
und der Kaufmann seins alleine macht,
wenn erst toi-toi-toi – mal klappt die Post,
wenn Berlin nicht mehr 'n Dollar kost,
wenn die olle gute Rolle
wieder wie gewöhnlich schnurrt,
sitzt die Neese wieder vorne!
Marke: „Neujeburt!"

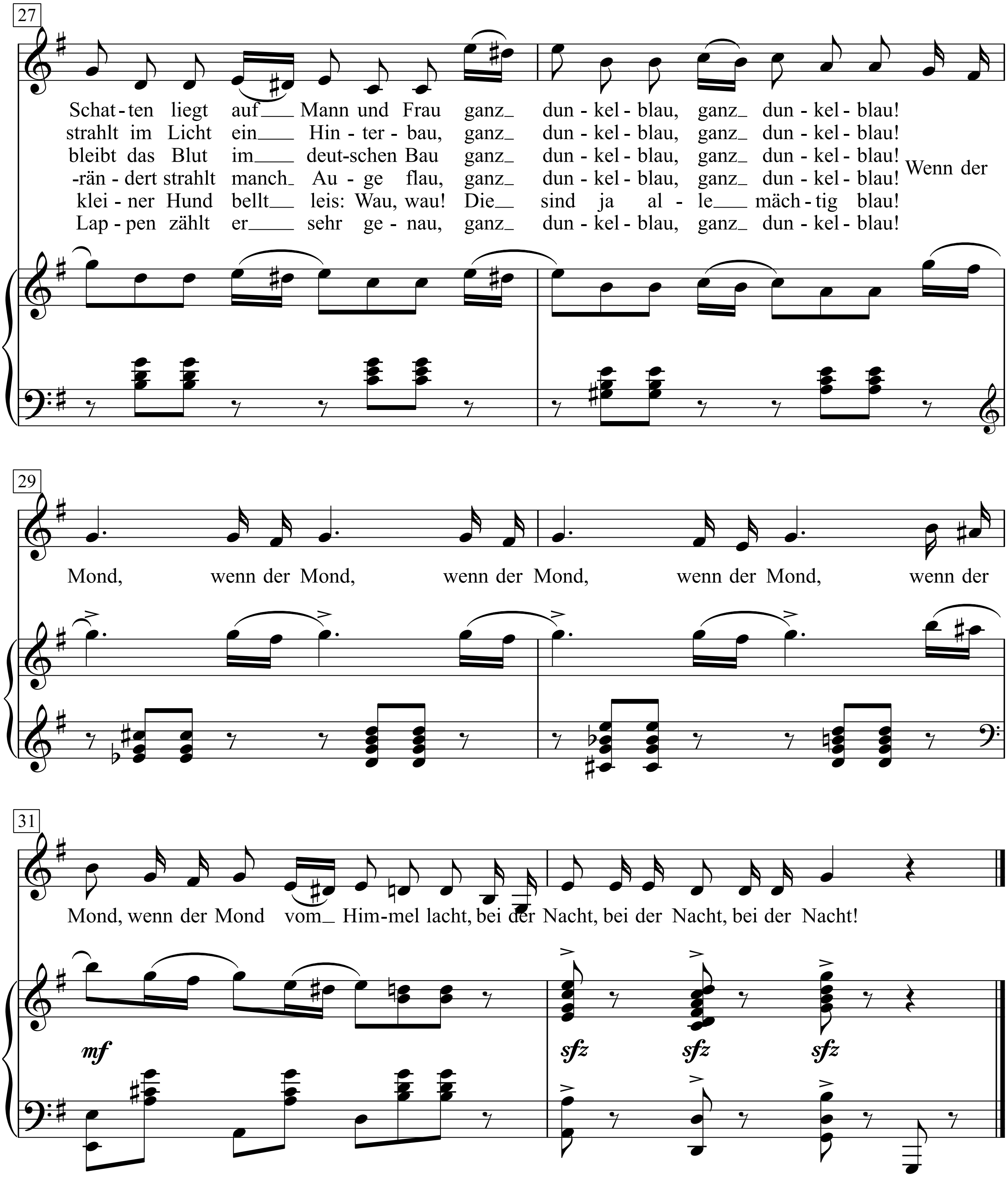
Wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond

Text: Theobald Tiger (Kurt Tucholsky) *Musik:* Friedrich Hollaender




11
Jo - sef lieb - te sei - ne Po - ti - phar! Chauf - feur! So fah - ren Sie in
mit - ten in der Mond - ge - spen - ster - nacht Herr Krau - se plötz - lich auf das
man am Ta - ge de - mo - kra - tisch macht, wird lei - se um - ge - wan - delt
siehst da - selbst kein sü - ßes Mäd - chen - ding, nur Jün - ge - ling siehst du an
plötz - lich schlägt ein Ständ - chen an sein Ohr, er hört im Gar - ten ei - nen
Blend - la - ter - ne blinkt, Herr E - de schwitzt, bis ihm die Mü - ze tief im
14
ei - ne Bar! Na - nu! Na - nu! Da ist doch al - les
Fens - ter macht! Da steht er oh - ne
in der Nacht! Herr E - bert möcht' sei
Jün - ge - ling! »Ach, liebst du mich, Jou -
Sän - ger - chor! Wer stört da Karl - chens
Na - cken sitzt! Ist das ein Erz - fi -
18
zu! Das kann nicht sein, das ist doch gar zu dumm! Na,
Schuh! Er klet - tert auf dem Dach. O frü - hes Grab! Und
Ruh! Die ro - te Müt - ze, die Ger - ma - nia trägt, sie
jou?« Doch mit - ten in der Lie - be spricht das Biest: Dir
Ruh? 's steht auf der Hit - zig - stra - ße, ei, wie nett! ein
lou! Da liegt ein Zet - tel: »Sie! Ich hab' be - reits mein
pp


21
Kin - der, gehn wir ein - fach hin - ten - rum!
staubt da sei - ne Hy - po - the - ken ab?
näch - tens ger - ne rechts vom Bet - te legt!
lass ick hoch-gehn, eh' du dir ver - siehst!
na - tio - na - les Hul - di-gungs-quar - tett!
gan - zes Geld seit ges - tern in der Schweiz!«
Wenn der
23
Giocoso
Mond, wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond scheint schön, dann
geh ich rauf und run - ter,
steigt er rauf und run - ter,
geh da rauf und run - ter,
gehn die rauf und run - ter,
sing'n sie rauf und run - ter,
geht er rauf und run - ter,
wenn der
25
Mond, wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond scheint schön,
werd ich erst rich - tig mun - ter! Der
wird der erst rich - tig mun - ter! Es
werd'n die erst rich - tig mun - ter! Es
werd'n die erst rich - tig mun - ter! Um -
werd'n die erst rich - tig mun - ter! Ein
wird er erst rich - tig mun - ter! Die


27
Schat-ten liegt auf Mann und Frau ganz dun-kel-blau, ganz dun-kel-blau!
strahlt im Licht ein Hin-ter-bau, ganz dun-kel-blau, ganz dun-kel-blau!
bleibt das Blut im deut-schen Bau ganz dun-kel-blau, ganz dun-kel-blau!
-rän-dert strahlt manch Au-ge flau, ganz dun-kel-blau, ganz dun-kel-blau!
klei-ner Hund bellt leis: Wau, wau! Die sind ja al-le mäch-tig blau!
Lap-pen zählt er sehr ge-nau, ganz dun-kel-blau, ganz dun-kel-blau!
Wenn der
29
Mond, wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond, wenn der
31
Mond, wenn der Mond vom Him-mel lacht, bei der Nacht, bei der Nacht, bei der Nacht!
mf
sfz
sfz
sfz

1. Es zittert dumpf zwölfmal der Turmuhr Klang,
Wind, der pfeift, die Nebel wehn!
Das Auto saust im Hui die Straßen lang,
aber nur für Taxe zehn!
Den Josef liebte seine Potiphar!
Chauffeur! So fahren Sie in eine Bar!
Nanu! Nanu!
Da ist doch alles zu!
Das kann nicht sein, das ist doch gar zu dumm!
Na, Kinder, gehn wir einfach hintenrum!
Wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond,
wenn der Mond scheint schön,
dann geh ich rauf und runter,
wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond,
wenn der Mond scheint schön,
werd ich erst richtig munter!
Der Schatten liegt auf Mann und Frau
ganz dunkelblau, ganz dunkelblau!
Wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond,
wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond,
wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond vom Himmel lacht,
bei der Nacht, bei der Nacht, bei der Nacht!

2. Gar manchen Menschen schlägt der Mond auf's Hirn,
so zum Beispiel auch Herrn Krause!
Steigt auf zum dunklen Himmel das Gestirn,
ja, dann muss er aus dem Hause.
Und mitten in der Mondgespensternacht
Herr Krause plötzlich auf das Fenster macht!
Nanu! Nanu!
Da steht er ohne Schuh!
Er klettert auf dem Dach. O frühes Grab!
Und staubt da seine Hypotheken ab?
Wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond,
wenn der Mond scheint schön,
dann steigt er rauf und runter,
wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond,
wenn der Mond scheint schön,
wird der erst richtig munter!
Es strahlt im Licht ein Hinterbau,
ganz dunkelblau, ganz dunkelblau!
Wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond,
wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond,
wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond vom Himmel lacht,
bei der Nacht, bei der Nacht, bei der Nacht!

3. Die Plätze liegen leer, man schuftet nicht,
jeder Mann hat Ruh und Ferien!
Nur in der Wilhelmstraße brennt noch Licht
in den deutschen Ministerien.
Was man am Tage demokratisch macht,
wird leise umgewandelt in der Nacht!
Nanu! Nanu!
Herr Ebert möcht' sei Ruh!
Die rote Mütze, die Germania trägt,
sie nächtens gerne rechts vom Bette legt!
Wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond,
wenn der Mond scheint schön,
dann geh da rauf und runter,
wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond,
wenn der Mond scheint schön,
werd'n die erst richtig munter!
Es bleibt das Blut im deutschen Bau
ganz dunkelblau, ganz dunkelblau!
Wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond,
wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond,
wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond vom Himmel lacht,
bei der Nacht, bei der Nacht, bei der Nacht!

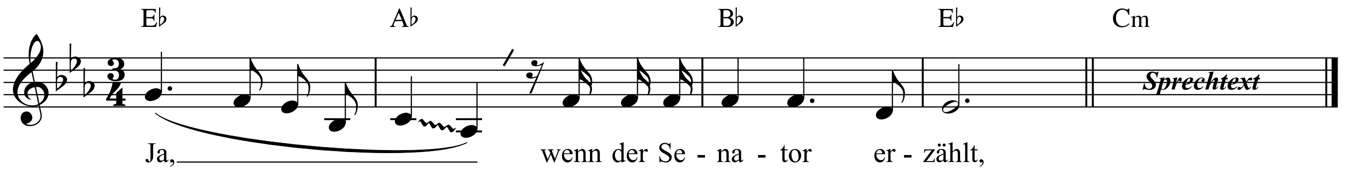
4. Es bringt die Nacht, das ist nun einmal so,
die Erotik oft in Rage!
Frau Venus zeigt sich gerne dos-à-dos,
an der Ecke der Passage!
Du siehst daselbst kein süßes Mädchending,
nur Jüngeling siehst du an Jüngeling!
Nanu! Nanu!
»Ach, liebst du mich, Joujou?«
Doch mitten in der Liebe spricht das Biest:
Dir lass ick hochgehn, eh du dir versiehst!
Wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond,
wenn der Mond scheint schön,
dann gehn die rauf und runter,
wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond,
wenn der Mond scheint schön,
werd'n die erst richtig munter!
Umrändert strahlt manch Auge flau,
ganz dunkelblau, ganz dunkelblau!
Wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond,
wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond,
wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond vom Himmel lacht,
bei der Nacht, bei der Nacht, bei der Nacht!

5. In seiner Wohnung schläft Herr Helferich,
leicht gesträubt sind seine Haare!
Denn grade träumt er schwer und fühlet sich
als Untersuchungsausschussware!
Da plötzlich schlägt ein Ständchen an sein Ohr,
er hört im Garten einen Sängerchor!
Nanu! Nanu!
Wer stört da Karlchens Ruh? ‘
‘s steht auf der Hitzigstraße, ei, wie nett!
ein nationales Huldigungsquartett!
Wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond,
wenn der Mond scheint schön,
dann sing’n sie rauf und runter,
wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond,
wenn der Mond scheint schön,
werd’n die erst richtig munter!
Ein kleiner Hund bellt leis: Wau, wau!
Die sind ja alle mächtig blau!
Wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond,
wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond,
wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond vom Himmel lacht,
bei der Nacht, bei der Nacht, bei der Nacht!

6. Es schnarcht der Detektiv.
Die Hähne schrein. Und die Nacht ist tief und kalt!
Klamottenede bricht bei Meiers ein,
horch! der dicke Geldschrank knallt!
Die Blendlaterne blinkt, Herr Ede schwitzt,
bis ihm die Mütze tief im Nacken sitzt!
Na-nu! Na-nu!
Ist das ein Erzfilou!
Da liegt ein Zettel: »Sie! Ich habe bereits
mein ganzes Geld seit gestern in der Schweiz!«
Wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond,
wenn der Mond scheint schön,
dann geht er rauf und runter,
wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond,
wenn der Mond scheint schön,
wird er erst richtig munter!
Die Lappen zählt er sehr genau,
ganz dunkelblau, ganz dunkelblau!
Wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond,
wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond,
wenn der Mond, wenn der Mond vom Himmel lacht,
bei der Nacht, bei der Nacht, bei der Nacht!

Wenn der Senator erzählt

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



1. Ja, wenn der Senator erzählt,
der, dem das ganze Wackelsteiner Ländchen gehört
und alles, was darauf steht.
Wie der angefangen hat:
Sohn eines Tischlers,
der war mit 40 schon Invalide,
alle Finger der rechten Hand unter der Kreissäge.
Mit fünf Jahren schon ist der Senator jeden Tag
von Wackelrode nach Hohentalholzheim gelaufen,
zwölf Kilometer hin
und zwölf Kilometer zurück.
Und warum?
Weil in Wackelrode ein Liter Milch zweieinhalb Pfennig gekostet hat,
in Hohentalholzheim aber nur zwei Pfennig,
und diesen halben Pfennig durfte der Bub behalten.
Das hat er auch getan, zehn Jahre lang –
von Wackelrode
nach Hohentalholzheim,
von Hohentalholzheim
nach Wackelrode.
Und nach zehn Jahren, da hat sich der Senator gesagt:
»So.« Hat das ganze Geld genommen
und das erste Hüttenwerk
auf das Wackelsteiner Ländchen gestellt.
Ja, wenn der Senator erzählt.

2. Dann 14/18, der Krieg.
Und hinterher, da hat sich der Senator gesagt:
»So, der Krieg ist verloren,
was ist dabei rausgekommen?
Gar nichts.«
Und dann hat er sein Geld genommen
und hat Grundstücke gekauft.
Hier eins, da eins.
Und dann kam die Arbeitslosenzeit, dann Adolf.
Ja, und 34, da gehörte ihm praktisch schon
das ganze Wackelsteiner Ländchen.
Und dann hat er noch ein Hüttenwerk
auf das Wackelsteiner Ländchen gestellt.
Das waren dann schon zwei,
das alte Wackelsteiner Hüttenwerk
und das neue Wackelsteiner Hüttenwerk.
Und mitten im Krieg, in schwerer Zeit,
hat er noch ein Hüttenwerk
auf das Wackelsteiner Ländchen gestellt.
Ja, wenn der Senator erzählt.

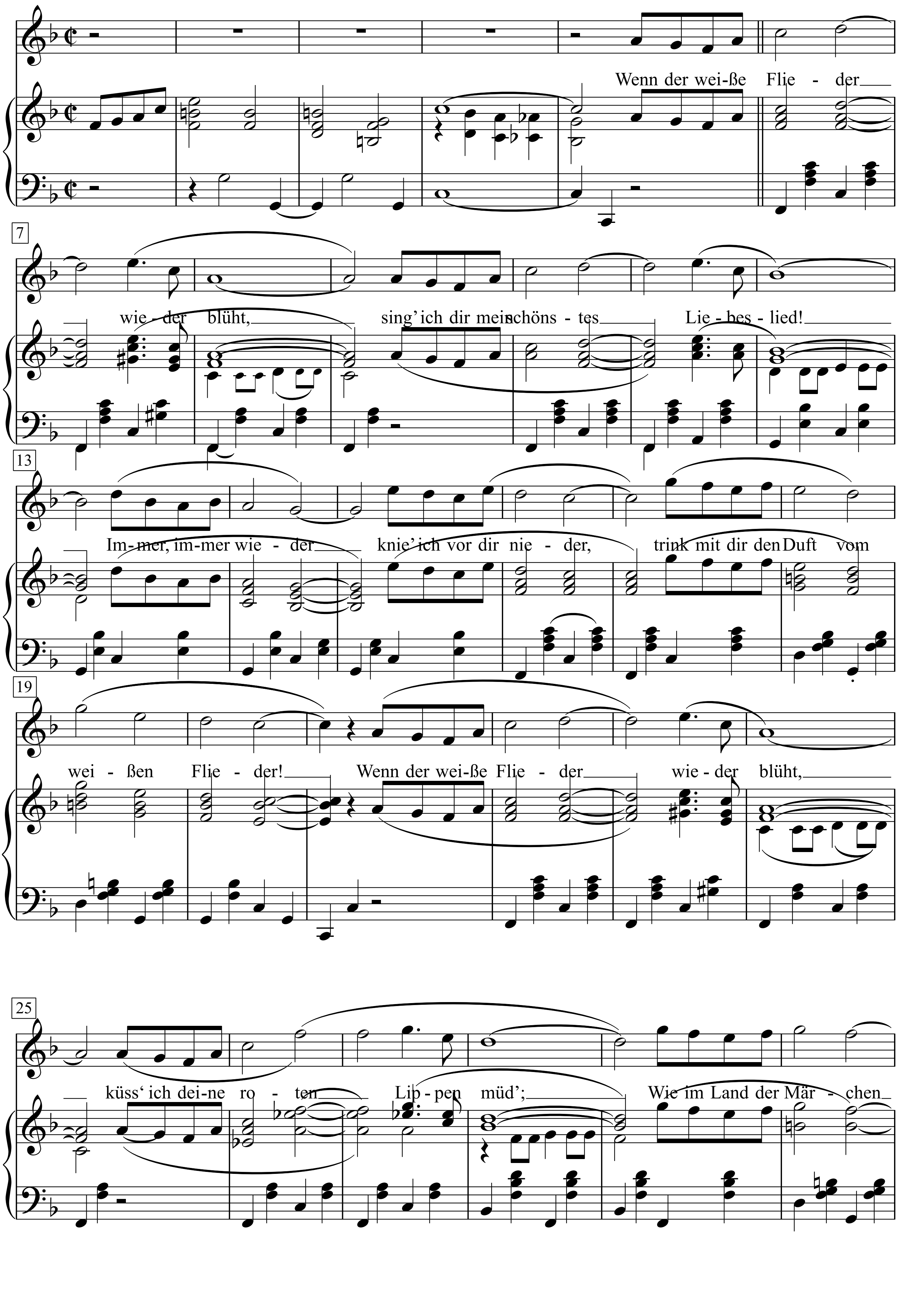
3. Und dann 45, ausgebombt, demontiert.
Da hat sich der Senator gesagt:
»So, der Krieg ist verloren.
Was ist dabei rausgekommen?
Gar nichts.«
Und er war froh,
dass er wenigstens noch sein Wackelsteiner Ländchen hatte
und seine treuen Bauern;
hier einen Schinken, dort einen Liter Milch.
Und so konnte man ganz langsam wieder anfangen.
Aber dann 48, Währungsreform.
Da stand der Senator
wie jeder von uns mit vierzig Mark auf der Hand.
Und was hat er damit gemacht?
Etwa ein viertes Hüttenwerk
auf das Wackelsteiner Ländchen gestellt?
Nein. Er hat's auf den Kopf gehauen
in einer Nacht.
Und als er dann morgens auf der Straße stand,
neblig war's und kalt,
da musste der Senator plötzlich so richtig lachen.
Er hatte eine gute Idee:
»Wie wäre es«, sagte sich der Senator,
» wenn man aus dem Wackelsteiner Ländchen
ein Ferienparadies machen würde?«
Gesagt, getan.
Verkehrsminister angerufen – alter Kumpel aus schwerer Zeit.
Ja, und dann ist aus dem Wackelsteiner Ländchen
das Wackelsteiner Ländchen geworden,
wie es jedermann heute kennt.
Und dann hat der Senator noch ein Hüttenwerk
auf das Wackelsteiner Ländchen gestellt.
Ja, wenn der Senator erzählt.

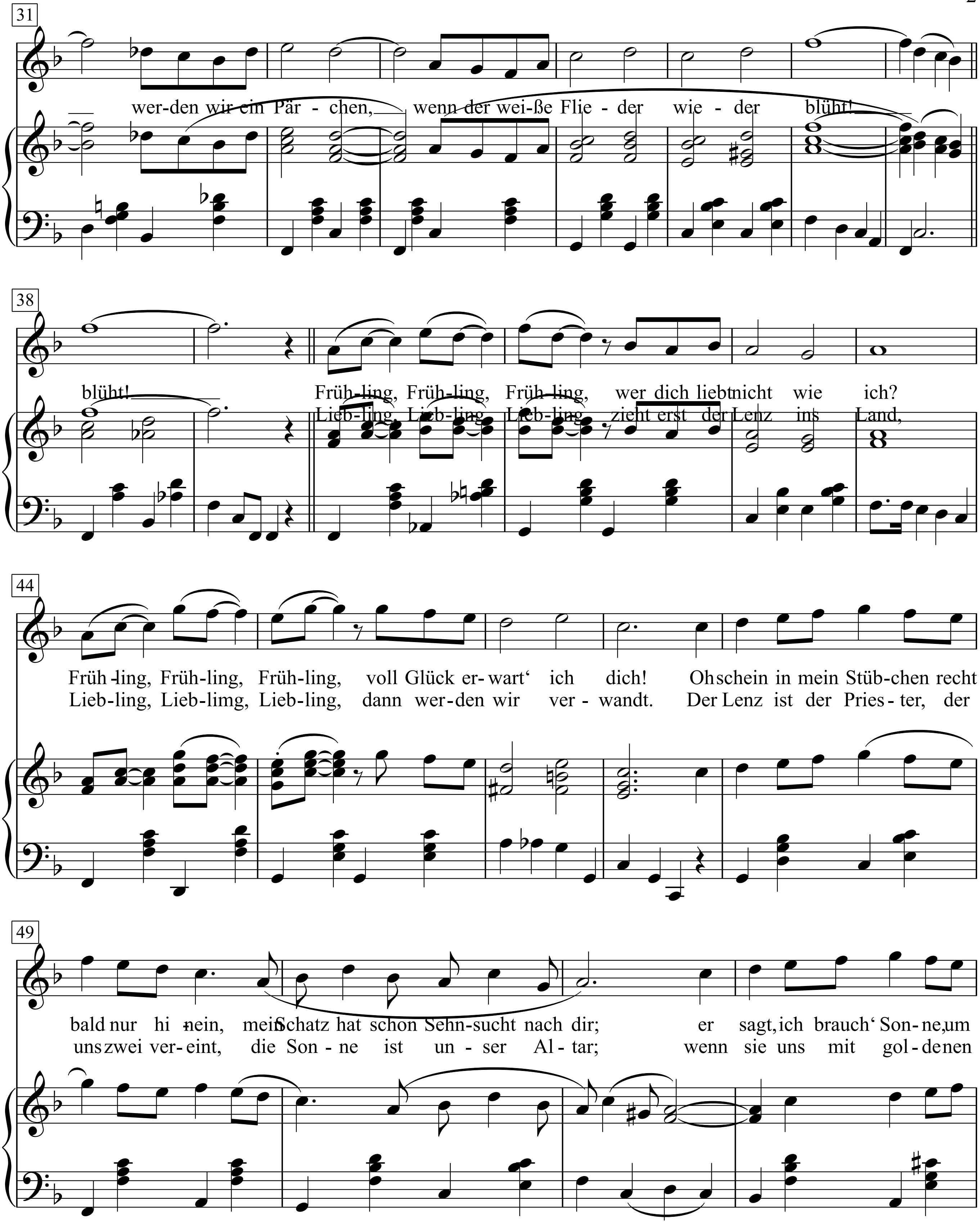
4. Aber dann wird er traurig, der Senator.
»Und wissen Sie was«, sagt er,
» die waren damals doch glücklicher,
die Leute.
Wie ich angefangen habe:
Sohn eines Tischlers,
der war mit 40 schon Invalide,
alle Finger der rechten Hand unter der Kreissäge.
Mit fünf Jahren schon bin ich jeden Tag
von Wackelrode nach Hohentalholzheim gelaufen,
zwölf Kilometer hin
und zwölf Kilometer zurück.
Und warum?«
Ja, wenn der Senator erzählt.

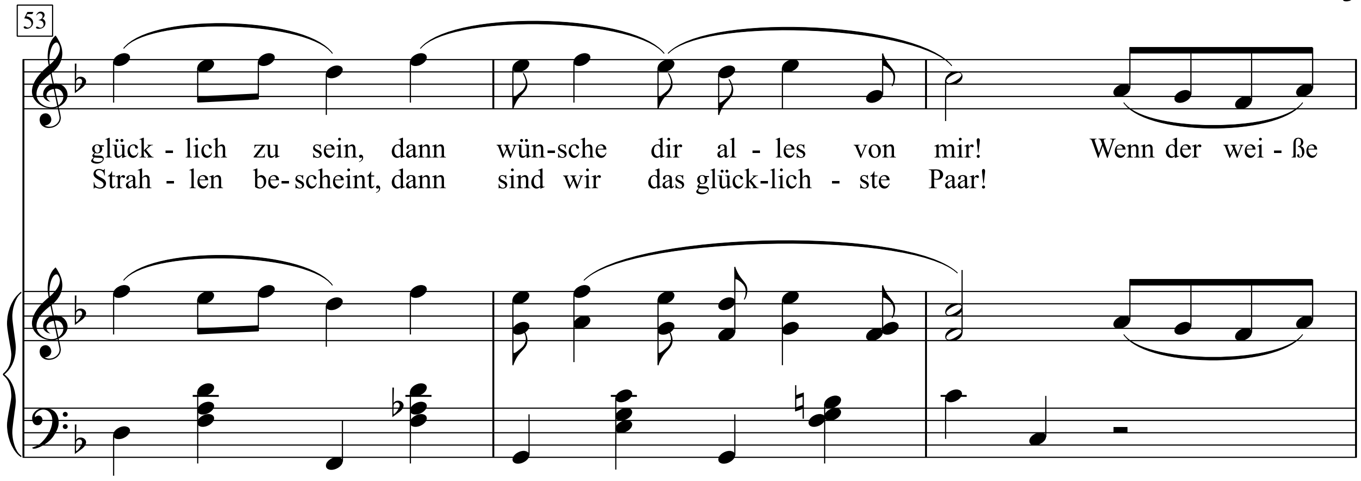
Wenn der weiße Flieder wieder blüht

Fritz Rotter

Franz Doelle



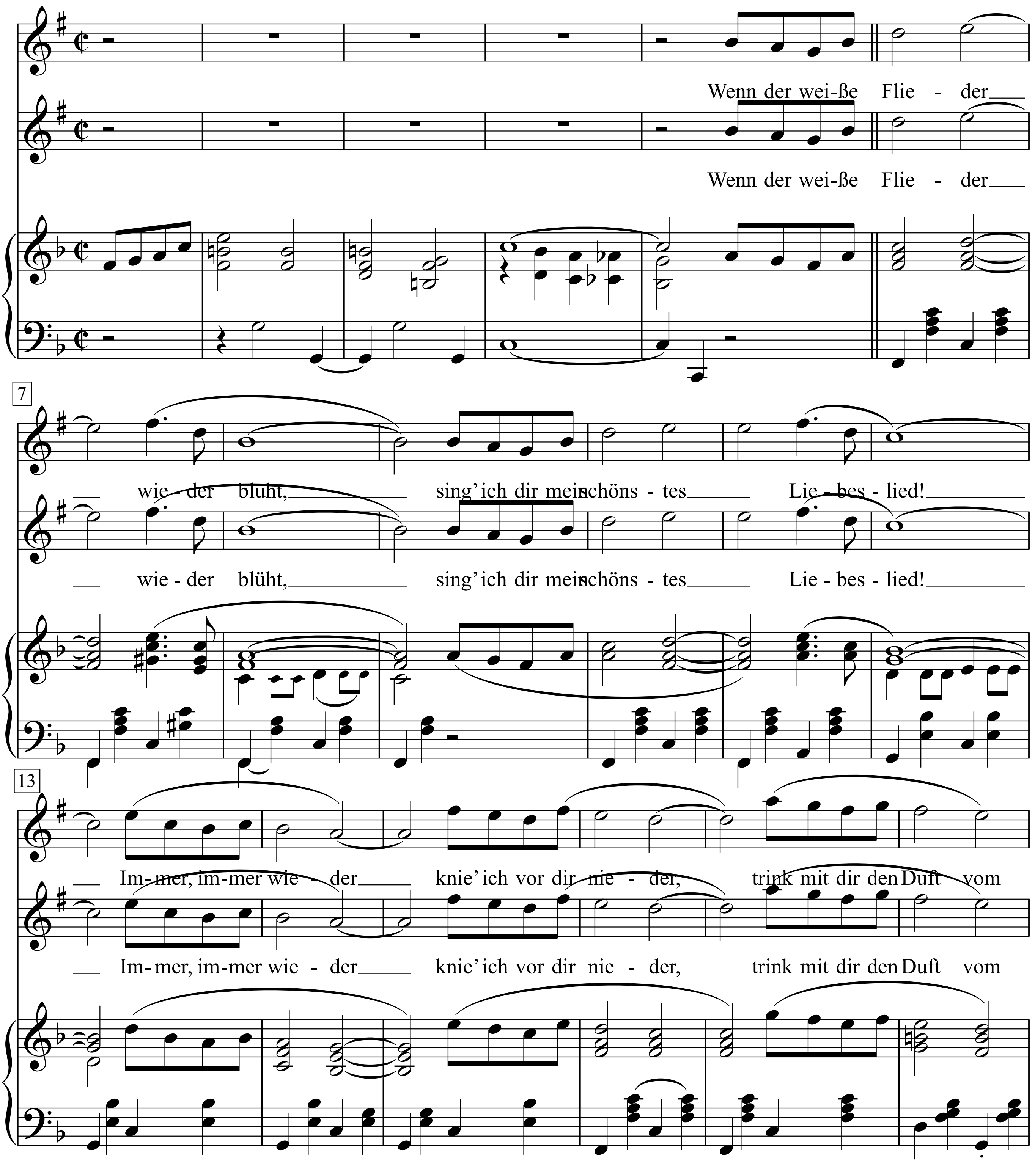

31
wer-den wir ein Pär - chen, wenn der wei-ße Flie - der wie - der blüht!
38
blüht! Früh-ling, Früh-ling, Früh-ling, wer dich liebt nicht wie ich?
Lieb-ling, Lieb-ling, Lieb-ling, zieht erst der Lenz ins Land,
44
Früh-ling, Früh-ling, Früh-ling, voll Glück er-wart' ich dich! Oh schein in mein Stüb-chen recht
Lieb-ling, Lieb-limg, Lieb-ling, dann wer-den wir ver - wandt. Der Lenz ist der Pries - ter, der
49
bald nur hi - nein, mein Schatz hat schon Sehn-sucht nach dir; er sagt, ich brauch' Son-ne, um
uns zwei ver-eint, die Son - ne ist un - ser Al - tar; wenn sie uns mit gol-denen

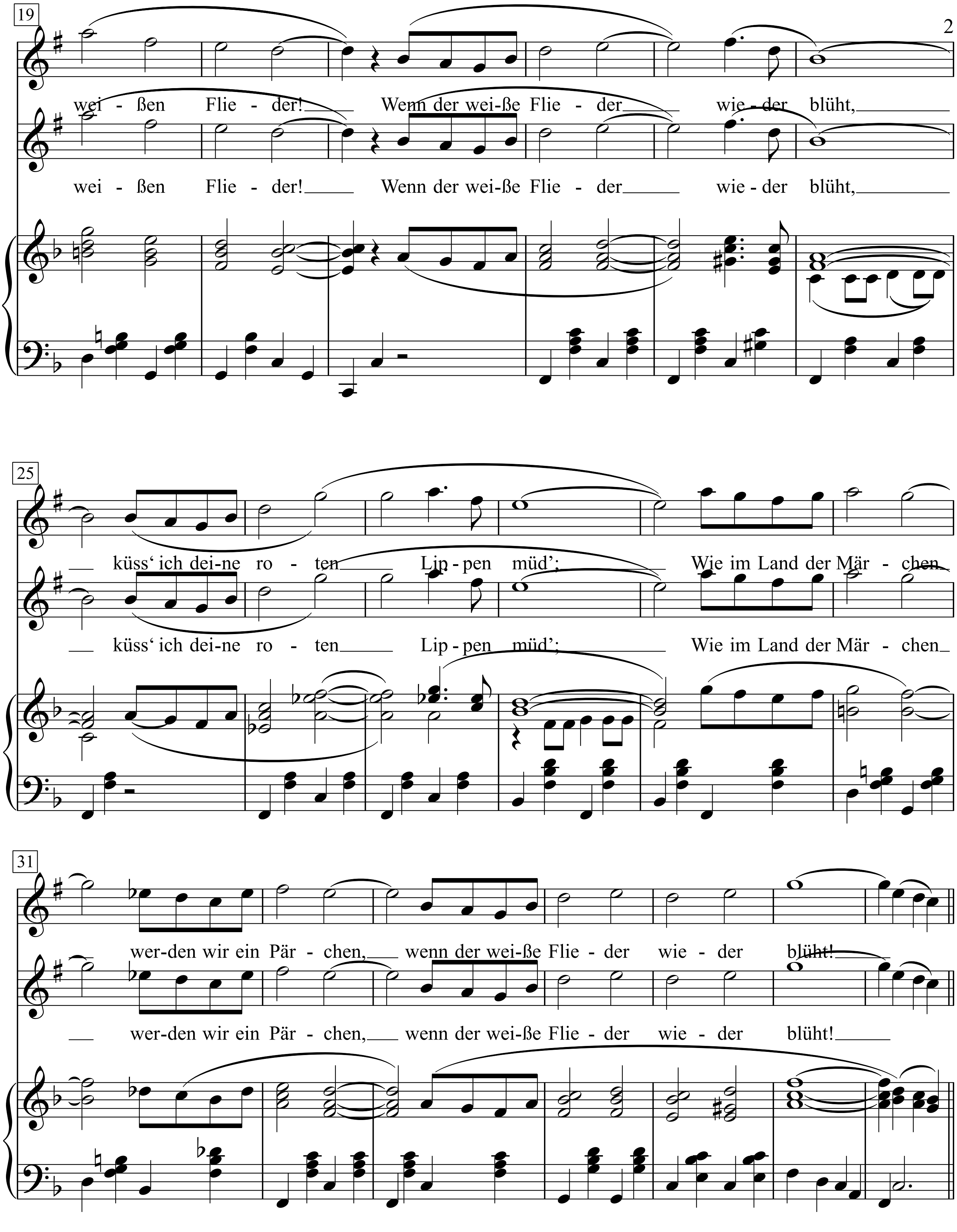

53
glück - lich zu sein, dann wün-sche dir al - les von mir! Wenn der wei - ße
Strah - len be-scheint, dann sind wir das glück-lich - ste Paar!

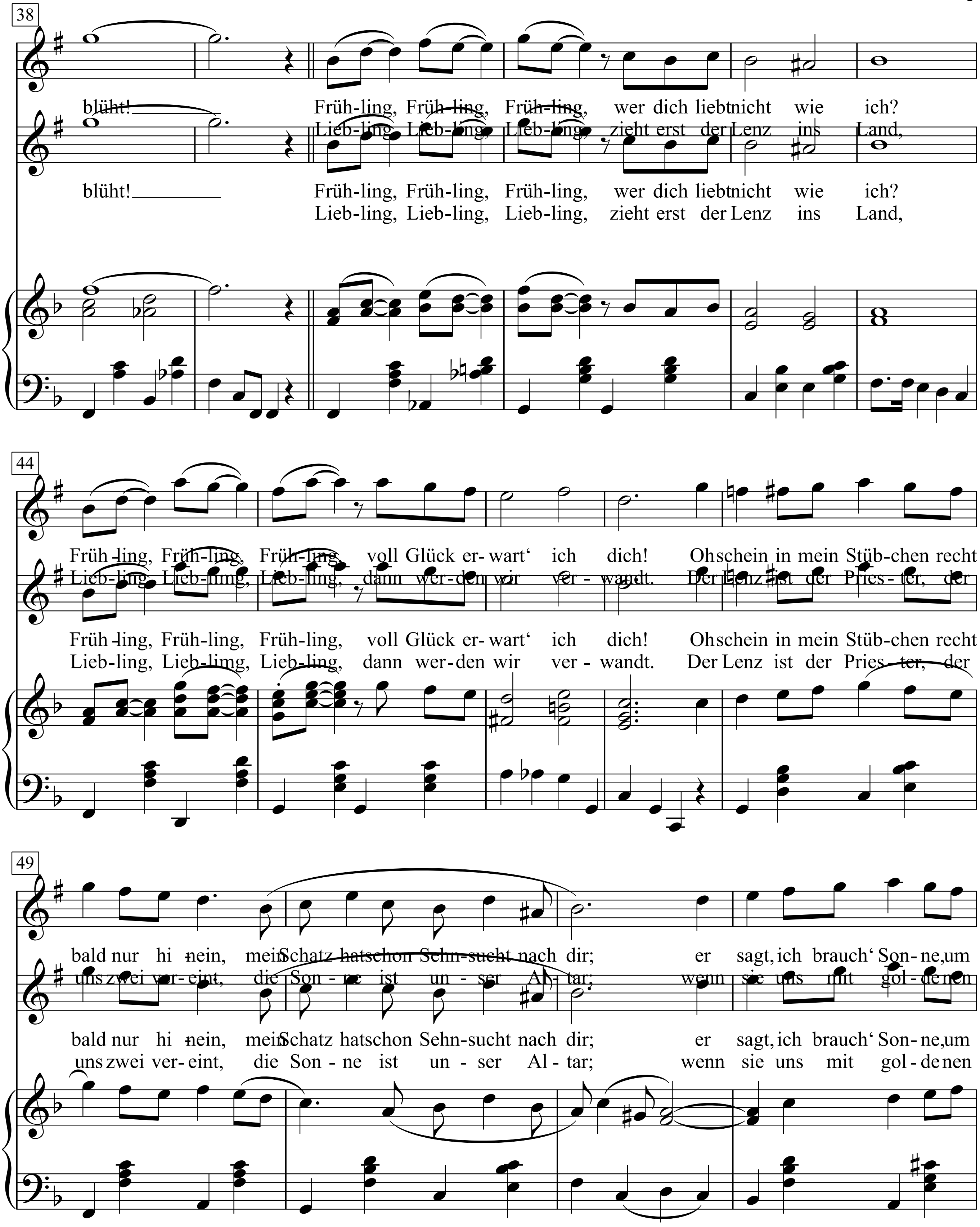
Wenn der weiße Flieder wieder blüht

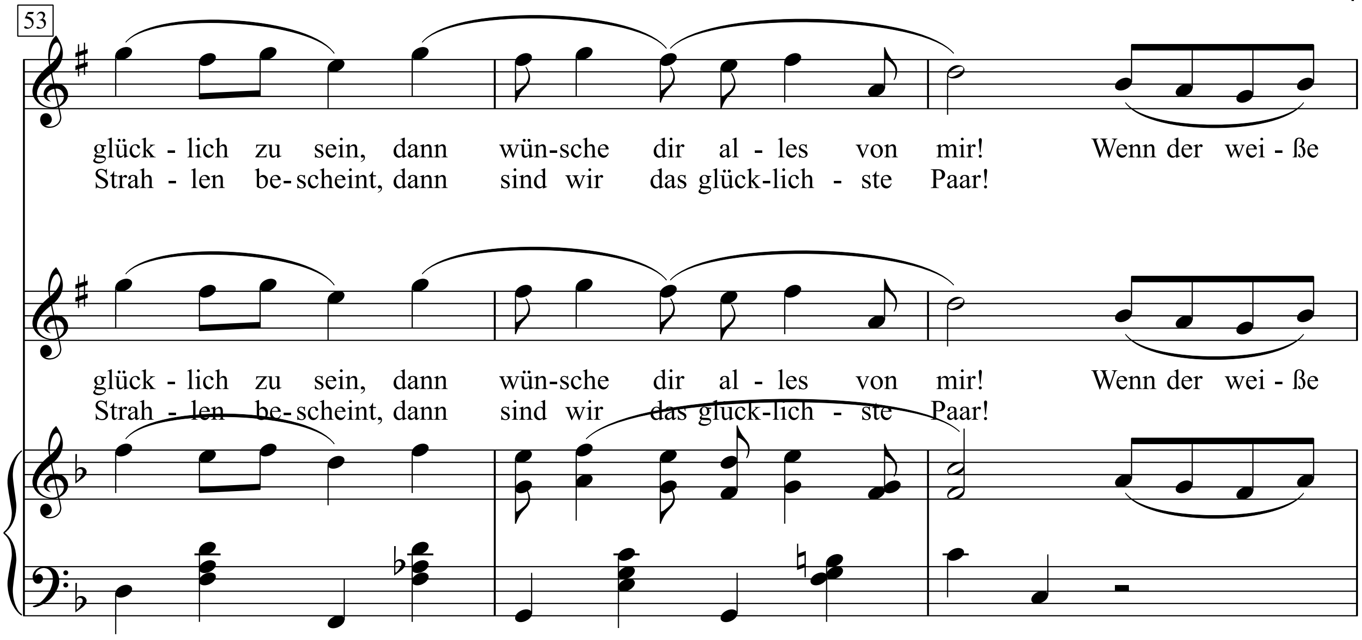
Fritz Rotter

Franz Doelle




19
wei - ßen Flie - der! Wenn der wei-ße Flie - der wie - der blüht,
wei - ßen Flie - der! Wenn der wei-ße Flie - der wie - der blüht,
25
küss' ich dei-ne ro - ten Lip - pen müd'; Wie im Land der Mär - chen
küss' ich dei-ne ro - ten Lip - pen müd'; Wie im Land der Mär - chen
31
wer-den wir ein Pär - chen, wenn der wei-ße Flie - der wie - der blüht!
wer-den wir ein Pär - chen, wenn der wei-ße Flie - der wie - der blüht!


38
blüht!
Früh-ling, Früh-ling, Früh-ling, wer dich liebt nicht wie ich?
Lieb-ling, Lieb-ling, Lieb-ling, zieht erst der Lenz ins Land,
44
Früh-ling, Früh-ling, Früh-ling, voll Glück er-wart' ich dich! Oh schein in mein Stüb-chen recht
Lieb-ling, Lieb-ling, Lieb-ling, dann wer-den wir ver-wandt. Der Lenz ist der Pries-ter, der
49
bald nur hi-nein, mein Schatz hat schon Sehn-sucht nach dir; er sagt, ich brauch' Son-ne, um
uns zwei ver-eint, die Son-ne ist un-ser Al-tar; wenn sie uns mit gol-de-nen

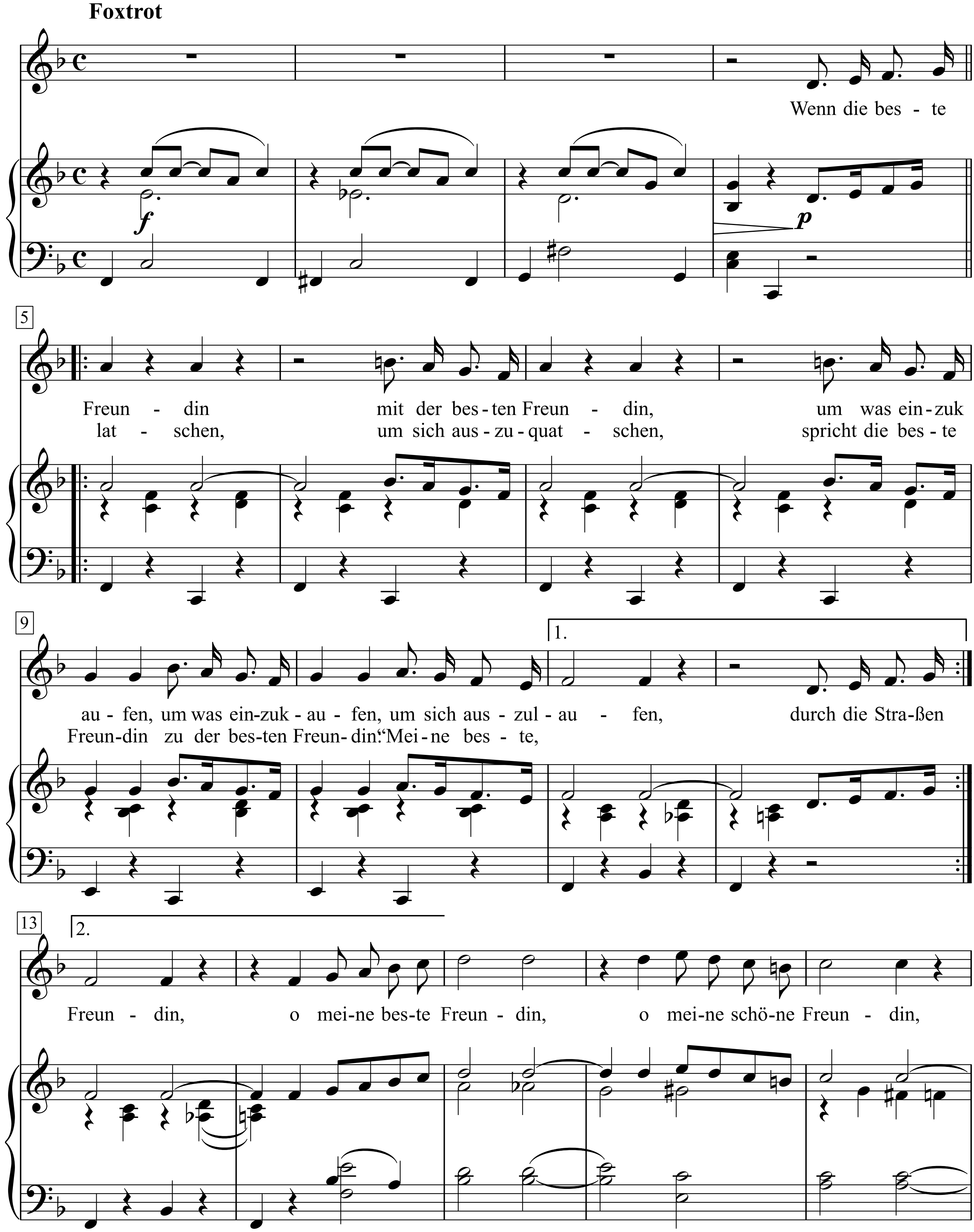

53
glück - lich zu sein, dann wün-sche dir al - les von mir! Wenn der wei - ße
Strah - len be-scheint, dann sind wir das glück-lich - ste Paar!
glück - lich zu sein, dann wün-sche dir al - les von mir! Wenn der wei - ße
Strah - len be-scheint, dann sind wir das glück-lich - ste Paar!

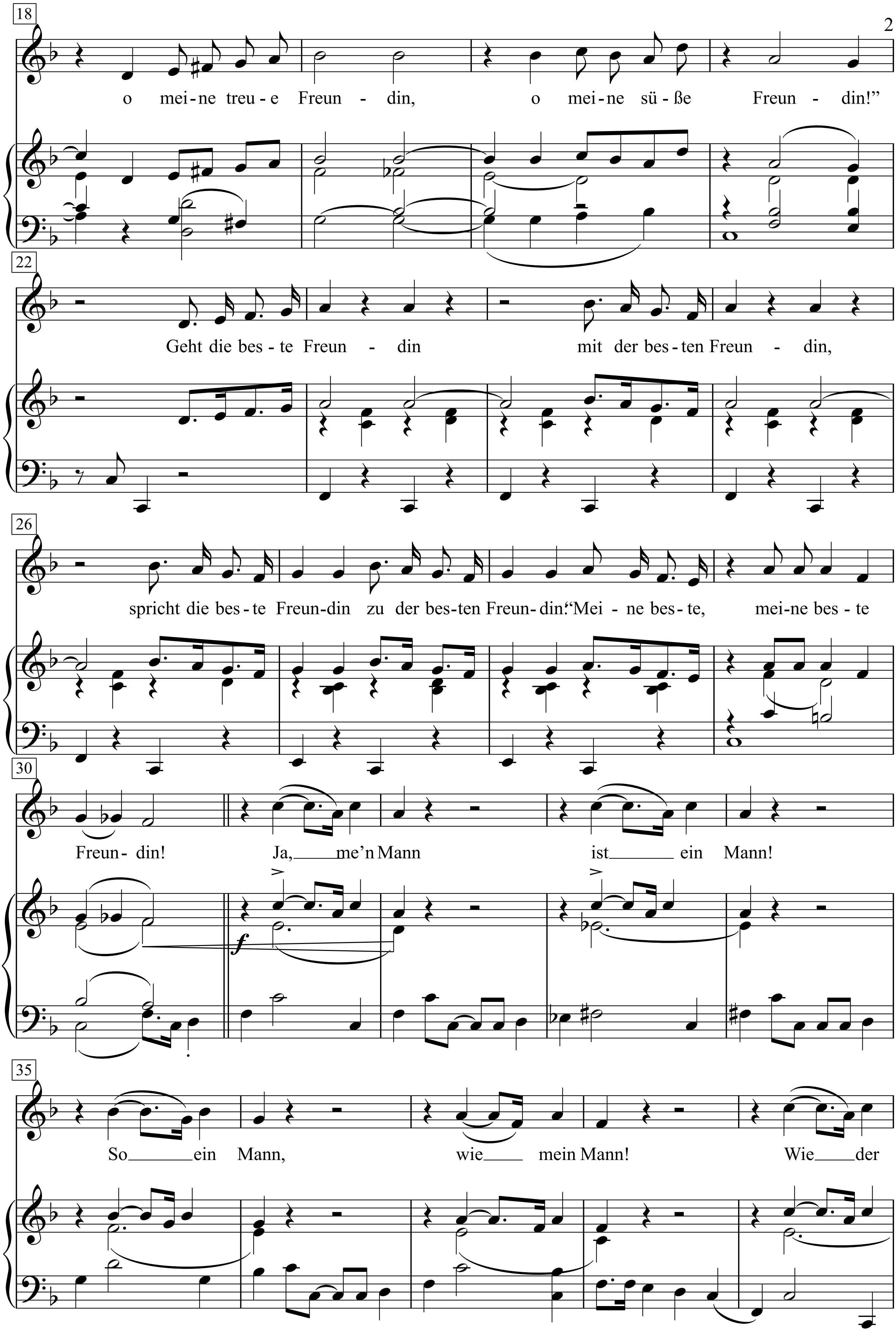
Wenn die beste Freundin

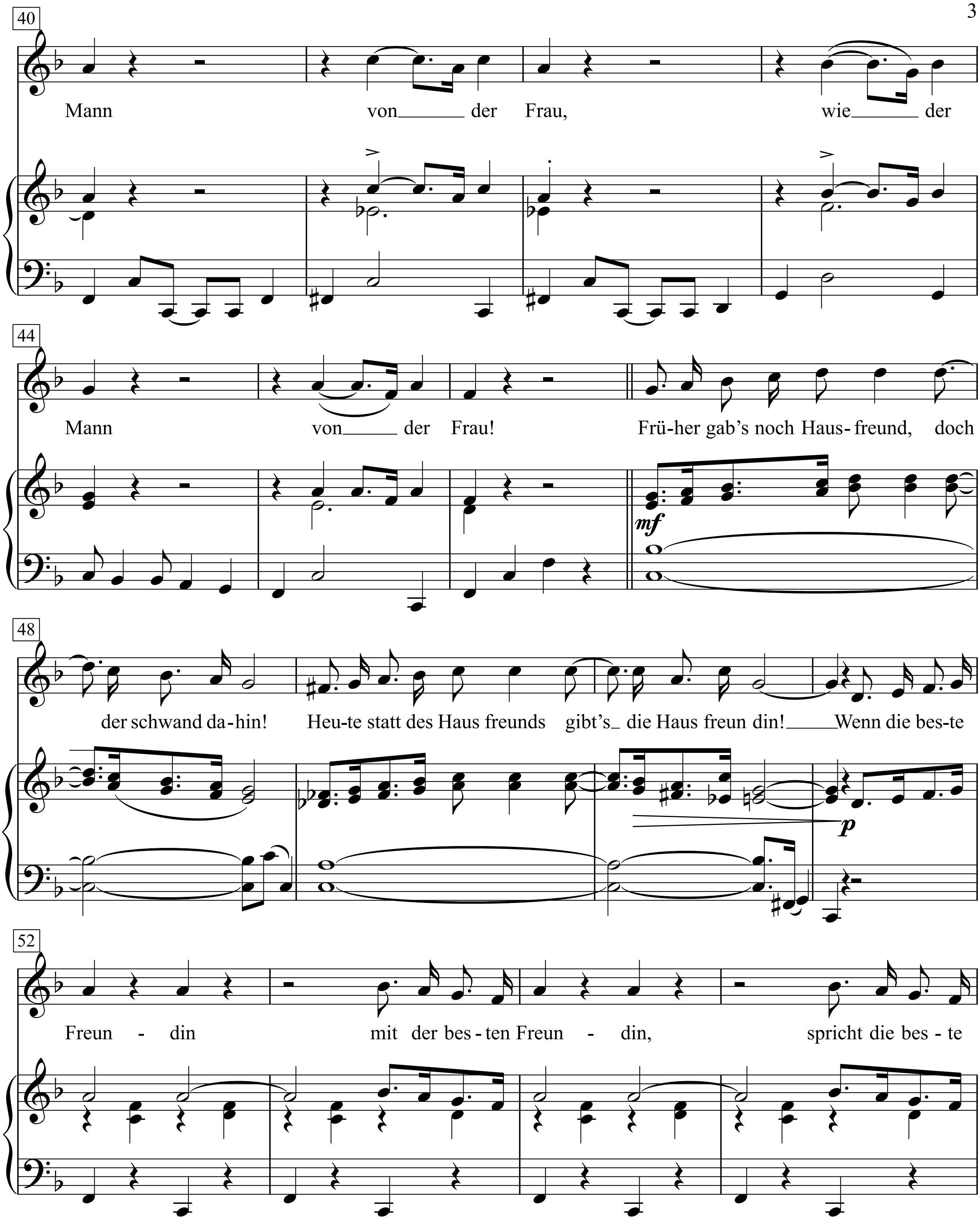
(Chanson-Foxtrot aus dem Spiel 'Es liegt in der Luft')

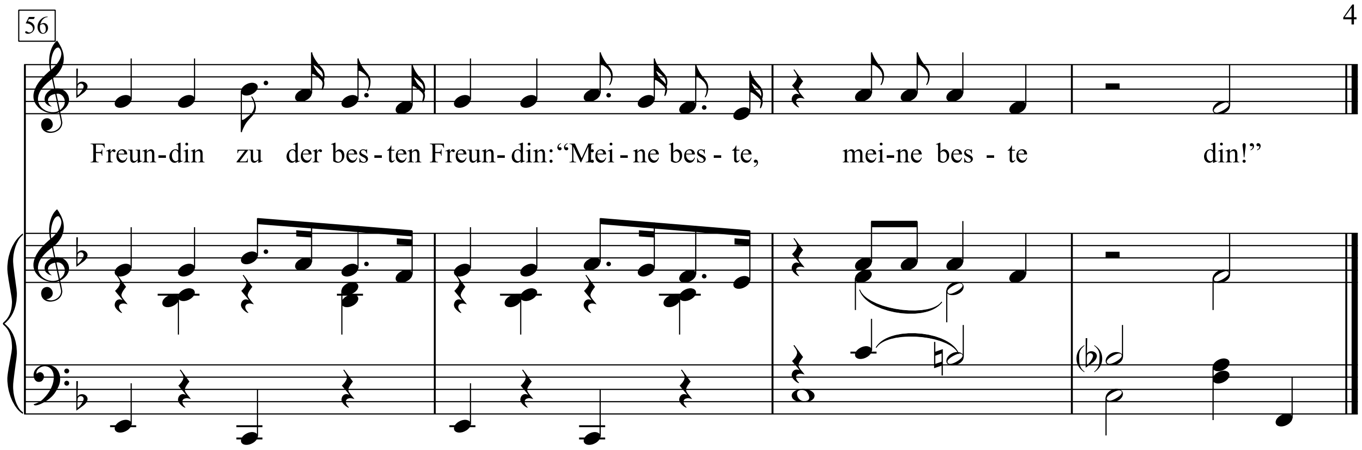
Text: Marcellus Schiffer

Musik: Mischa Spoliansky
Klav.-Arr.: Karl R. Brachtel




18
o mei-ne treu-e Freun - din, o mei-ne sü-ße Freun - din!”
22
Geht die bes-te Freun - din mit der bes-ten Freun - din,
26
spricht die bes-te Freun-din zu der bes-ten Freun-din:“Mei - ne bes-te, mei-ne bes - te
30
Freun- din! Ja, me’n Mann ist ein Mann!
35
So ein Mann, wie mein Mann! Wie der


40
Mann von der Frau, wie der
44
Mann von der Frau! Frü-her gab's noch Haus-freund, doch
48
der schwand da-hin! Heu-te statt des Haus freunds gibt's die Haus freun din! Wenn die bes-te
52
Freun - din mit der bes-ten Freun - din, spricht die bes - te



1. Wenn die beste Freundin mit der besten Freundin,
um was einzukaufen, um was einzukaufen,
um sich auszulaufen, durch die Straßen latschen,
um sich auszuquatschen,
spricht die beste Freundin zu der besten Freundin:
“Meine beste, Freundin, o meine beste Freundin,
o meine schöne Freundin, o meine treue Freundin, o meine süße Freundin!”
Geht die beste Freundin mit der besten Freundin,
spricht die beste Freundin zu der besten Freundin:
“Meine beste, meine beste Freundin!

Ja, me’n Mann ist ein Mann! So ein Mann, wie mein Mann!
Wie der Mann von der Frau, wie der Mann von der Frau!
Früher gab’s noch Hausfreund, doch der schwand dahin!
Heute statt des Hausfreunds gibt’s die Hausfreundin!
Wenn die beste Freundin mit der besten Freundin,
spricht die beste Freundin zu der besten Freundin: :
“Meine beste, meine beste Freundin!”
Gesprochen:
- Ja, was sagt denn da die beste Freundin? Sag doch mal was zu mir, was dir so grade einfällt.
- Ich kann dir nur eins sagen: Wenn ich dich nicht hätte - wir vertragen uns beide so gut.
- Ja, wir vertragen uns so furchtbar gut. Wie wir uns beide gut zusammen vertragen!
- Das ist kaum noch auszuhalten, wie gut wir uns beide vertragen!
- Nur mit einem vertrage ich mich noch so gut. Mit meinem süßen kleinen Mann.
- Ja, mit deinem süßen kleinen Mann!

Gesprochen:
- Dein kleiner Mann ist aber auch zu süß!
- So?
- Ja
- Warum?
- Ich finde ...
- Wieso?
- Warum?
- Wieso findest du?
- Wieso nicht?
- Das passt mir aber nicht!
- Nanu!

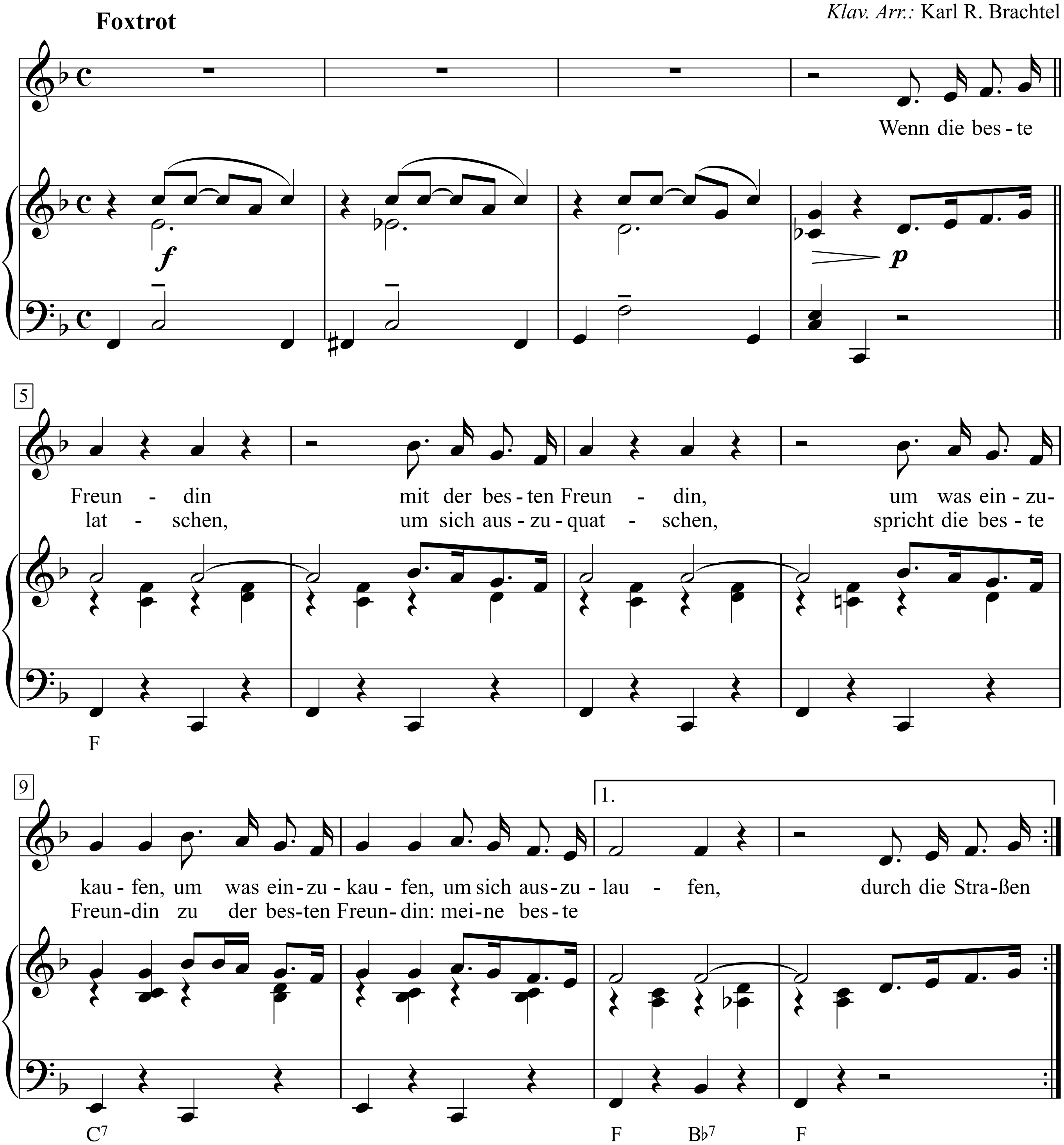
Gesprochen:
- Nanu?
- Du hast mich mit ihr betrogen!
- Weil du mich mit ihr betrogen hast!
- Und du hast mich mit ihm betrogen!
- Weil du mich mit ihm betrügst!
- Was sind denn das für verwickelte Familienverhältnisse?
Woll'n wir uns nicht lieber vertragen?
- Ja, wir woll'n uns lieber vertragen!
- Die dumme, dumme Liebe!

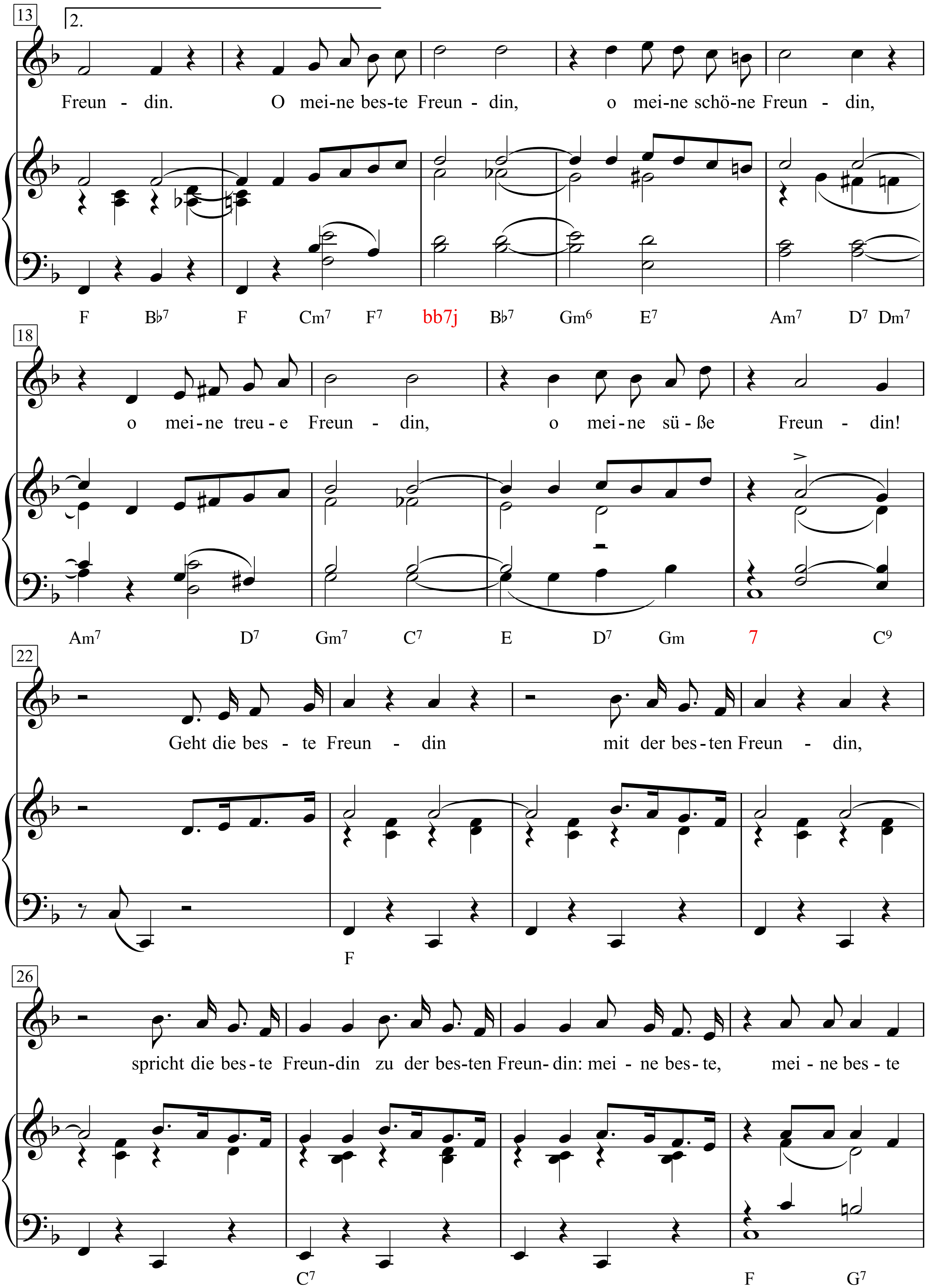
Wenn die beste Freundin

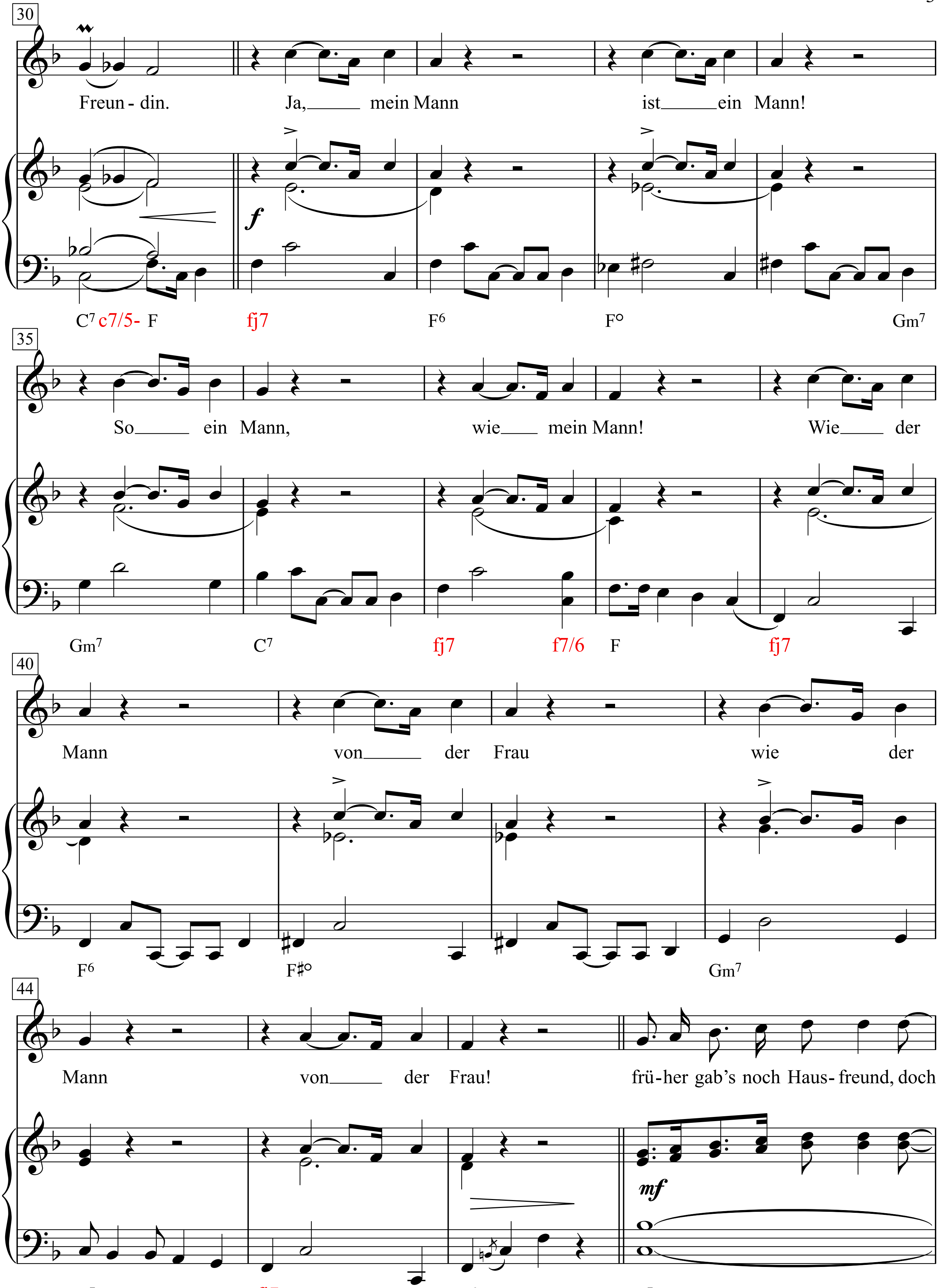
Chanson-Foxtrot aus dem Spiel »Es liegt was in der Luft«

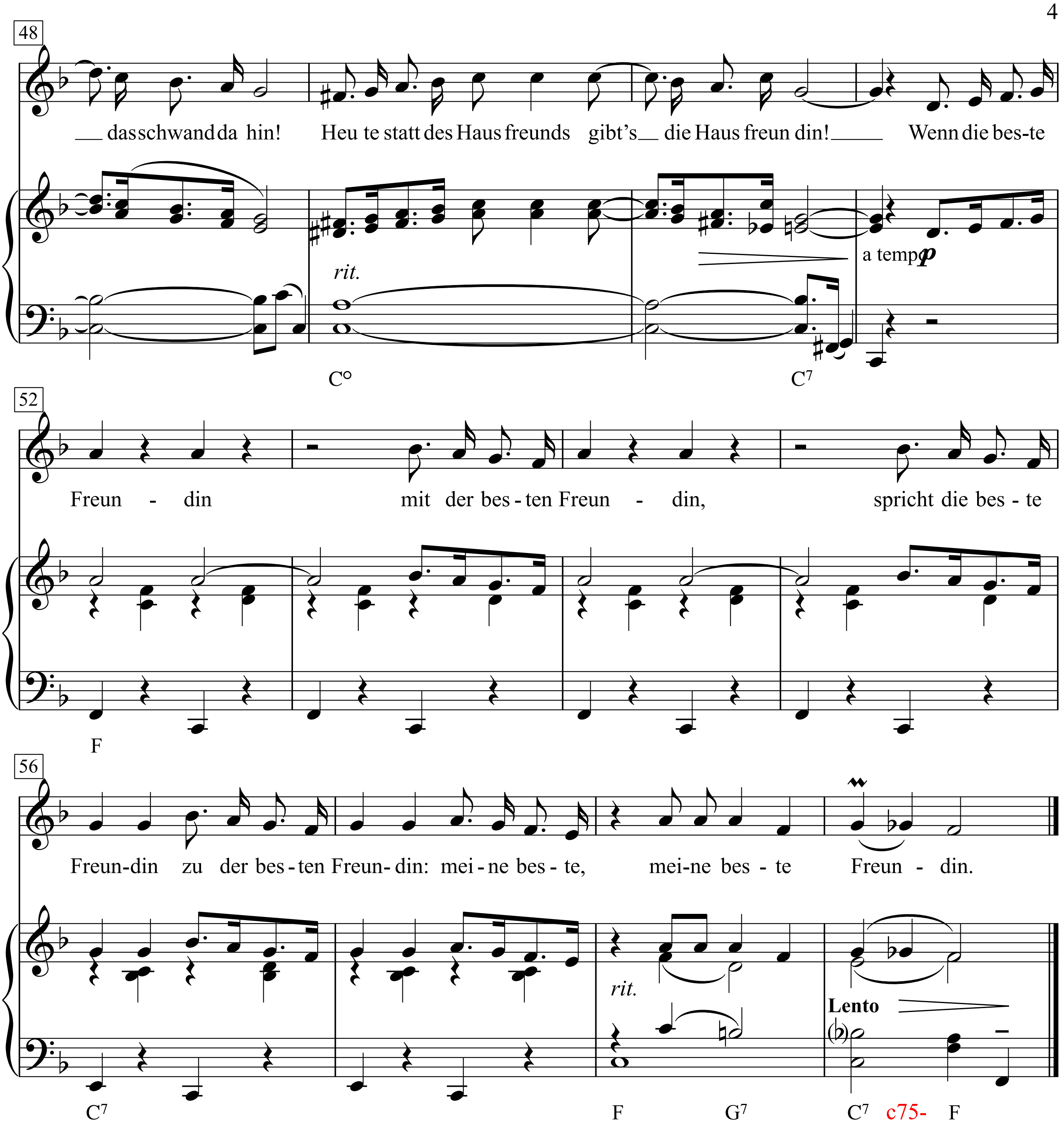
Text: Marcellus Schiffer

Musik: Mischa Spoliansky
Klav. Arr.: Karl R. Brachtel




13
2.
Freun - din. O mei-ne bes-te Freun - din, o mei-ne schö-ne Freun - din,
F Bb7 F Cm7 F7 bb7j Bb7 Gm6 E7 Am7 D7 Dm7
18
o mei-ne treu-e Freun - din, o mei-ne sü-ße Freun - din!
Am7 D7 Gm7 C7 E D7 Gm 7 C9
22
Geht die bes - te Freun - din mit der bes-ten Freun - din,
F
26
spricht die bes-te Freun-din zu der bes-ten Freun-din: mei - ne bes-te, mei - ne bes - te
C7 F G7


30
Freun - din. Ja, mein Mann ist ein Mann!
C7 c7/5- F fj7 F6 F° Gm7
35
So ein Mann, wie mein Mann! Wie der
Gm7 C7 fj7 f7/6 F fj7
40
Mann von der Frau wie der
F6 F♯° Gm7
44
Mann von der Frau! frü-her gab's noch Haus- freund, doch
C7 fj7 F6 C7

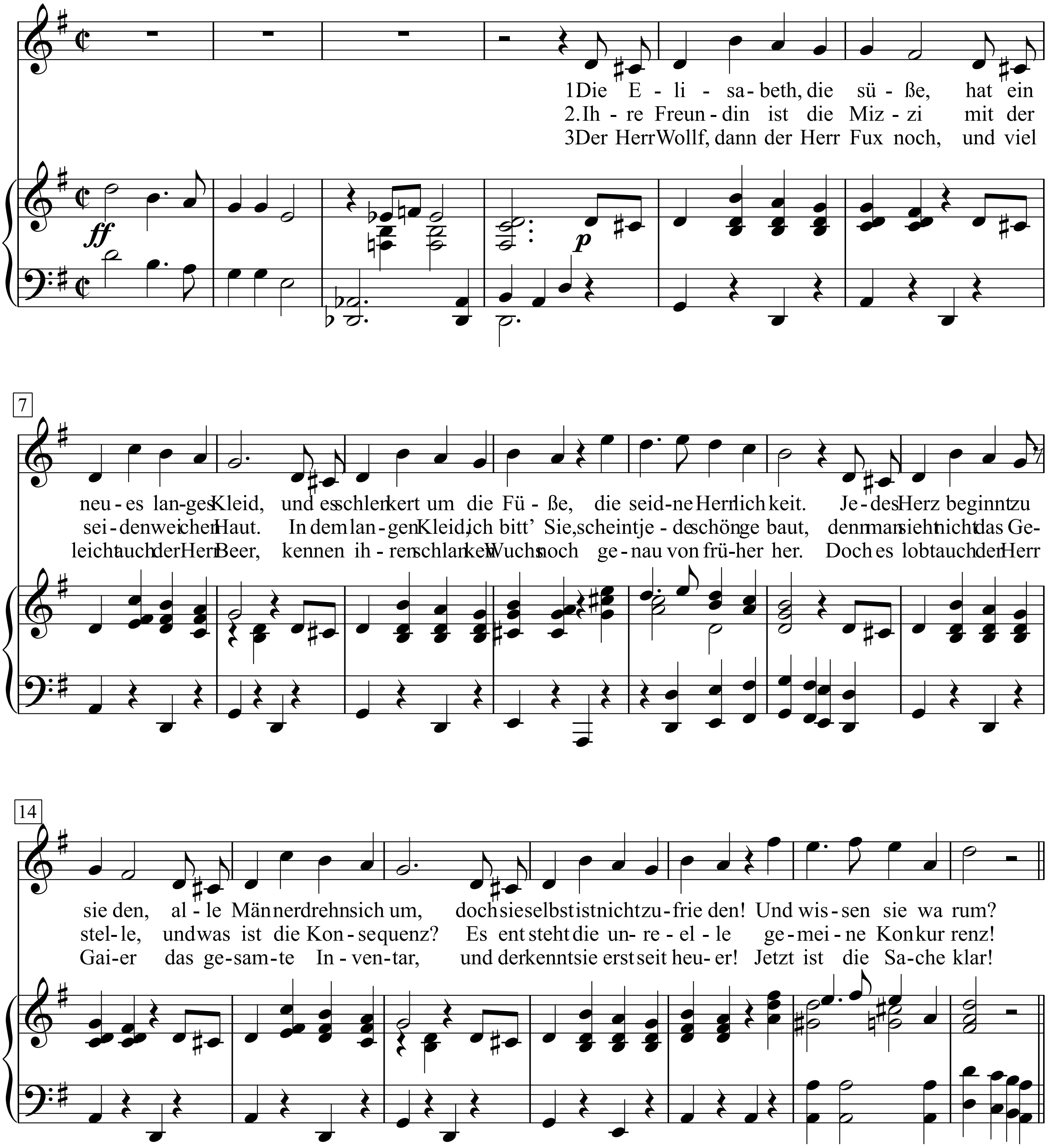


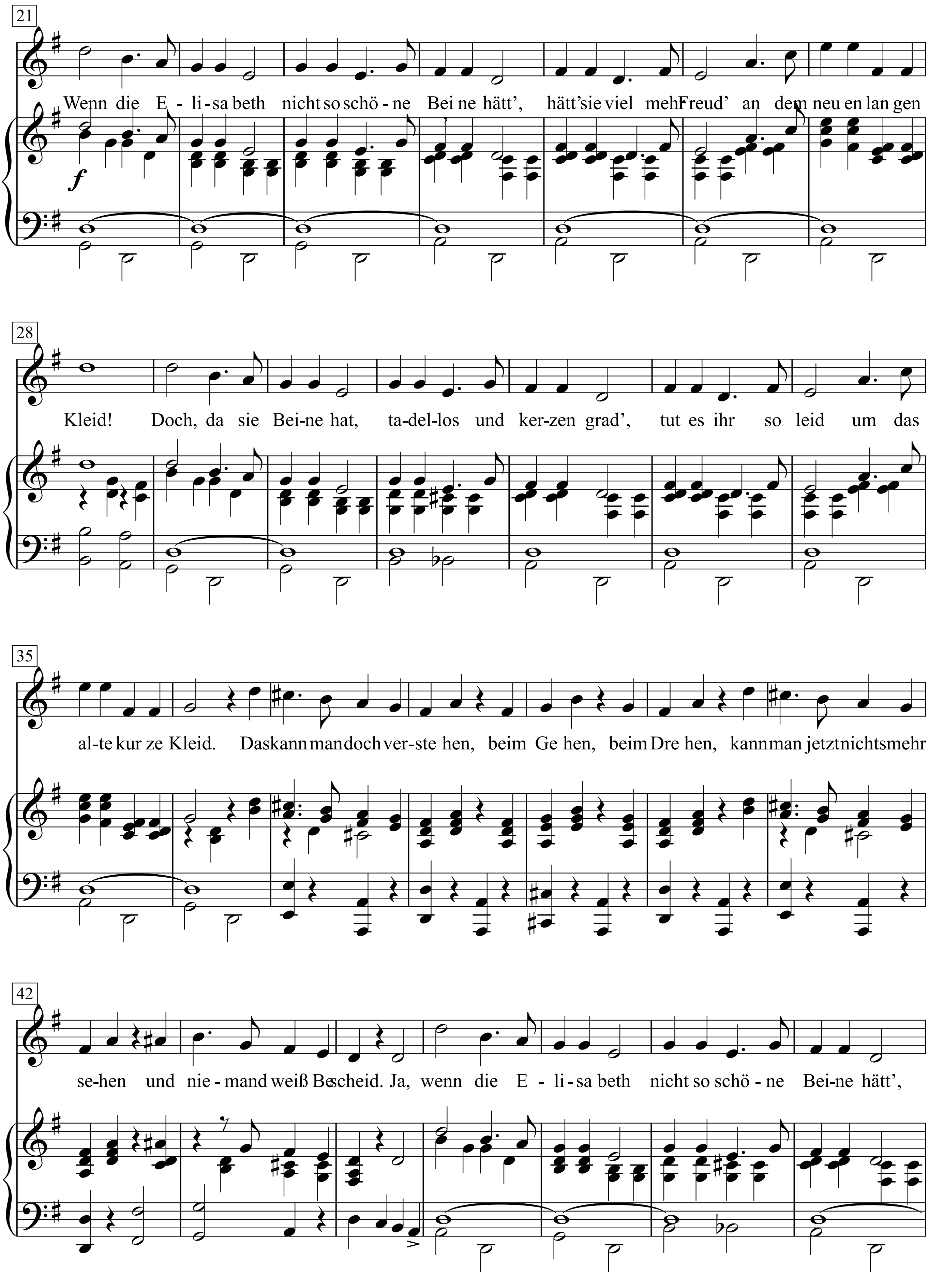
1. Wenn die beste Freundin mit der besten Freundin,
um was einzukaufen, um was einzukaufen,
um sich auszulaufen, durch die Straßen latschen,
um sich auszuquatschen,
spricht die beste Freundin
zu der besten Freundin: meine beste Freundin.
O meine beste Freundin, o meine schöne Freundin,
o meine treue Freundin, o meine süße Freundin!
Geht die beste Freundin mit der besten Freundin,
spricht die beste Freundin zu der besten Freundin:
meine beste, meine beste Freundin.
Ja, mein Mann ist ein Mann!
So ein Mann, wie mein Mann!
Wie der Mann von der Frau
wie der Mann von der Frau!
früher gab's noch Hausfreund,
doch das schwand dahin!
Heute statt des Hausfreunds gibt's die Hausfreundin!

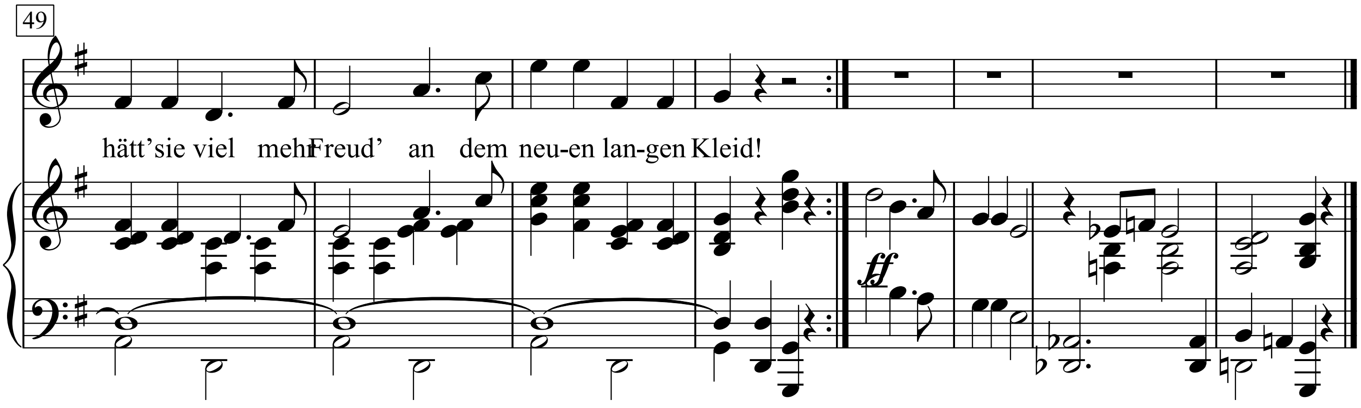
Wenn die Elisabeth

Text: Karl Farkas & Géza Herczeg

Musik: Robert Katscher




21
Wenn die E - li - sa beth nicht so schö - ne Bei ne hätt', hätt' sie viel mehr Freud' an dem neu en lan gen
f
28
Kleid! Doch, da sie Bei-ne hat, ta-del-los und ker-zen grad', tut es ihr so leid um das
35
al-te kur ze Kleid. Das kann man doch ver-ste hen, beim Ge hen, beim Dre hen, kann man jetzt nichts mehr
42
se-hen und nie - mand weiß Bescheid. Ja, wenn die E - li - sa beth nicht so schö - ne Bei-ne hätt',


49
hätt'sie viel mehr Freud' an dem neu-en lan-gen Kleid!
ff

1. Die Elisabeth, die süße,
hat ein neues langes Kleid,
und es schlenkert um die Füße,
die seidne Herrlichkeit.
Jedes Herz beginnt zu sieden,
alle Männer drehn sich um,
doch sie selbst ist nicht zufrieden!
Und wissen sie warum?

Refrain:
Wenn die Elisabeth
nicht so schöne Beine hätt',
hätt' sie viel mehr Freud'
an dem neuen langen Kleid!
Doch, da sie Beine hat,
tadellos und kerzengrad',
tut es ihr so leid
um das alte kurze Kleid.
Das kann man doch verstehen,
beim Gehen, beim Drehen,
kann man jetzt nichts mehr sehen
und niemand weiß Bescheid.
Ja, wenn die Elisabeth
nicht so schöne Beine hätt',
hätt' sie viel mehr Freud'
an dem neuen langen Kleid!

2. Ihre Freundin ist die Mizzi
mit der seidenweichen Haut.
In dem langen Kleid, ich bitt' Sie,
scheint jede schön gebaut,
denn man sieht nicht das Gestelle,
und was ist die Konsequenz?
Es entsteht die unreelle
gemeine Konkurrenz!

Refrain:

3. Der Herr Wollf, dann der Herr Fux noch,
und vielleicht auch der Herr Beer,
kennen ihren schlanken Wuchs noch
genau von früher her.
Doch es lobt auch der Herr Gaier
das gesamte Inventar,
und der kennt sie erst seit heuer!
Jetzt ist die Sache klar!

Refrain:

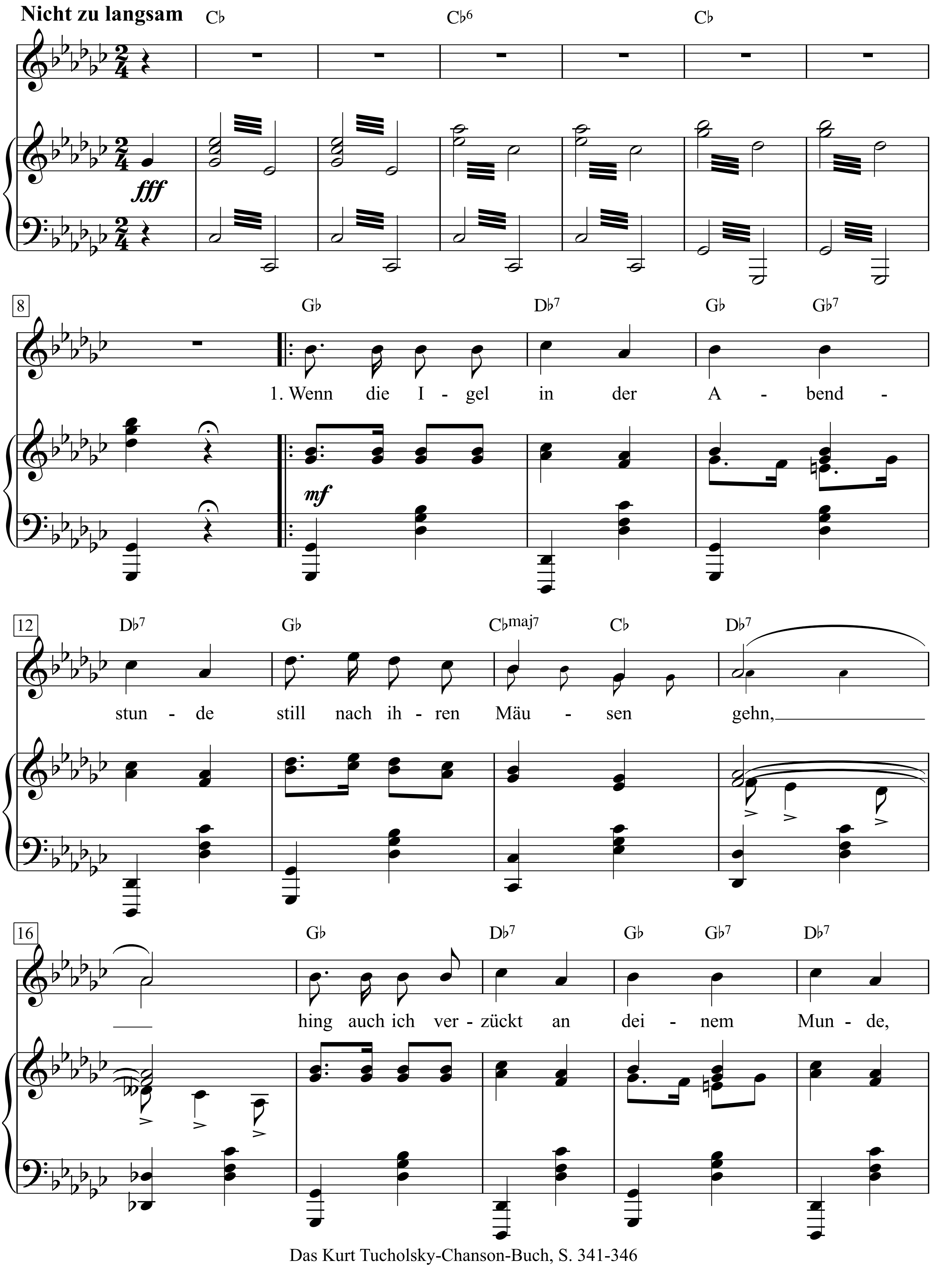
Wenn die Igel in der Abendstunde

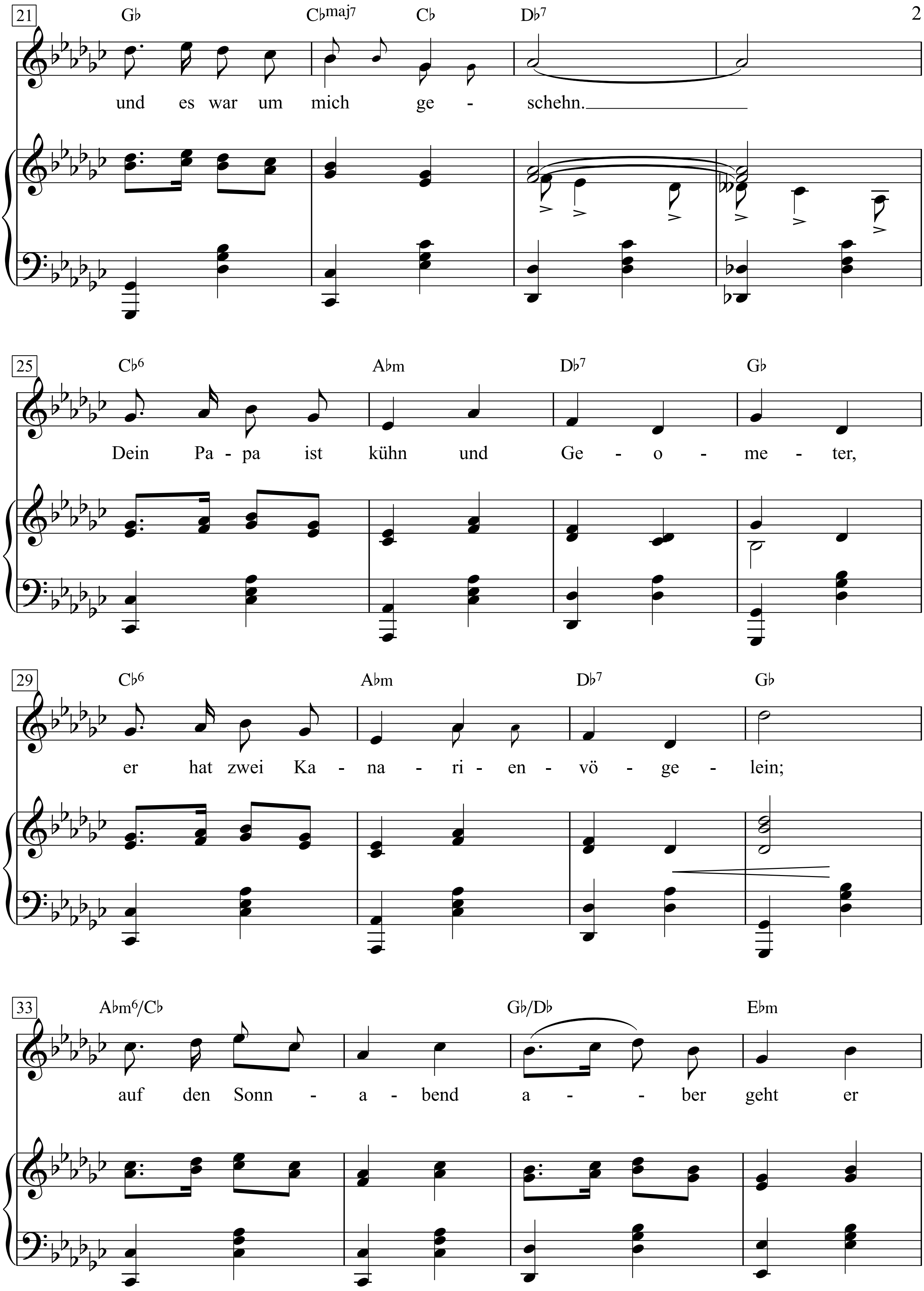
(Anna-Luise)

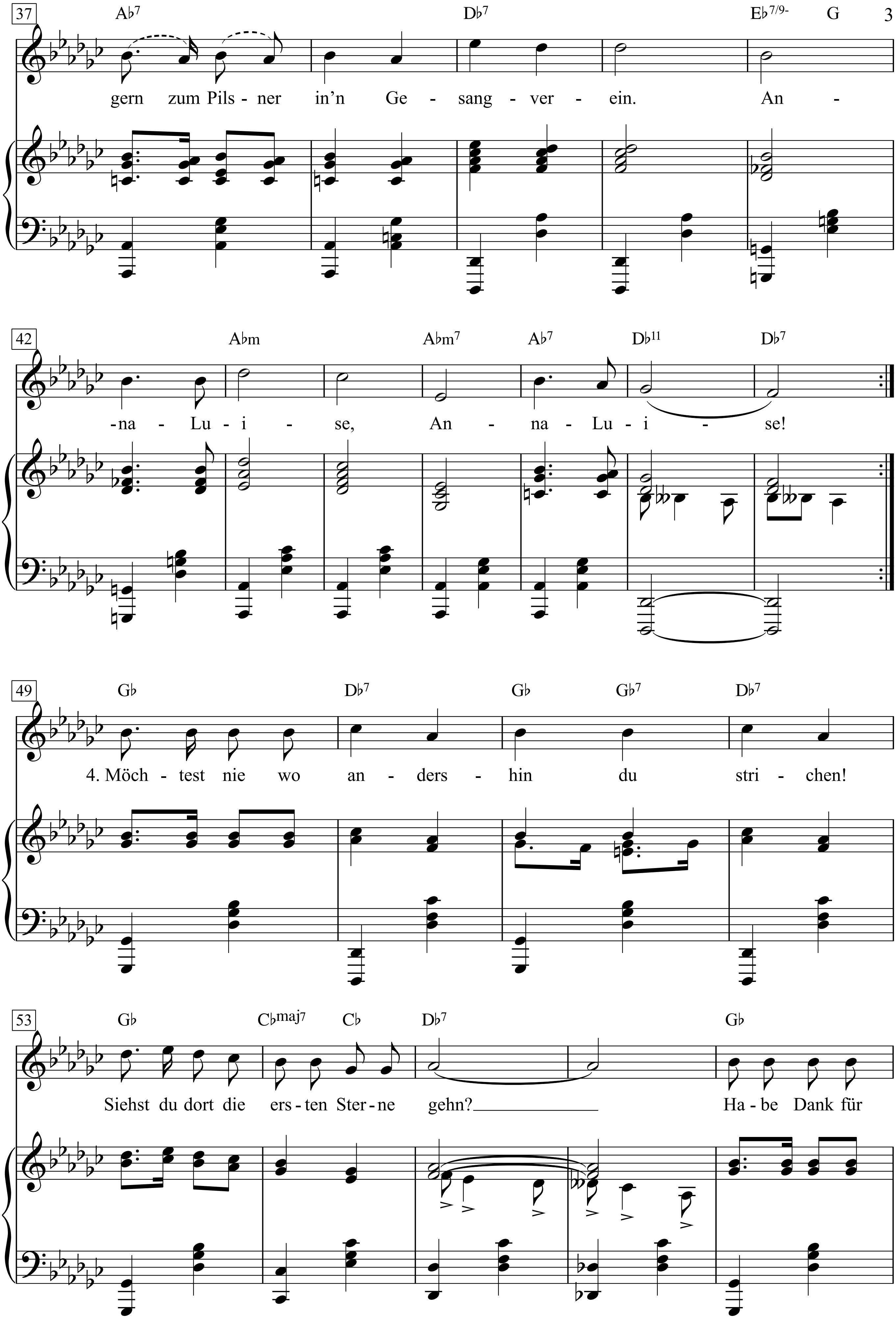
Für achtstimmigen Männerchor

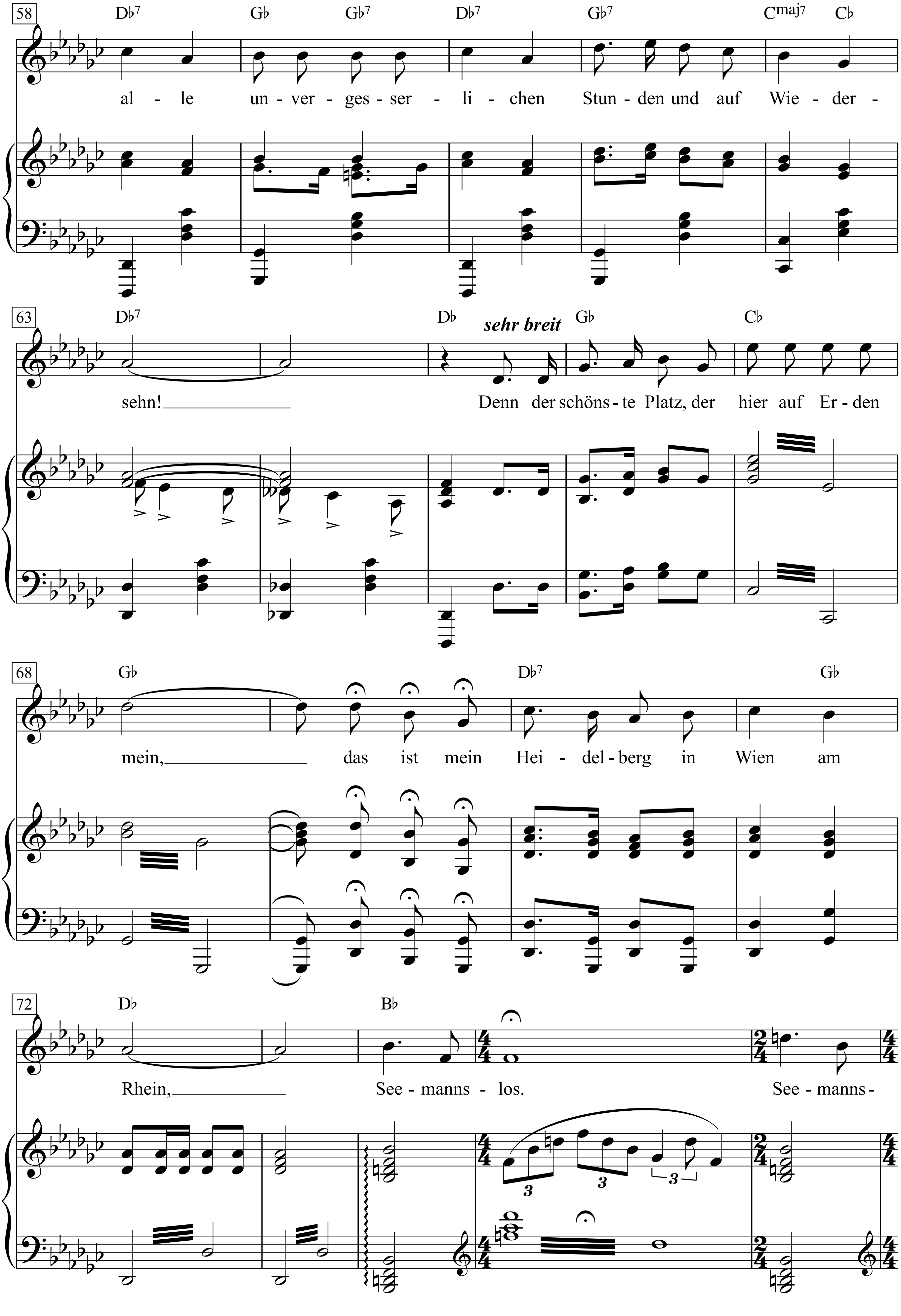
Kurt Tucholsky

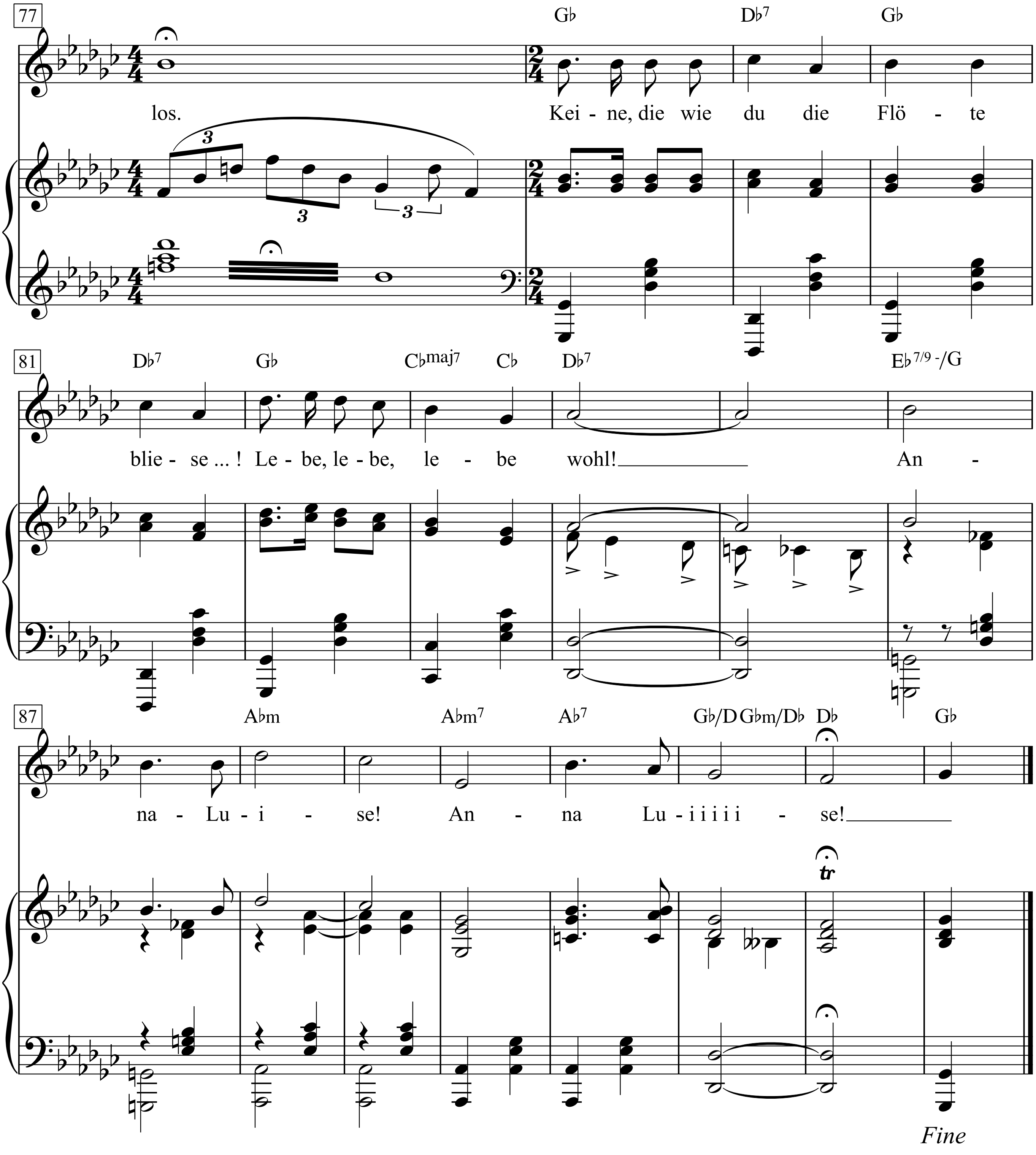
Hanns Eisler




21
G♭ C♭maj7 C♭ D♭7
und es war um mich ge - schehn.
25
C♭6 A♭m D♭7 G♭
Dein Pa - pa ist kühn und Ge - o - me - ter,
29
C♭6 A♭m D♭7 G♭
er hat zwei Ka - na - ri - en - vö - ge - lein;
33
A♭m6/C♭ G♭/D♭ E♭m
auf den Sonn - a - bend a - - ber geht er


37
A♭7 D♭7 E♭7/9- G
gern zum Pils - ner in'n Ge - sang - ver - ein. An -
42
A♭m A♭m7 A♭7 D♭11 D♭7
-na - Lu - i - se, An - na - Lu - i - se!
49
G♭ D♭7 G♭ G♭7 D♭7
4. Möch - test nie wo an - ders - hin du stri - chen!
53
G♭ C♭maj7 C♭ D♭7 G♭
Siehst du dort die ers - ten Ster - ne gehn?
Ha - be Dank für


58
D♭7 G♭ G♭7 D♭7 G♭7 Cmaj7 C♭
al - le un - ver - ges - ser - li - chen Stun - den und auf Wie - der -
63
D♭7 D♭ sehr breit G♭ C♭
sehn! Denn der schöns - te Platz, der hier auf Er - den
68
G♭ D♭7 G♭
mein, das ist mein Hei - del - berg in Wien am
72
D♭ B♭
Rhein, See - manns - los. See - manns -


77
G♭ D♭7 G♭
los. Kei - ne, die wie du die Flö - te
81
D♭7 G♭ C♭maj7 C♭ D♭7 E♭7/9-/G
blie - se ... ! Le - be, le - be, le - be wohl! An -
87
A♭m A♭m7 A♭7 G♭/D G♭m/D♭ D♭ G♭
na - Lu - i - se! An - na Lu - i i i i i - se!
tr
Fine

1. Wenn die Igel in der Abendstunde
still nach ihren Mäusen gehn,
hing auch ich verzückt an deinem Munde,
und es war um mich geschehn.
Dein Papa ist kühn und Geometer,
er hat zwei Kanarienvögelein;
auf den Sonnabend aber geht er
gern zum Pilsner in'n Gesangverein.
Anna-Luise, Anna-Luise - !

2. Sagt' ich: „Wirst die meine du in Bälde?“,
blicktest du voll süßer Träumerei
auf das grüne Vandervelde,
und du dachtest dir dein Teil dabei,
Und du gabst dich mir im Unterholze
einmal hin und einmal her,
und du fragtest mich mit deutschem Stolze,
ob ich auch im Krieg gewesen wär ...
Anna-Luise -! Anna-Luise - !

3. Ach, ich habe dich ja so belogen!
Hab gesagt, mir wär ein Kreuz von Eisen wert,
als Gefreiter wär ich ausgezogen,
und als Hauptmann wär ich heimgekehrt –
Als wir standen bei der Eberesche,
wo der Kronprinz einst gepflanzet hat,
raschelte ganz leise deine Wäsche,
und du strichst dir deine Röcke glatt,
Anna-Luise - ! Anna-Luise - !

4. Möchtest nie wo andershin du strichen!
Siehst du dort die ersten Sterne gehn?
Habe Dank für alle unvergesserlichen
Stunden und auf Wiedersehn!
Denn der schönste Platz, der hier auf Erden mein,
das ist mein Heidelberg in Wien am Rhein,
Seemannslos, Seemannslos.
Keine, die wie du die Flöte bliese ... !
Lebe, lebe, lebe wohl!
Anna-Luise - ! Anna Lui i i i ise - !

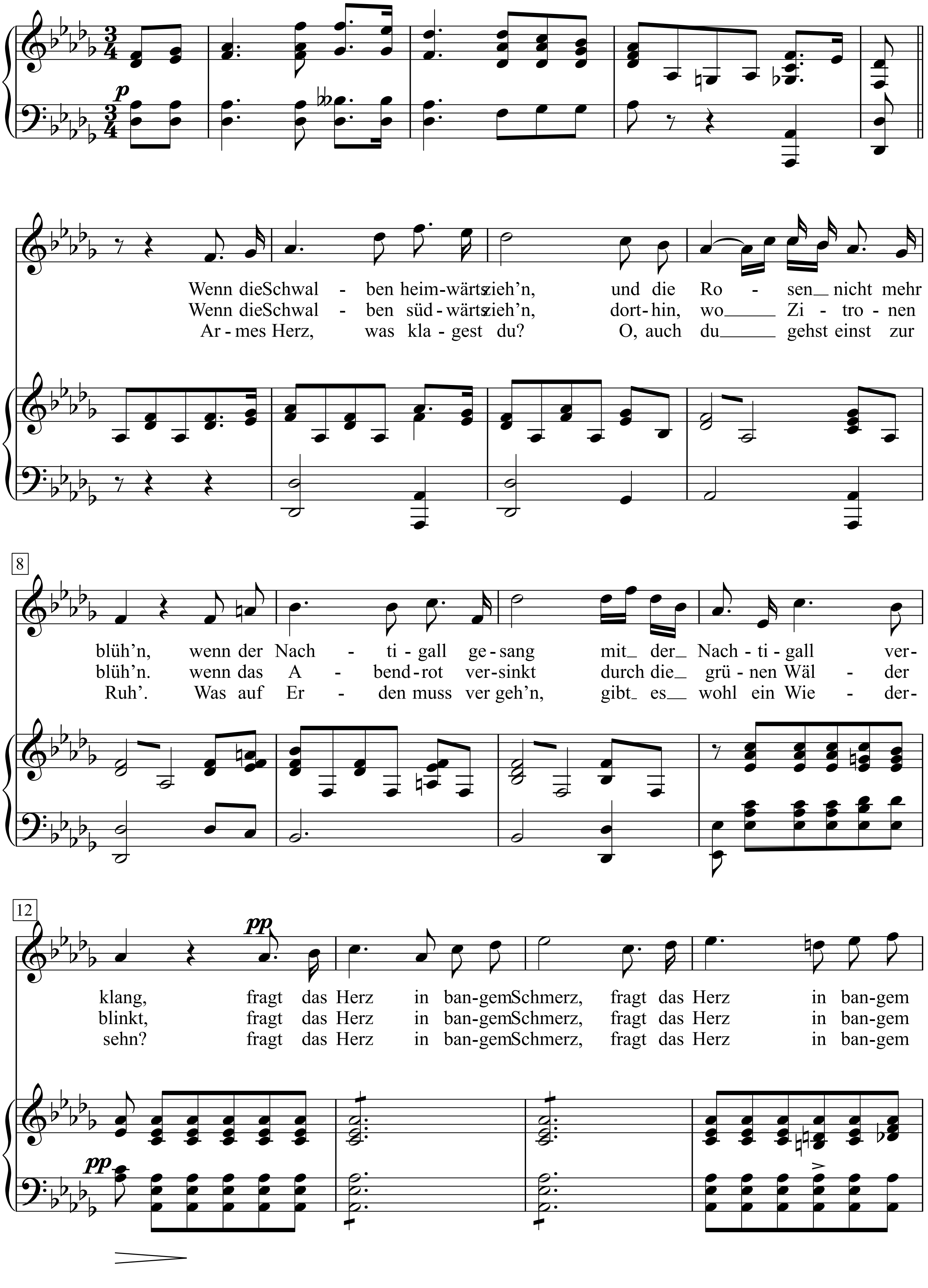
Busch brauchte ein neues Lied für das Kabarett. „Und ich hatte das ‚Anna-Luise‘-Lied von Tucholsky gehört. Eine Frau sang damals eine ziemlich triste Melodie. Ich war der Meinung, das ist kein Lied für eine Frau, das muss ein Mann singen. Ich gehe also mit dem Text zu Eisler und bitte ihn um eine neue Melodie. ‚Nein, das mache ich nicht! Ich mache nur seriöse Sachen.‘ Er war nämlich ein wenig böse auf Tucholsky, weil der einen Streit mit Brecht hatte. Aber ich brauchte unbedingt ein neues Lied und legte ihm 50 Mark auf den Tisch. ‚Wie willst du's denn haben?‘ Ich sprach ihm vor, und da saß er schon am Klavier und spielte weiter. Ich blieb natürlich dabei, und plötzlich bei der letzten Strophe schoss es mir durch den Kopf: jetzt muss das ‚Seemannslos‘ kommen. In dem ursprünglichen Text von Tucholsky gab's das nicht. Aber der hat es dann später auch übernommen (Tucholsky billigte Buschs Eingriffe in seine Texte mit der Bemerkung: ‚Wenn Sie glauben, lieber Busch, dass es besser ist - meinen Segen haben Sie‘.). Während Eisler am Klavier spielte, improvisierte ich immer mit. Auf diese Weise war das Lied in kaum zehn Minuten fertig. Dann schrieb Eisler auf das Notenblatt: Für Ernst Busch und von Ernst Busch. Das haben wir für Werner Fincks 'Katakombe' gemacht. Ich hatte beim Singen einen Zylinder auf und einen Stock in der Hand.“
Aus: Karl Siebig, „Ich geh' mit dem Jahrhundert mit“, Reinbek 1980

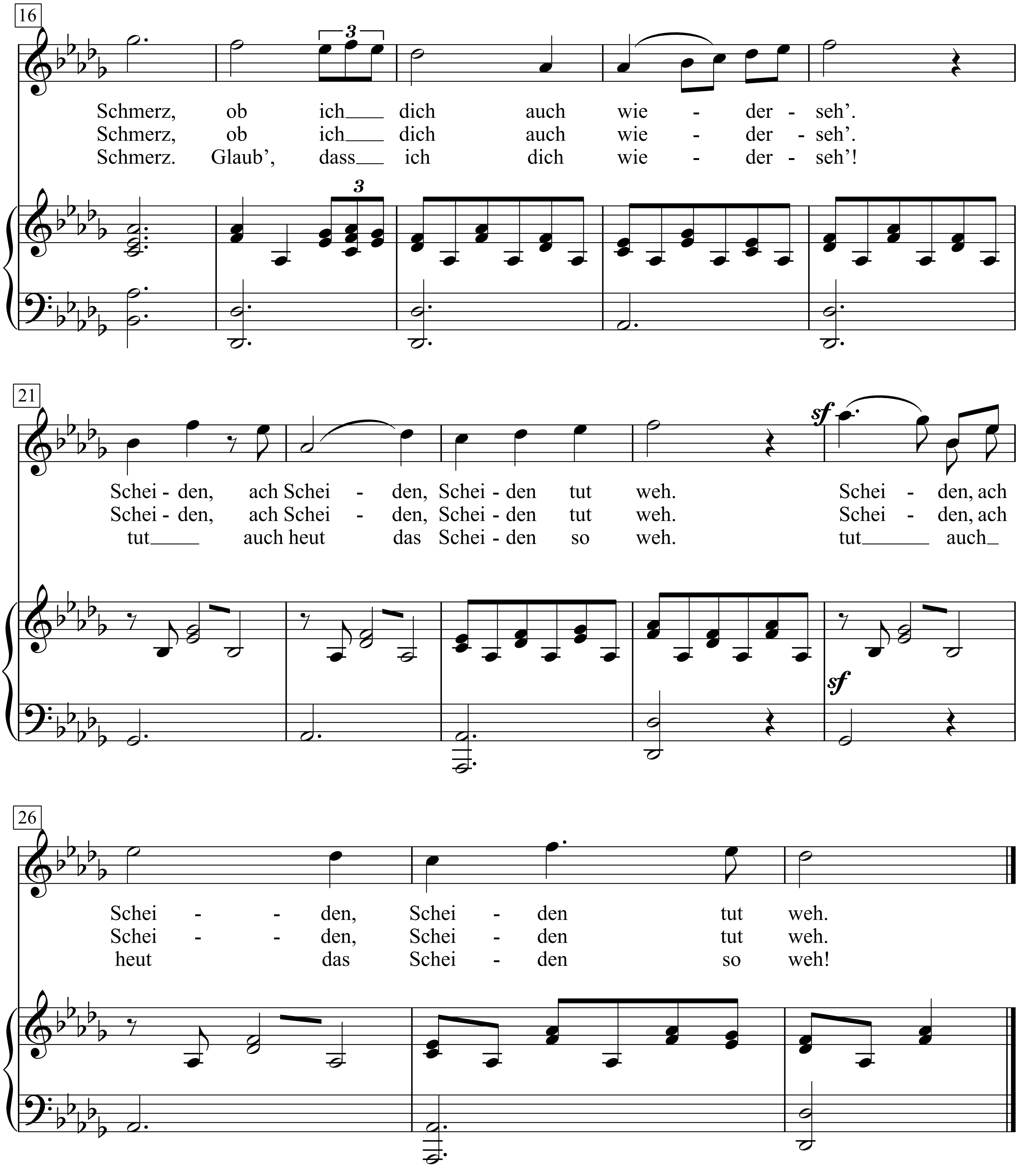
Zuerst vertont von Rudolf Nelson
Gesungen von Anni Mewes im
„Schall und Rauch“

Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts zieh'n

Karl Herloßsohn

Franz Abt



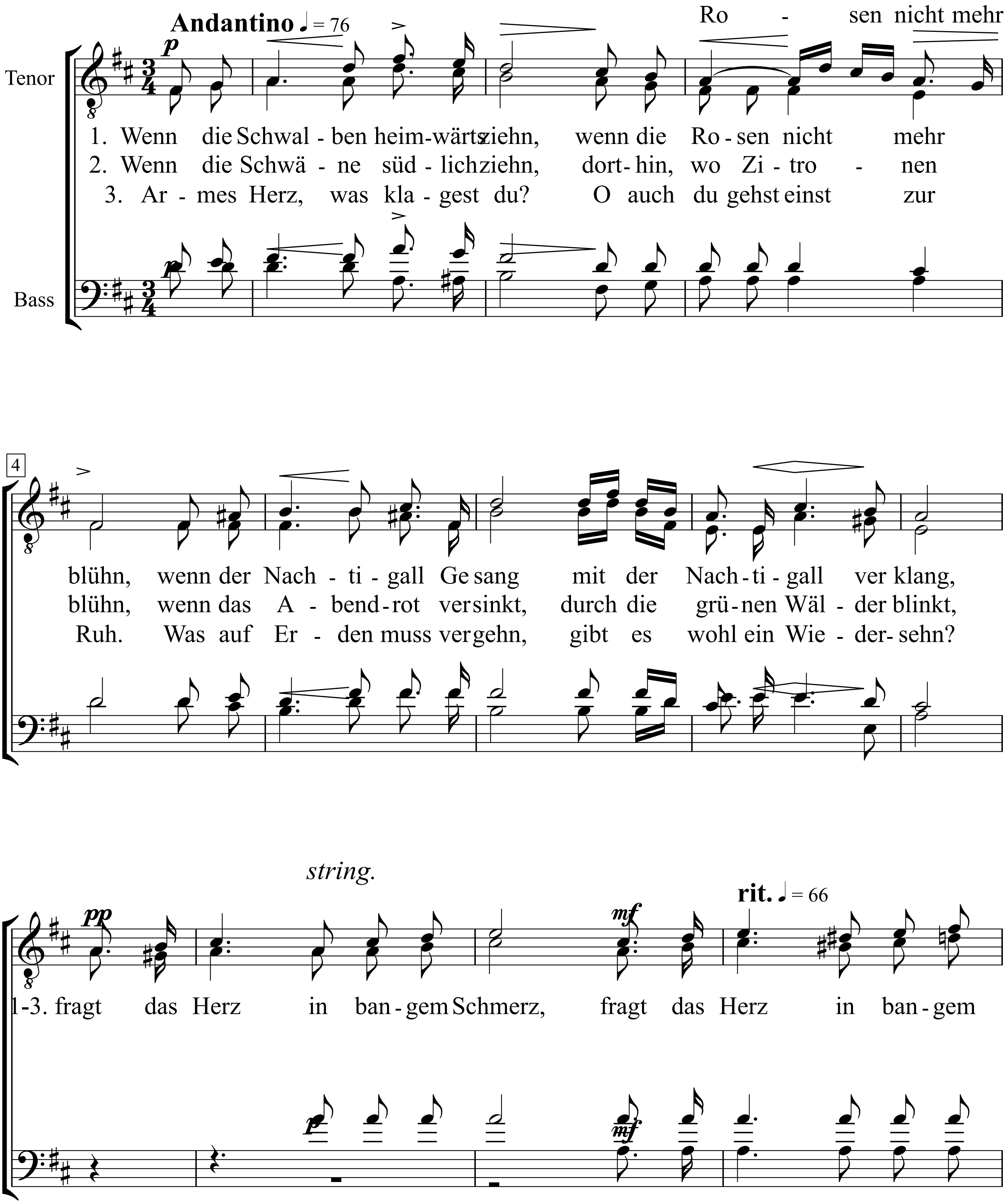

16
Schmerz, ob ich dich auch wie - der - seh'.
Schmerz, ob ich dich auch wie - der - seh'.
Schmerz. Glaub', dass ich dich wie - der - seh'!
3
21
Schei - den, ach Schei - den, Schei - den tut weh. Schei - den, ach
Schei - den, ach Schei - den, Schei - den tut weh. Schei - den, ach
tut auch heut das Schei - den so weh. tut auch
sf
26
Schei - - den, Schei - den tut weh.
Schei - - den, Schei - den tut weh.
heut das Schei - den so weh!

Agathe

Karl Herloßsohn

(Arr. für gemischen Chor)

Franz Abt



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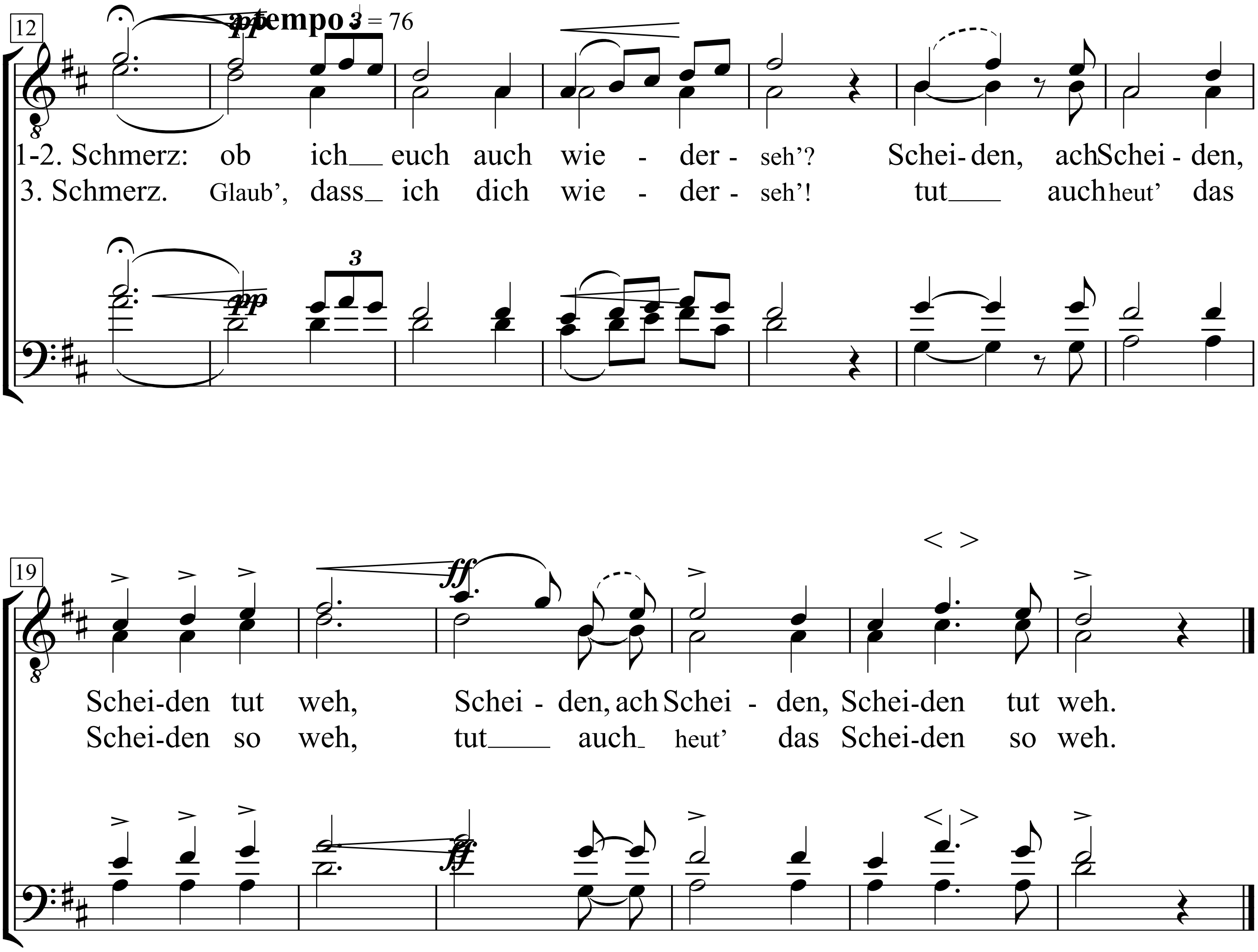
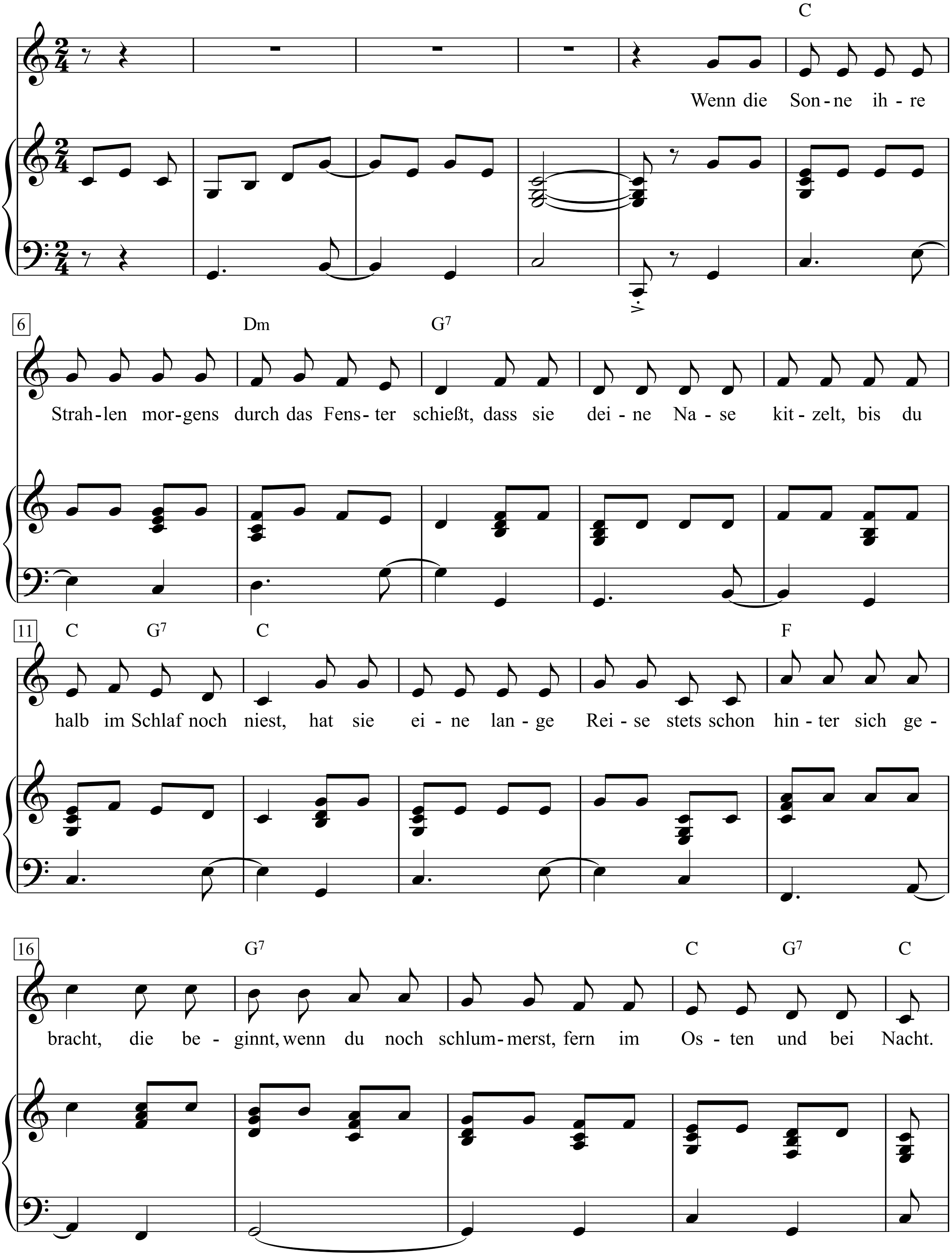

12
a tempo ♩ = 76
pp
1-2. Schmerz: ob ich euch auch wie - der - seh'? Schei-den, ach Schei - den,
3. Schmerz. Glaub', dass ich dich wie - der - seh'! tut auch heut' das
19
ff
Schei-den tut weh, Schei - den, ach Schei - den, Schei-den tut weh.
Schei-den so weh, tut auch heut' das Schei-den so weh.

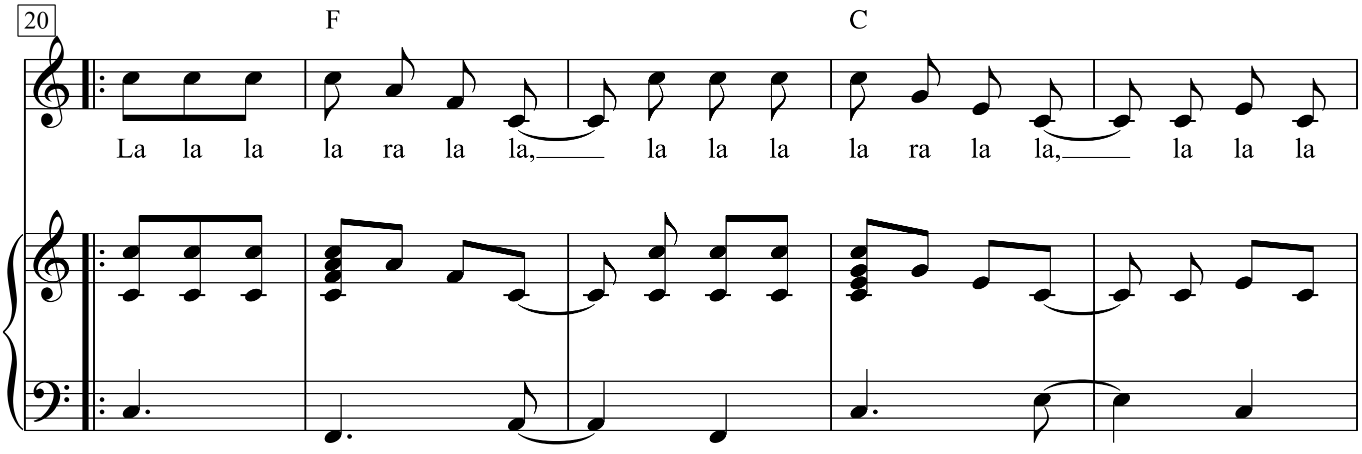
Wenn die Sonne ihre Strahlen

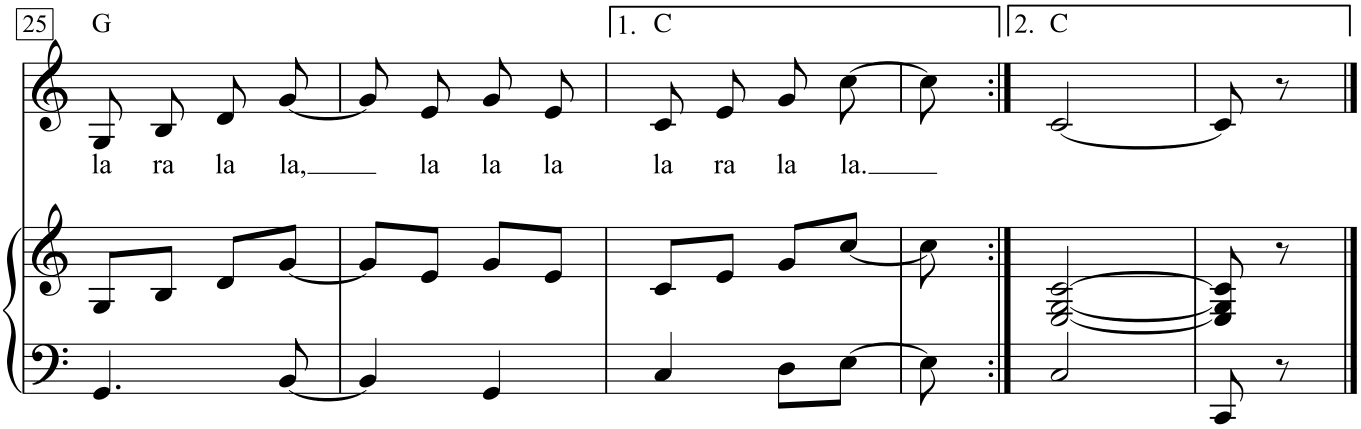
(Die Reise der Sonne)

Eva Rechlin

Heinz Lemmermann
Satz: Gerd-Peter Münden







1. Wenn die Sonne ihre Strahlen morgens durch das Fenster schießt,
dass sie deine Nase kitzelt, bis du halb im Schlaf noch niest,
hat sie eine lange Reise stets schon hinter sich gebracht,
die beginnt, wenn du noch schlummerst, fern im Osten und bei Nacht.
La la la la ra la la, la la la la ra la la, la la la la ra la la, la la la la ra la la.

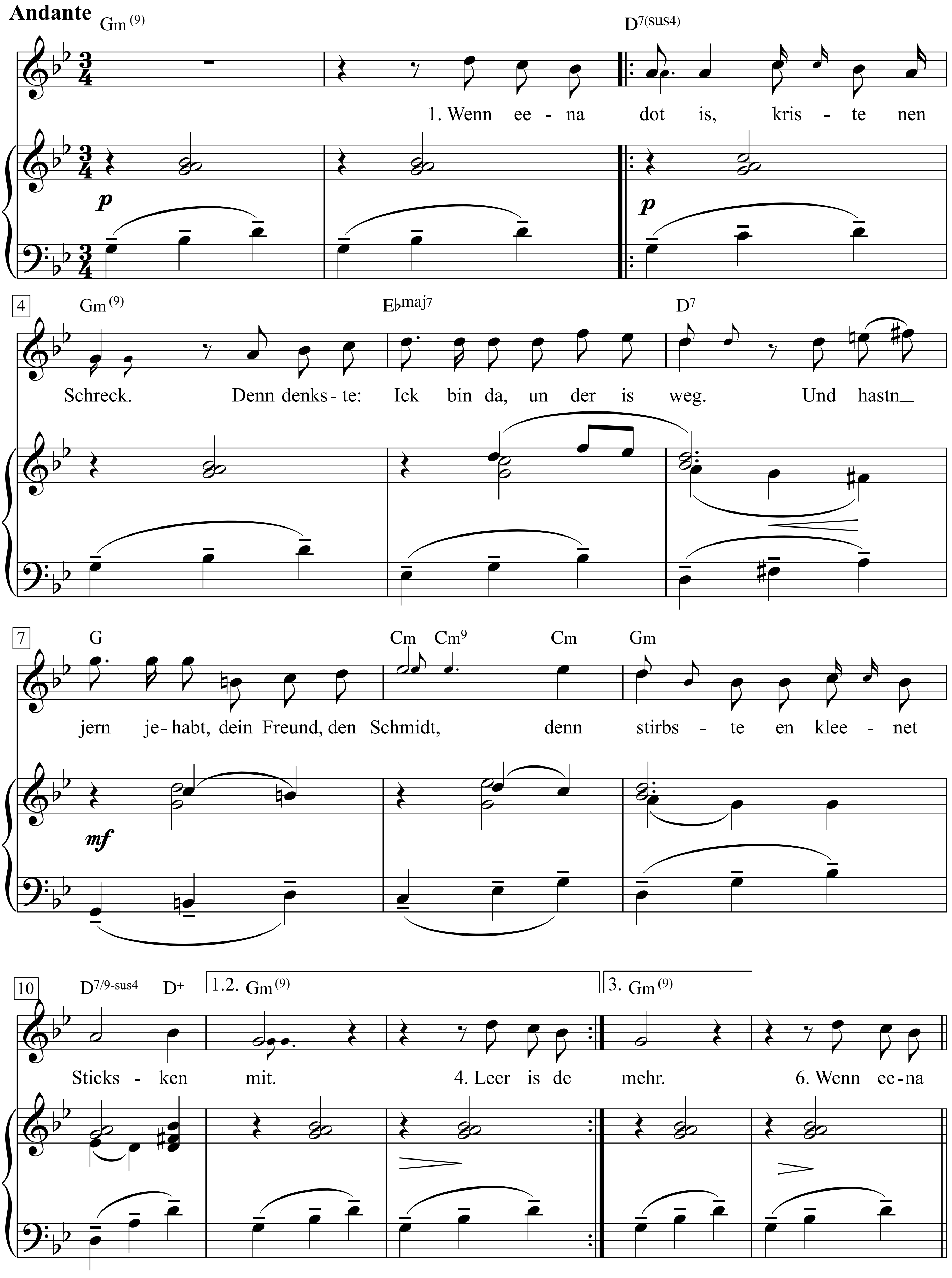
2. Liegst du noch in schönsten Träumen, fängt die Sonnenfahrt schon an,
langsam rollt sie über China zur Türkei, zum Muselmann,
lässt die Mongolei im Rücken, war in Russland, in Tibet,
sah Arabien und Indien, bis sie hier am Himmel steht.
La la la ...

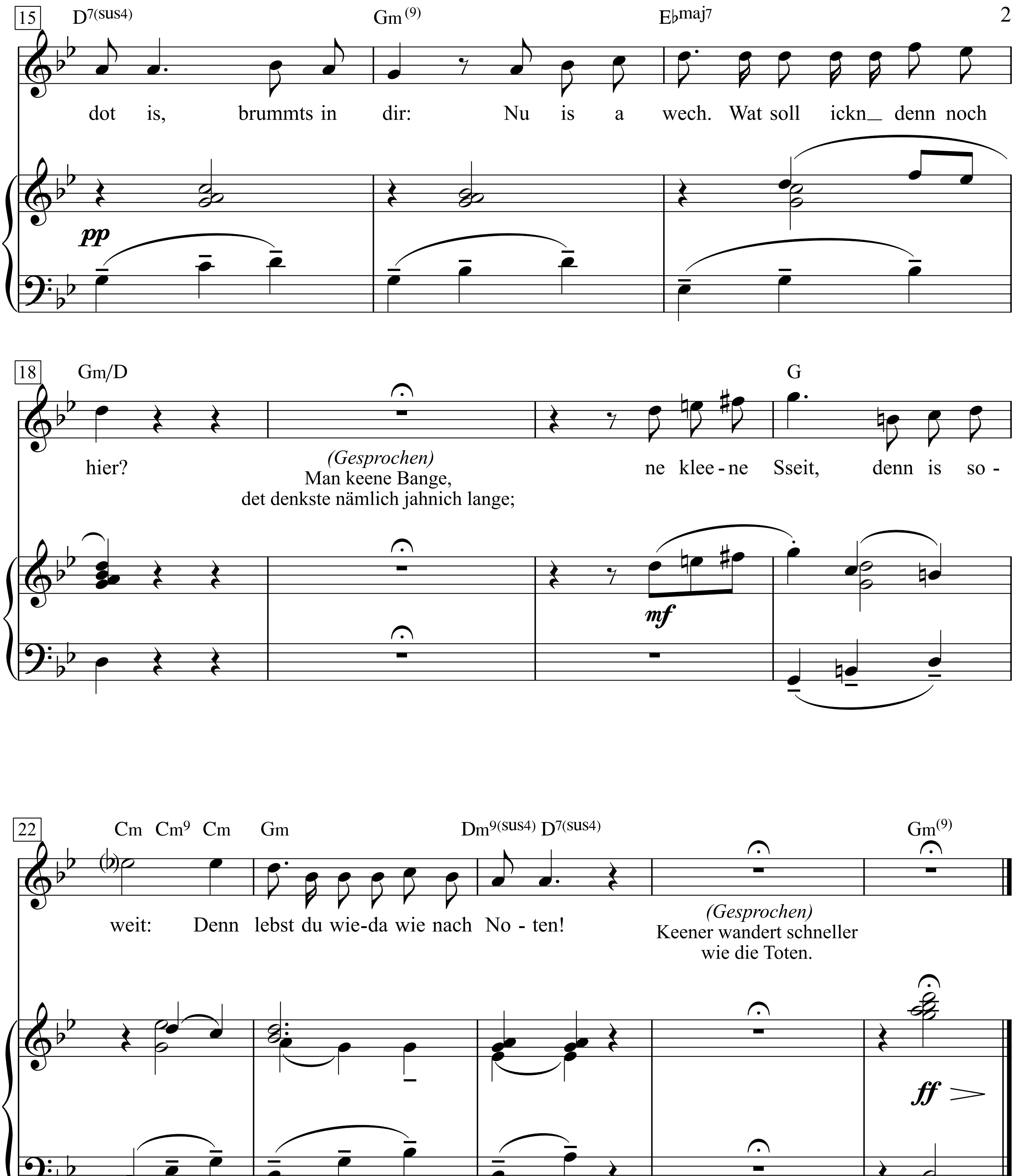
3. Und gehst du am Abend schlafen, reist sie weiter um die Welt,
klettert westwärts hinterm Walde, hinterm Berge oder Feld
flugs in einen anderen Himmel, den von Kuba und Peru,
und weckt dort die Indianer, und die niesen dann wie du.
La la la ...

Wenn eena dot is

Für Paul Graetz
Kurt Tucholsky

Henry Krtschil




15
D7(sus4)
Gm(9)
E♭maj7
dot is, brummts in dir: Nu is a wech. Wat soll ickn_ denn noch
pp
18
Gm/D
G
hier?
(Gesprochen)
Man keene Bange,
det denkste nämlich jahnich lange;
ne klee - ne Sseit, denn is so -
mf
22
Cm Cm9 Cm Gm Dm9(sus4) D7(sus4) Gm(9)
weit: Denn lebst du wie-da wie nach No - ten!
(Gesprochen)
Keener wandert schneller
wie die Toten.
ff

1. Wenn eena dot is, kriste nen Schreck.
Denn denkste: Ick bin da, un der is weg.
Und hastn jern jehabt,
dein Freund, den Schmidt,
denn stirbste en kleenet Sticksken mit.

2. Der Rest is Quatsch.
Der Pfaffe, schwarz wien Rabe,
un det Jemache an den offnen Jrabe ...
Die Kränze ...! Schade um det Jeld.
Und denn die Reden - hach du liebe Welt - !

3. Da helfen keine hümmlische Jewalten:
die Rede muss der Dümmste halten.
Un der bepredicht sich die schwarze Weste
un hält sich an Zylinder feste.
Wat macht der kleene Mann, wenn eena sanft vablich?
Er is nich hülflos - er ist feialich.

4. Leer is de Wohnung. Trauer, die macht dumm.
Denn kram se so in seine Sachen rum.
Der Tod bestärkt die edelsten Jefühle,
un denn jibs Krach, von wejn die Lederstühle.

5. Der Zeitvesuv speit seine Lava.
Denn sacht mal eena: „Ja, wie der noch da wah - !“
Denn ween se noch ’n bisken hinterher,
und denn, denn wissen se jahnischt mehr.

6. Wenn eena dot is, brummts in dir:
Nu is a wech. Wat soll ickn denn noch hier?
Man keene Bange,
det denkste nämlich jahnich lange;
ne kleine Sseit, denn is soweit:
Denn lebst du wieda wie nach Noten!

Keener wandert schneller wie die Toten.

Wenn ein Mädel einen Herrn hat

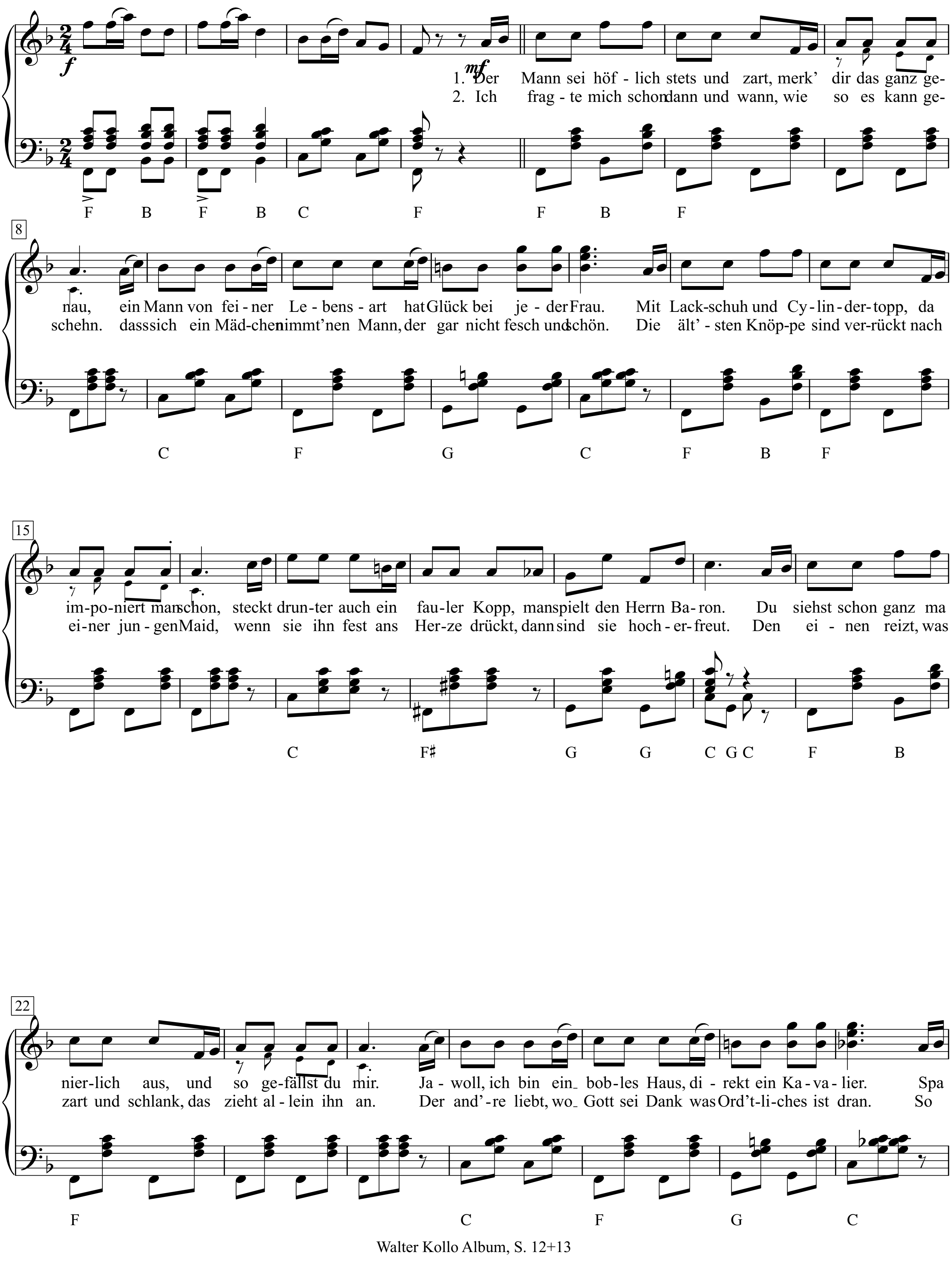
Marschduett aus der Posse ;„Der Juxbaron”

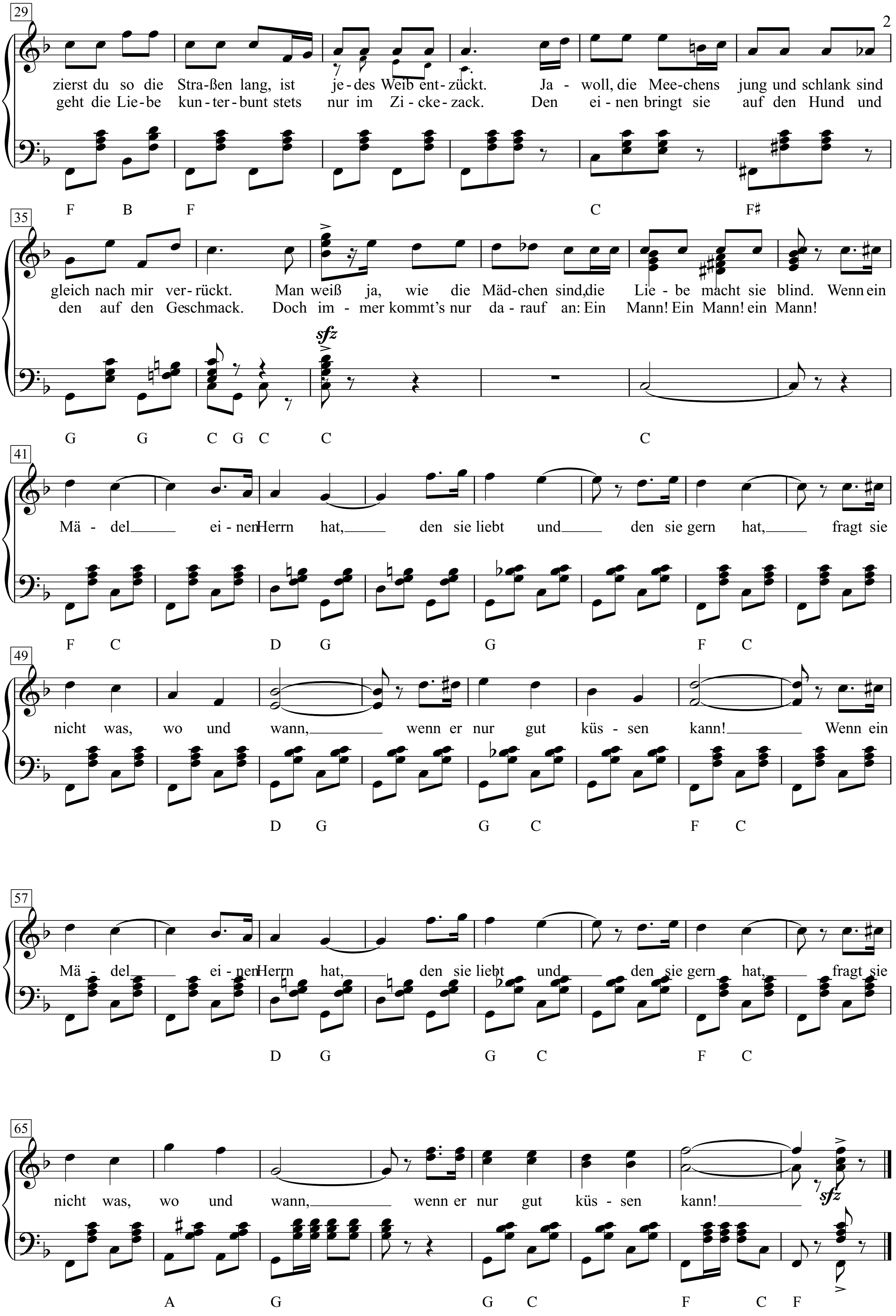
von Herman Haller und Gerh. Pordes-Milo

Worte: Willi Wolff, Herman Haller und Gerh. Pordes-Milo

Musik: Walter Kollo

Marschtempo



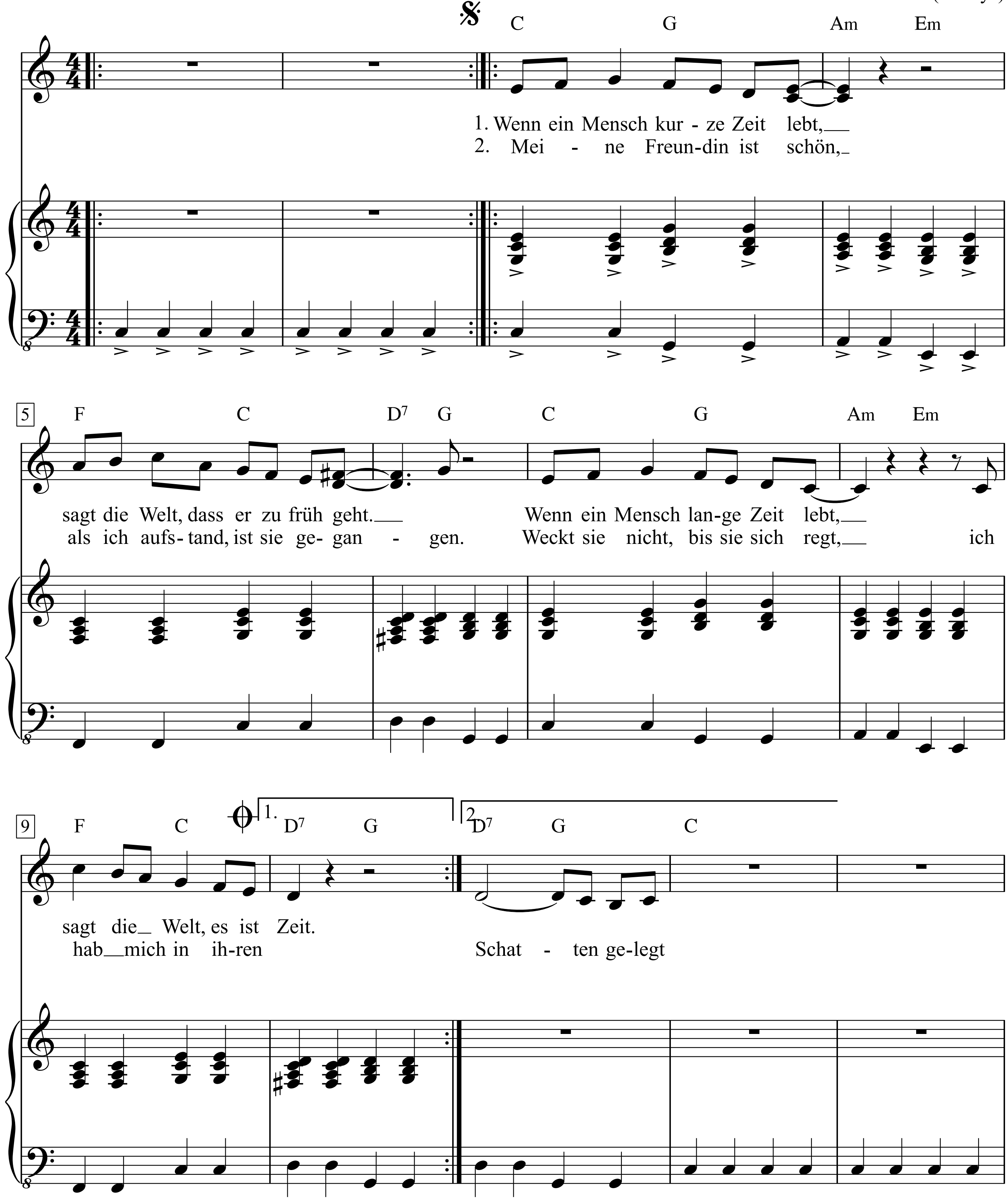

29
zierst du so die Stra-ßen lang, ist je-des Weib ent-zückt. Ja - woll, die Mee-chens jung und schlank sind
geht die Lie-be kun-ter-bunt stets nur im Zi-cke-zack. Den ei-nen bringt sie auf den Hund und
F B F C F♯
35
gleich nach mir ver-rückt. Man weiß ja, wie die Mäd-chen sind, die Lie-be macht sie blind. Wenn ein
den auf den Geschmack. Doch im-mer kommt's nur da-rauf an: Ein Mann! Ein Mann! ein Mann!
sfz
G G C G C C C
41
Mä-del ei-nen Herrn hat, den sie liebt und den sie gern hat, fragt sie
F C D G G F C
49
nicht was, wo und wann, wenn er nur gut küs-sen kann! Wenn ein
D G G C F C
57
Mä-del ei-nen Herrn hat, den sie liebt und den sie gern hat, fragt sie
D G G C F C
65
nicht was, wo und wann, wenn er nur gut küs-sen kann!
sfz
A G G C F C F

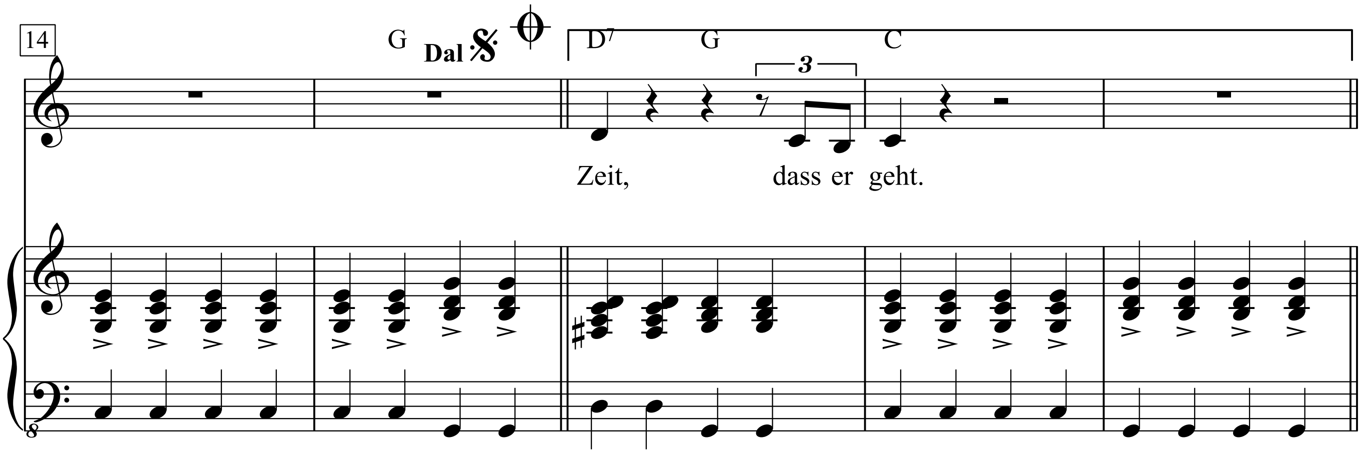
Wenn ein Mensch lebt

(Film: Paul und Paula)

Text: Ulrich Plenzdorf

Musik: Peter Gotthardt
(Puhdys)





1. Wenn ein Mensch kurze Zeit lebt
sagt die Welt, dass er zu früh geht
Wenn ein Mensch lange Zeit lebt
sagt die Welt, es ist Zeit –

2. Meine Freundin ist schön
als ich aufstand, ist sie gegangen
Weckt sie nicht, bis sie sich regt
ich hab mich in ihren Schatten gelegt

3. Jegliches hat seine Zeit
Steine sammeln, Steine zerstreun
Bäume pflanzen, Bäume abhaun
Leben und Sterben und Streit

4. Wenn ein Mensch kurze Zeit lebt
sagt die Welt, dass er zu früh geht
Wenn ein Mensch lange Zeit lebt
sagt die Welt es ist Zeit, dass er geht

5. Jegliches hat seine Zeit
Steine sammeln, Steine zerstreun
Bäume pflanzen, Bäume abhaun
Leben und Sterben und Frieden und Streit

6. Weckt sie nicht, bis sie selber sich regt
ich habe mich in ihren Schatten gelegt

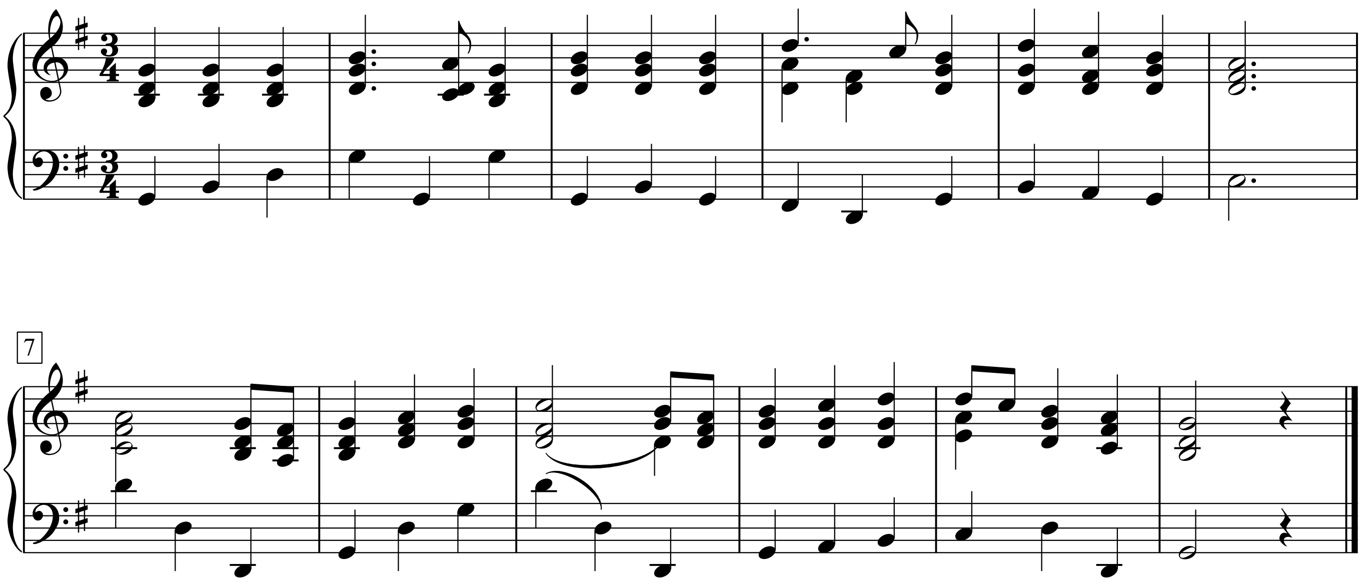
7. Wenn ein Mensch kurze Zeit lebt
sagt die Welt, dass er zu früh geht
Weckt sie nicht, bis sie sich regt
ich hab mich in ihren Schatten gelegt

8. Meine Freundin ist schön
als ich aufstand ist sie gegangen
Weckt sie nicht, bis sie sich regt
ich hab mich in ihren Schatten gelegt

Ablauf: Intro, Str 1 (Klammer 1), Str 2 (Kl. 2), Str 3 (Kl. 1), Str 4 ( ), Str 5 (Kl. 1), Str 6 ab Takt 7 (Kl. 2), Str 7 (Kl. 2), Str 8 (Kl. 2) *fade out*

Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär

Franz Abt

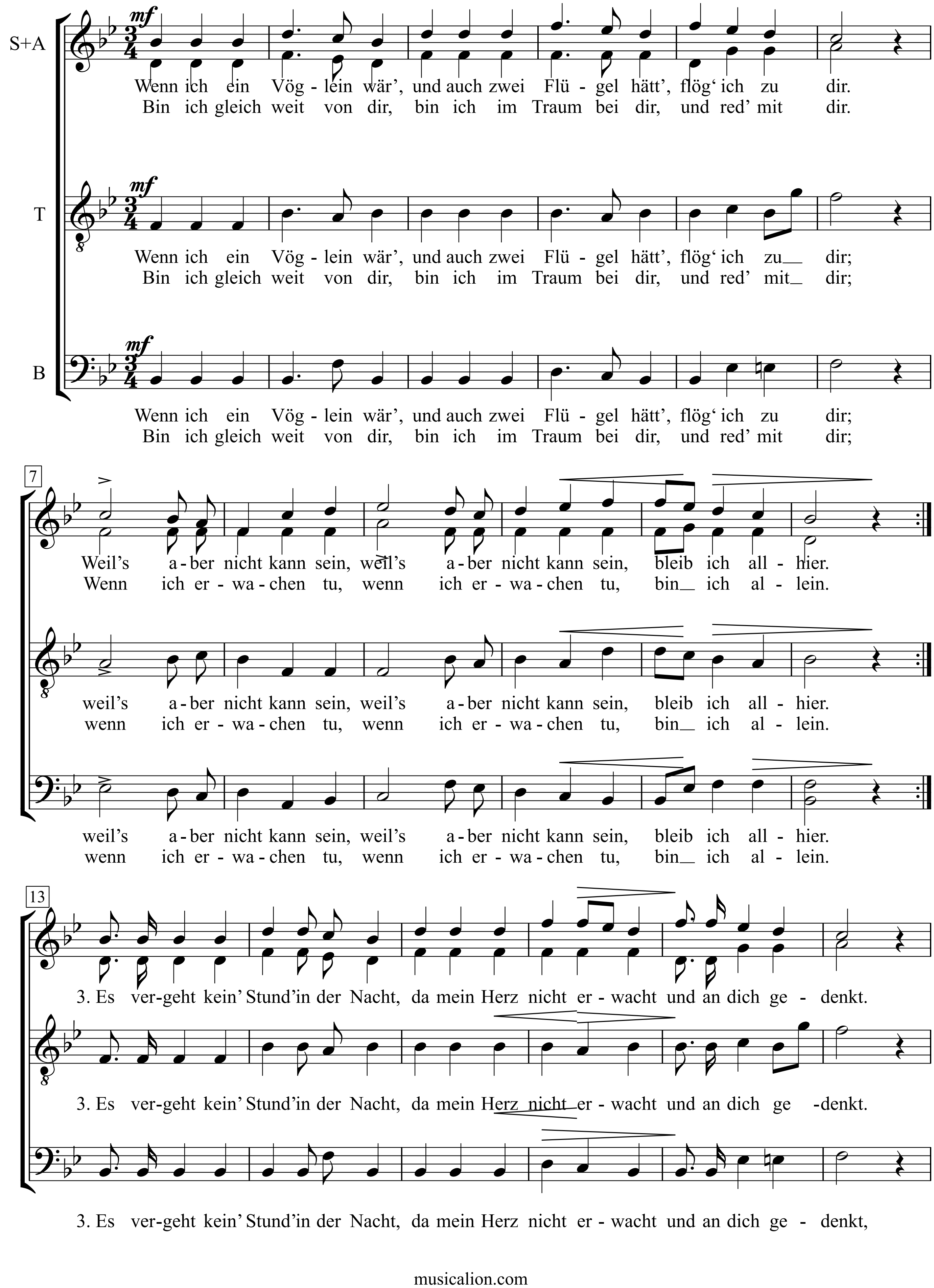


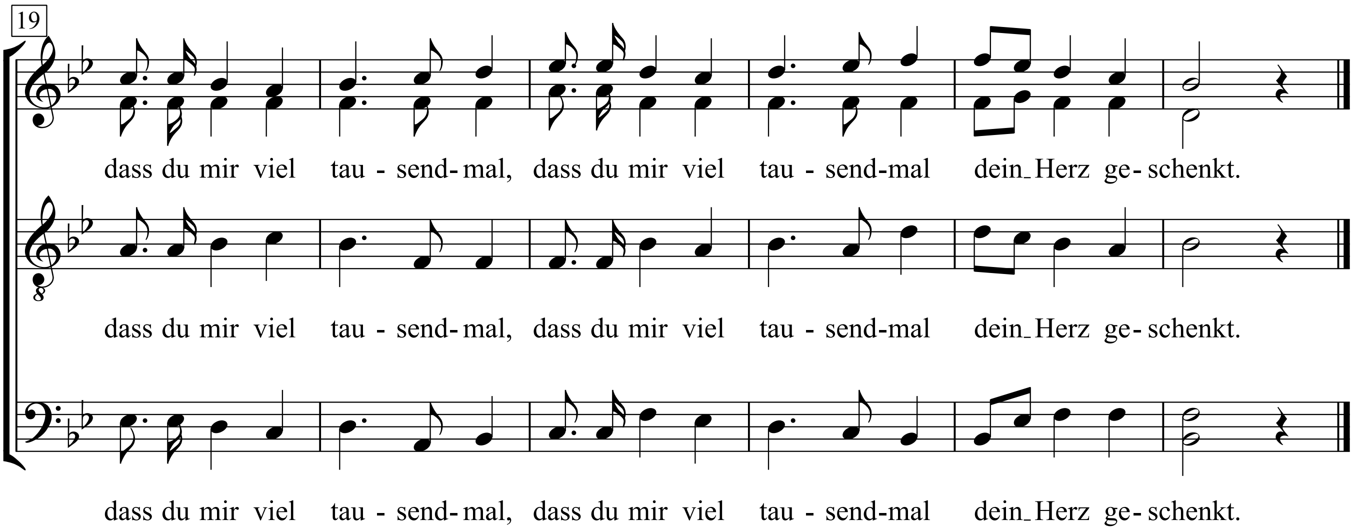
Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär'

(Flug der Liebe)

Volkslied
Satz: Friedrich Silcher

Andante con moto





1. Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär',
und auch zwei Flüglein hätt',
flög ich zu dir;
weil's aber nicht kann sein,
weil's aber nicht kann sein,
bleib ich allhier.

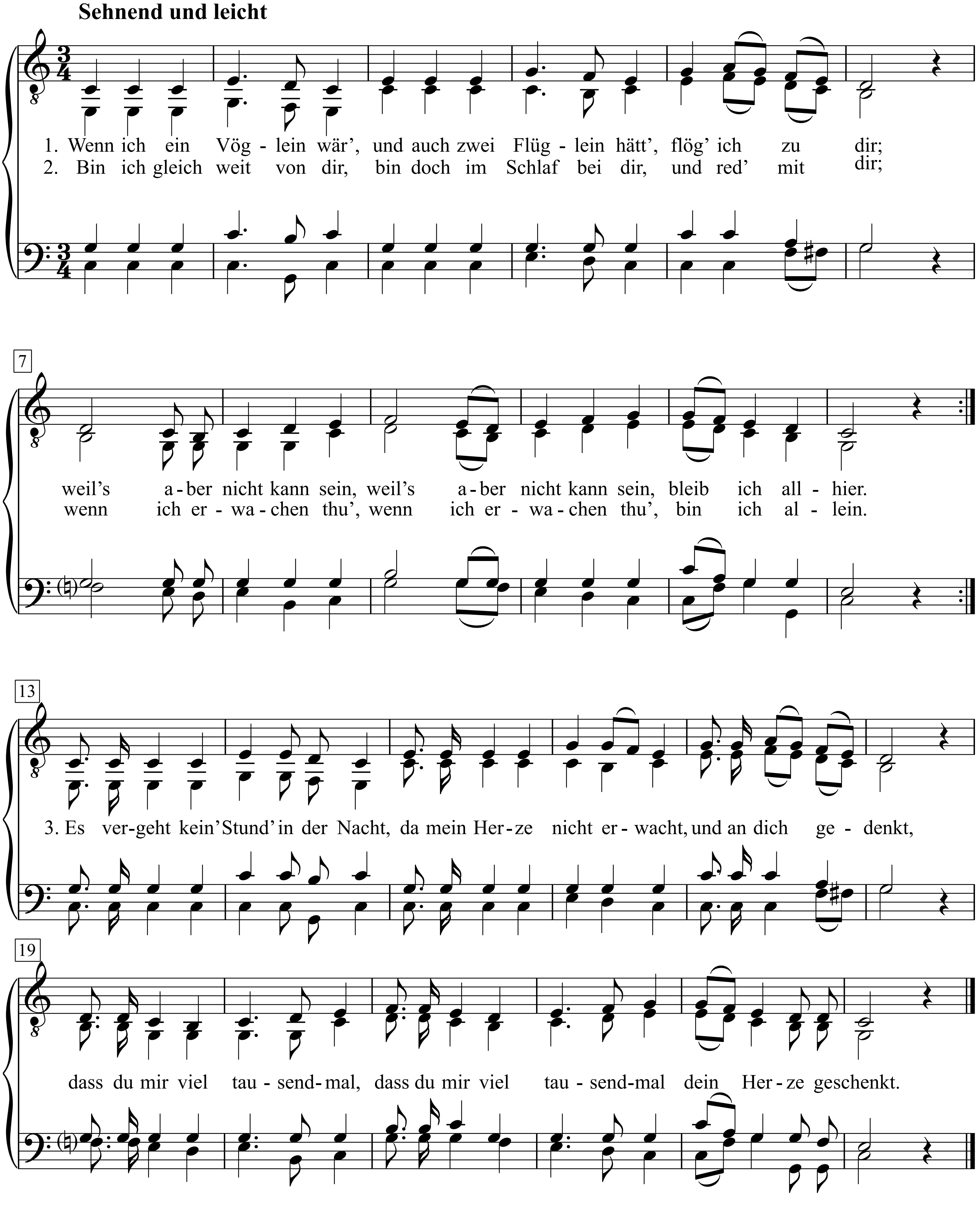
2.Bin ich gleich weit von dir,
bin doch im Schlaf bei dir,
und red' mit dir;
wenn ich erwachen thu',
wenn ich erwachen thu',
bin ich allein.

3. Es vergeht kein' Stund' in der Nacht,
da mein Herze nicht er wacht,
und an dich ge denkt,
daß du mir viel tausendmal,
daß du mir viel tausendmal
dein Herze geschenkt.

Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär’

(Flug der Liebe)

Volksweise
Satz: Friedrich Silcher (1789-1860)



Quelle: “Volkslieder gesammelt und für vier Männerstimmen gesetzt von Friedrich Silcher”, Tübingen 1902
musicalion.com

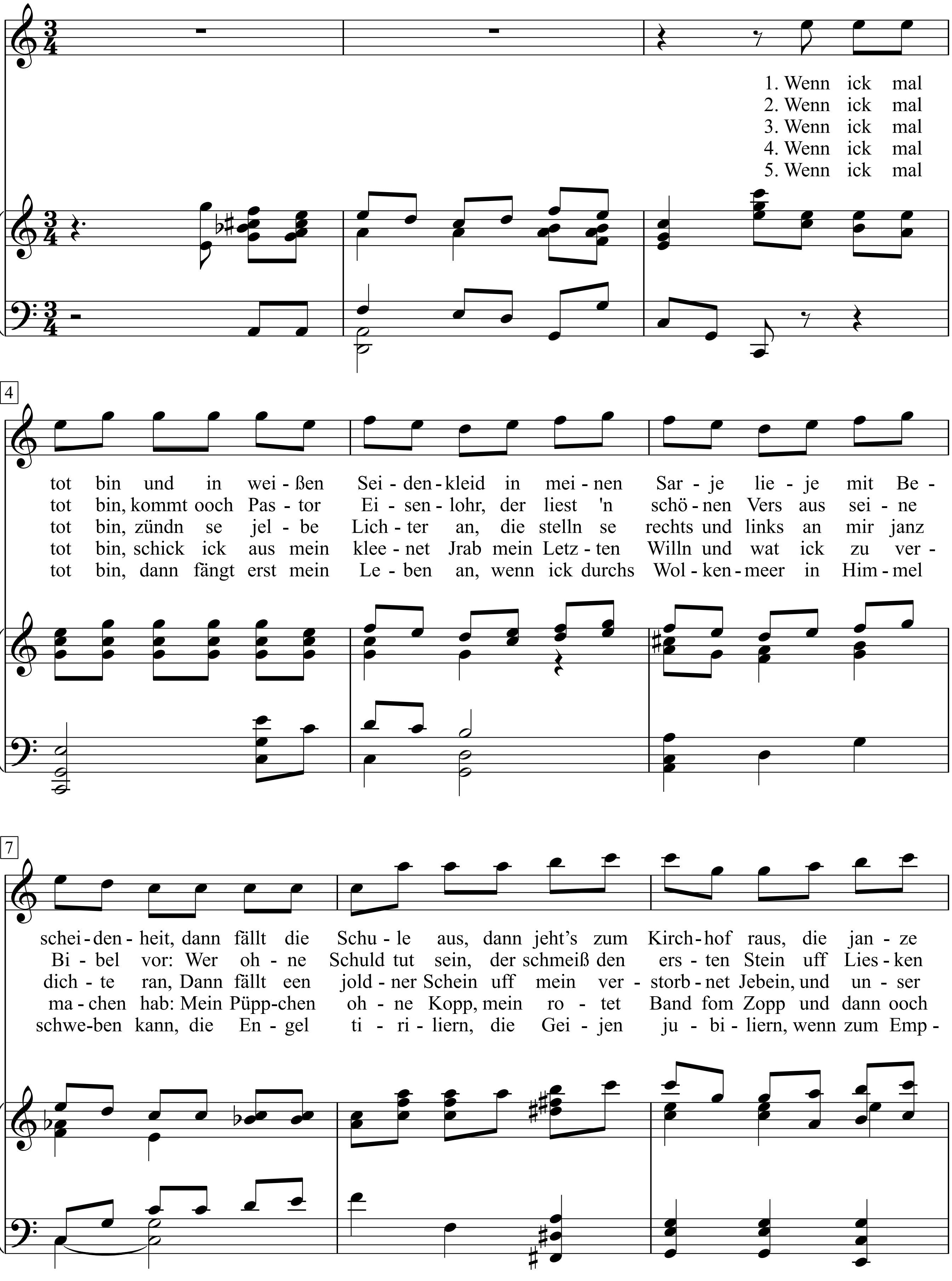
1. Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär',
und auch zwei Flüglein hätt',
flög' ich zu dir;
weil's aber nicht kann sein,
weil's aber nicht kann sein,
bleib ich allhier.

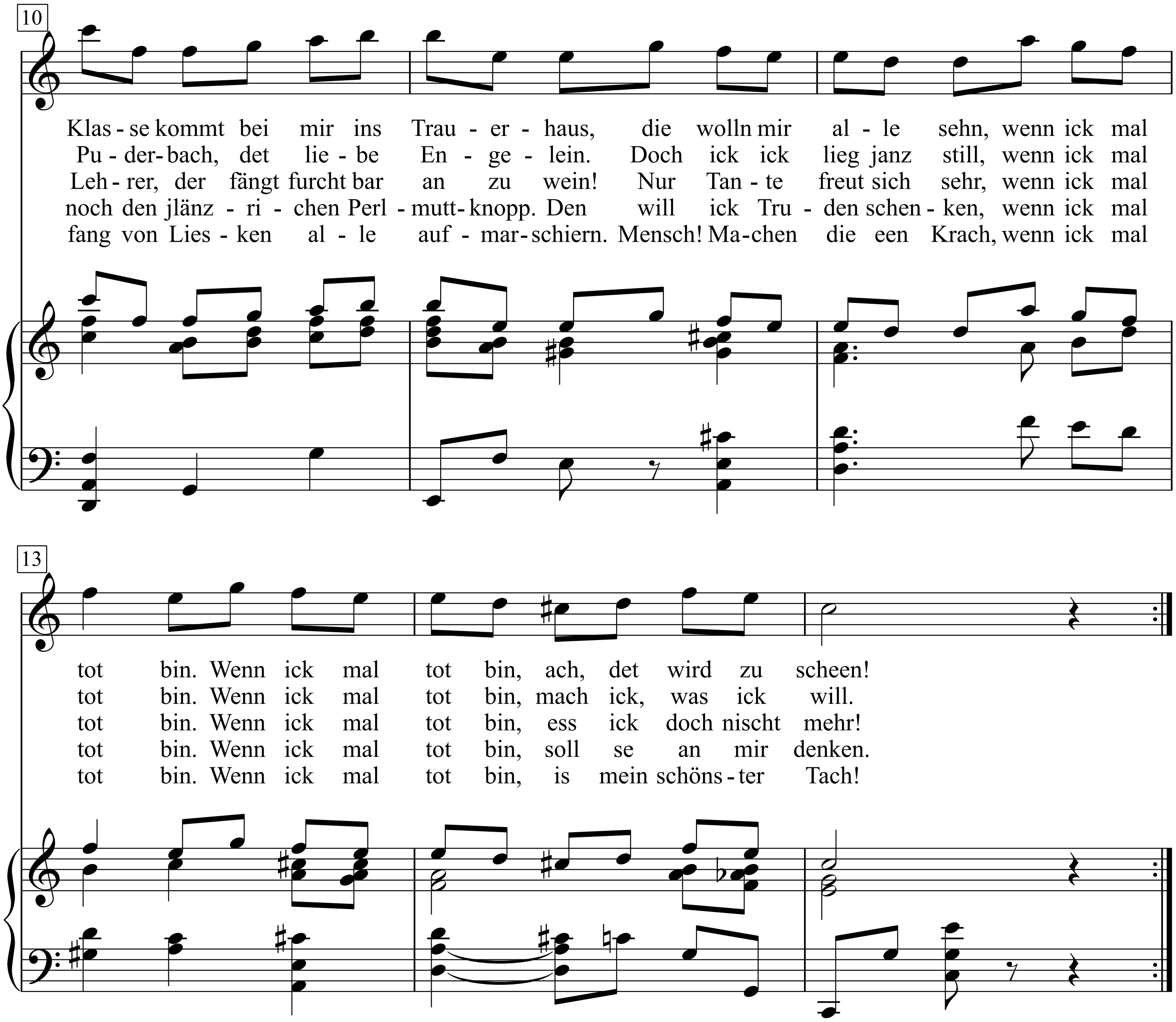
2. Bin ich gleich weit von dir,
bin doch im Schlaf bei dir,
und red' mit dir;
wenn ich erwachen thu',
wenn ich erwachen thu',
bin ich allein.

3. Es vergeht kein' Stund' in der Nacht,
da mein Herze nicht erwacht,
und an dich gedenkt,
dass du mir viel tausendmal,
dass du mir viel tausendmal
dein Herze geschenkt.

Wenn ick mal tot bin

Text & Musik: Friedrich Hollaender
(Blandine Ebinger)




10
Klas - se kommt bei mir ins Trau - er - haus, die wolln mir al - le sehn, wenn ick mal
Pu - der - bach, det lie - be En - ge - lein. Doch ick ick lieg janz still, wenn ick mal
Leh - rer, der fängt furcht bar an zu wein! Nur Tan - te freut sich sehr, wenn ick mal
noch den jlänz - ri - chen Perl - mutt - knopp. Den will ick Tru - den schen - ken, wenn ick mal
fang von Lies - ken al - le auf - mar - schiern. Mensch! Ma - chen die een Krach, wenn ick mal
13
tot bin. Wenn ick mal tot bin, ach, det wird zu scheen!
tot bin. Wenn ick mal tot bin, mach ick, was ick will.
tot bin. Wenn ick mal tot bin, ess ick doch nischt mehr!
tot bin. Wenn ick mal tot bin, soll se an mir denken.
tot bin. Wenn ick mal tot bin, is mein schöns - ter Tach!

1. Wenn ick mal tot bin und in weißen Seidenkleid
in meinen Sarje lieje mit Bescheidenheit,
dann fällt die Schule aus, dann jeht's zum Kirchhof raus,
die janze Klasse kommt bei mir ins Trauerhaus,
die wolln mir alle sehn, wenn ick mal tot bin.
Wenn ick mal tot bin, ach, det wird zu scheen!

2. Wenn ick mal tot bin, kommt ooch Pastor Eisenlohr,
der liest 'n schönen Vers aus seine Bibel vor:
Wer ohne Schuld tut sein, der schmeiß den ersten Stein
uff Liesken Puderbach, det liebe Engelein.
Doch ick ick lieg janz still, wenn ick mal tot bin.
Wenn ick mal tot bin, mach ick, was ick will.

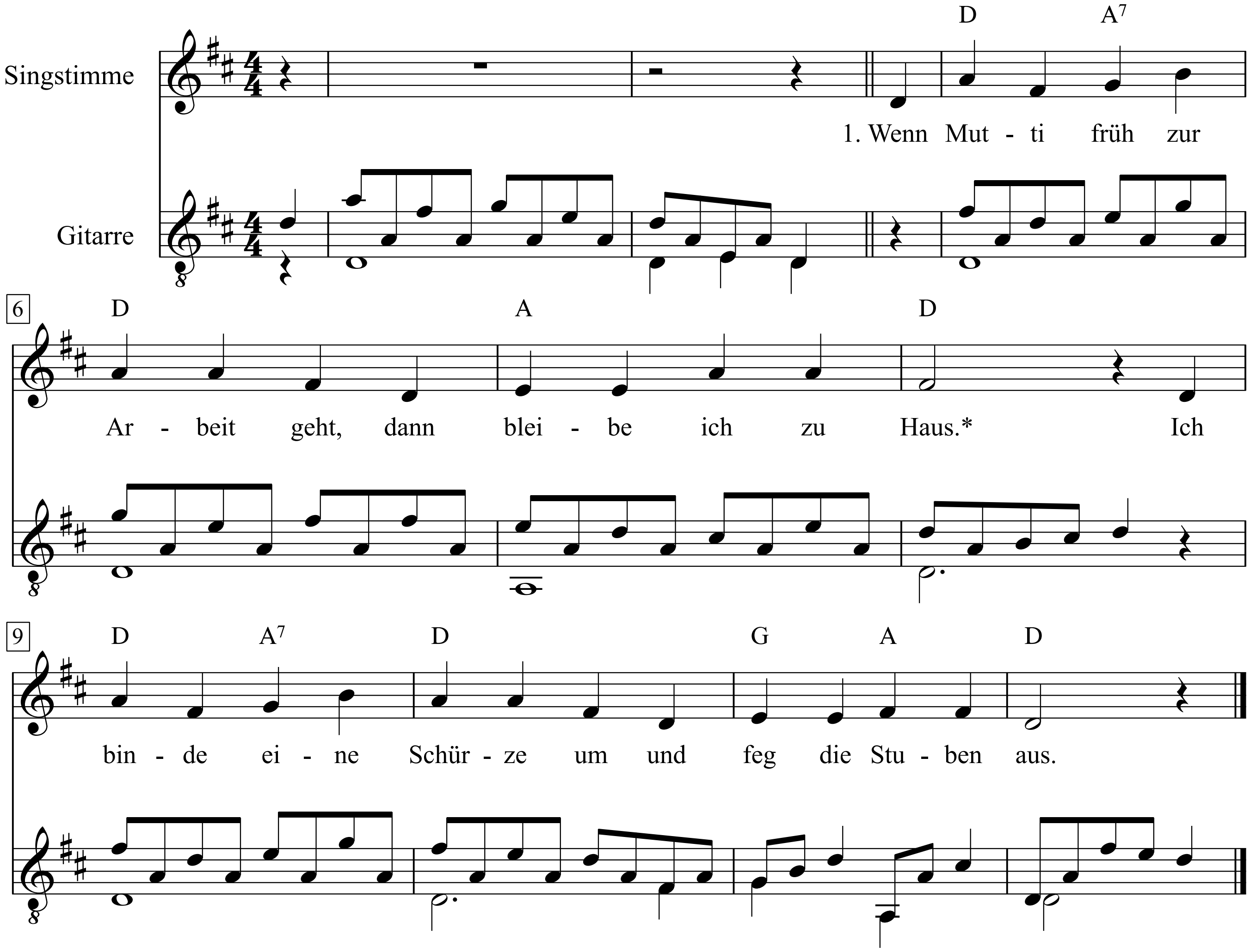
3. Wenn ick mal tot bin, zündn se jelbe Lichter an,
die stelln se rechts und links an mir janz dichte ran,
Dann fällt een joldner Schein uff mein verstorbnet Jebein,
und unser Lehrer, der fängt furchtbar an zu wein!
Nur Tante freut sich sehr, wenn ick mal tot bin.
Wenn ick mal tot bin, ess ick doch nischt mehr!

4. Wenn ick mal tot bin, schick ick aus mein kleenet Jrab
mein Letzten Willn und wat ick zu vermachen hab:
Mein Püppchen ohne Kopp, mein rotet Band fom Zopp
und dann ooch noch den jlänzrichen Perlmuttknopp.
Den will ick Truden schenken, wenn ick mal tot bin.
Wenn ick mal tot bin, soll se an mir denken.

5. Wenn ick mal tot bin, dann fängt erst mein Leben an,
wenn ick durchs Wolkenmeer in Himmel schweben kann,
die Engel tiriliern, die Geijen jubiliern,
wenn zum Empfang von Liesken alle aufmarschiern.
Mensch! Machen die een Krach, wenn ick mal tot bin.
Wenn ick mal tot bin, is mein schönster Tach!

Wenn Mutti früh zur Arbeit geht

Worte & Weise: Kurt Schwaen
Satz: Adalbert Quadt



1. Wenn Mutti früh zur Arbeit geht,
dann bleibe ich zu Haus.
Ich binde eine Schürze um
und feg die Stuben aus.

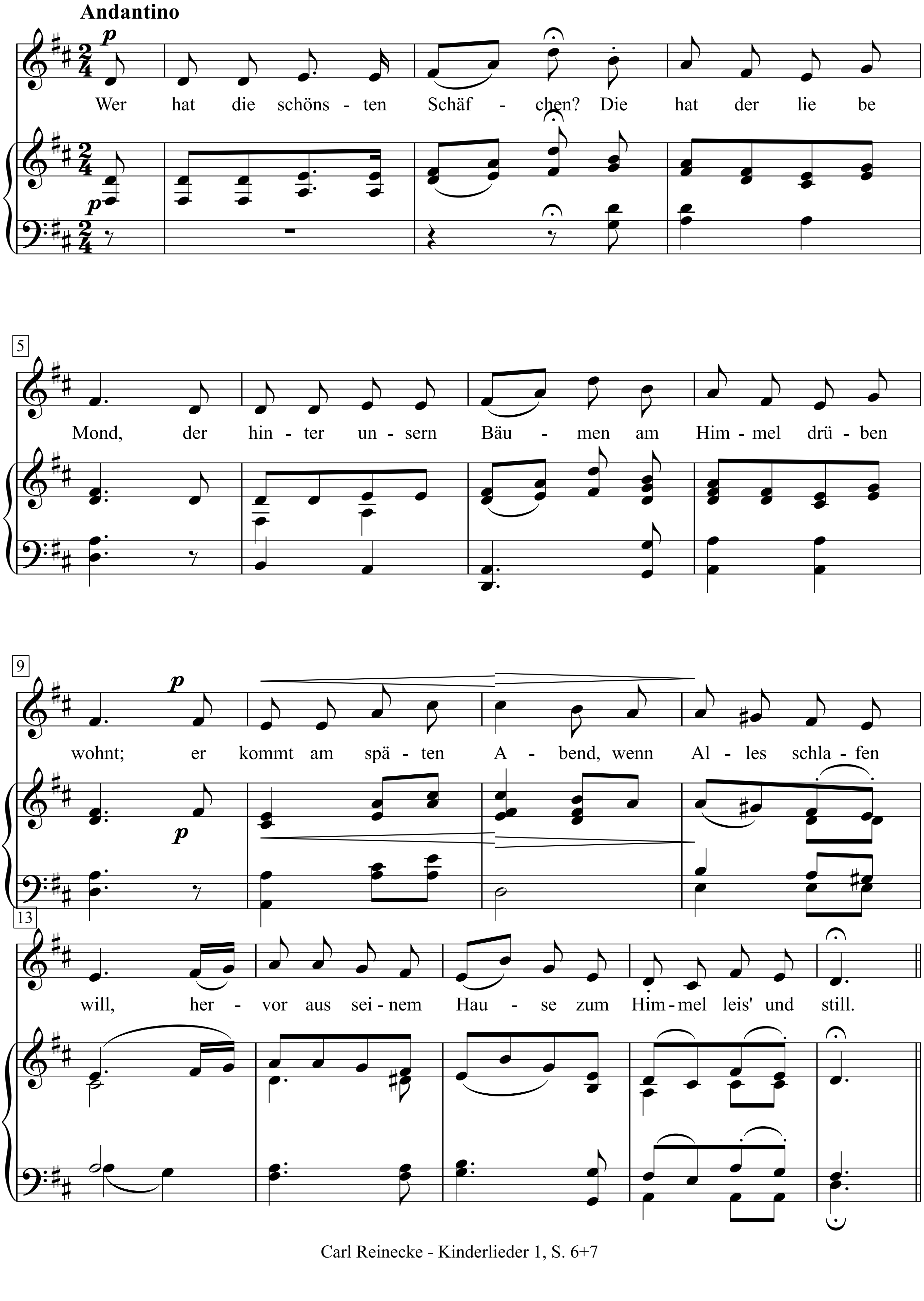
2. Das Essen kochen kann ich nicht,
dazu bin ich zu klein.
Doch Staub hab ich schon oft gewischt,
wie wird sich Mutti freun.

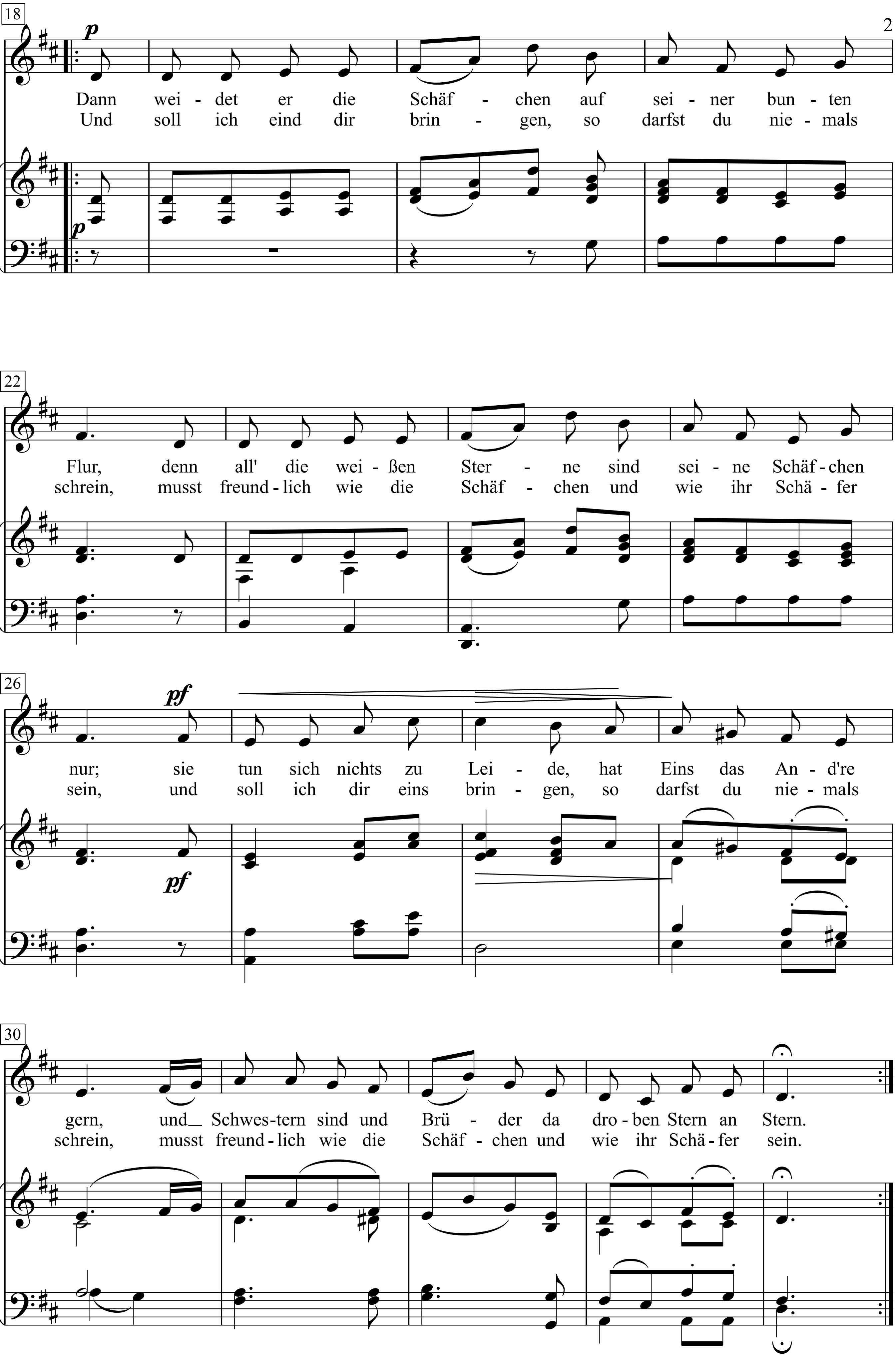
3. Ich habe auch ein Puppenkind,
das ist so lieb und fein.
Für dieses kann ich ganz allein
die richt’ge Mutti sein.

** Wir singen auch:*
1. Wenn Mutti von der Arbeit kommt,
dann dann helf ich ihr zu Haus ...
oder.
1. Weil Mutti so viel Arbeit hat,
drum helf ich ihr im Haus ...

Wer hat die schönsten Schäfchen

Carl Reinecke



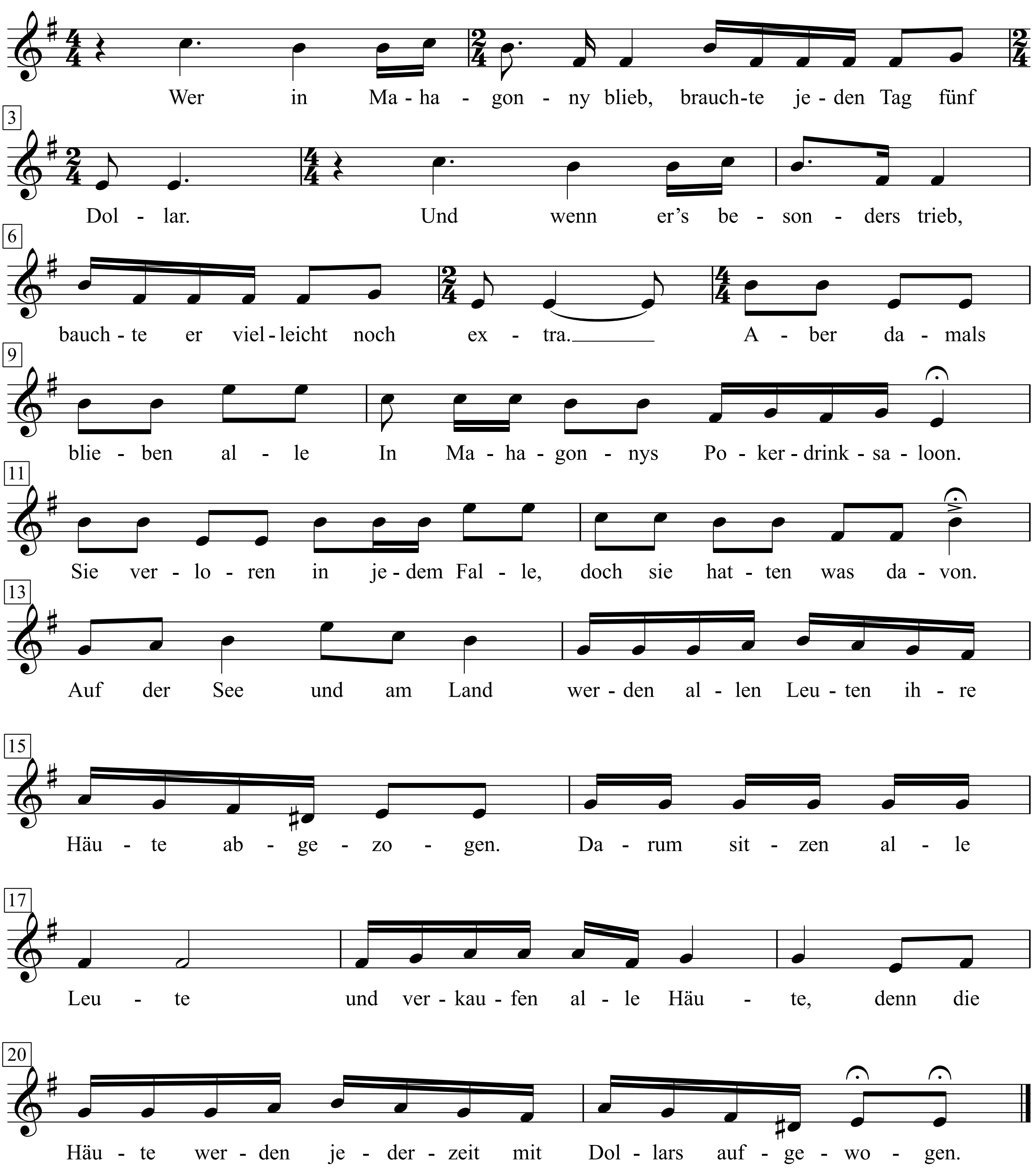

18
p
Dann wei - det er die Schäf - chen auf sei - ner bun - ten
Und soll ich eind dir brin - gen, so darfst du nie - mals
p
22
Flur, denn all' die wei - ßen Ster - ne sind sei - ne Schäf - chen
schrein, musst freund - lich wie die Schäf - chen und wie ihr Schä - fer
26
pf
nur; sie tun sich nichts zu Lei - de, hat Eins das An - d're
sein, und soll ich dir eins brin - gen, so darfst du nie - mals
pf
30
gern, und_ Schwes-tern sind und Brü - der da dro - ben Stern an Stern.
schrein, musst freund - lich wie die Schäf - chen und wie ihr Schä - fer sein.

1. Wer hat die schönsten Schäfchen?
Die hat der lie be Mond,
der hinter unsern Bäumen
am Himmel drüben wohnt;
er kommt am späten Abend,
wenn Alles schlafen will,
hervor aus seinem Hause
zum Himmel leis' und still.

Dann weidet er die Schäfchen
auf seiner bunten Flur,
denn all' die weißen Sterne
sind seine Schäfchen nur;
sie tun sich nichts zu Leide,
hat Eins das And're gern,
und Schwestern sind und Brüder
da droben Stern an Stern.

2. Und soll ich eind dir bringen,
so darfst du niemals schrein,
musst freundlich wie die Schäfchen
und wie ihr Schäfer sein,
und soll ich dir eins bringen,
so darfst du niemals schrein,
musst freundlich wie die Schäfchen
und wie ihr Schäfer sein.

Wer in Mahagonny blieb

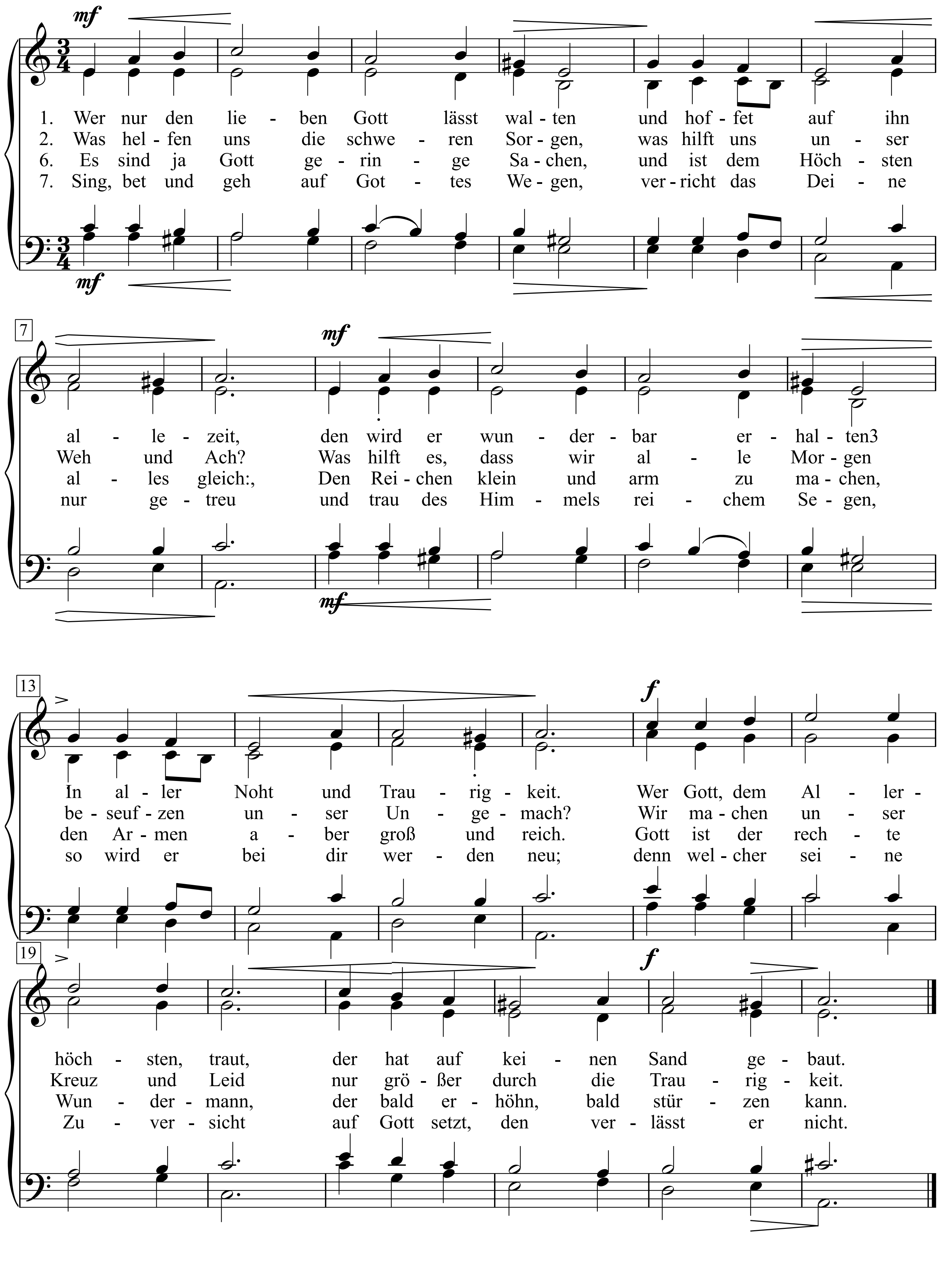


Wer in Mahagonny blieb
Brauchte jeden Tag fünf Dollar
Und wenn er’s besonders trieb
Brauchte er vielleicht noch extra.
Aber damals blieben alle
In Mahagonnys Pokerdrinksaloon
Sie verloren in jedem Falle
Doch sie hatten was davon.
1
Auf der See und am Land
Werden allen Leuten ihre Häute abgezogen
Darum sitzen alle Leute
Und verkaufen alle Häute
Denn die Häute werden jederzeit mit Dollars aufgewogen.
Wer in Mahagonny blieb
Brauchte jeden Tag fünf Dollar
Und wenn er’s besonders trieb
Brauchte er vielleicht noch extra.
Aber damals blieben alle
In Mahagonnys Pokerdrinksaloon
Sie verloren in jedem Falle
Doch sie hatten was davon.
2
2
Auf der See und am Land
Ist drum der Verbrauch von frischen Häuten ungeheuer
Immer beißt es euch im Fleische
Doch wer zahlt euch eure Räusche?
Denn die Häute, die sind billig, und der Whisky, der ist teuer.
Wer in Mahagonny blieb
Brauchte jeden Tag fünf Dollar
Und wenn er's besonders trieb
Brauchte er vielleicht noch extra.
Aber damals blieben alle
In Mahagonnys Pokerdrinksaloon
Sie verloren in jedem Falle
Doch sie hatten was davon.
3
Auf der See und am Land
Siehet man die vielen Gottesmühlen langsam mahlen
Und drum sitzen viele Leute
Und verkaufen viele Häute
Denn sie wolln so gern bar leben und so ungern bar bezahlen.
Wer in seinem Kober bleibt
Braucht nicht jeden Tag fünf Dollar
Und falls er nicht unbeweibt
Braucht er auch vielleicht nicht extra.
Aber heute sitzen alle
In des lieben Gottes billigem Salon

Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten

Text & Melodie: Georg Neumark

Mäßig bewegt



1. Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten
und hoffet auf ihn allezeit,
den wird er wunderbar erhalten
in aller Not und Traurigkeit.
Wer Gott, dem Allerhöchsten, traut,
der hat auf keinen Sand gebaut.

2. Was helfen uns die schweren Sorgen,
was hilft uns unser Weh und Ach?
Was hilft es, dass wir alle Morgen
beseufzen unser Ungemach?
Wir machen unser Kreuz und Leid
nur größer durch die Traurigkeit.

3. Man halte nur ein wenig stille
und sei doch in sich selbst vergnügt,
wie unser's Gottes Gnadenwille,
wie sein Allwissenheit es fügt;
Gott, der uns sich hat auserwählt,
der weiß auch sehr wohl, was uns fehlt.

4. Er kennt die rechten Freudenstunden,
er weiß wohl, wann es nützlich sei;
wenn er uns nur hat treu erfunden
und merket keine Heuchelei,
so kommt Gott, eh wir's uns versehn,
und lässet uns viel Guts geschehn.

5. Denk nicht in deiner Drangsalshitze,
dass du von Gott verlassen seist
und dass ihm der im Schoße sitze,
der sich mit stetem Glücke speist.
Die Folgezeit verändert viel
und setzet jeglichem sein Ziel.

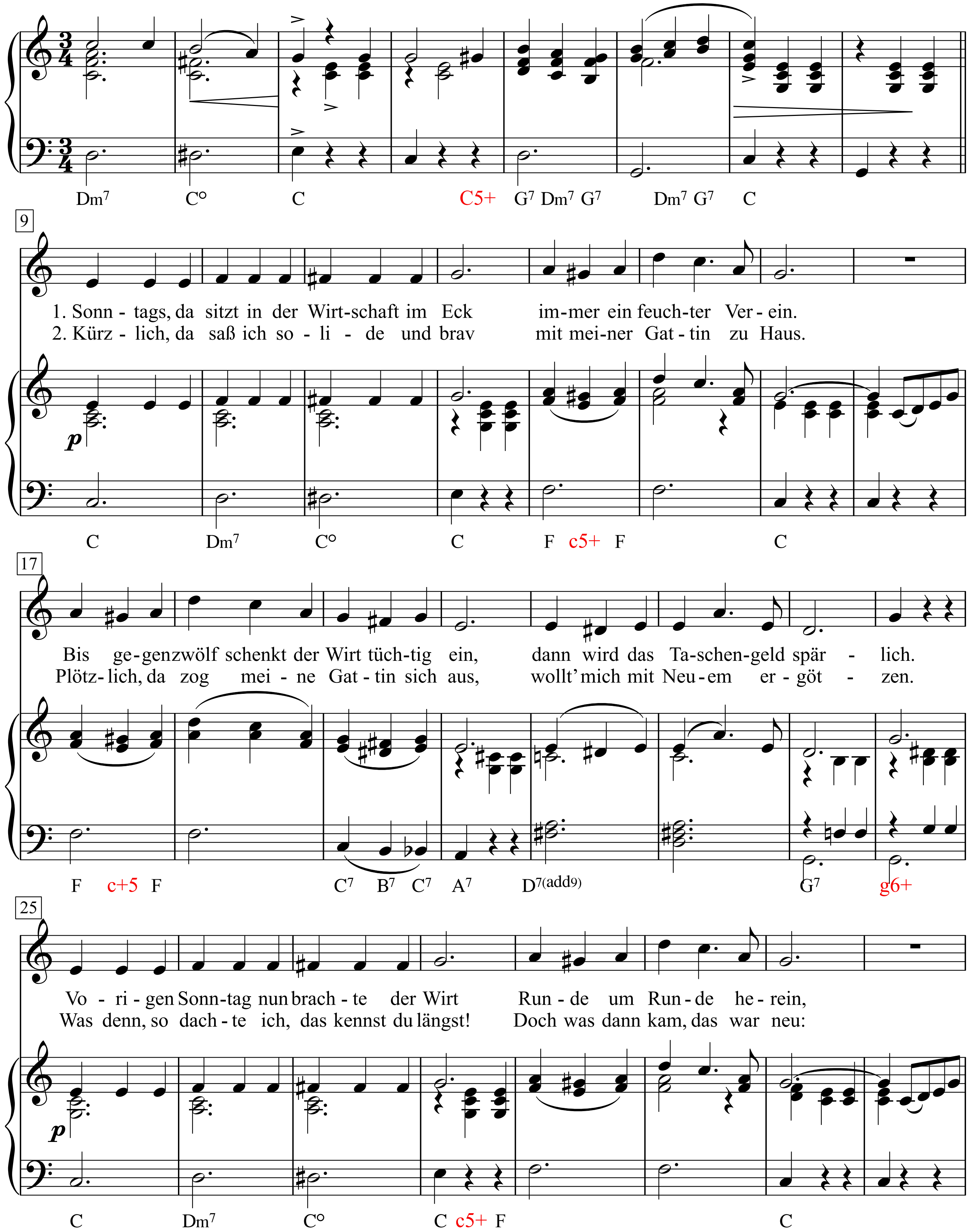
6. Es sind ja Gott geringe Sachen
und ist dem Höchsten alles gleich:
Den Reichen klein und arm zu machen,
den Armen aber groß und reich.
Gott ist der rechte Wundermann,
der bald erhöhn, bald stürzen kann.

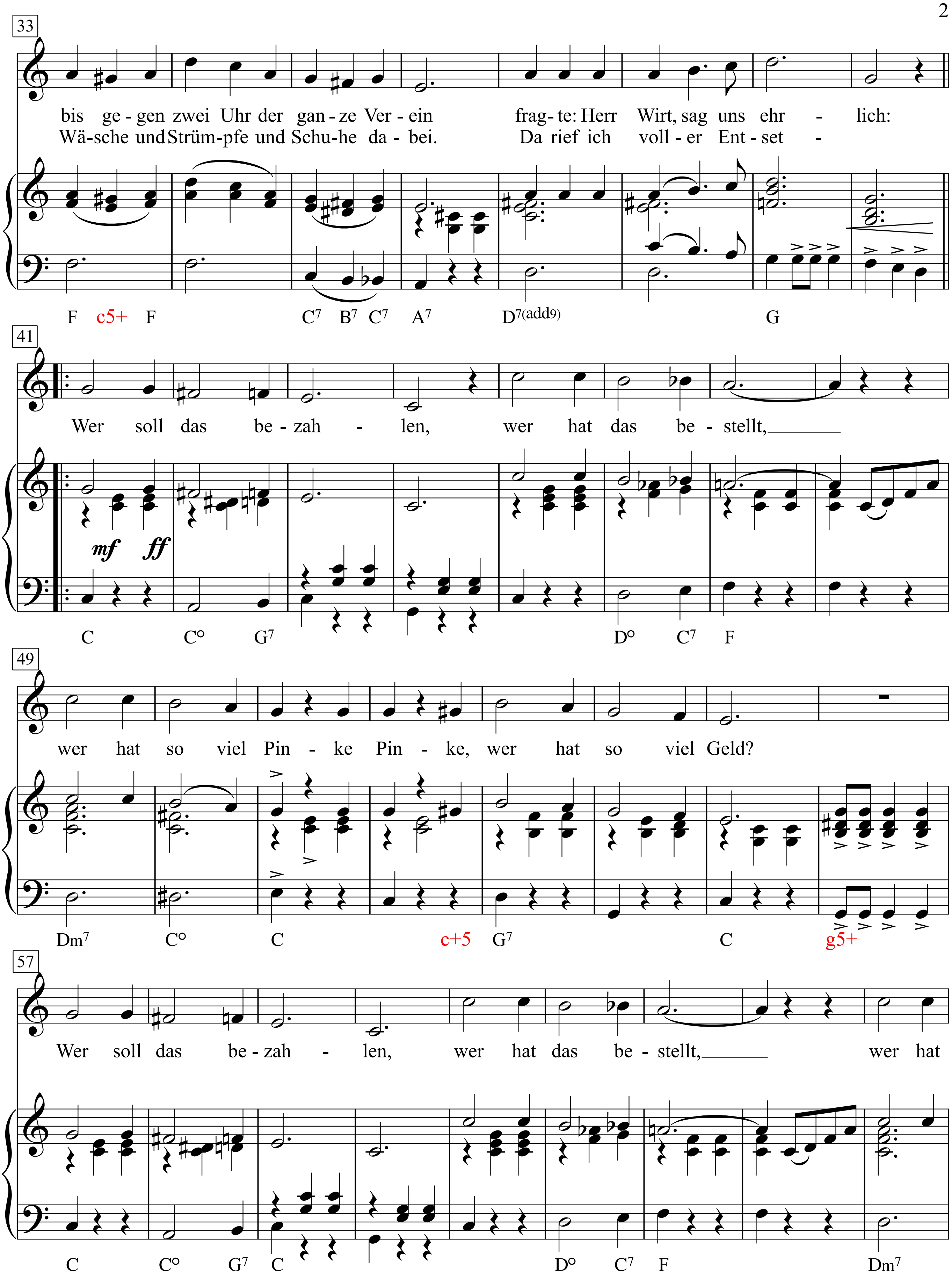
7. Sing, bet und geh auf Gottes Wegen,
verricht das Deine nur getreu
und trau des Himmels reichem Segen,
so wird er bei dir werden neu;
denn welcher seine Zuversicht
auf Gott setzt, den verlässt er nicht.

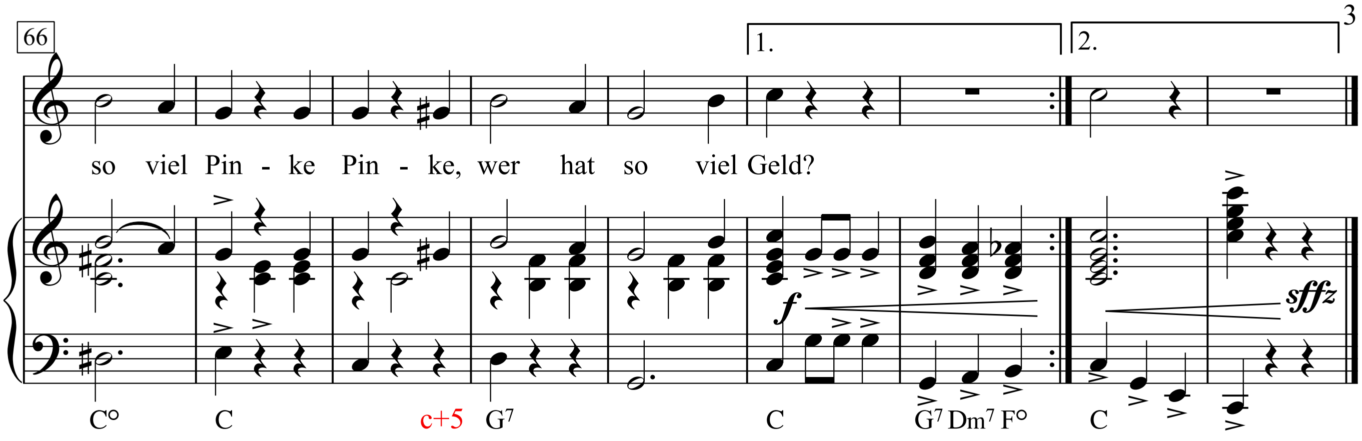
Wer soll das bezahlen?

Text: Walter Stein

Musik: Jupp Schmitz



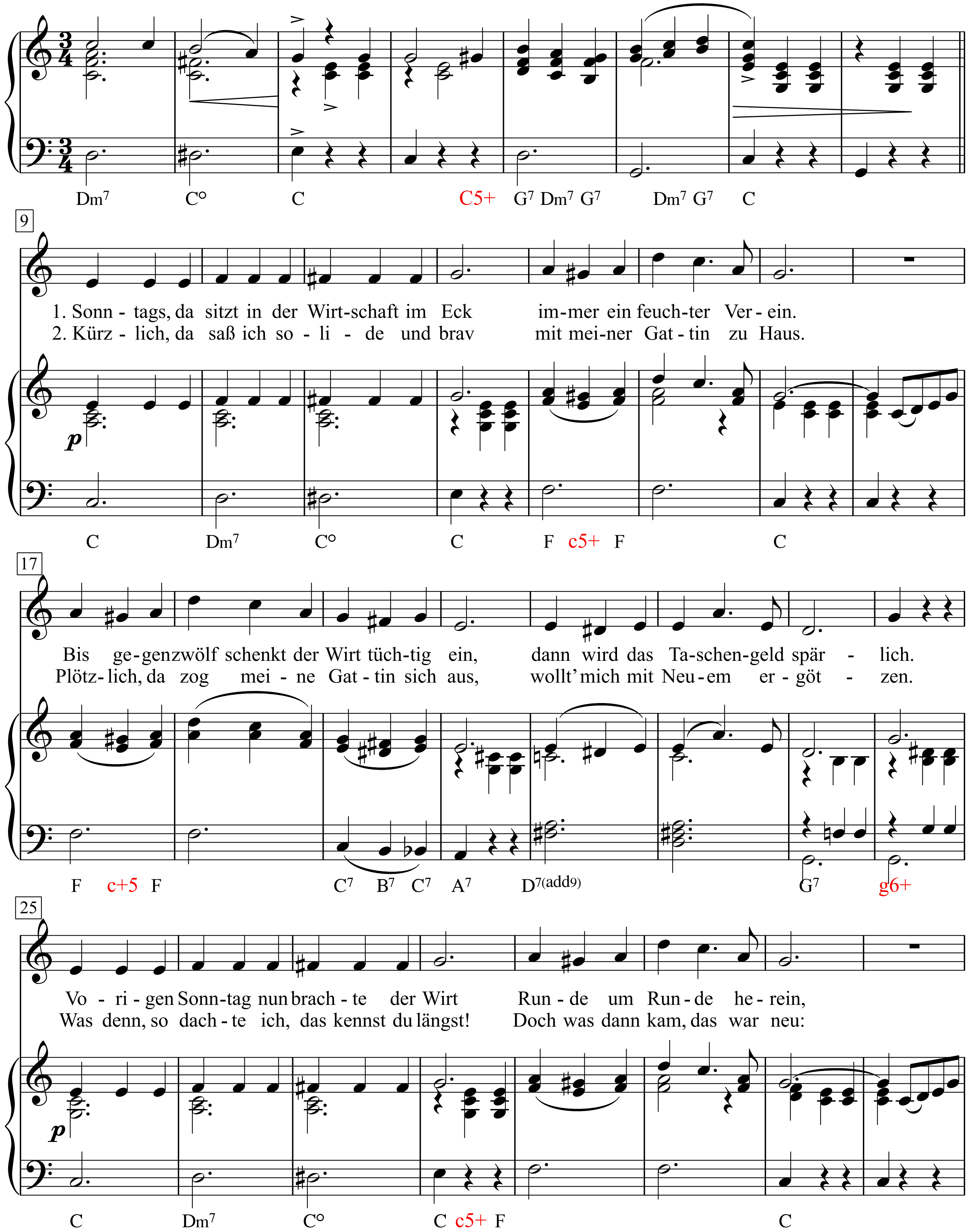

33
bis ge - gen zwei Uhr der gan - ze Ver - ein frag - te: Herr Wirt, sag uns ehr - lich:
Wä - sche und Strüm - pfe und Schu - he da - bei. Da rief ich voll - er Ent - set -
F c5+ F C7 B7 C7 A7 D7(add9) G
41
Wer soll das be - zah - len, wer hat das be - stellt,
mf ff
C C° G7 D° C7 F
49
wer hat so viel Pin - ke Pin - ke, wer hat so viel Geld?
Dm7 C° C c+5 G7 C g5+
57
Wer soll das be - zah - len, wer hat das be - stellt, wer hat
C C° G7 C D° C7 F Dm7

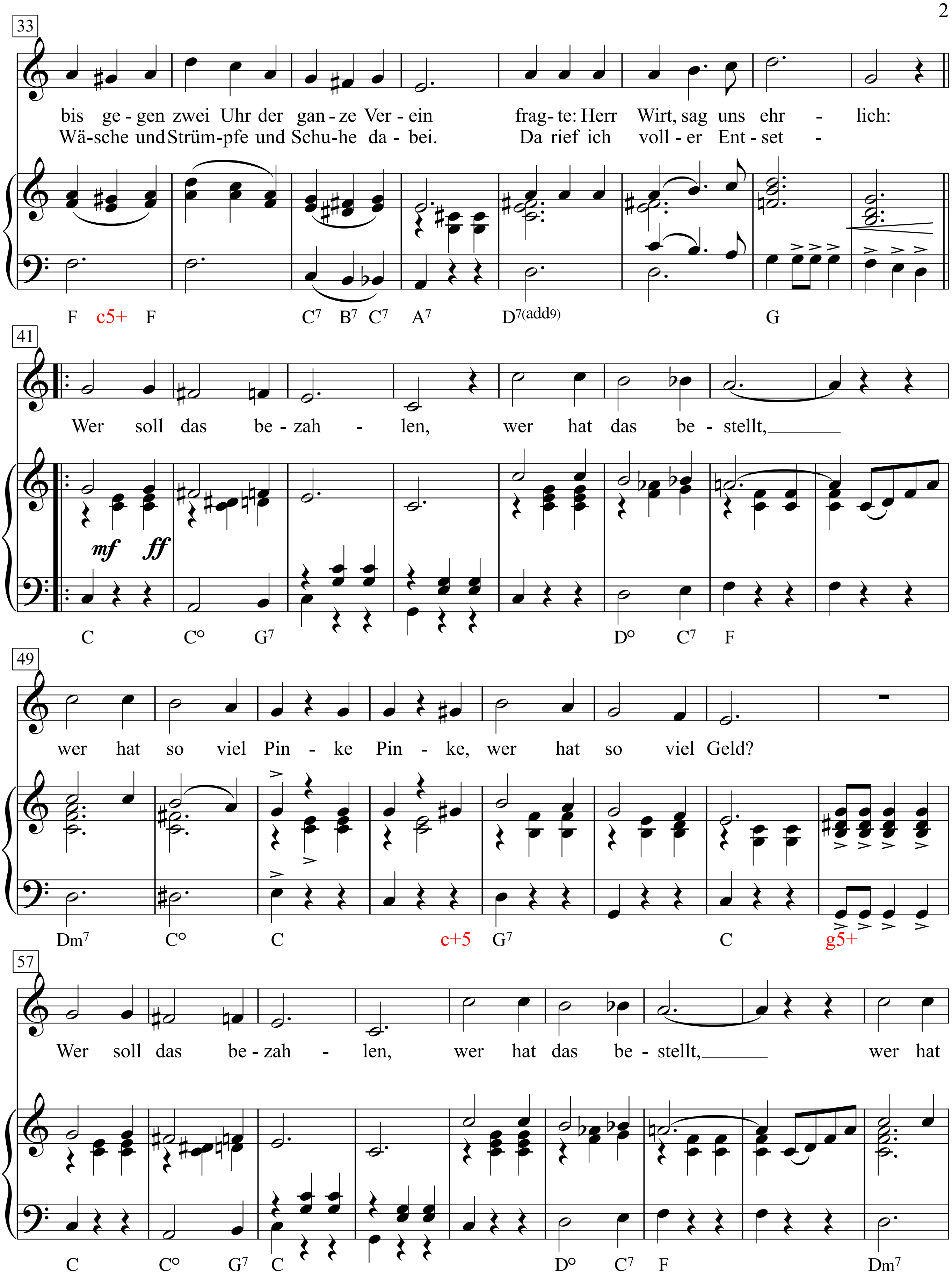

66
1.
2.
so viel Pin - ke Pin - ke, wer hat so viel Geld?
f
sffz
C° C c+5 G7 C G7 Dm7 F° C

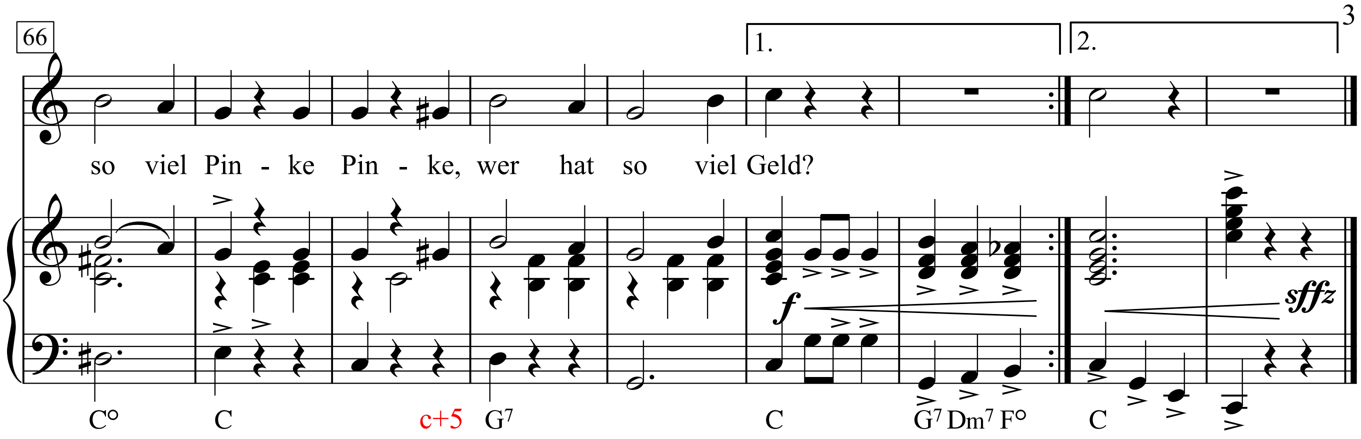
Wer soll das bezahlen?

Text: Walter Stein

Musik: Jupp Schmitz



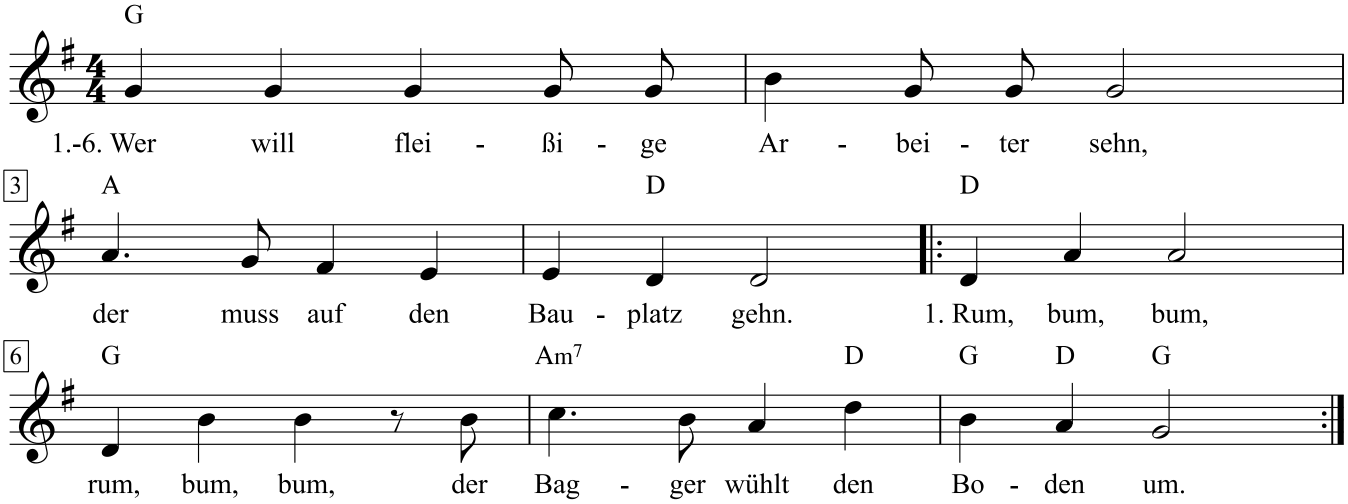

33
bis ge - gen zwei Uhr der gan - ze Ver - ein frag - te: Herr Wirt, sag uns ehr - lich:
Wä - sche und Strüm - pfe und Schu - he da - bei. Da rief ich voll - er Ent - set -
F c5+ F C7 B7 C7 A7 D7(add9) G
41
Wer soll das be - zah - len, wer hat das be - stellt,
mf ff
C C° G7 D° C7 F
49
wer hat so viel Pin - ke Pin - ke, wer hat so viel Geld?
Dm7 C° C c+5 G7 C g5+
57
Wer soll das be - zah - len, wer hat das be - stellt, wer hat
C C° G7 C D° C7 F Dm7


66
1.
2.
so viel Pin - ke Pin - ke, wer hat so viel Geld?
f
sffz
C° C c+5 G7 C G7 Dm7 F° C

Wer will fleißige Arbeiter sehn

Worte: mündlich überliefen aus dem Kindergarten Spremberg

Volksweise: Wer will fleißige Handwerker sehn



1. Wer will fleißi-ge Arbeiter sehn,
der muss auf den Bauplatz gehn.
|: Rum, bum, bum, rum, bum, bum,
der Bagger wühlt den Boden um. :|

2. Wer will fleißi-ge Arbeiter sehn,
der muss auf den Bauplatz gehn.
|: Schaufelt ein, schaufelt ein,
der Keller soll bald fertig sein. :|

3. Wer will fleißi-ge Arbeiter sehn,
der muss auf den Bauplatz gehn.
|: Seht, wie fein, seht, wie fein,
der Kran setzt jetzt die Wände ein. :|

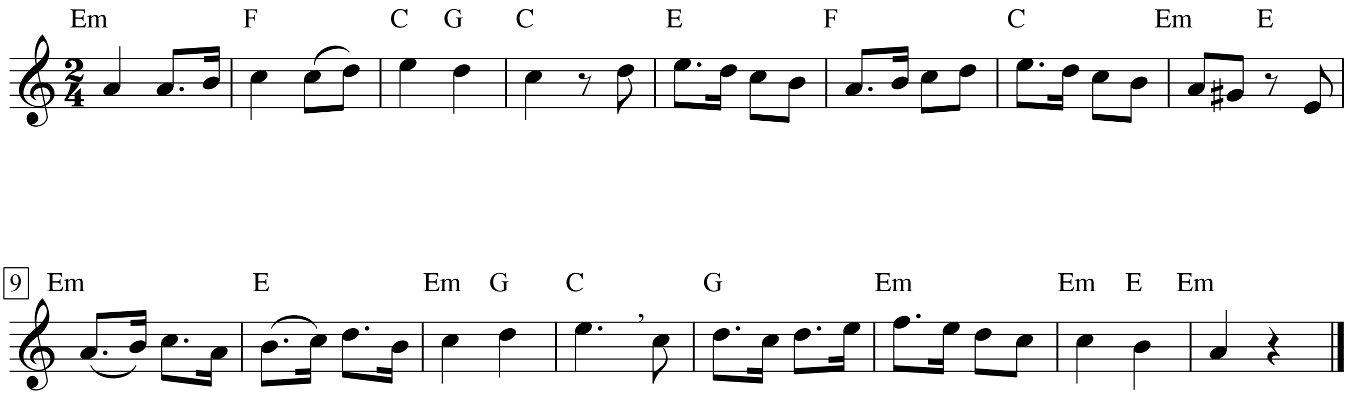
4. Wer will fleißi-ge Arbeiter sehn,
der muss auf den Bauplatz gehn.
|: Setzet ein, setzet ein,
jetzt kommen Tür und Fenster rein. :|

5. Wer will fleißi-ge Arbeiter sehn,
der muss auf den Bauplatz gehn.
|: Block auf Block, Block auf Block,
das Haus wächst schneller Stock auf Stock. :|

6. Wer will fleißi-ge Arbeiter sehn,
der muss auf den Bauplatz gehn.
|: Ach, wie fein, ach, wie fein,
bald ziehn die neuen Mieter ein. :|

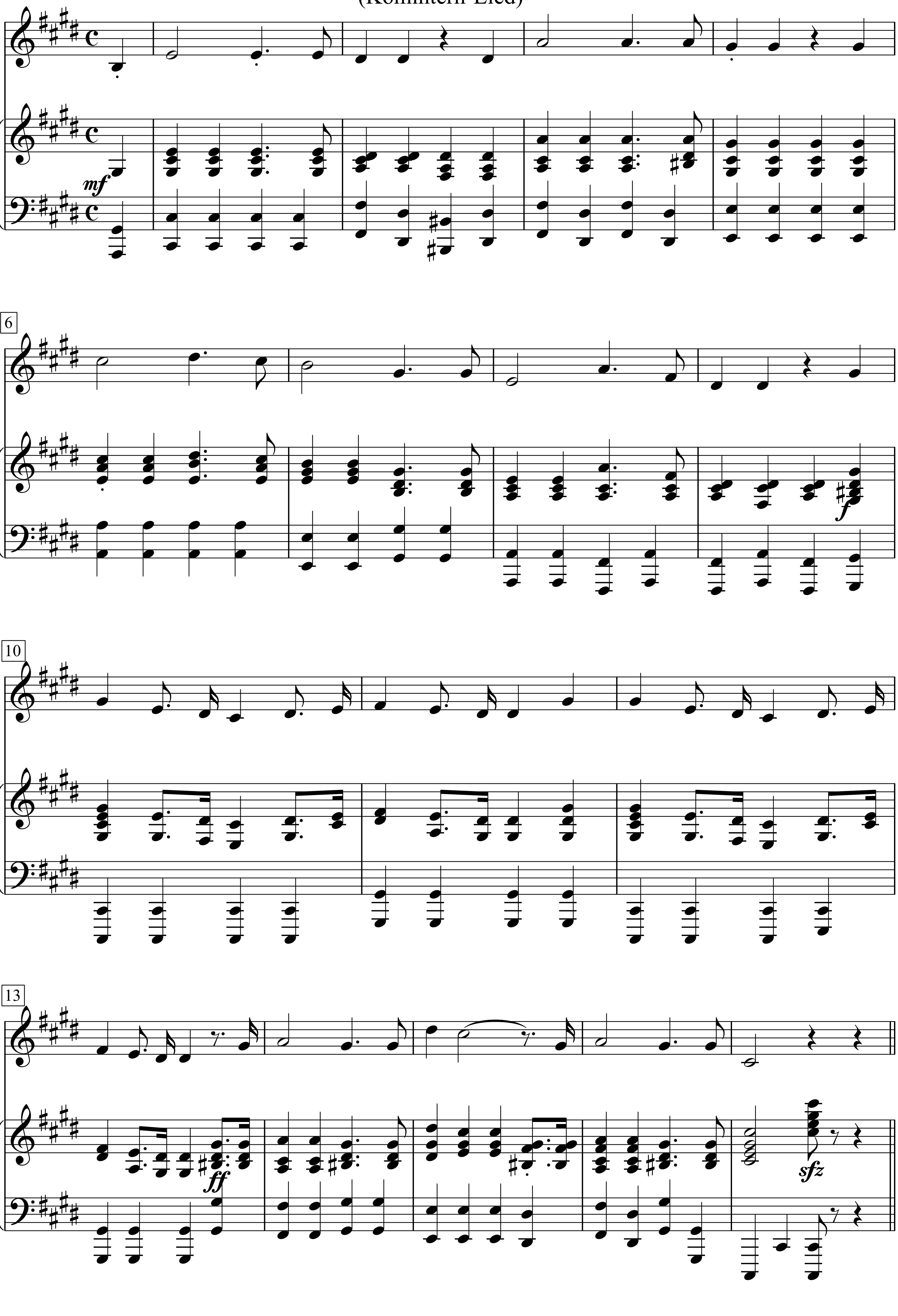
Wer will mit uns nach Island ziehn

Schulten/trad.



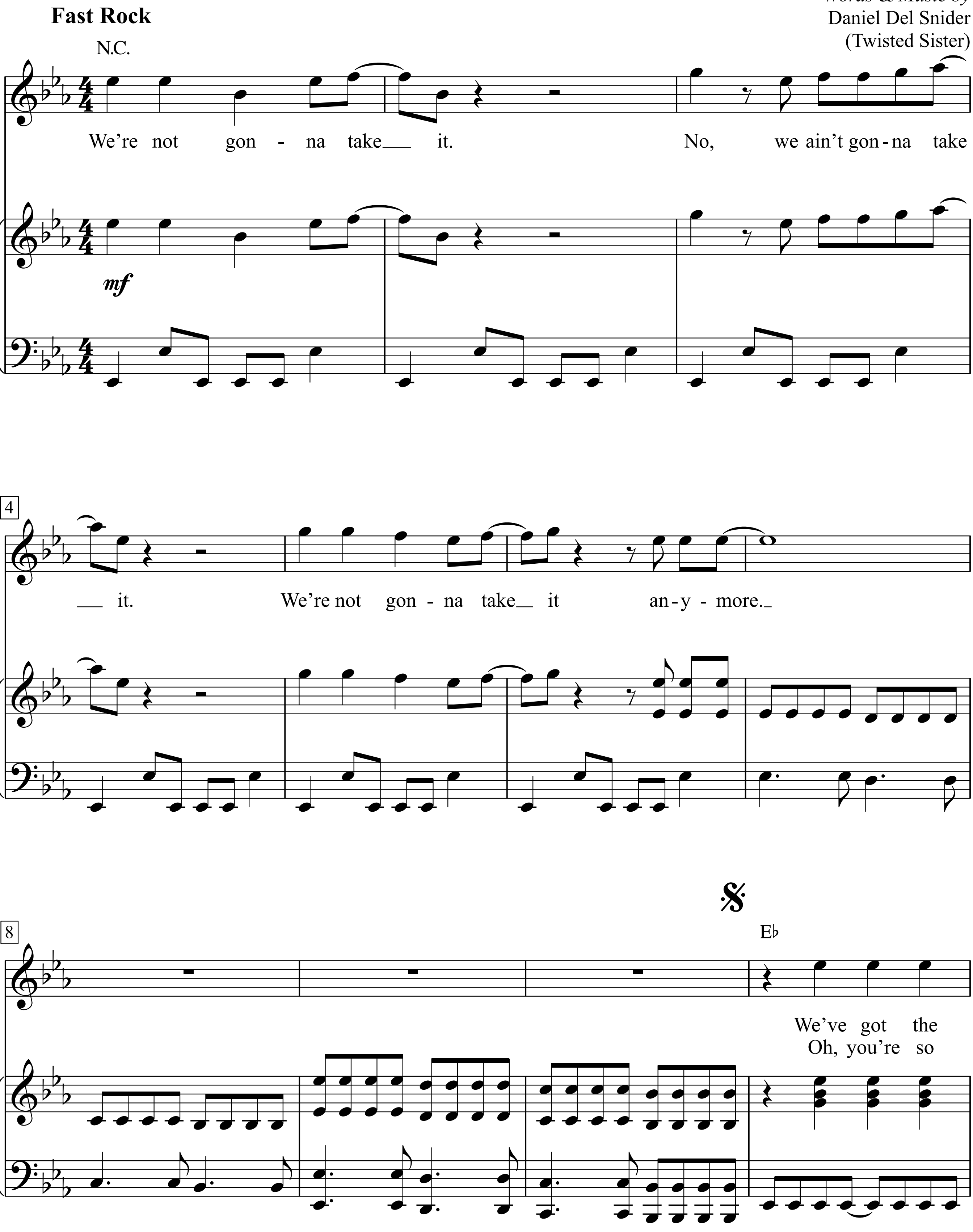
We're Marching, O Comrades

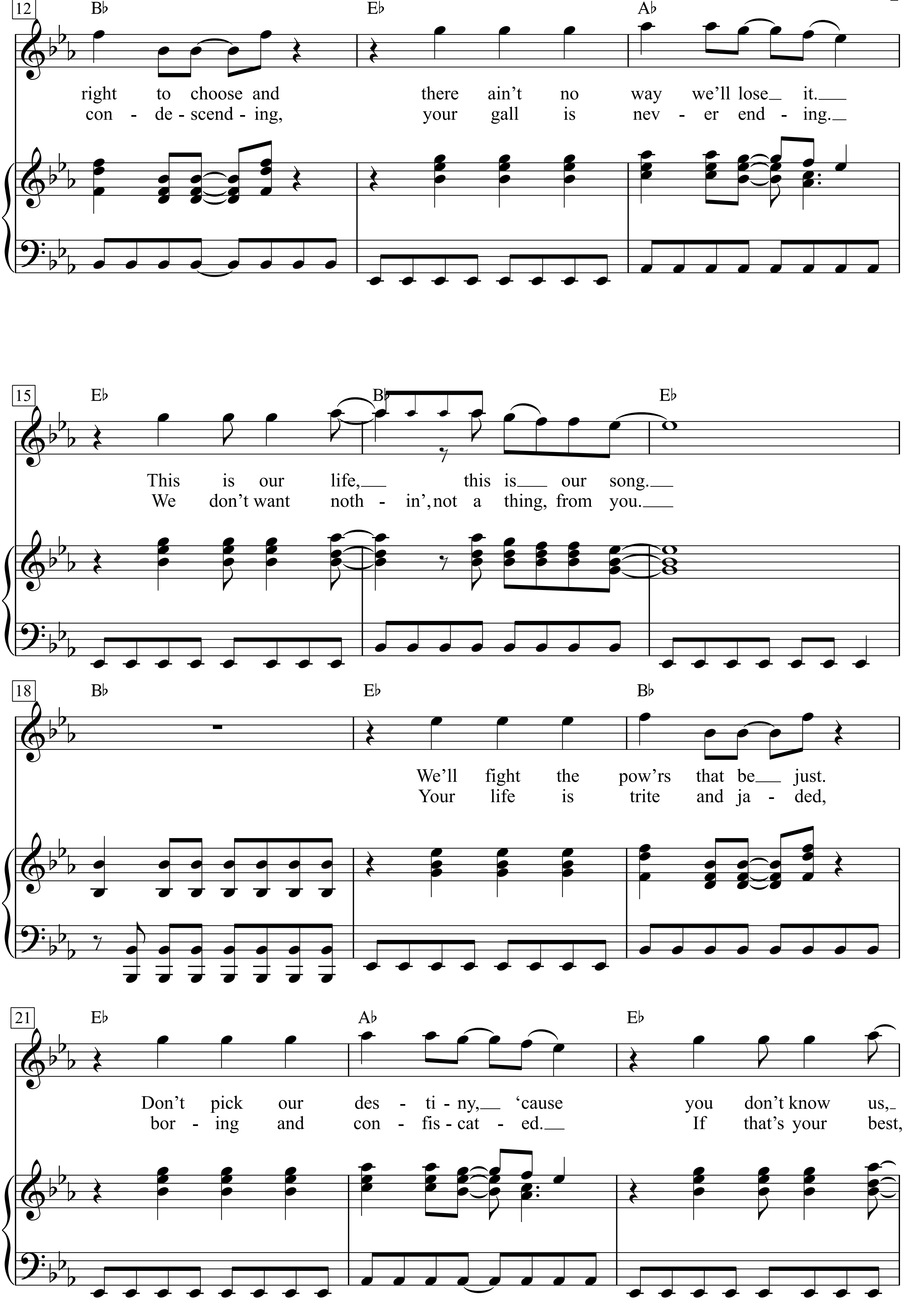
(Komintern-Lied)

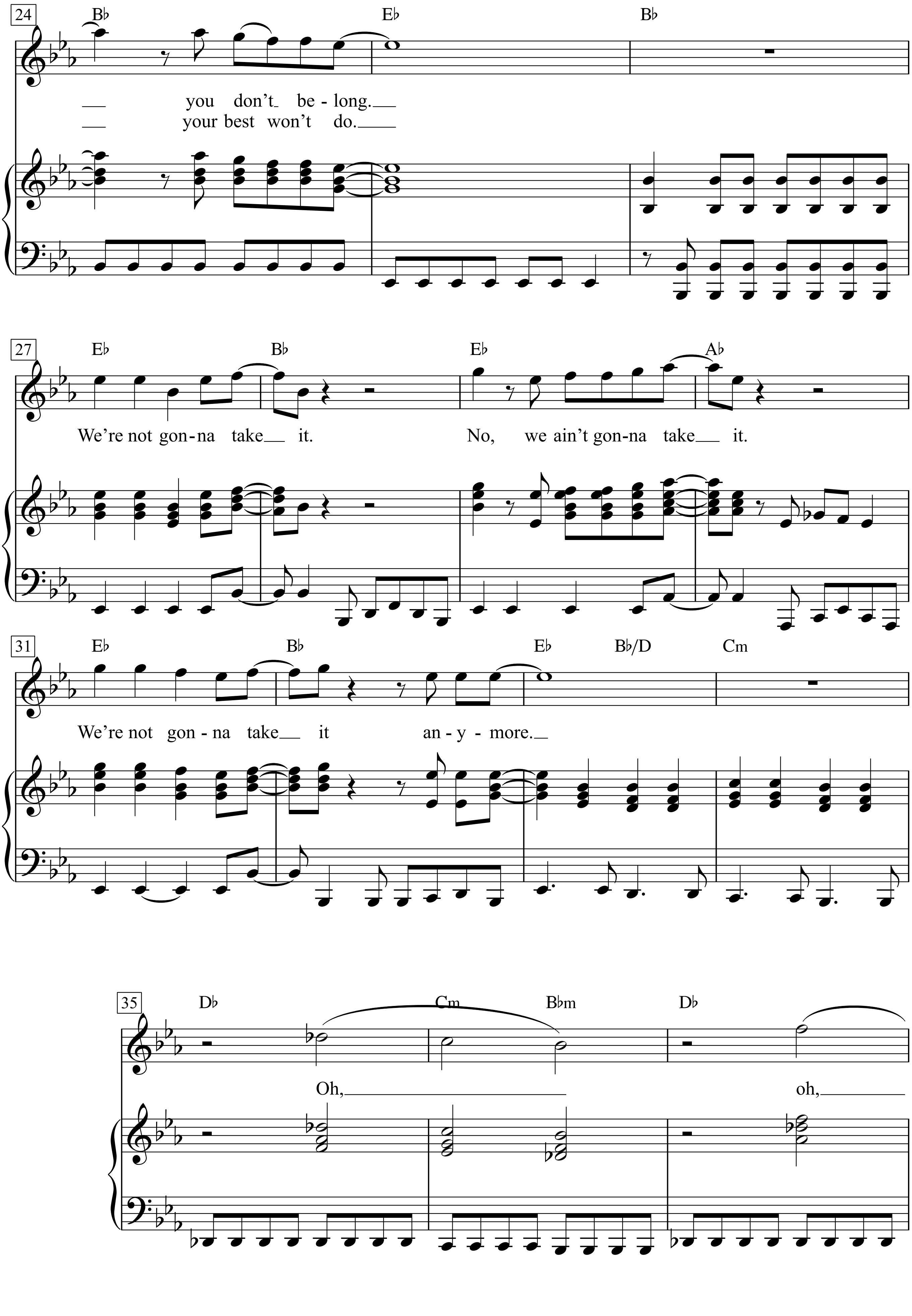


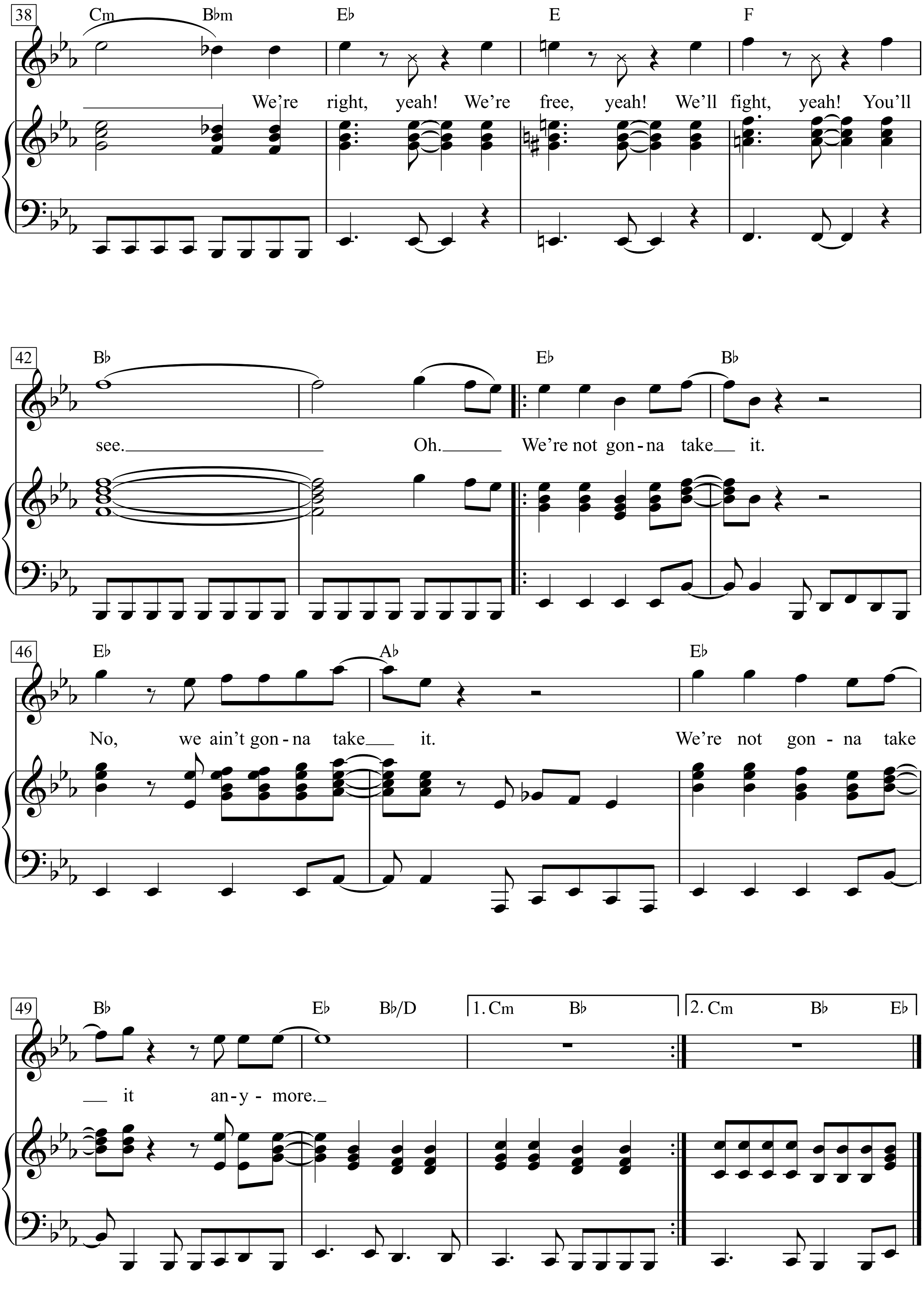
We're Not Gonna Take It

Words & Music by
Daniel Del Snider
(Twisted Sister)



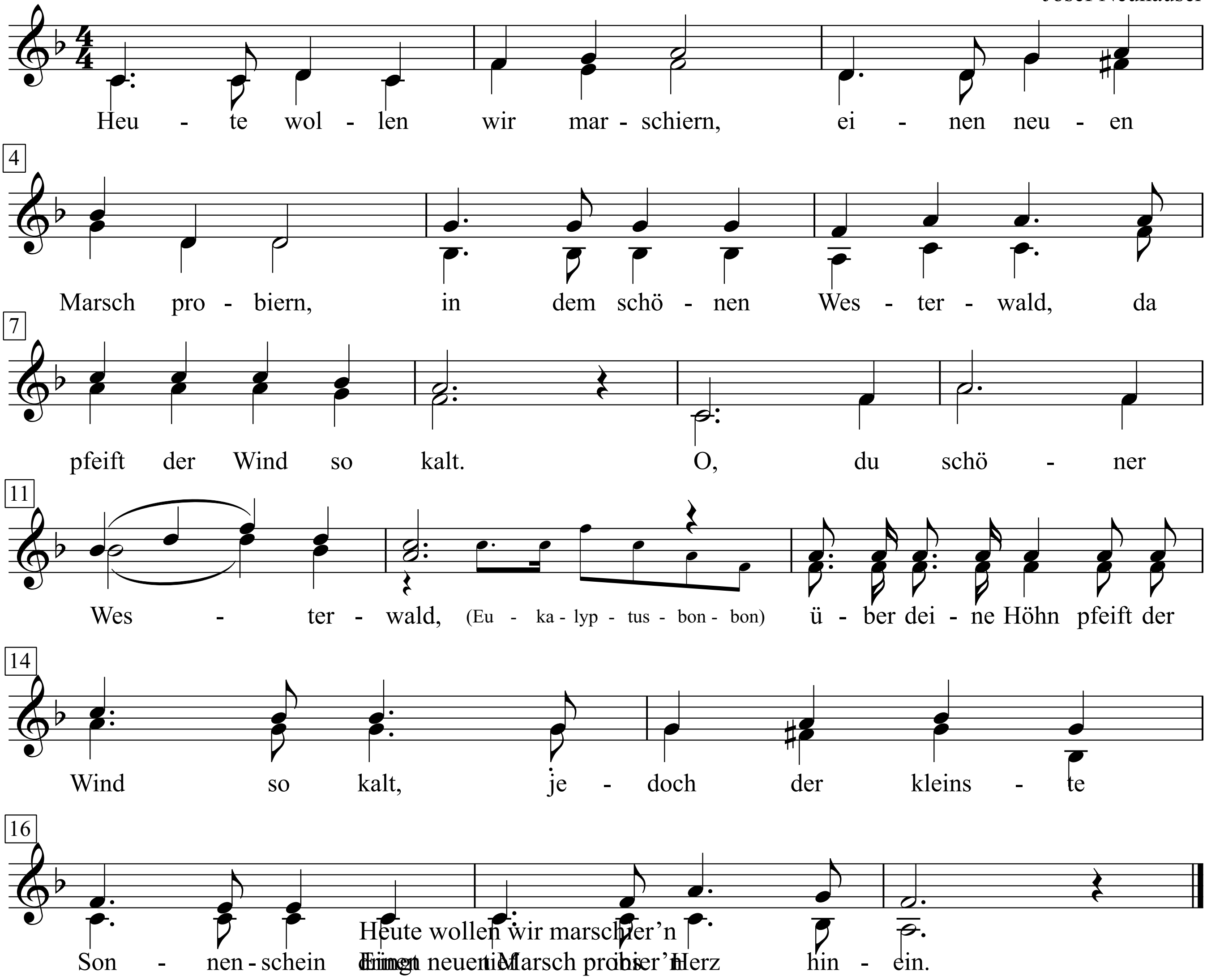

12
B♭ E♭ A♭
right to choose and there ain't no way we'll lose it.
con - de - scend - ing, your gall is nev - er end - ing.
15
E♭ B♭ E♭
This is our life, this is our song.
We don't want noth - in', not a thing, from you.
18
B♭ E♭ B♭
We'll fight the pow'rs that be just.
Your life is trite and ja - ded,
21
E♭ A♭ E♭
Don't pick our des - ti - ny, 'cause you don't know us,
bor - ing and con - fis - cat - ed. If that's your best,


24
B♭
E♭
B♭
you don't be - long.
your best won't do.
27
E♭
B♭
E♭
A♭
We're not gon - na take it.
No, we ain't gon - na take it.
31
E♭
B♭
E♭
B♭/D
Cm
We're not gon - na take it an - y - more.
35
D♭
Cm
B♭m
D♭
Oh,
oh,


38
Cm Bbm Eb E F
We're right, yeah! We're free, yeah! We'll fight, yeah! You'll
42
Bb Eb Bb
see. Oh. We're not gon-na take it.
46
Eb Ab Eb
No, we ain't gon-na take it. We're not gon-na take
49
Bb Eb Bb/D 1. Cm Bb 2. Cm Bb Eb
it any-more.

Westerwaldlied

Josef Neuhäuser



Heute wollen wir marschier'n
Einen neuen Marsch probier'n
In dem schönen Westerwald
Ja da pfeift der Wind so kalt

Refrain:
O du schöner Westerwald
Über deine Höhen pfeift der Wind so kalt
Jedoch der kleinste Sonnenschein
Dringt tief ins Herz hinein

Und die Gretel und der Hans
Geh'n des Sonntags gern zum Tanz
Weil das Tanzen Freude macht
Und das Herz im Leibe lacht
Refrain

Ist das Tanzen dann vorbei
Gibt es meistens Keilerei
Und dem Bursch, den das nicht freut,
Sagt man nach, er hat kein' Schneid
Refrain
Modifizierte dritte Strophe der Bundeswehr:
Freiheit, Recht und Einigkeit
Hüten wir im Waffenkleid
Wenn's dem Gegner nicht gefällt
Schützen wir's in Wald und Feld

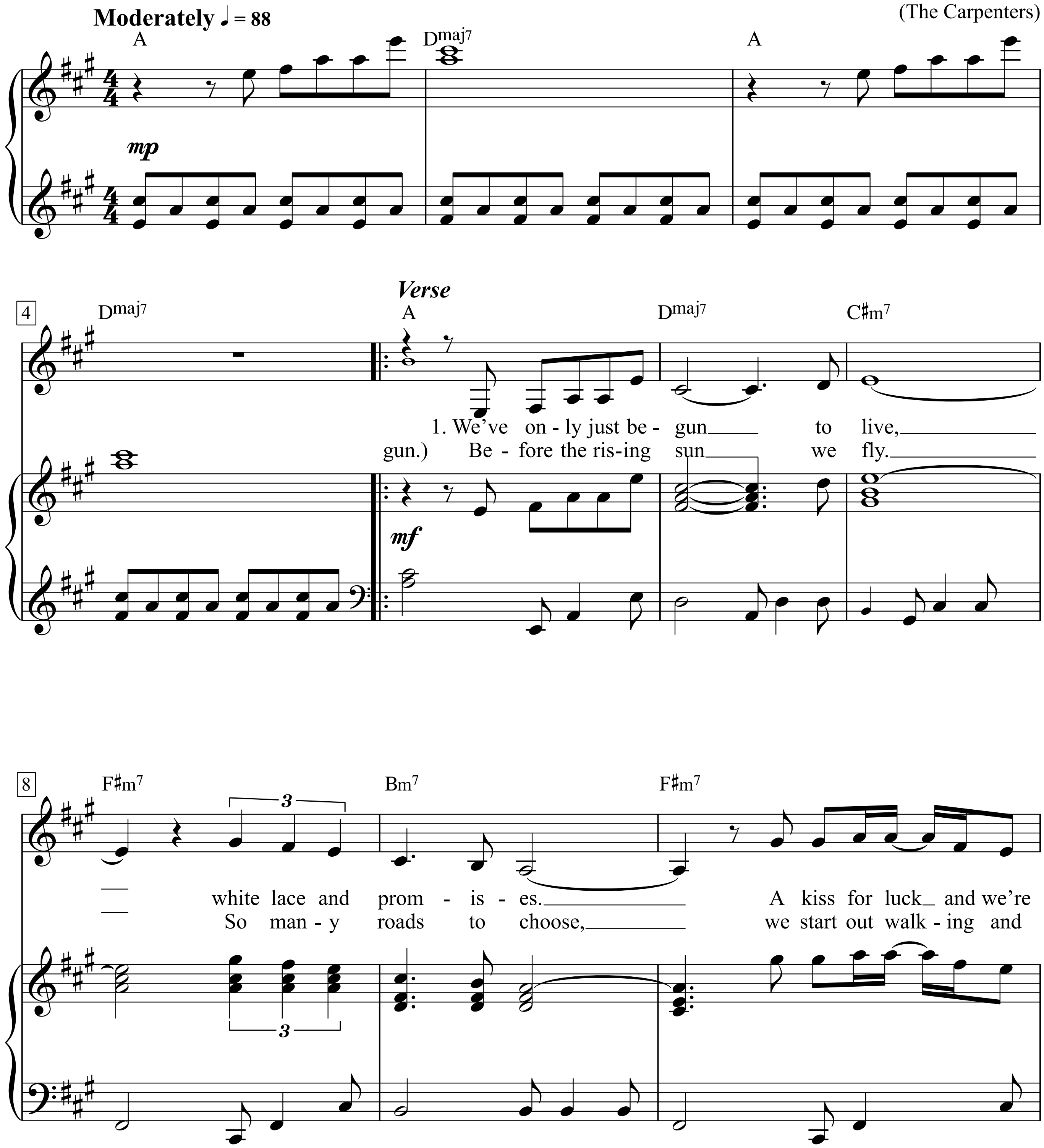
Die lange Pause von drei Taktschlägen nach der ersten Zeile des Refrains wird durch eine trillerartige Verzierung überbrückt. Diese kann beim Singen ohne Musikbegleitung durch scherzhafte Zwischenrufe nachempfunden werden. Am üblichsten ist hier der Ruf „Eukalyptusbonbon“, doch gibt es mehrere Varianten wie etwa „Prima Damenschlüpfer“. oder „Schmeißt den Spieß vom Fahrrad“.

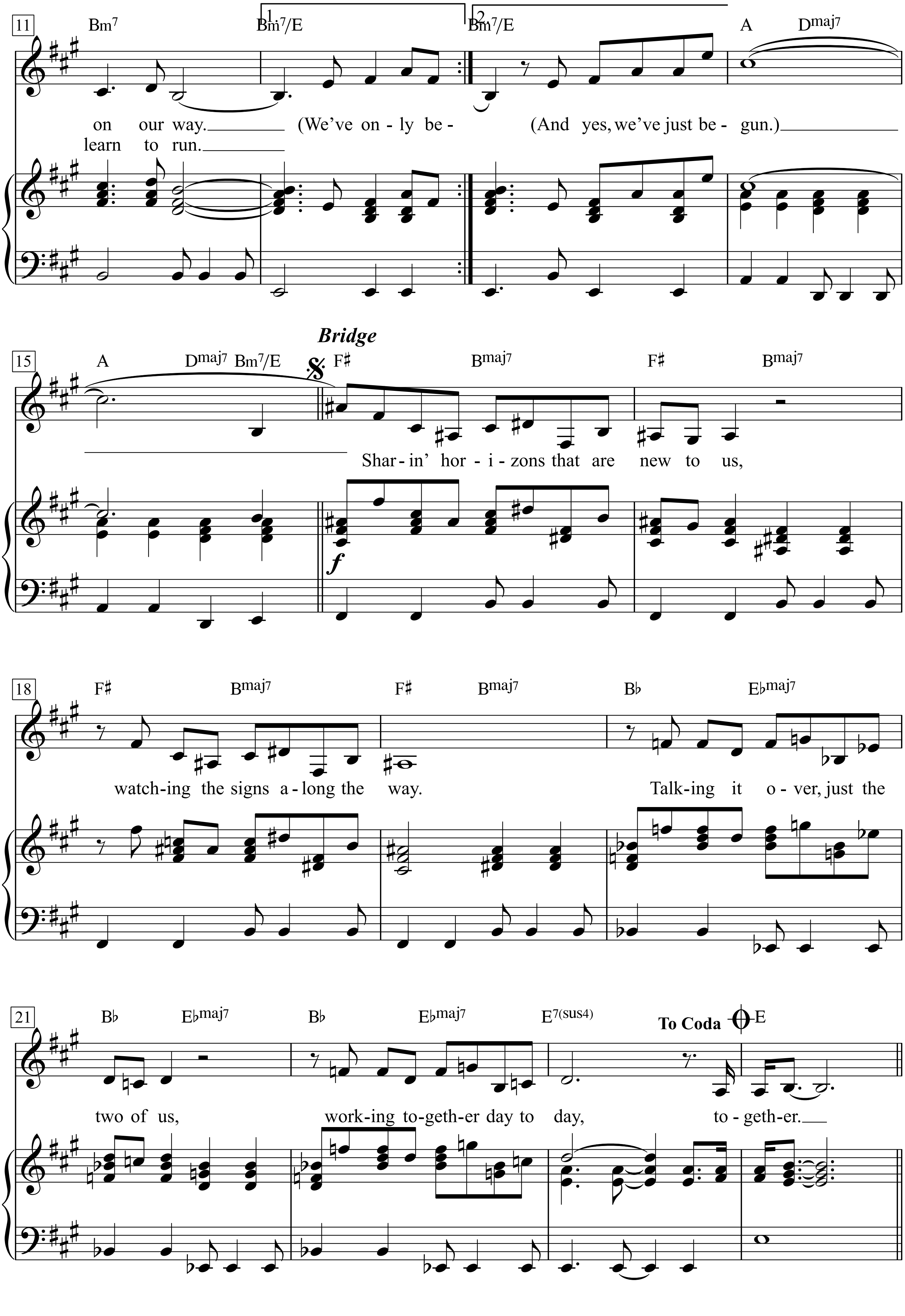
Das neue Soldaten-Liederbuch. 1938, S. 70+71

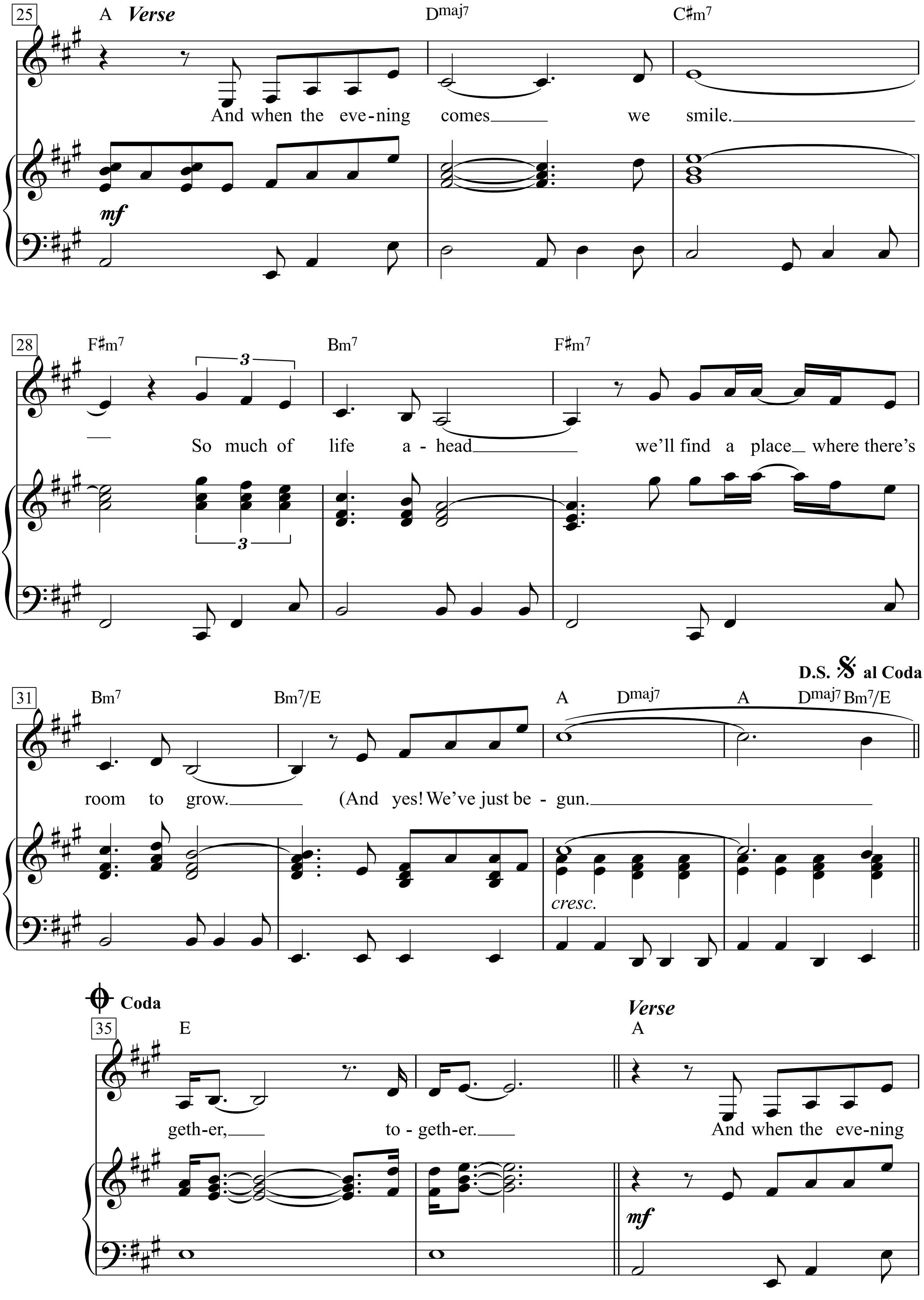
We've Only Just Begun

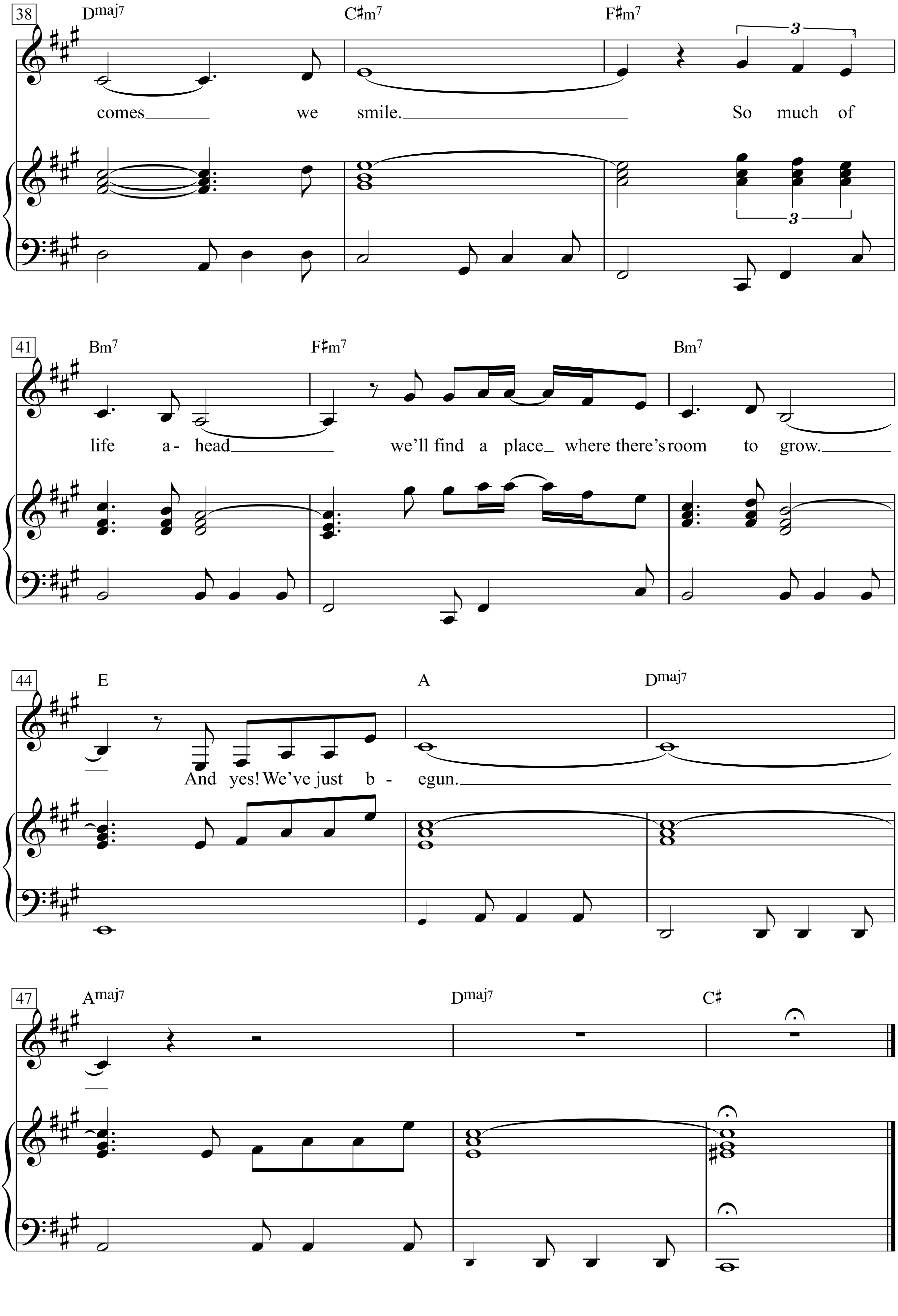
Words by Paul Williams

Music by Roger Nichols
(The Carpenters)




11
Bm7
1.
Bm7/E
2.
Bm7/E
A
Dmaj7
on our way.___ (We've on - ly be -
learn to run.___
(And yes, we've just be - gun.)___
15
A
Dmaj7
Bm7/E
Bridge
F♯
Bmaj7
F♯
Bmaj7
Shar - in' hor - i - zons that are new to us,
f
18
F♯
Bmaj7
F♯
Bmaj7
B♭
E♭maj7
watch-ing the signs a - long the way.
Talk-ing it o - ver, just the
21
B♭
E♭maj7
B♭
E♭maj7
E7(sus4)
To Coda
E
two of us,
work-ing to-geth-er day to day,
to - geth-er.___


25
A Verse
Dmaj7
C♯m7
And when the eve-ning comes we smile.
mf
28
F♯m7
Bm7
F♯m7
So much of life a - head we'll find a place where there's
31
Bm7
Bm7/E
D.S. 𝄋 al Coda
A Dmaj7 A Dmaj7 Bm7/E
room to grow. (And yes! We've just be - gun.
cresc.
Coda
35
E
Verse
A
geth-er, to - geth-er. And when the eve-ning
mf


38
Dmaj7
C♯m7
F♯m7
3
comes we smile. So much of
3
41
Bm7
F♯m7
Bm7
life a- head we'll find a place where there's room to grow.
44
E
A
Dmaj7
And yes! We've just b - egun.
47
Amaj7
Dmaj7
C♯

We’ve only just begun to live, white lace and promises.
A kiss for luck and we’re on our way.
(We’ve only begun.)
Before the rising sun we fly.
So many roads to choose,
we start out walking and learn to run.
(And yes, we’ve just begun.)
Sharin’ horizons that are new to us,
watching the signs along the way.
Talking it over, just the two of us,
working together day to day, together.
And when the evening comes we smile.
So much of life ahead we’ll find a place
where there’s room to grow.
(And yes! We’ve just begun.

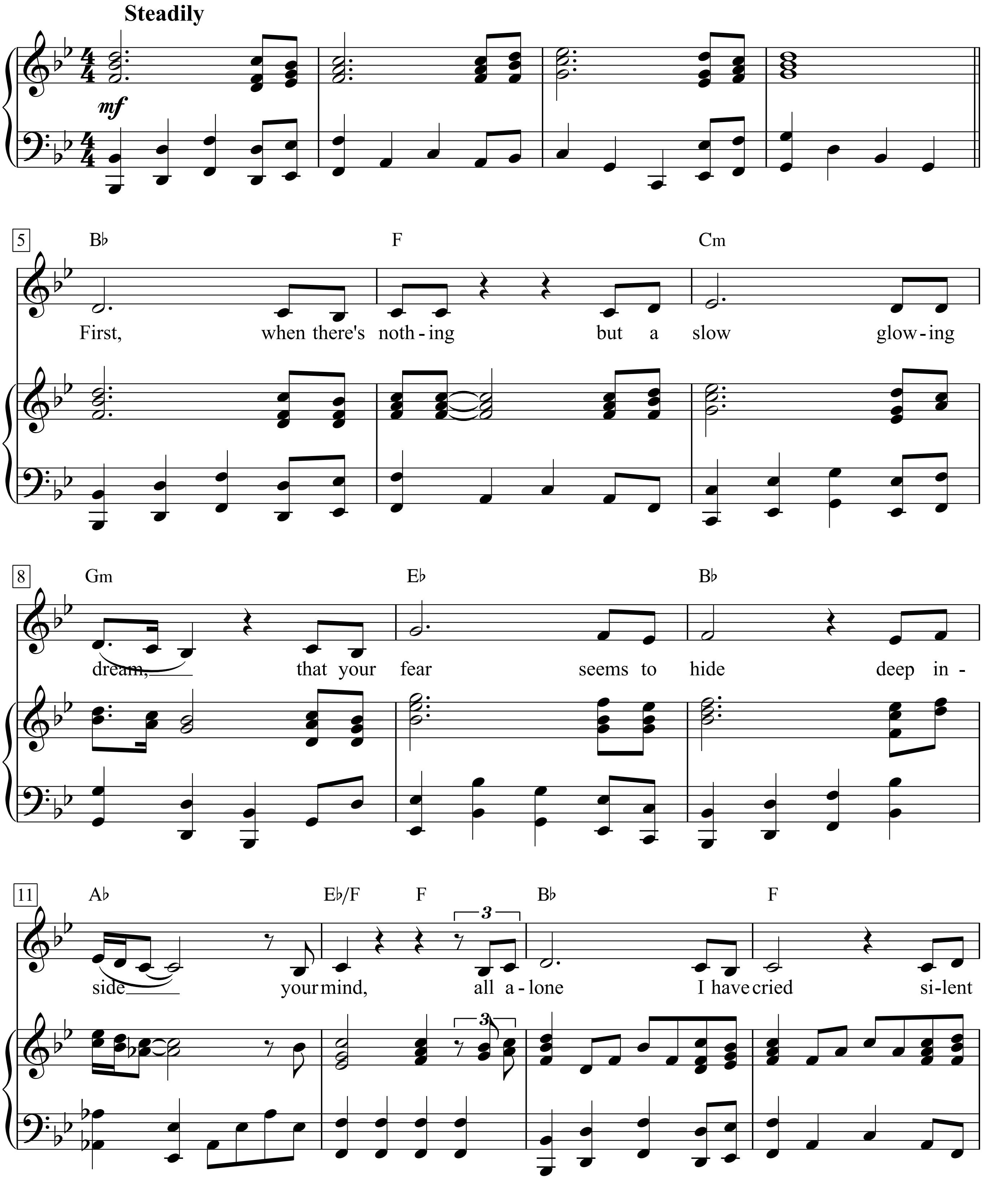
gether, together.
And when the evening comes we smile.
So much of life ahead we’ll find a place
where there’s room to grow.
And yes!
We’ve just begun.

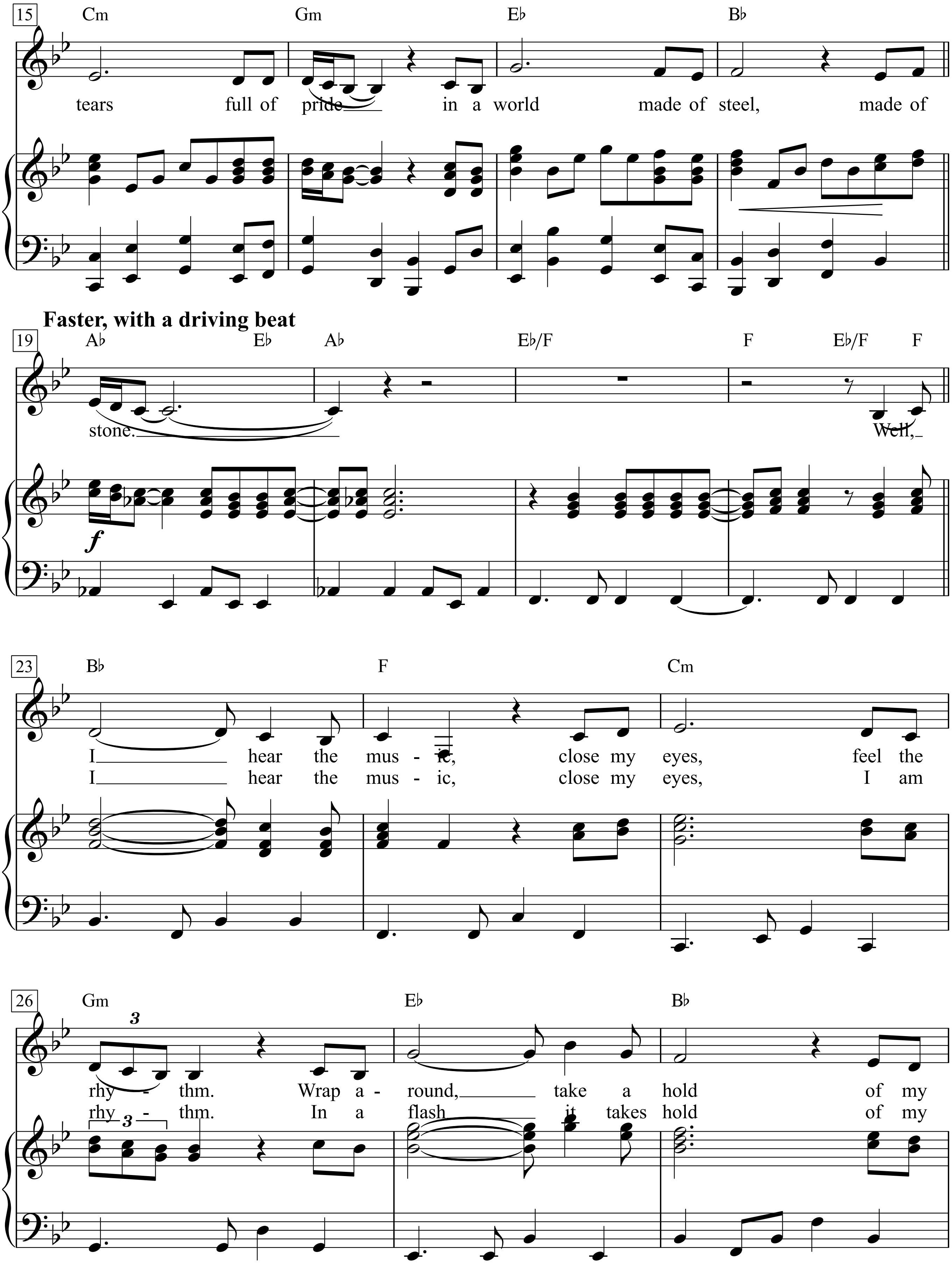
What a Feeling

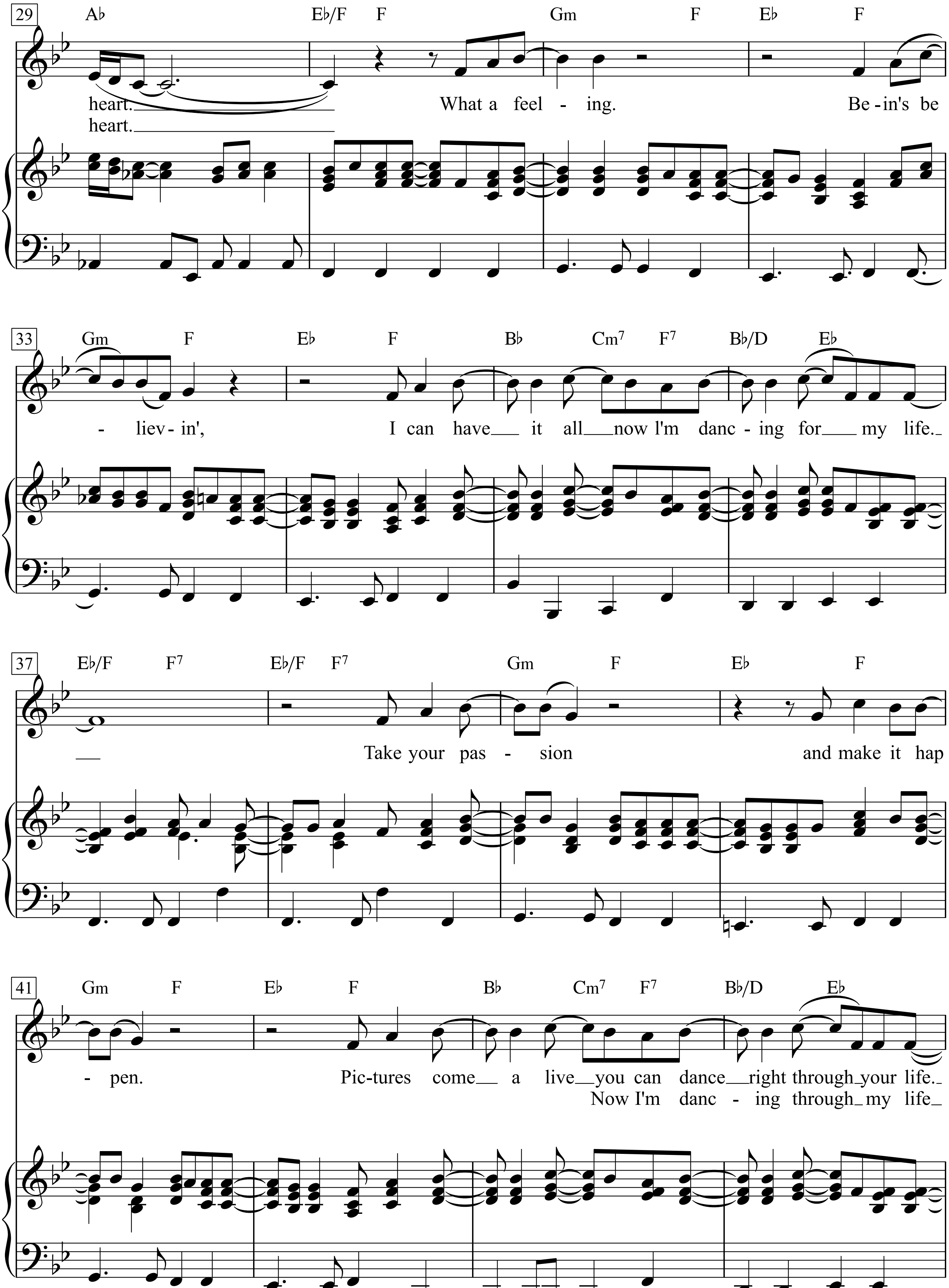
(Flashdance)

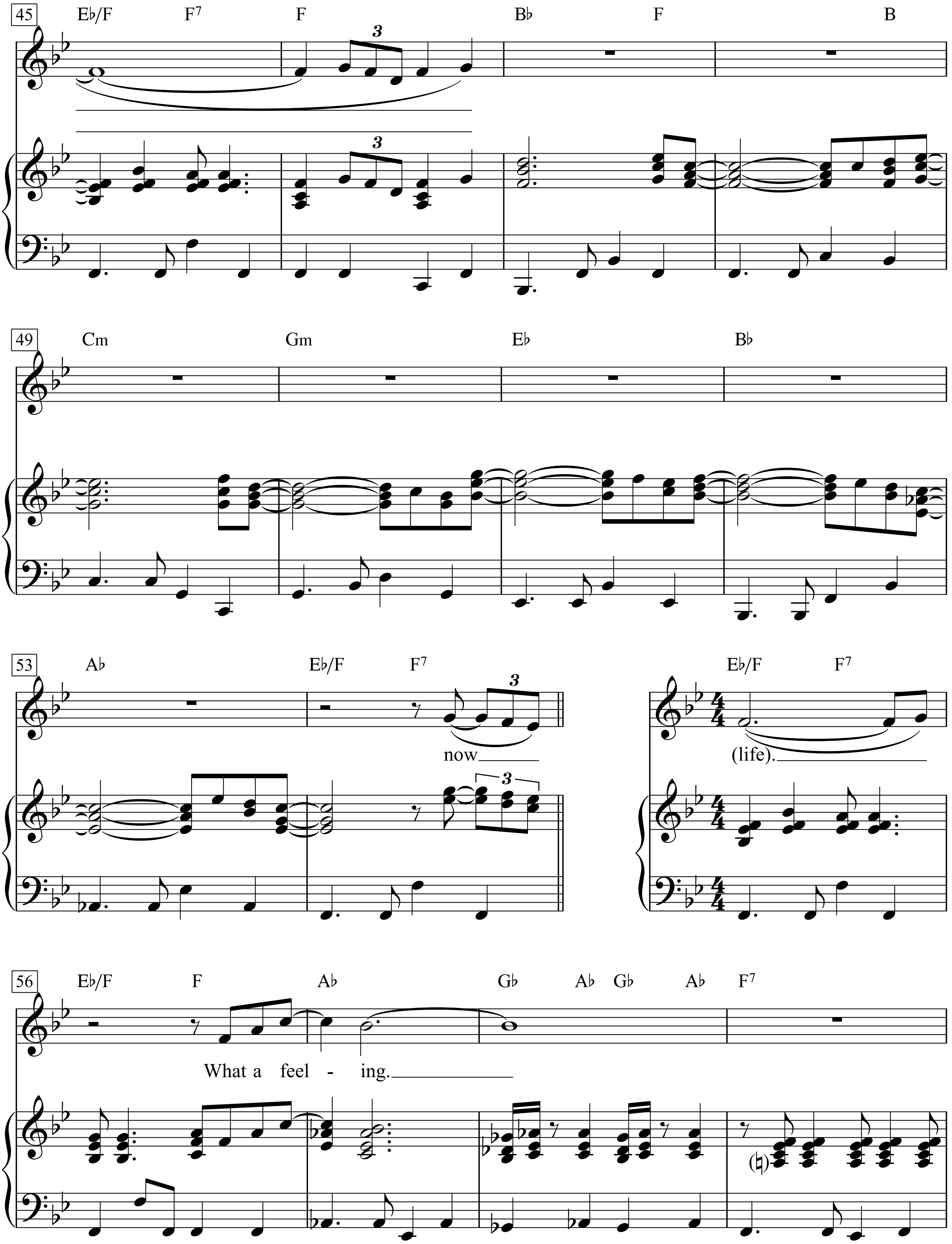
Lyric by Keith Forsey and Irene Carra

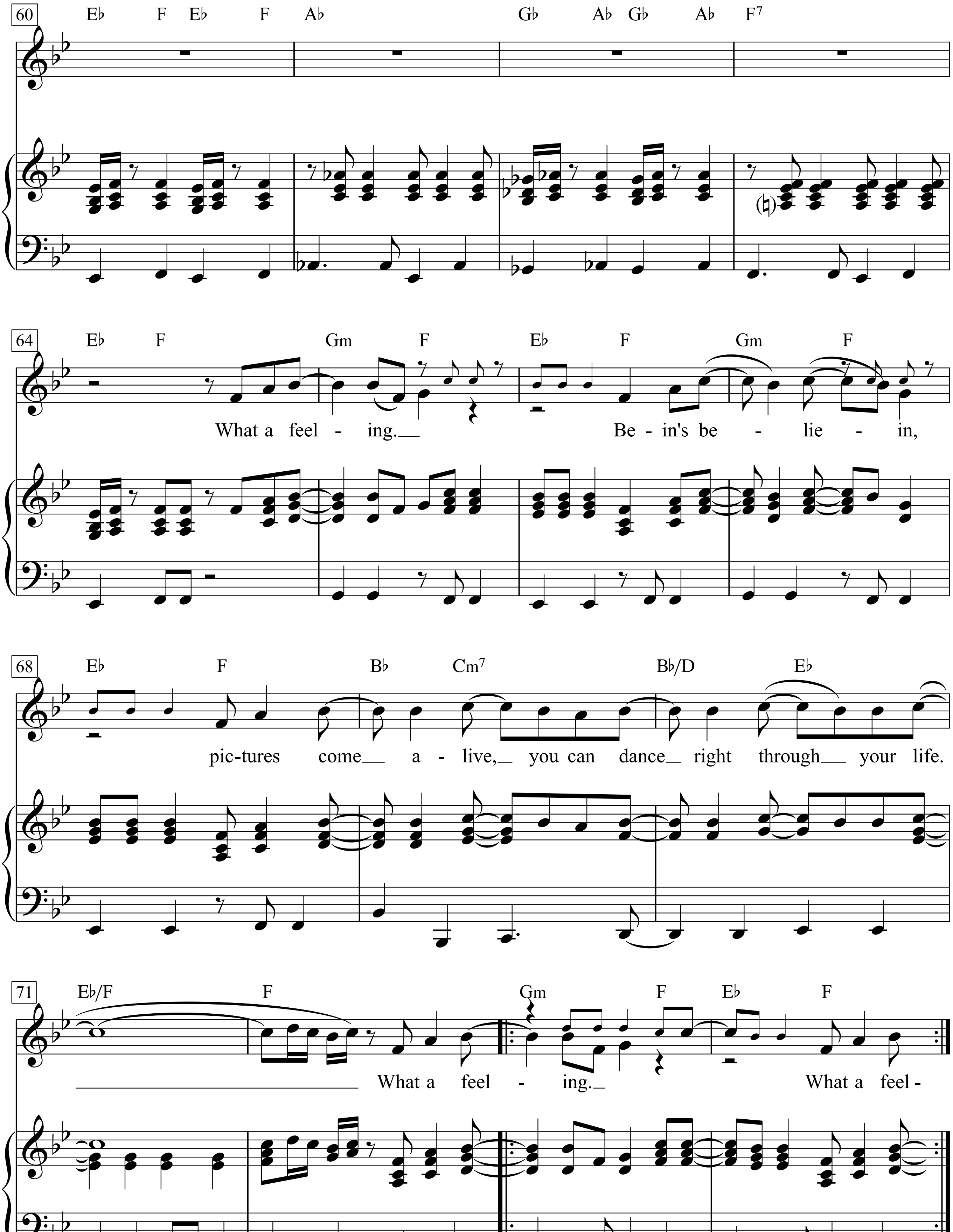
Music by Giorgio Moroder




15
Cm Gm E♭ B♭
tears full of pride in a world made of steel, made of
Faster, with a driving beat
19
A♭ E♭ A♭ E♭/F F E♭/F F
stone. Well,
23
B♭ F Cm
I hear the mus - ic, close my eyes, feel the
I hear the mus - ic, close my eyes, I am
26
Gm E♭ B♭
rhy - thm. Wrap a - round, take a hold of my
rhy - thm. In a flash it takes hold of my


29
A♭ E♭/F F Gm F E♭ F
heart. What a feel - ing. Be - in's be
heart.
33
Gm F E♭ F B♭ Cm7 F7 B♭/D E♭
- liev - in', I can have it all now I'm danc - ing for my life.
37
E♭/F F7 E♭/F F7 Gm F E♭ F
Take your pas - sion and make it hap
41
Gm F E♭ F B♭ Cm7 F7 B♭/D E♭
- pen. Pic - tures come a live you can dance right through your life.
Now I'm danc - ing through my life

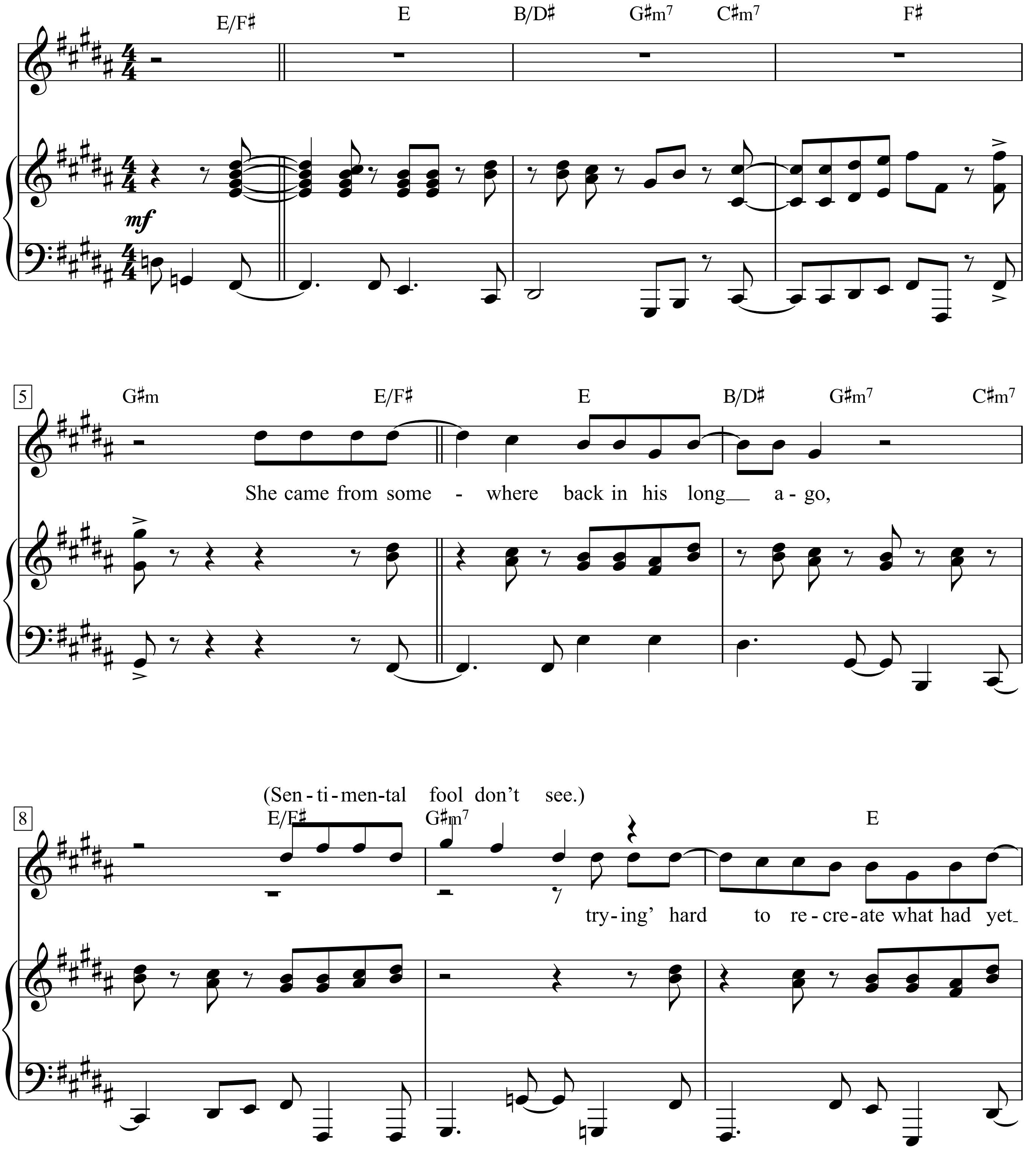

45
E♭/F F7 F B♭ F B
49
Cm Gm E♭ B♭
53
A♭ E♭/F F7
now
E♭/F F7
(life).
56
E♭/F F A♭ G♭ A♭ G♭ A♭ F7
What a feel - ing.

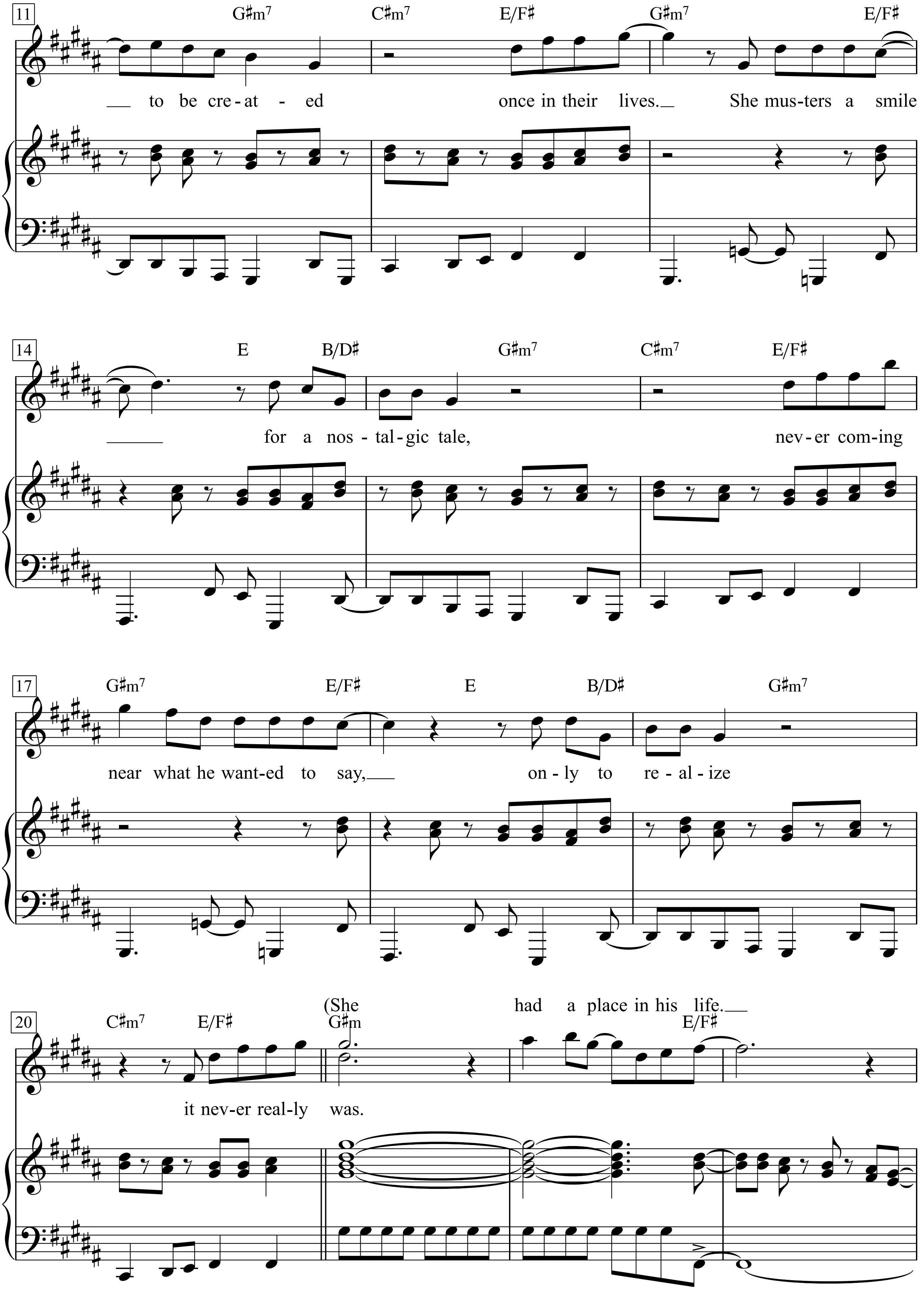

60
E♭ F E♭ F A♭
G♭ A♭ G♭ A♭ F7
(♮)
64
E♭ F Gm F E♭ F Gm F
What a feel - ing.
Be - in's be - lie - in,
68
E♭ F B♭ Cm7 B♭/D E♭
pic-tures come a - live, you can dance right through your life.
71
E♭/F F Gm F E♭ F
What a feel - ing.
What a feel -

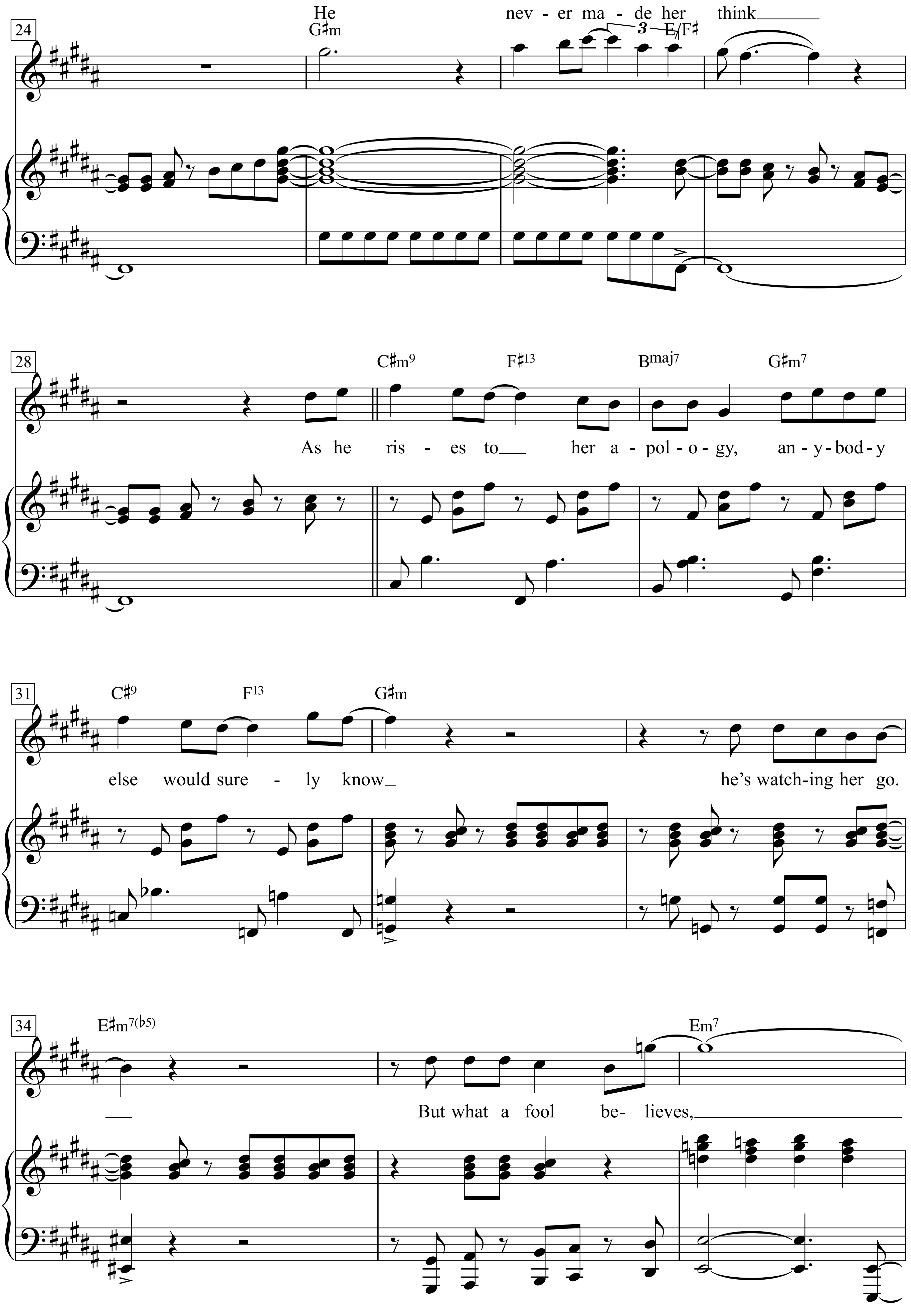
What a Fool Believes

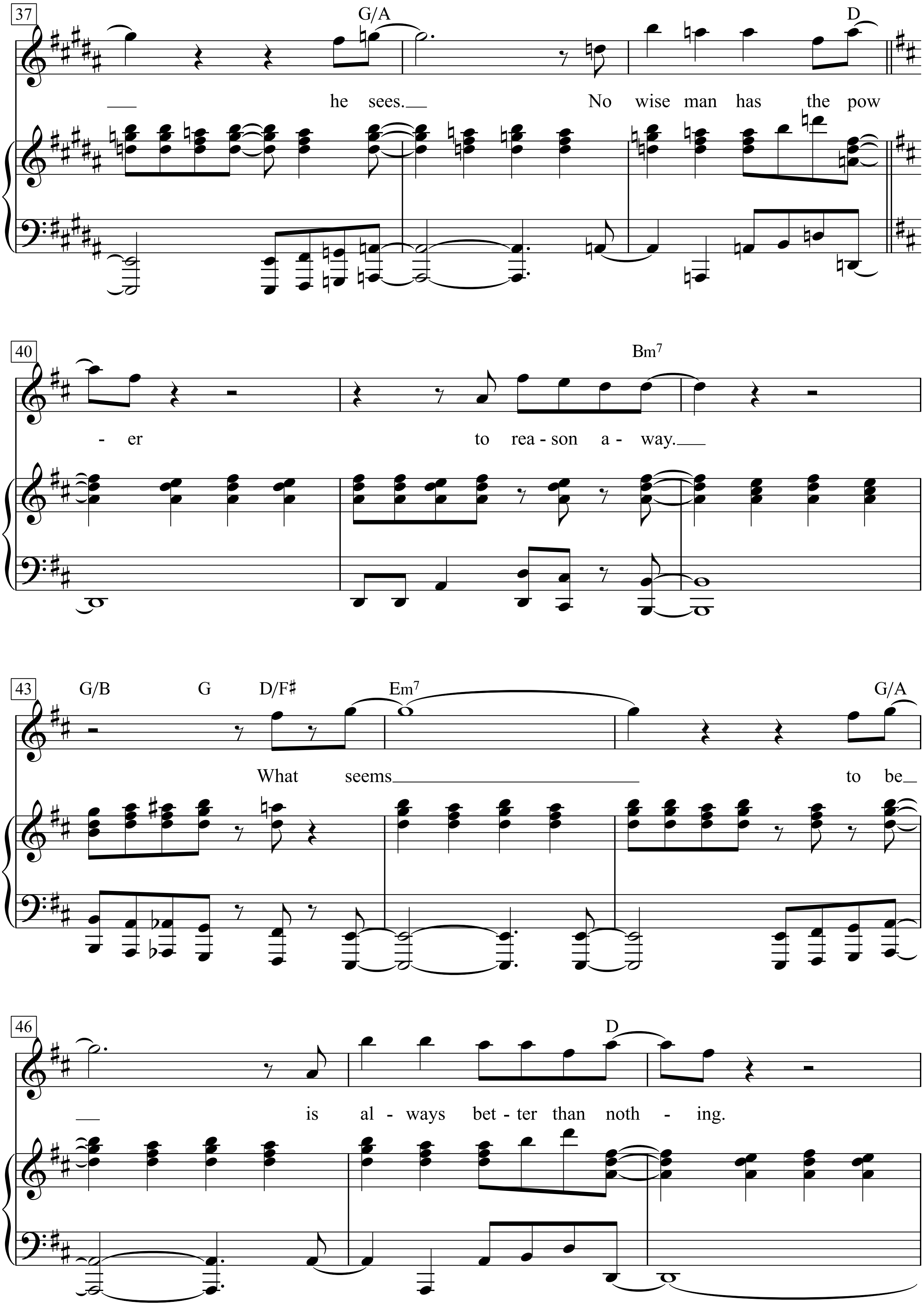
Words & Music by
Michael McDonald and Kenny Loggins
(The Doobie Brothers

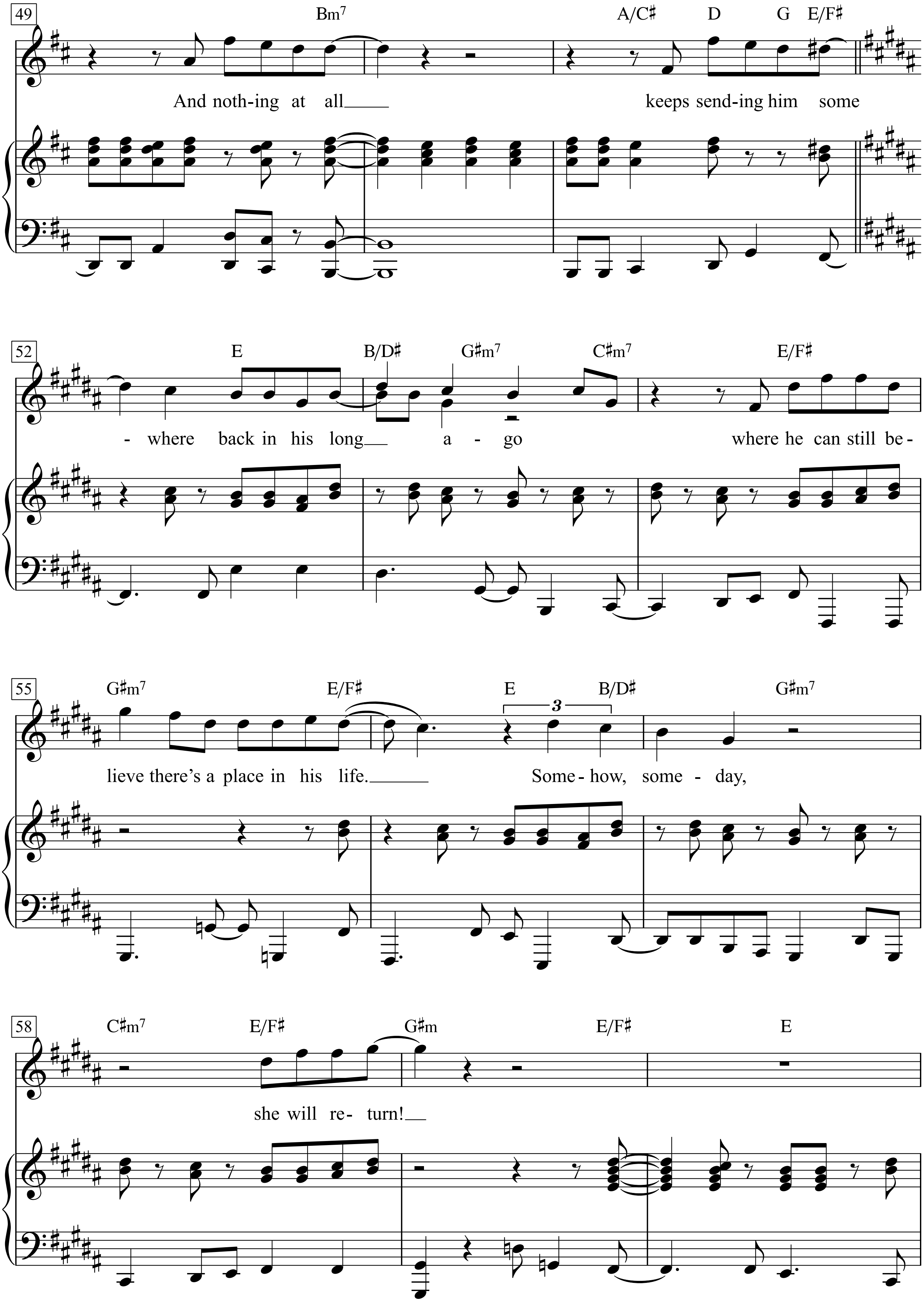
Moderately bright, lightly

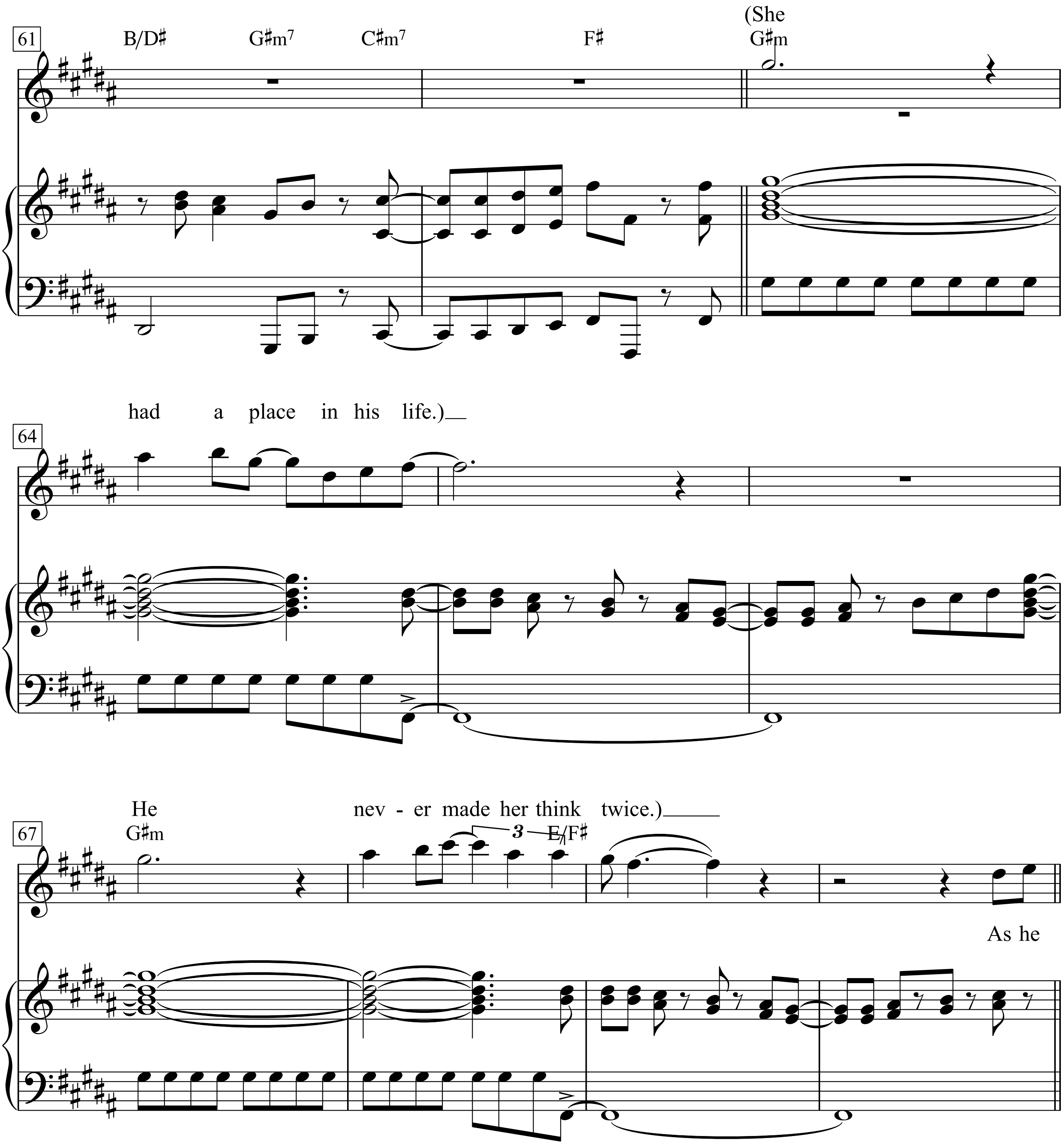



11
G♯m7 C♯m7 E/F♯ G♯m7 E/F♯
to be cre-at - ed once in their lives. She mus-ters a smile
14
E B/D♯ G♯m7 C♯m7 E/F♯
for a nos - tal-gic tale, nev-er com-ing
17
G♯m7 E/F♯ E B/D♯ G♯m7
near what he want-ed to say, on - ly to re - al - ize
20
C♯m7 E/F♯ G♯m E/F♯
it nev-er real-ly was.
(She had a place in his life.


24
He
G♯m
nev - er ma - de her think
3
E/F♯
28
C♯m9
F♯13
Bmaj7
G♯m7
As he ris - es to her a - pol - o - gy, an - y - bod - y
31
C♯9
F13
G♯m
else would sure - ly know
he's watch-ing her go.
34
E♯m7(♭5)
Em7
But what a fool be- lieves,

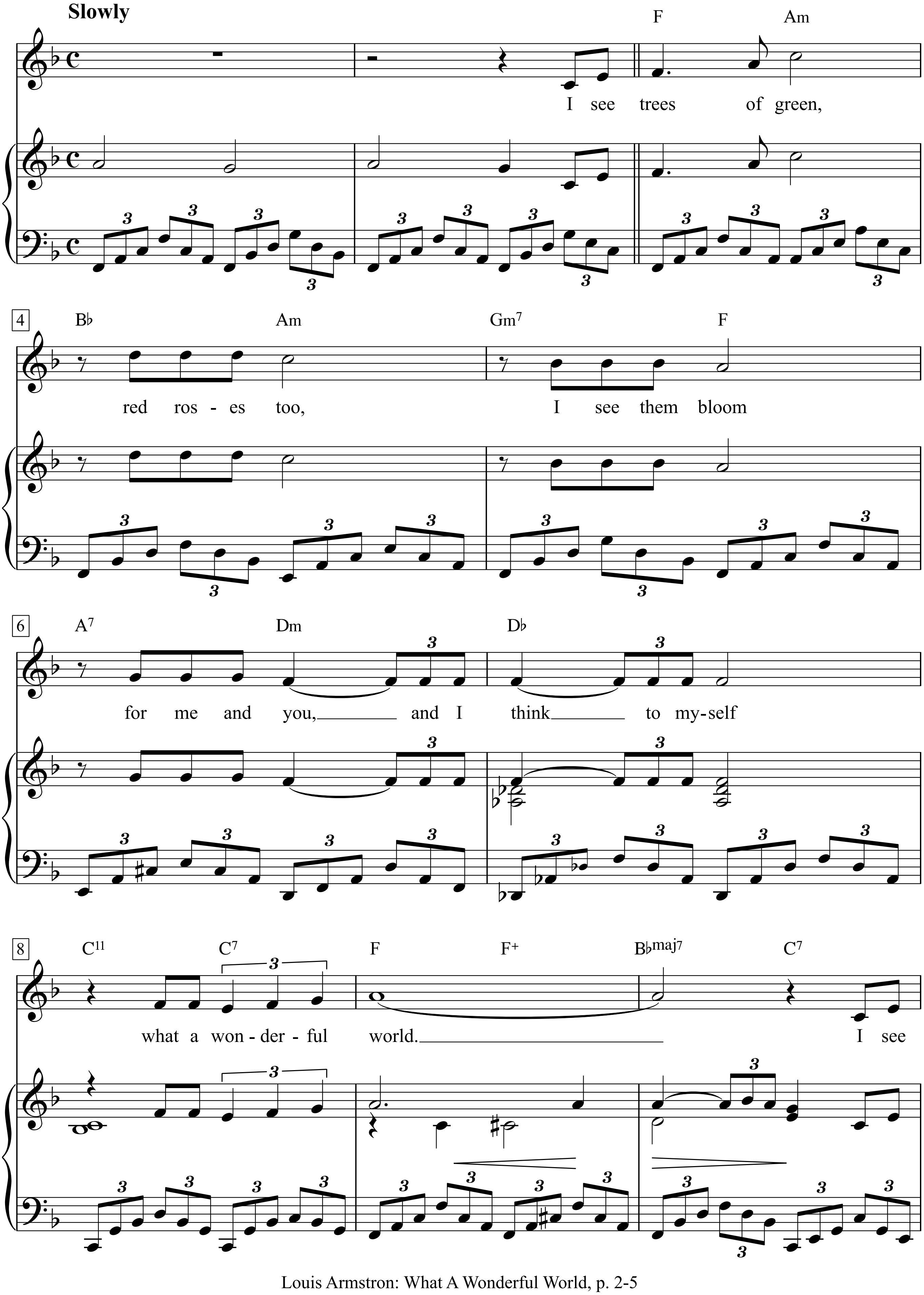

37
G/A
D
he sees. No wise man has the pow
40
Bm7
- er to rea - son a - way.
43
G/B G D/F♯ Em7 G/A
What seems to be
46
D
is al - ways bet - ter than noth - ing.

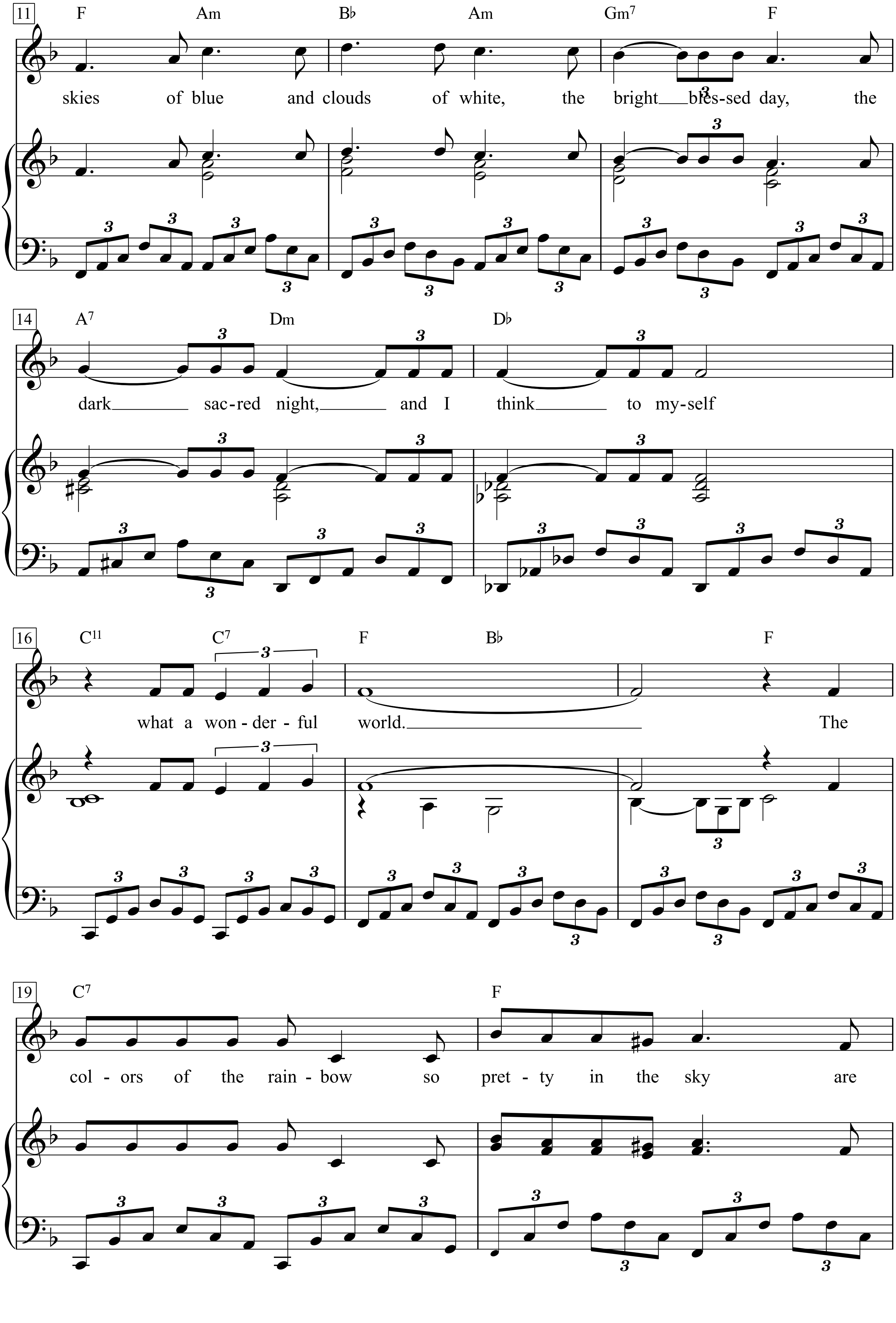

49
Bm7
A/C♯ D G E/F♯
And noth-ing at all
keeps send-ing him some
52
E B/D♯ G♯m7 C♯m7 E/F♯
- where back in his long a - go
where he can still be-
55
G♯m7 E/F♯ E B/D♯ G♯m7
lieve there's a place in his life.
Some-how, some - day,
3
58
C♯m7 E/F♯ G♯m E/F♯ E
she will re- turn!

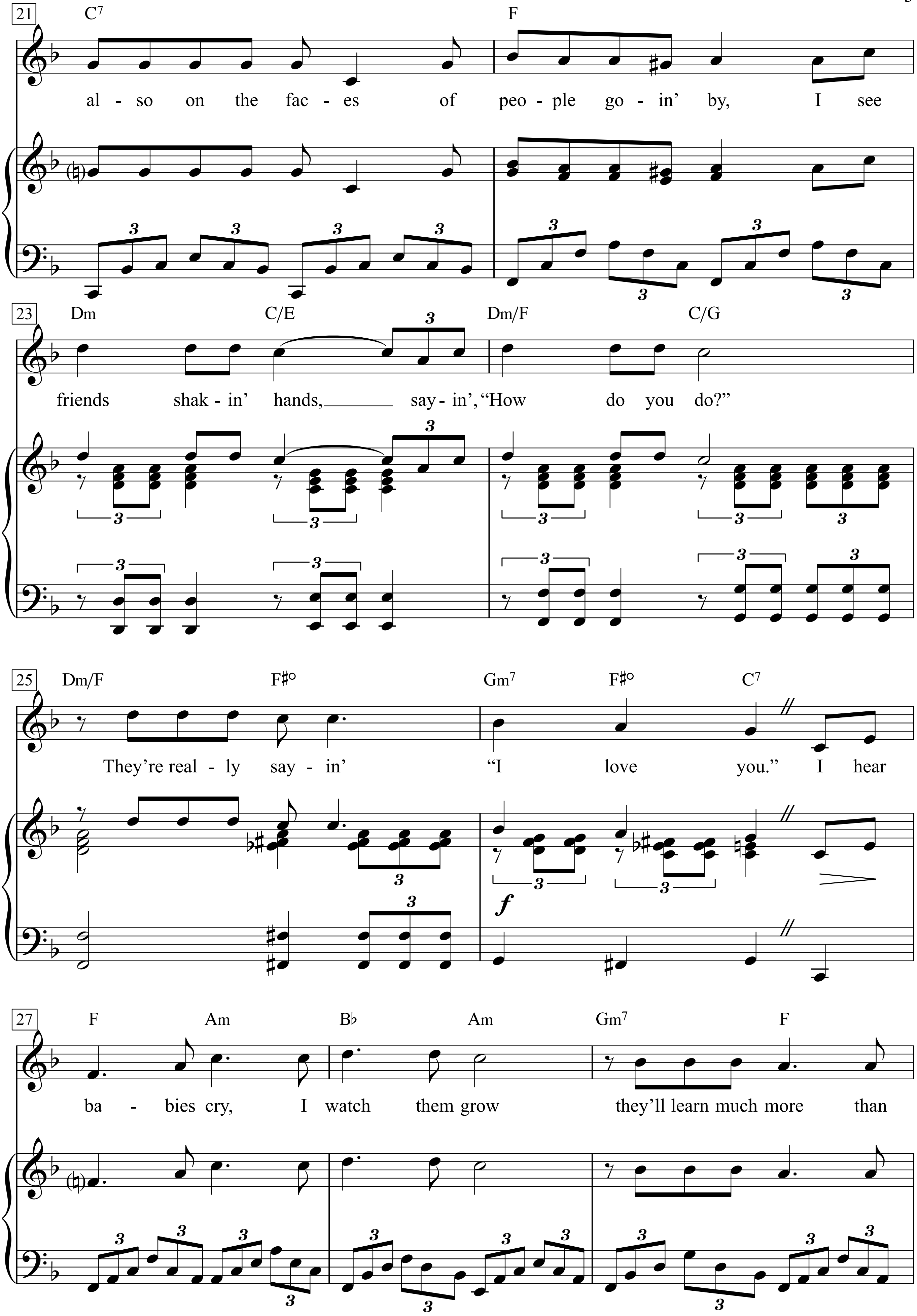

61
B/D♯
G♯m7
C♯m7
F♯
(She
G♯m
64
had a place in his life.)
67
He
G♯m
nev - er made her think twice.)
3
E/F♯
As he

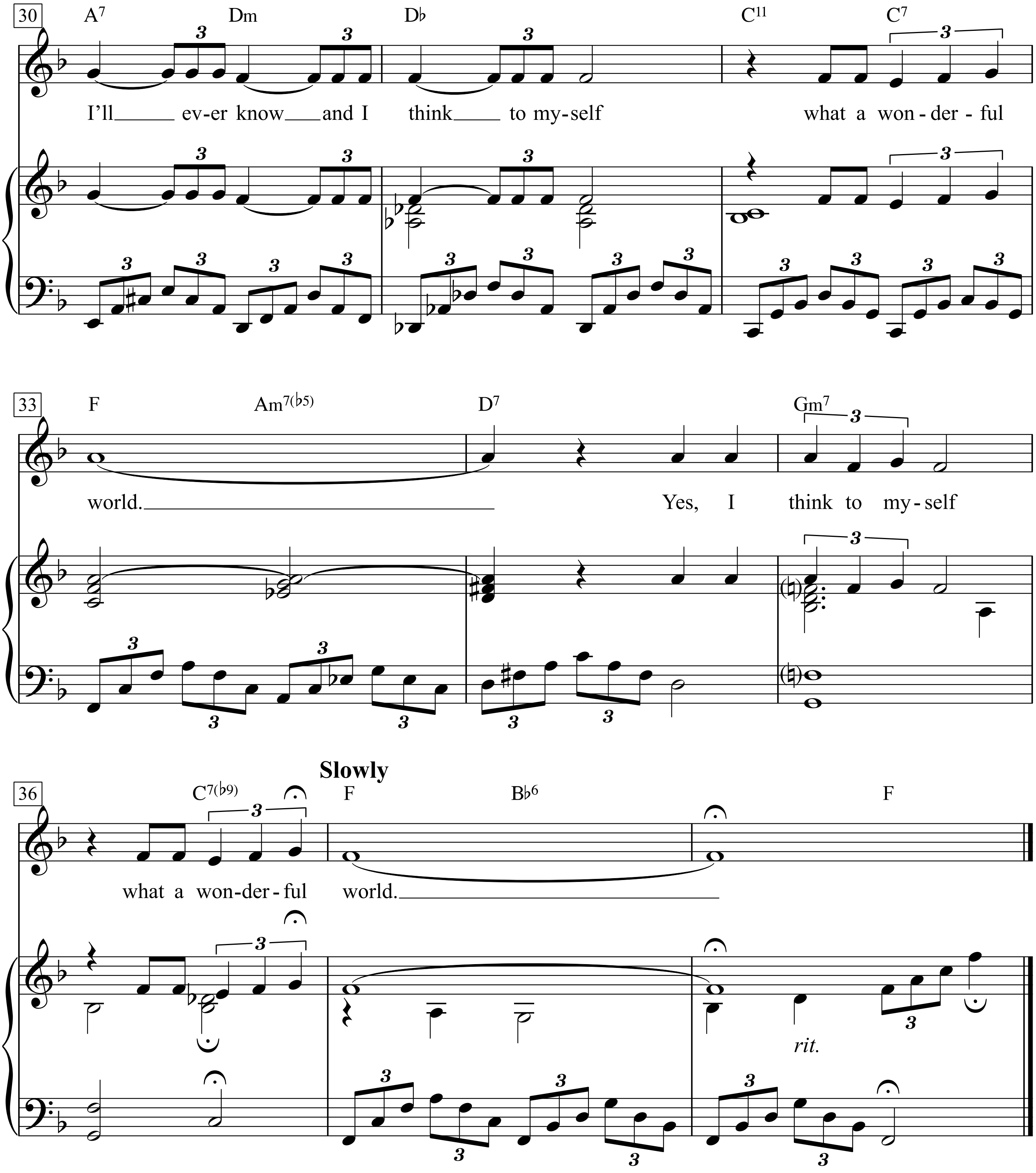
What a Wonderful World

Words & Music by
George David Weiss and Bob Thiele
(Louis Armstrong)




11
F Am B♭ Am Gm7 F
skies of blue and clouds of white, the bright bles-sed day, the
14
A7 Dm D♭
dark sac-red night, and I think to my-self
16
C11 C7 F B♭ F
what a won-der-ful world. The
19
C7 F
col-ors of the rain-bow so pret-ty in the sky are


21
C7 F
al - so on the fac - es of peo - ple go - in' by, I see
23
Dm C/E Dm/F C/G
friends shak - in' hands, say - in', "How do you do?"
25
Dm/F F♯° Gm7 F♯° C7
They're real - ly say - in' "I love you." I hear
f
27
F Am B♭ Am Gm7 F
ba - bies cry, I watch them grow they'll learn much more than


30
A7
Dm
Db
C11
C7
I'll ev-er know and I think to my-self what a won-der-ful
33
F
Am7(b5)
D7
Gm7
world.
Yes, I think to my-self
36
C7(b9)
Slowly
F
Bb6
F
what a won-der-ful world.
rit.

I see trees of green,
red roses too,
I see them bloom
for me and you,
and I think to myself
what a wonderful world.

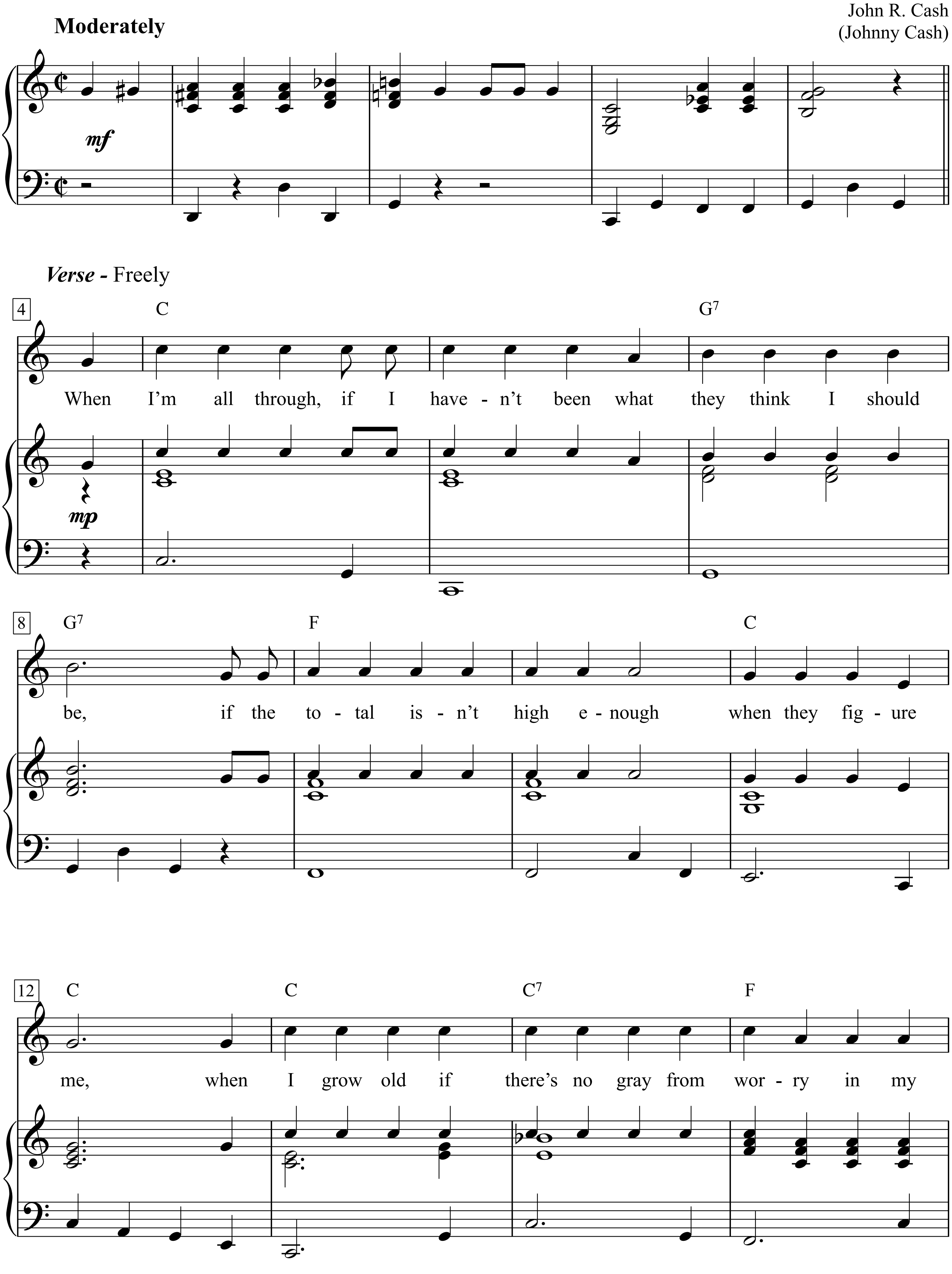
I see skies of blue
and clouds of white,
the bright blessed day,
the dark sacred night,
and I think to myself
what a wonderful world.

The colors of the rainbow
so pretty in the sky
are also on the faces
of people goin' by,
I see friends shakin' hands,
sayin', "How do you do?"
They're really sayin'
"I love you."

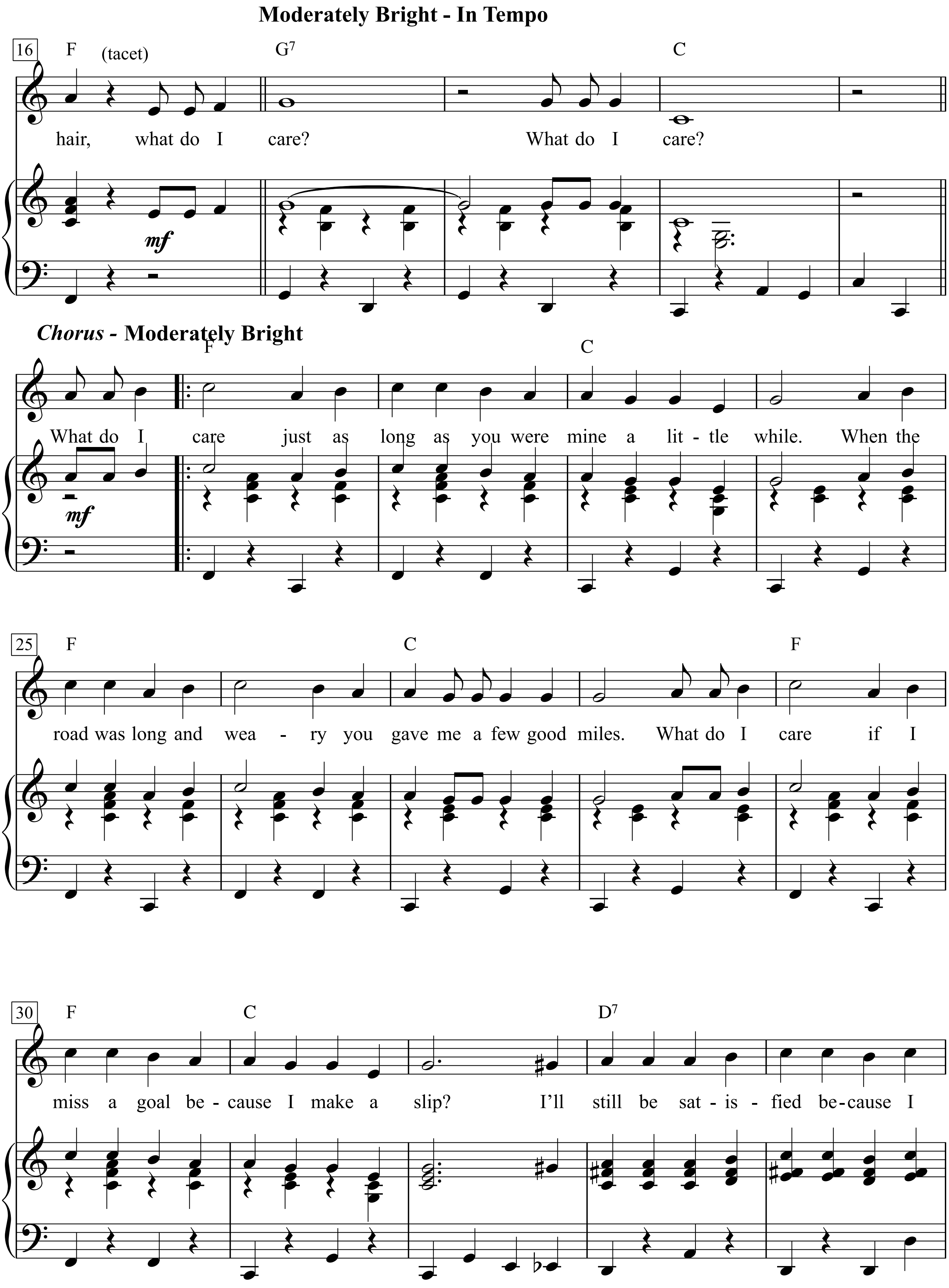
I hear babies cry,
I watch them grow
they'll learn much more
than I'll ever know
and I think to myself
what a wonderful world.
Yes, I think to myself
what a wonderful world.

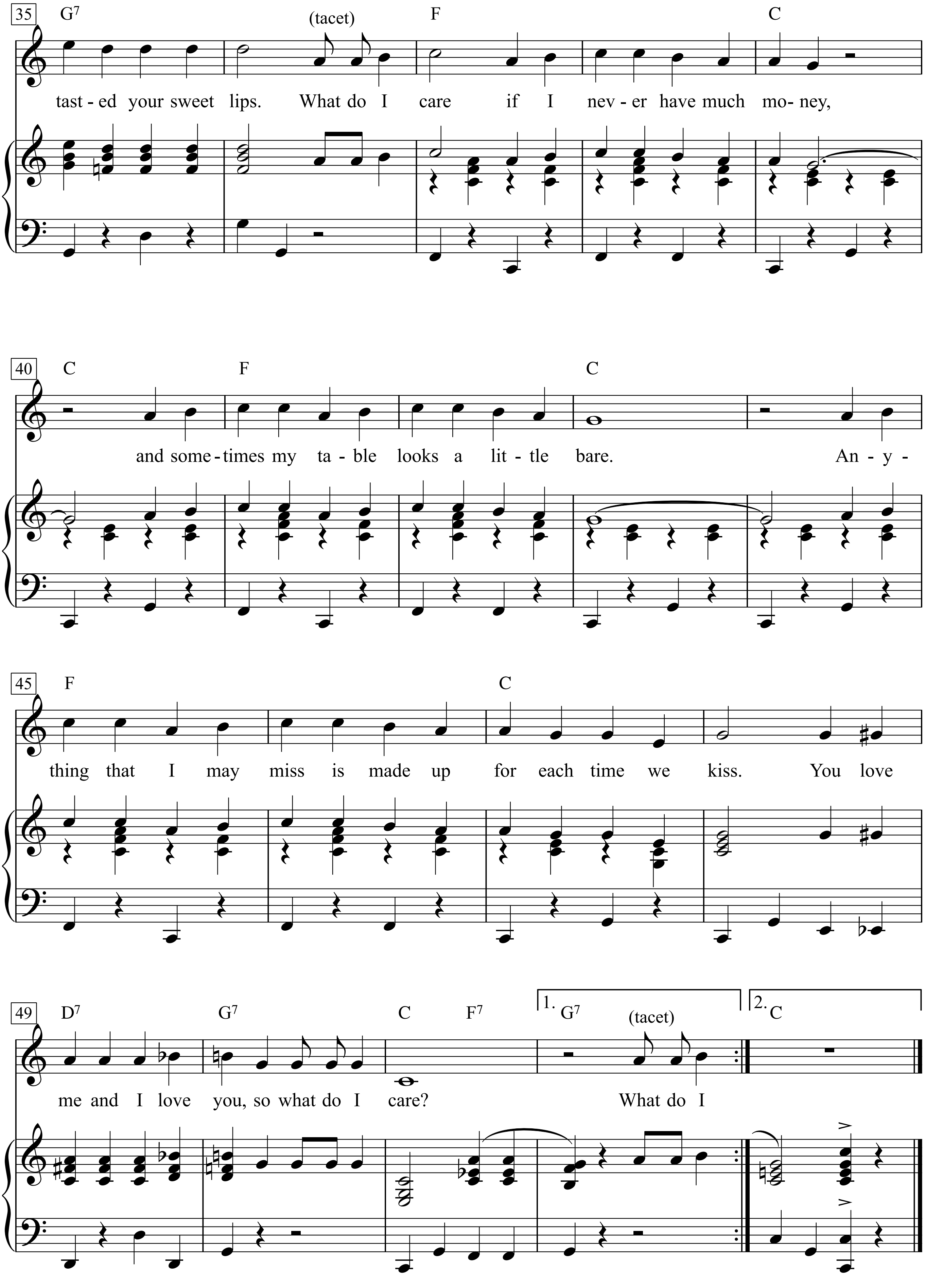
What Do I Care

Words & Music by
John R. Cash
(Johnny Cash)



Johnny Cash - The Essential Johnny Cash, p. 142-144


Moderately Bright - In Tempo
16
F
(tacet)
G7
C
hair, what do I care? What do I care?
mf
Chorus - Moderately Bright
F
C
What do I care just as long as you were mine a lit - tle while. When the
mf
25
F
C
F
road was long and wea - ry you gave me a few good miles. What do I care if I
30
F
C
D7
miss a goal be - cause I make a slip? I'll still be sat - is - fied be-cause I

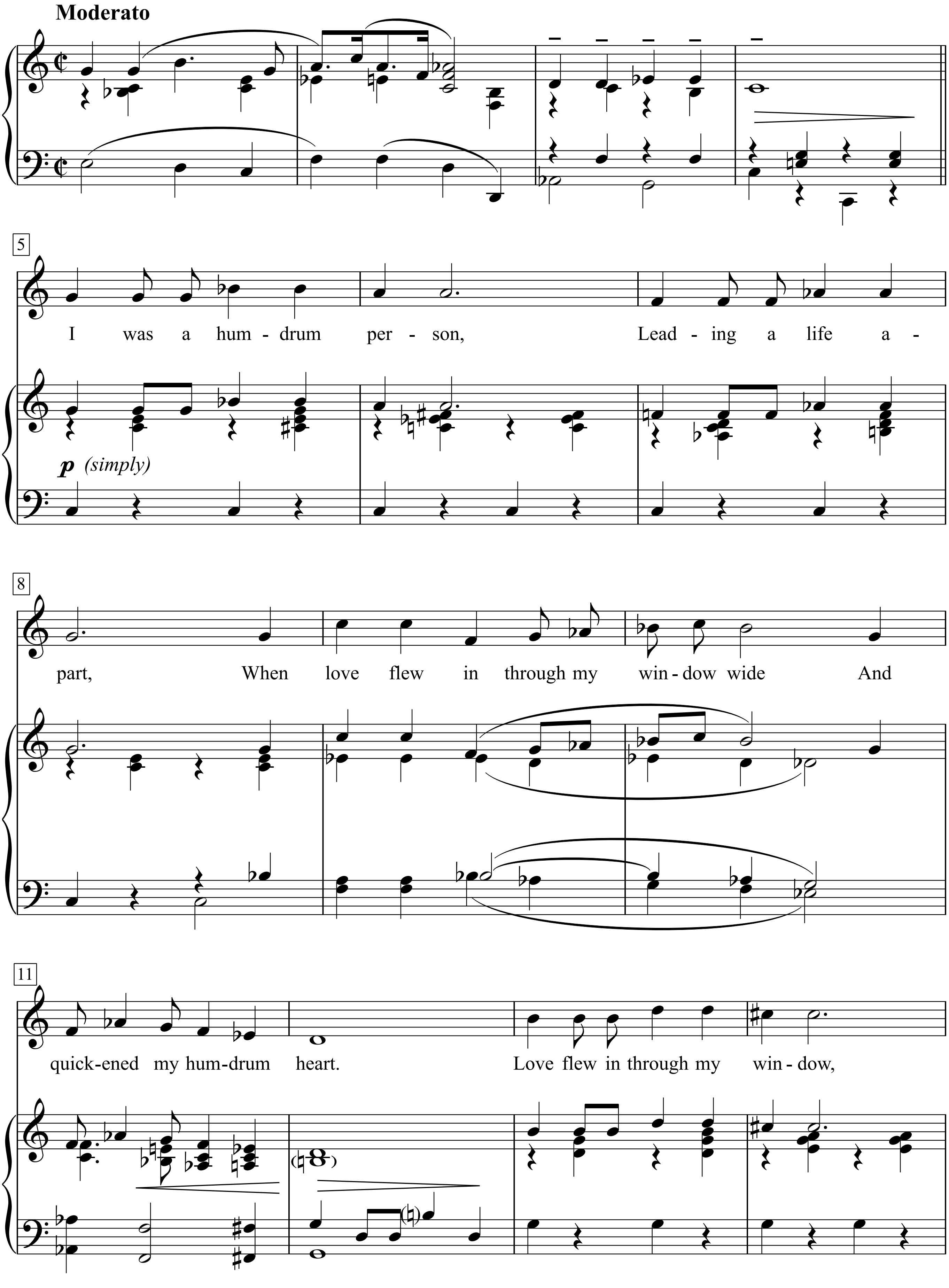

35
G7
(tacet)
F
C
tast - ed your sweet lips. What do I care if I nev - er have much mo- ney,
40
C
F
C
and some - times my ta - ble looks a lit - tle bare. An - y -
45
F
C
thing that I may miss is made up for each time we kiss. You love
49
D7
G7
C
F7
1. G7
(tacet)
2. C
me and I love you, so what do I care? What do I

1. When I’m all through, if I haven’t been what they think
I should be, if the total isn’t high enough when they figure me,
when I grow old if there’s no gray from worry in my hair, what do I care?
What do I care?
What do I care just as long as you were mine a little while.
When the road was long and weary you gave me a few good miles.
What do I care if I miss a goal because I make a slip?
I’ll still be satisfied because I tasted your sweet lips.
What do I care if I never have much money,
and sometimes my table looks a little bare.
Anything that I may miss is made up for each time we kiss.
You love me and I love you, so what do I care?

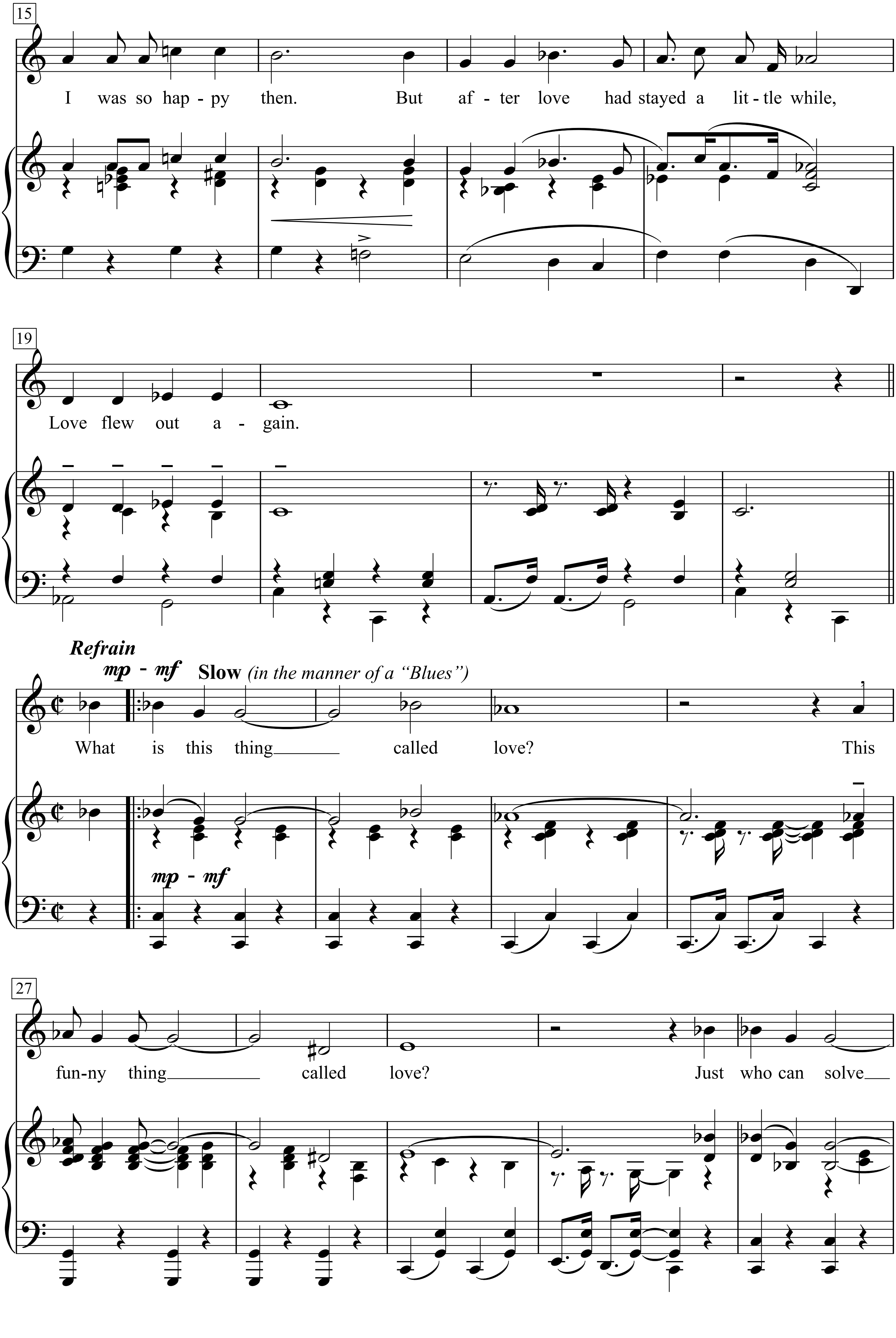
What Is This Thing Called Love

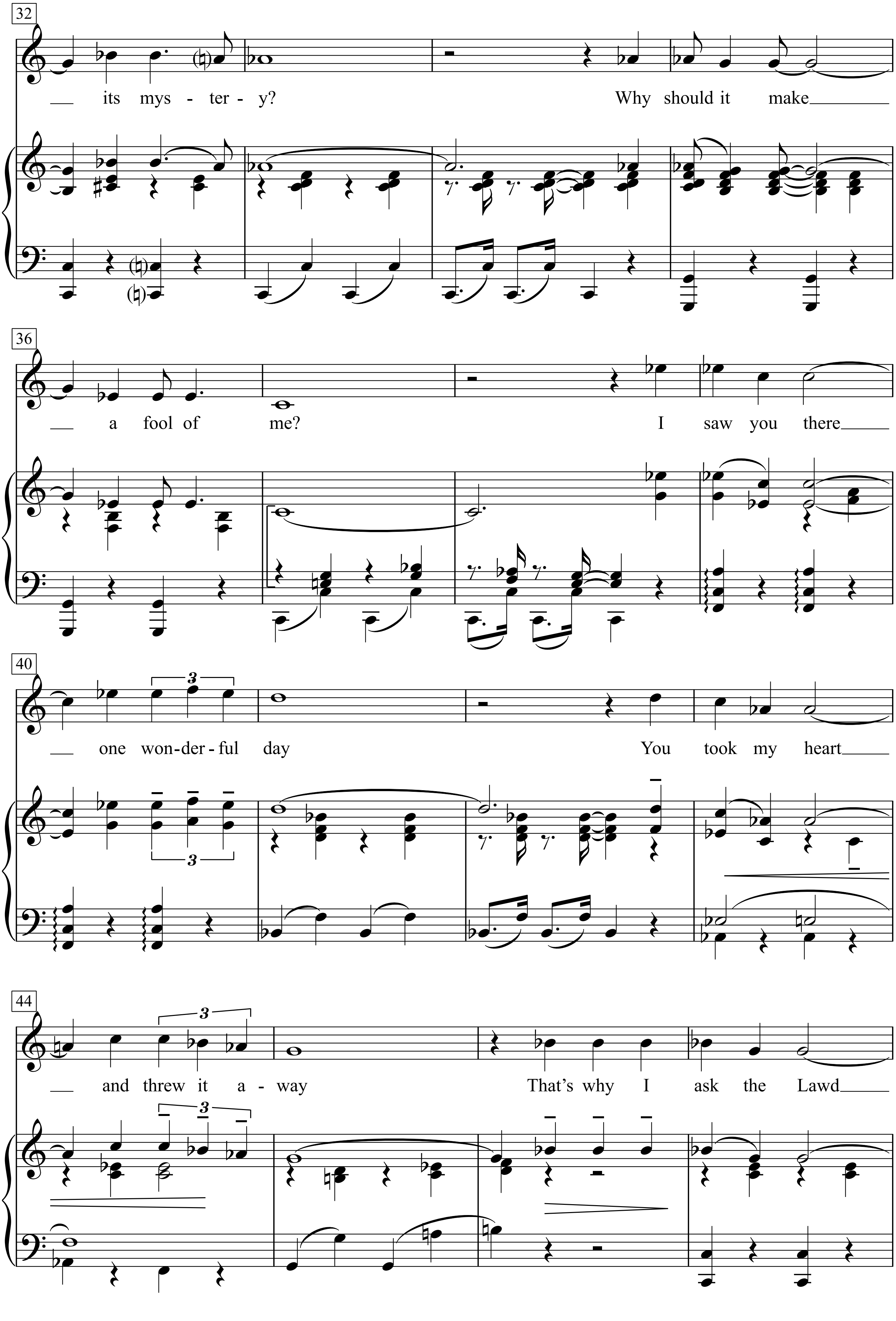
(*from* 'Wake Up And Dream')

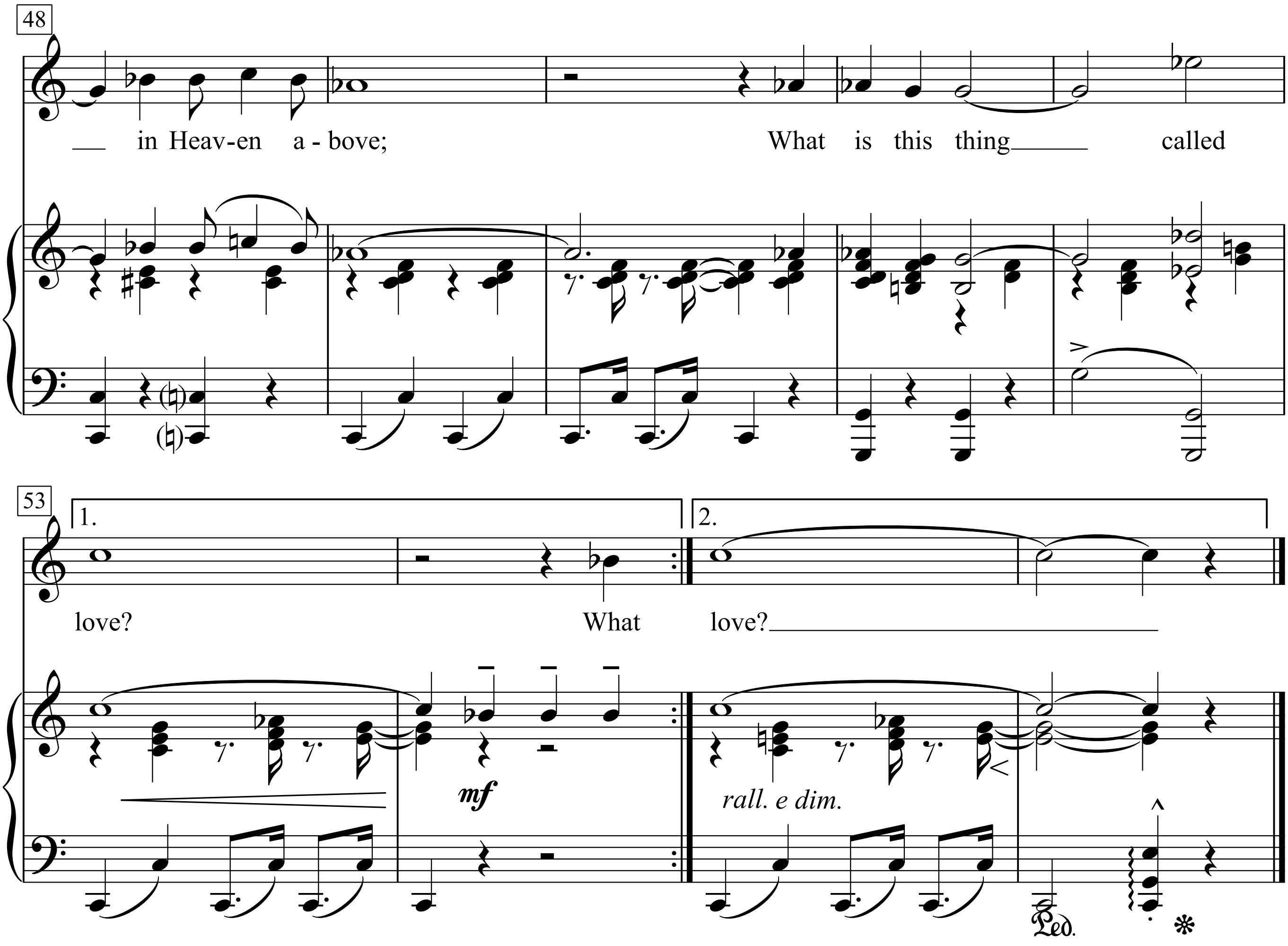
Words & Music by Cole Porter (1929)



Music & Lyrics by Cole Porter, p. 16-19


15
I was so hap - py then. But af - ter love had stayed a lit - tle while,
19
Love flew out a - gain.
Refrain
mp - mf
Slow (in the manner of a "Blues")
What is this thing called love? This
mp - mf
27
fun-ny thing called love? Just who can solve


32
its mys - ter - y? Why should it make
36
a fool of me? I saw you there
40
one won-der-ful day You took my heart
44
and threw it a - way That's why I ask the Lawd

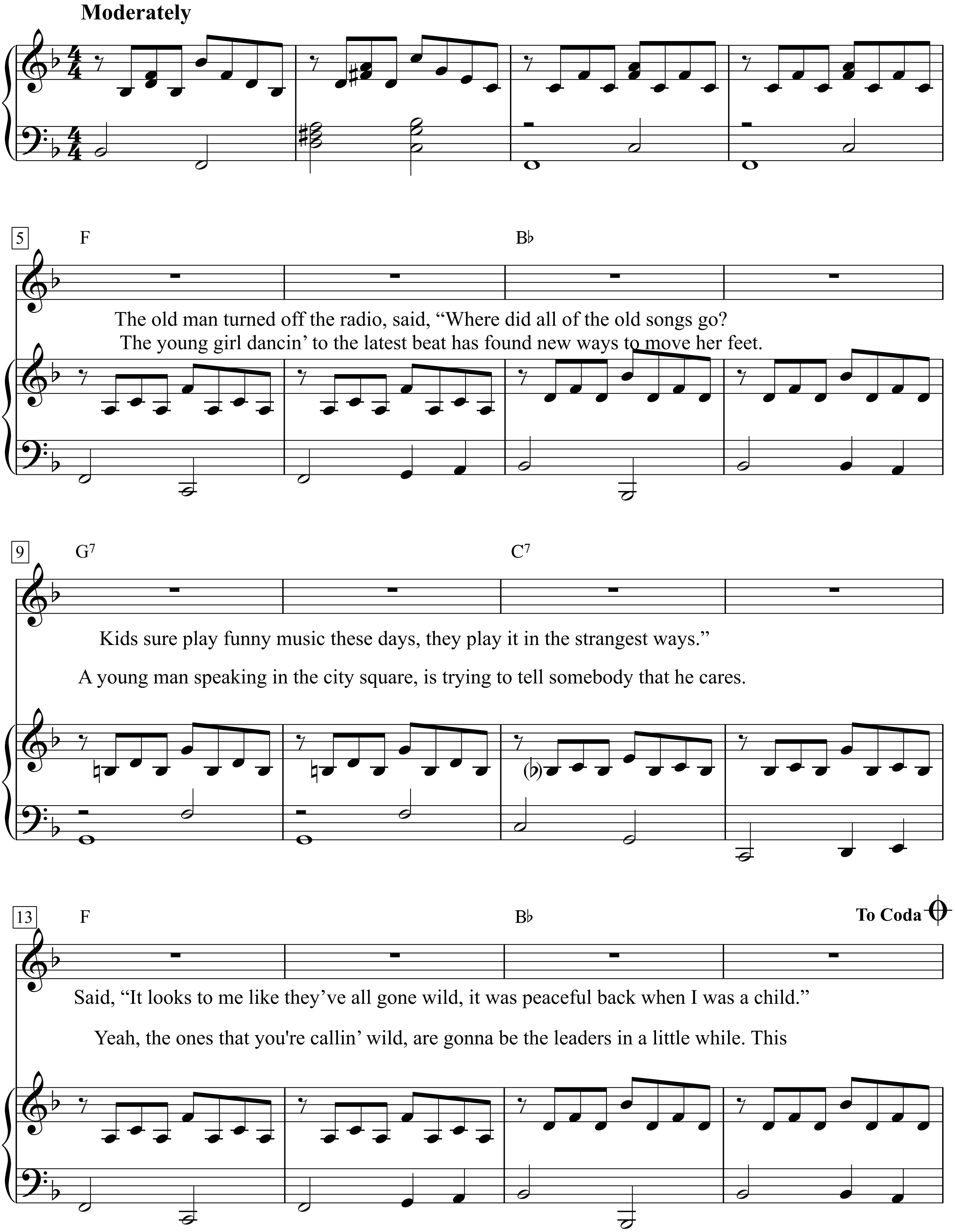


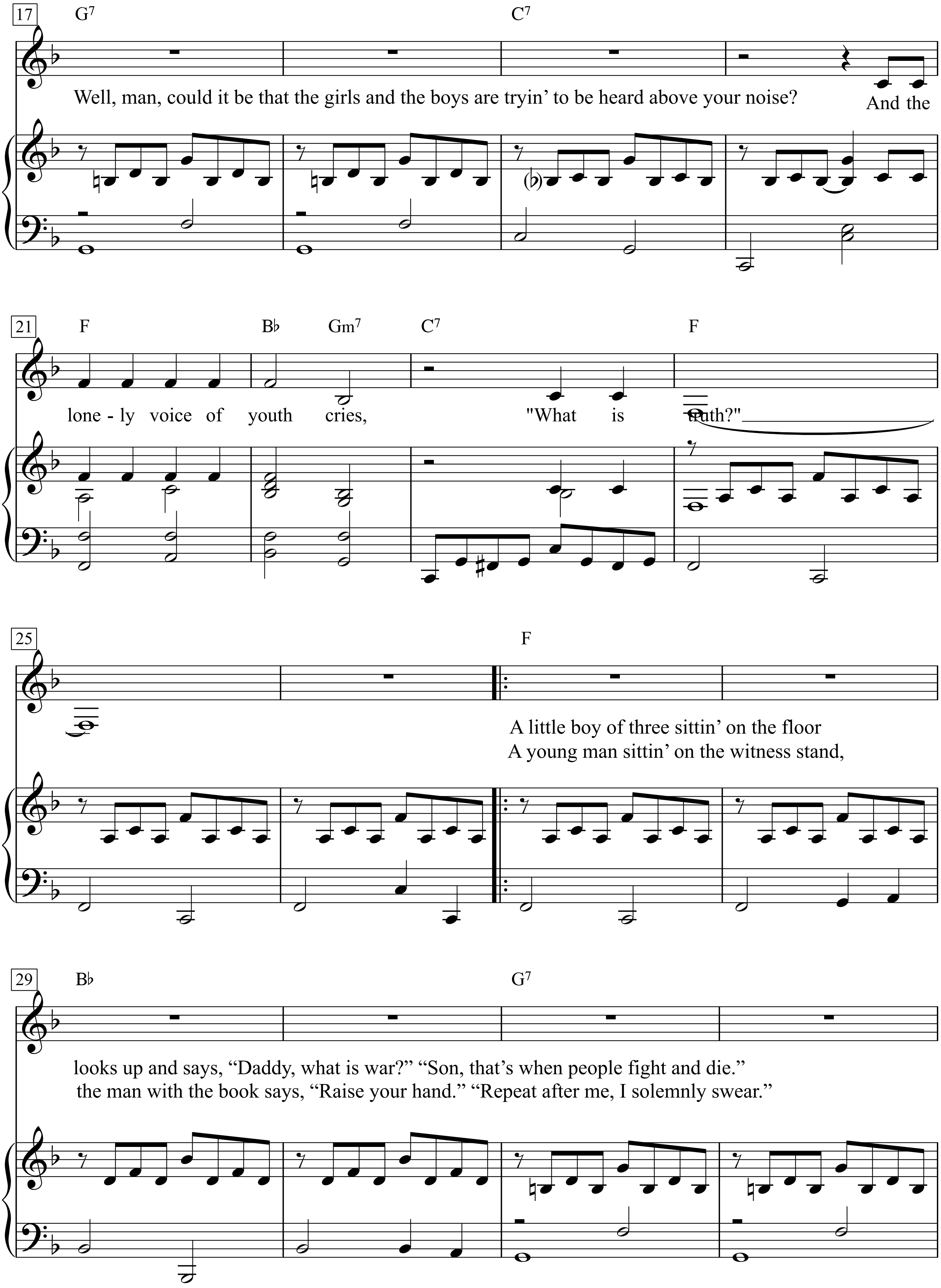
I was a humdrum person,
Leading a life apart,
When love flew in through my window wide
And quickened my humdrum heart.
Love flew in through my window,
I was so happy then.
But after love had stayed a little while,
Love flew out again.

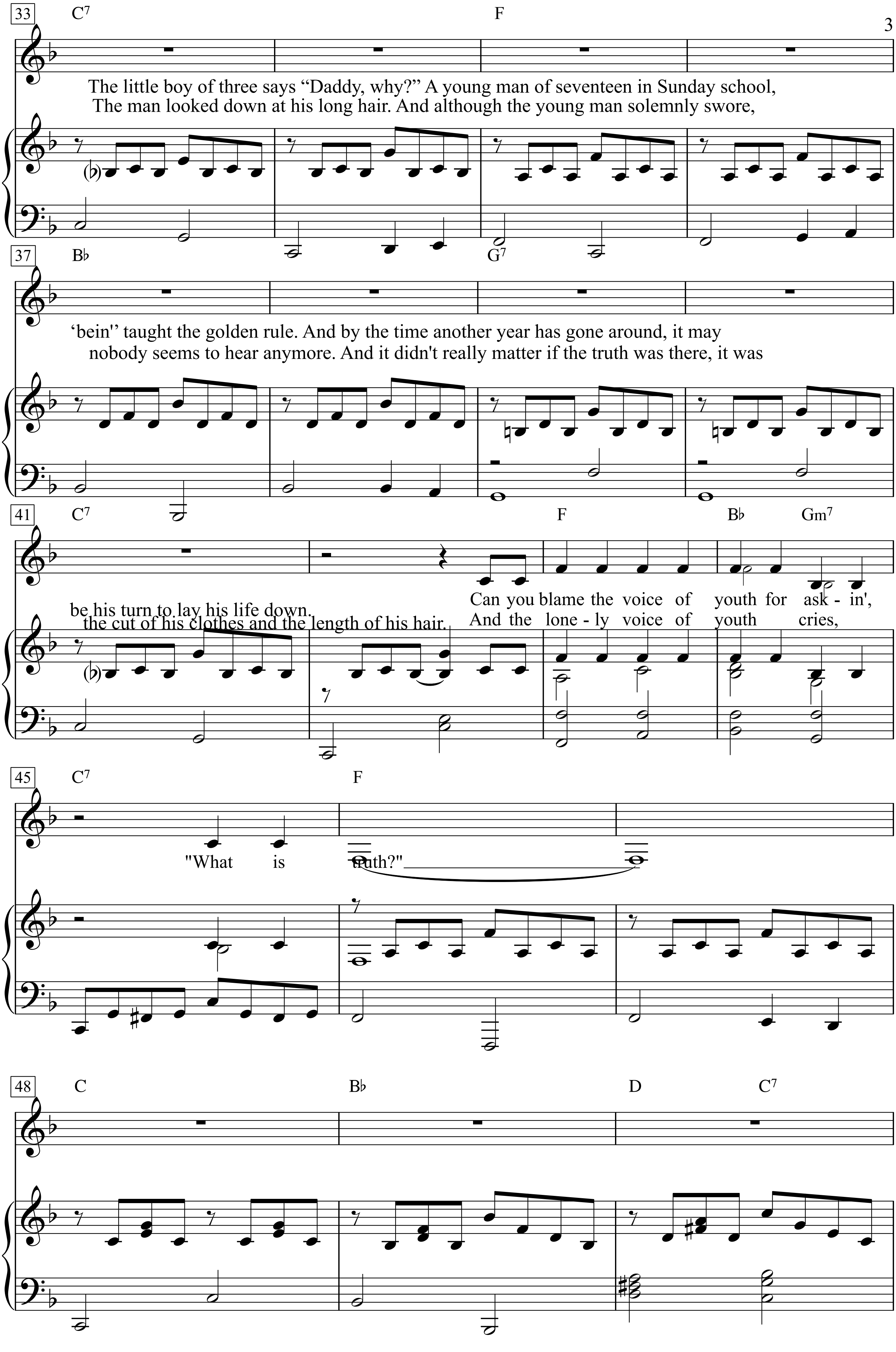
Refrain:
What is this thing called love?
This funny thing called love?
Just who can solve its mystery?
Why should it make a fool of me?
I saw you there one wonderful day
You took my heart and threw it away
That’s why I ask the Lawd in Heaven above;
What is this thing called love?

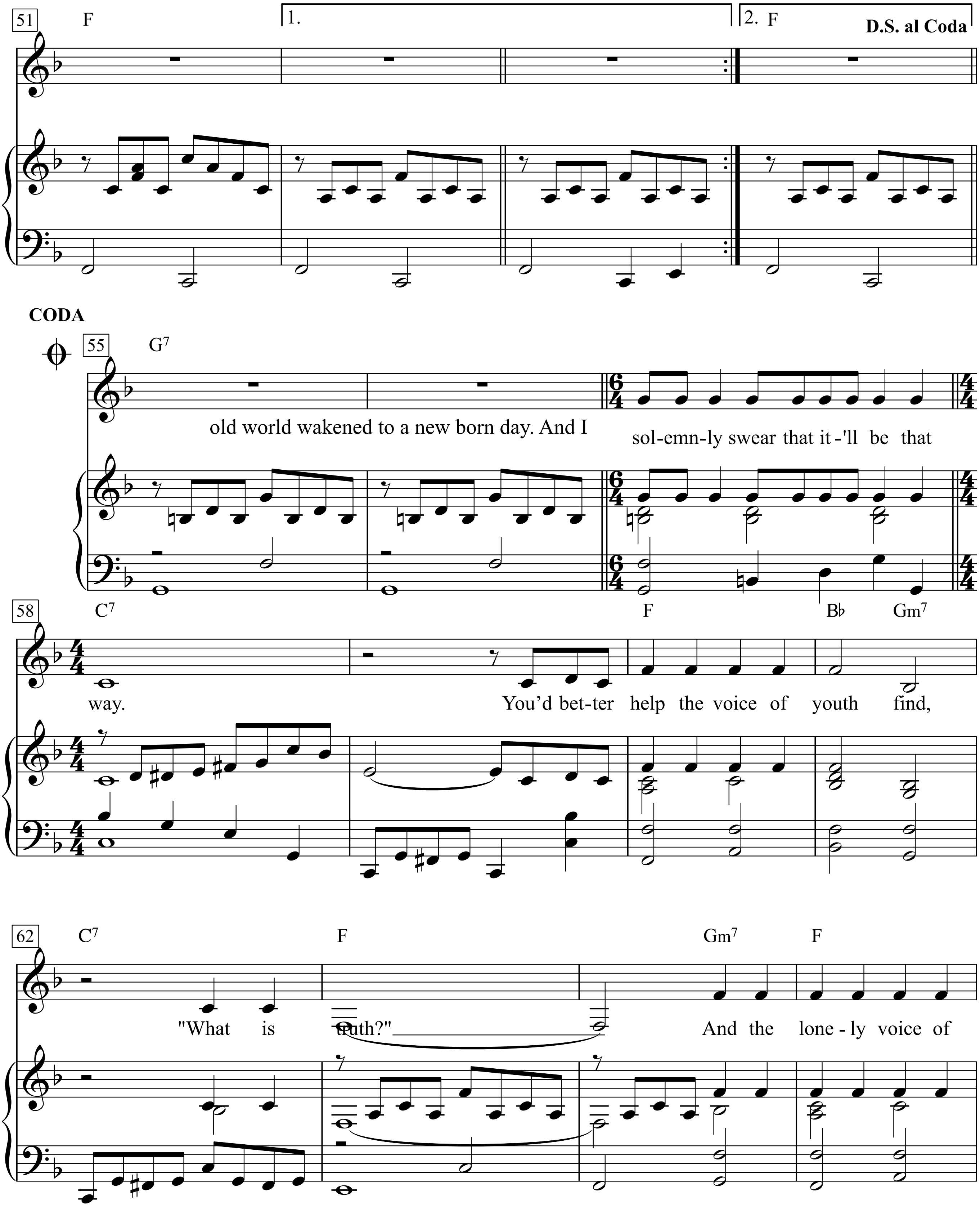
What Is Truth?

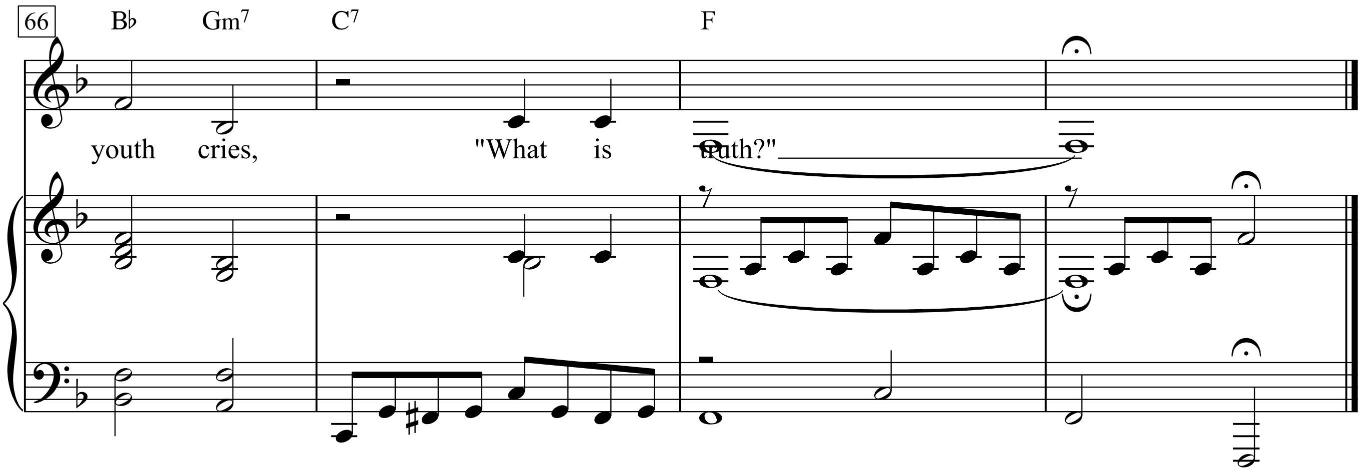
Words & Music by
John R. Cash
(Johnny Cash)




17
G7
C7
Well, man, could it be that the girls and the boys are tryin' to be heard above your noise?
And the
21
F
B♭
Gm7
C7
F
lone - ly voice of youth cries,
"What is truth?"
25
F
A little boy of three sittin' on the floor
A young man sittin' on the witness stand,
29
B♭
G7
looks up and says, "Daddy, what is war?" "Son, that's when people fight and die."
the man with the book says, "Raise your hand." "Repeat after me, I solemnly swear."


33
C7
F
The little boy of three says "Daddy, why?" A young man of seventeen in Sunday school,
The man looked down at his long hair. And although the young man solemnly swore,
37
B♭
G7
'bein'' taught the golden rule. And by the time another year has gone around, it may
nobody seems to hear anymore. And it didn't really matter if the truth was there, it was
41
C7
F
B♭
Gm7
be his turn to lay his life down.
the cut of his clothes and the length of his hair.
Can you blame the voice of youth for ask - in',
And the lone - ly voice of youth cries,
45
C7
F
"What is truth?"
48
C
B♭
D
C7


51
F
1.
2. F
D.S. al Coda
CODA
55
G7
old world wakened to a new born day. And I
sol-emn-ly swear that it -'ll be that
58
C7
F
B♭
Gm7
way.
You'd bet-ter help the voice of youth find,
62
C7
F
Gm7
F
"What is truth?"
And the lone - ly voice of



The old man turned off the radio, said, "Where did all of the old songs go?
The young girl dancin' to the latest beat has found new ways to move her feet.

A young man speaking in the city square, is trying to tell somebody that he cares.
Kids sure play funny music these days, they play it in the strangest ways."

Said, "It looks to me like they've all gone wild, it was peaceful back when I was a child."
Yeah, the ones that you're callin' wild, are gonna be the leaders in a little while. This

Well, man, could it be that the girls and the boys are tryin' to be heard above your noise?

And the lonely voice of youth cries, "What is truth?"
Can you blame the voice of youth for askin',
"What is truth?"

A young man sittin' on the witness stand,
A little boy of three sittin' on the floor

looks up and says, "Daddy, what is war?" "Son, that's when people fight and die." t
he man with the book says, "Raise your hand." "Repeat after me, I solemnly swear."

The little boy of three says "Daddy, why?" A young man of seventeen in Sunday school,
The man looked down at his long hair. And although the young man solemnly swore,

'bein'' taught the golden rule. And by the time another year has gone around, it may
nobody seems to hear anymore. And it didn't really matter if the truth was there, it was

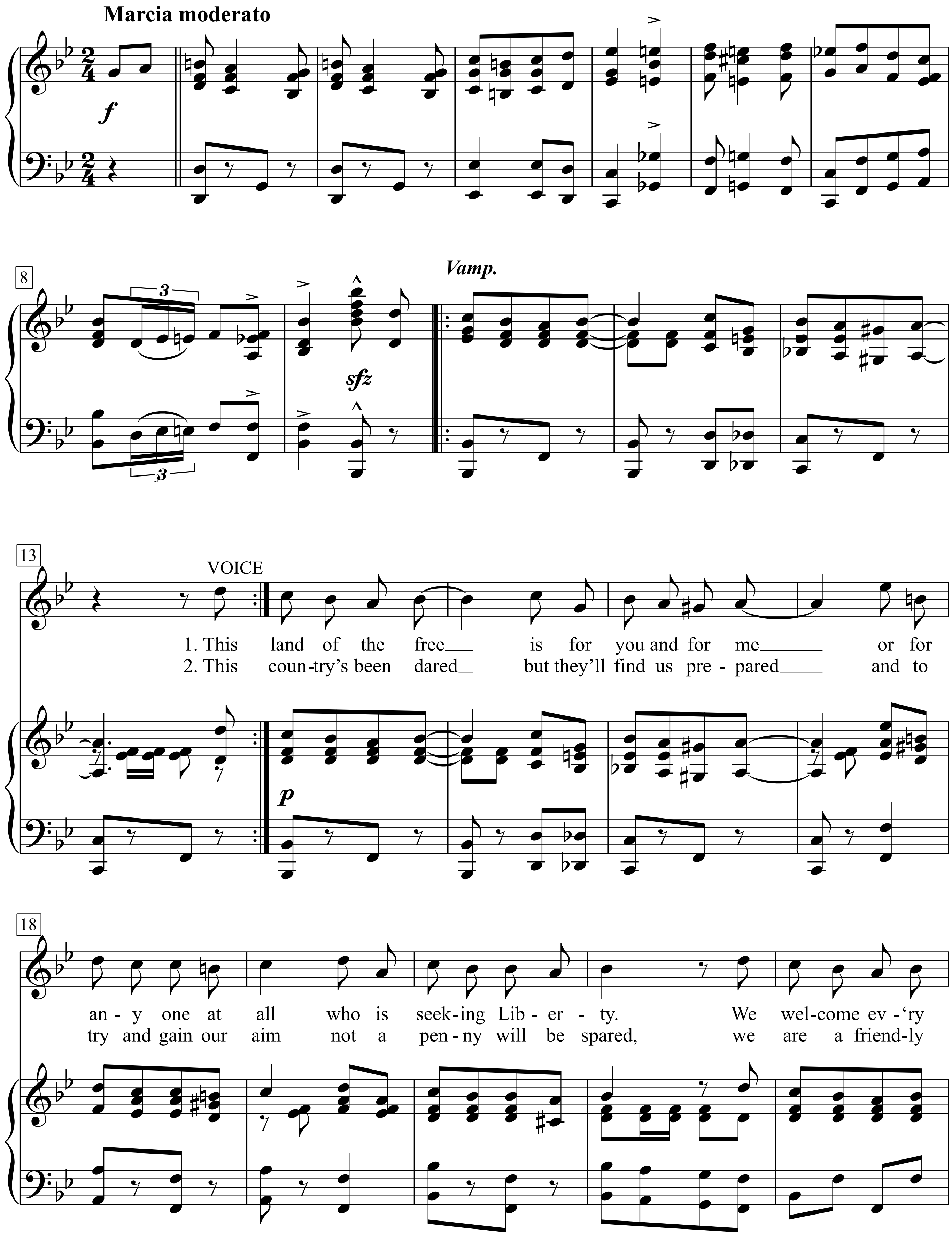
be his turn to lay his life down.
the cut of his clothes and the length of his hair.

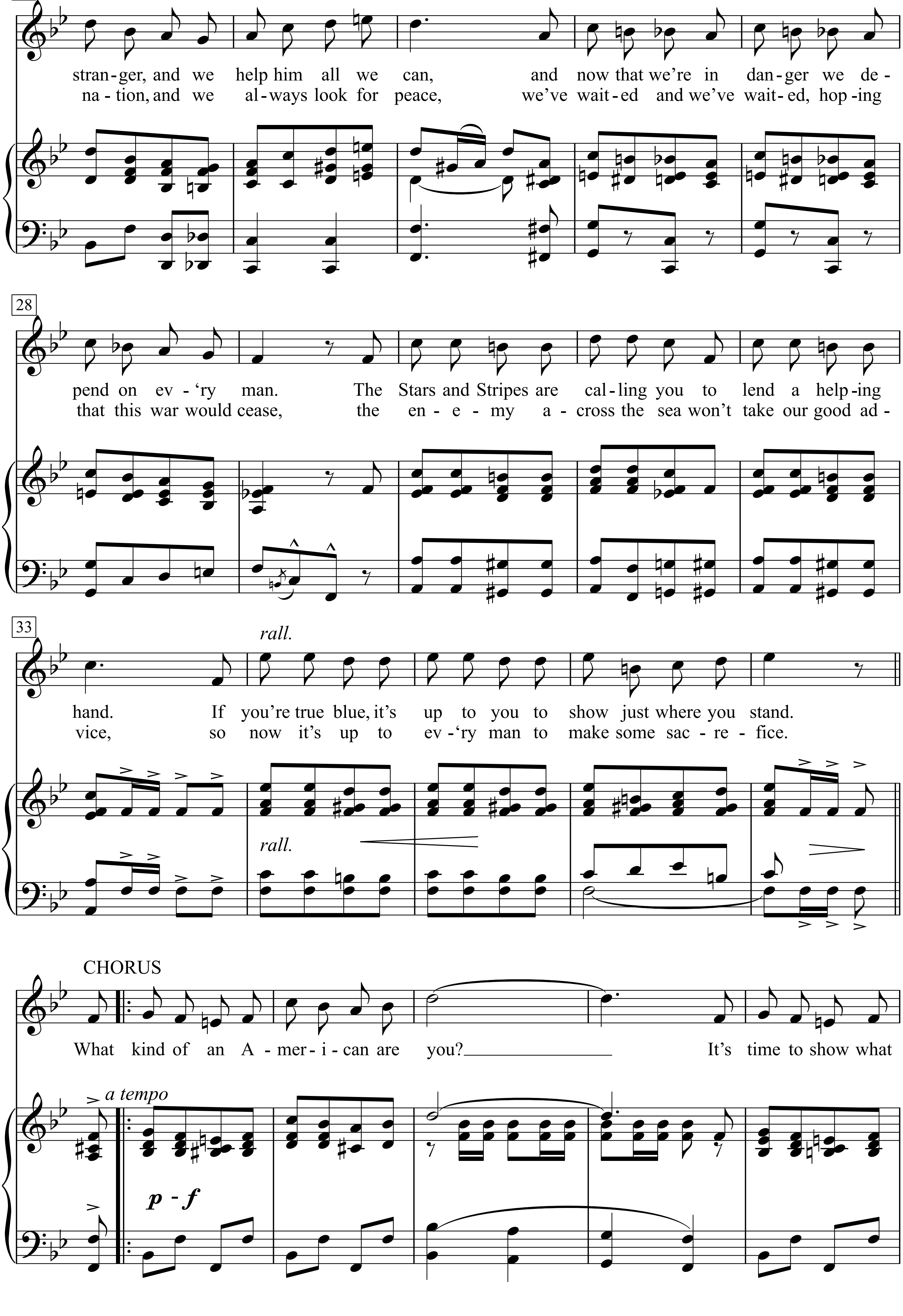
old world wakened to a new born day. And I
solemnly swear that it'll be that way.
You'd better help the voice of youth find, "What is truth?"
And the lonely voice of youth cries, "What is truth?"

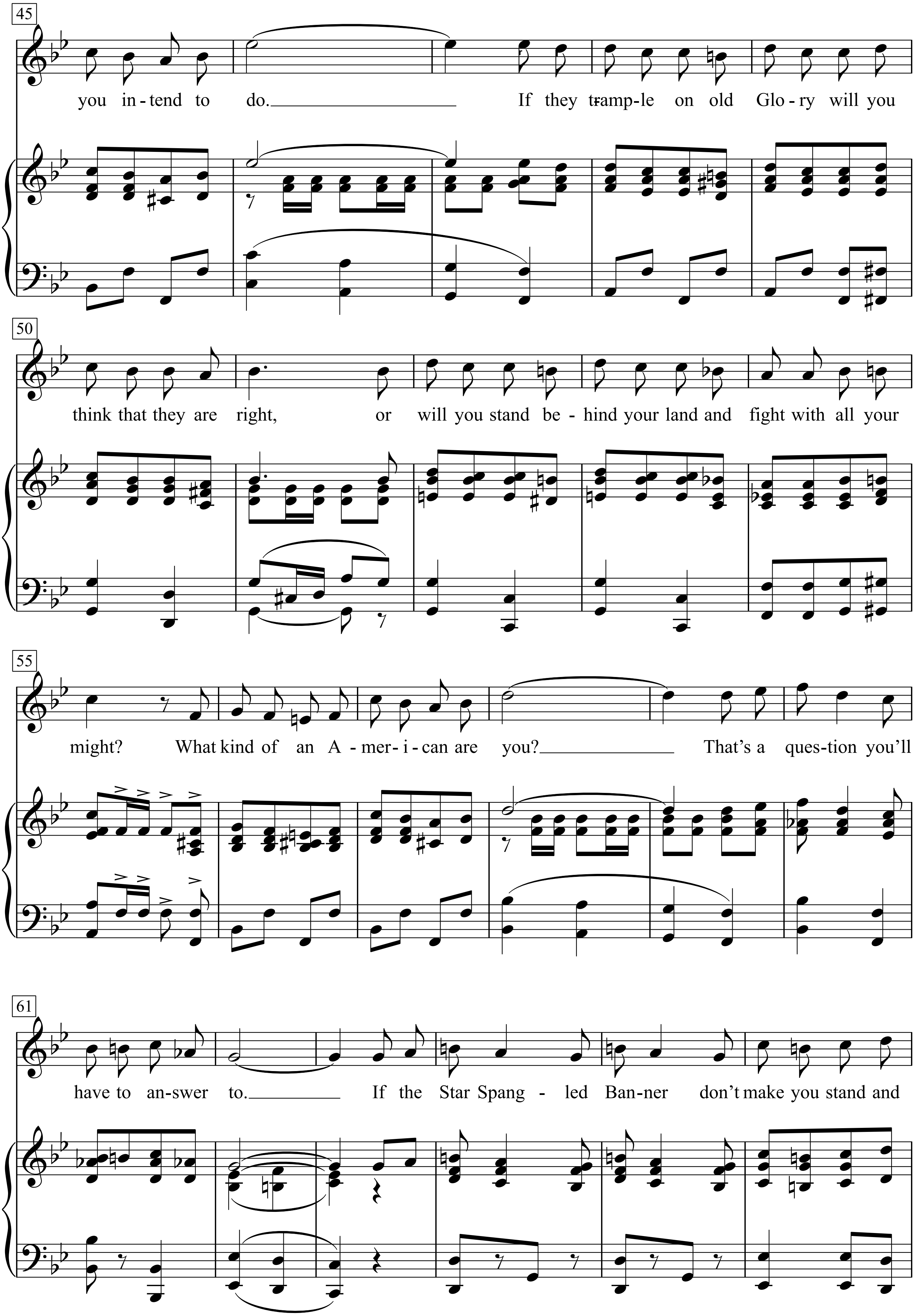
What kind of an American are you

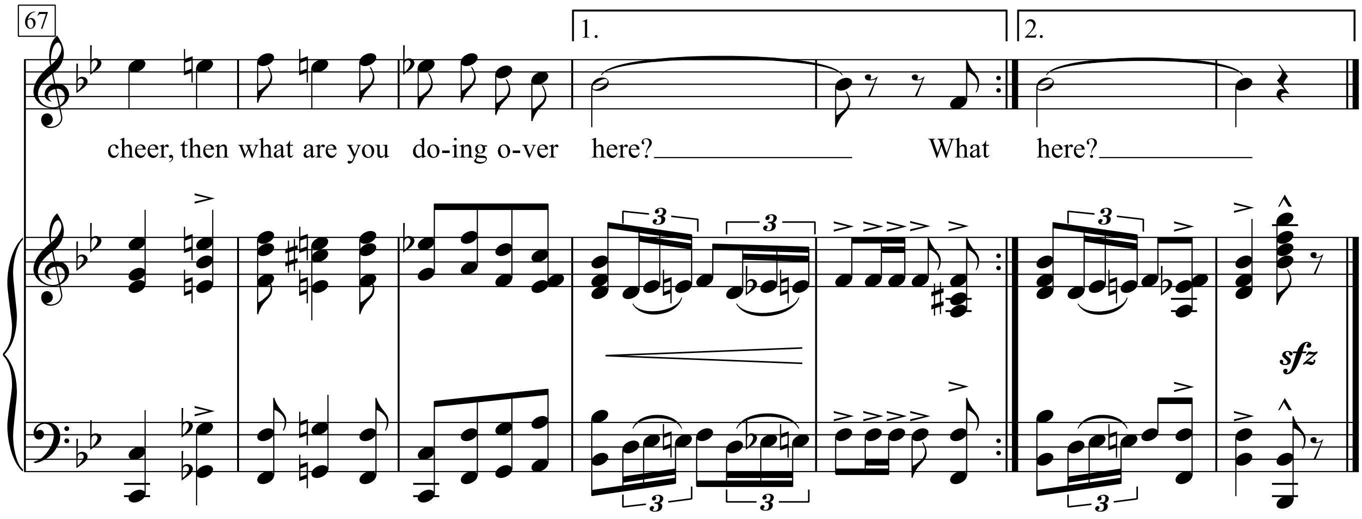
Words: Lew Brown & Charles R. McCarron

Music: Albert von Tilzer




23
stran-ger, and we help him all we can, and now that we're in dan-ger we de-
na-tion, and we al-ways look for peace, we've wait-ed and we've wait-ed, hop-ing
28
pend on ev-'ry man. The Stars and Stripes are cal-ling you to lend a help-ing
that this war would cease, the en-e-my a-cross the sea won't take our good ad-
33
rall.
hand. If you're true blue, it's up to you to show just where you stand.
vice, so now it's up to ev-'ry man to make some sac-re-fice.
rall.
CHORUS
a tempo
p - f
What kind of an A-mer-i-can are you? It's time to show what


45
you in-tend to do.
If they tramp-le on old Glo-ry will you
50
think that they are right, or will you stand be-hind your land and fight with all your
55
might? What kind of an A-mer-i-can are you?
That's a ques-tion you'll
61
have to an-swer to.
If the Star Spang-led Ban-ner don't make you stand and



1. This land of the free is for you and for me
or for any one at all who is seeking Liberty.
We welcome ev’ry stranger, and we help him all we can,
and now that we’re in danger we depend on ev’ry man.
The Stars and Stripes are calling you to lend a helping hand.
If you’re true blue, it’s up to you to show just where you stand.
What kind of an American are you?
It’s time to show what you intend to do.
If they trample on old Glory will you think that they are right,
or will you stand behind your land and fight with all your might?

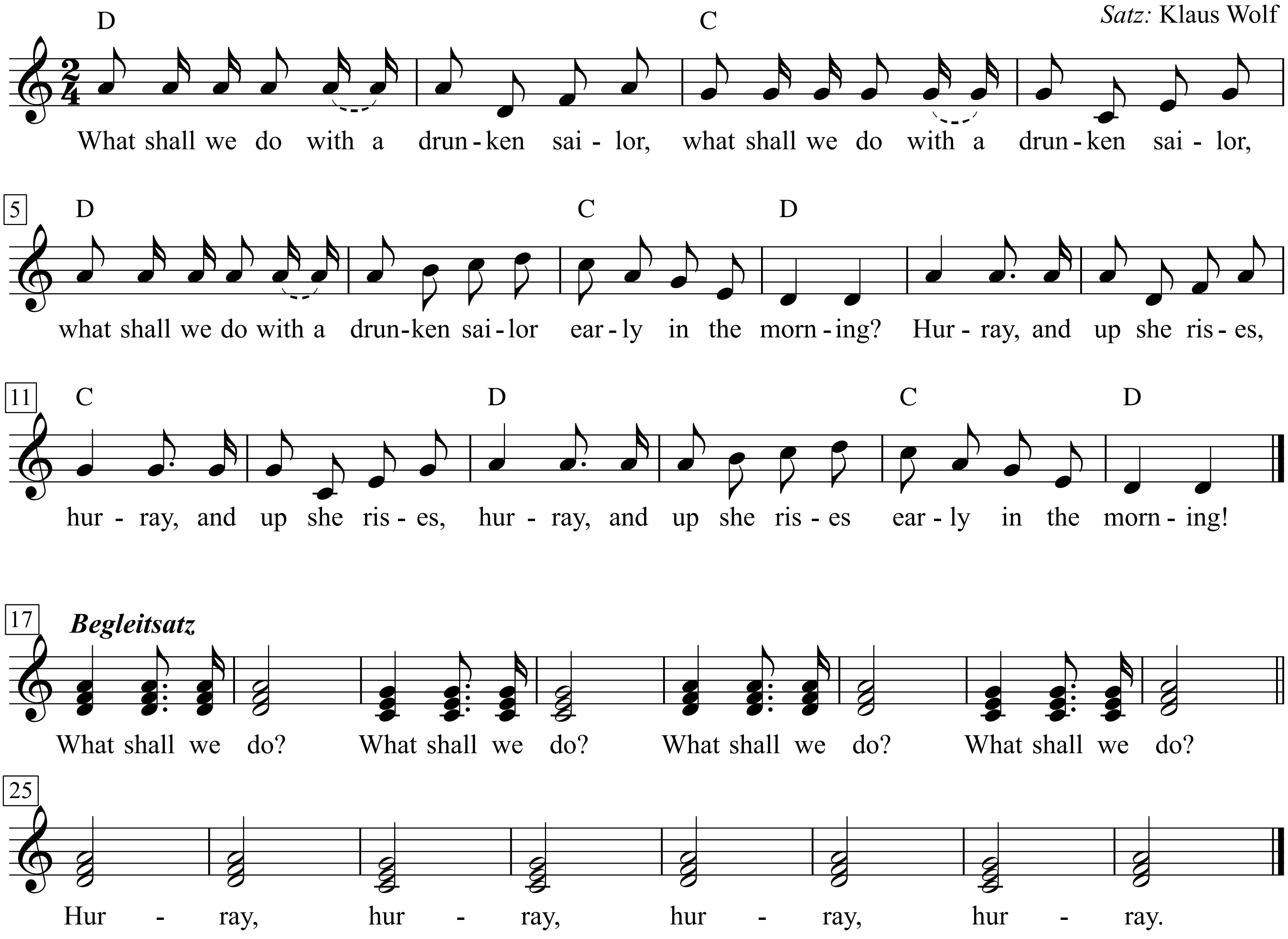
Chorus:
What kind of an American are you?
That’s a question you’ll have to answer to.
If the Star Spangled Banner don’t make you stand and cheer,
then what are you doing over here?

2. This country’s been dared but they’ll find us prepared
and to try and gain our aim not a penny will be spared,
we are a friendly nation, and we always look for peace,
we’ve waited and we’ve waited, hoping that this war would cease,
the enemy across the sea won’t take our good advice,
so now it’s up to ev’ry man to make some sacrefice.

Chorus:
What kind of an American are you ...

What shall we do with a drunken sailor

Text & Melodie: aus England
Satz: Klaus Wolf



1. |: What shall we do with a drunken sailor, :| (3x)
early in the morning?
|: Hurray, and up she rises, :| (3x)
early in the morning!

2. Take him and shake him and try to awake him!

3. Give him a dose of salent water

4. Give him a dash with a besoms rubber

5. Out on his back a moster plaster

6. Put him in the long boat til he’s sober.

7. Put out the plug and wet him all over!

8. This is what to do with a drunken sailor.

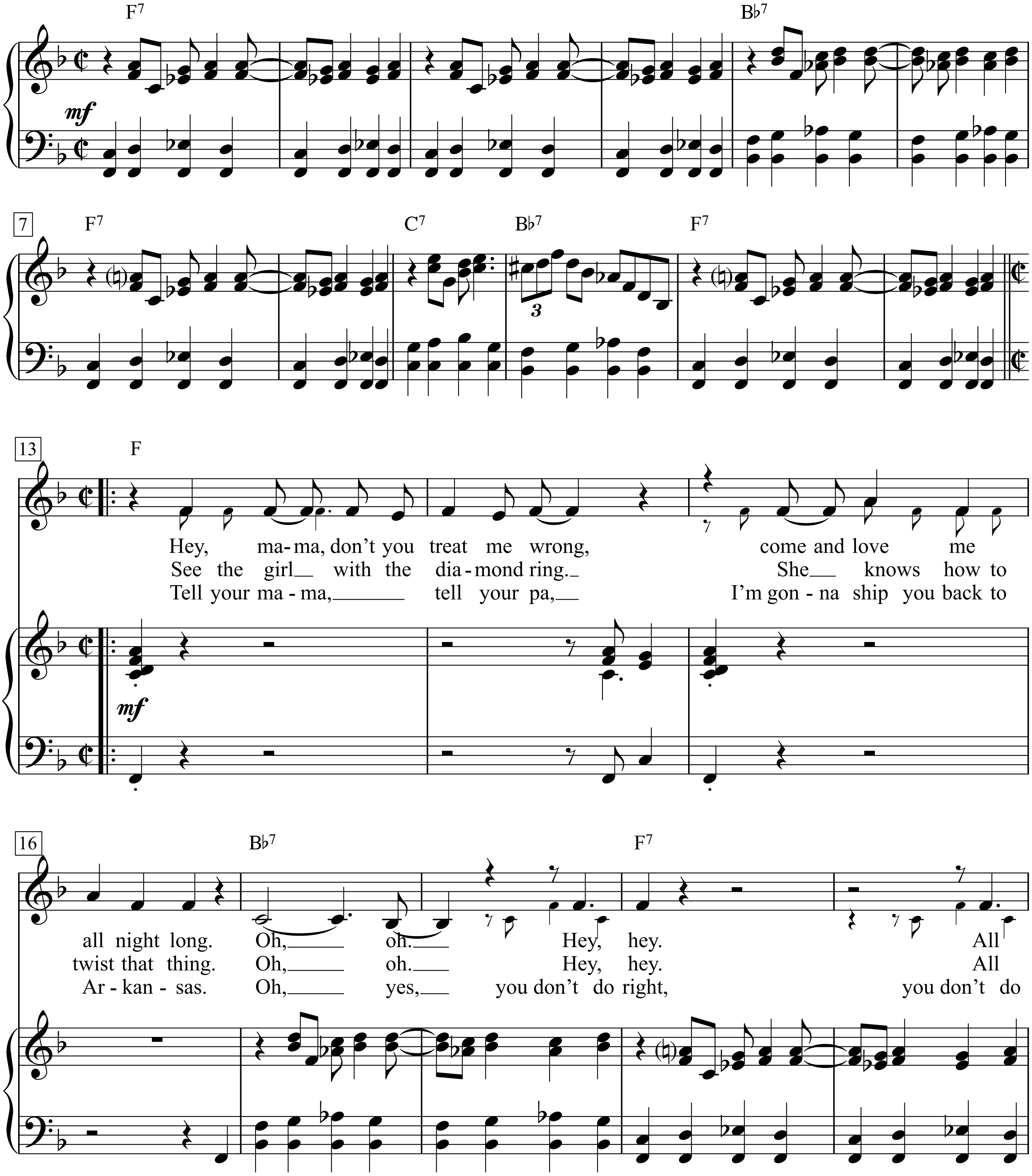
Plug - Stöpsel
long boat - Beiboot

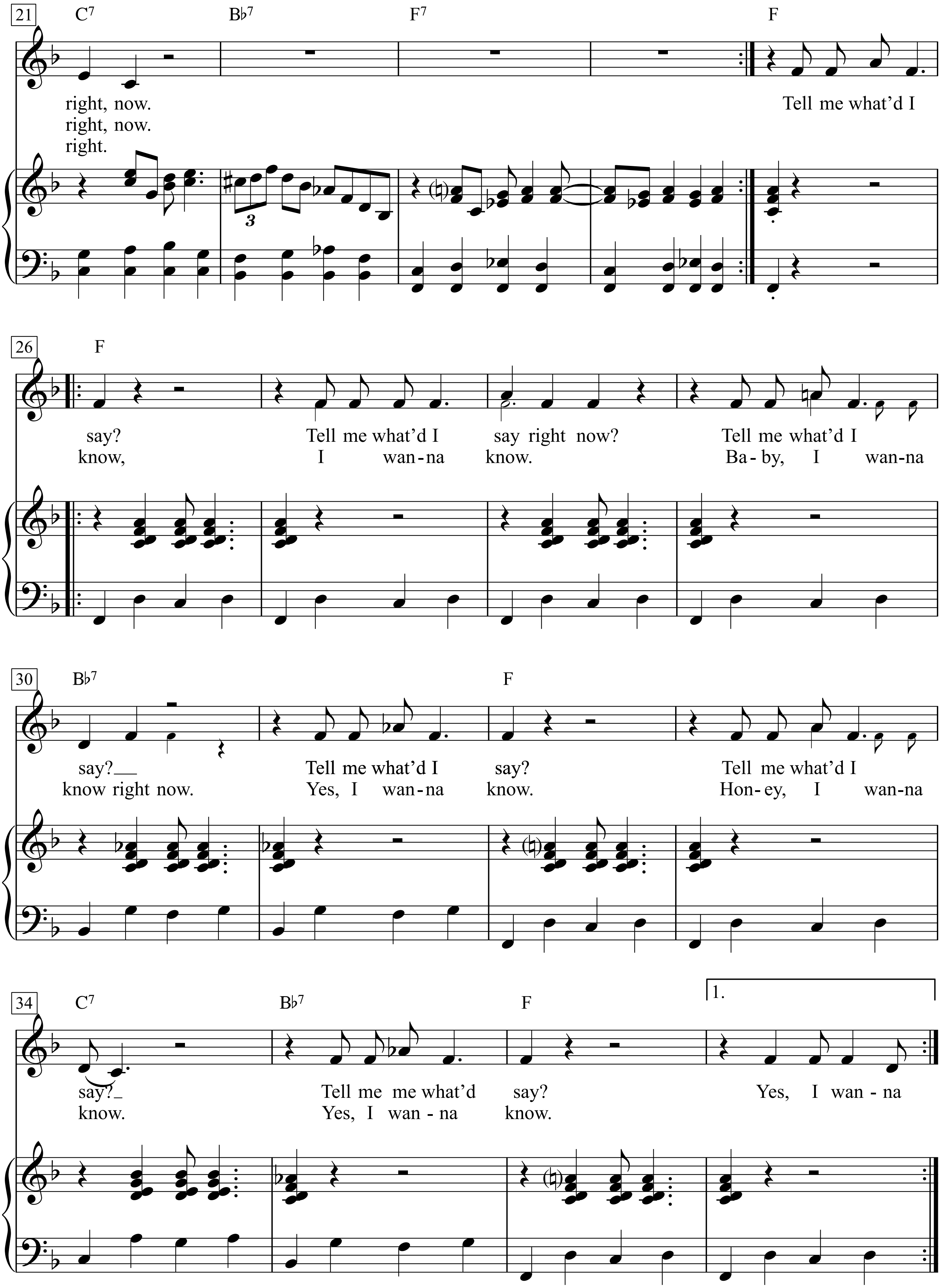
222 Lieder, S. 66 & The best Oldies Evergreens Hits, S.239

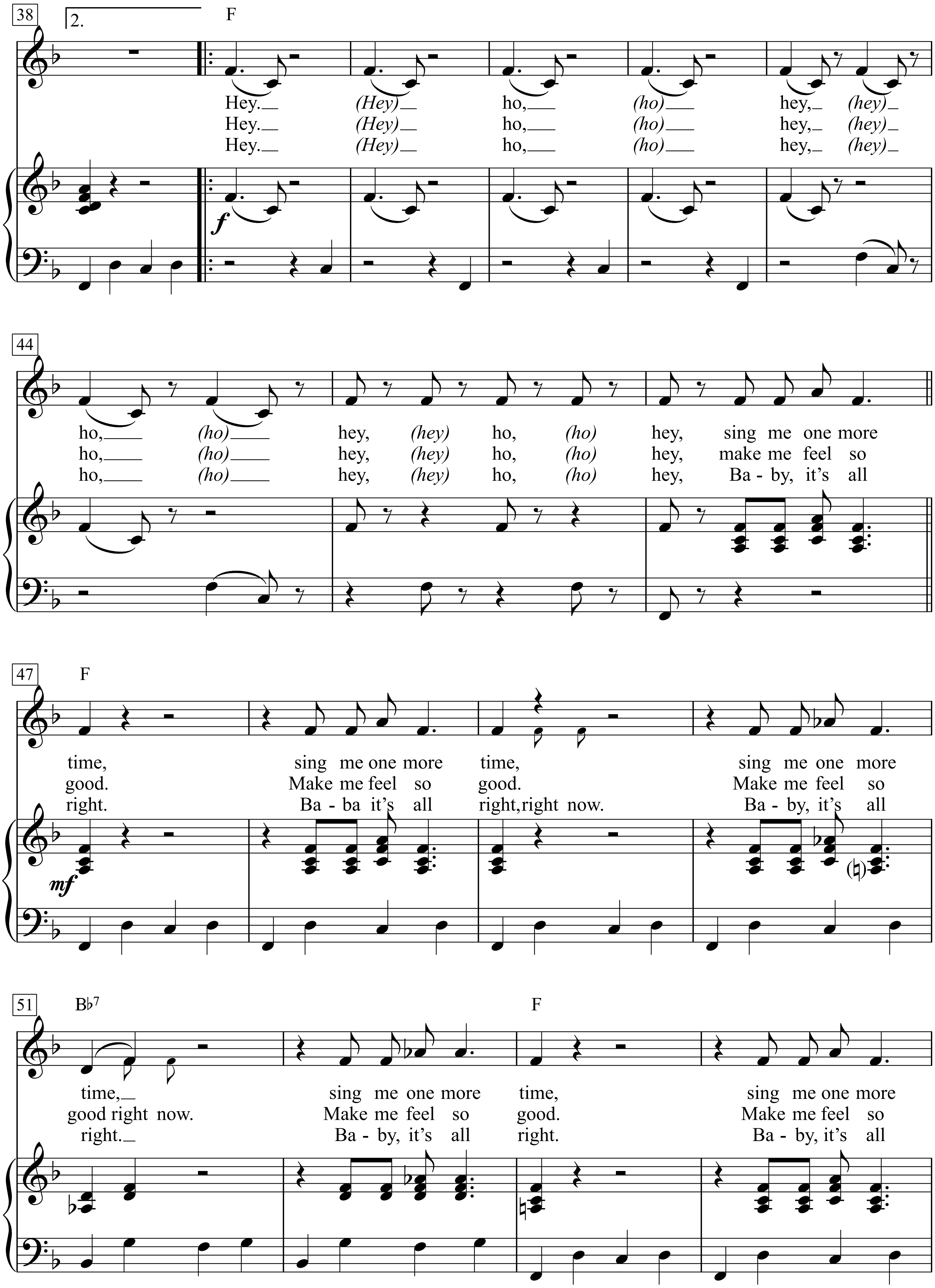
What'd I Say

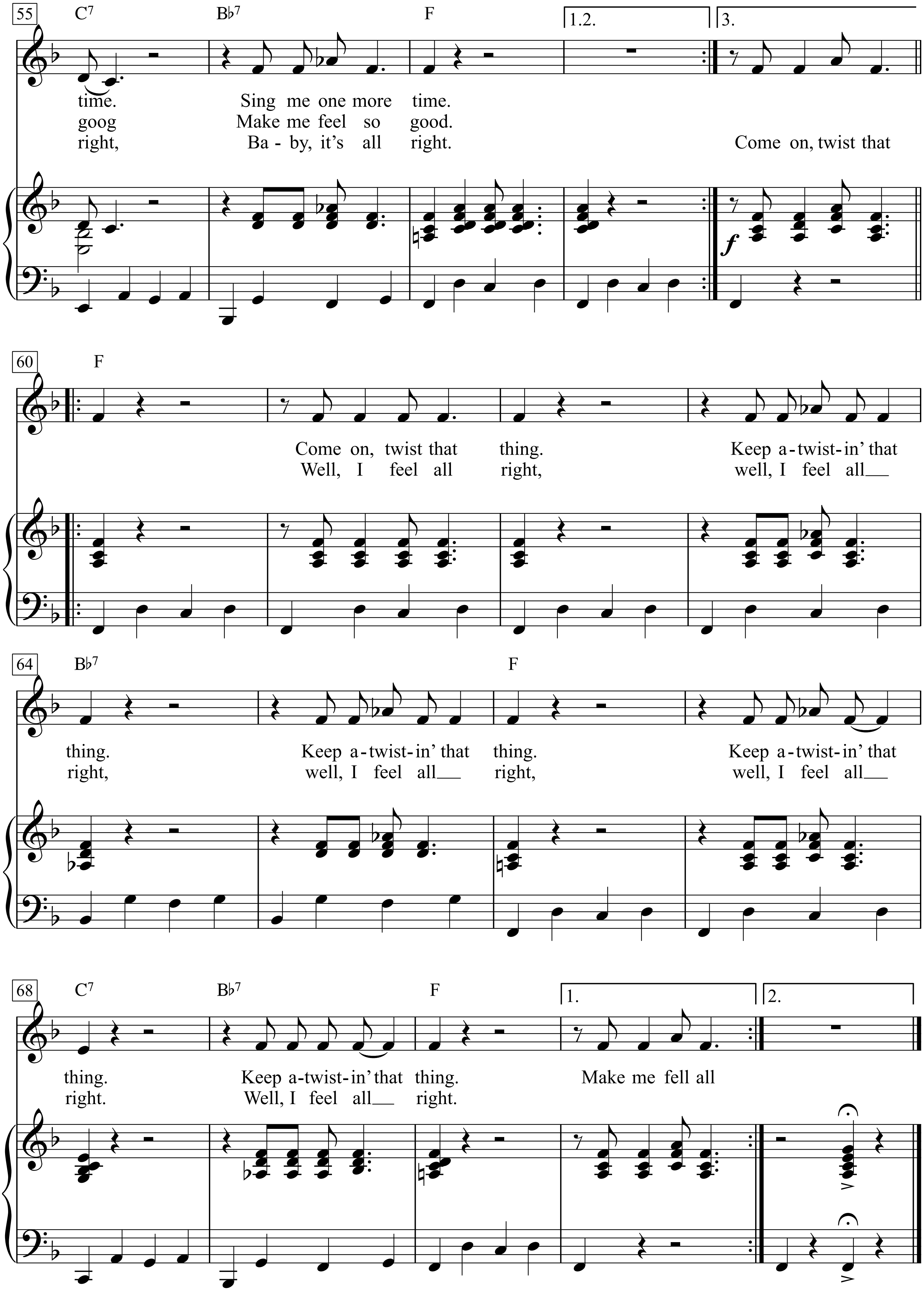
Medium Bounce

Words & Music by Ray Charles
(Ray Charles)




21
C7
B♭7
F7
F
right, now.
right, now.
right.
Tell me what'd I
26
F
say?
Tell me what'd I
say right now?
Tell me what'd I
know,
I wan-na
know.
Ba-by, I wan-na
30
B♭7
F
say?
Tell me what'd I
say?
Tell me what'd I
know right now.
Yes, I wan-na
know.
Hon-ey, I wan-na
34
C7
B♭7
F
1.
say?
Tell me me what'd
say?
Yes, I wan-na
know.
Yes, I wan-na
know.

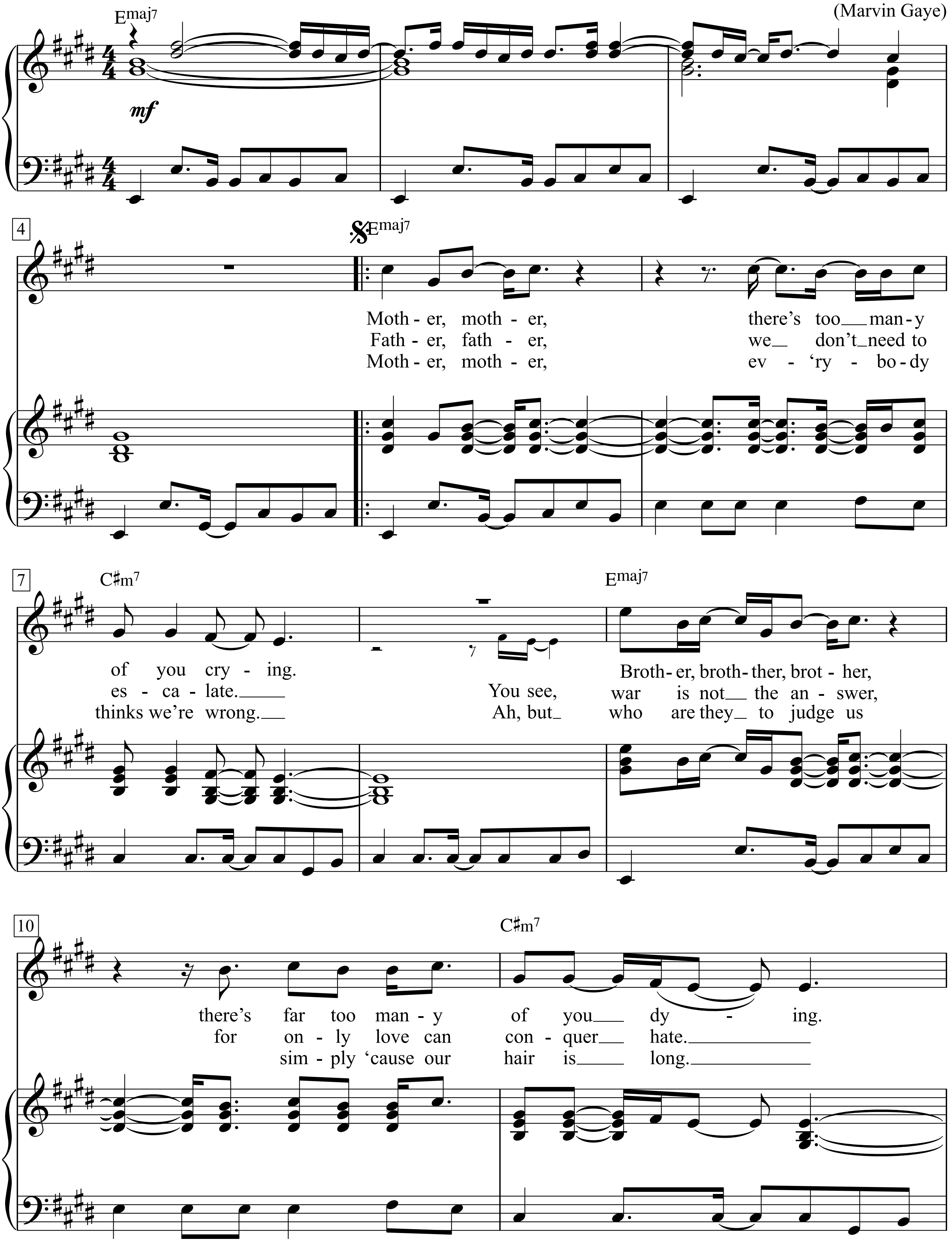

38
2.
F
Hey.__ (Hey)__ ho,__ (ho)__ hey,_ (hey)_
Hey.__ (Hey)__ ho,__ (ho)__ hey,_ (hey)_
Hey.__ (Hey)__ ho,__ (ho)__ hey,_ (hey)_
f
44
ho,__ (ho)__ hey, (hey) ho, (ho) hey, sing me one more
ho,__ (ho)__ hey, (hey) ho, (ho) hey, make me feel so
ho,__ (ho)__ hey, (hey) ho, (ho) hey, Ba - by, it's all
47
F
time, sing me one more time, sing me one more
good. Make me feel so good. Make me feel so
right. Ba - ba it's all right, right now. Ba - by, it's all
mf
51
B♭7
F
time,__ sing me one more time, sing me one more
good right now. Make me feel so good. Make me feel so
right.__ Ba - by, it's all right. Ba - by, it's all

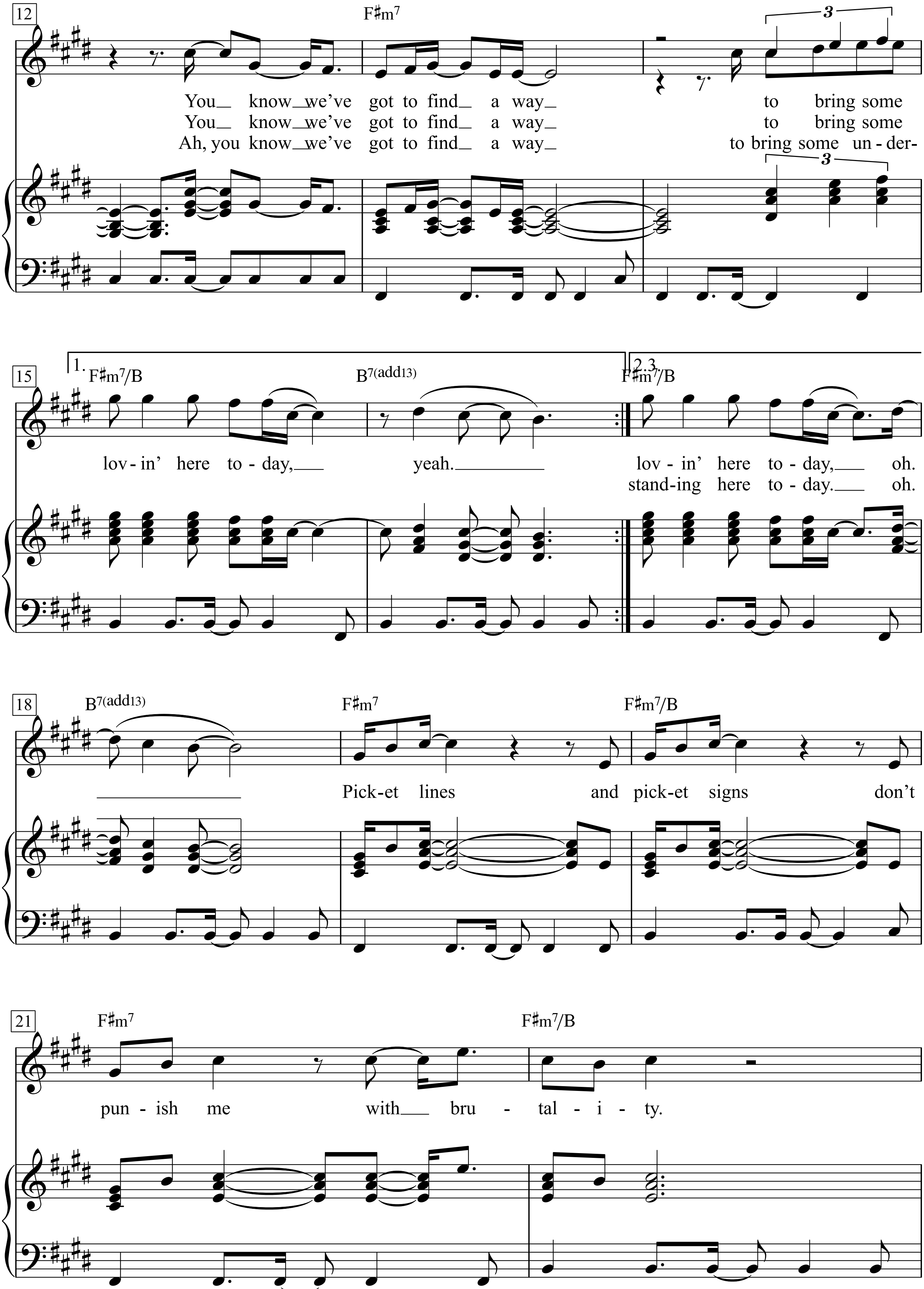

55
C7
B♭7
F
1.2.
3.
time. Sing me one more time.
goog Make me feel so good.
right, Ba - by, it's all right. Come on, twist that
f
60
F
Come on, twist that thing. Keep a-twist-in' that
Well, I feel all right, well, I feel all
64
B♭7
F
thing. Keep a-twist-in' that thing. Keep a-twist-in' that
right, well, I feel all right, well, I feel all
68
C7
B♭7
F
1.
2.
thing. Keep a-twist-in' that thing. Make me fell all
right. Well, I feel all right.

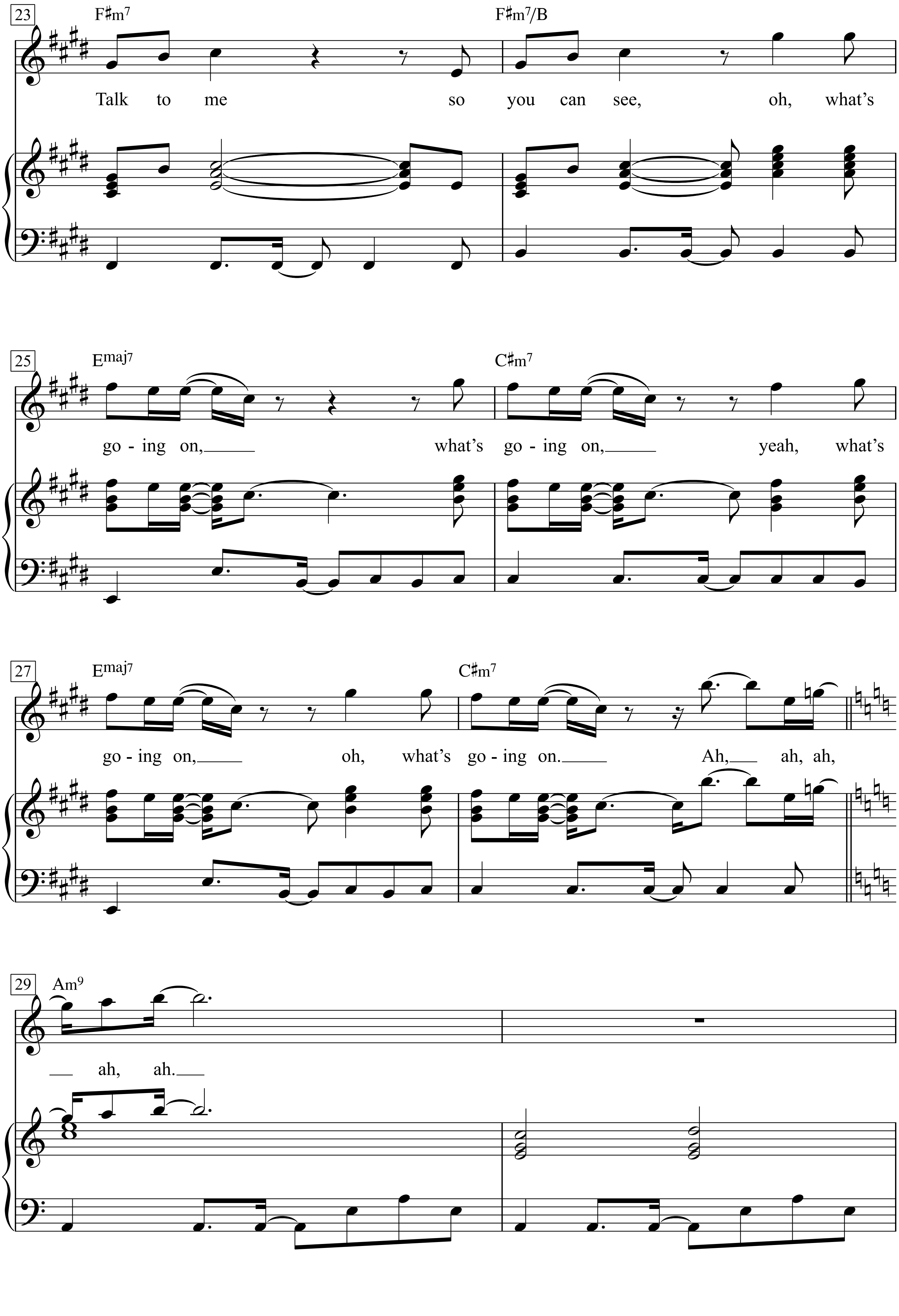
What’s Going On

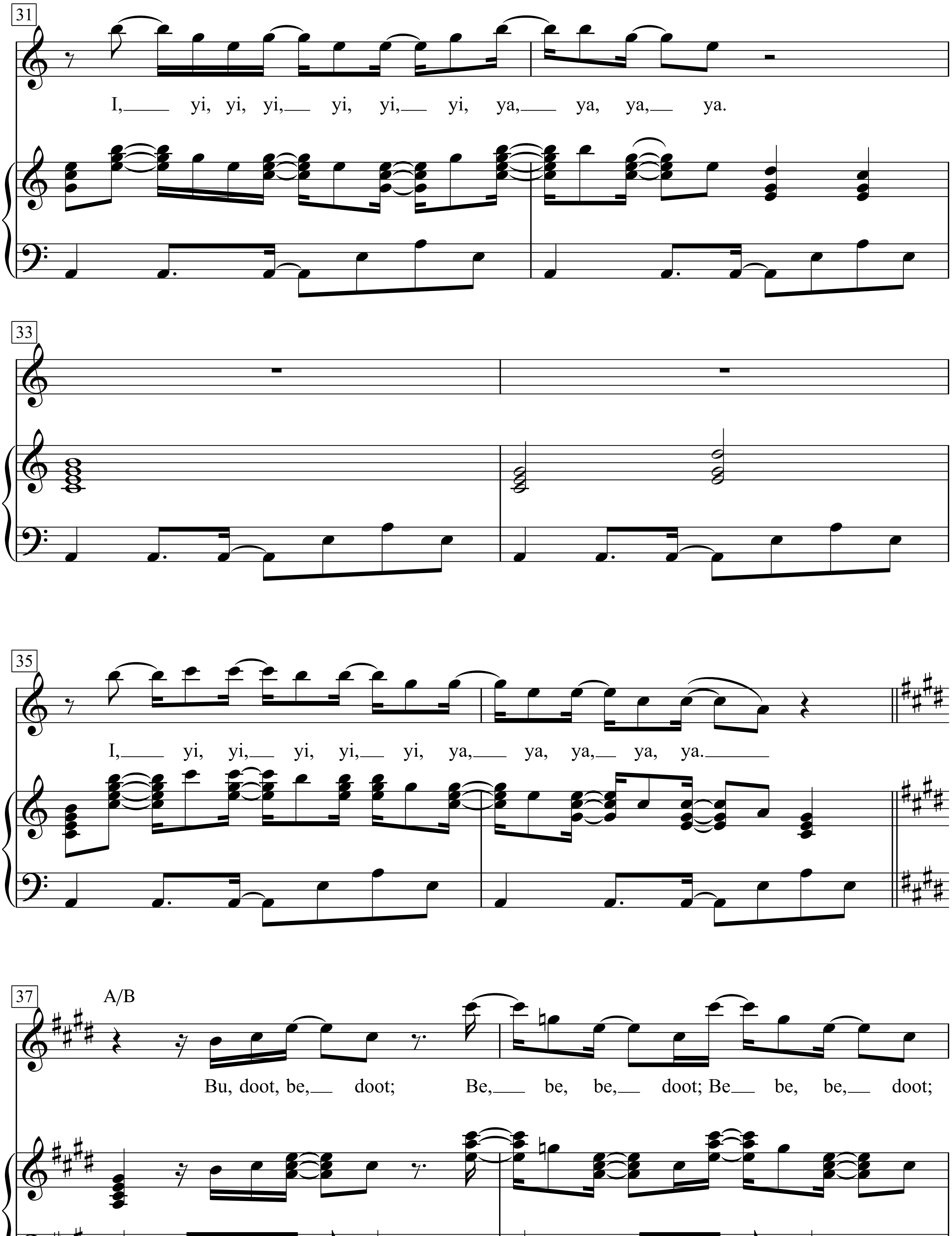
Words & Music by
Marvin Gaye, Al Cleveland and Renaldo Benson
(Marvin Gaye)

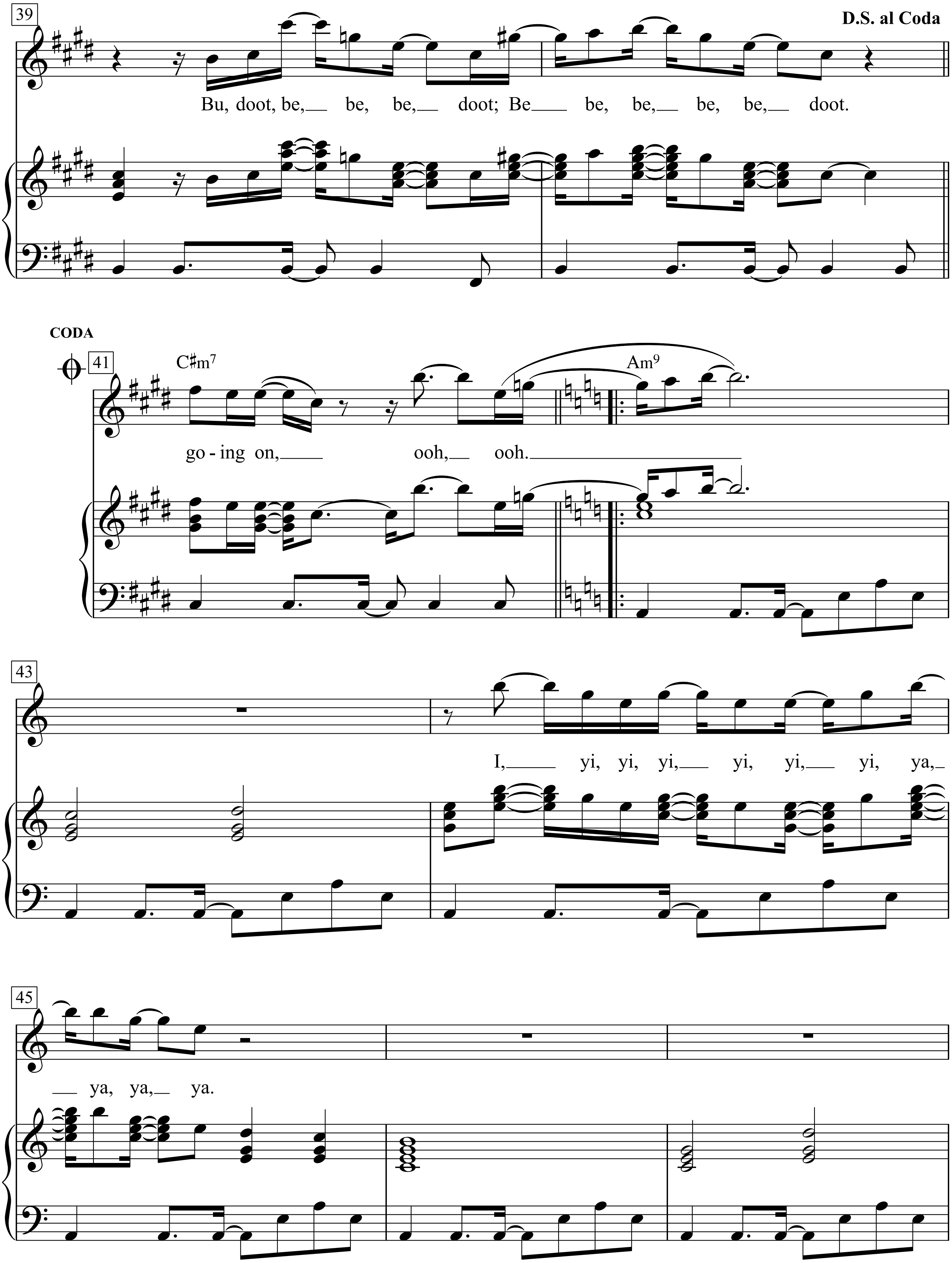
Moderatly



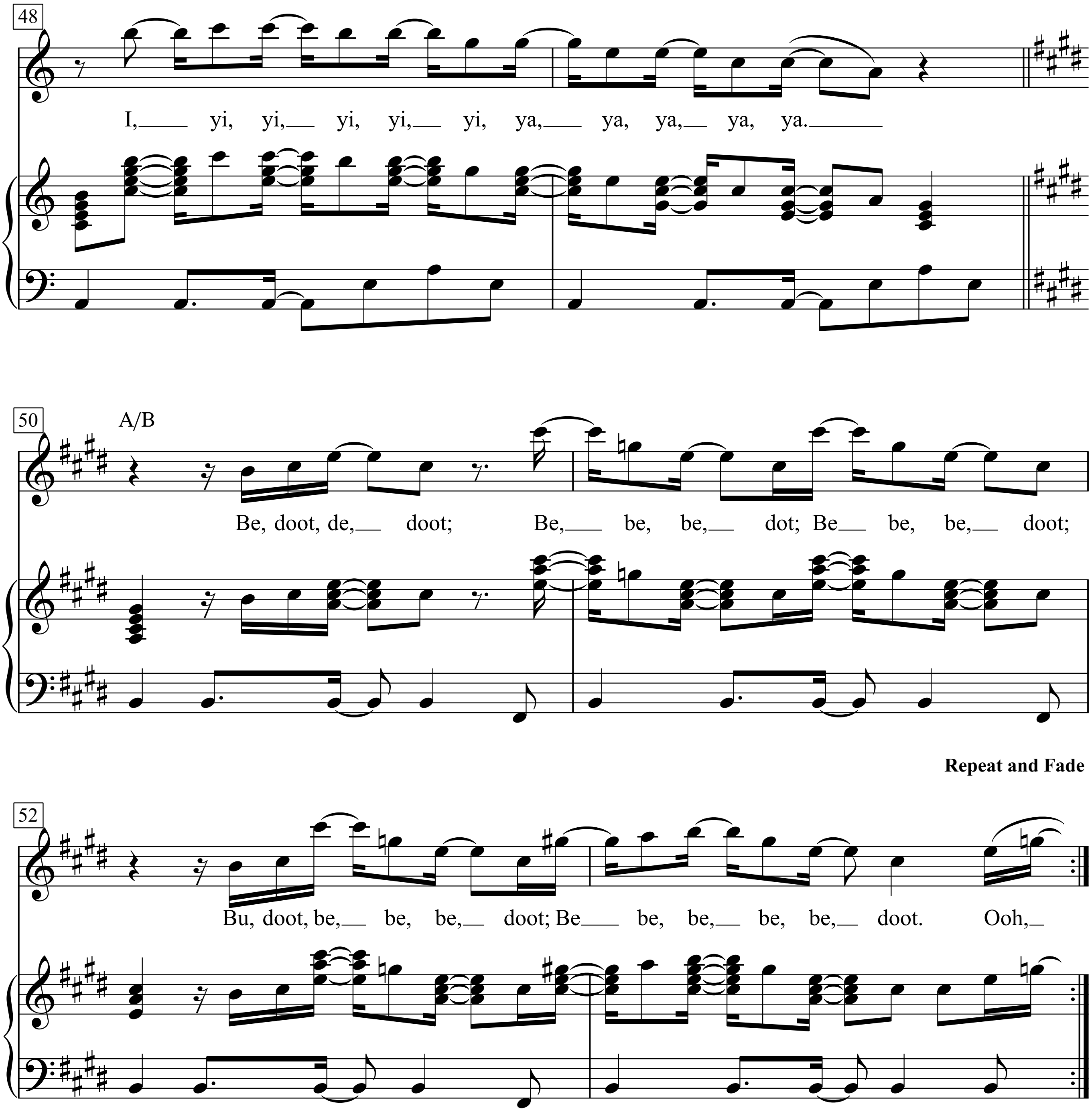

12
F♯m7
You_ know_we've got to find_ a way_ to bring some
You_ know_we've got to find_ a way_ to bring some
Ah, you know_we've got to find_ a way_ to bring some un - der-
15
1.
F♯m7/B
B7(add13)
2.3.
F♯m7/B
lov - in' here to - day,___ yeah.___ lov - in' here to - day,___ oh.
stand-ing here to - day.___ oh.
18
B7(add13)
F♯m7
F♯m7/B
Pick-et lines and pick-et signs don't
21
F♯m7
F♯m7/B
pun - ish me with___ bru - tal - i - ty.


23
F♯m7
F♯m7/B
Talk to me so you can see, oh, what's
25
Emaj7
C♯m7
go - ing on, what's go - ing on, yeah, what's
27
Emaj7
C♯m7
go - ing on, oh, what's go - ing on. Ah, ah, ah,
29
Am9
ah, ah.


31
I, yi, yi, yi, yi, yi, yi, ya, ya, ya, ya.
33
35
I, yi, yi, yi, yi, yi, ya, ya, ya, ya, ya.
37
A/B
Bu, doot, be, doot; Be, be, be, doot; Be be, be, doot;



D.S. al Coda
39
Bu, doot, be, be, be, doot; Be be, be, be, be, doot.
CODA
41
C♯m7
Am9
go - ing on, ooh, ooh.
43
I, yi, yi, yi, yi, yi, yi, ya,
45
ya, ya, ya.


48
I, yi, yi, yi, yi, yi, ya, ya, ya, ya, ya.
50
A/B
Be, doot, de, doot; Be, be, be, dot; Be be, be, doot;
Repeat and Fade
52
Bu, doot, be, be, be, doot; Be be, be, be, be, doot. Ooh,

1. Mother, mother, there’s too many of you crying.
Brother, brother, brother,
there’s far too many of you dying.
You know we’ve got to find a way
to bring some lovin’ here today,
yeah. lovin’ here today, oh.

2. Father, father, we don’t need to escalate.
You see, war is not the answer,
for only love can conquer hate.
You know we’ve got to find a way
to bring some lovin’ here today,
yeah. lovin’ here today, oh.

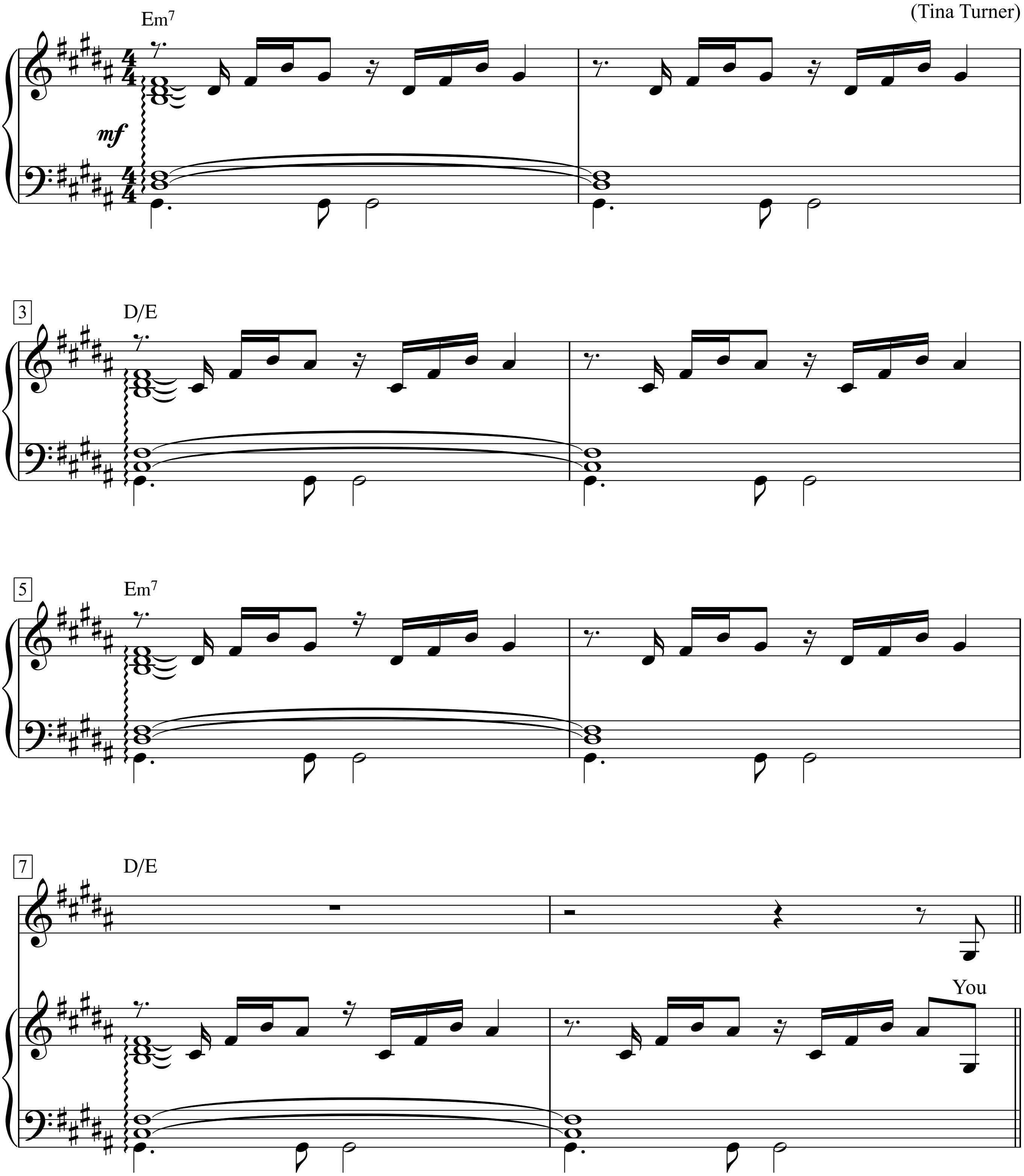
3. Mother, mother, ev‘ry body thinks we’re wrong.
Ah, but who are they to judge us simply ‘cause our hair is long.
Ah, you know we’ve got to find a way
to bring some understanding here today. oh.

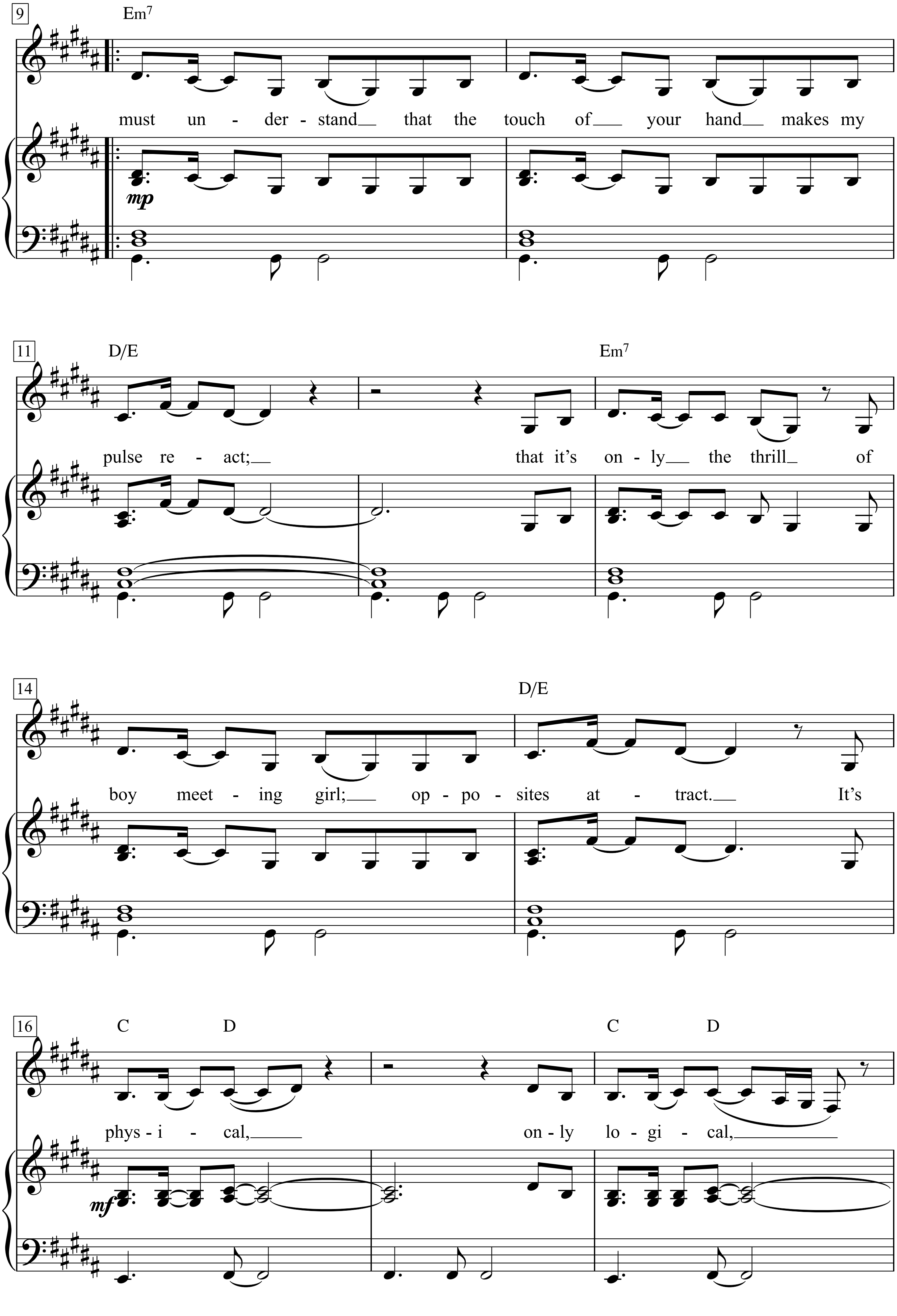
Picket lines and picket signs
don’t punish me with brutality.
Talk to me so you can see, oh, what’s going on,
what’s going on, yeah,
what’s going on, oh, what’s going on.
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah.
I, yi, yi, yi, yi, yi, yi, ya, ya, ya, ya.
I, yi, yi, yi, yi, yi, ya, ya, ya, ya, ya.
Bu, doot, be, doot;
Be, be, be, doot;
Be be, be, doot;
Bu, doot, be, be, be, doot;
Be be, be, be, be, doot. going on, ooh, ooh.
I, yi, yi, yi, yi, yi, yi, ya, ya, ya, ya.
I, yi, yi, yi, yi, yi, ya, ya, ya, ya, ya.
Be, doot, de, doot;
Be, be, be, dot;
Be be, be, doot;
Bu, doot, be, be, be, doot;
Be be, be, be, be, doot.
Ooh,

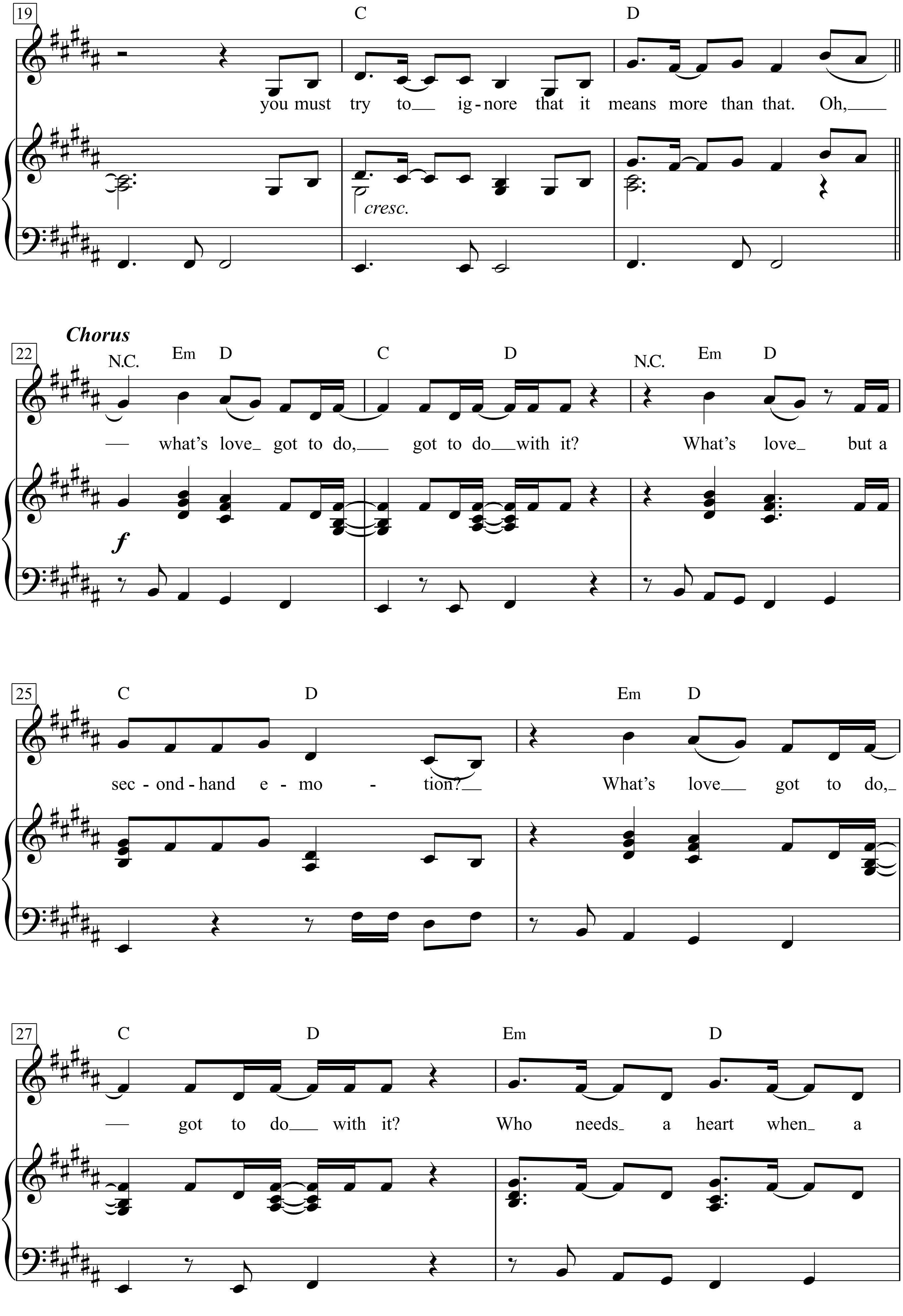
What’s Love Got To Do With It

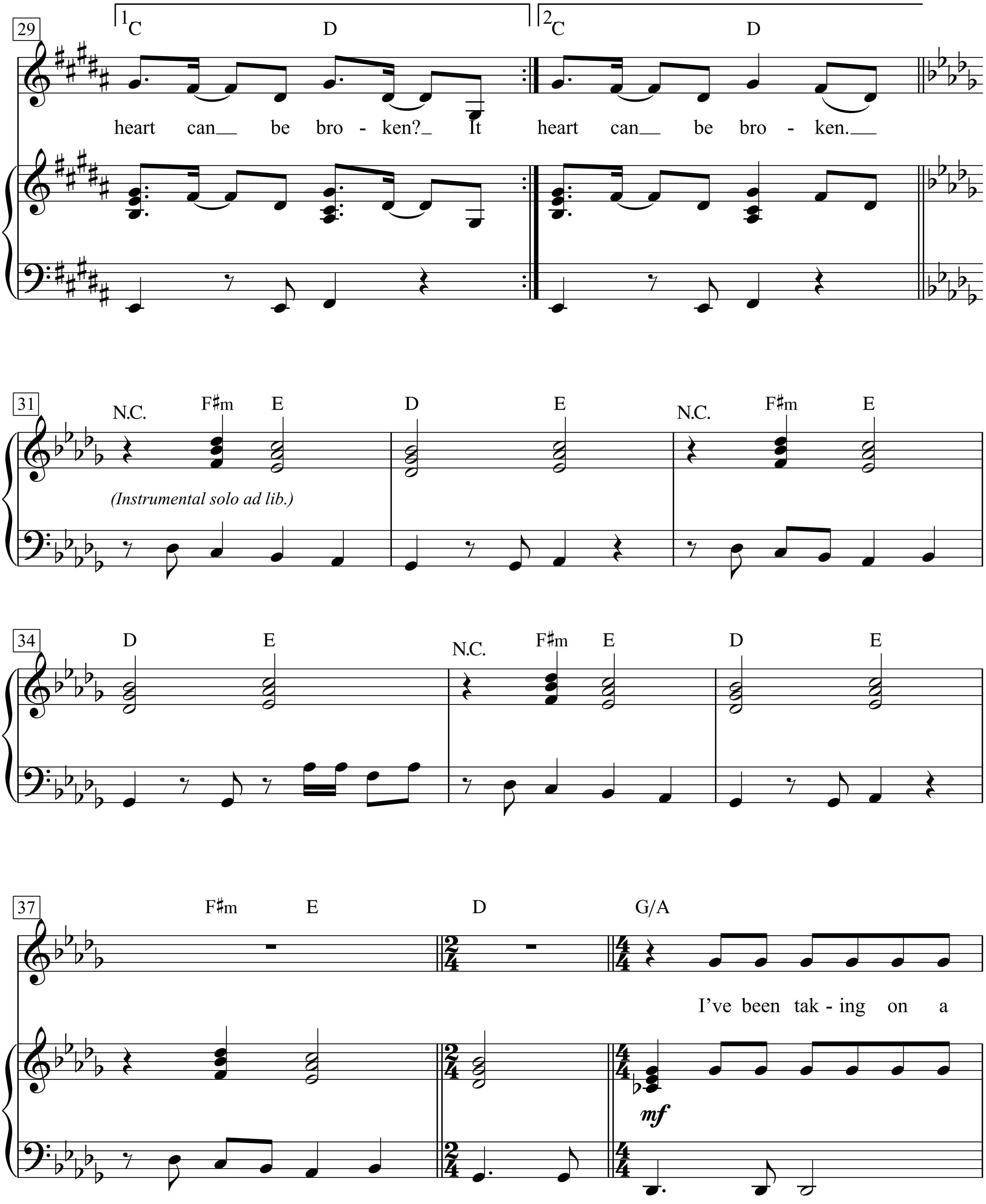
Moderato ♩ **= 100**

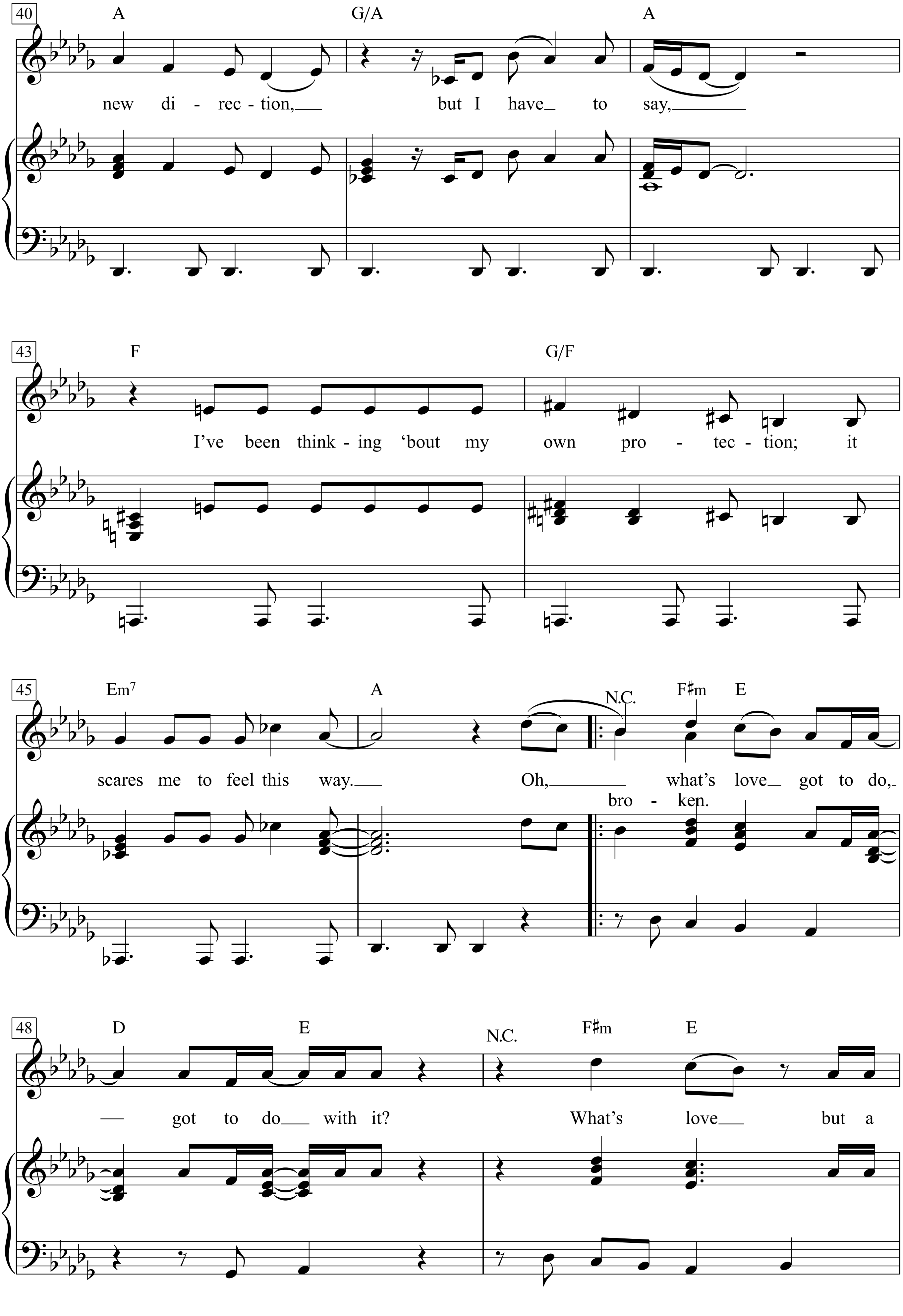
Words & Music by
Terry Britten and Graham Hamilton Lyle
(Tina Turner)

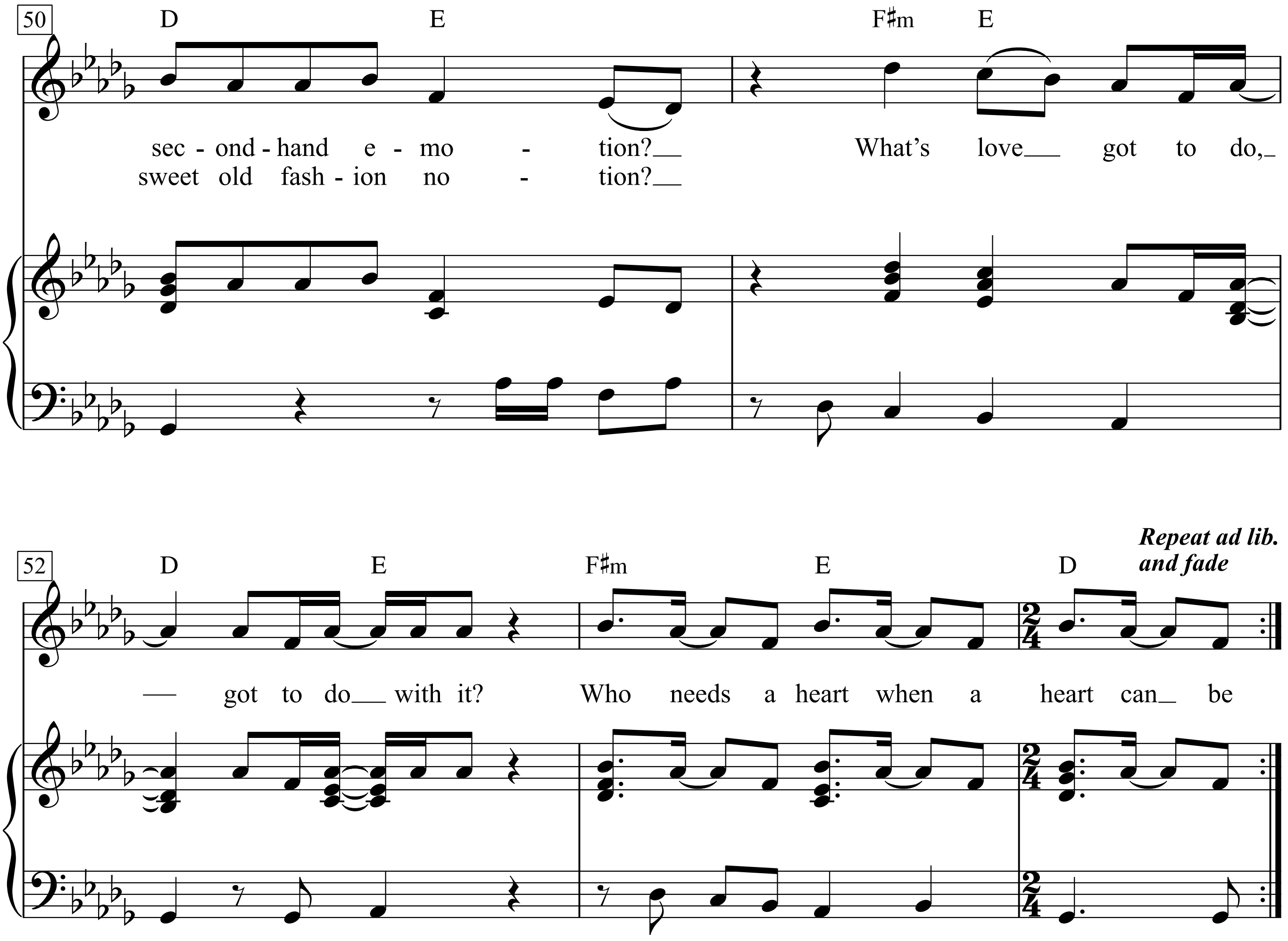



9
Em7
must un - der - stand that the touch of your hand makes my
mp
11
D/E
Em7
pulse re - act; that it's on - ly the thrill of
14
D/E
boy meet - ing girl; op - po - sites at - tract. It's
16
C D C D
phys - i - cal, on - ly lo - gi - cal,
mf


19
C
D
you must try to__ ig - nore that it means more than that. Oh,___
cresc.
Chorus
22
N.C.
Em
D
C
D
N.C.
Em
D
— what's love_ got to do,___ got to do__with it? What's love_ but a
f
25
C
D
Em
D
sec - ond - hand e - mo - tion?__ What's love___ got to do,_
27
C
D
Em
D
— got to do___ with it? Who needs_ a heart when_ a


29
1 C D
2 C D
heart can be bro - ken? It
heart can be bro - ken.
31
N.C. F♯m E D E N.C. F♯m E
(Instrumental solo ad lib.)
34
D E N.C. F♯m E D E
37
F♯m E D G/A
I've been tak - ing on a
mf


40
A
G/A
A
new di - rec - tion,
but I have to say,
43
F
G/F
I've been think - ing 'bout my own pro - tec - tion; it
45
Em7
A
N.C.
F♯m
E
scares me to feel this way.
Oh,
what's love got to do,
bro - ken.
48
D
E
N.C.
F♯m
E
got to do with it?
What's love but a



1. You must understand
that the touch of your hand
makes my pulse react;
that it's only the thrill of boy
meeting girl; opposites attract.
It's physical, only logical,
you must try to ignore
that it means more than that.

Chorus:
Oh, what's love got to do,
got to do with it?
What's love but a secondhand emotion?
What's love got to do,
got to do with it?
Who needs a heart
when a heart can be broken?
It heart can be broken.
I've been taking on a new direction, but I have to say,
I've been thinking 'bout my own protection;
it scares me to feel this way.
Oh, what's love got to do, got to do with it?
What's love but a secondhand emotion?
What's love got to do, got to do with it?
Who needs a heart when a heart can be

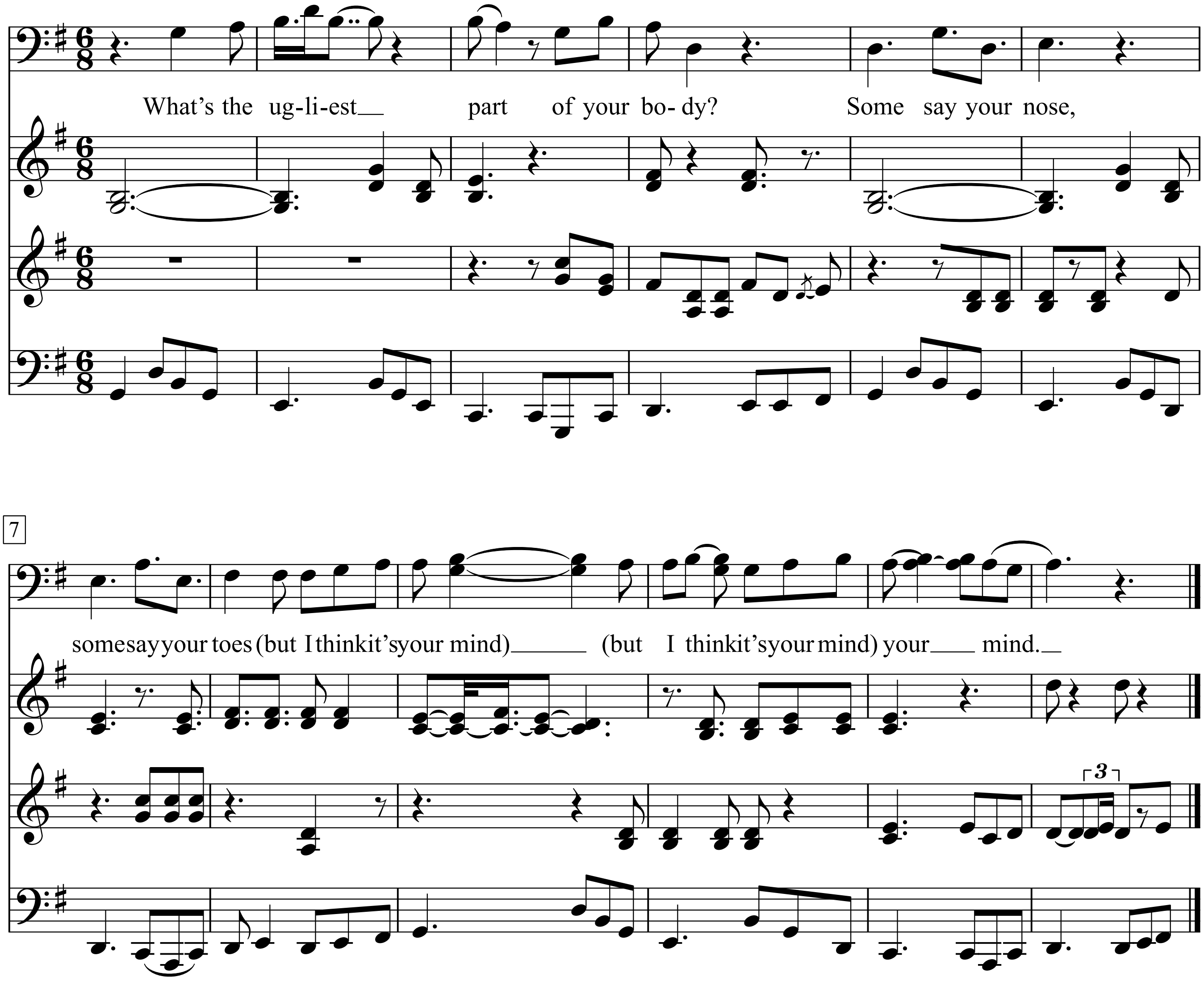
2. broken. sweet old fashion notion?

2. It may seem to you
that I'm acting confused
when you're close to me.
If I tend to look dazed,
I read it some place;
I've got cause to be.
There's a name for it,
there's a phrase that fits,
But whatever the reason,
you do it for me.

Chorus:

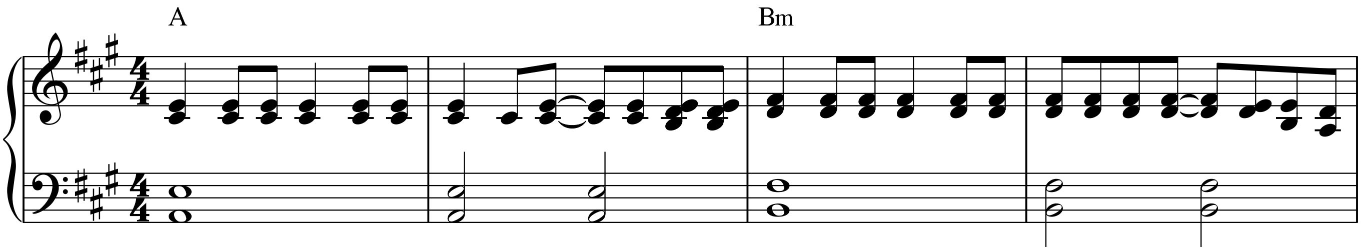
What's the ugliest part of your body

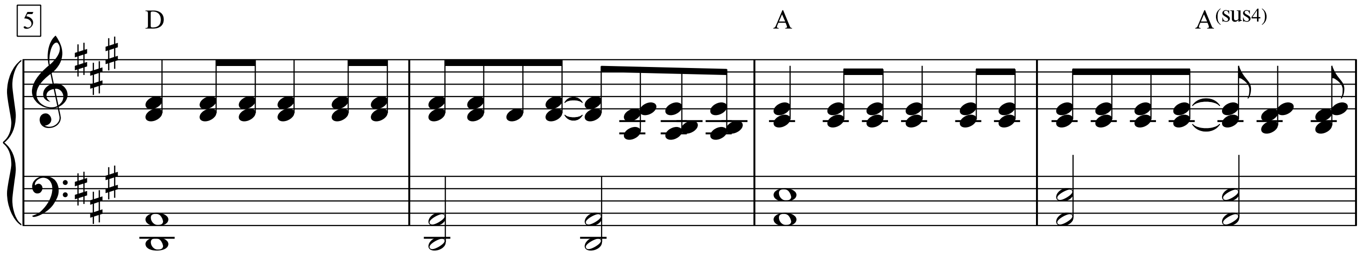
The Mothers of Invention

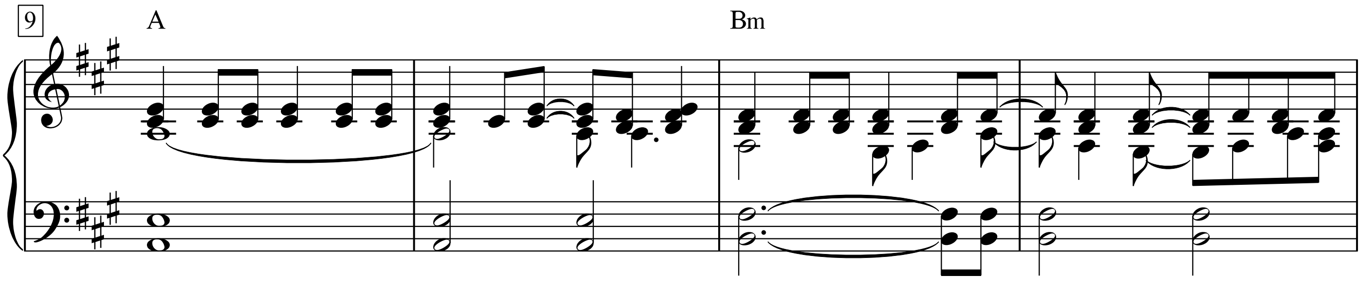


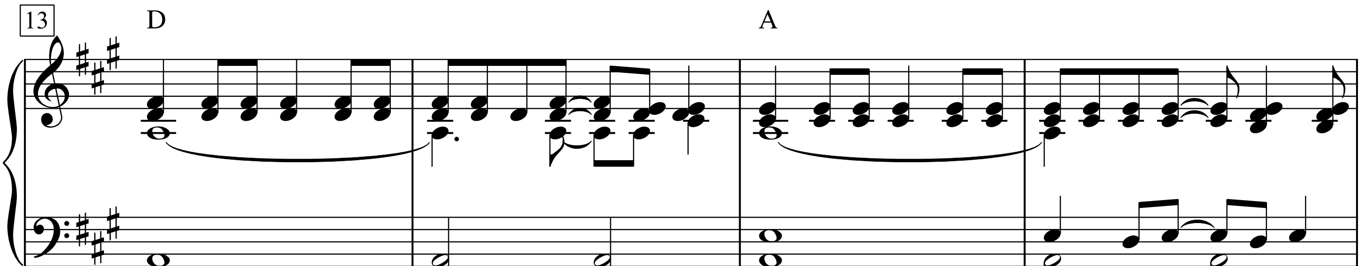
What's Up

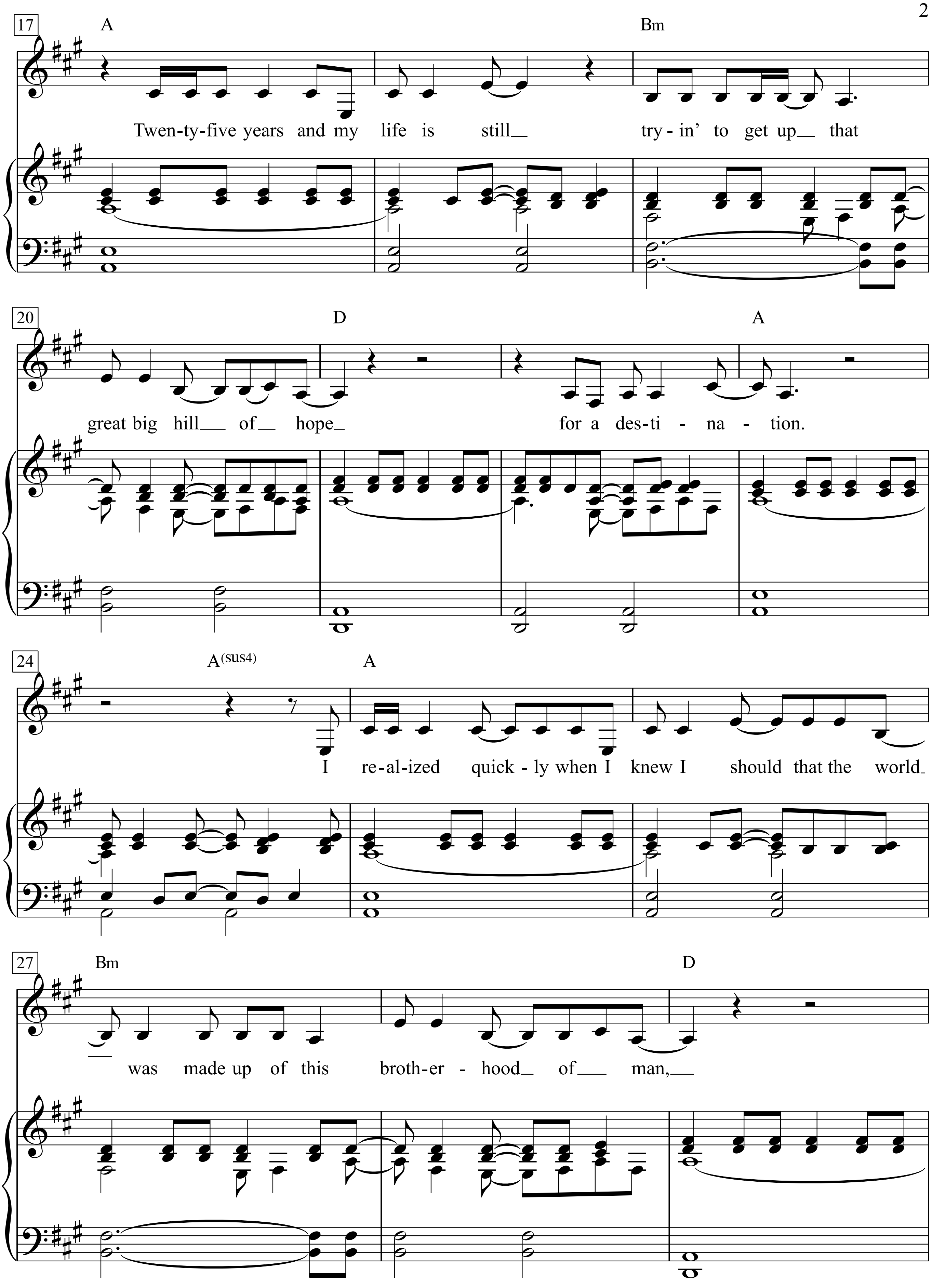
Words & Music by Linda Perry
(4 Non Blondes)

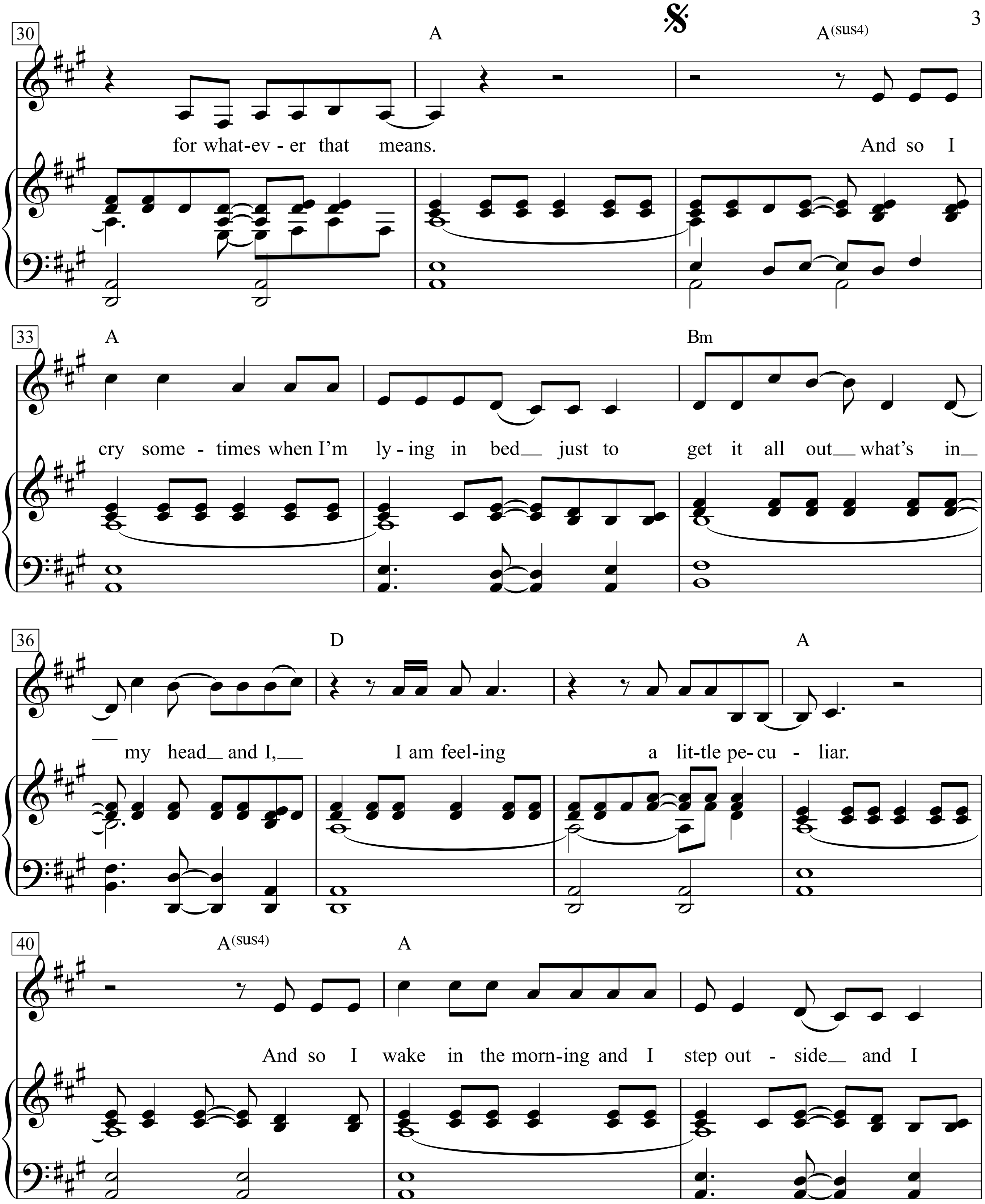


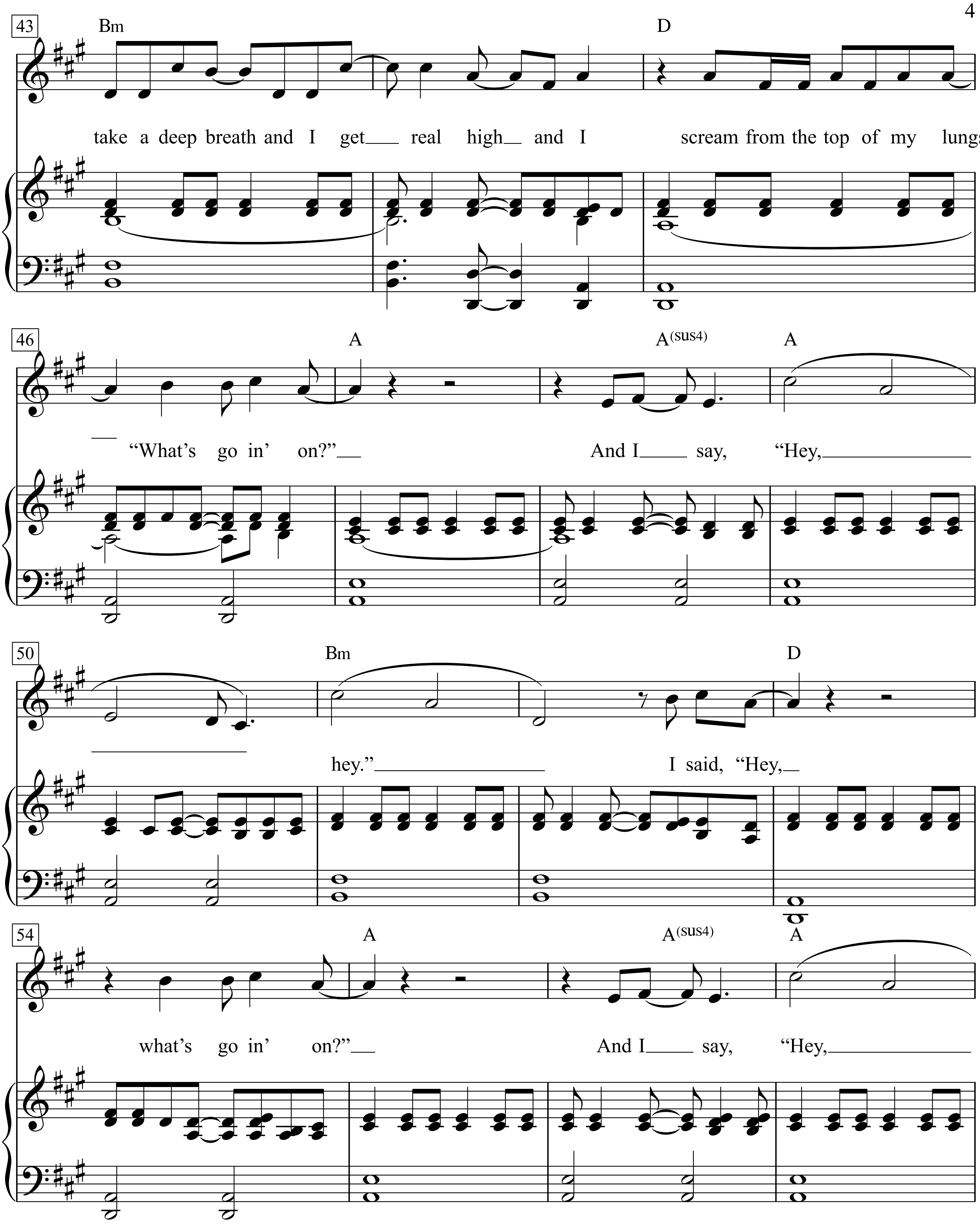


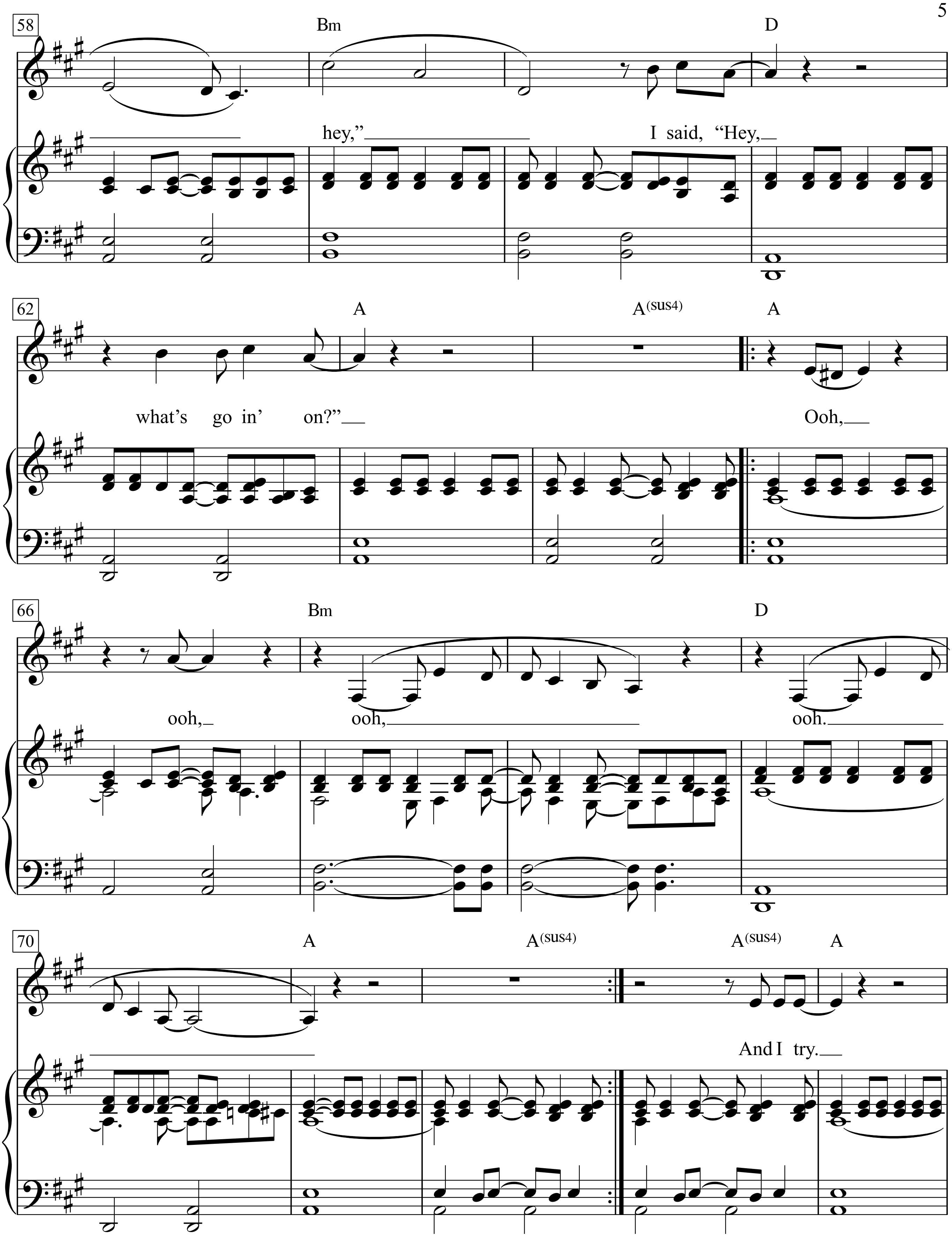


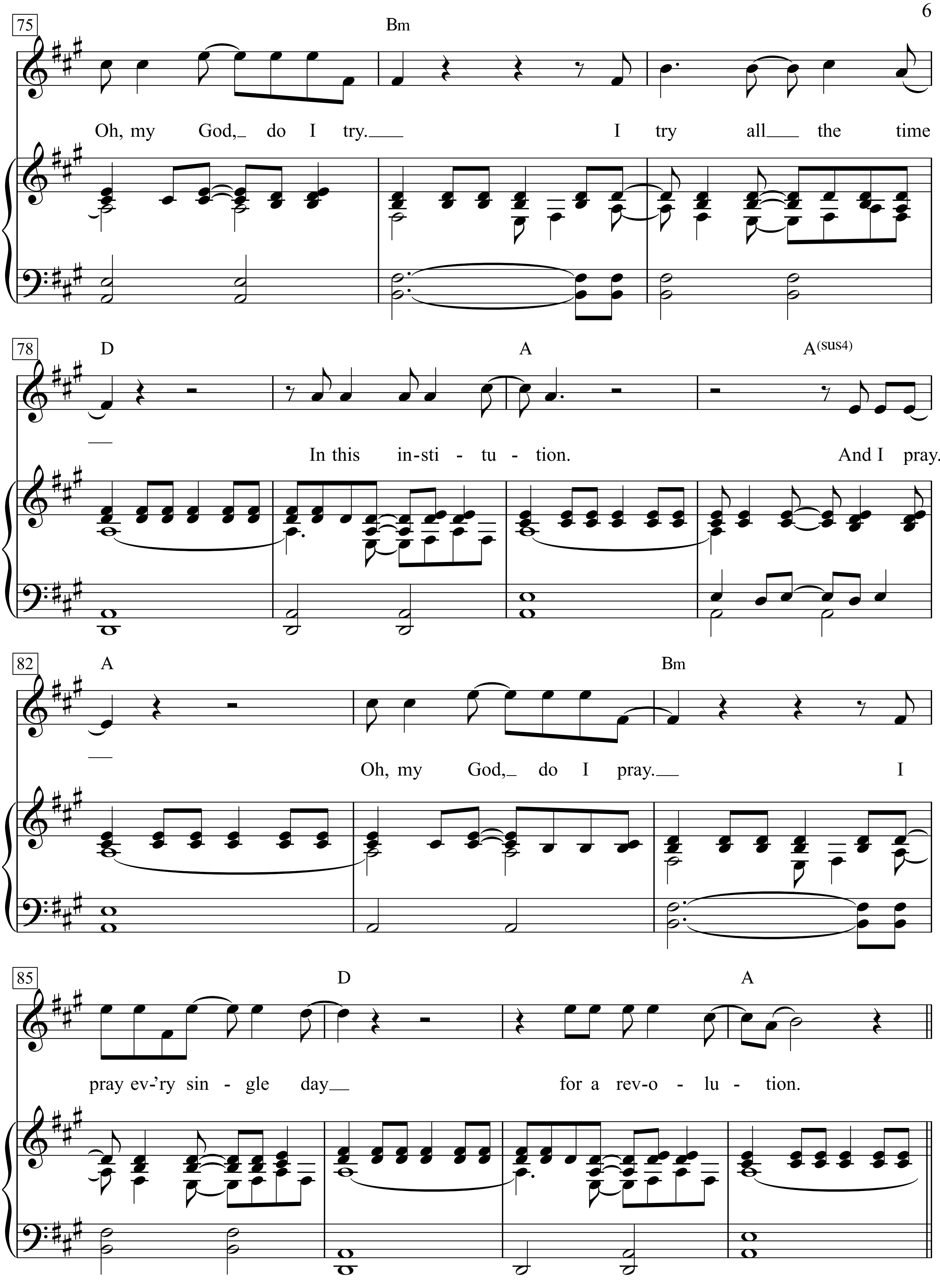


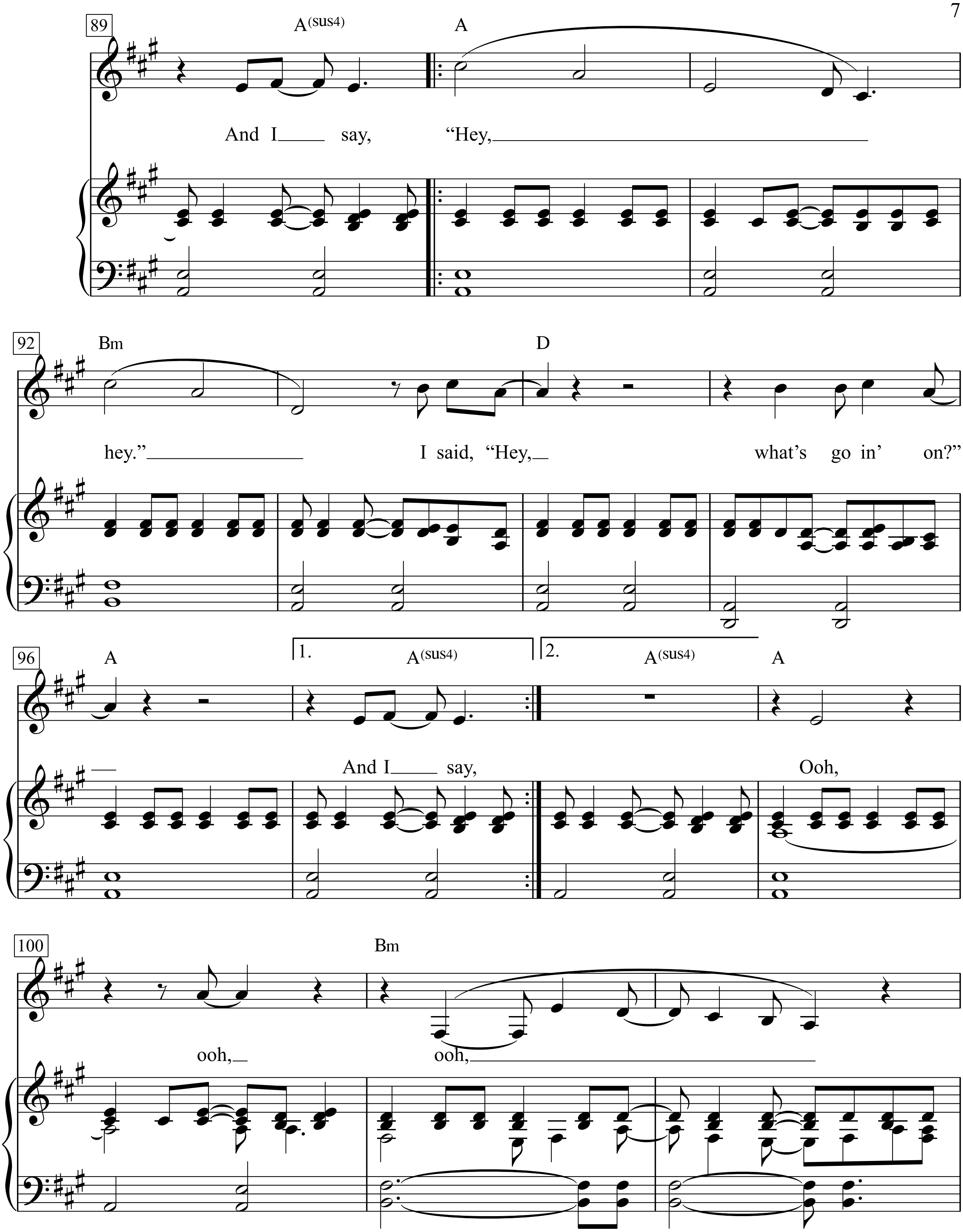

17
A
Bm
Twen-ty-five years and my life is still_ try-in' to get up_ that
20
D
A
great big hill_ of_ hope_ for a des-ti - na - tion.
24
A(sus4)
A
I re-al-ized quick-ly when I knew I should that the world_
27
Bm
D
was made up of this broth-er - hood_ of_ man,_

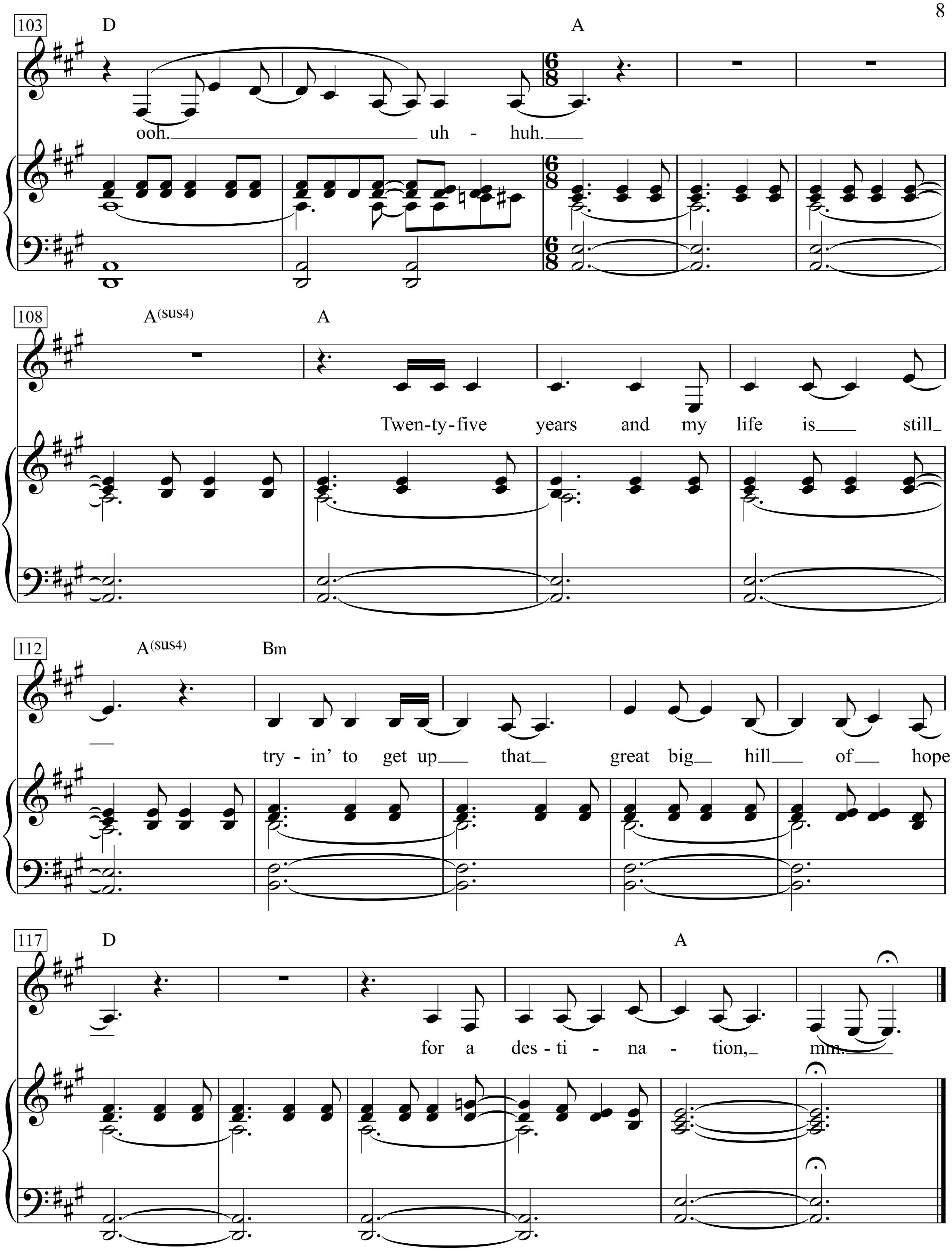

30
A
A(sus4)
for what-ev - er that means.
And so I
33
A
Bm
cry some - times when I'm ly - ing in bed just to get it all out what's in
36
D
A
my head and I, I am feel-ing a lit-tle pe- cu - liar.
40
A(sus4)
A
And so I wake in the morn-ing and I step out - side and I


43
Bm
D
take a deep breath and I get real high and I scream from the top of my lungs,
46
A
A(sus4)
A
"What's go in' on?" And I say, "Hey,
50
Bm
D
hey." I said, "Hey,
54
A
A(sus4)
A
what's go in' on?" And I say, "Hey,


58
Bm
D
hey,"
I said, "Hey,
62
A
A(sus4)
A
what's go in' on?"
Ooh,
66
Bm
D
ooh,
ooh,
ooh.
70
A
A(sus4)
A(sus4)
A
And I try.


75
Bm
Oh, my God, do I try.
I try all the time
78
D
A
A(sus4)
In this in-sti - tu - tion.
And I pray.
82
A
Bm
Oh, my God, do I pray.
I
85
D
A
pray ev-'ry sin - gle day
for a rev-o - lu - tion.


89
A(sus4)
A
And I say, "Hey,
92
Bm
D
hey." I said, "Hey, what's go in' on?"
96
A
1.
A(sus4)
2.
A(sus4)
A
And I say,
Ooh,
100
Bm
ooh,
ooh,

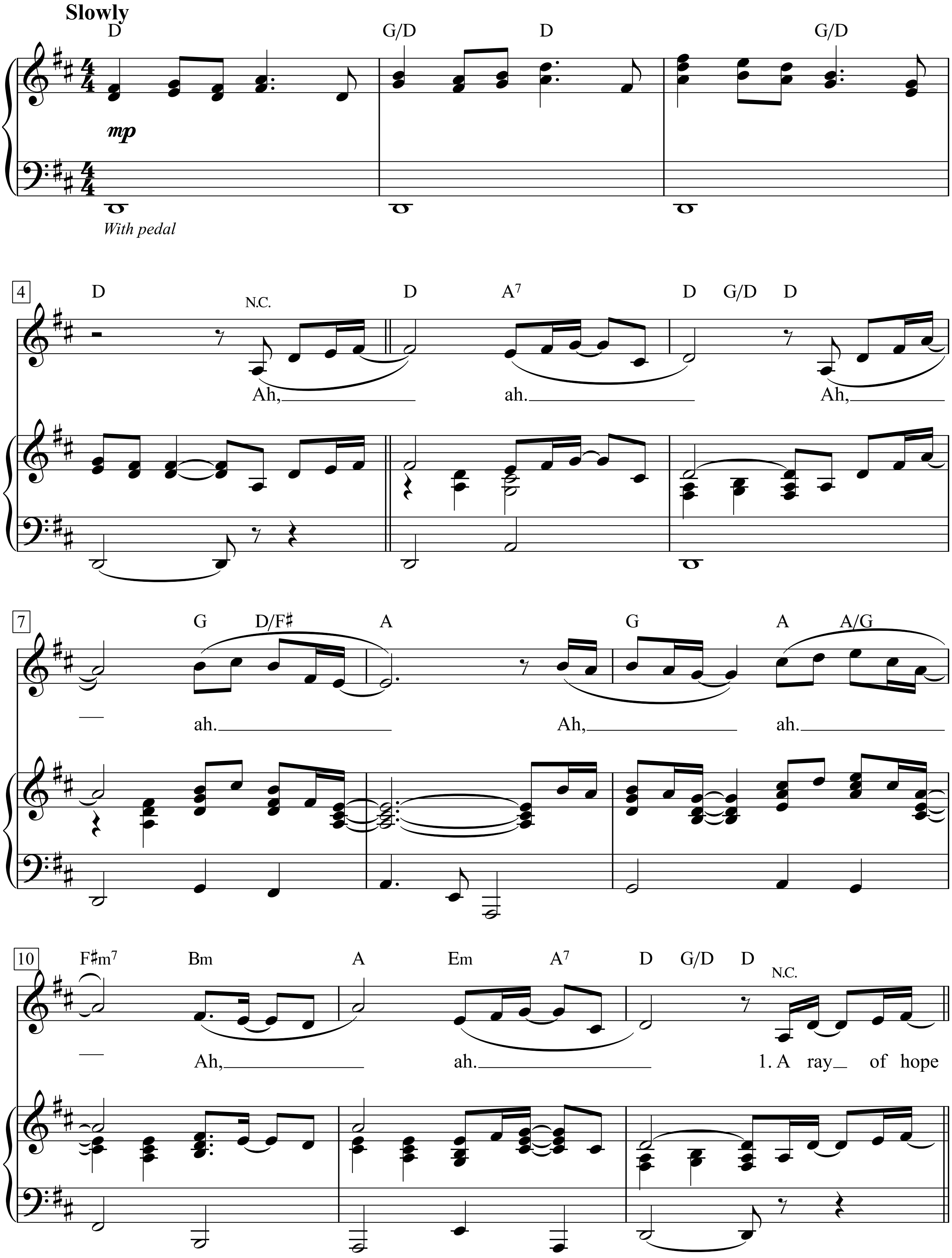

103
D
A
ooh. uh - huh.
108
A(sus4)
A
Twen-ty-five years and my life is still
112
A(sus4)
Bm
try - in' to get up that great big hill of hope
117
D
A
for a des - ti - na - tion, mm.

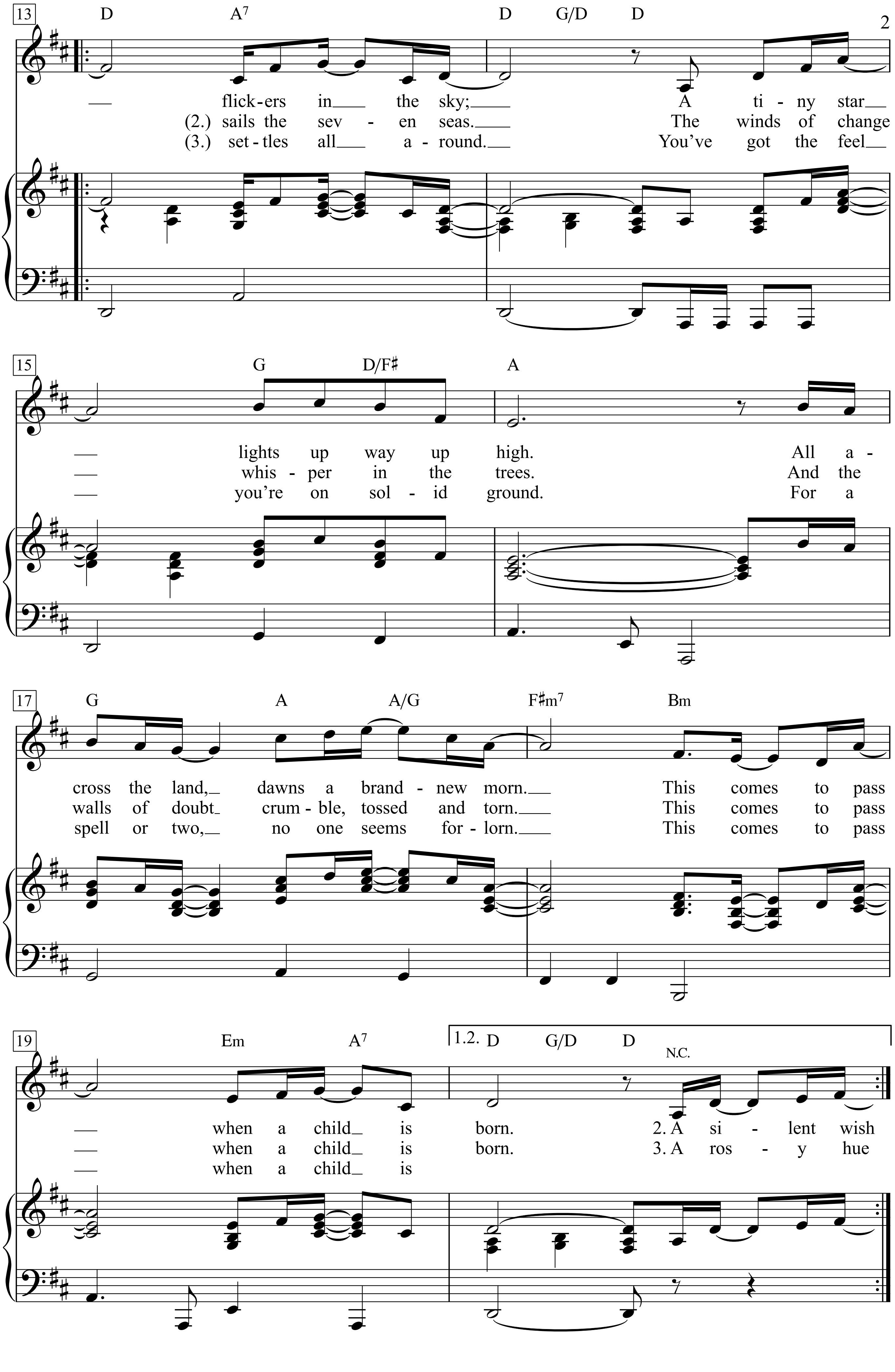
When a Child is Born

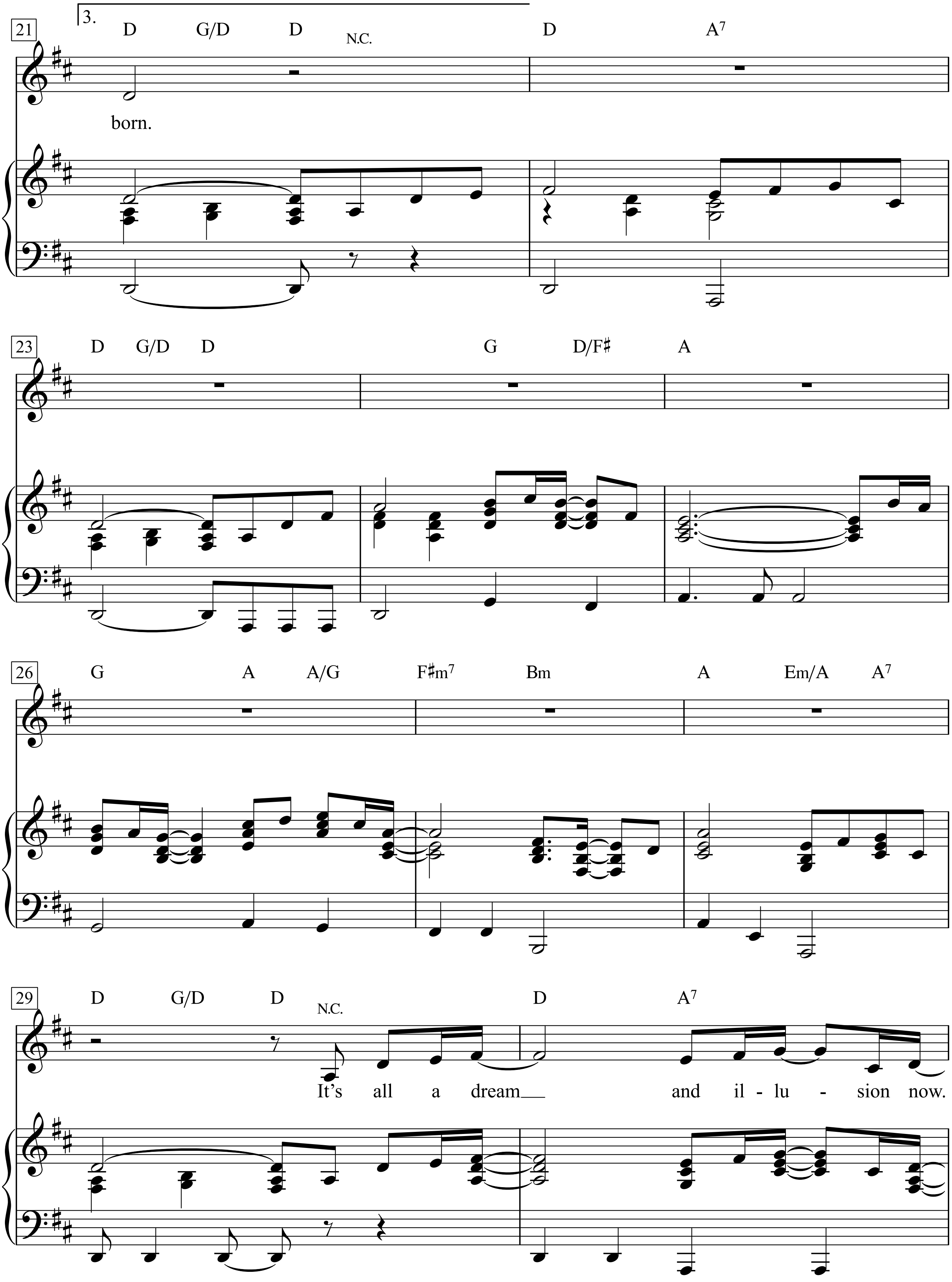
(Soleado)

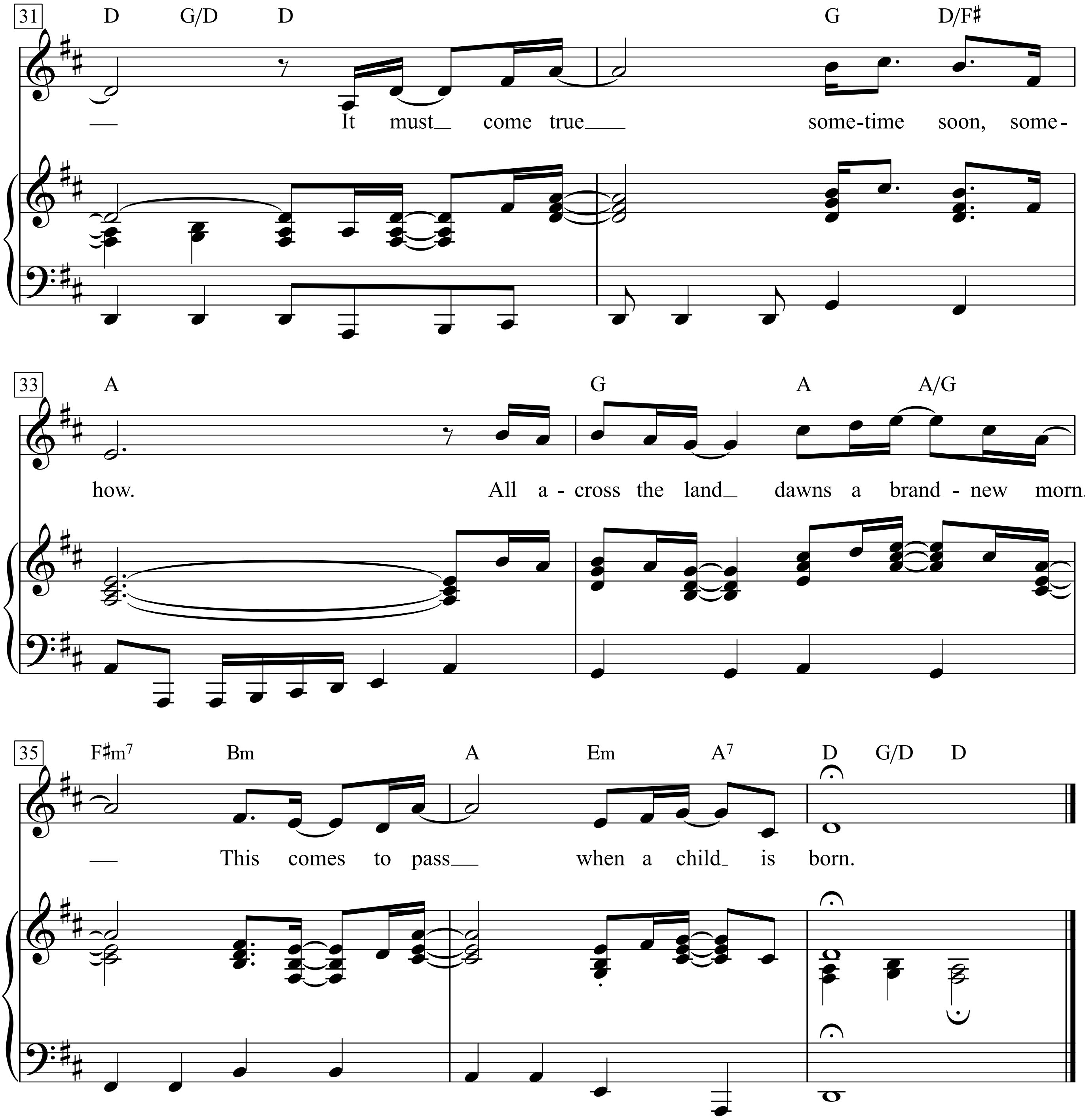
English Lyrics by Fred Jay

Music by Zacar (Ciro Dammicco)
(Johnny Mathis)




13
D A7 D G/D D
— flick-ers in — the sky; — A ti - ny star —
(2.) sails the sev - en seas. — The winds of change
(3.) set-tles all — a - round. — You've got the feel —
15
G D/F♯ A
— lights up way up high. All a -
— whis - per in the trees. And the
— you're on sol - id ground. For a
17
G A A/G F♯m7 Bm
cross the land, — dawns a brand - new morn. — This comes to pass
walls of doubt — crum - ble, tossed and torn. — This comes to pass
spell or two, — no one seems for - lorn. — This comes to pass
19
Em A7
1.2. D G/D D
N.C.
— when a child — is born. 2. A si - lent wish
— when a child — is born. 3. A ros - y hue
— when a child — is


21
3.
D G/D D N.C. D A7
born.
23
D G/D D G D/F♯ A
26
G A A/G F♯m7 Bm A Em/A A7
29
D G/D D N.C. D A7
It's all a dream and il - lu - sion now.


31
D G/D D G D/F♯
— It must_ come true___ some-time soon, some-
33
A G A A/G
how. All a-cross the land_ dawns a brand-new morn.
35
F♯m7 Bm A Em A7 D G/D D
— This comes to pass___ when a child_ is born.

Ah, ah. Ah, ah.
Ah, ah. Ah, ah.

A ray of hope flickers in the sky;
A tiny star lights up way up high.
All across the land, dawns a brandnew morn.
This comes to pass when a child is born.

It’s all a dream and illusion now.
It must come true sometime soon, somehow.
All across the land dawns a brandnew morn.
This comes to pass when a child is born.

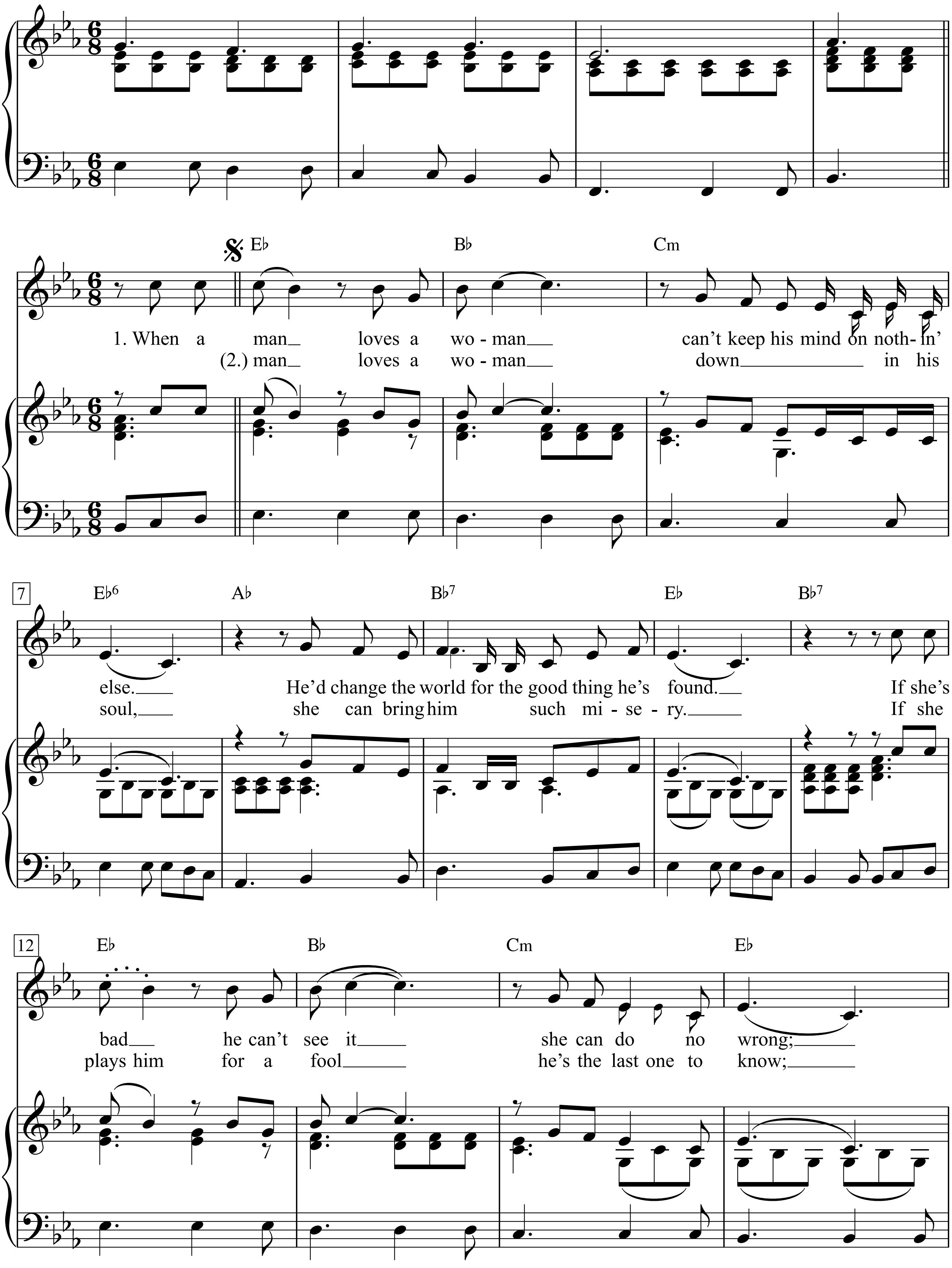
2. A silent wish sails the seven seas.
The winds of change whisper in the trees.
And the walls of doubt crumble, tossed and torn.
This comes to pass when a child is born.

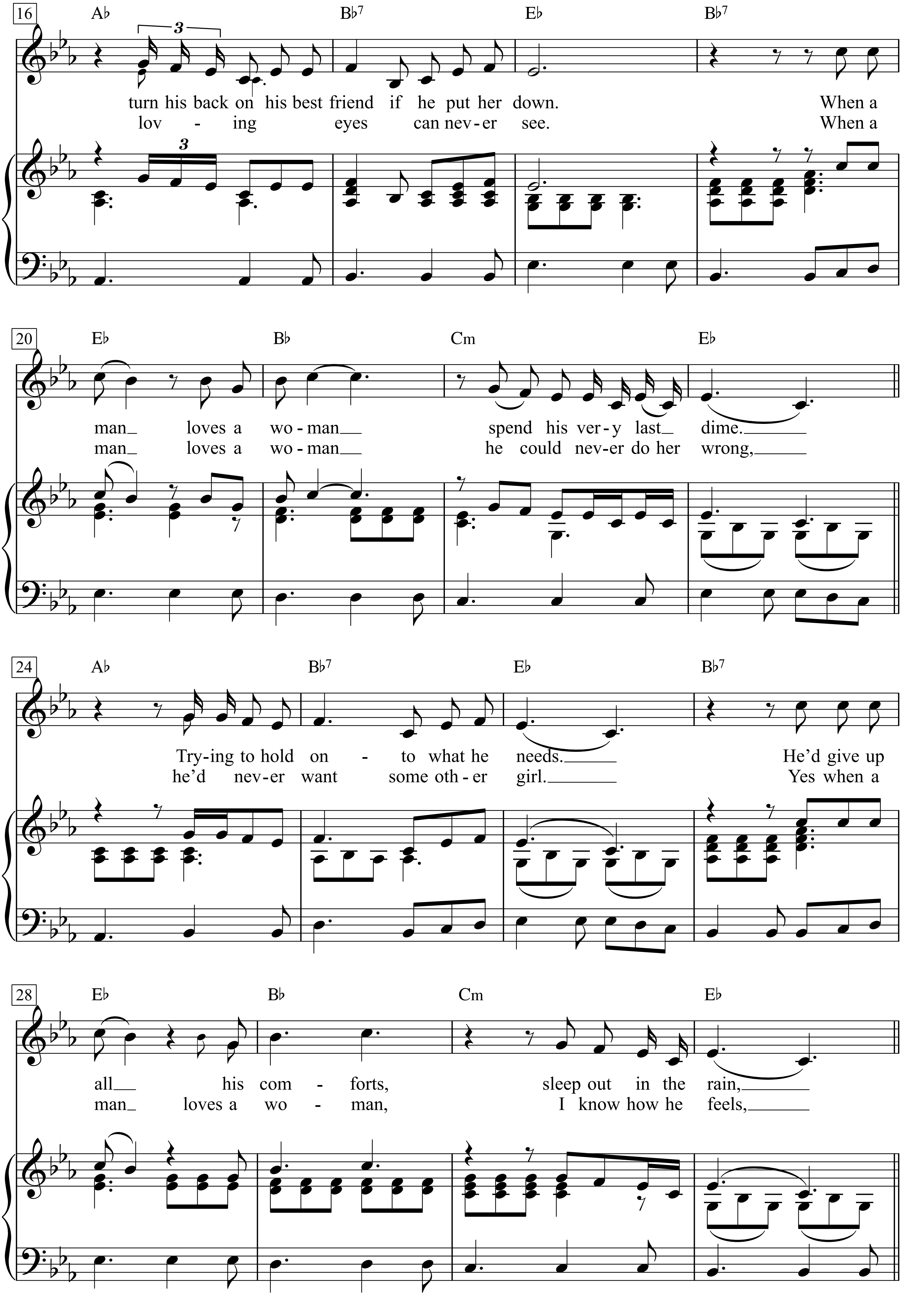
3. A rosy hue settles all around.
You’ve got the feel you’re on solid ground.
For a spell or two, no one seems forlorn.
This comes to pass when a child is born.

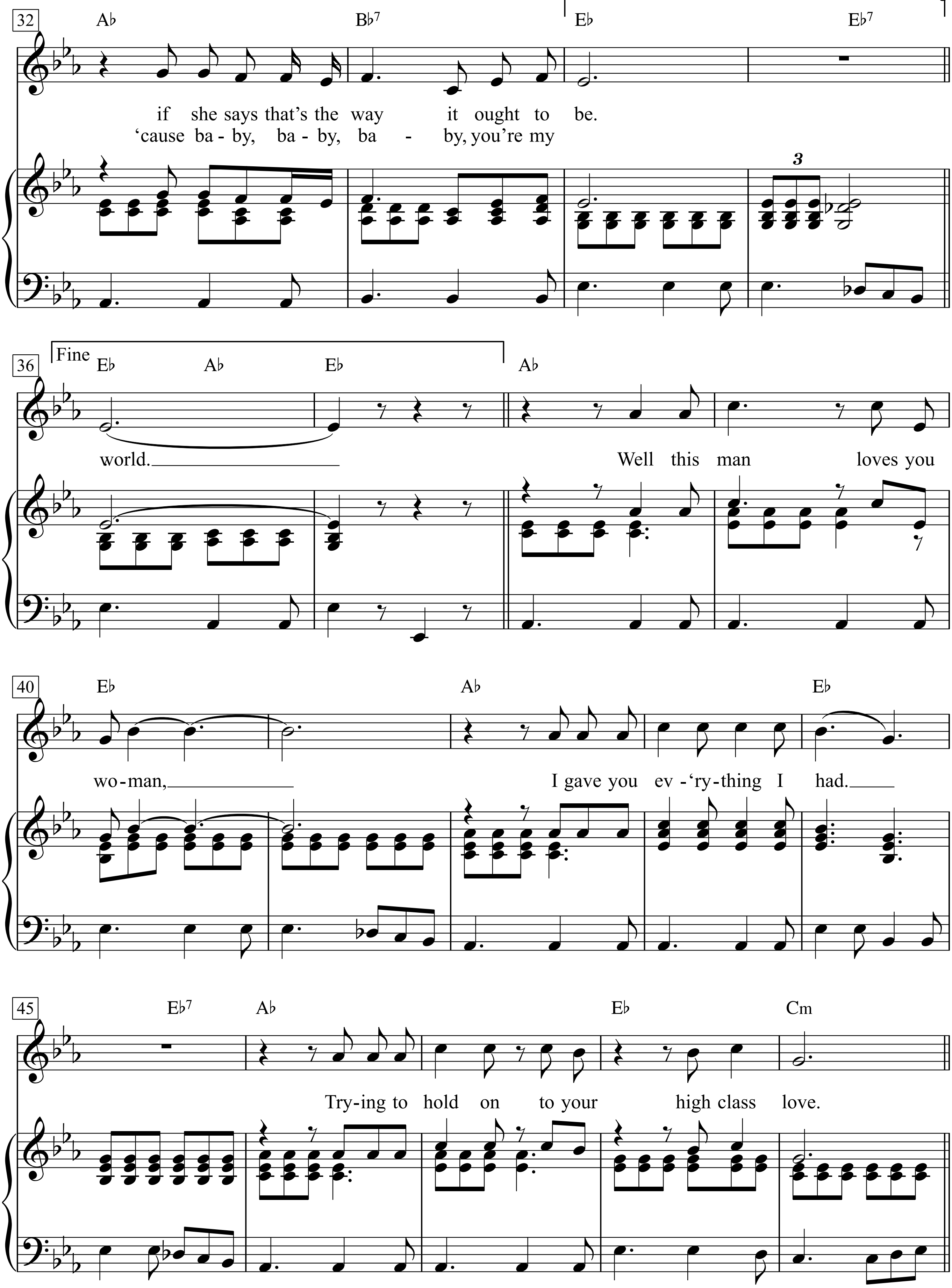
When a Man Loves a Woman

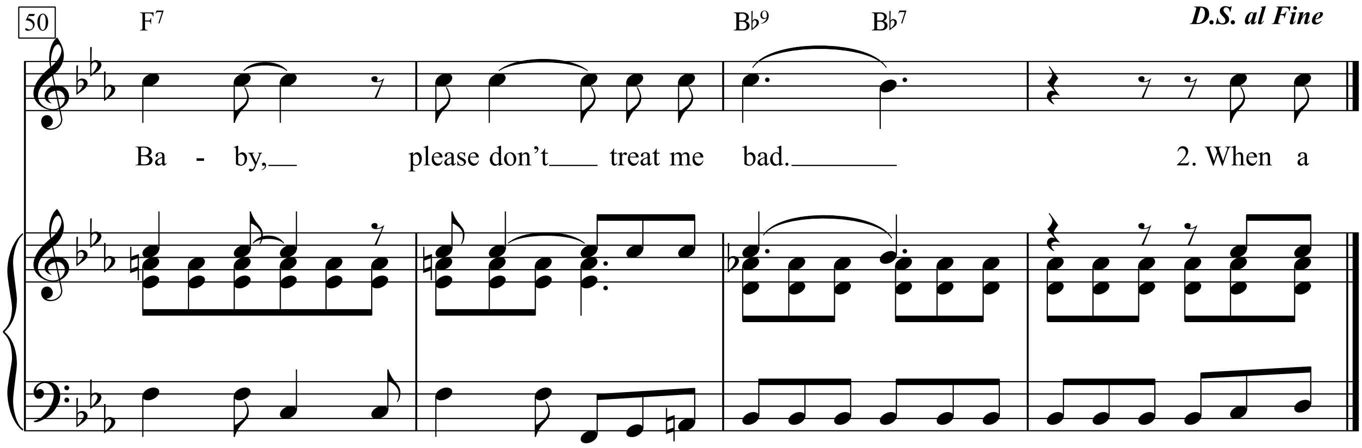
Words & Music by
Charles Lewis & Andrew Wright

Slow rock tempo




16
A♭
B♭7
E♭
B♭7
turn his back on his best friend if he put her down. When a
lov - ing eyes can nev - er see. When a
20
E♭
B♭
Cm
E♭
man loves a wo - man spend his ver - y last dime.
man loves a wo - man he could nev - er do her wrong,
24
A♭
B♭7
E♭
B♭7
Try - ing to hold on - to what he needs. He'd give up
he'd nev - er want some oth - er girl. Yes when a
28
E♭
B♭
Cm
E♭
all his com - forts, sleep out in the rain,
man loves a wo - man, I know how he feels,


32
A♭ B♭7 E♭ E♭7
if she says that's the way it ought to be.
'cause ba - by, ba - by, ba - by, you're my
36
Fine
E♭ A♭ E♭ A♭
world.
Well this man loves you
40
E♭ A♭ E♭
wo - man,
I gave you ev - 'ry - thing I had.
45
E♭7 A♭ E♭ Cm
Try - ing to hold on to your high class love.

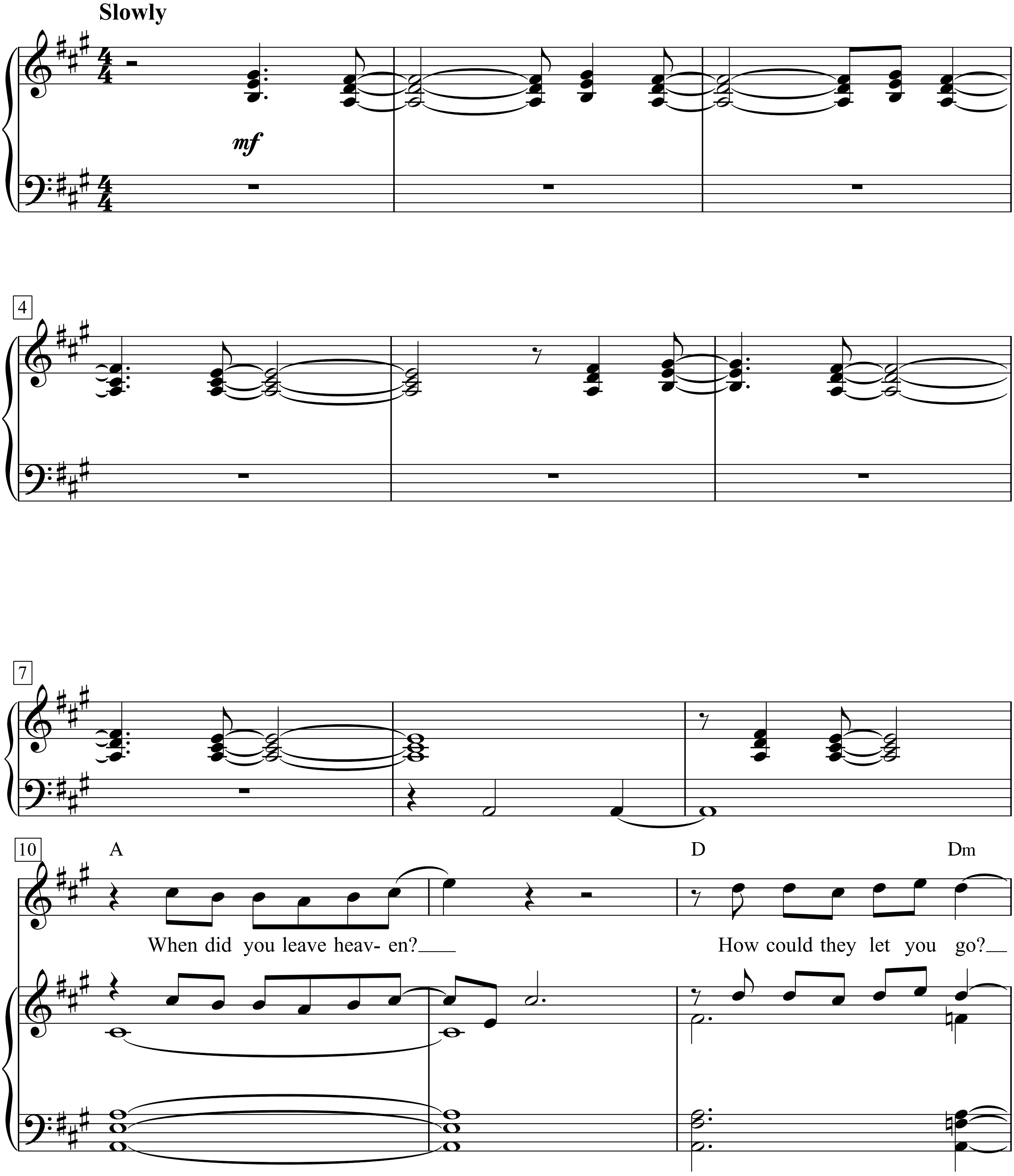


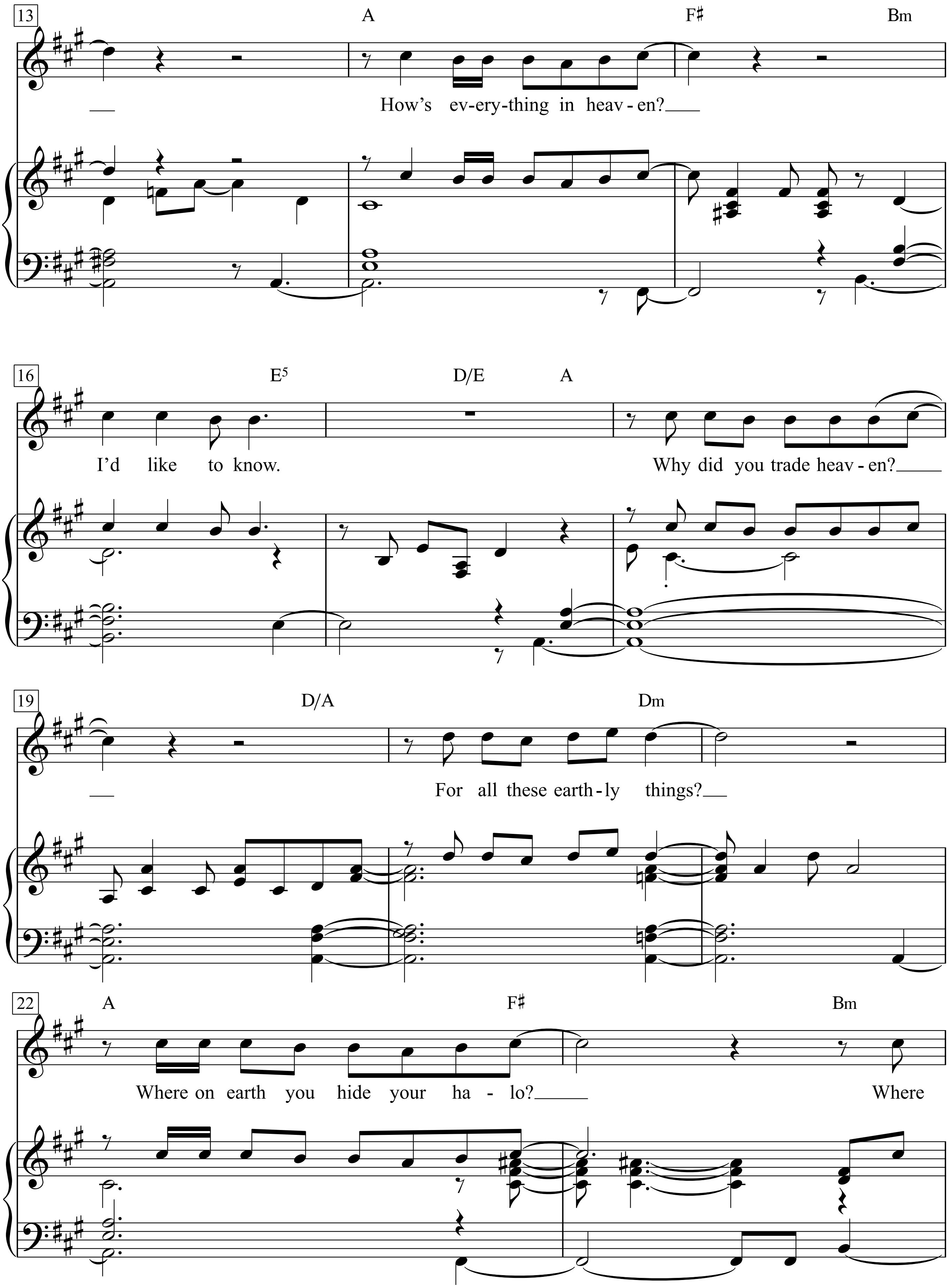
1. When a man loves a woman
can't keep his mind on nothin' else.
He'd change the world for the good thing he's found.
If she's bad he can't see it
she can do no wrong;
turn his back on his best friend
if he put her down.
When a man loves a woman
spend his very last dime.
Trying to hold onto what he needs.
He'd give up all his comforts,
sleep out in the rain,
if she says that's the way it ought to be.

Well this man loves you woman,
I gave you ev'rything I had.
Trying to hold on to
your high class love.
Baby, please don't treat me bad.

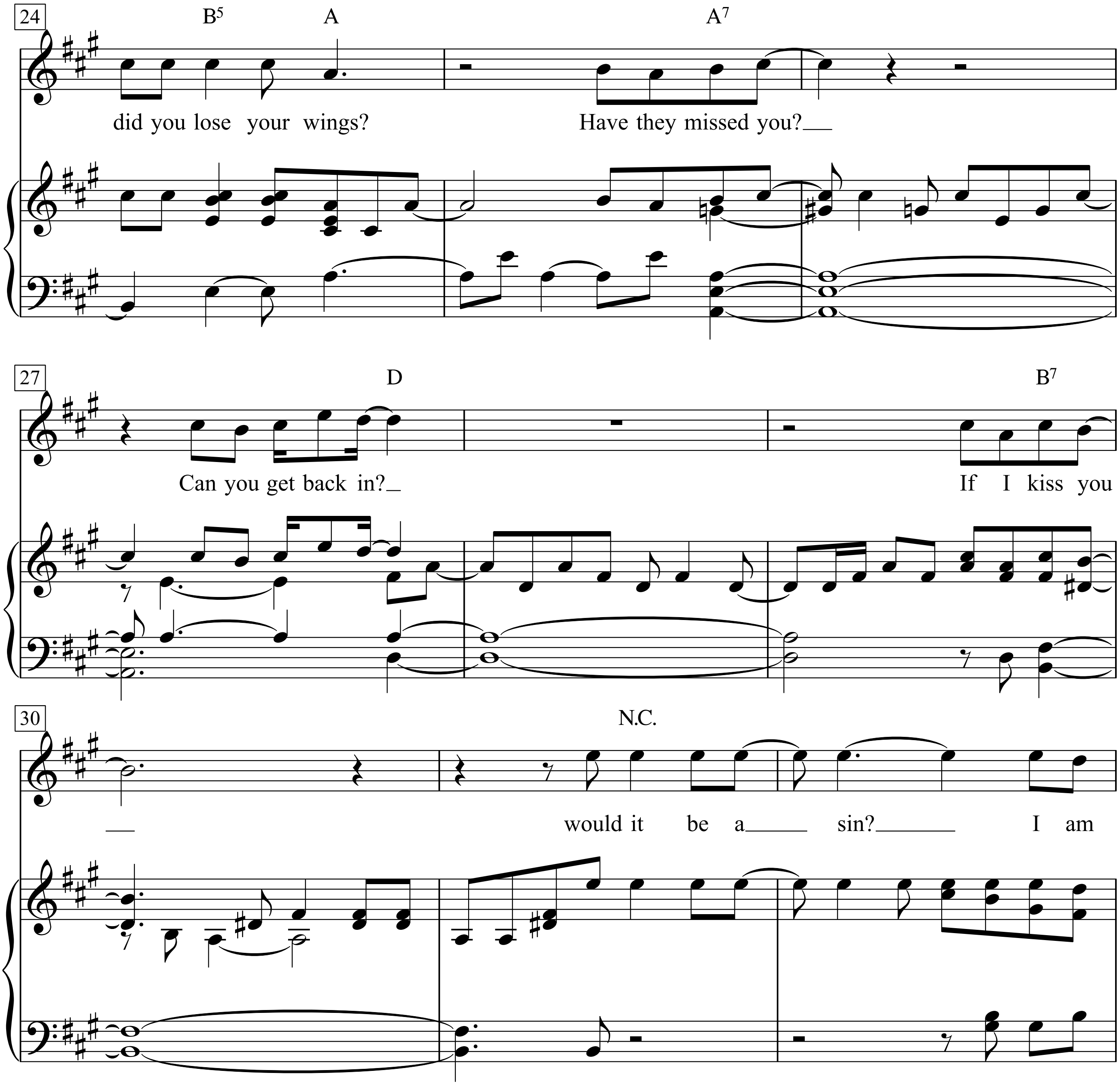
2. When a man loves a woman
down in his soul,
she can bring him such misery.
If she plays him for a fool
he's the last one to know;
loving eyes can never see.
When a man loves a woman
he could never do her wrong,
he'd never want some other girl.
Yes when a man loves a woman,
I know how he feels,
'cause baby, baby, baby,
you're my world.

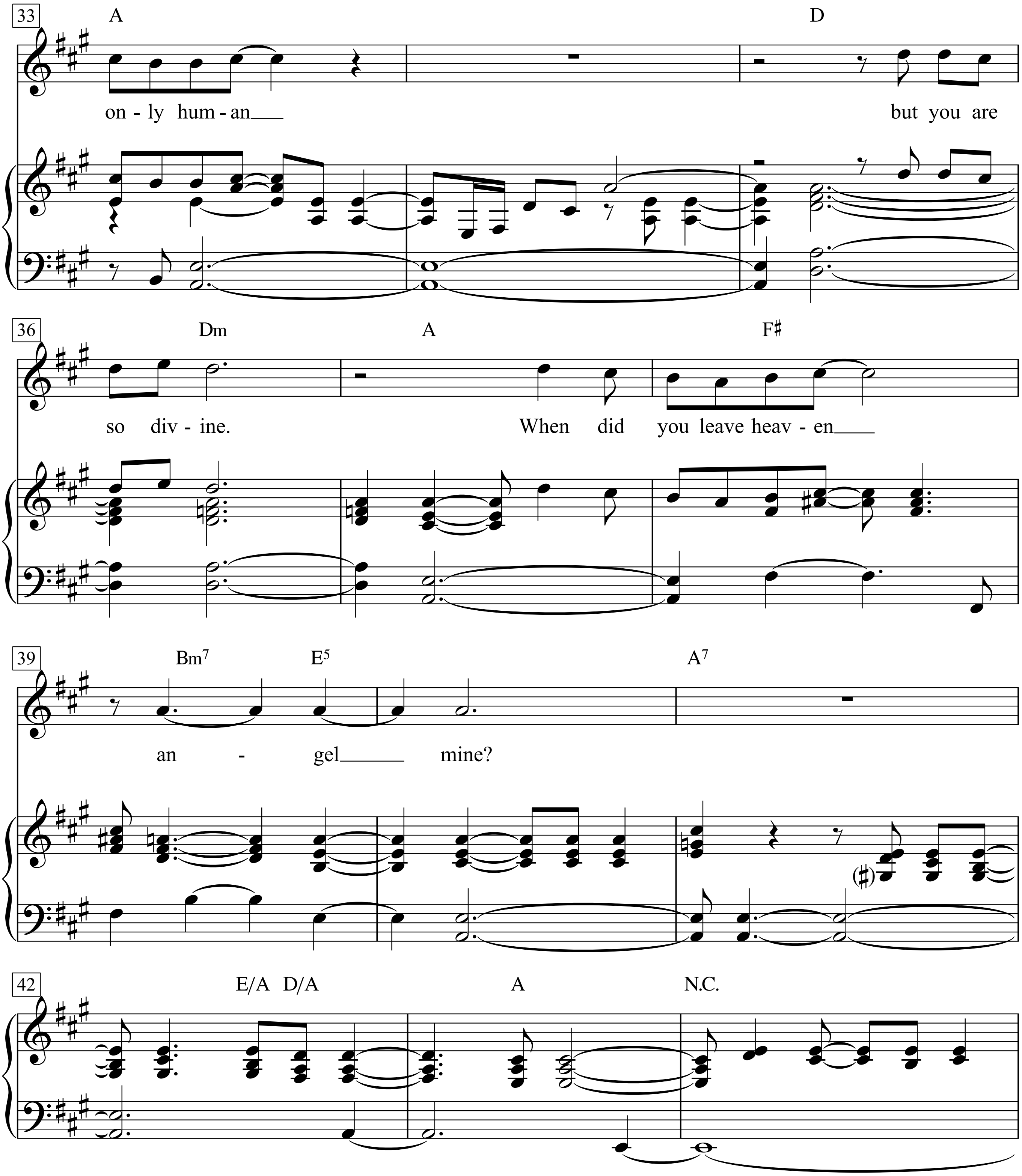
When Did You Leave Heaven

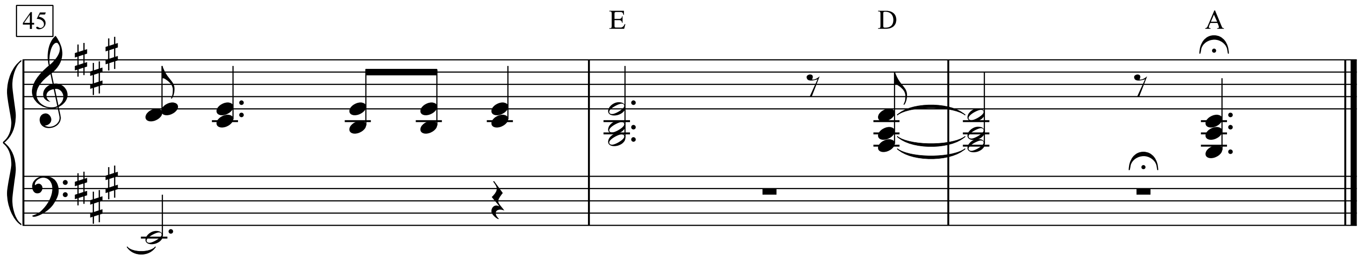




13
A
F♯
Bm
How's ev-ery-thing in heav - en?
16
E5
D/E
A
I'd like to know.
Why did you trade heav - en?
19
D/A
Dm
For all these earth - ly things?
22
A
F♯
Bm
Where on earth you hide your ha - lo?
Where


24
B5
A
A7
did you lose your wings?
Have they missed you?
27
D
B7
Can you get back in?
If I kiss you
30
N.C.
would it be a sin?
I am

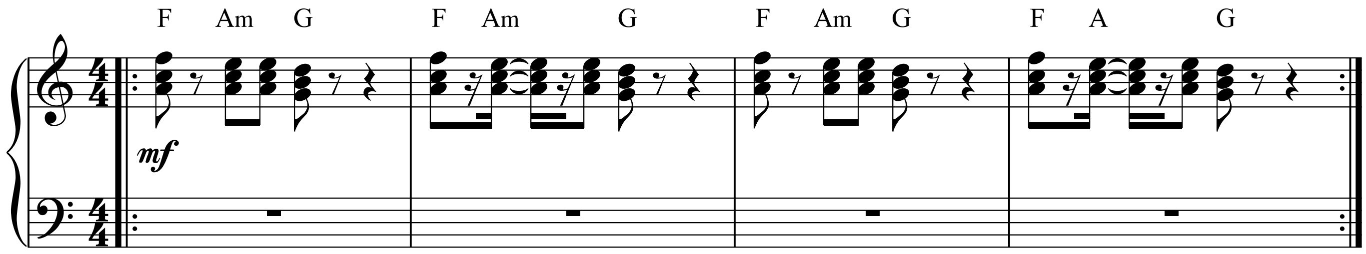

33
A
D
on - ly hum - an
but you are
36
Dm
A
F♯
so div - ine.
When did you leave heav - en
39
Bm7
E5
A7
an - gel mine?
(♯)
42
E/A D/A
A
N.C.

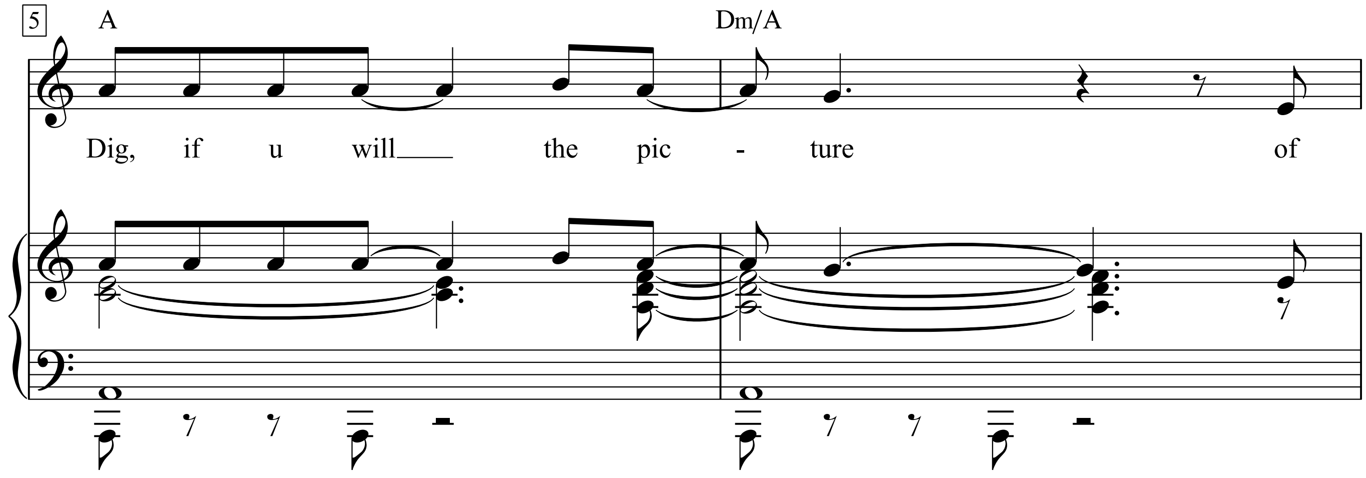

45
E
D
A

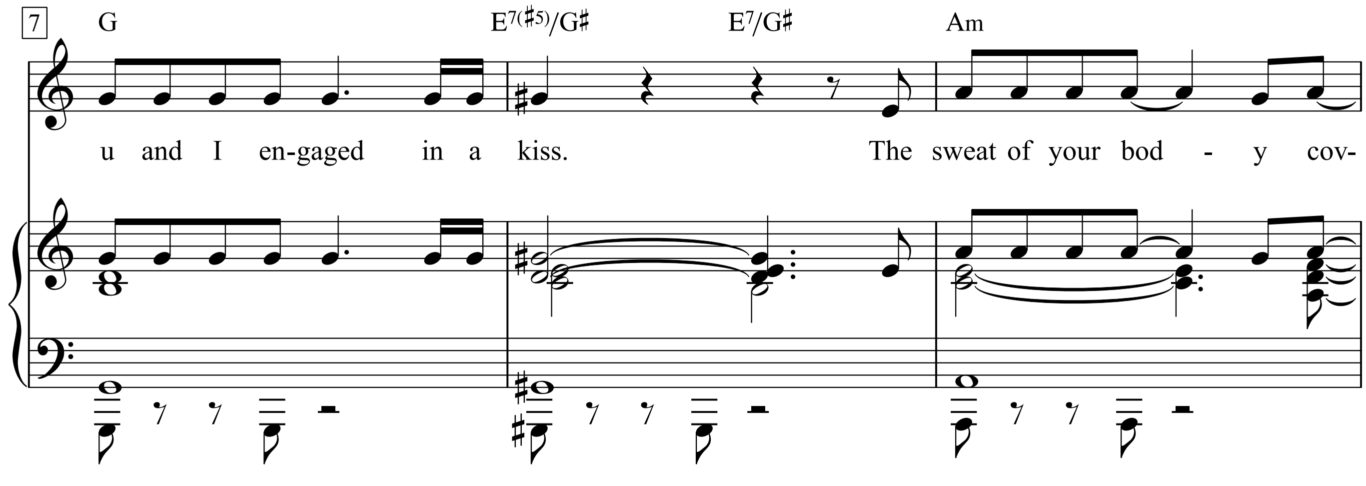
When Doves Cry

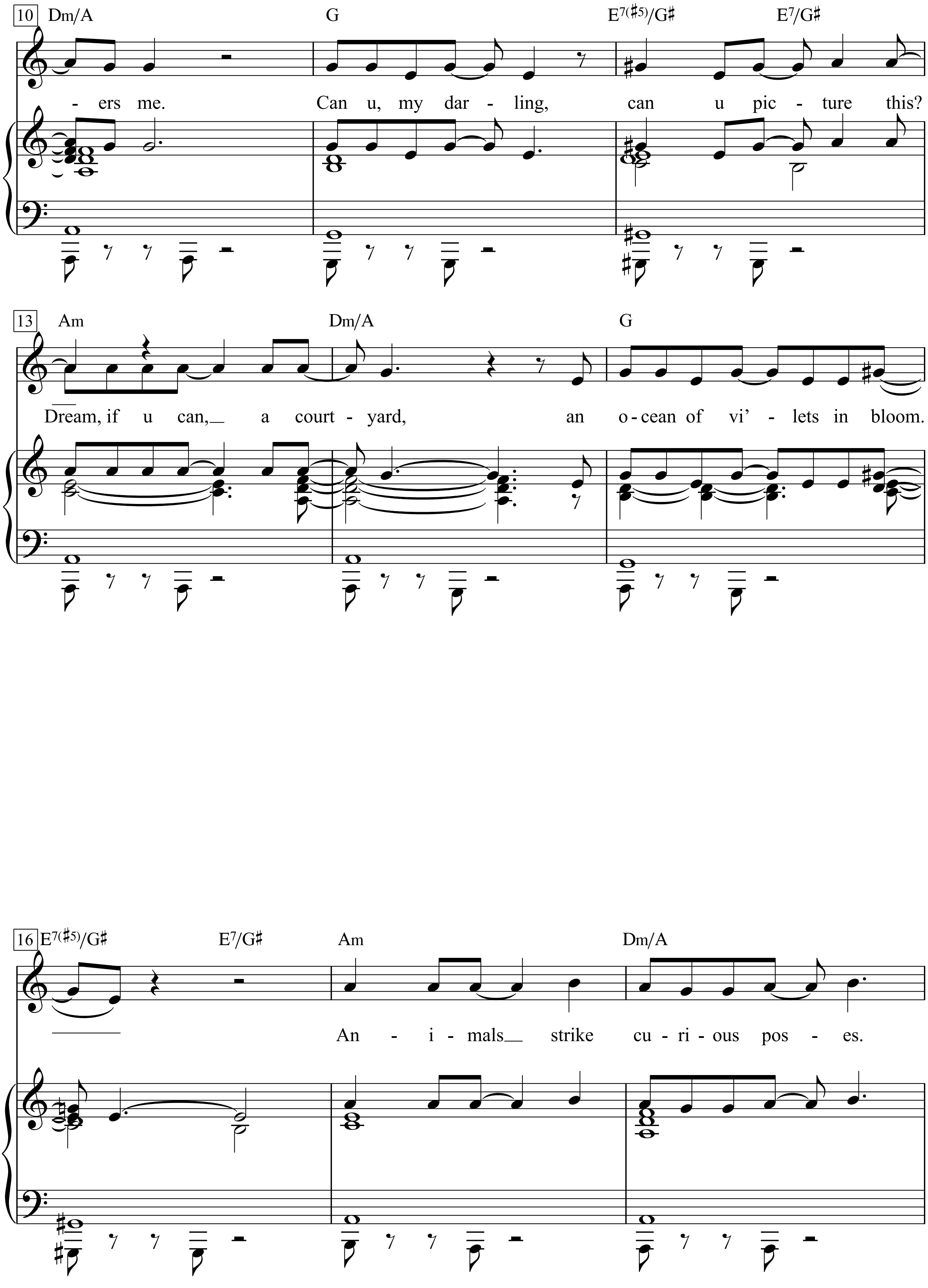
Words & Music by Prince
(Prince)

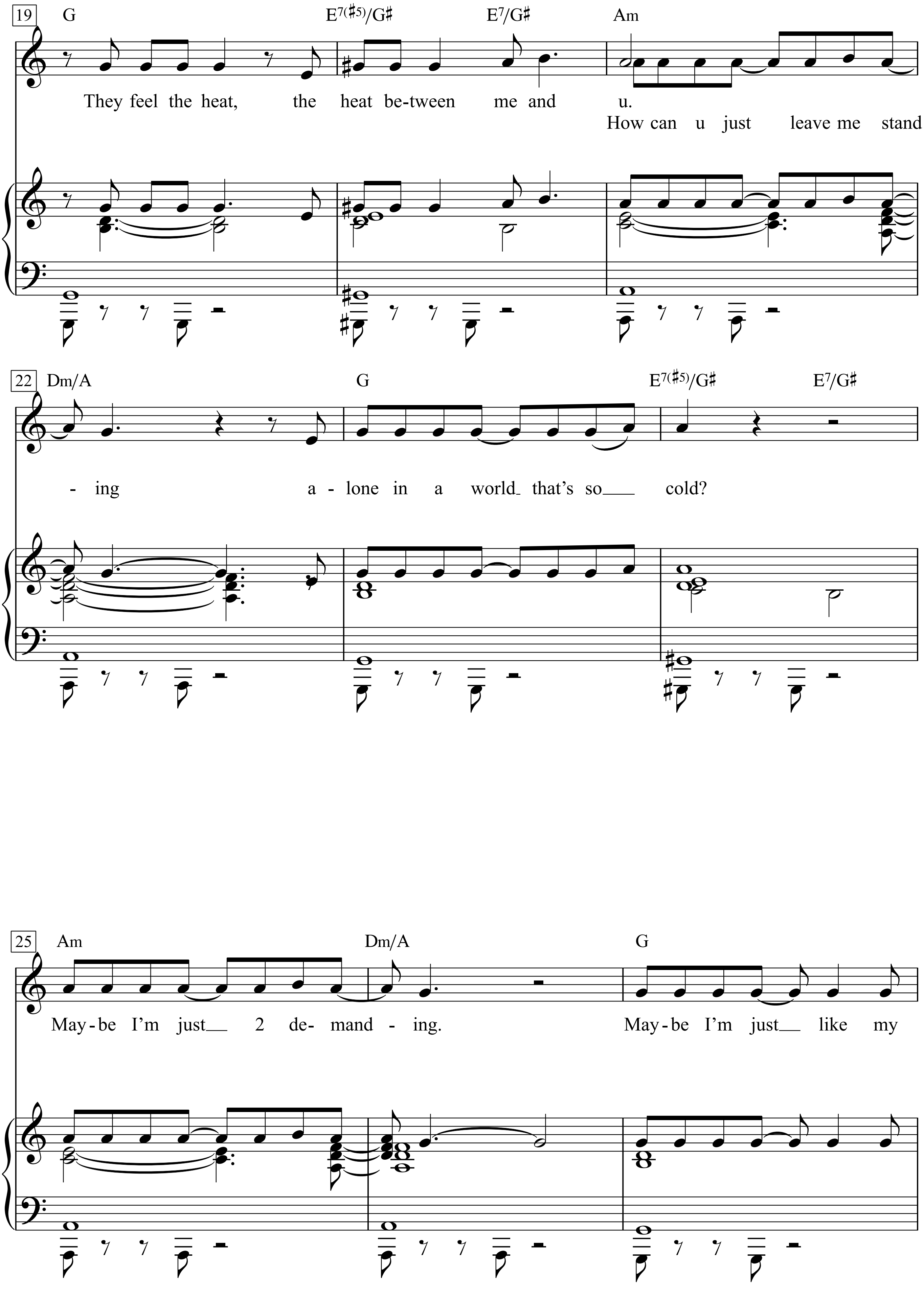
Medium tempo

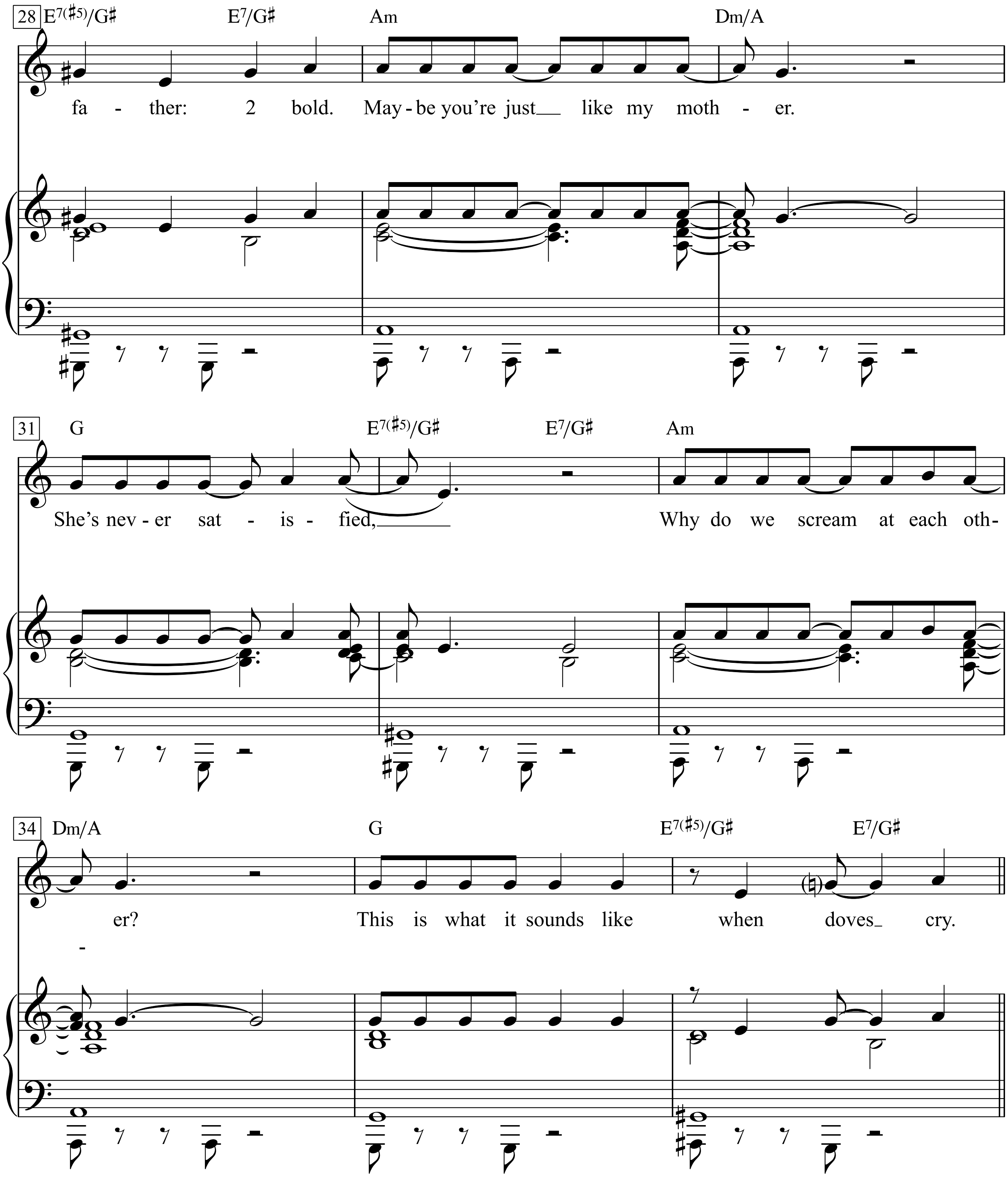


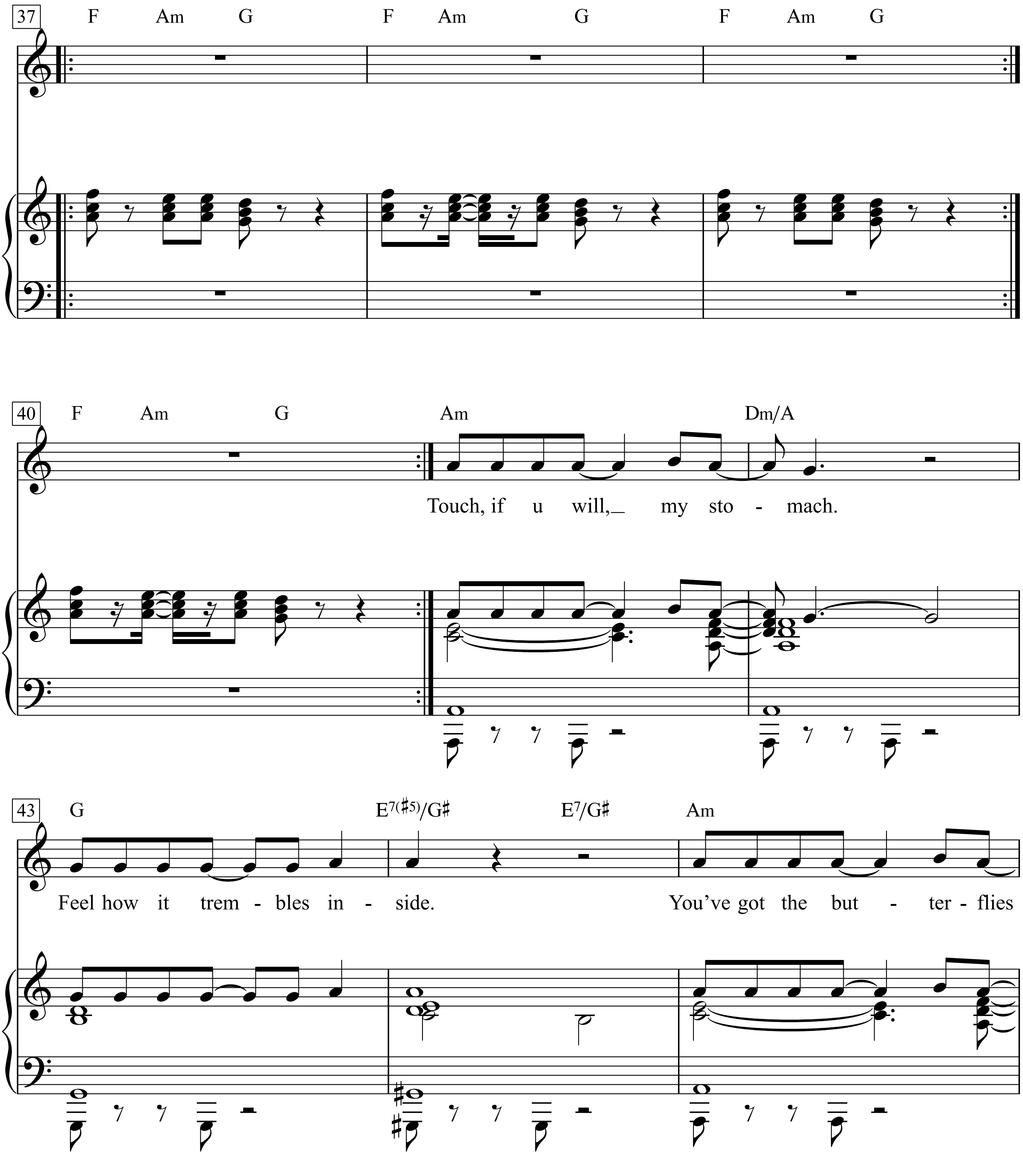


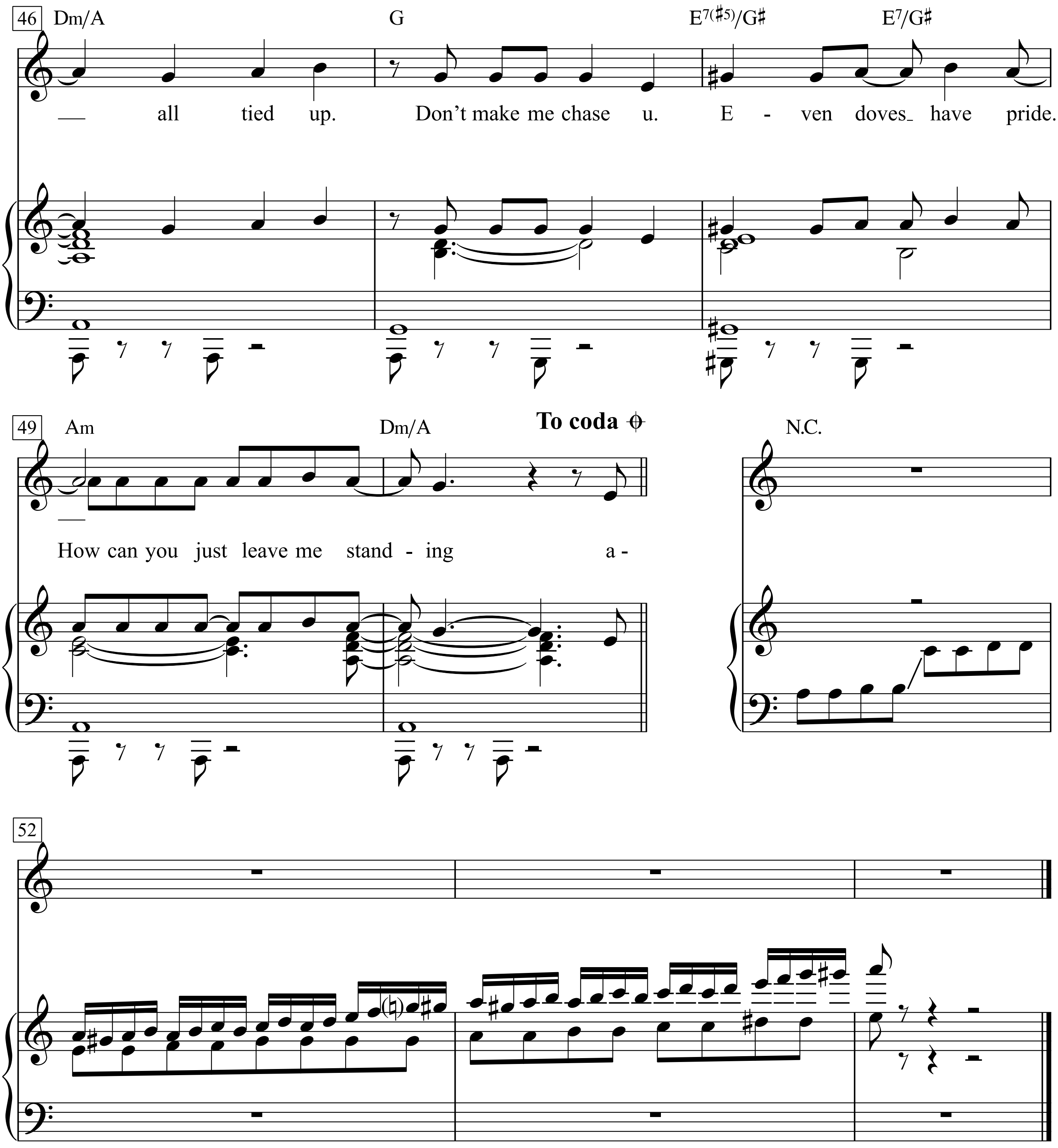



10
Dm/A
G
E7(♯5)/G♯
E7/G♯
- ers me. Can u, my dar - ling, can u pic - ture this?
13
Am
Dm/A
G
Dream, if u can, a court - yard, an o - cean of vi' - lets in bloom.
16
E7(♯5)/G♯
E7/G♯
Am
Dm/A
An - i - mals strike cu - ri - ous pos - es.


19
G
E7(♯5)/G♯
E7/G♯
Am
They feel the heat, the heat be-tween me and u.
How can u just leave me stand
22
Dm/A
G
E7(♯5)/G♯
E7/G♯
- ing a - lone in a world that's so cold?
25
Am
Dm/A
G
May-be I'm just 2 de- mand - ing.
May-be I'm just like my


28
E7(♯5)/G♯ E7/G♯ Am Dm/A
fa - ther: 2 bold. May - be you're just like my moth - er.
31
G E7(♯5)/G♯ E7/G♯ Am
She's nev - er sat - is - fied, Why do we scream at each oth-
34
Dm/A G E7(♯5)/G♯ E7/G♯
er? This is what it sounds like when doves cry.


37
F Am G F Am G F Am G
40
F Am G Am Dm/A
Touch, if u will, my sto - mach.
43
G E7(♯5)/G♯ E7/G♯ Am
Feel how it trem - bles in - side. You've got the but - ter - flies

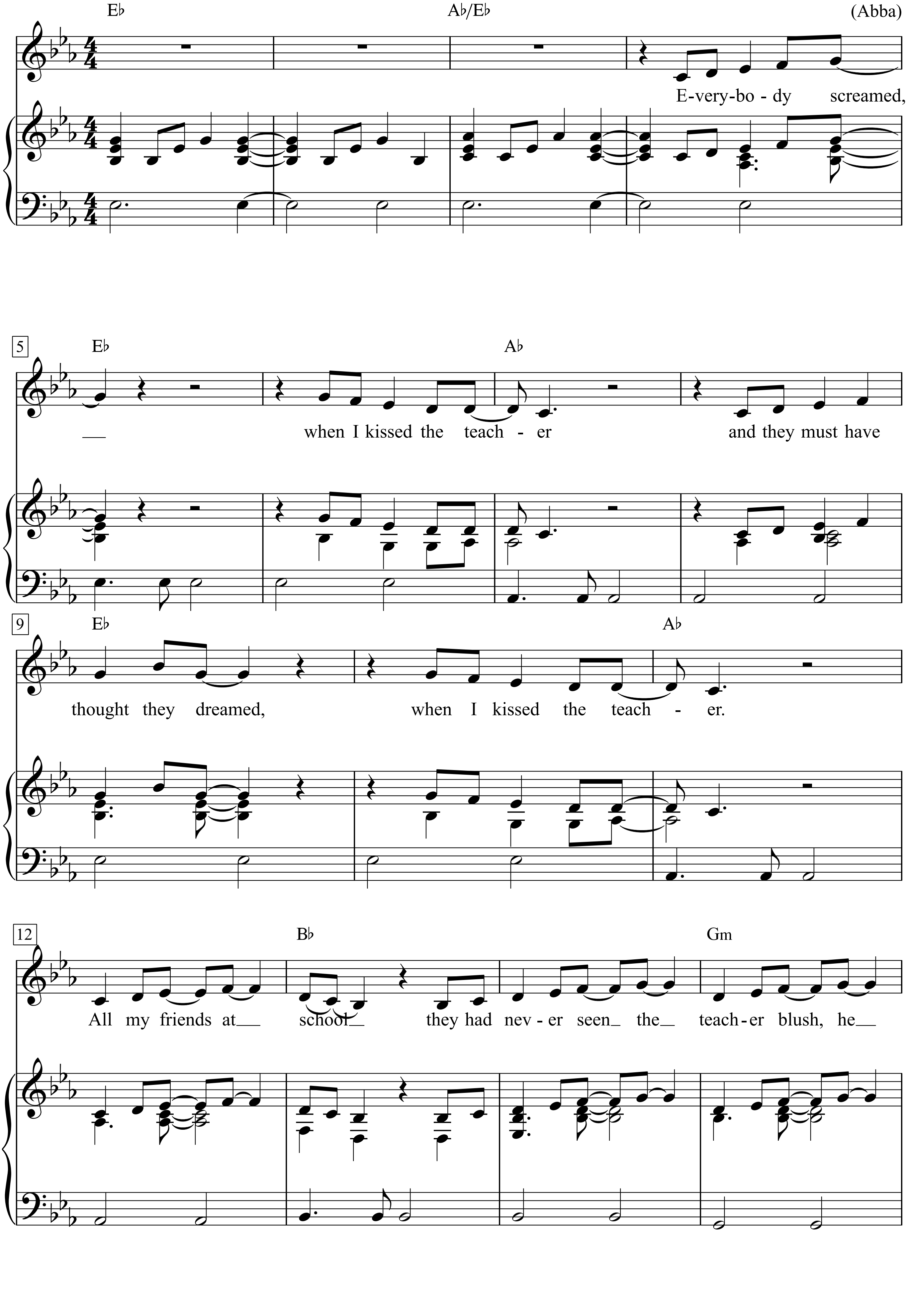

46
Dm/A
G
E7(♯5)/G♯
E7/G♯
— all tied up. Don't make me chase u. E - ven doves have pride.
49
Am
Dm/A
To coda
N.C.
How can you just leave me stand - ing a -
52

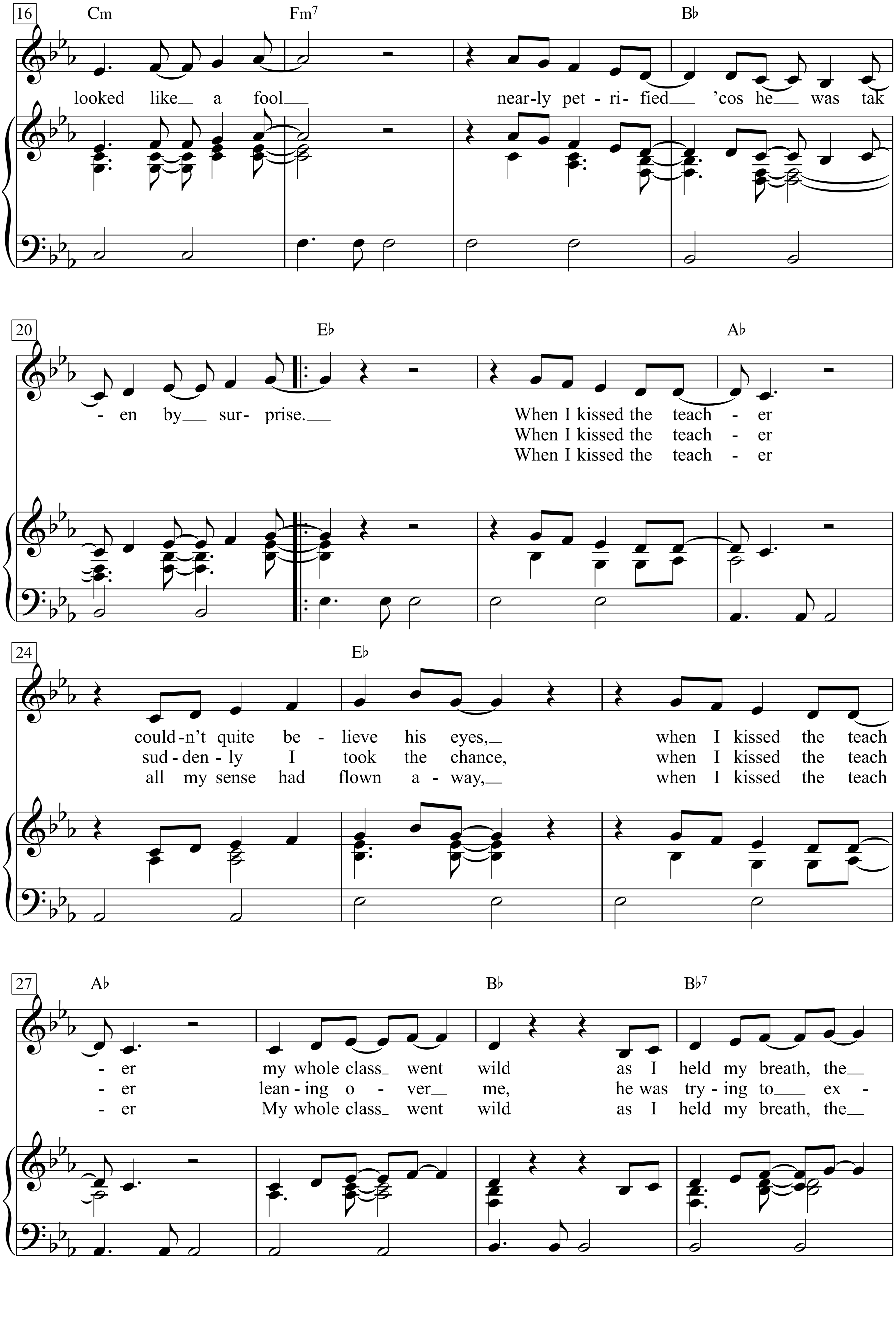
Dig, if u will the picture of u and I engaged in a kiss.
The sweat of your body covers me.
Can u, my darling, can u picture this?
Dream, if u can, a courtyard, an ocean of vi'lets in bloom.
Animals strike curious poses.
They feel the heat, the heat between me and u.

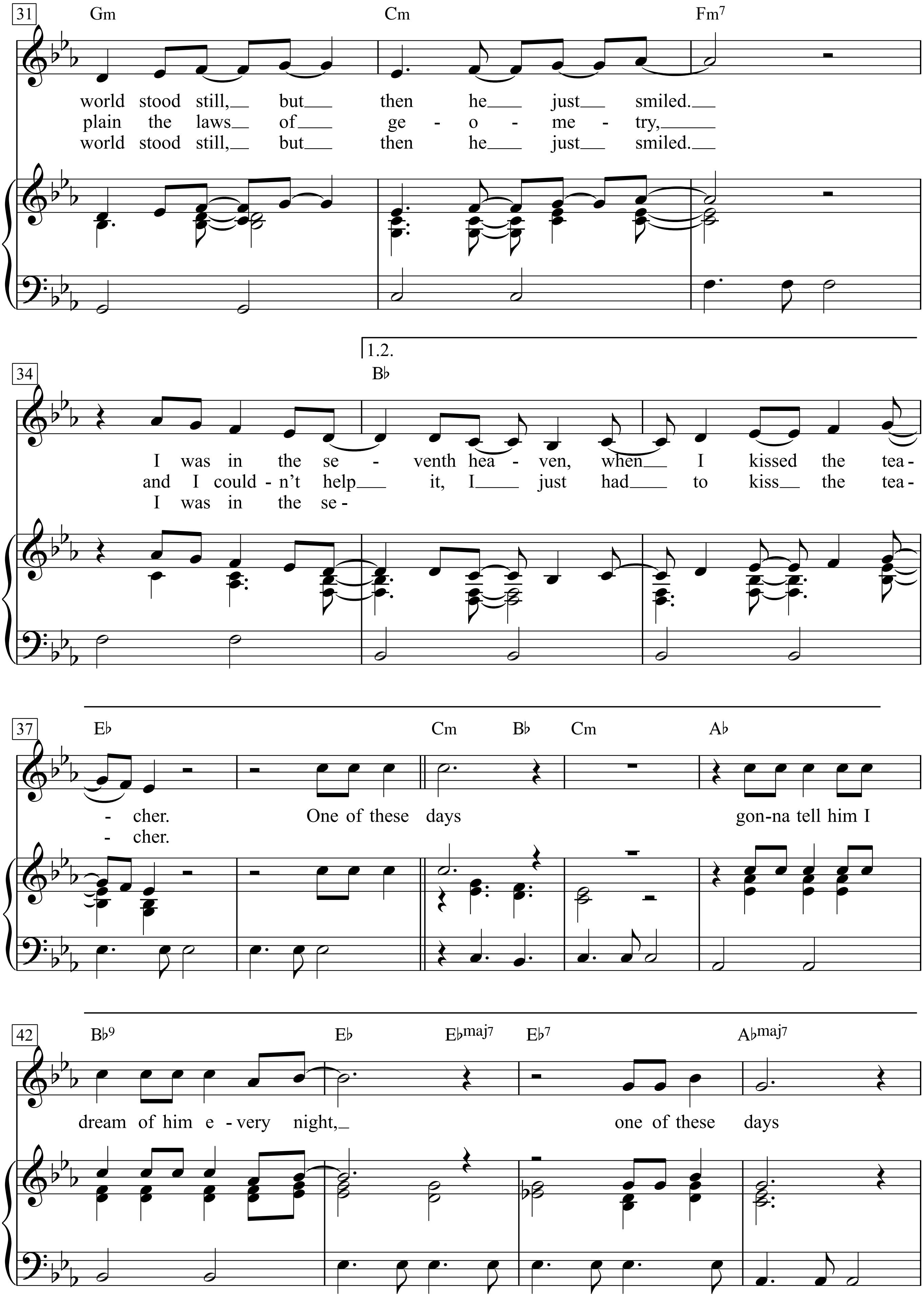
How can u just leave me standing alone in a world that's so cold?
Maybe I'm just 2 demanding.
Maybe I'm just like my father: 2 bold.
Maybe you're just like my mother.
She's never satisfied,
Why do we scream at each other?
This is what it sounds like when doves cry.
Touch, if u will, my stomach.
Feel how it trembles inside.
You've got the butterflies all tied up.
Don't make me chase u.
Even doves have pride.
How can you just leave me standing a -

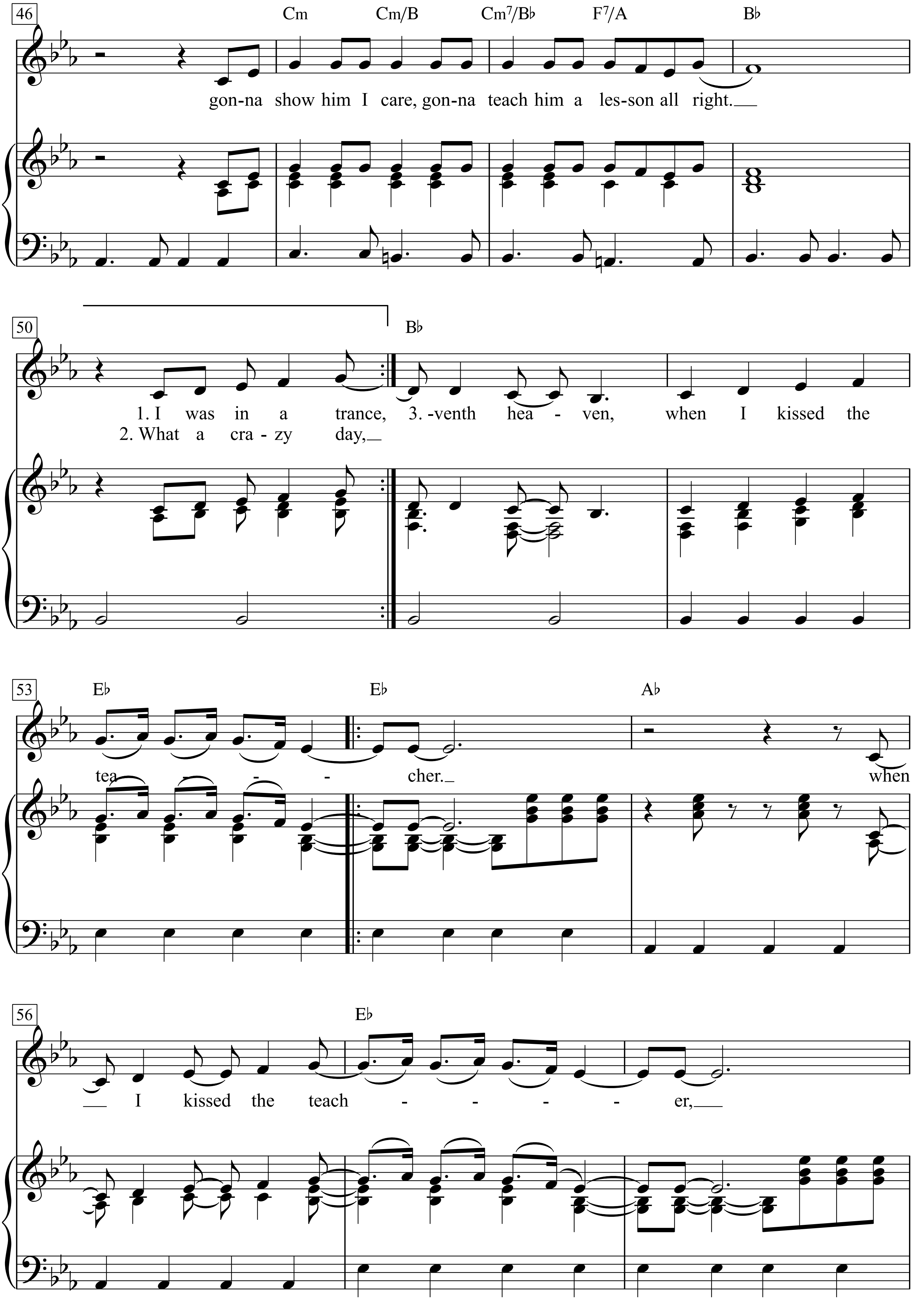
When I Kissed The Teacher

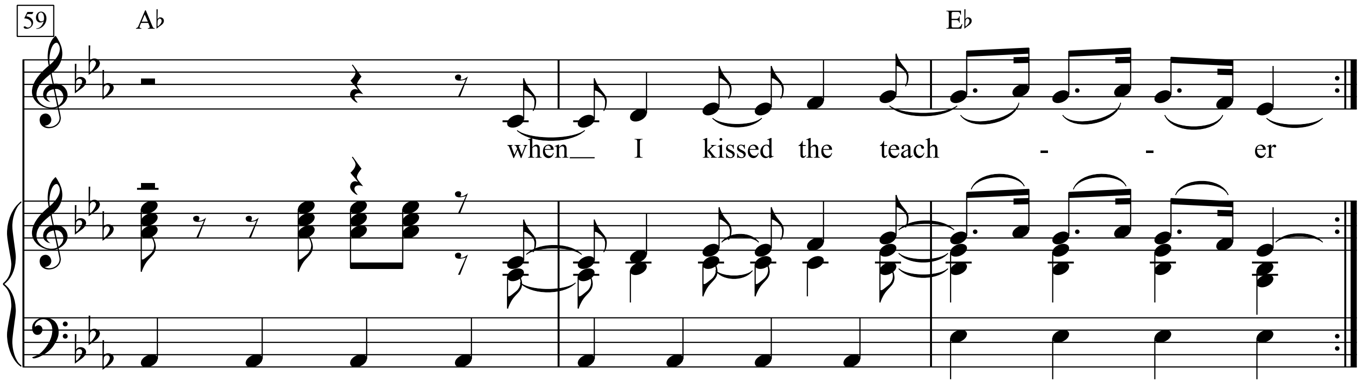
Björn Ulvaeus, Benny Andersson
(Abba)




16
Cm
Fm7
B♭
looked like a fool
near-ly pet-ri-fied 'cos he was tak
20
E♭
A♭
-en by sur-prise.
When I kissed the teach - er
When I kissed the teach - er
When I kissed the teach - er
24
E♭
could-n't quite be - lieve his eyes,
when I kissed the teach
sud-den-ly I took the chance,
when I kissed the teach
all my sense had flown a - way,
when I kissed the teach
27
A♭
B♭
B♭7
- er
my whole class went wild
as I held my breath, the
- er
lean-ing o - ver me,
he was try-ing to ex -
- er
My whole class went wild
as I held my breath, the

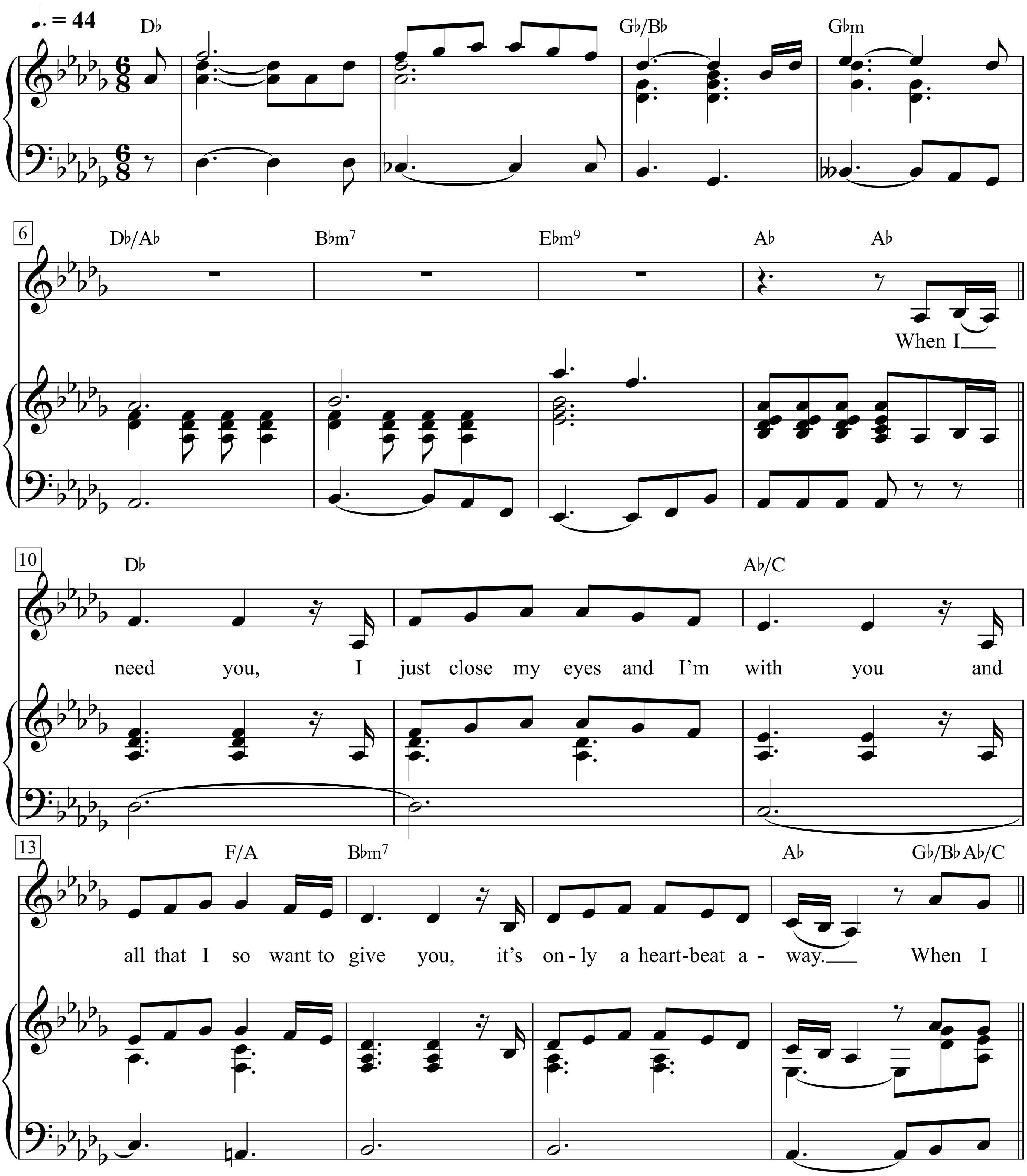

31
Gm
Cm
Fm7
world stood still, but then he just smiled.
plain the laws of ge - o - me - try,
world stood still, but then he just smiled.
1.2.
34
B♭
I was in the se - venth hea - ven, when I kissed the tea -
and I could - n't help it, I just had to kiss the tea -
I was in the se -
37
E♭
Cm
B♭
Cm
A♭
- cher. One of these days gon-na tell him I
- cher.
42
B♭9
E♭
E♭maj7
E♭7
A♭maj7
dream of him e - very night, one of these days

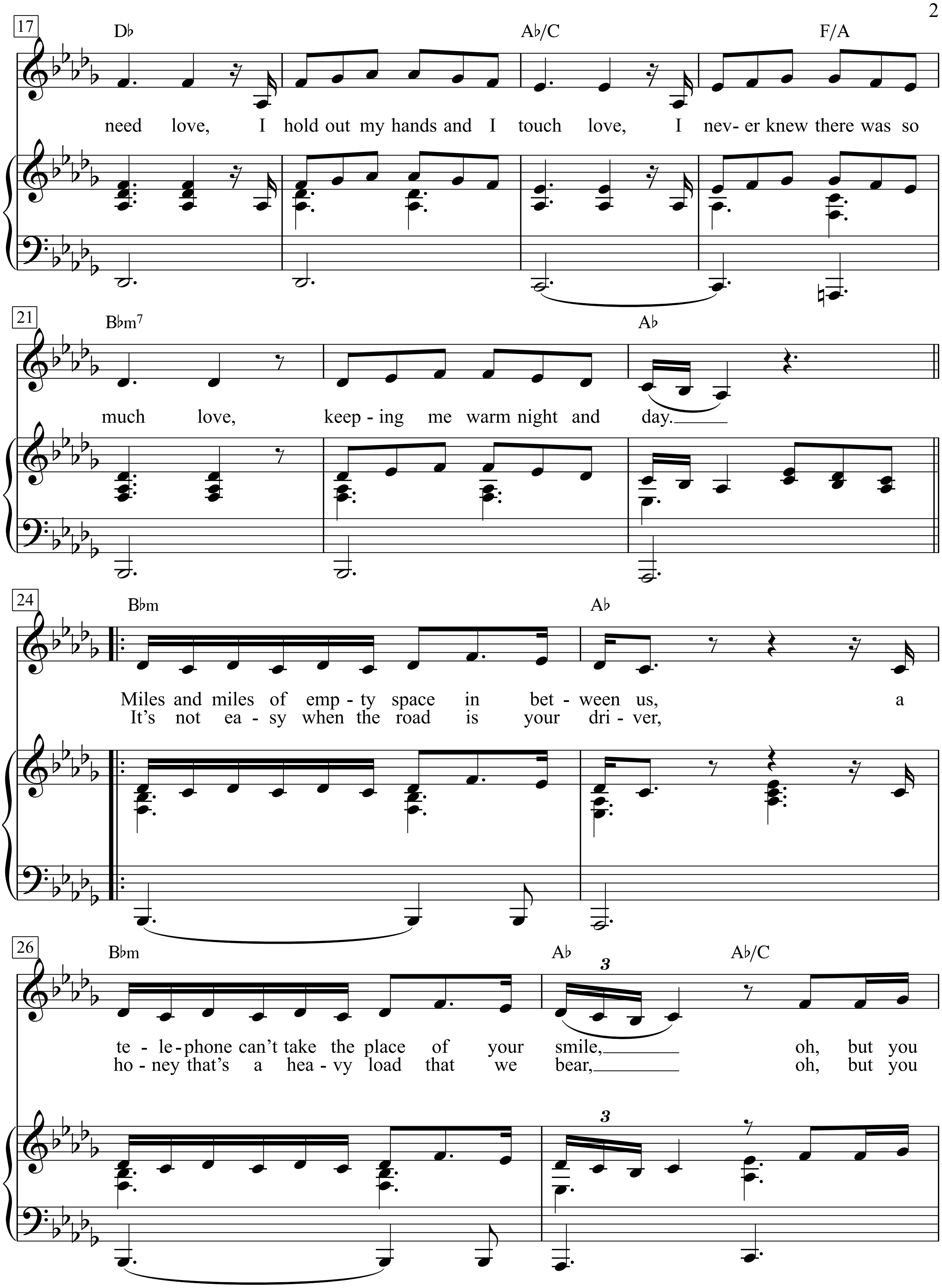

46
Cm Cm/B Cm7/B♭ F7/A B♭
gon-na show him I care, gon-na teach him a les-son all right.__
50
B♭
1. I was in a trance, 3. -venth hea - ven, when I kissed the
2. What a cra - zy day,__
53
E♭ E♭ A♭
tea - - cher._ when
56
E♭
__ I kissed the teach - - - - er,__

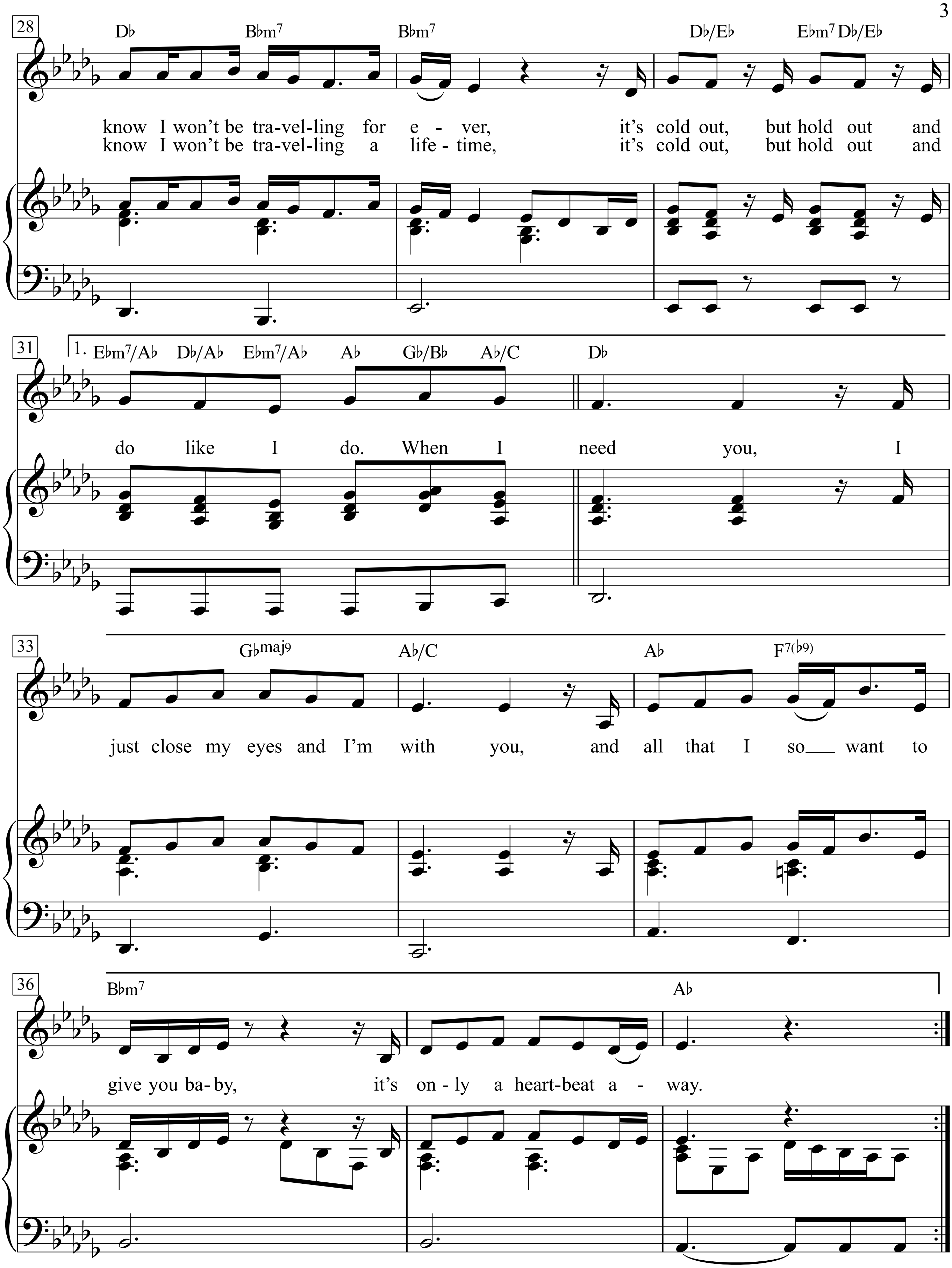

59
A♭
E♭
when
I
kissed
the
teach
-
-
er

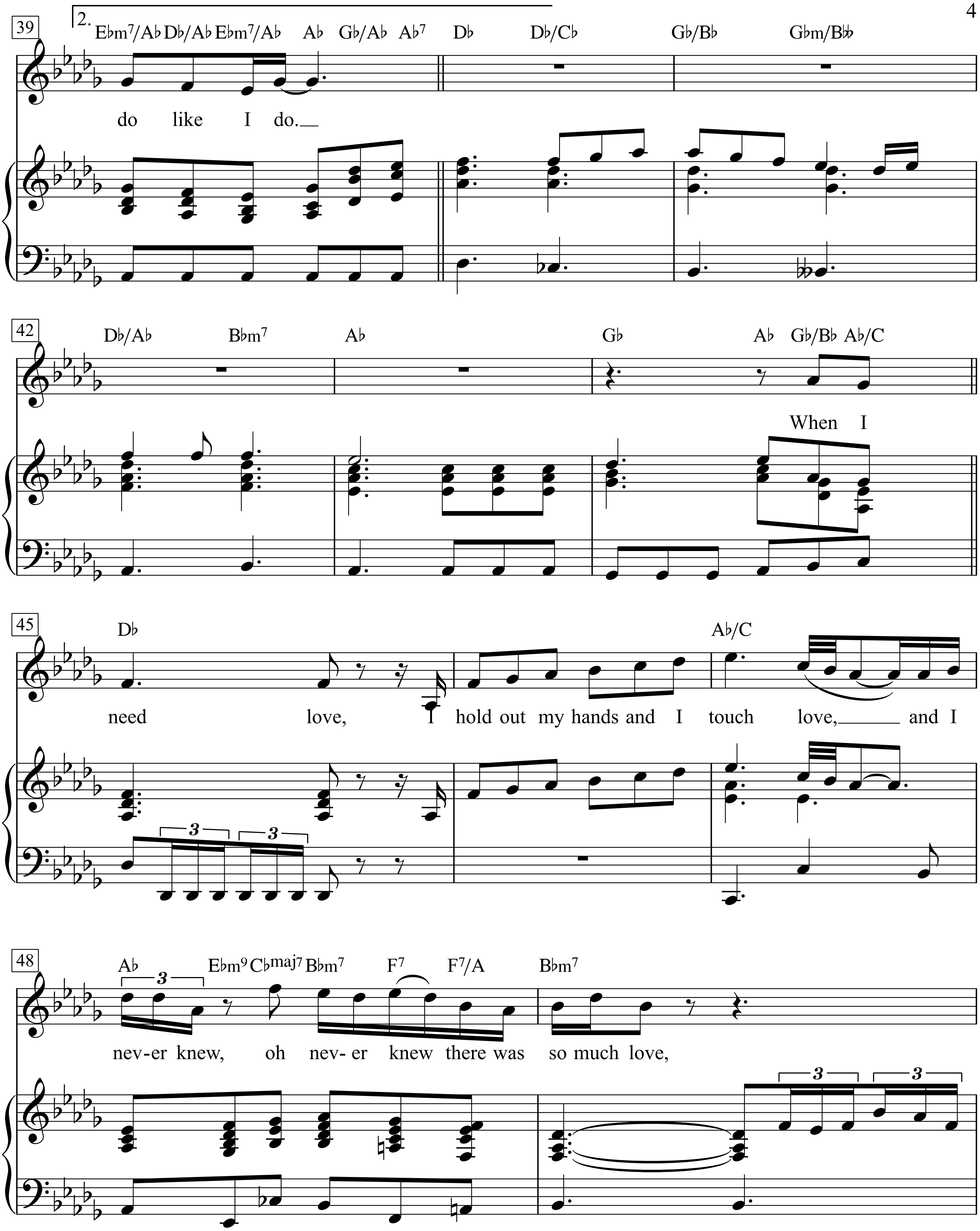
When I Need You

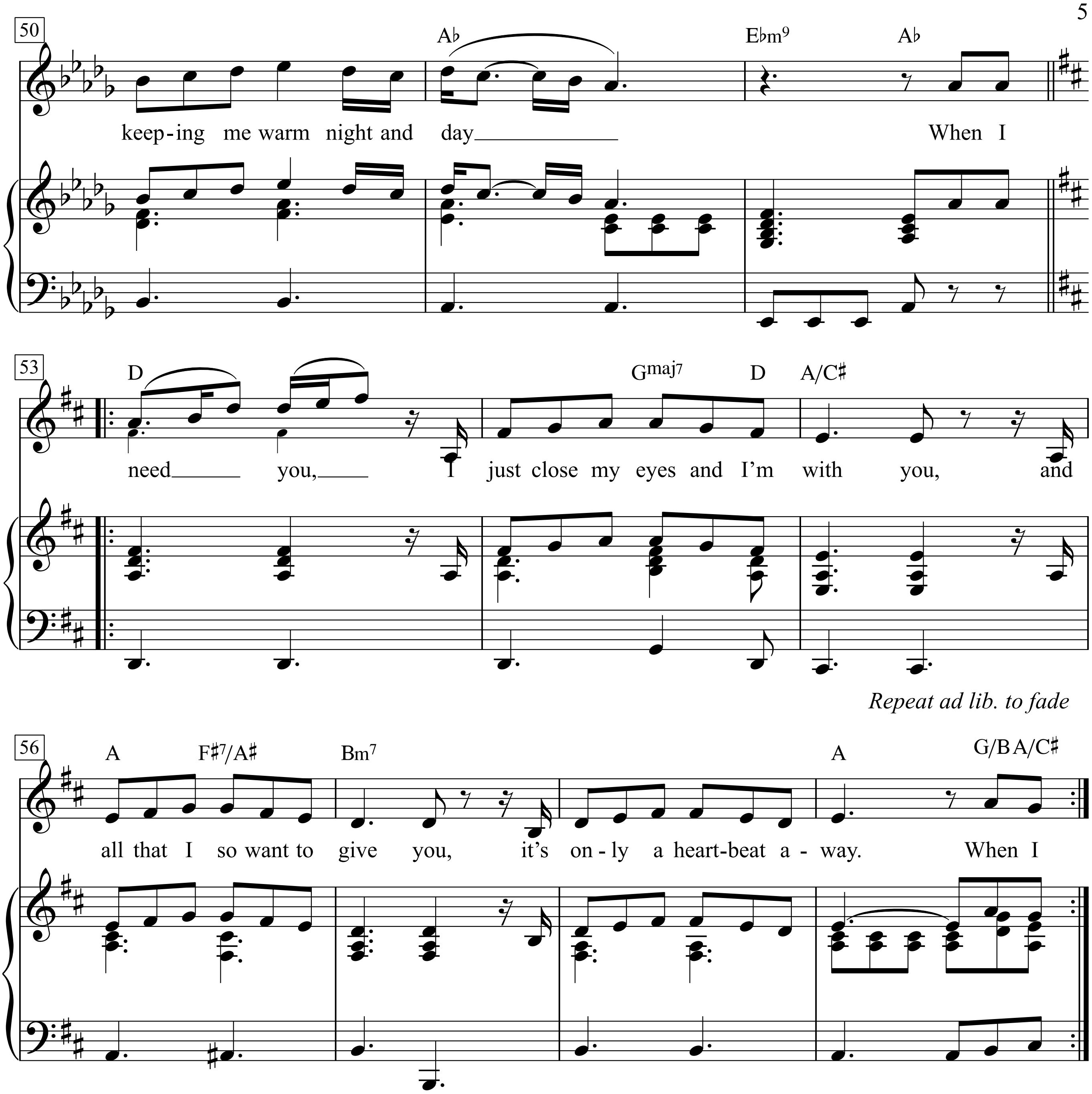
Words & Music:
Albert Hammond & Carole Bayer Sager
(Leo Sayer)




17
D♭
A♭/C
F/A
need love, I hold out my hands and I touch love, I nev- er knew there was so
21
B♭m7
A♭
much love, keep - ing me warm night and day.
24
B♭m
A♭
Miles and miles of emp - ty space in bet - ween us, a
It's not ea - sy when the road is your dri - ver,
26
B♭m
A♭
A♭/C
te - le - phone can't take the place of your smile, oh, but you
ho - ney that's a hea - vy load that we bear, oh, but you


28
D♭ B♭m7 B♭m7 D♭/E♭ E♭m7 D♭/E♭
know I won't be tra-vel-ling for e - ver, it's cold out, but hold out and
know I won't be tra-vel-ling a life - time, it's cold out, but hold out and
31
1. E♭m7/A♭ D♭/A♭ E♭m7/A♭ A♭ G♭/B♭ A♭/C D♭
do like I do. When I need you, I
33
G♭maj9 A♭/C A♭ F7(♭9)
just close my eyes and I'm with you, and all that I so want to
36
B♭m7 A♭
give you ba-by, it's on - ly a heart-beat a - way.


39
2.
E♭m7/A♭ D♭/A♭ E♭m7/A♭ A♭ G♭/A♭ A♭7 D♭ D♭/C♭ G♭/B♭ G♭m/B♭♭
do like I do.
42
D♭/A♭ B♭m7 A♭ G♭ A♭ G♭/B♭ A♭/C
When I
45
D♭ A♭/C
need love, I hold out my hands and I touch love, and I
48
A♭ E♭m9 C♭maj7 B♭m7 F7 F7/A B♭m7
nev-er knew, oh nev-er knew there was so much love,



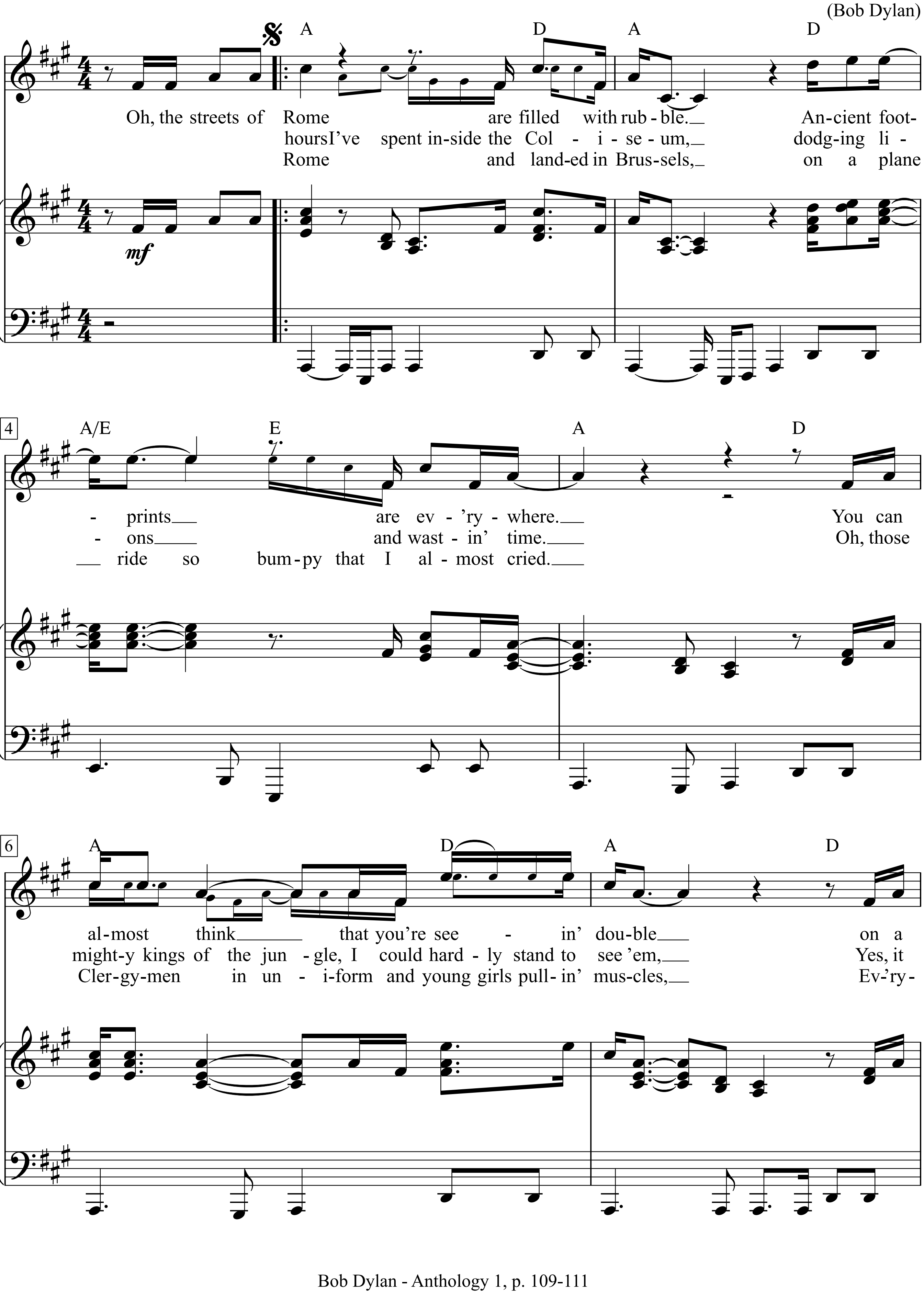
1. When I need you,
I just close my eyes and I'm with you
and all that I so want to give you,
it's only a heartbeat away.
When I need love,
I hold out my hands and I touch love,
I never knew there was so much love,
keeping me warm night and day.
Miles and miles of empty space in between us,
a telephone can't take the place of your smile,
oh, but you know I won't be travelling for ever,
it's cold out, but hold out and do like I do.
When I need you,
I just close my eyes and I'm with you,
and all that I so want to give you baby,
it's only a heartbeat away. do like I do.
When I need love,
I hold out my hands and I touch love,
and I never knew,
oh never knew there was so much love,
keeping me warm night and day
When I need you,
I just close my eyes and I'm with you,
and all that I so want to give you,
it's only a heartbeat away.
When I

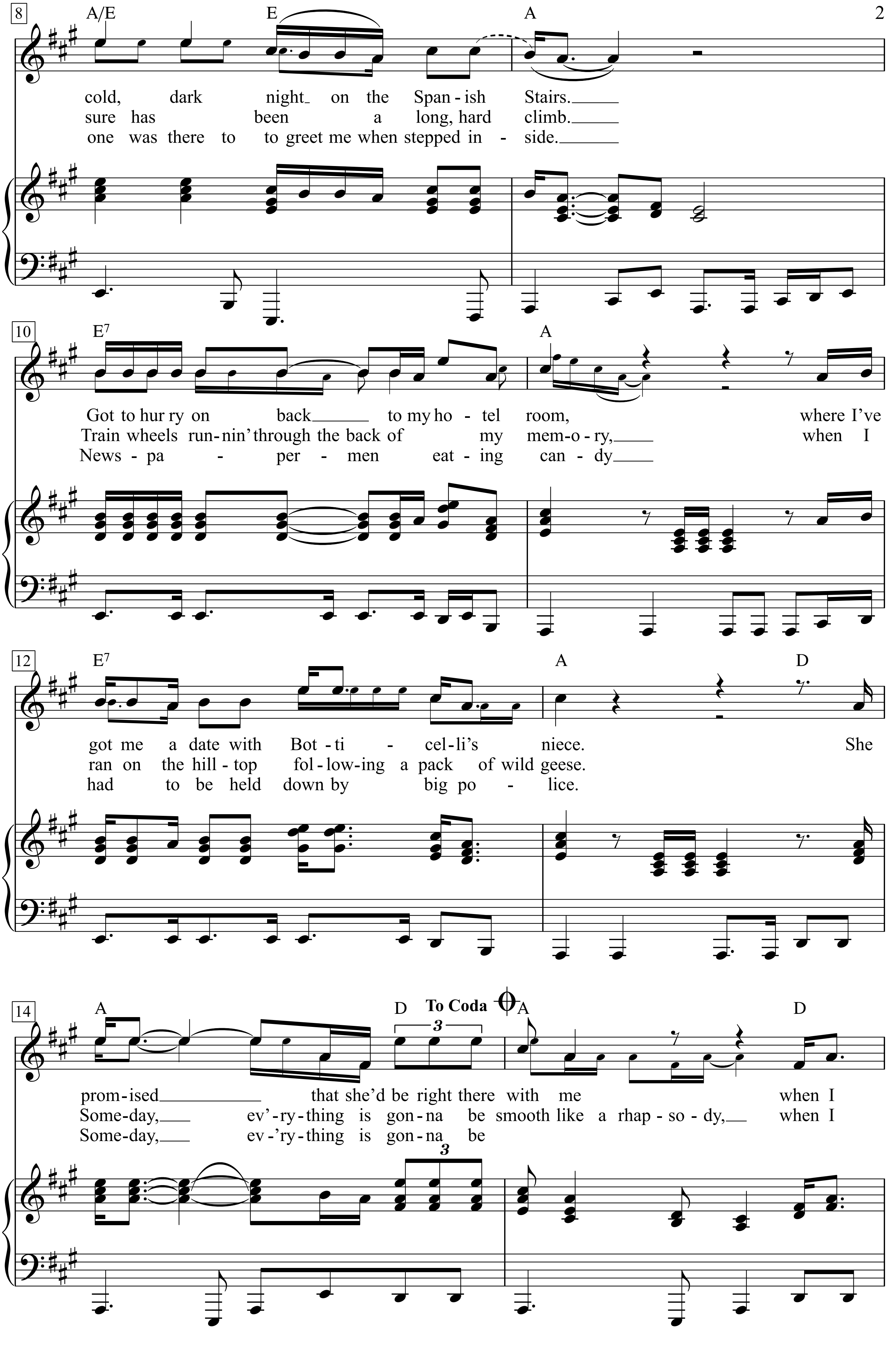
It's not easy when the road is your driver,
honey that's a heavy load that we bear,
oh, but you know I won't be travelling a life time,
it's cold out, but hold out and

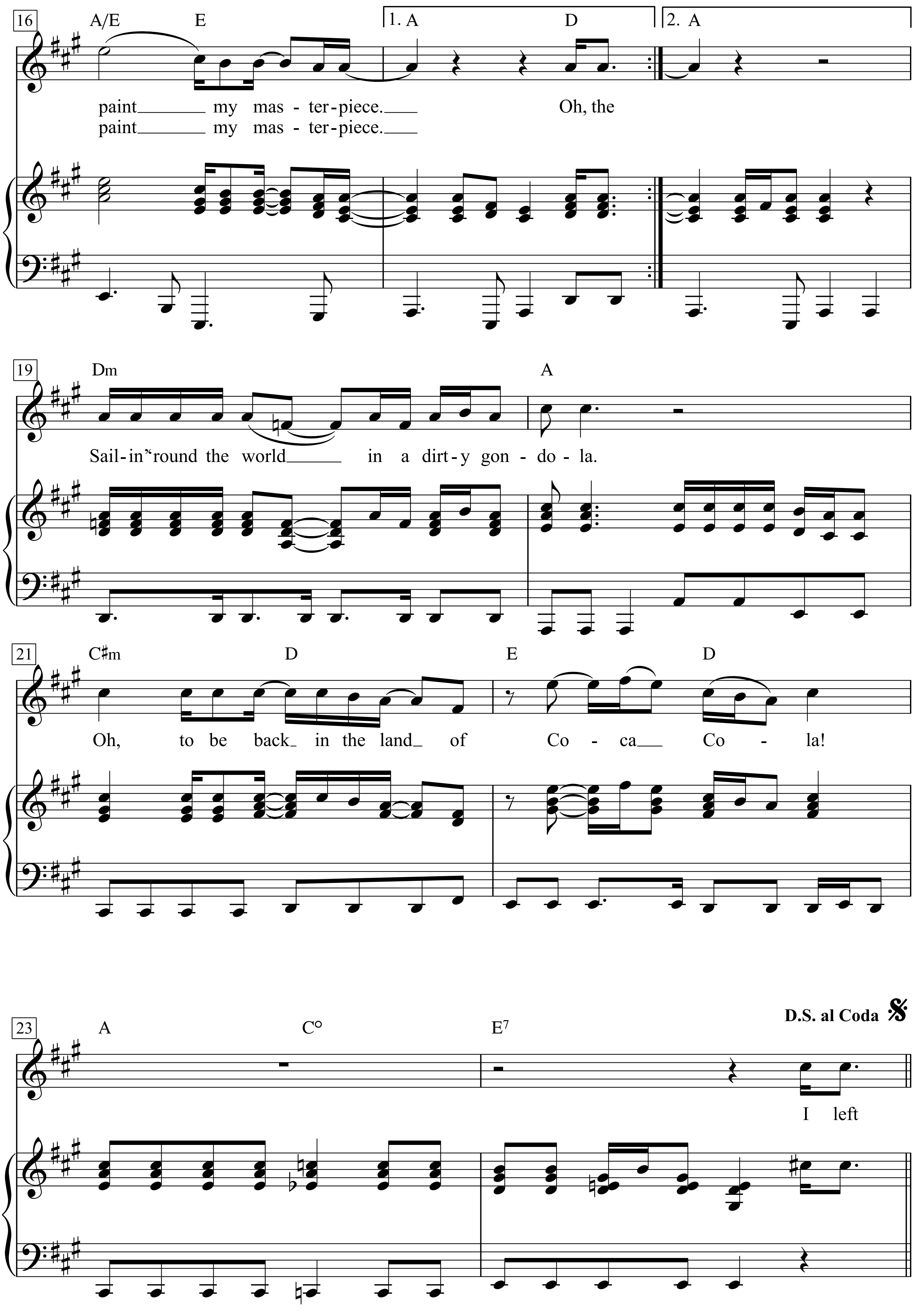
When I Paint My Masterpiece

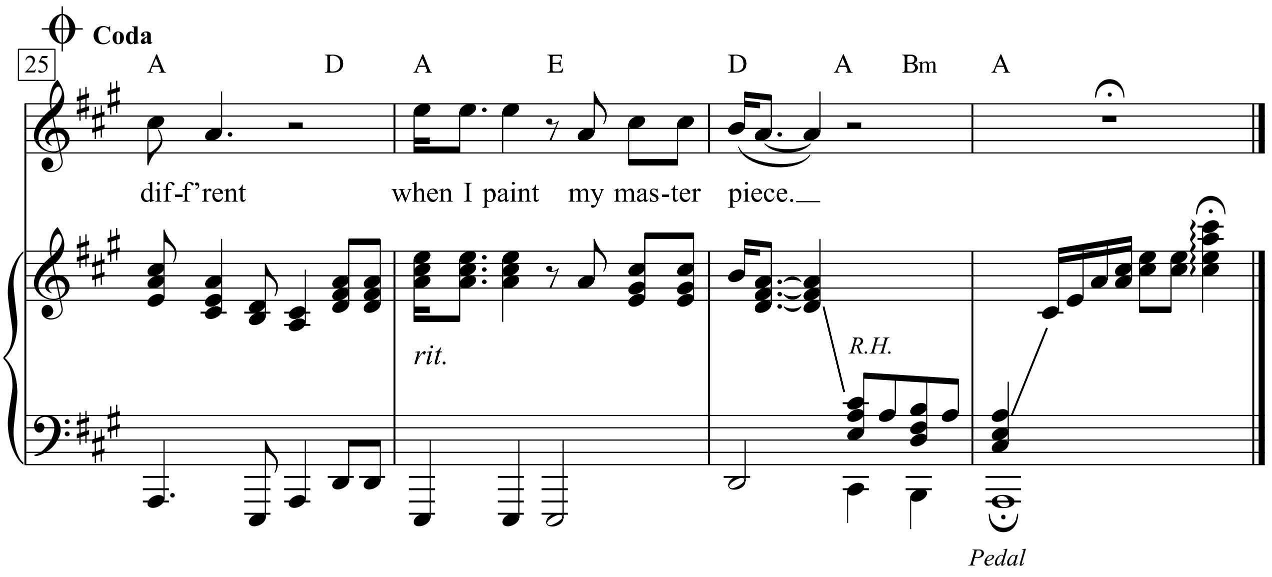
Moderately slow

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




8
A/E E A
cold, dark night on the Span - ish Stairs.
sure has been a long, hard climb.
one was there to to greet me when stepped in - side.
10
E7 A
Got to hur ry on back to my ho - tel room, where I've
Train wheels run-nin' through the back of my mem-o - ry, when I
News - pa - per - men eat - ing can - dy
12
E7 A D
got me a date with Bot - ti - cel-li's niece. She
ran on the hill - top fol - low-ing a pack of wild geese.
had to be held down by big po - lice.
14
A D To Coda A D
prom - ised that she'd be right there with me when I
Some-day, ev'-ry-thing is gon-na be smooth like a rhap - so - dy, when I
Some-day, ev-'ry-thing is gon-na be
3


16
A/E
E
1. A
D
2. A
paint my mas - ter-piece. Oh, the
paint my mas - ter-piece.
19
Dm
A
Sail-in' round the world in a dirt-y gon - do - la.
21
C♯m
D
E
D
Oh, to be back in the land of Co - ca Co - la!
23
A
C°
E7
D.S. al Coda
I left



Oh, the streets of Rome are filled with rubble
Ancient footprints are ev'rywhere
You can almost think that you're seein' double
On a cold, dark night on the Spanish Stairs
Got to hurry on back to my hotel room
Where I've got me a date with Botti celli's niece
She promised that she'd be right there with me
When I paint my masterpiece

Oh, the hours I've spent inside the Coliseum
Dodging lions and wastin' time
Oh, those mighty kings of the jungle, I could hardly stand to see 'em
Yes, it sure has been a long, hard climb
Train wheels runnin' through the back of my memory
When I ran on the hilltop following a pack of wild geese
Someday, ev'rything is gonna be smooth like a rhapsody
When I paint my masterpiece

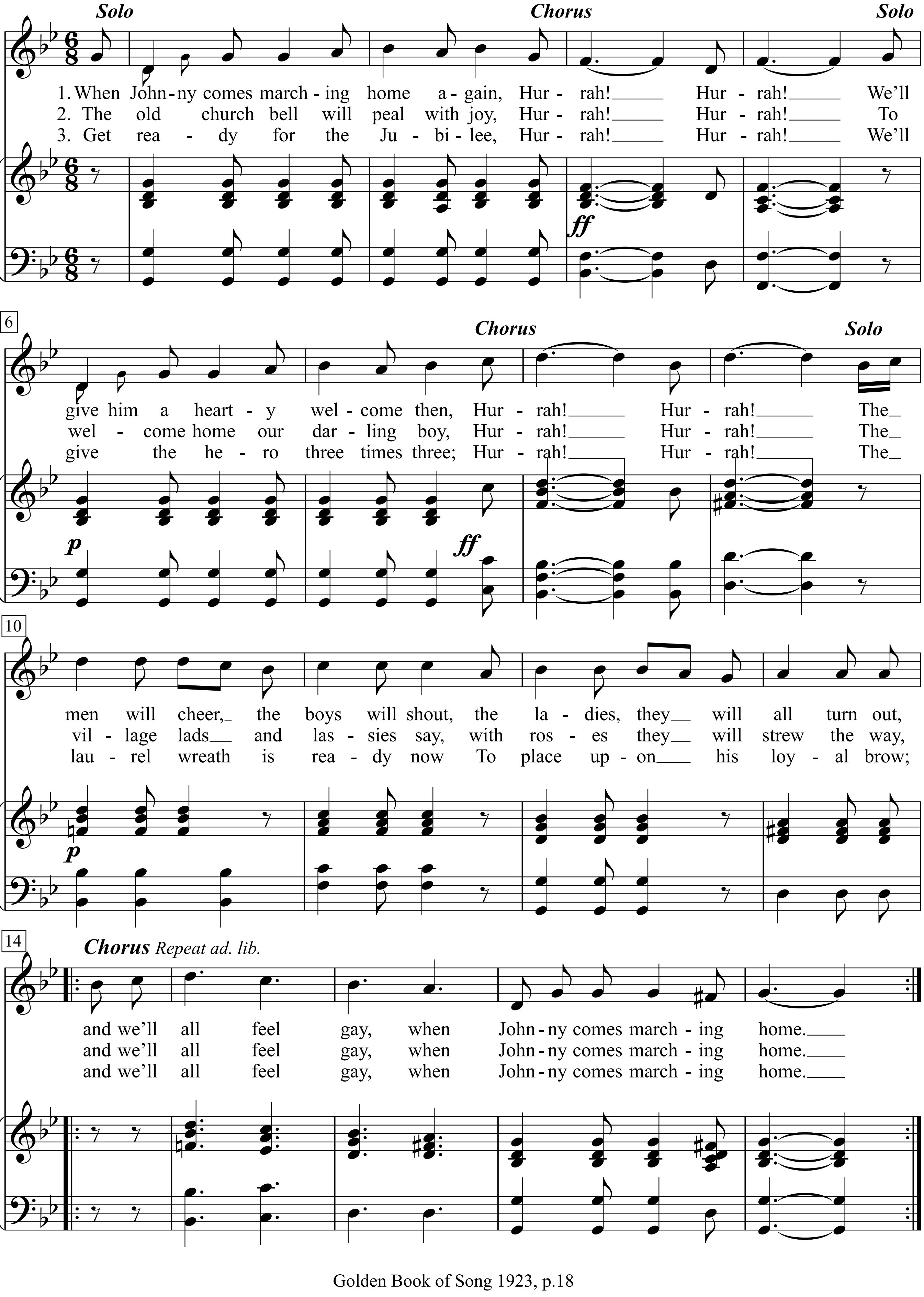
Sailin' 'round the world in a dirty gondola
Oh, to be back in the land of Coca Cola!

I left Rome and landed in Brussels
On a plane ride so bumpy that I almost cried
Clergymen in uniform and young girls pullin' muscles
Ev'ryone was there to greet me when I stepped inside
Newspapermen eating candy
Had to be held down by big police
Someday, ev'rything is gonna be diff'rent
When I paint my masterpiece

When Johnny comes Marching Home

Words & Music by
Louis Lambert (Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore)

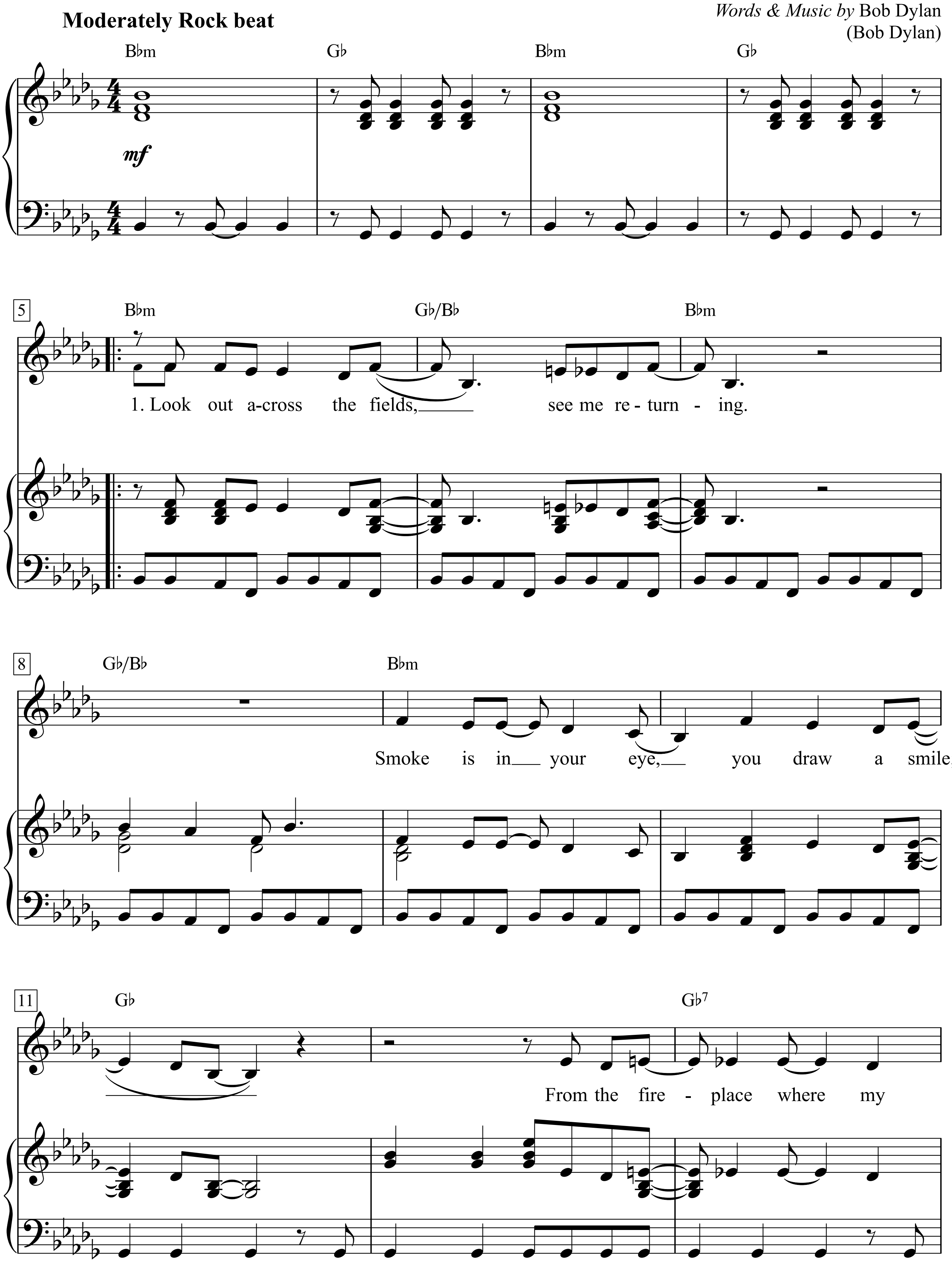
With spirit

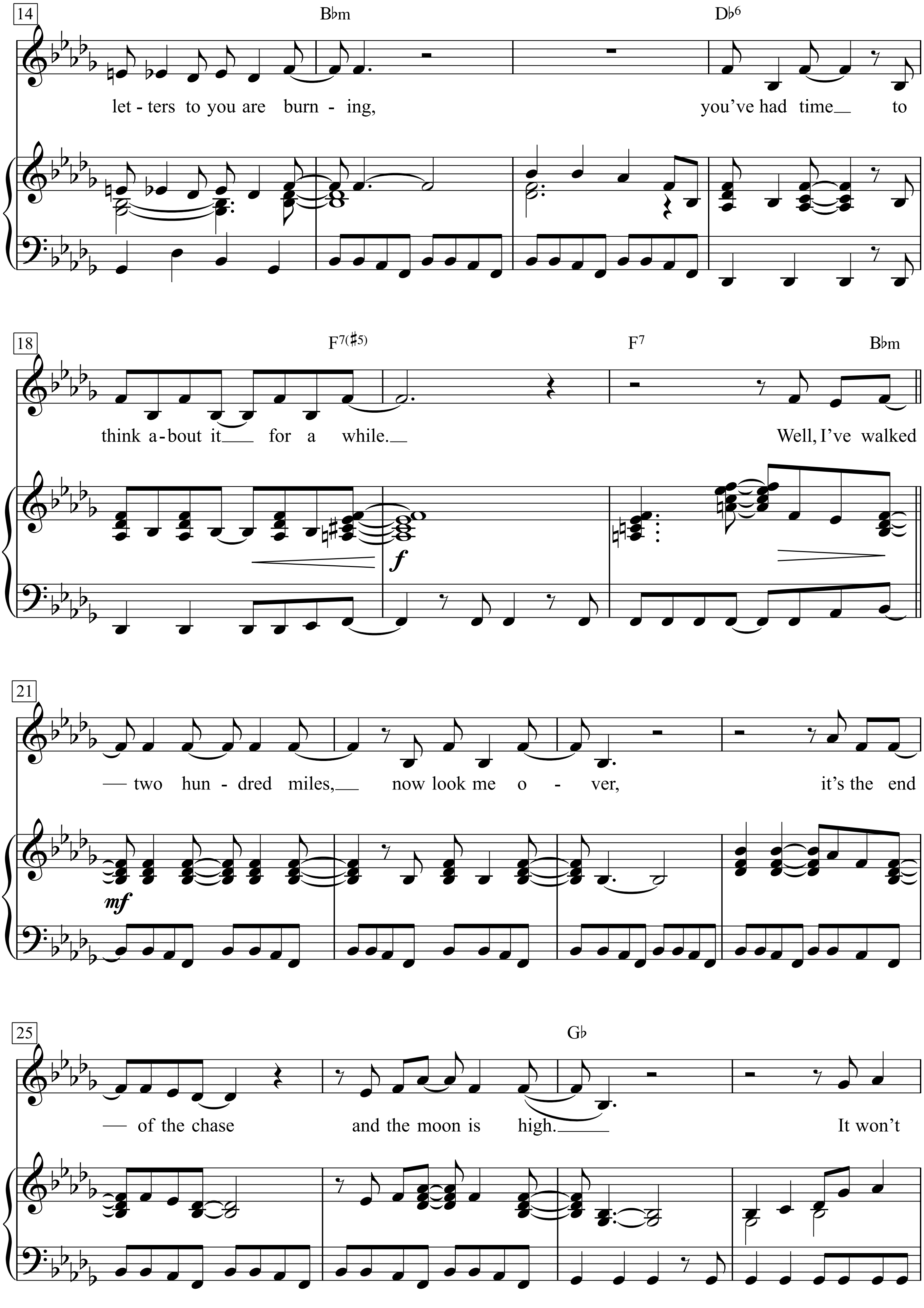


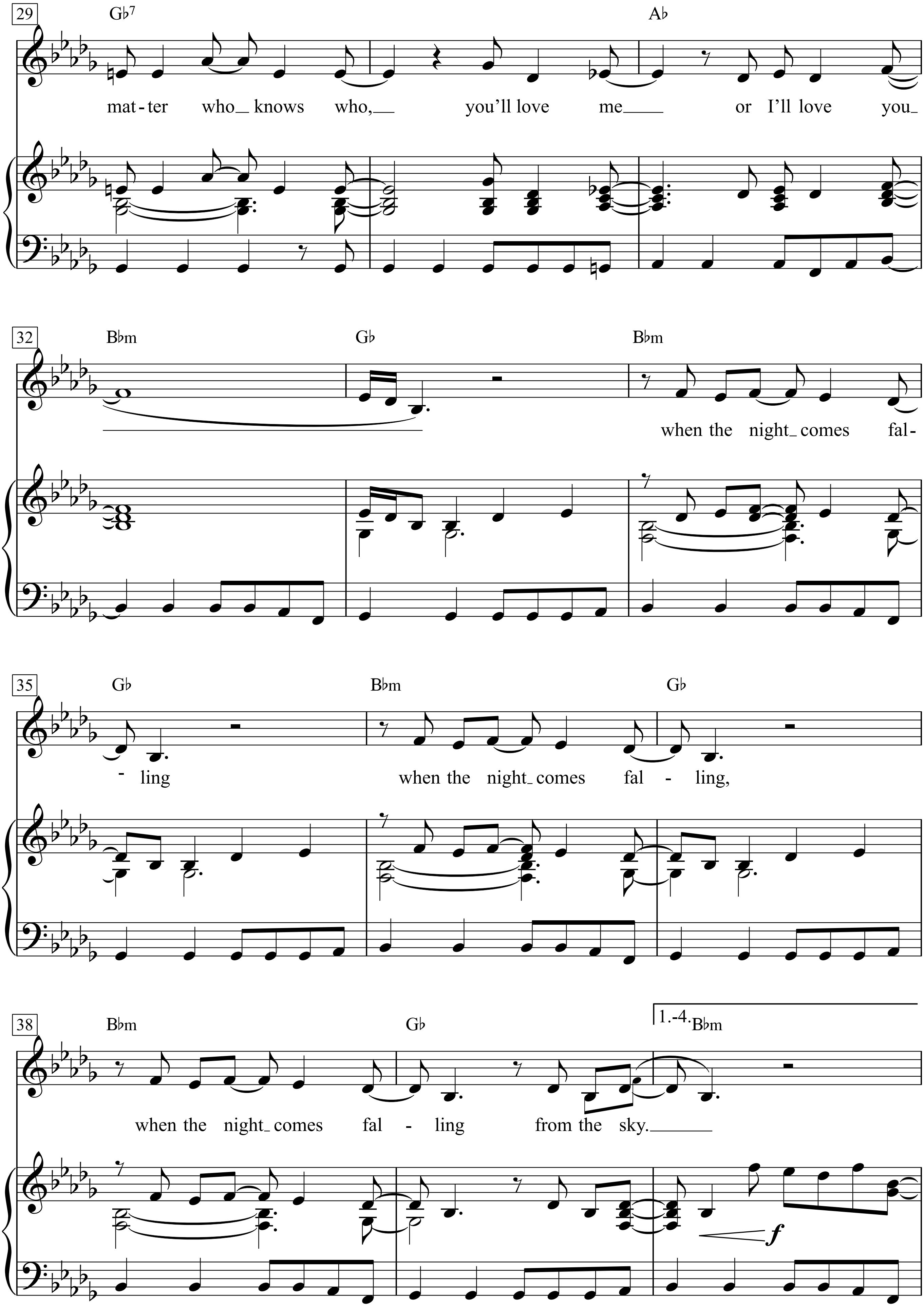
Golden Book of Song 1923, p.18

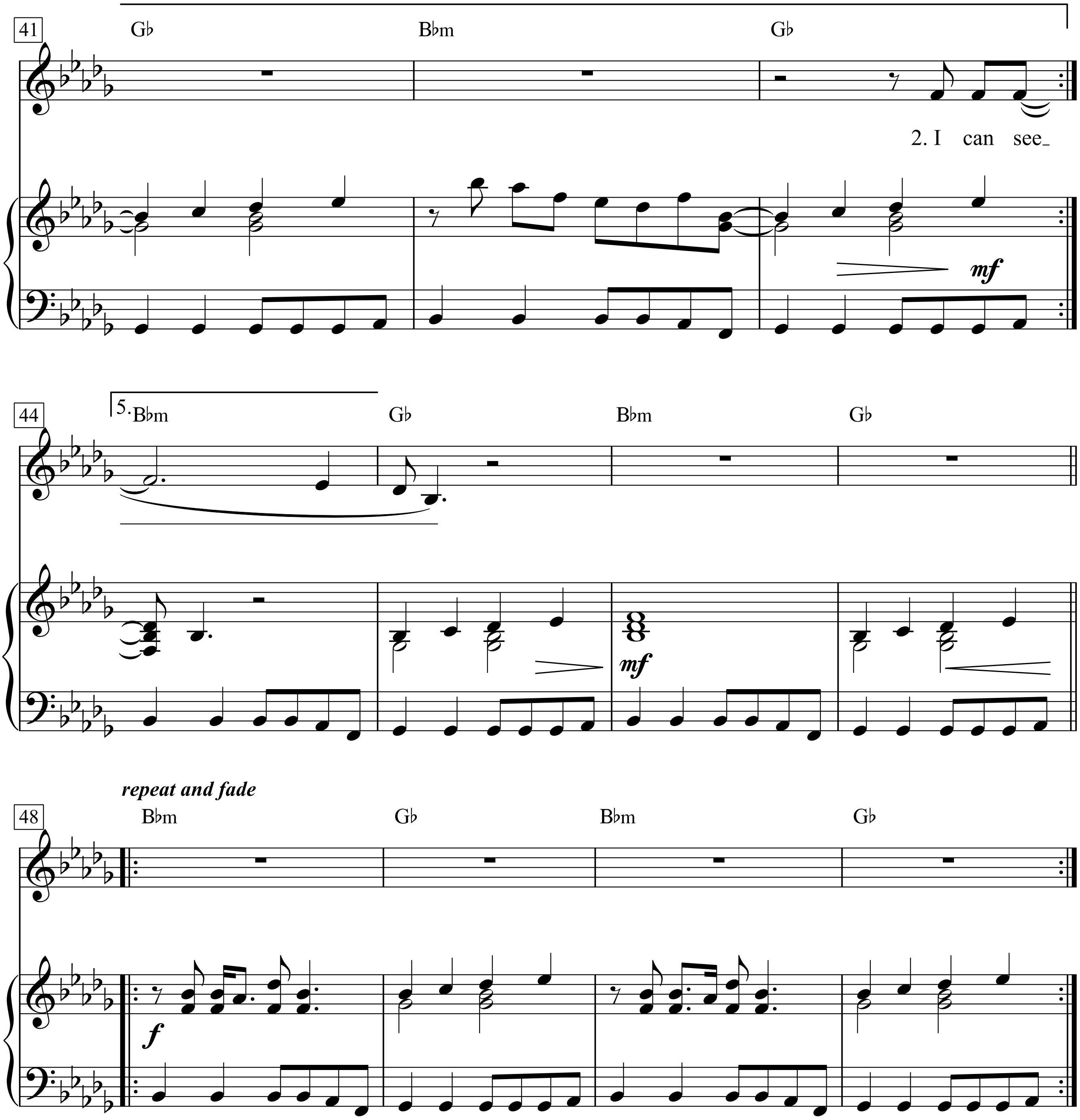
When The Night Comes Falling From The Sky

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




14
B♭m
D♭6
let - ters to you are burn - ing,
you've had time to
18
F7(♯5)
F7
B♭m
think a - bout it for a while.
Well, I've walked
f
21
two hun - dred miles,
now look me o - ver,
it's the end
mf
25
G♭
of the chase
and the moon is high.
It won't


29
G♭7
A♭
mat - ter who _ knows who, _ you'll love me ___ or I'll love you _
32
B♭m
G♭
B♭m
when the night _ comes fal -
35
G♭
B♭m
G♭
- ling when the night _ comes fal - ling,
38
B♭m
G♭
1.-4. B♭m
when the night _ comes fal - ling from the sky. ___
f


41
G♭
B♭m
G♭
2. I can see
mf
44
5. B♭m
G♭
B♭m
G♭
mf
repeat and fade
48
B♭m
G♭
B♭m
G♭
f

Look out across the fields, see me returning.
Smoke is in your eye, you draw a smile;
From the fireplace where my letters to you are burning,
You've had time to think about it for a while.

Well, I've walked two hundred miles, now look me over,
It's the end of the chase and the moon is high.
It won't matter who knows who,
You'll love me or I'll love you
When the night comes falling,
When the night comes falling,
When the night comes falling from the sky.

I can see through your walls and I know you're hurting,
Sorrow covers you up like a cape.
Yesterday I know that you've been fitting ' with
Disaster that you managed to escape.

I can't provide for you no easy answers.
Who are you that I should have to lie?
You'll know all about it, love
It'll fit you like a glove
When the night comes falling,
When the night comes falling,
When the night comes falling from the sky.

I can hear your trembling heart beat like a river,
You must have been protecting someone last time I called.
I've never asked you for nothing you couldn't deliver,
I've never asked you to set yourself up for a fall.

I saw thousands who could have overcome the darkness,
For the love of a lousy buck, I've watched them die.
Stick around baby, we're not through,
Don't look for me, I'll see you
When the night comes falling,
When the night comes falling,
When the night comes falling from the sky:

4. In your teardrops I can see my own reflection,
It was on the northern border of Texas where I crossed the line.
I don't want to be a fool starving for affection.
I don't want to drown in someone else's wine.

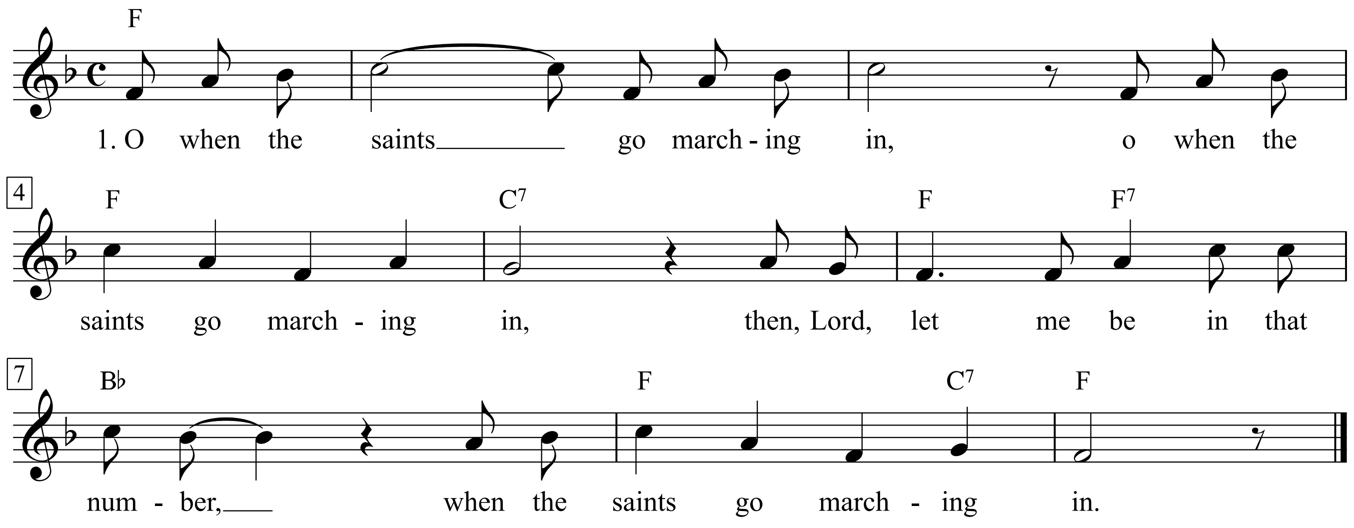
For all eternity I think I will remember that
Icy wind that's howling in your eye.
You will seek me and you'll find me
In the wasteland of your mind
When the night comes falling,
When the night comes falling,
When the night comes falling from the sky.

Well, I sent you my feelings in a letter
But you were gambling for support.
This time tomorrow I'll know you better
When my memory is not so short.

This time I'm asking for freedom,
Freedom from a world which you deny.
And you'll give it to my now,
I'll take it any??-how,
When the night comes falling,

When the saints go marching in

Melodie & Text: überliefert, frühes 20. Jahrhundert



1. O when the saints go marching in,
o when the saints go marching in,
then, Lord, let me be in that number,
when the saints go marching in.

2. And when the stars begin to fall …

3. When Gabriel blows in his horn …

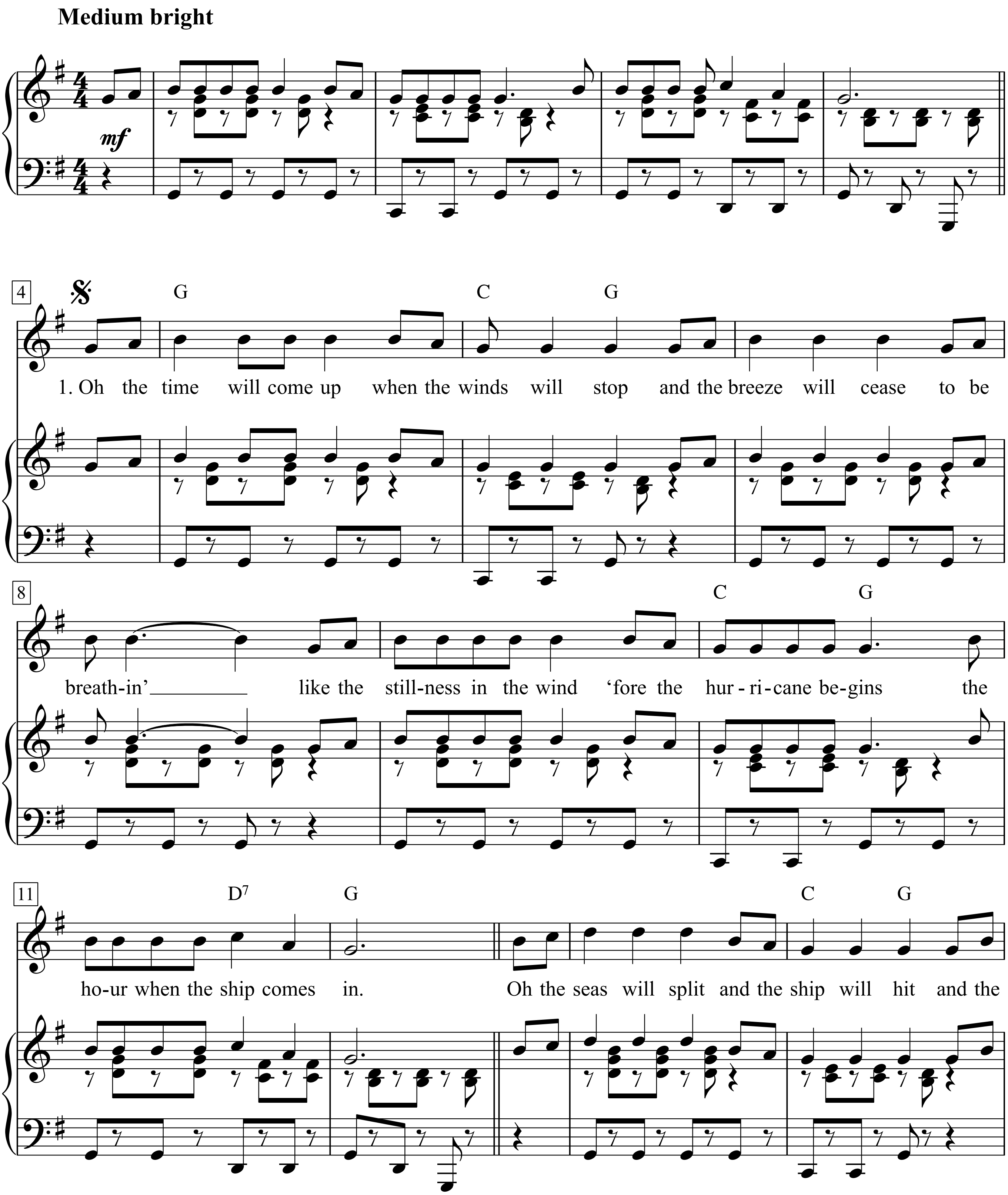
4. And when the sun refuses to shine …

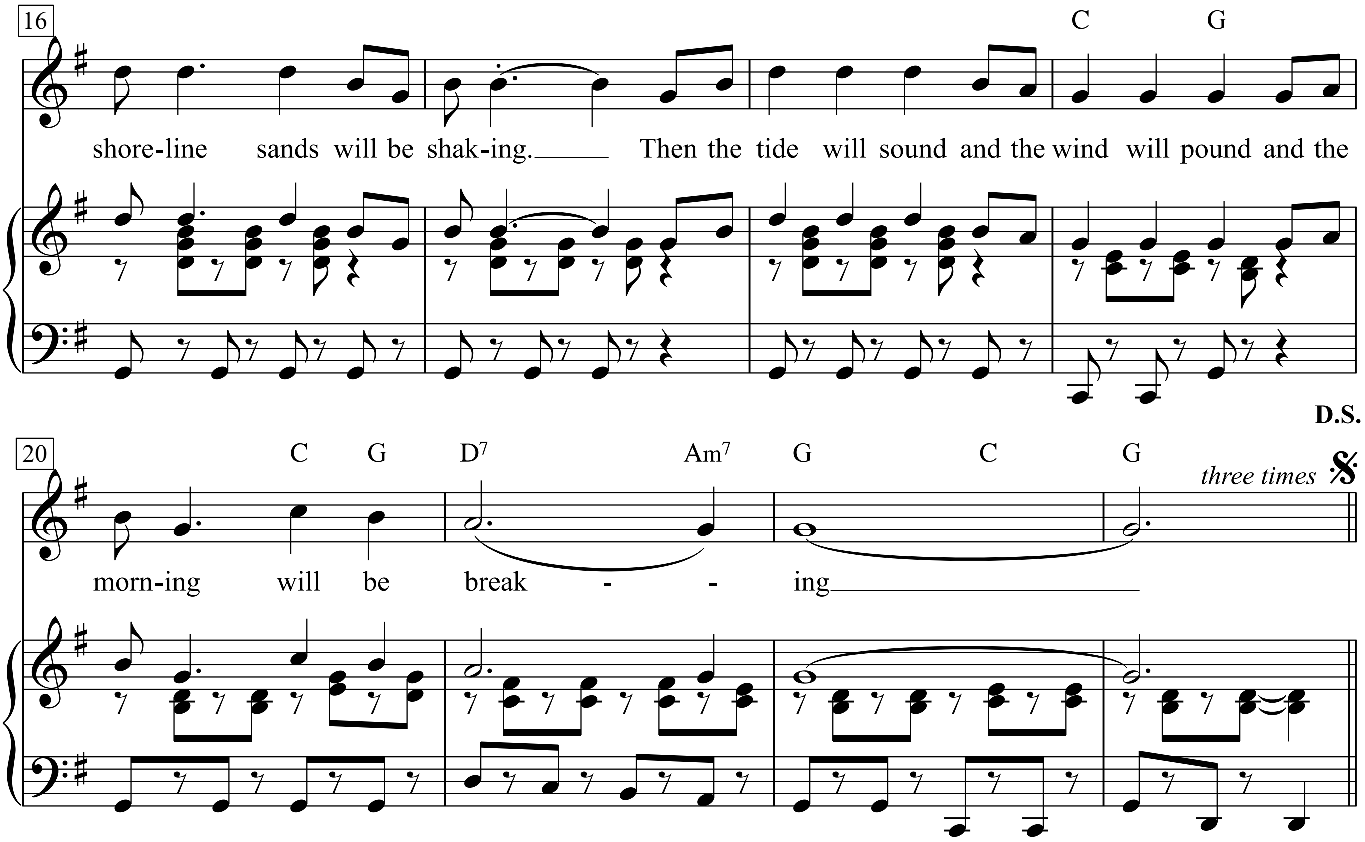
5. And when the moon has turned to blood …

6. And when they gather round the throne …

7. And on that Hallelujah day …

When the Ship Comes In





1. Oh the time will come up
When the winds will stop
And the breeze will cease
To be breathin' like the stillness in the wind
'Fore the hurricane begins
The hour when the ship comes in.

Oh the seas will split
And the ship will hit
And the shoreline sands will be shaking.
Then the tide will sound
And the wind will pound
And the morning will be breaking

2. Oh the fishes will laugh
As they swim out of the path
And the seagulls they'll be smiling
And the rocks on the sand
Will proudly stand
The hour that the ship comes in.

And the words they use
For to get the ship confused
Will not be understood as they're spoken
For the chains of the sea
Will have busted in the night
And will be buried at the bottom of the ocean.

3. A song will lift
As the mainsail shifts
And the boat drifts on to the shore line
And the sun will respect
Every face on the deck
The hour when the ship comes in.

Then the sands will roll
Out a carpet of gold
For your weary toes to be a touchin'
And the ship's wise men
Will remind you once again
That the whole wide world is watchin'.

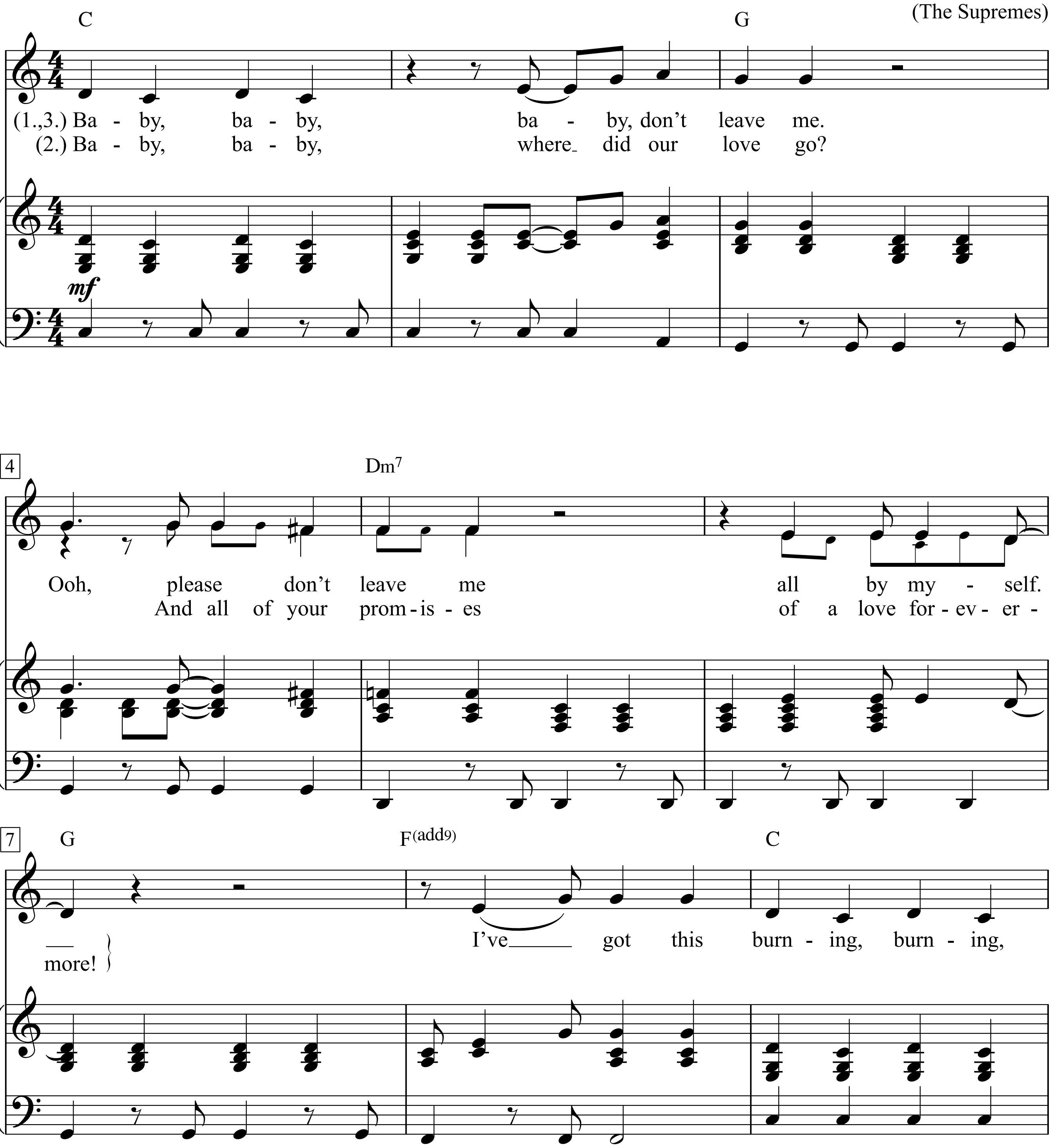
4. Oh the foes will rise
With the sleep still in their eyes
And they'll jerk from their beds and think they're dreamin'
But they'll pinch themselves and squeal
And know that it's for real
The hour when the ship comes in.

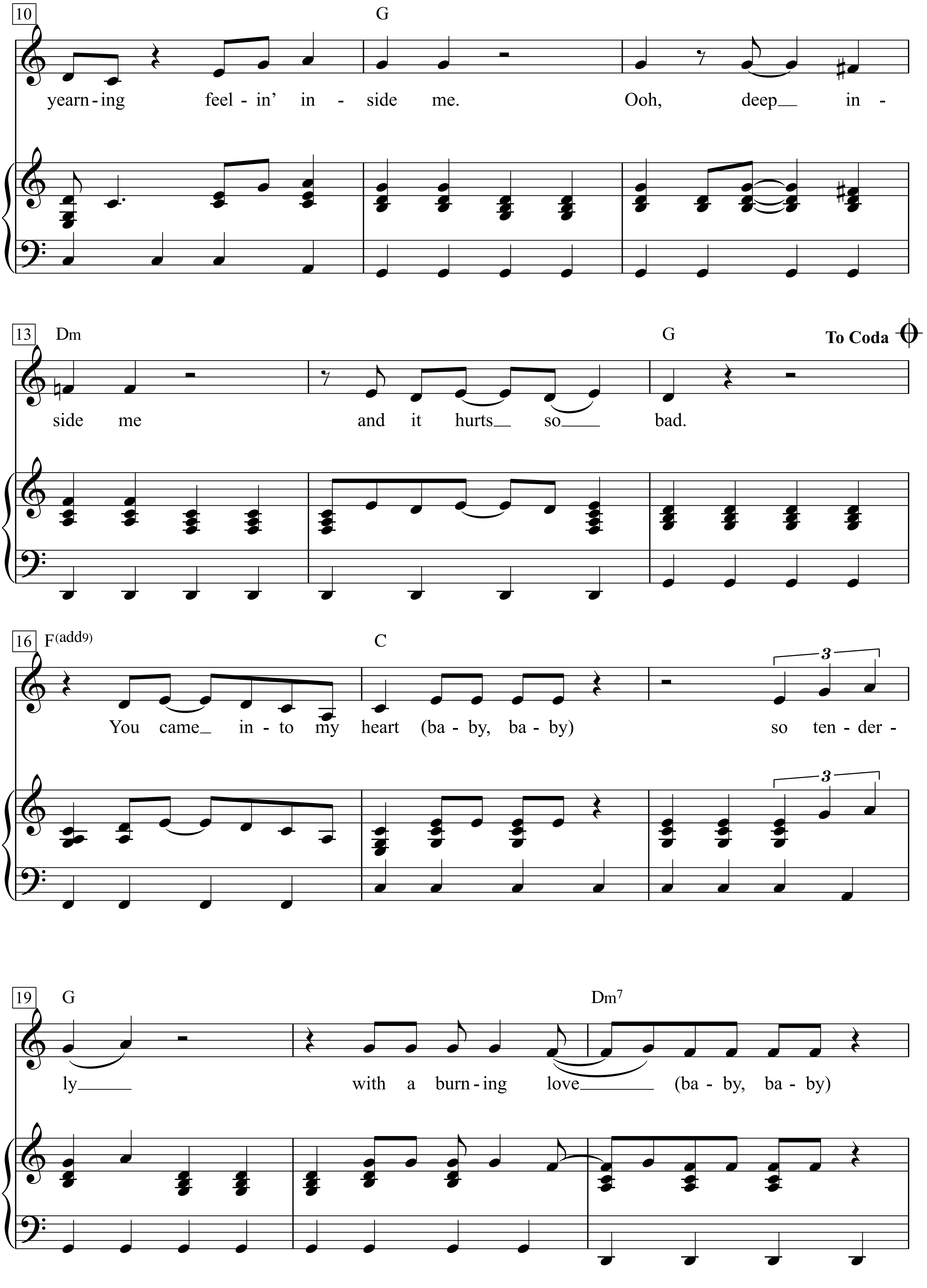
Then they'll raise their hands
Sayin' we'll meet all your demands
But we'll shout from the bow your days are numbered
And like Pharaoh's triumph
They'll be drowned in the tide
And like Goliath they'll be conquered.

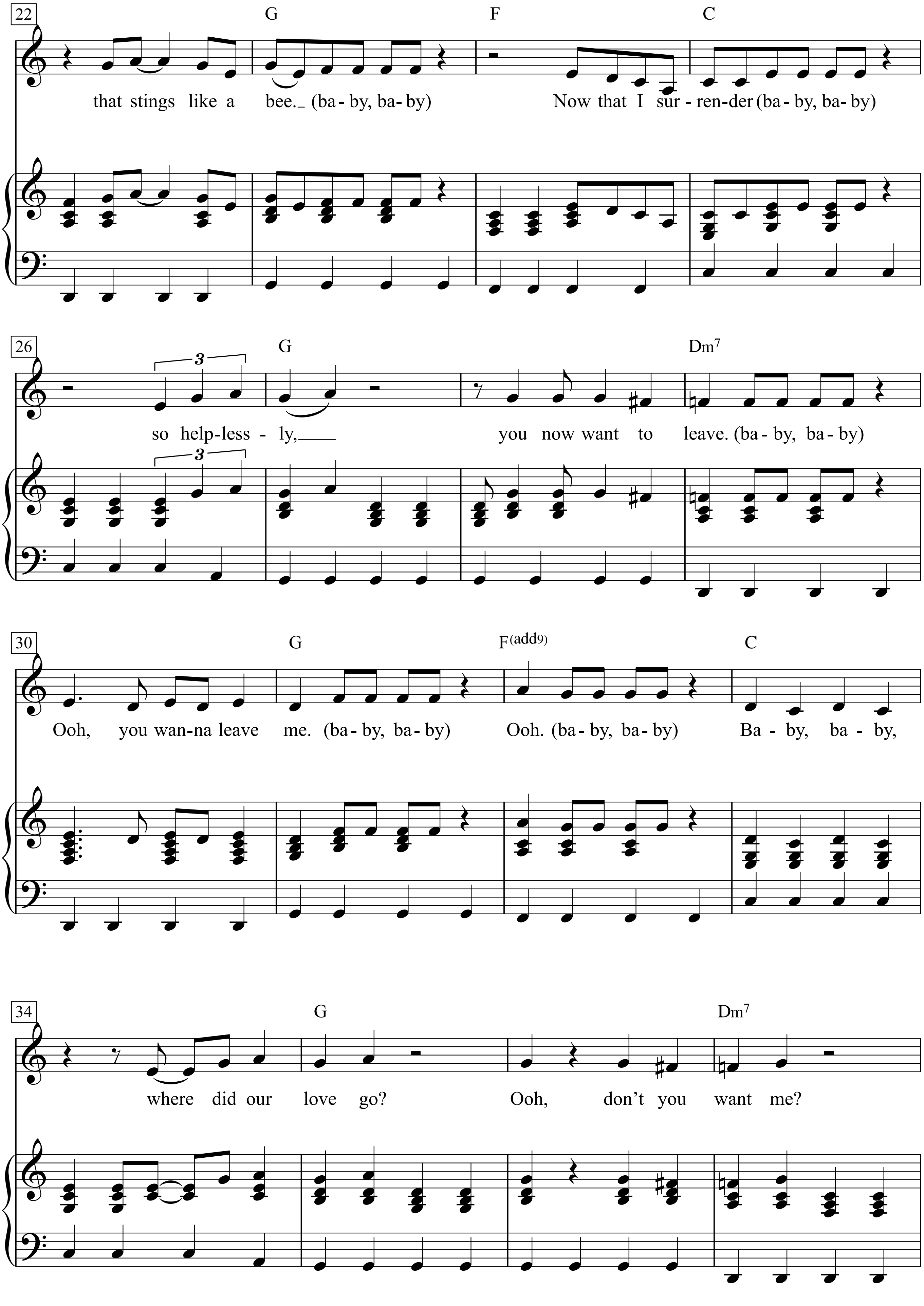
Where Did Our Love Go

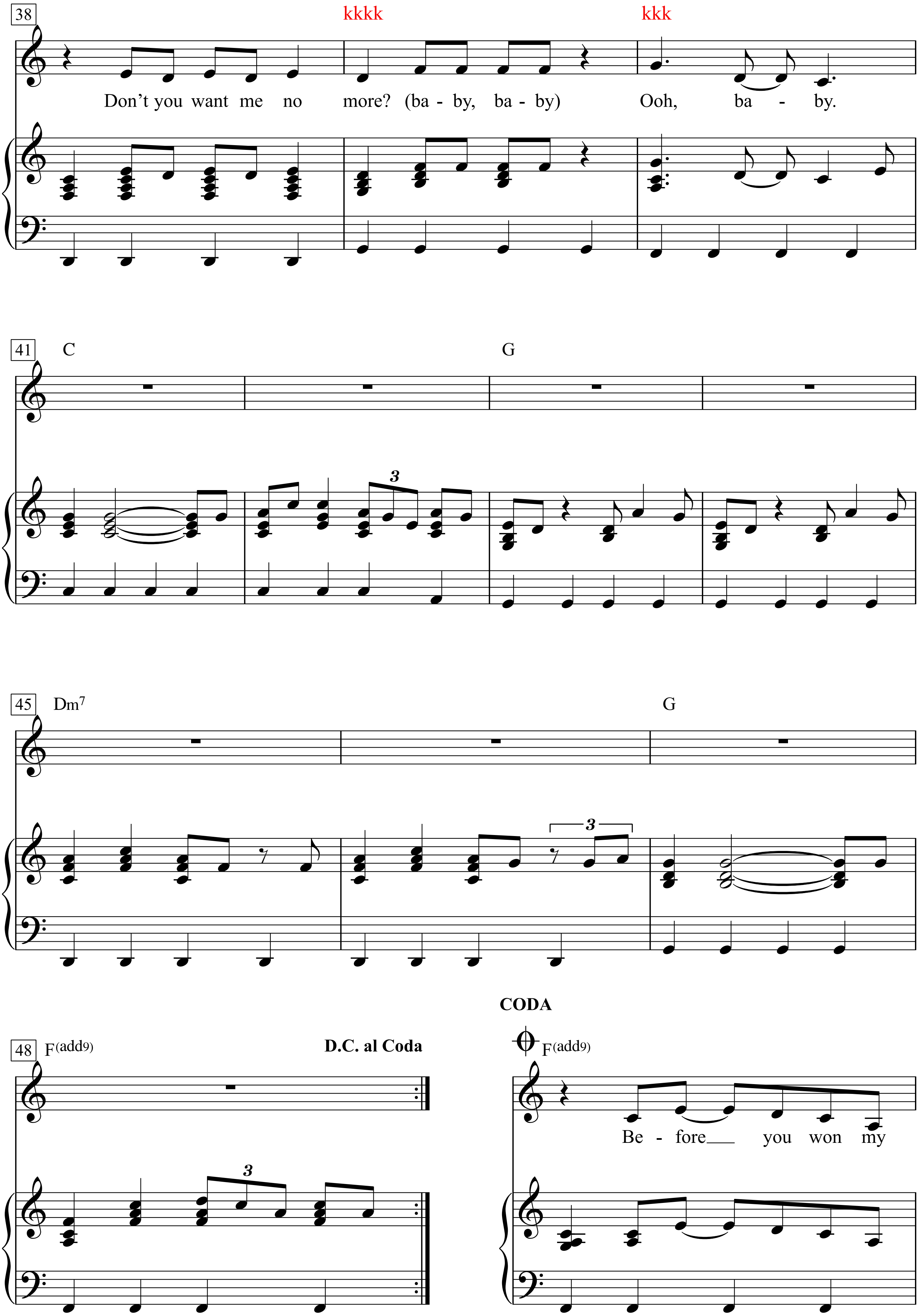
Words & Music by
Brian Holland, Lamont Dozier and Edward Holland
(The Supremes)

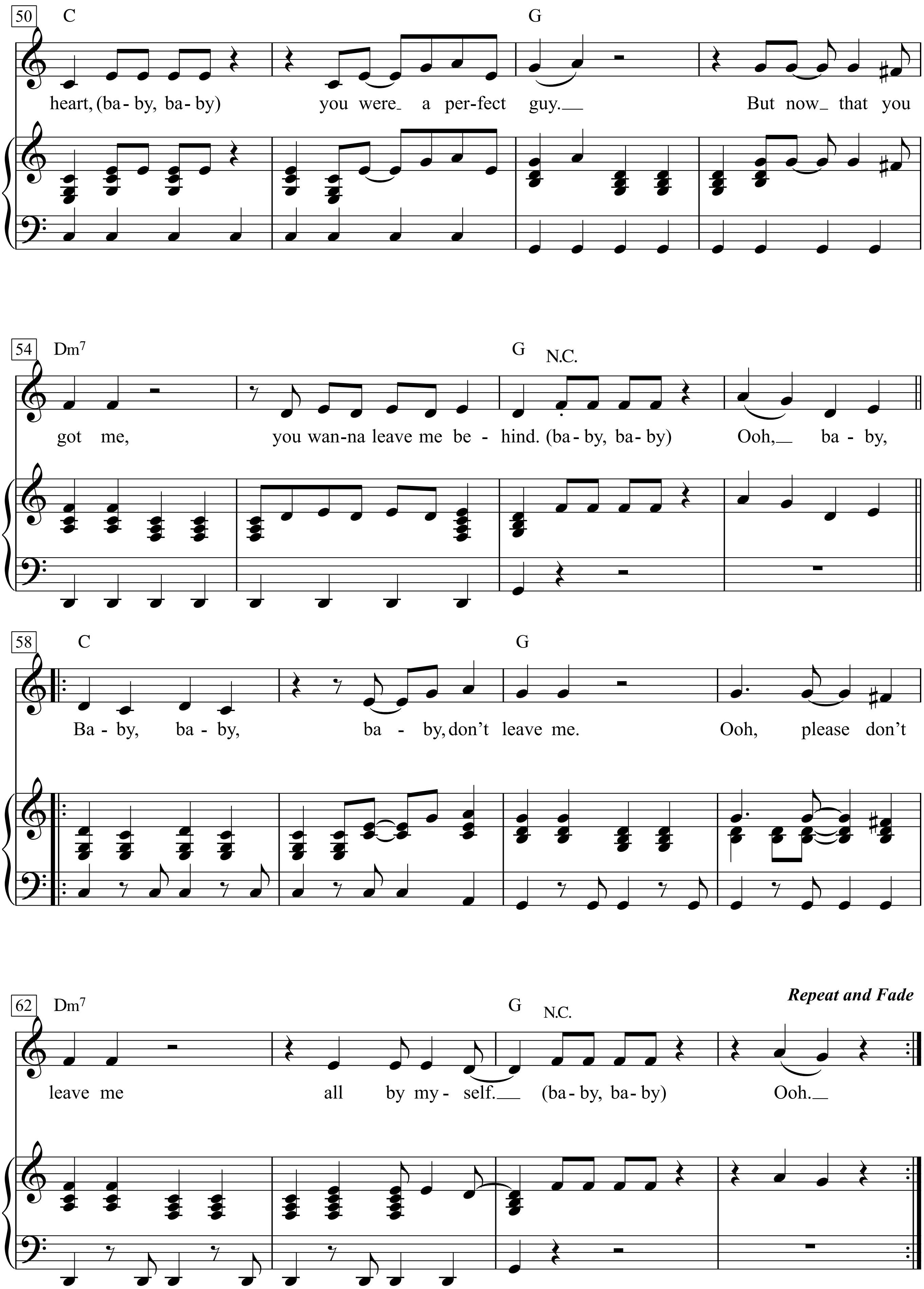
Rock Shuffle




10
G
yearn - ing feel - in' in - side me. Ooh, deep in -
13
Dm
G
To Coda
side me and it hurts so bad.
16
F(add9)
C
3
You came in - to my heart (ba - by, ba - by) so ten - der -
19
G
Dm7
ly with a burn - ing love (ba - by, ba - by)


22
G F C
that stings like a bee. (ba-by, ba-by) Now that I sur-ren-der (ba-by, ba-by)
26
3
G Dm7
so help-less-ly, you now want to leave. (ba-by, ba-by)
3
30
G F(add9) C
Ooh, you wan-na leave me. (ba-by, ba-by) Ooh. (ba-by, ba-by) Ba-by, ba-by,
34
G Dm7
where did our love go? Ooh, don't you want me?


38
kkkk
kkk
Don't you want me no more? (ba - by, ba - by) Ooh, ba - by.
41
C
G
3
45
Dm7
G
3
CODA
48
F(add9)
D.C. al Coda
3
F(add9)
Be - fore you won my


50
C
G
heart, (ba - by, ba - by) you were a per-fect guy.
But now that you
54
Dm7
G
N.C.
got me, you wan-na leave me be - hind. (ba - by, ba - by) Ooh, ba - by,
58
C
G
Ba - by, ba - by, ba - by, don't leave me. Ooh, please don't
62
Dm7
G
N.C.
Repeat and Fade
leave me all by my - self. (ba - by, ba - by) Ooh.

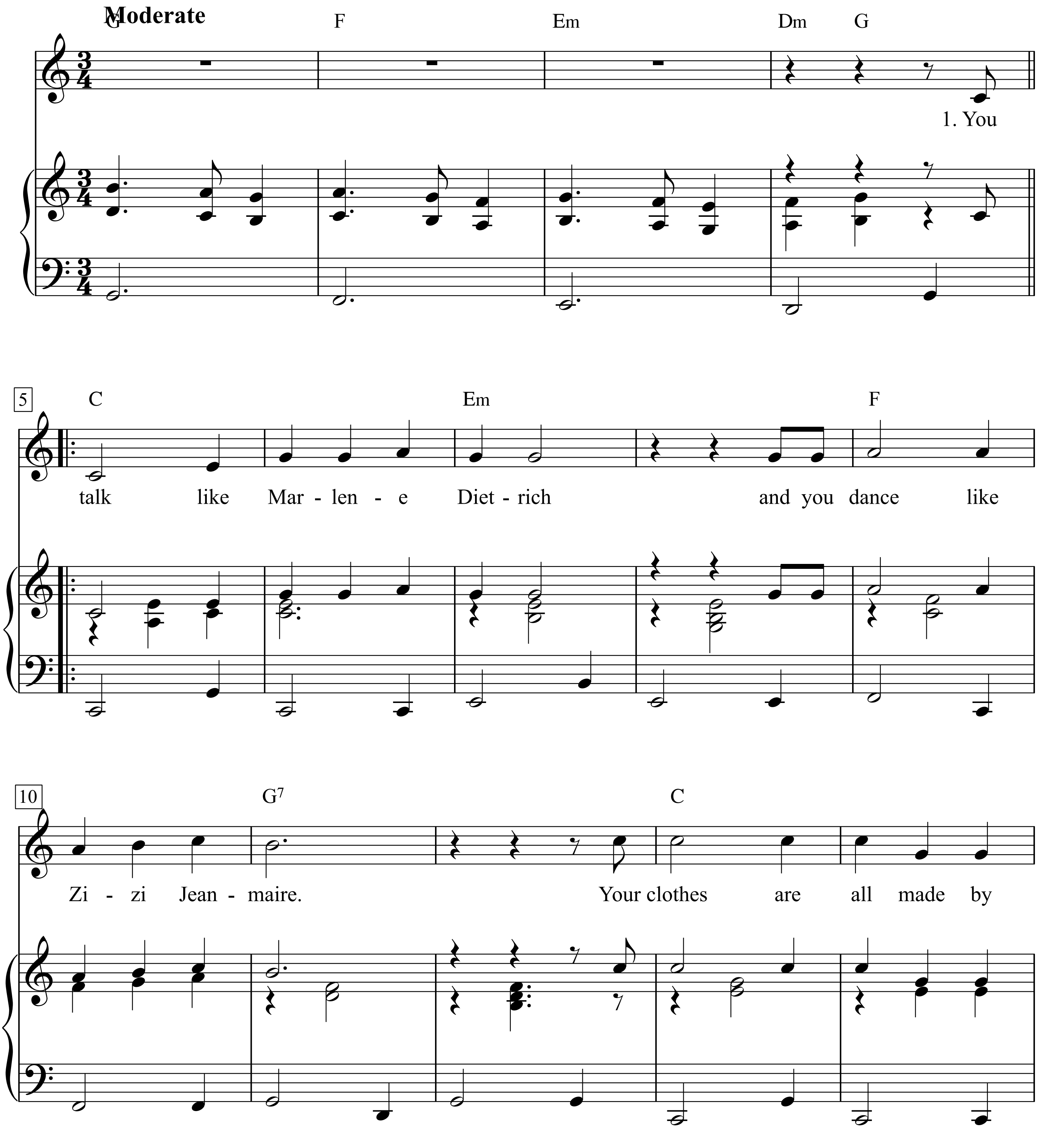
1. Baby, baby, baby, don't leave me.
Ooh, please don't leave me all by myself.
I've got this burning, burning,
yearning feelin' inside me.
Ooh, deep inside me and it hurts so bad.
You came into my heart (baby, baby)
so tenderly with a burning love (baby, baby)
that stings like a bee. (baby, baby)
Now that I surrender (baby, baby)
so helplessly, you now want to leave. (baby, baby)
Ooh, you wanna leave me. (baby, baby)
Ooh. (baby, baby) Baby, baby, where did our love go?
Ooh, don't you want me?
Don't you want me no more? (baby, baby)
Ooh, baby.
Before you won my heart, (baby, baby)
you were a perfect guy.
But now that you got me,
you wanna leave me behind. (baby, baby)
Ooh, baby,
Baby, baby, baby, don't leave me.
Ooh, please don't leave me
all by myself. (baby, baby) Ooh.

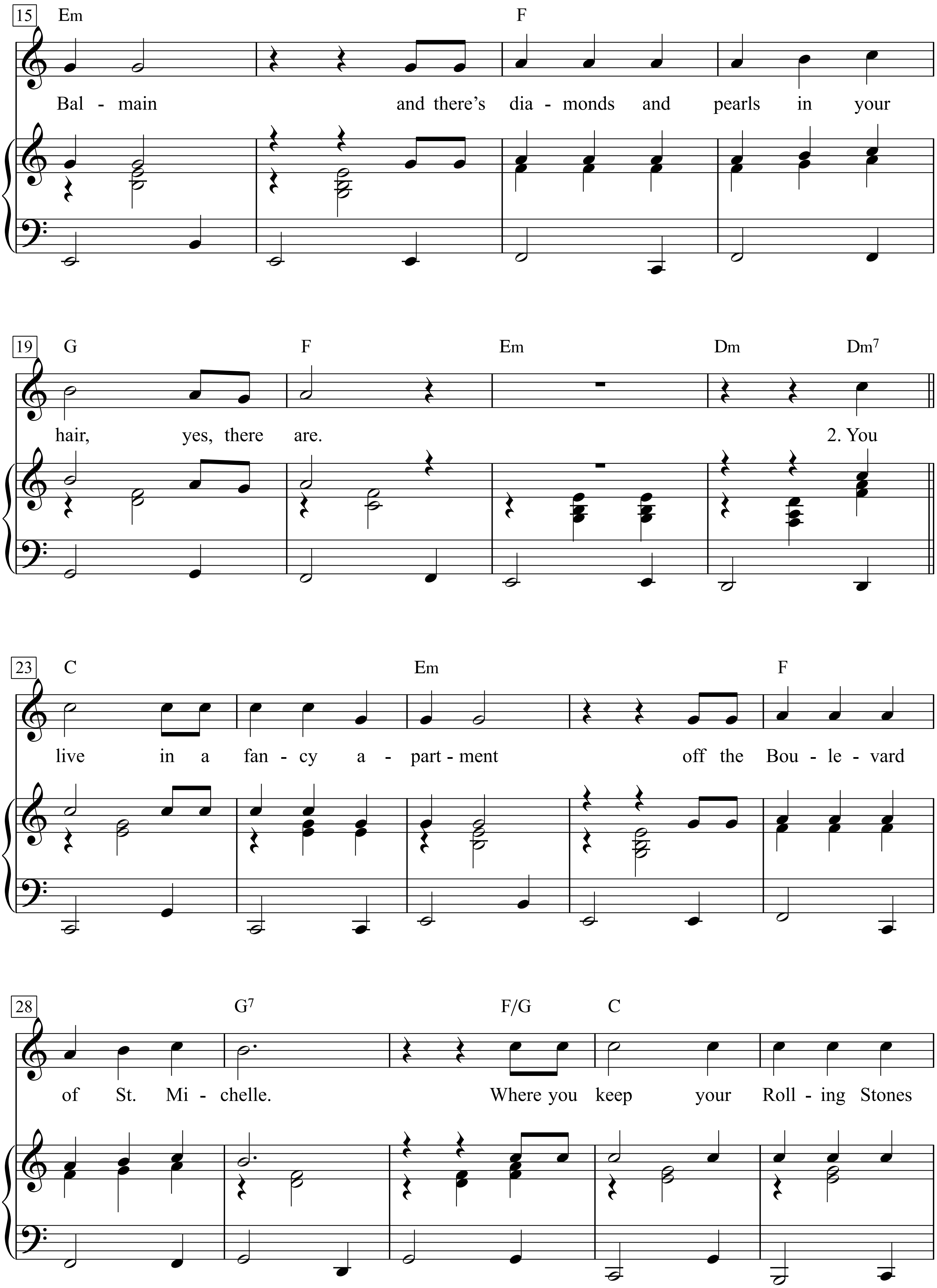
2. Baby, baby, where did our love go?
And all of your promises of a love forevermore!
I've got this burning, burning ...

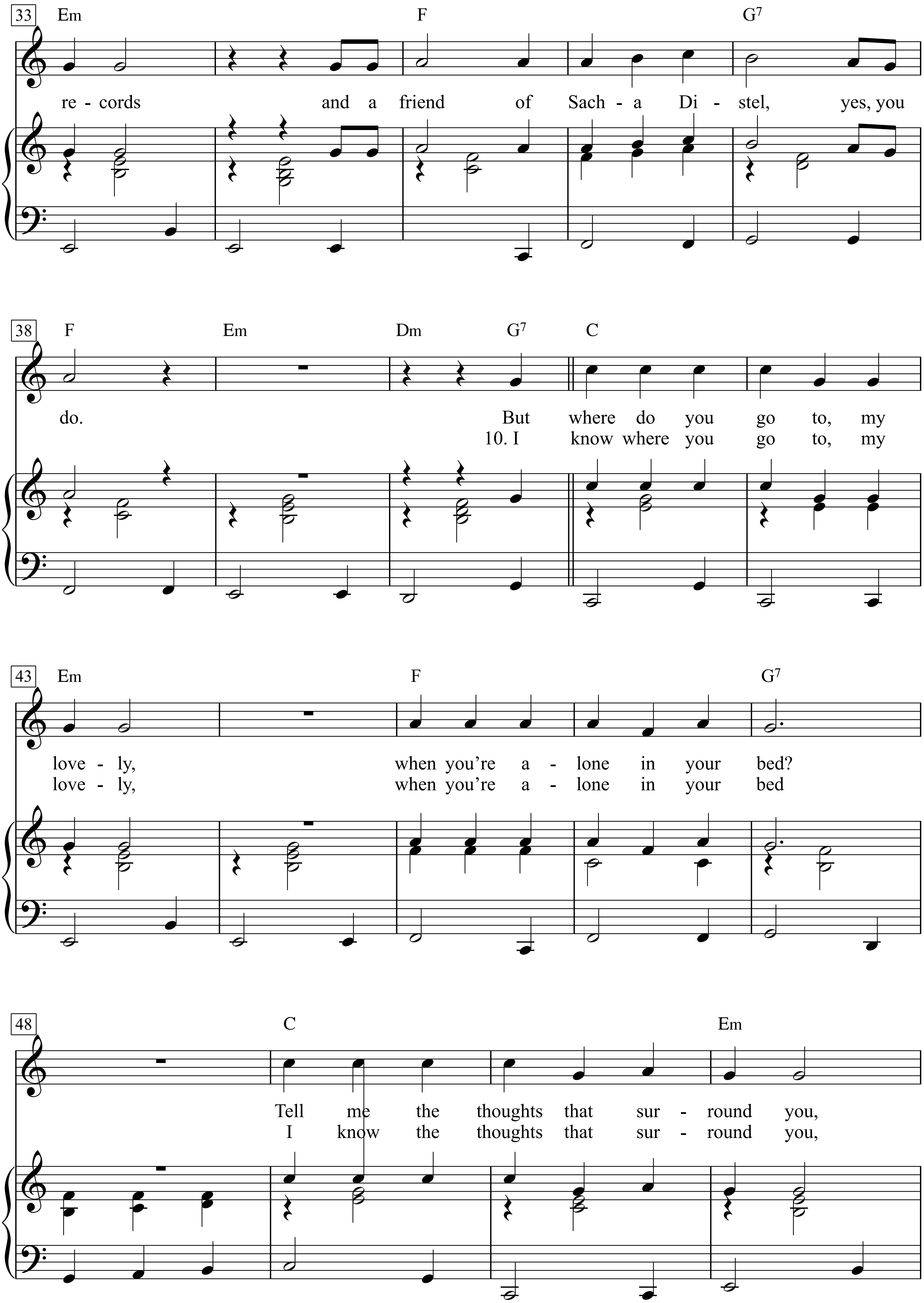
3. Baby, baby, baby, don't leave me.
Ooh, please don't leave me all by myself.
I've got this burning, burning ...

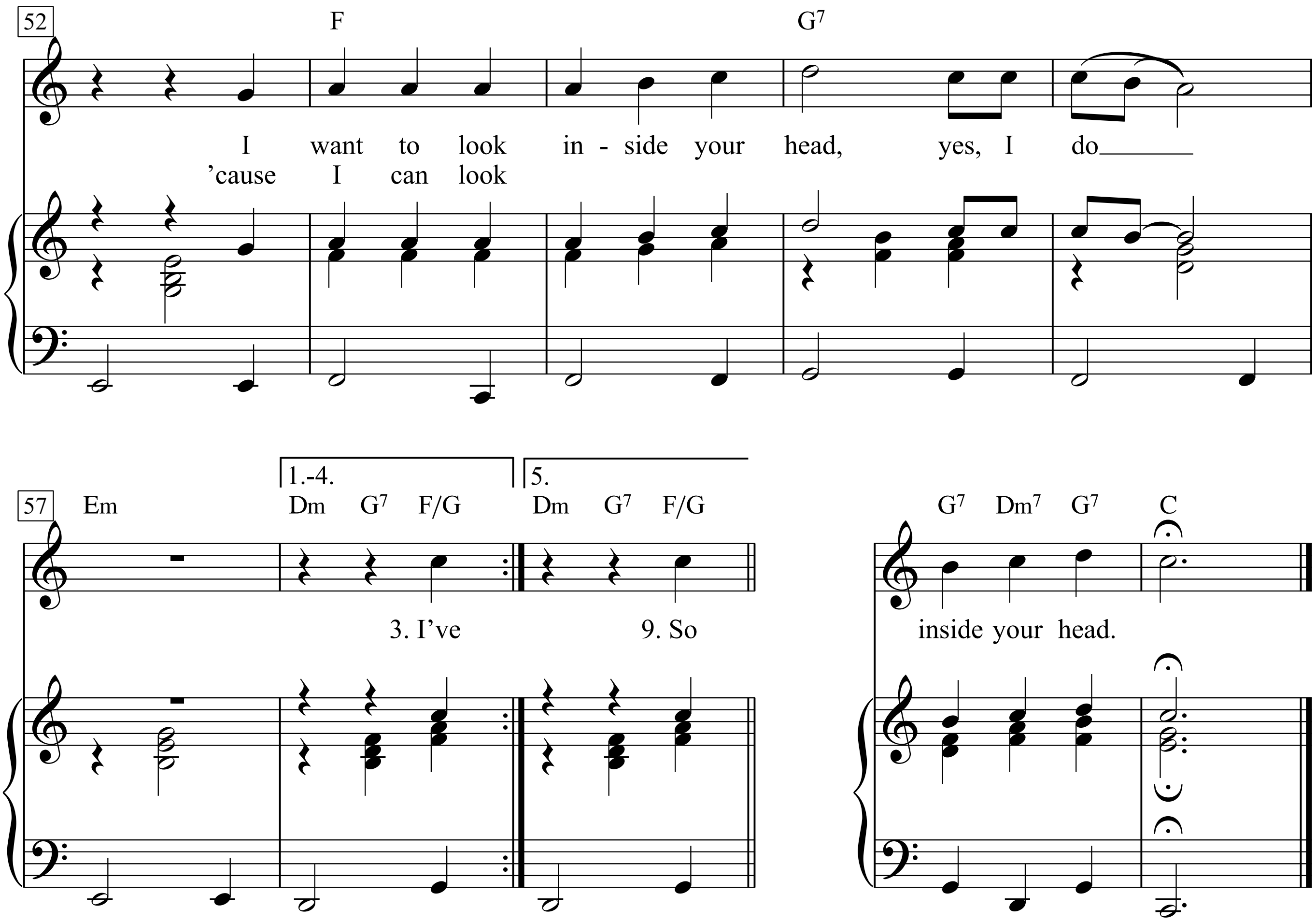
Where Do You Go To (My Lovely)

Words & Music by Peter Sarstedt
(Peter Sarstedt)




15
Em
F
Bal - main and there's dia - monds and pearls in your
19
G
F
Em
Dm
Dm7
hair, yes, there are. 2. You
23
C
Em
F
live in a fan - cy a - part - ment off the Bou - le - vard
28
G7
F/G
C
of St. Mi - chelle. Where you keep your Roll - ing Stones


33
Em F G7
re - cords and a friend of Sach - a Di - stel, yes, you
38
F Em Dm G7 C
do. But where do you go to, my
10. I know where you go to, my
43
Em F G7
love - ly, when you're a - lone in your bed?
love - ly, when you're a - lone in your bed
48
C Em
Tell me the thoughts that sur - round you,
I know the thoughts that sur - round you,


52
F
G7
I want to look in - side your head, yes, I do
'cause I can look
57
Em
1.-4.
Dm G7 F/G
5.
Dm G7 F/G
3. I've
9. So
G7 Dm7 G7 C
inside your head.

1. You talk like Marlene Dietrich
And you dance like Zizi Jeanmaire.
Your clothes are all made by Balmain
And there's diamonds and pearls in your hair, yes, there are.

2. You live in a fancy apartment
Off the Boulevard of St. Michelle.
Where you keep your Rolling Stones records
And a friend of Sacha Distel, yes, you do.

But where do you go to, my lovely,
When you're alone in your bed?
Tell me the thoughts that surround you,
I want to look inside your head, yes, I do.

3. I've seen all your qualifications
You got from the Sorbonne
And the painting you stole from Picasso
Your loveliness goes on and on, yes it does.

4. When you go on your summer vacation
You go to Juan le Pines
With your carefully designed topless swimsuit
You get an even suntan, on your back and on your legs.

5. When the snow falls you're found in St. Moritz
With the others of the jet-set
And you sip your Napoleon Brandy
But you never get your lips wet, no you don't.

6. Your name is heard in high places
You know the Aga Khan
He sent you a racehorse for ChRistmas
And you keep it just for fun, for a laugh, ha ha ha.

7. They say that when you get married
It'll be to a millionaire
But they don't realize where you came from
And I wonder if they really care, or give a damn.

8. I remember the back streets of Naples
Two children begging in rags
Both touched with a burning ambition
To shake off their lowly brown tags, they try.

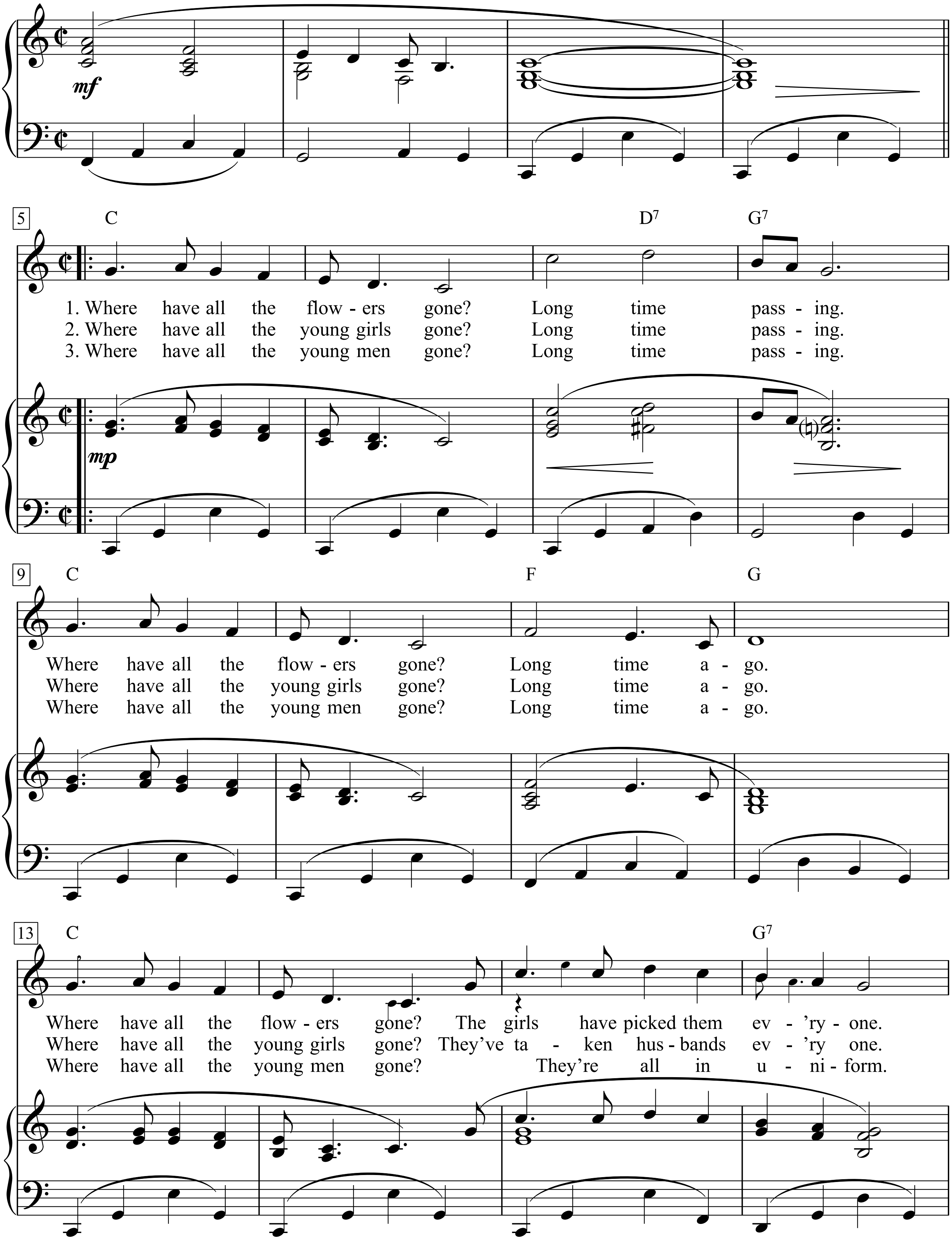
9. So look into my face; Marie-Claire
And remember just who you are
Then go and forget me forever
But I know you still bear the scar, deep inside, yes you do.

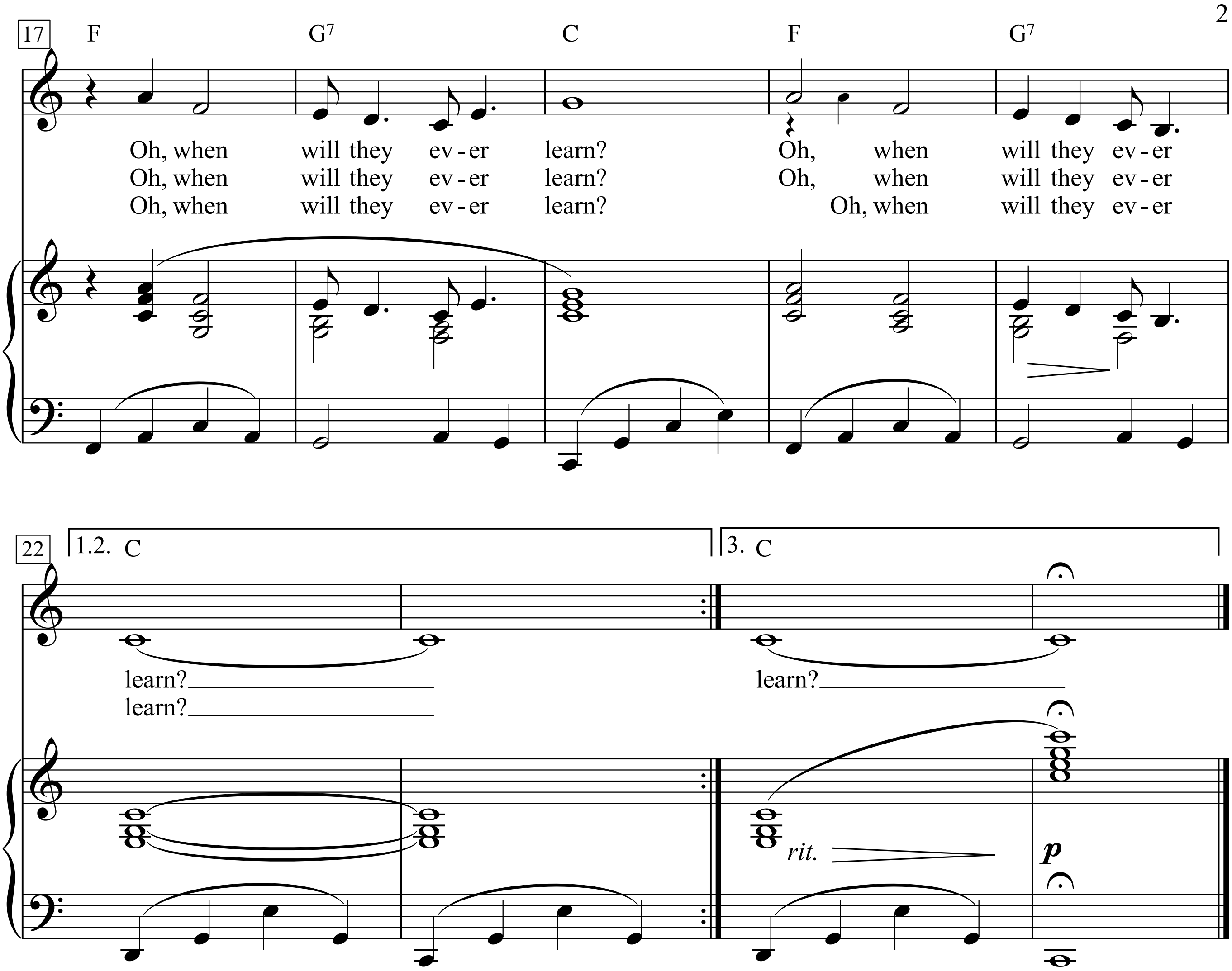
10. I know where you go to, my lovely,
when you're alone in your bed
I know the thoughts that surround you,
'Cause I can look inside your head.

Where Have All the Flowers Gone

Words & Music by Pete Seeger
(Pete Seeger)

Moderately slow, with simplicity





1.Where have all the flowers gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the flowers gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the flowers gone?
The girls have picked them ev'ryone.
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn?

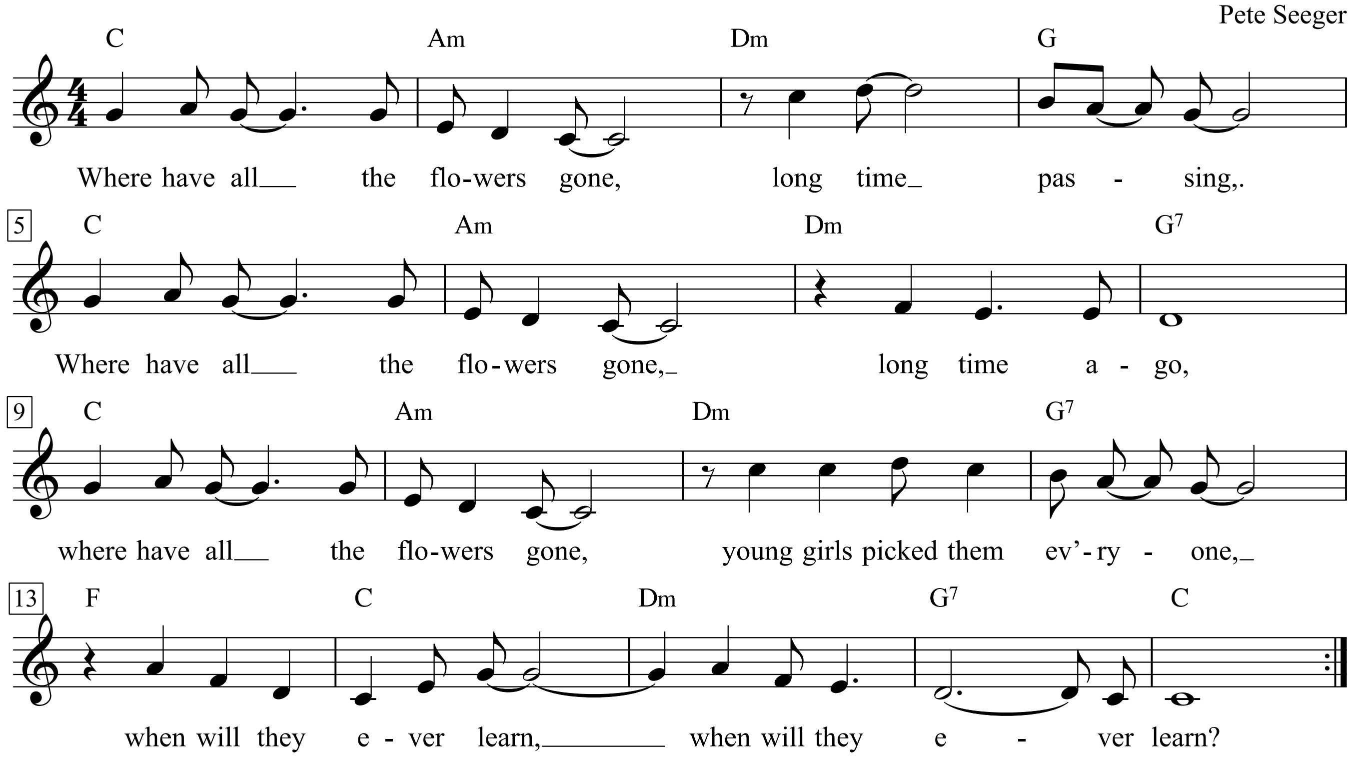
2. Where have all the young girls gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the young girls gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the young girls gone?
They've taken husbands ev'ry one.
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn?

3. Where have all the young men gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the young men gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the young men gone?
They're all in uniform.
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the flowers gone

deutscher Text: Max Colpet

Text & Melodie:
Pete Seeger

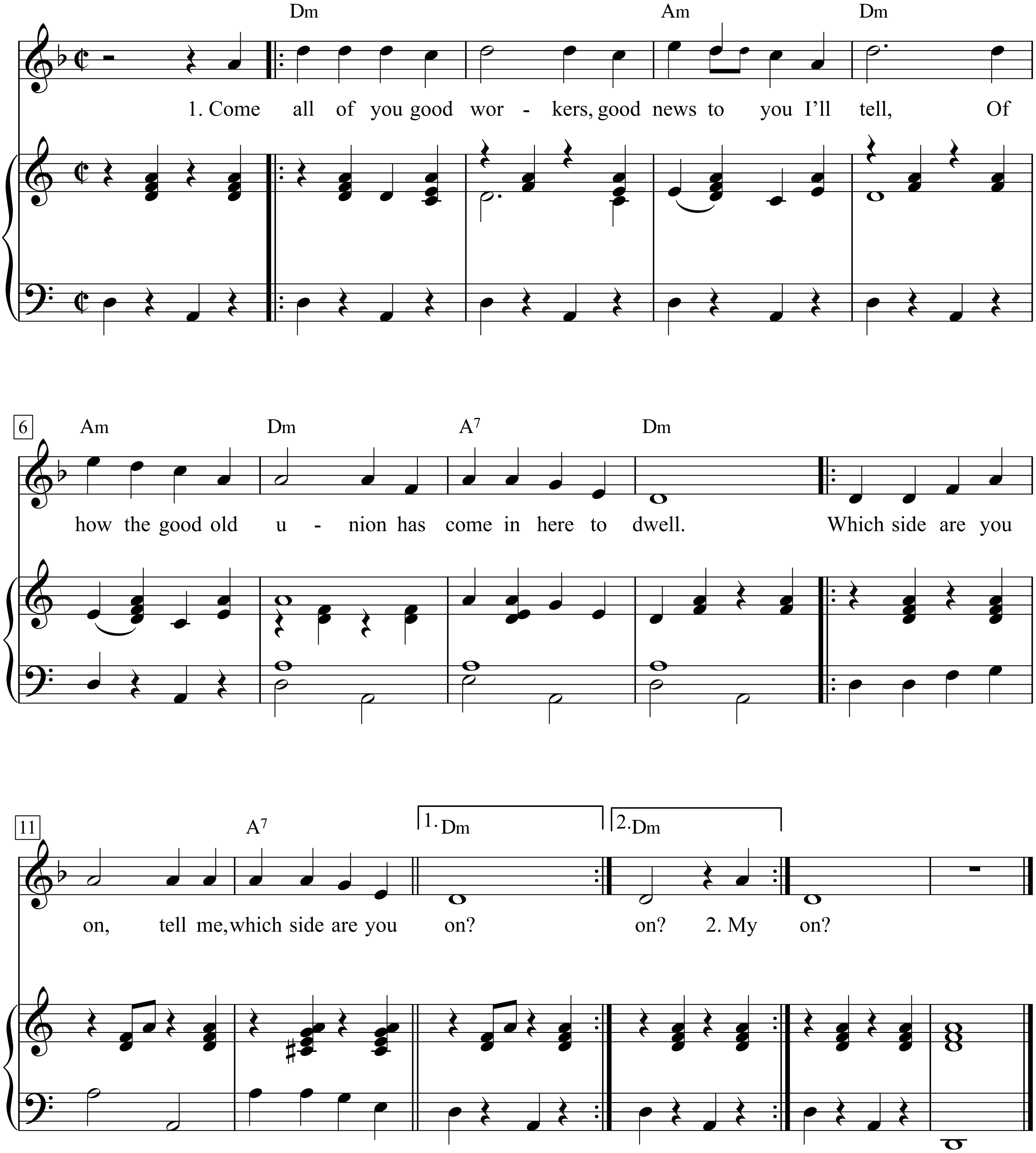


1. Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing,.
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago,
where have all the flowers gone, young girls picked them ev'ryone,
when will they ever learn, when will they ever learn?
2. Where have all the young girls gone, long time passing,
where have all the young girls gone, long time ago,
where have all the young girls gone, gone to the young men every one
when will they ever learn, when will they ever learn?
3. Where have all the young men gone, long time passing,
where have all the young men gone, long time ago,
where have all the young men gone, they are all in uniform,
when will they ever learn, when will they ever learn?
4. Where have all the soldiers gone, long time passing,
where have all the soldiers gone, long time ago,
where have all the soldiers gone, gone to graveyards every one
when will they ever learn, when will they ever learn?
5. Where have all the graveyards gone, long time passing,
where have all the graveyards gone, long time ago,
where have all the graveyards gone, covered with flowers every one,
when will they ever learn, when will they ever learn?
6. Where have all the flowers gone ...

1. Sag mir, wo die Blumen sind, wo sind sie geblieben?
Sag mir, wo die Blumen sind. Was ist geschehn?
Sag mir, wo die Blumen sind. Mädchen pflückten sie geschwind.
Wann wird man je verstehn? Wann wird man je verstehn?
2. Sag mir, wo die Mädchen sind ... Männer nahmen sie geschwind ...
3. Sag mir, wo die Männer sind ... Zogen fort, der Krieg beginnt...
4. Sag, wo die Soldaten sind ... Über Gräbern weht der Wind ...
5. Sag mir, wo die Gräber sind ... Blumen blühn im Sommerwind .
6. Sag mir, wo die Blumen sind...

Which Side Are You On?

Rather fast, strong, with gusto ♩ = 155



1. Come all of you good workers,
Good news to you I'll tell,
Of how the good old union
Has come in here to dwell.
Chorus:
Which side are you on,
Tell me, which side are you on?

2. My daddy was a miner,
He's now in the air an' sun,
Stick with him, brother miners,
Until this battle's won,
Chorus:

3. They say in Harlan county.
There are no neutrals there,
You'll either be a union man,
Or a thug for J. H, Blair,
Chorus:

4. O gentlemen, can you stand it,
O tell me if you can.
Will you be a lousy scab,
Or will you be a man?
Chorus:

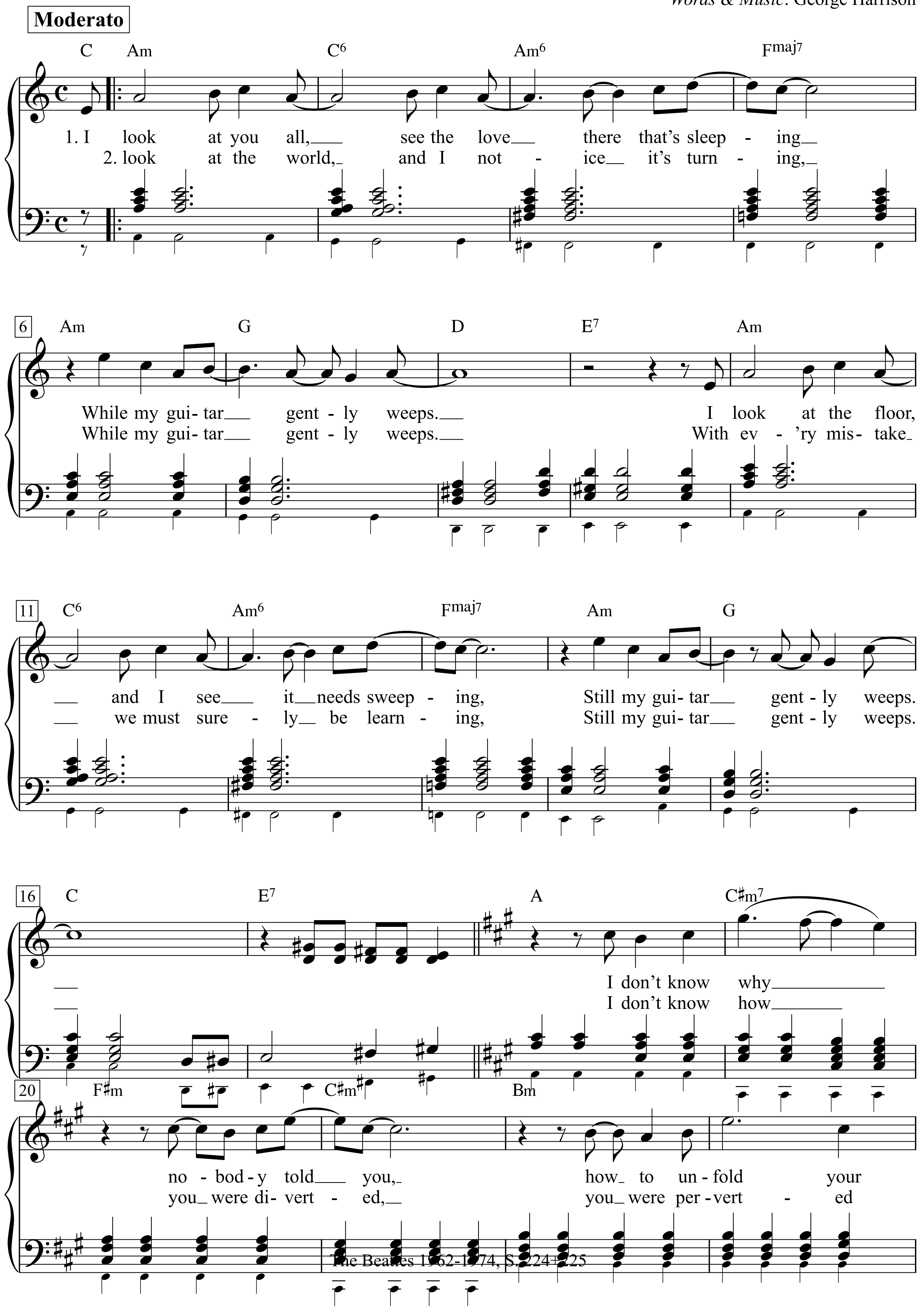
5. Don't scab for the bosses,
Don't listen to their lies,
Us workers haven't got a chance,
Unless we organize,
Chorus:

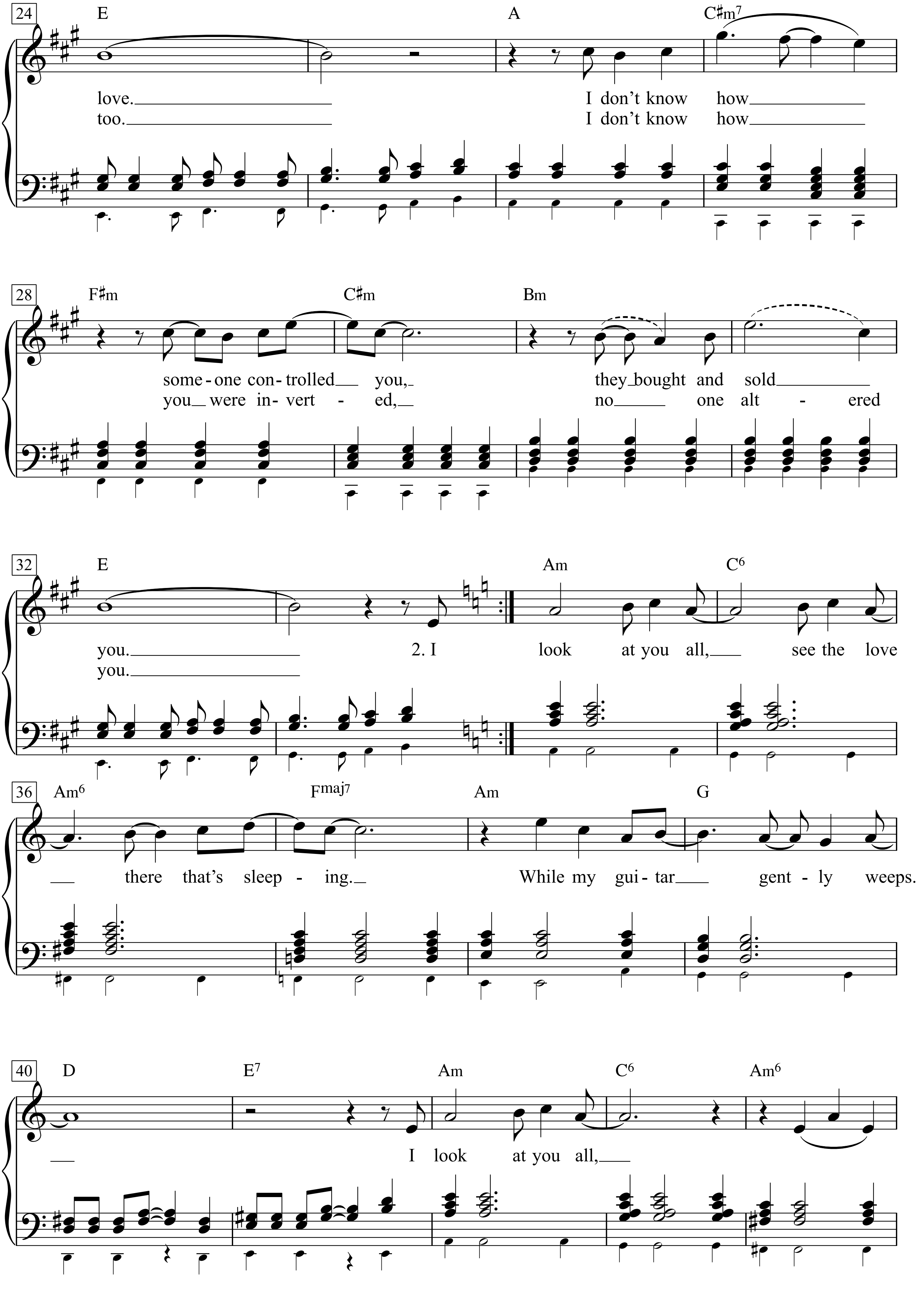
Florence Reece, a shy, towheaded Kentucky miner's daughter, composed this song at the age of twelve when her Father was out on strike. She sang it to me standing in front of the primitive hearth of a log cabin in the back woods of Kentucky in 1937 and it has since become a national union song. The tune is an American variant of the English *Jack Munro*, 'Which side are you On' having been substituted for 'Lay the lily-o'.

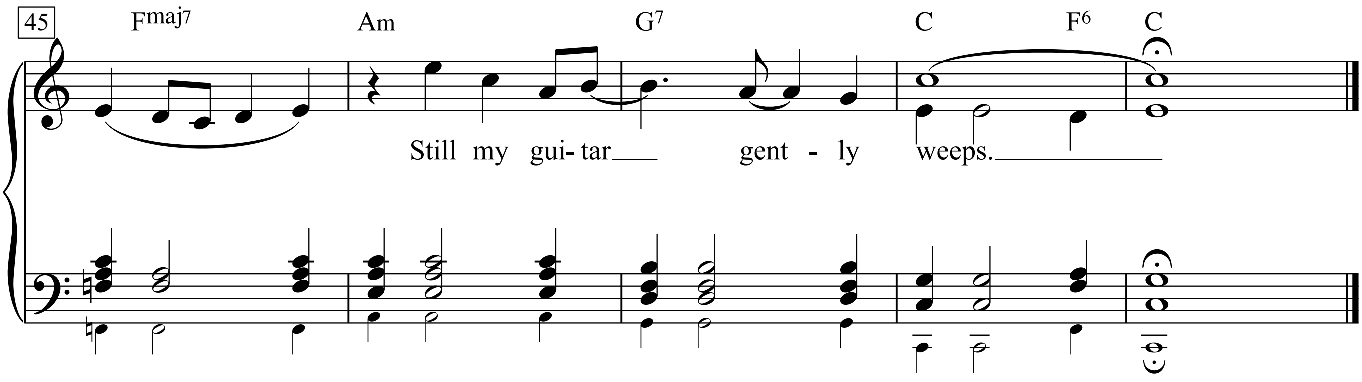
While My Guitar Gently Weeps

(Organ: Registration No. 3)

Words & Music: George Harrison




24
E
A
C♯m7
love.
too.
I don't know how
I don't know how
28
F♯m
C♯m
Bm
some - one con - trolled you,
you were in - vert - ed,
they bought and sold
no one alt - ered
32
E
Am
C6
you.
you.
2. I
look at you all, see the love
36
Am6
Fmaj7
Am
G
there that's sleep - ing.
While my gui - tar gent - ly weeps.
40
D
E7
Am
C6
Am6
I look at you all,



I look at you all, see the love there that's sleeping
While my guitar gently weeps
I look at the floor and I see it needs sweeping
Still my guitar gently weeps

I don't know why nobody told you how to unfold your love
I don't know how someone controlled you
They bought and sold you

I look at the world and I notice it's turning
While my guitar gently weeps
With every mistake we must surely be learning
Still my guitar gently weeps

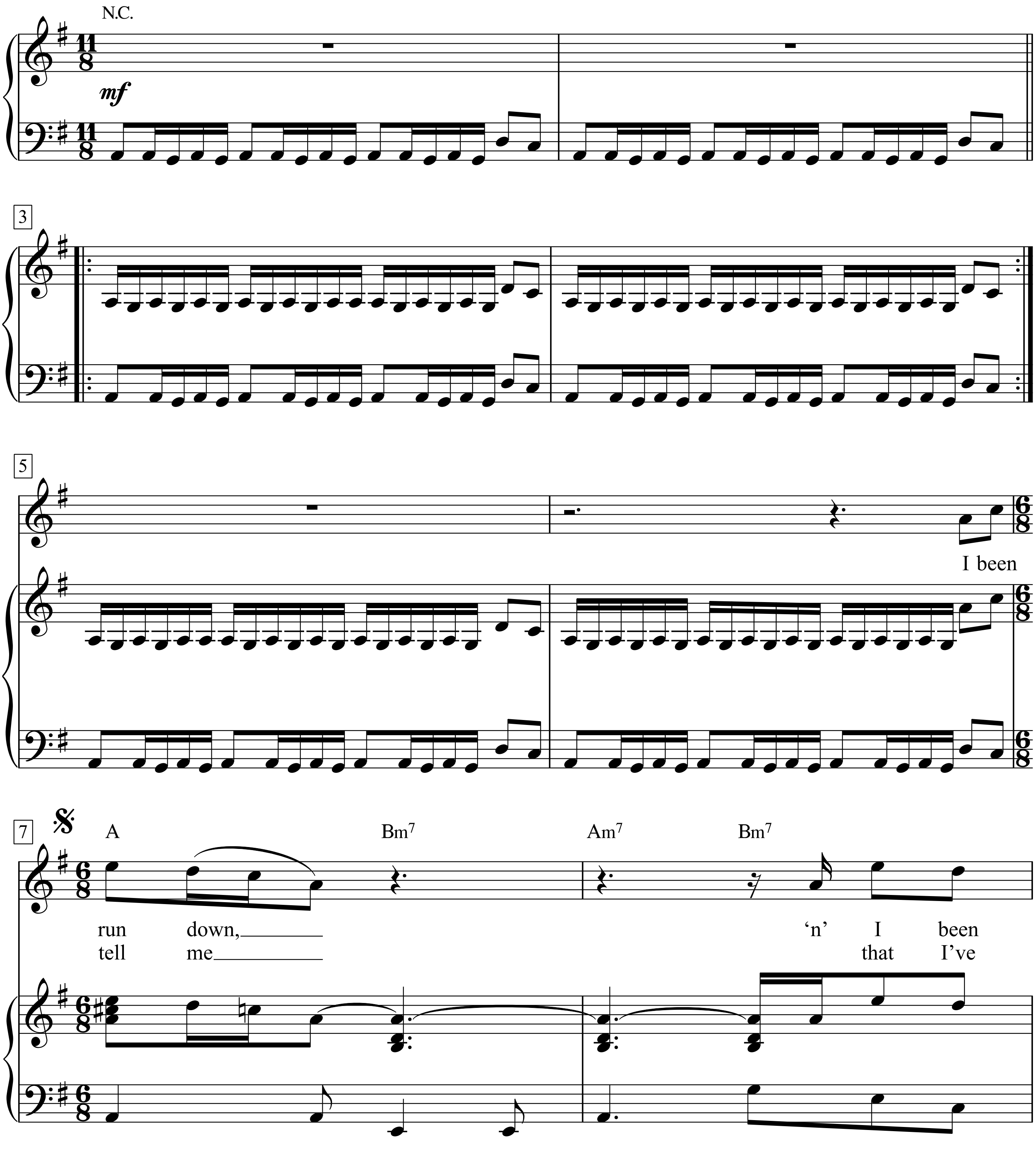
I don't know how you were diverted
You were perverted too
I don't know how you were inverted
No-one alerted you

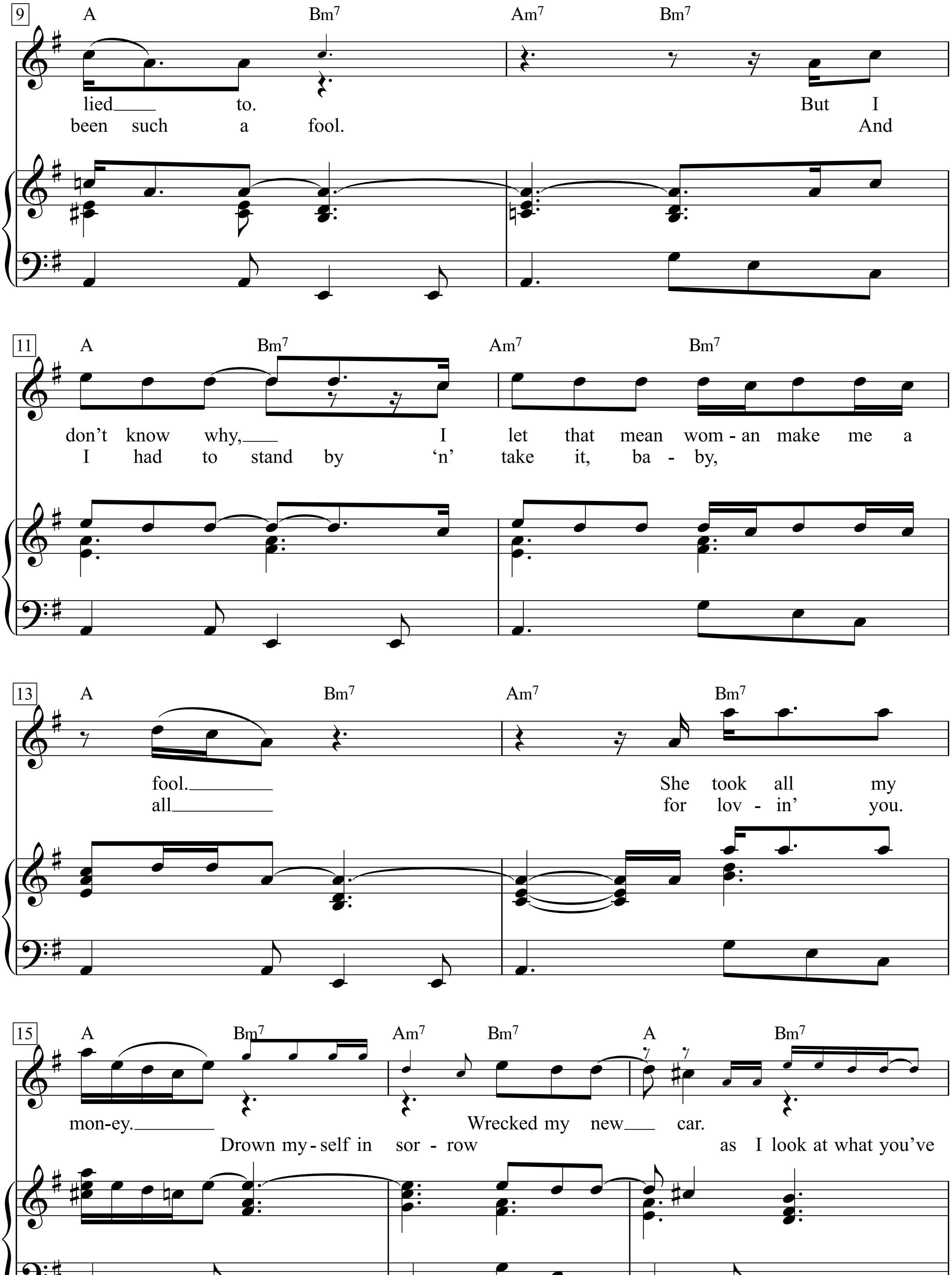
I look at you all, see the love there that's sleeping
While my guitar gently weeps
Look at you all......
Still my guitar gently weeps

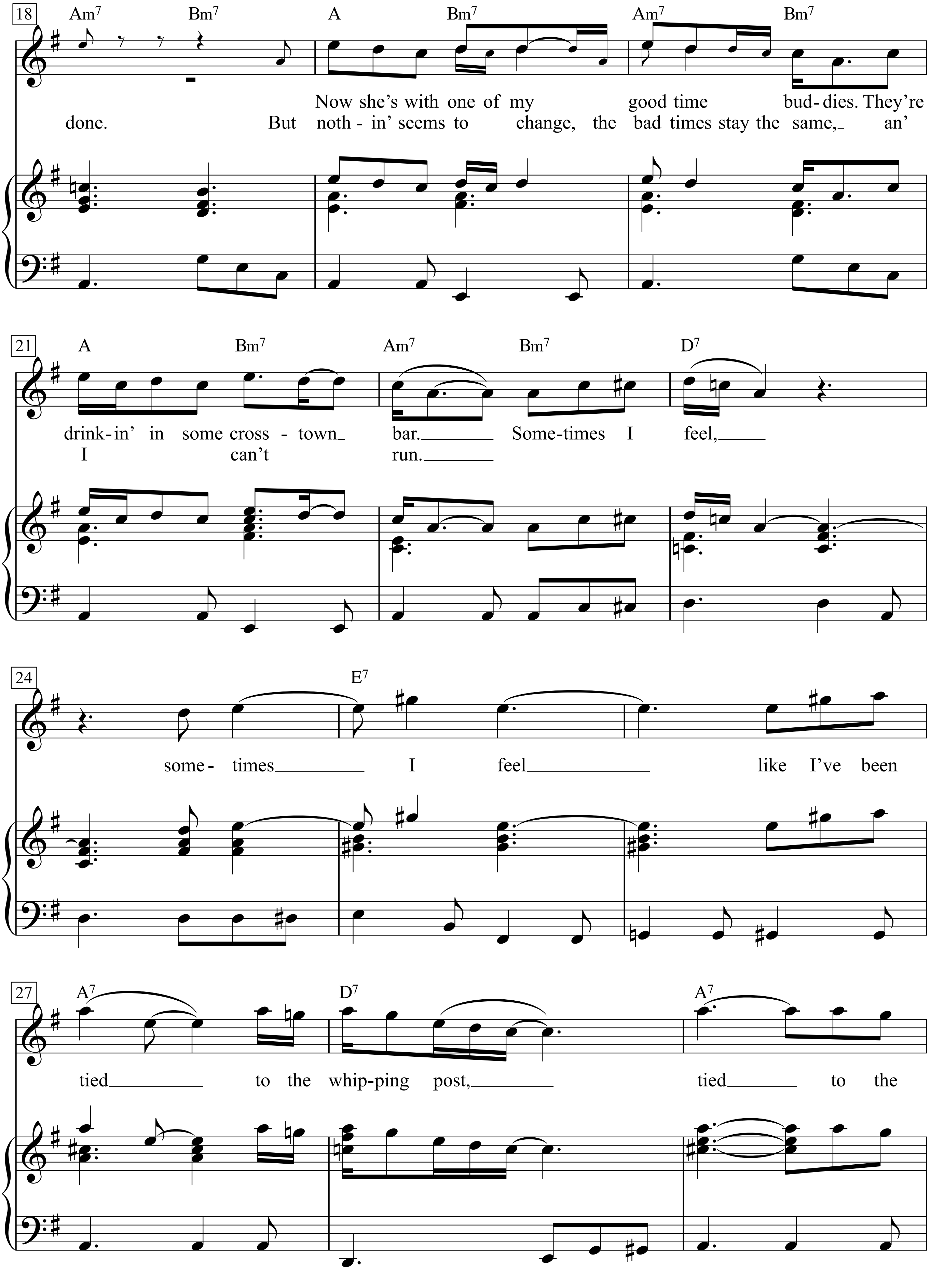
Whipping Post

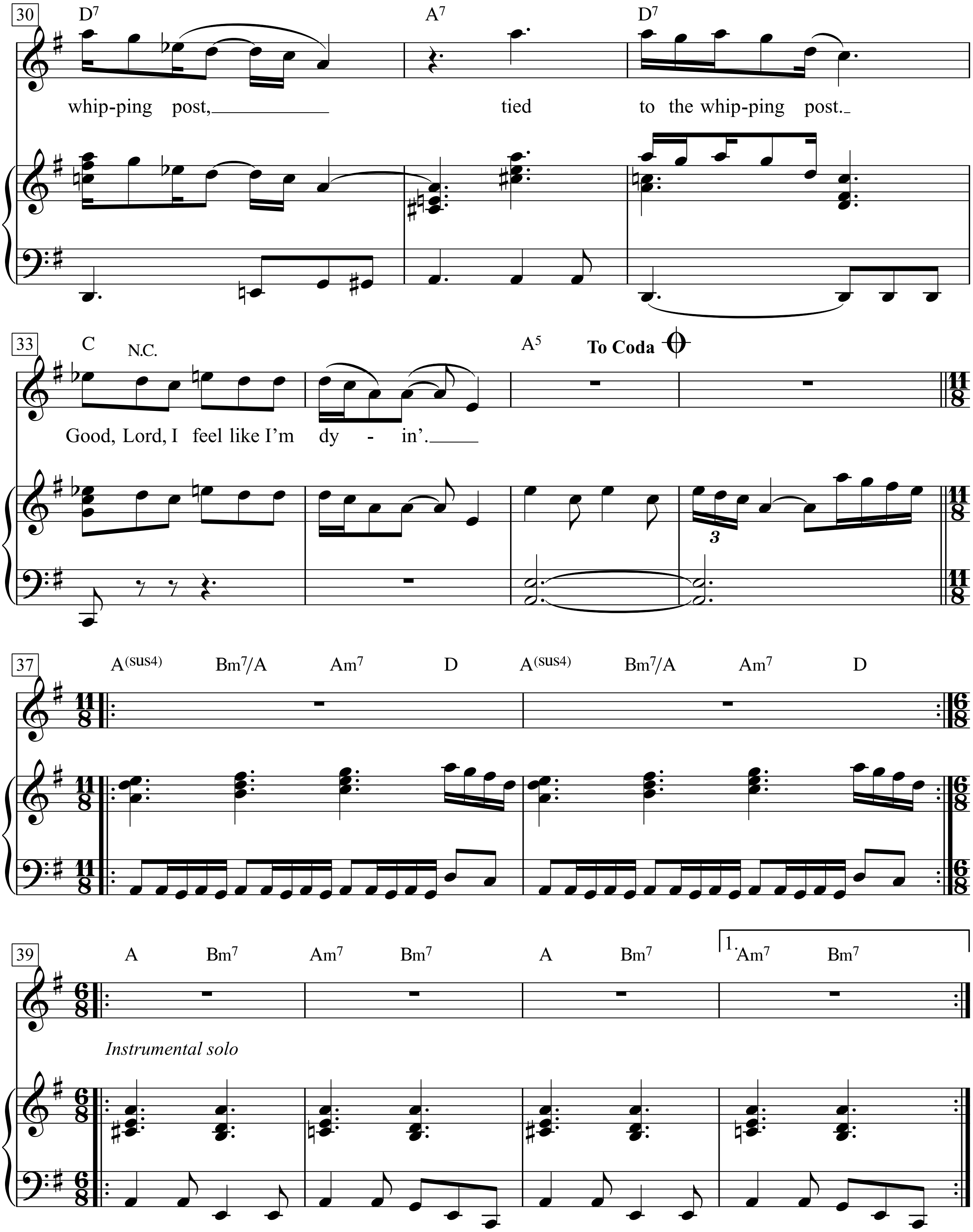
Words & Music by Gregg Allman
(The Allman Brothers)

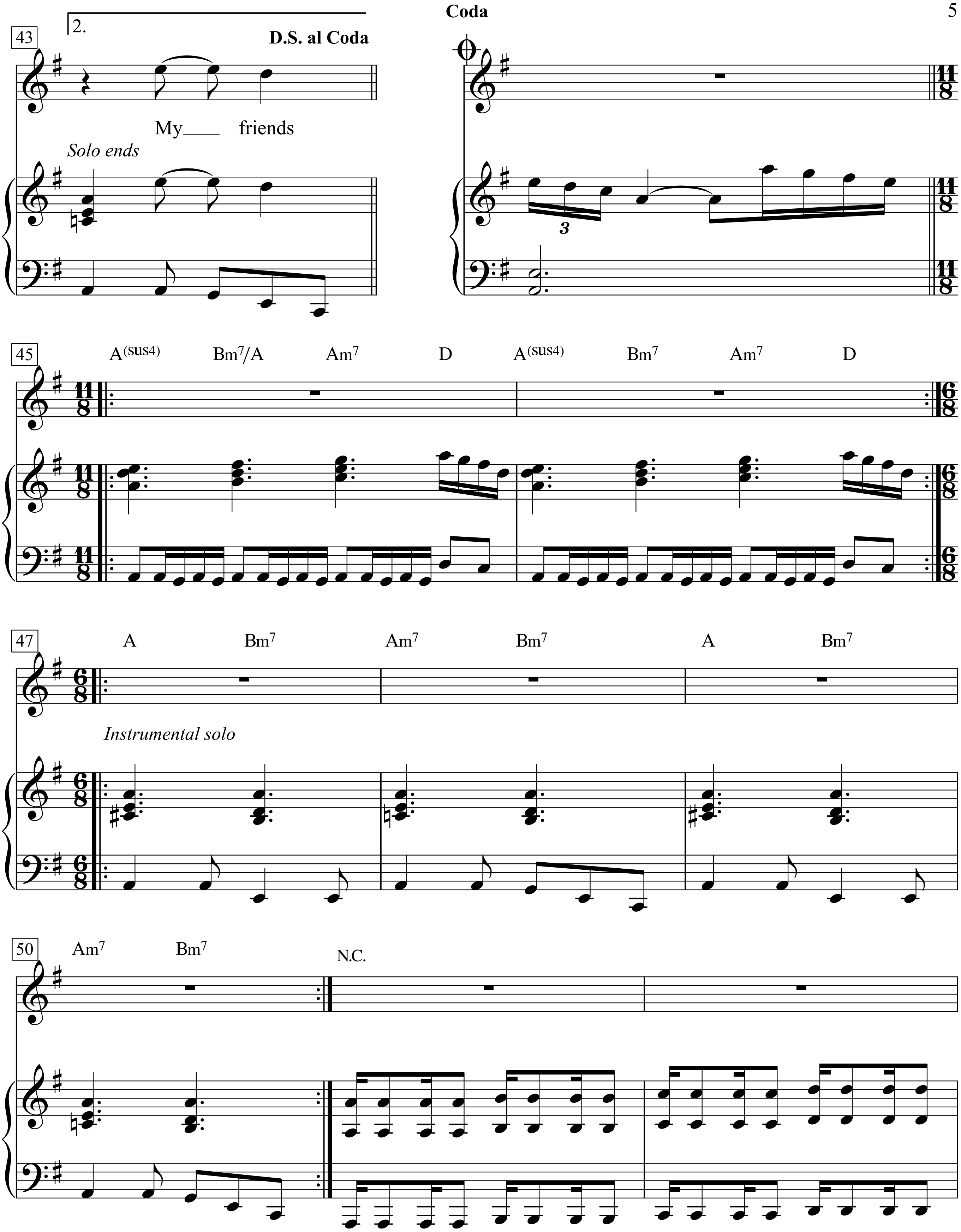
Moderately fast, driving

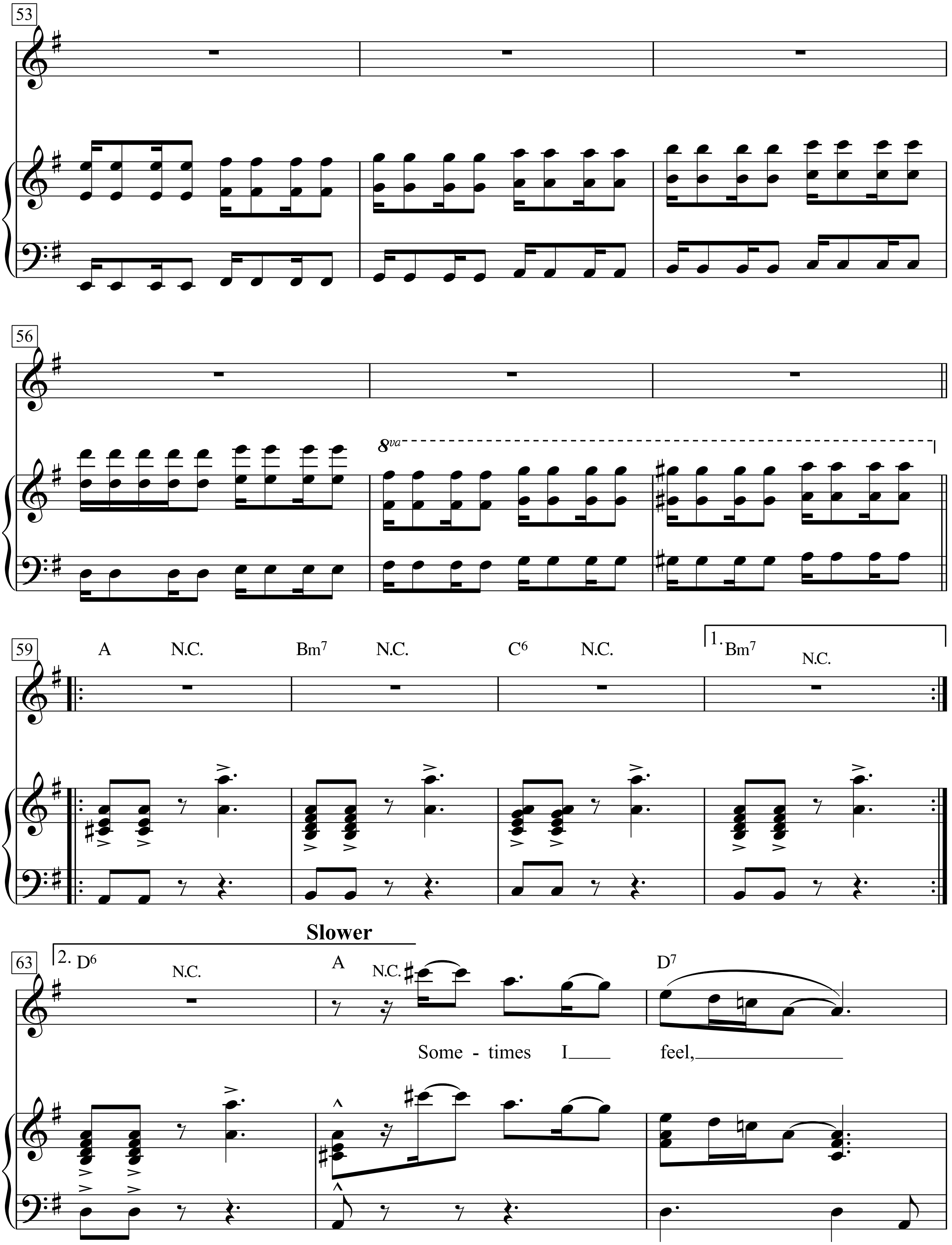


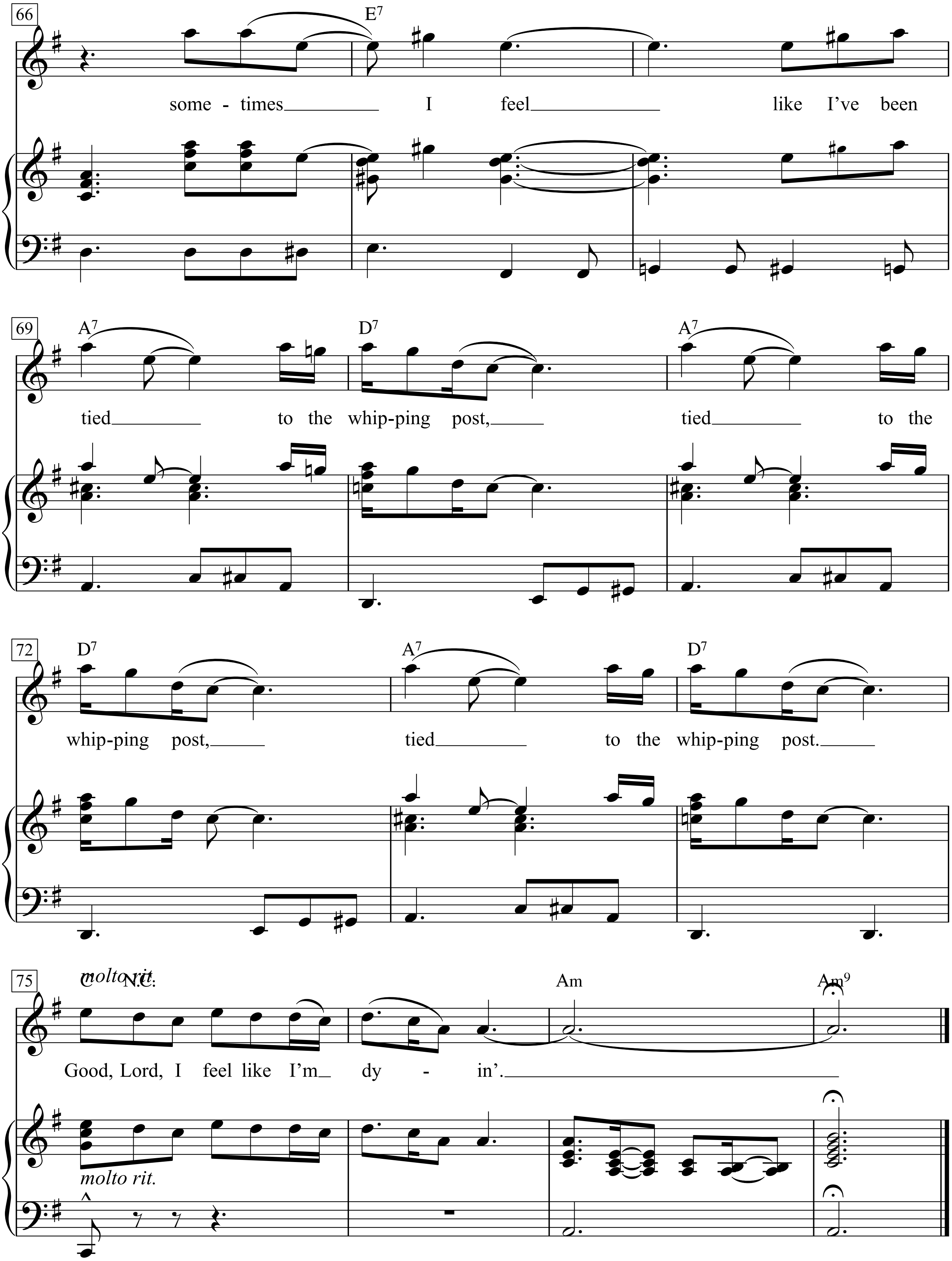

9
A Bm7 Am7 Bm7
lied to. But I
been such a fool. And
11
A Bm7 Am7 Bm7
don't know why, I let that mean wom - an make me a
I had to stand by 'n' take it, ba - by,
13
A Bm7 Am7 Bm7
fool. She took all my
all for lov - in' you.
15
A Bm7 Am7 Bm7 A Bm7
mon-ey. Wrecked my new car.
Drown my-self in sor - row as I look at what you've


18
Am7 Bm7 A Bm7 Am7 Bm7
Now she's with one of my good time bud-dies. They're
done. But noth - in' seems to change, the bad times stay the same, an'
21
A Bm7 Am7 Bm7 D7
drink-in' in some cross - town bar. Some-times I feel,
I can't run.
24
E7
some - times I feel like I've been
27
A7 D7 A7
tied to the whip-ping post, tied to the


30
D7
A7
D7
whip-ping post,
tied
to the whip-ping post.
33
C
N.C.
A5
To Coda
Good, Lord, I feel like I'm dy - in'.
37
A(sus4)
Bm7/A
Am7
D
A(sus4)
Bm7/A
Am7
D
39
A
Bm7
Am7
Bm7
A
Bm7
1.
Am7
Bm7
Instrumental solo


43
2.
D.S. al Coda
Coda
My friends
Solo ends
3
45
A(sus4)
Bm7/A
Am7
D
A(sus4)
Bm7
Am7
D
47
A
Bm7
Am7
Bm7
A
Bm7
Instrumental solo
50
Am7
Bm7
N.C.


53
56
8va
59
A N.C. Bm7 N.C. C6 N.C.
1. Bm7 N.C.
Slower
63
2. D6 N.C.
A N.C.
D7
Some - times I feel,


66
E7
some - times I feel like I've been
69
A7
D7
A7
tied to the whip-ping post, tied to the
72
D7
A7
D7
whip-ping post, tied to the whip-ping post.
75
molto rit.
C N.C.
Am
Am9
Good, Lord, I feel like I'm dy - in'.
molto rit.

I been run down, 'n' I been lied to.
But I don't know why,
I let that mean woman make me a fool.
She took all my money.
Wrecked my new car.
Now she's with one of my good time buddies.
They're drinkin' in some crosstown bar.
Sometimes I feel, sometimes I feel like
I've been tied to the whipping post,
tied to the whipping post, tied to the whipping post.
Good, Lord, I feel like I'm dyin'.
My friends

Sometimes I feel, sometimes I feel like I've been tied
to the whipping post, tied to the whipping post,
tied to the whipping post.
Good, Lord, I feel like I'm dyin'.

2. tell me that I've been such a fool.
And I had to stand by 'n' take it, baby, all for lovin' you
Drown myself in sorrow as I look at what you've done.
But nothin' seems to change,
the bad times stay the same, an' I can't run.

Ich bin am Ende
Ich liege am Boden
Ich weiß nicht warum,
mich eine Frau derart zum Idioten macht
Sie hat mein ganzes Geld genommen,
fährt mein neues Auto zu Schrott
Zur Zeit ist sie mit einem meiner Freunde aus den alten Zeiten zusa
Sie betrinken sich gerade in einer Bar um die Ecke

Manchmal fühl ich mich
Manchmal fühl ich mich
Als hätte man mich an einen Marterphal gebunden
An den Marterphal gebunden
An den Marterphal gebunden
Lieber Gott, ich glaub ich werde sterben

Meine Freunde sagen,
ich sei so ein Trottel
ich solle mich zurückhalten und es ertragen, Schatz,
Alles nur für Deine Liebe
Ertränke ich mich selbst in einem Meer voller Sorgen
In dem Moment, in dem Moment, indem ich mir überlege,
was Du gemacht hast
Scheint sich nichts zu ändern
Die miesen Zeiten sind immer noch mies
Und ich komm nicht von der Stelle

Manchmal fühl ich mich
Manchmal fühl ich mich
Als hätte man mich an einen Marterphal gebunden
An den Marterphal gebunden
An den Marterphal gebunden
Lieber Gott, ich glaub ich werde sterben

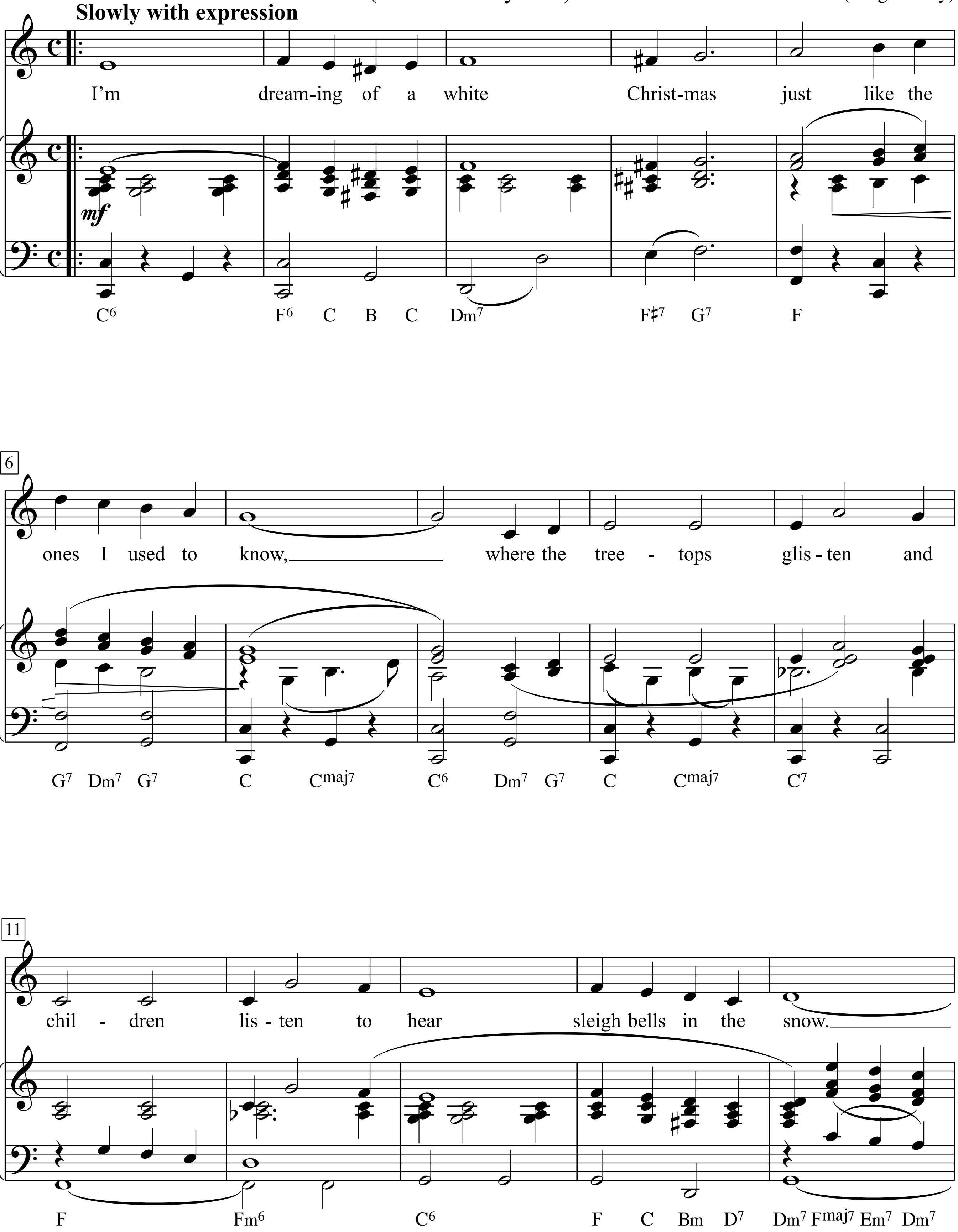
Manchmal fühl ich mich
Manchmal fühl ich mich
Als hätte man mich an einen Marterphal gebunden
An den Marterphal gebunden
An den Marterphal gebunden
Lieber Gott, ich glaub ich werde sterben

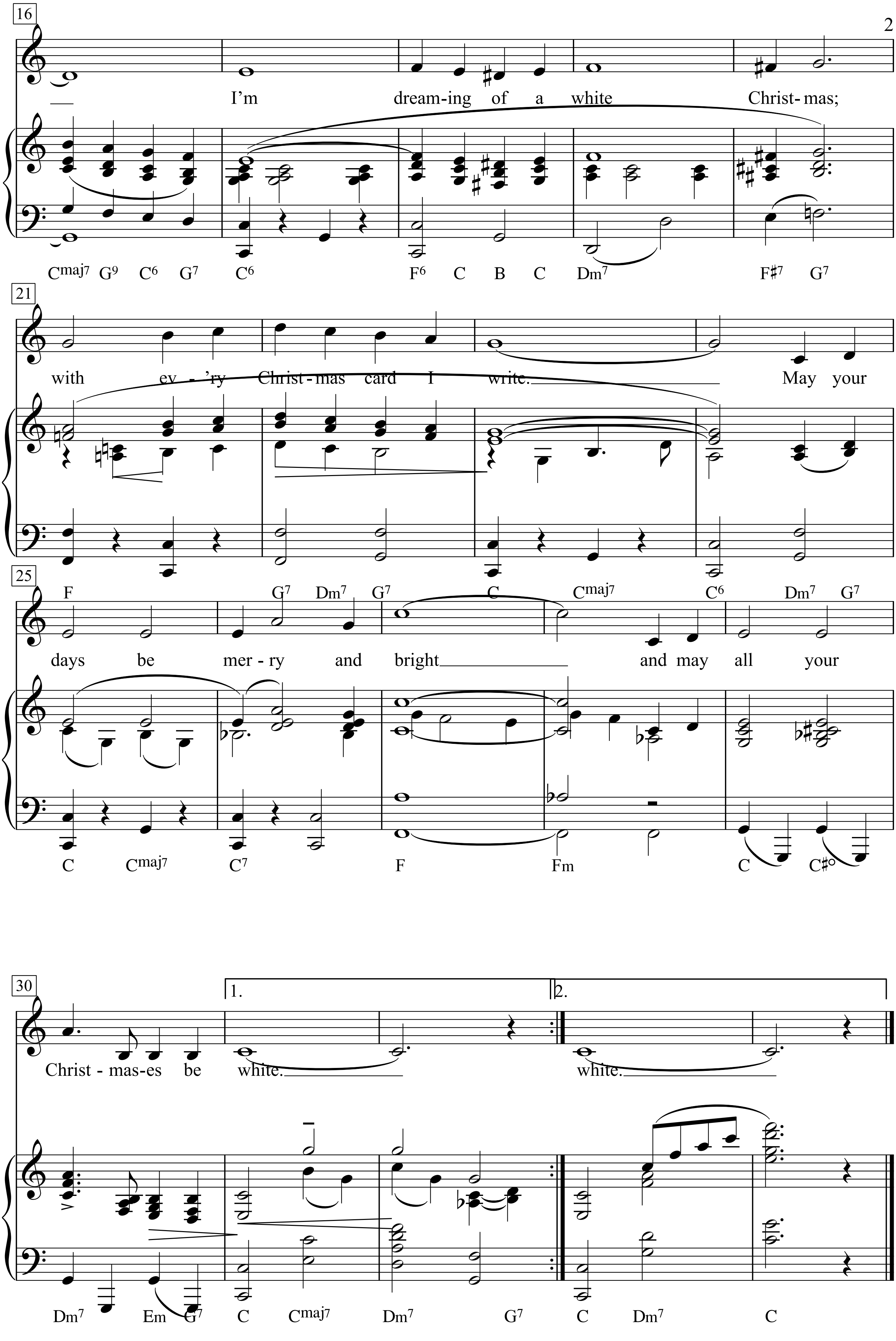
White Christmas

Refrain

(Film 'Holiday Inn')

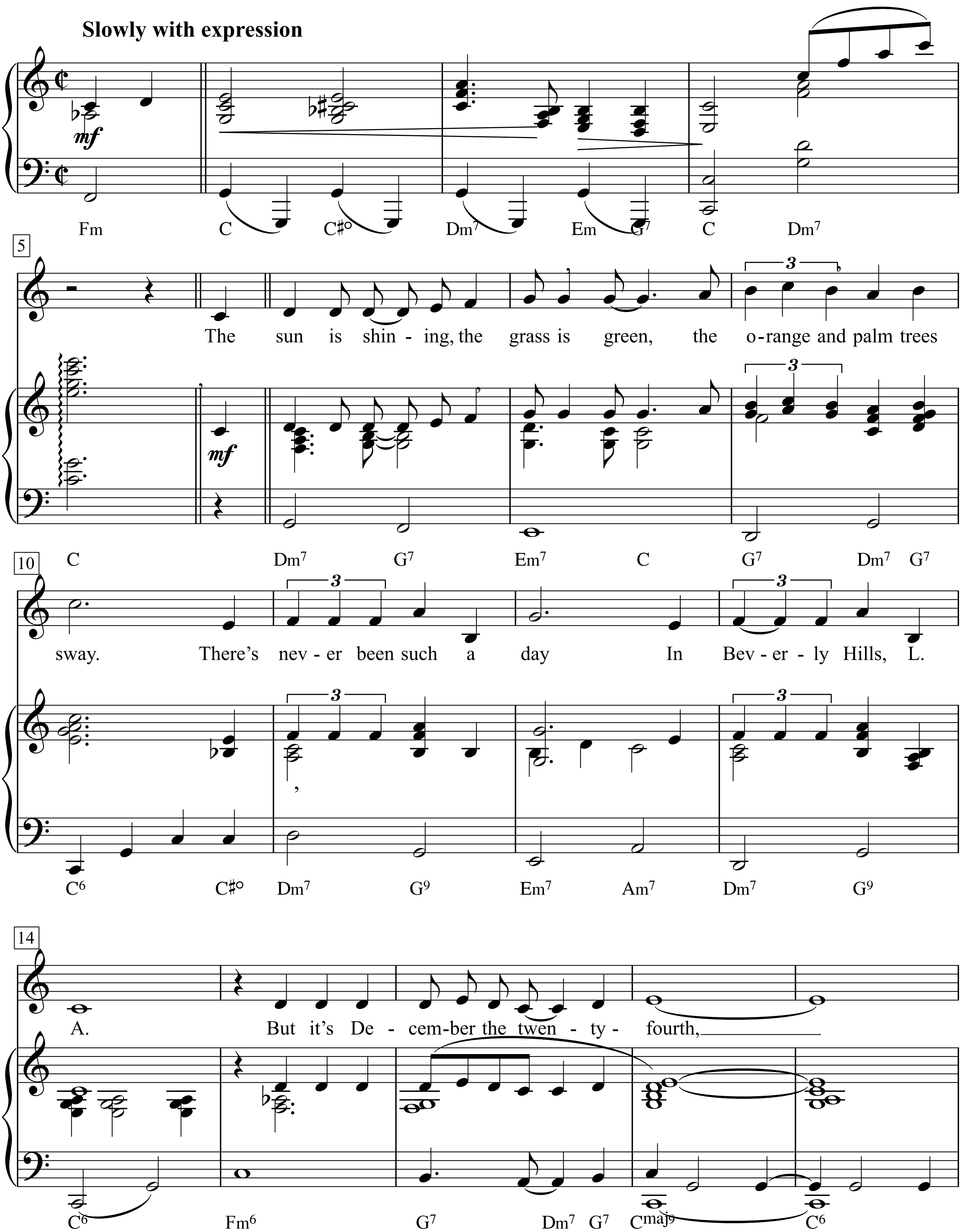
Words & Music by Irving Berlin
(Bing Crosby)

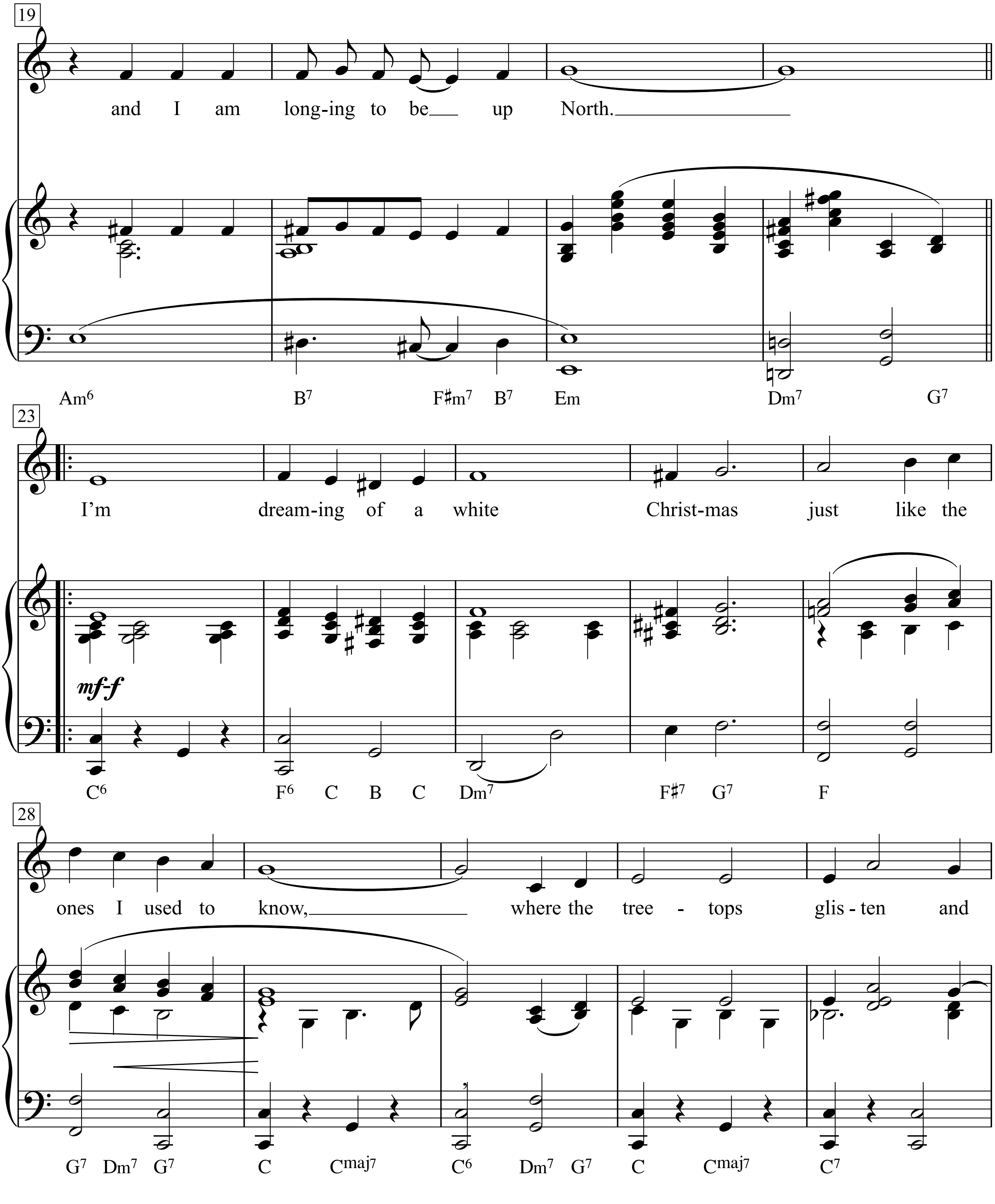


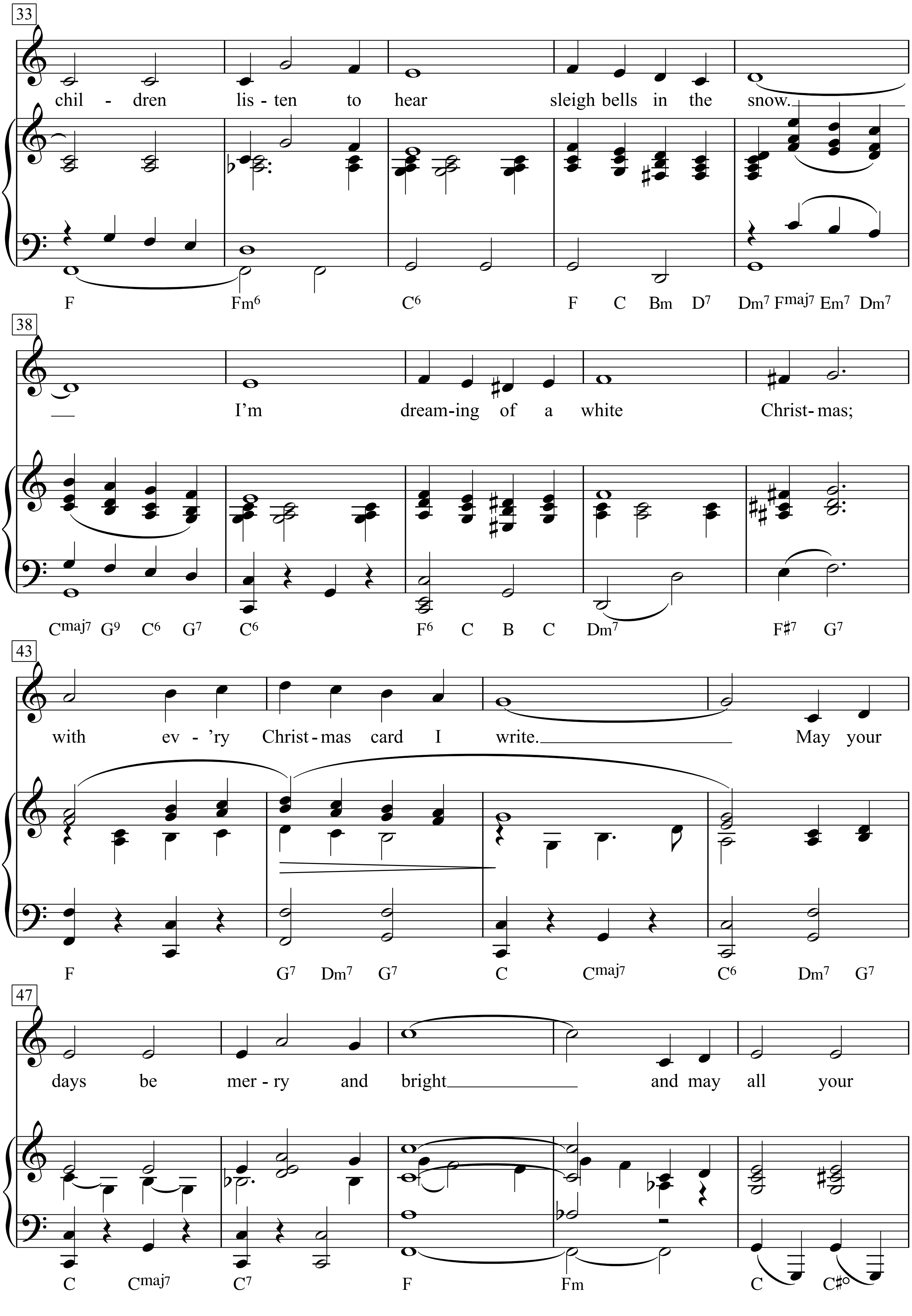

16
I'm dreaming of a white Christ- mas;
Cmaj7 G9 C6 G7 C6 F6 C B C Dm7 F♯7 G7
21
with ev - 'ry Christ - mas card I write.
May your
25
F G7 Dm7 G7 C Cmaj7 C6 Dm7 G7
days be mer - ry and bright
and may all your
C Cmaj7 C7 F Fm C C♯o
30
1.
2.
Christ - mas-es be white.
white.
Dm7 Em G7 C Cmaj7 Dm7 G7 C Dm7 C

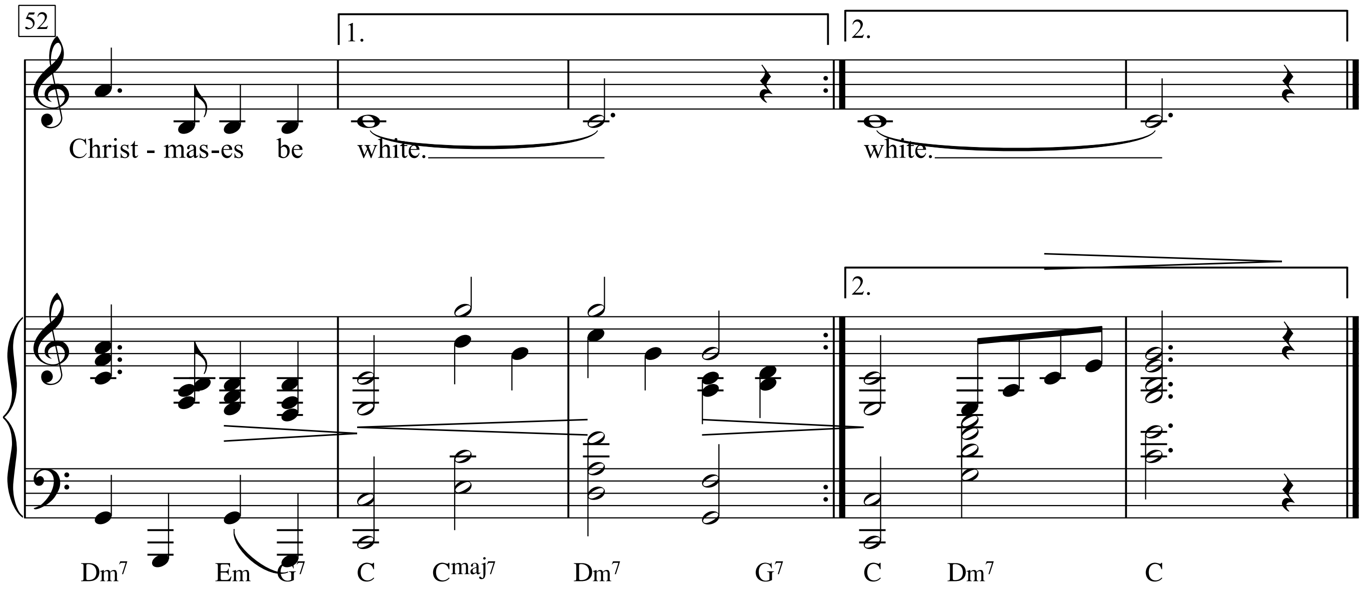
White Christmas

Words & Music by Irving Berlin




19
and I am long-ing to be up North.
Am6 B7 F♯m7 B7 Em Dm7 G7
23
I'm dream-ing of a white Christ-mas just like the
mf-f
C6 F6 C B C Dm7 F♯7 G7 F
28
ones I used to know, where the tree - tops glis - ten and
G7 Dm7 G7 C Cmaj7 C6 Dm7 G7 C Cmaj7 C7


33
chil - dren lis - ten to hear sleigh bells in the snow.
F Fm6 C6 F C Bm D7 Dm7 Fmaj7 Em7 Dm7
38
I'm dream-ing of a white Christ- mas;
Cmaj7 G9 C6 G7 C6 F6 C B C Dm7 F♯7 G7
43
with ev - 'ry Christ - mas card I write. May your
F G7 Dm7 G7 C Cmaj7 C6 Dm7 G7
47
days be mer - ry and bright and may all your
C Cmaj7 C7 F Fm C C♯o


52
1.
2.
Christ - mas-es be white.
white.
2.
Dm7 Em G7 C Cmaj7 Dm7 G7 C Dm7 C

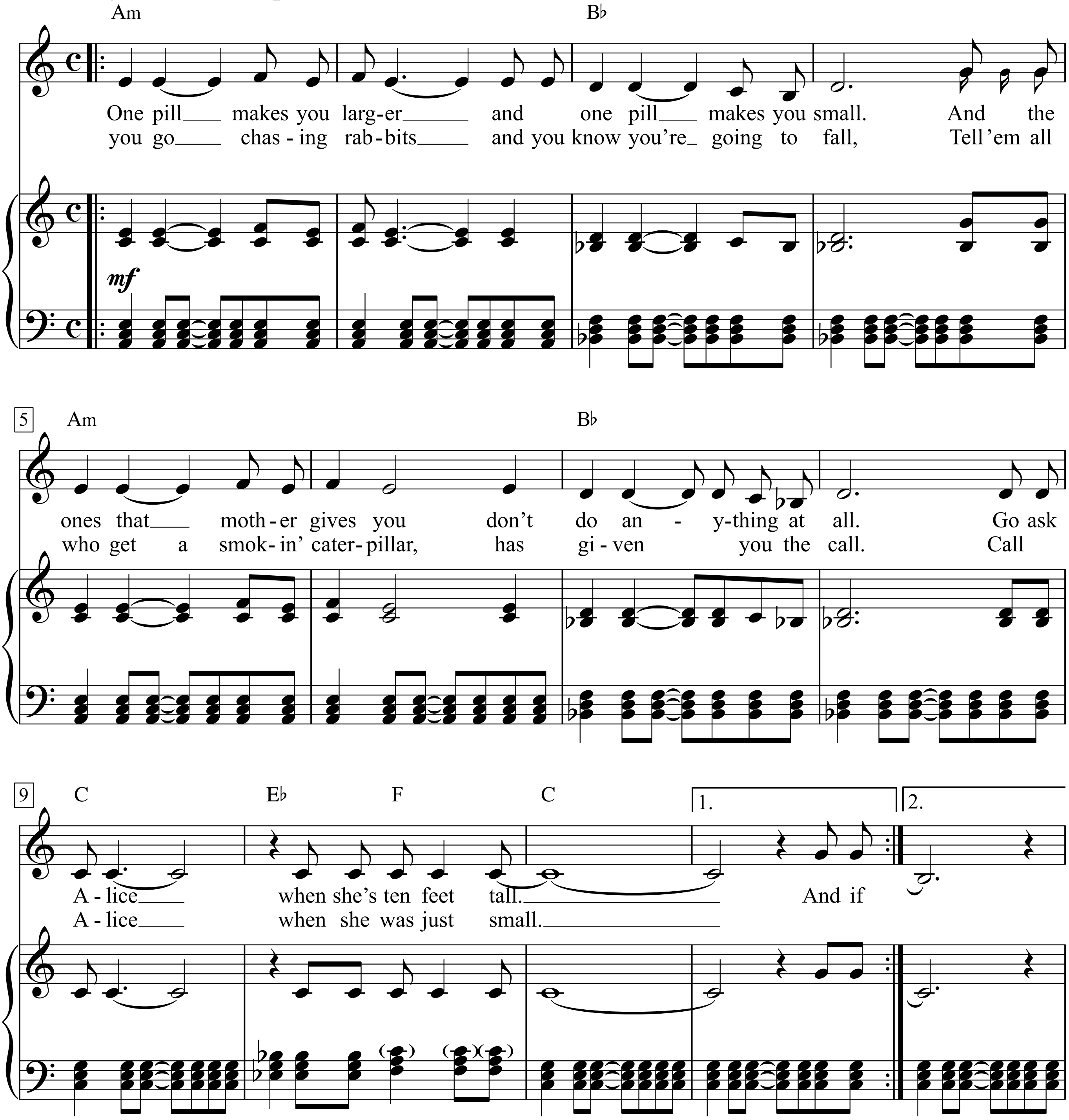
Original verse Irving Berlin's opening verse is often dropped in recordings.It is included on *A Christmas Gift for You* from Phil Spector, sung by Darlene Love; on Barbra Streisand's *A Christmas Album*; on the Carpenters' *Christmas Portrait,* sung by Karen Carpenter; on Neil Diamond's *The Christmas Album*; on Bette Midler's *Cool Yule*; on Libera's *Christmas Album*; and on Crash Test Dummies' *Jingle All the Way*.

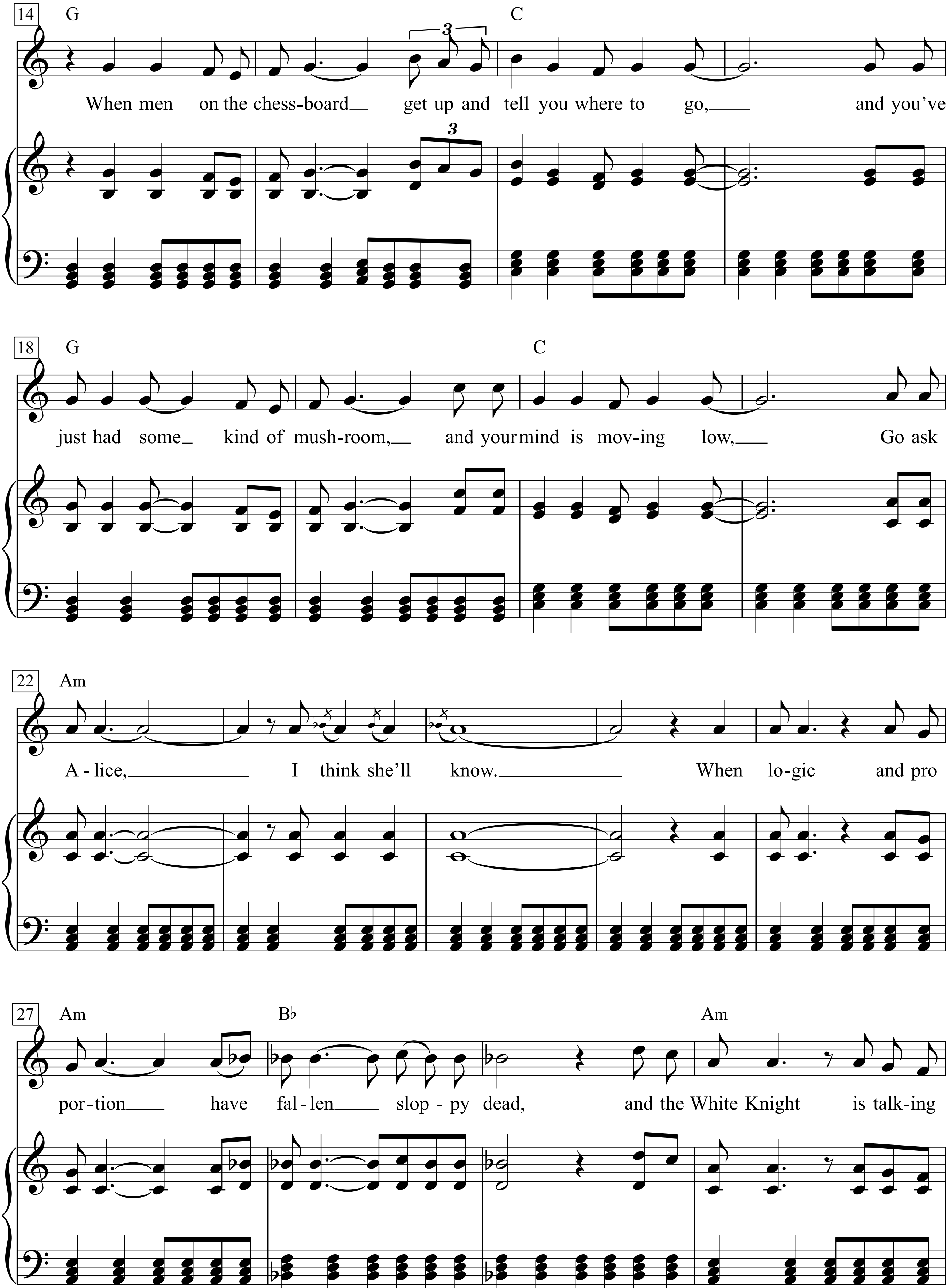
The sun is shining, the grass is green,
The orange and palm trees sway.
There's never been such a day in Beverly Hills,
L.A. But it's December the twenty-fourth,
And I am longing to be up North.

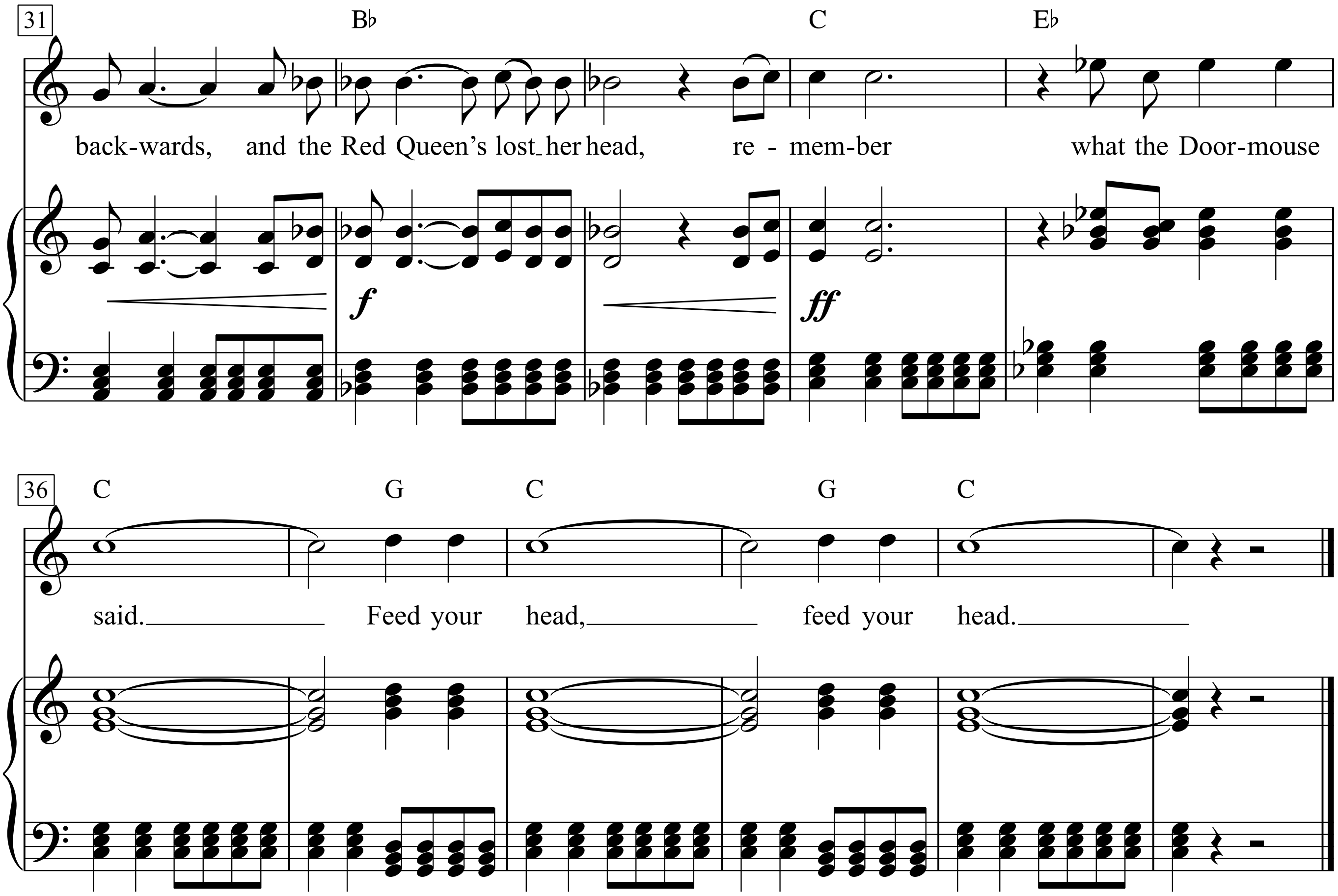
White Rabbit

Words & Music by Grace Slick
(Jefferson Airplane)

Psychodelic Stomp




14
G
C
When men on the chess-board get up and tell you where to go, and you've
18
G
C
just had some kind of mush-room, and your mind is mov-ing low, Go ask
22
Am
A-lice, I think she'll know. When lo-gic and pro
27
Am
B♭
Am
por-tion have fal-len slop-py dead, and the White Knight is talk-ing



One pill makes you larger and
one pill makes you small.
And the ones that mother
gives you don't do anything at all.
Go ask Alice when she's ten feet tall.

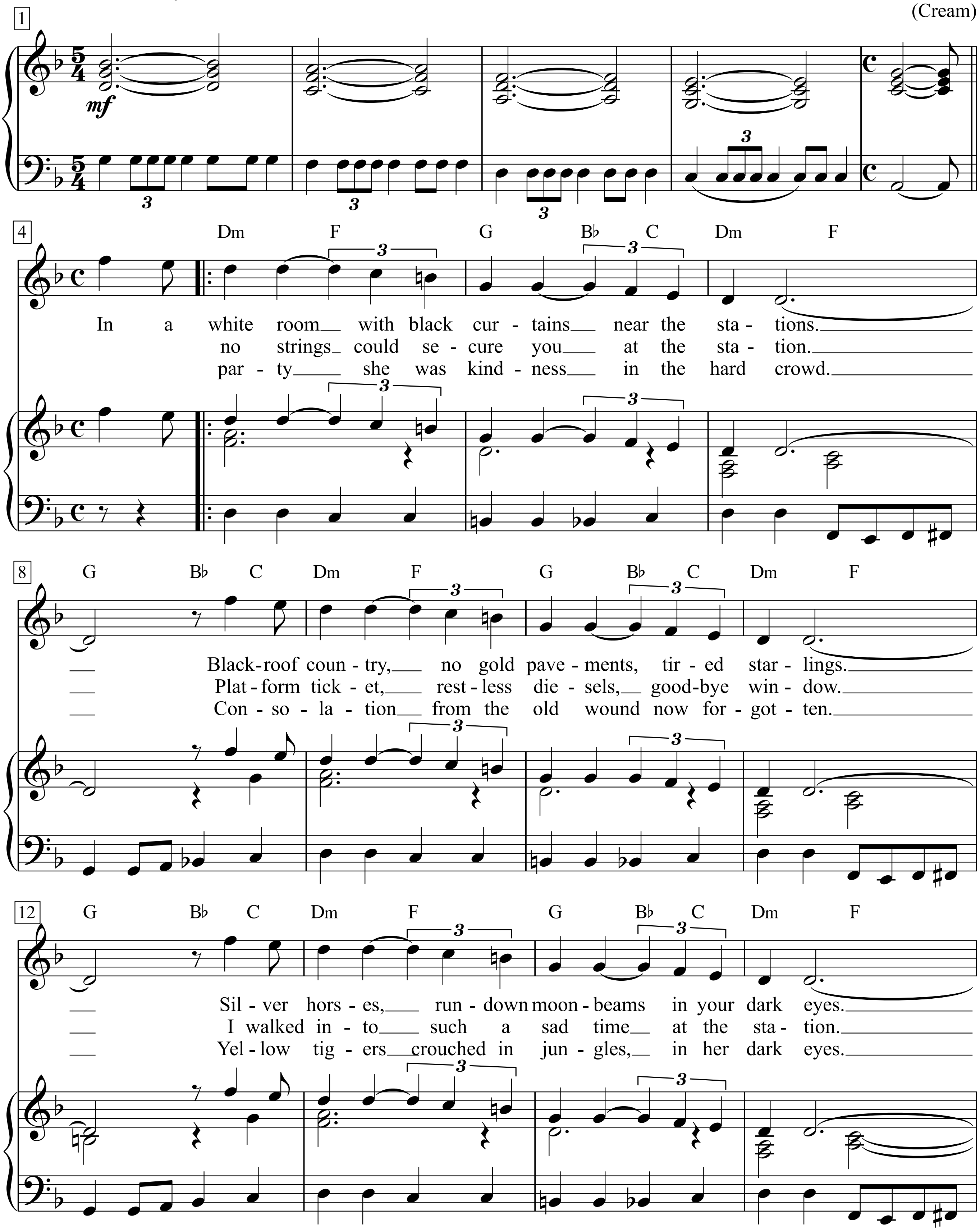
And if you go chasing rabbits
and you know you're going to fall,
Tell 'em all who get a smokin' caterpillar,
has given you the call.
Call Alice when she was just small.

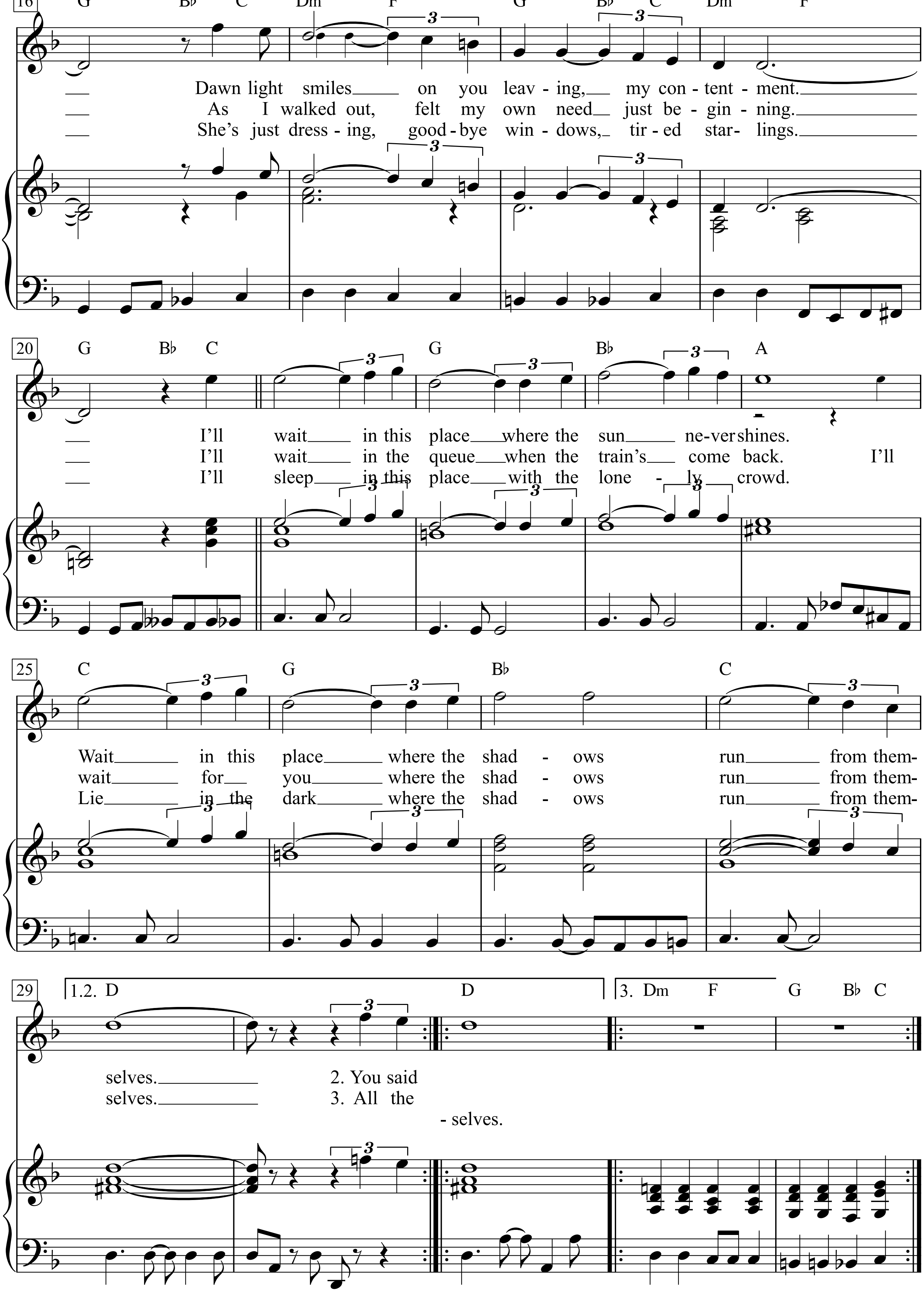
When men on the chessboard
get up and tell you where to go,
and you've just had some kind of mushroom,
and your mind is moving low,
Go ask Alice,
I think she'll know.
When logic and proportion
have fallen sloppy dead,
and the White Knight is talking backwards,
and the Red Queen's lost her head,
remember what the Doormouse said.
Feed your head, feed your head,

White Room

Words & Music by
Jack Bruce and Pete Brown
(Cream)

Moderately

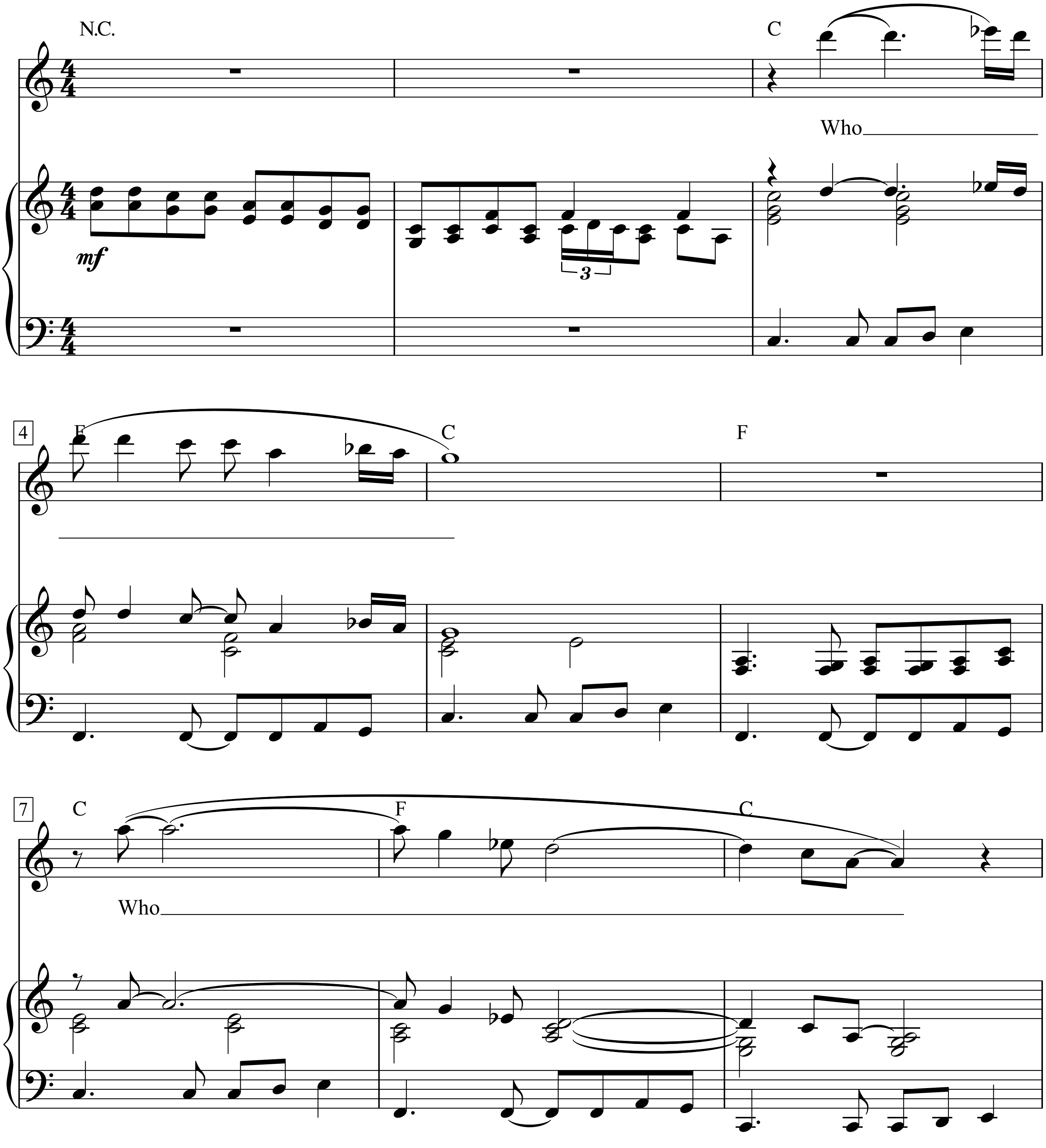


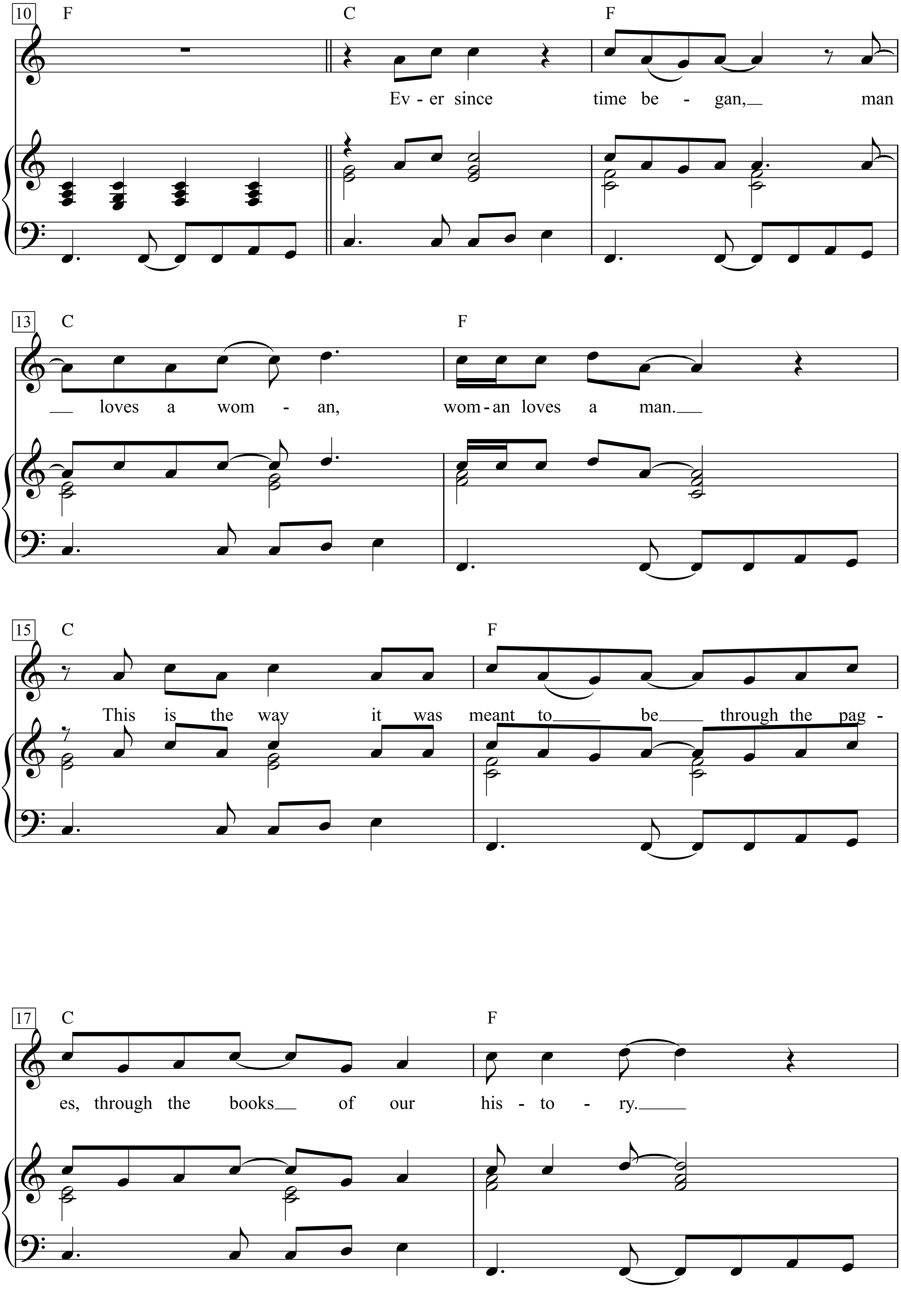

16
G Bb C Dm F G Bb C Dm F
Dawn light smiles on you leav - ing, my con - tent - ment.
As I walked out, felt my own need just be - gin - ning.
She's just dress - ing, good - bye win - dows, tir - ed star - lings.
20
G Bb C G Bb A
I'll wait in this place where the sun ne-ver shines.
I'll wait in the queue when the train's come back. I'll
I'll sleep in this place with the lone - ly crowd.
25
C G Bb C
Wait in this place where the shad - ows run from them-
wait for you where the shad - ows run from them-
Lie in the dark where the shad - ows run from them-
29
1.2. D D 3. Dm F G Bb C
selves. 2. You said
selves. 3. All the
- selves.

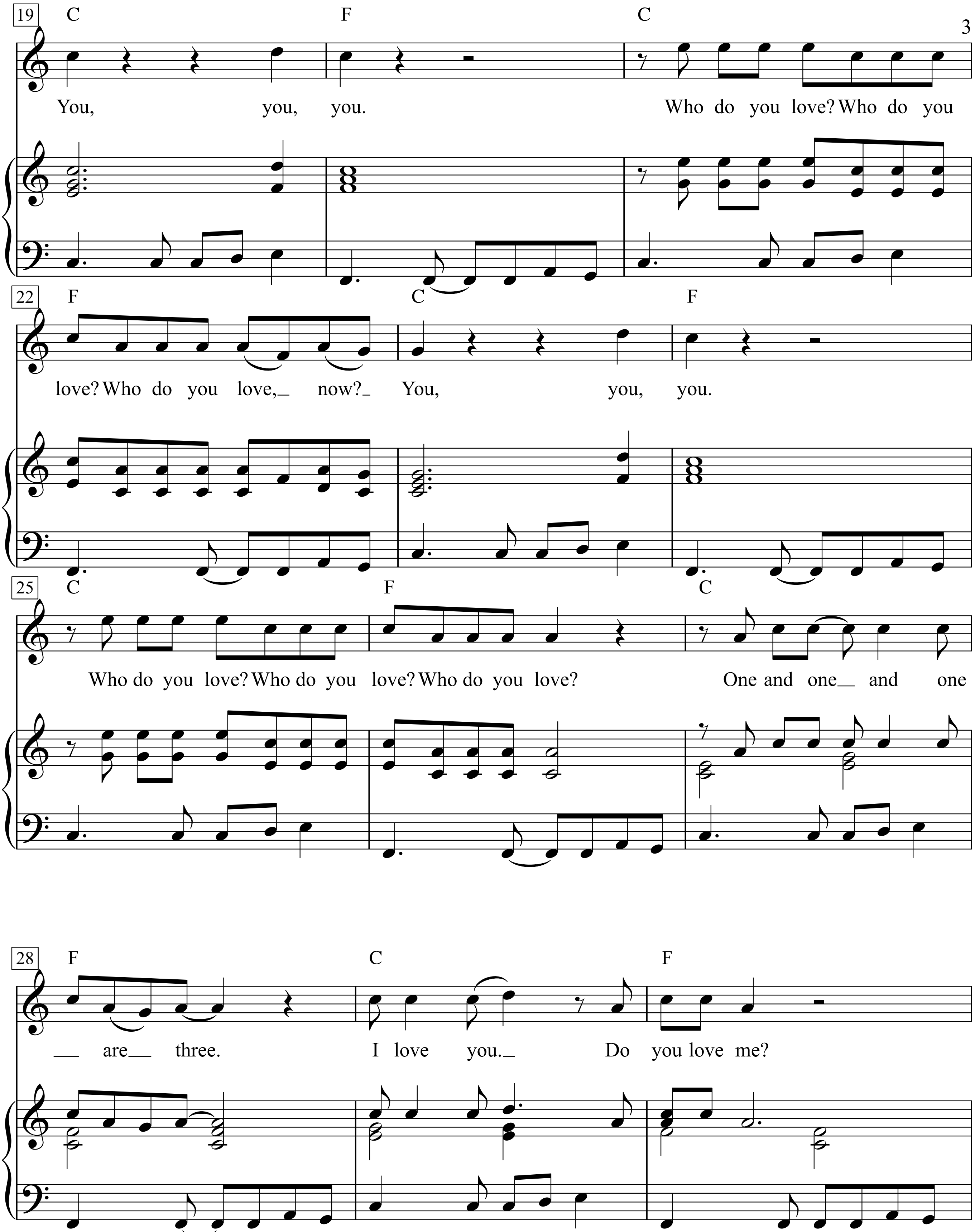
Who Do You Love

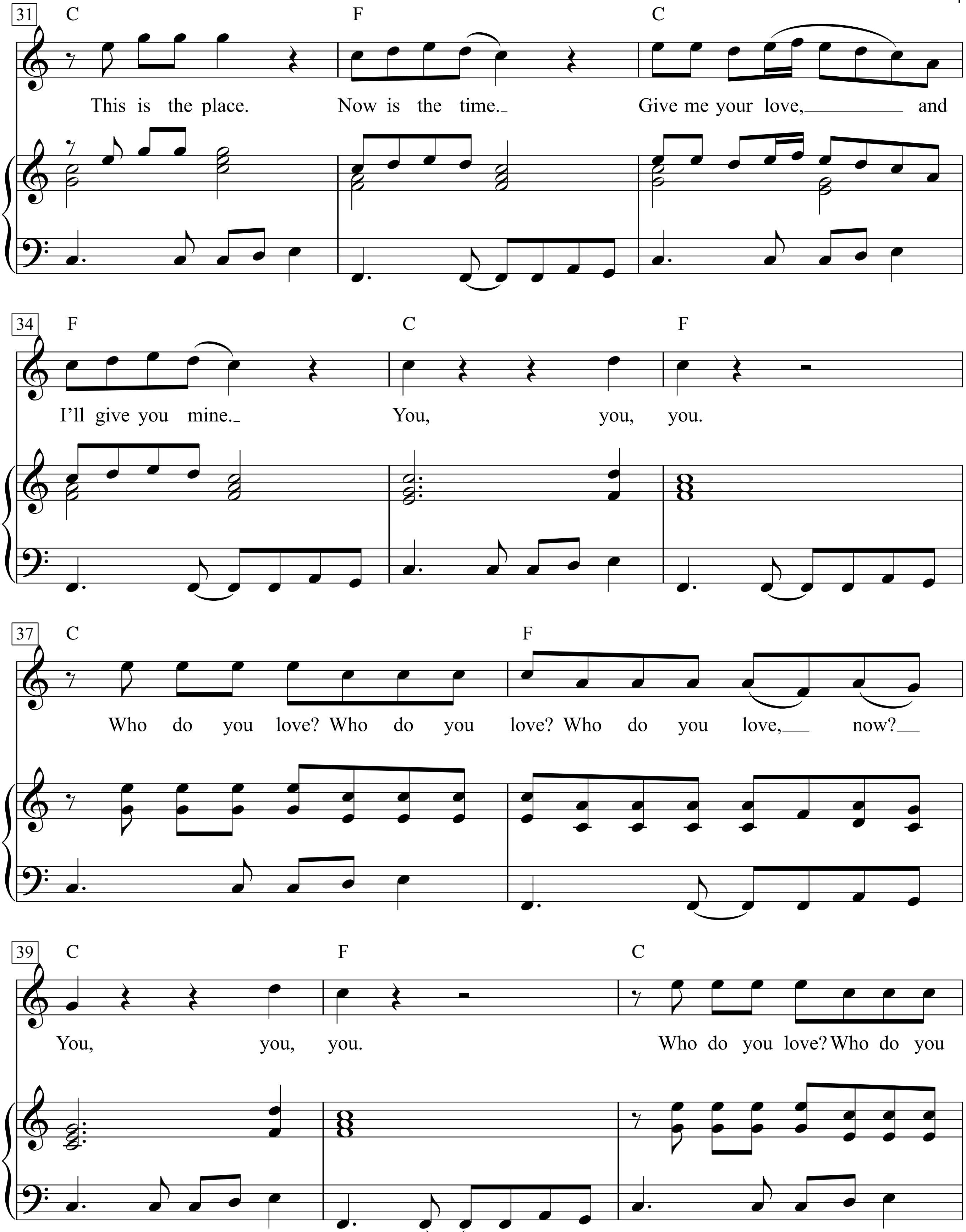
Words & Music by
Steve Miller and Tim Davis
(Steve Miller Band)

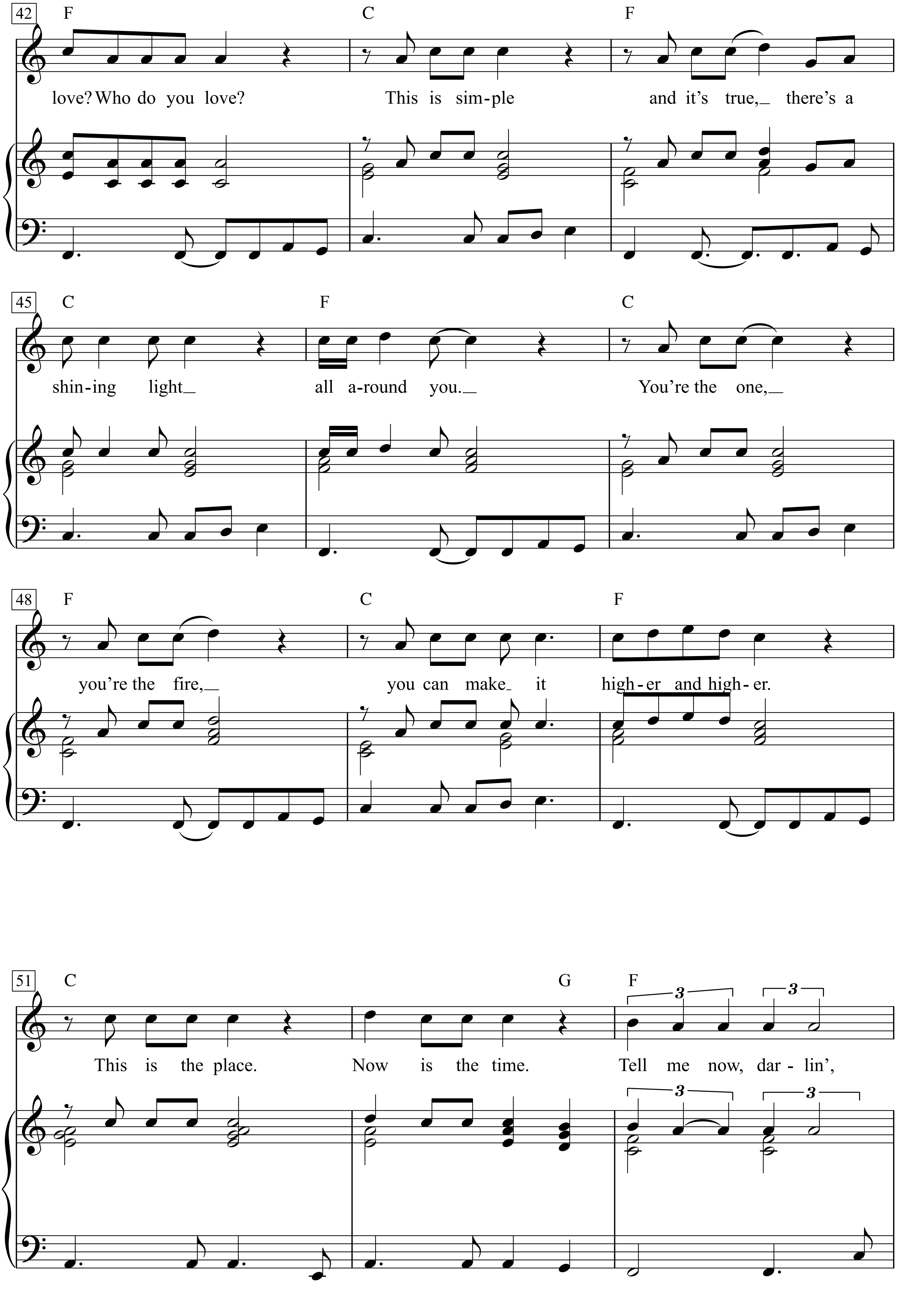
Moderately

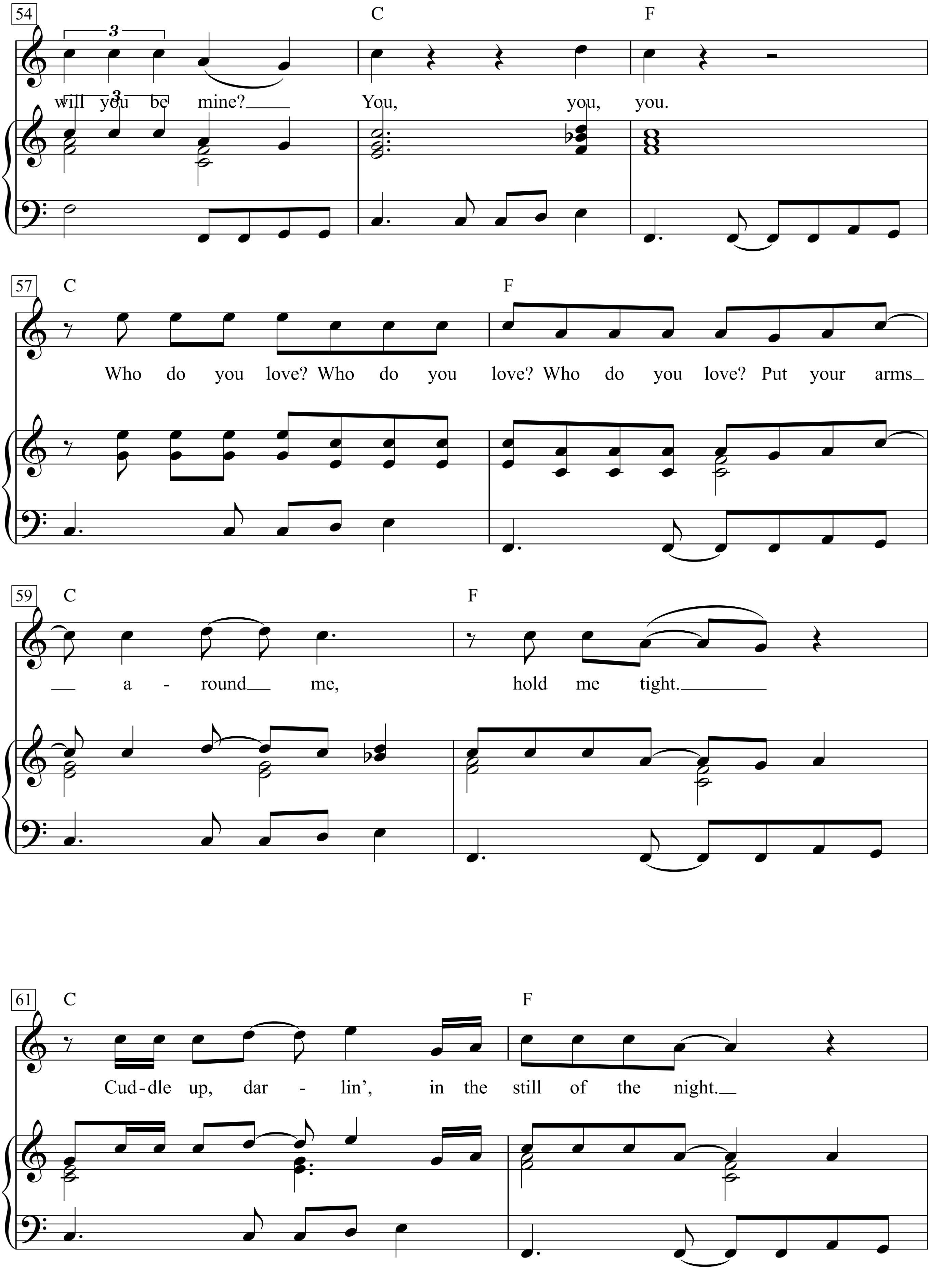


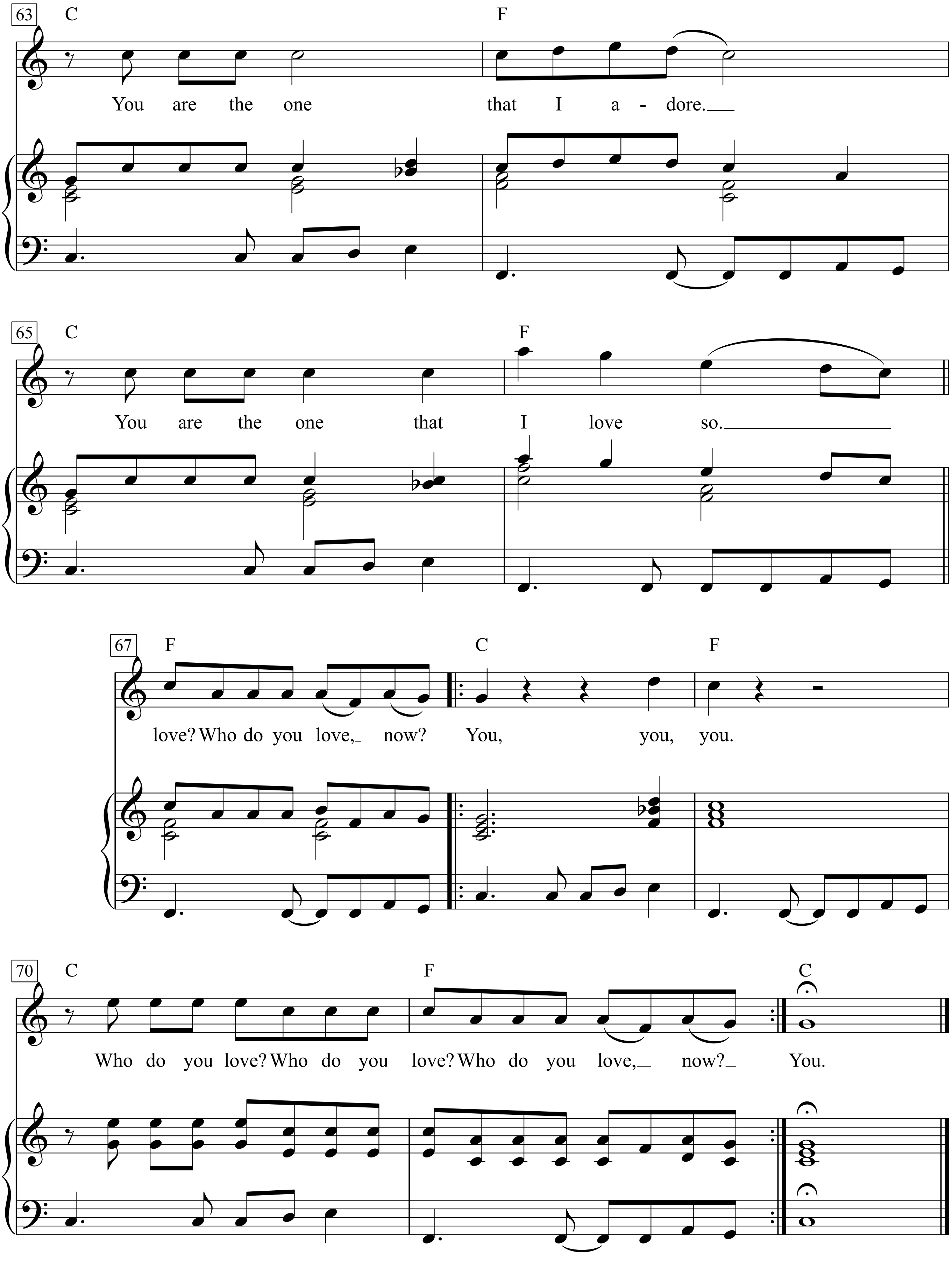

10
F
C
F
Ev - er since time be - gan, man
13
C
F
loves a wom - an, wom - an loves a man.
15
C
F
This is the way it was meant to be through the pag -
17
C
F
es, through the books of our his - to - ry.


19
C
F
C
You, you, you.
Who do you love? Who do you
22
F
C
F
love? Who do you love,_ now?_ You, you, you.
25
C
F
C
Who do you love? Who do you love? Who do you love?
One and one_ and one
28
F
C
F
_ are_ three.
I love you._
Do you love me?


31
C
F
C
This is the place. Now is the time. Give me your love, and
34
F
C
F
I'll give you mine. You, you, you.
37
C
F
Who do you love? Who do you love? Who do you love, now?
39
C
F
C
You, you, you. Who do you love? Who do you


42
F
C
F
love? Who do you love?
This is sim-ple
and it's true, there's a
45
C
F
C
shin-ing light
all a-round you.
You're the one,
48
F
C
F
you're the fire,
you can make it
high-er and high-er.
51
C
G
F
3
3
This is the place.
Now is the time.
Tell me now, dar - lin',

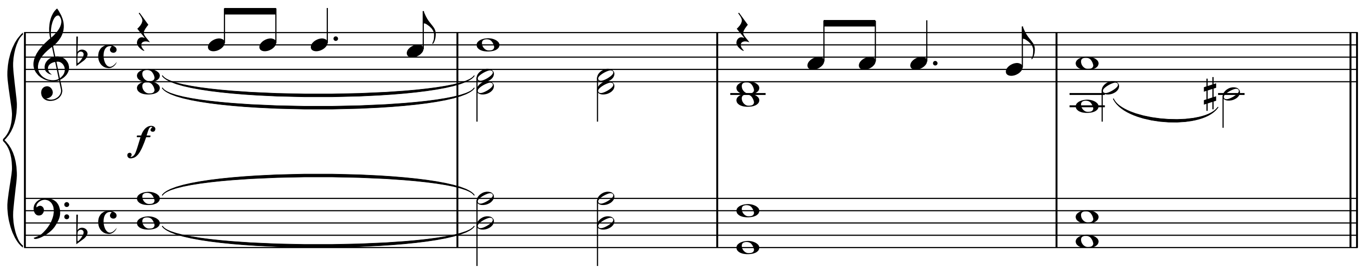

54
C
F
3
will you be mine? You, you, you.
57
C
F
Who do you love? Who do you love? Who do you love? Put your arms
59
C
F
a - round me, hold me tight.
61
C
F
Cud-dle up, dar - lin', in the still of the night.

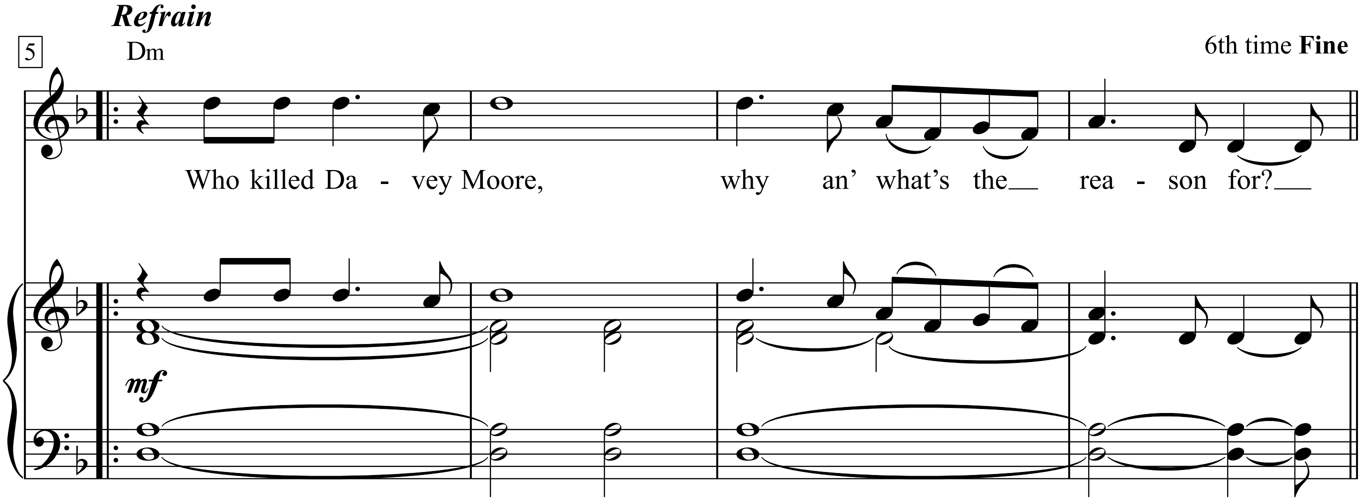

63
C
F
You are the one that I a - dore.
65
C
F
You are the one that I love so.
67
F
C
F
love? Who do you love, now? You, you, you.
70
C
F
C
Who do you love? Who do you love? Who do you love, now? You.

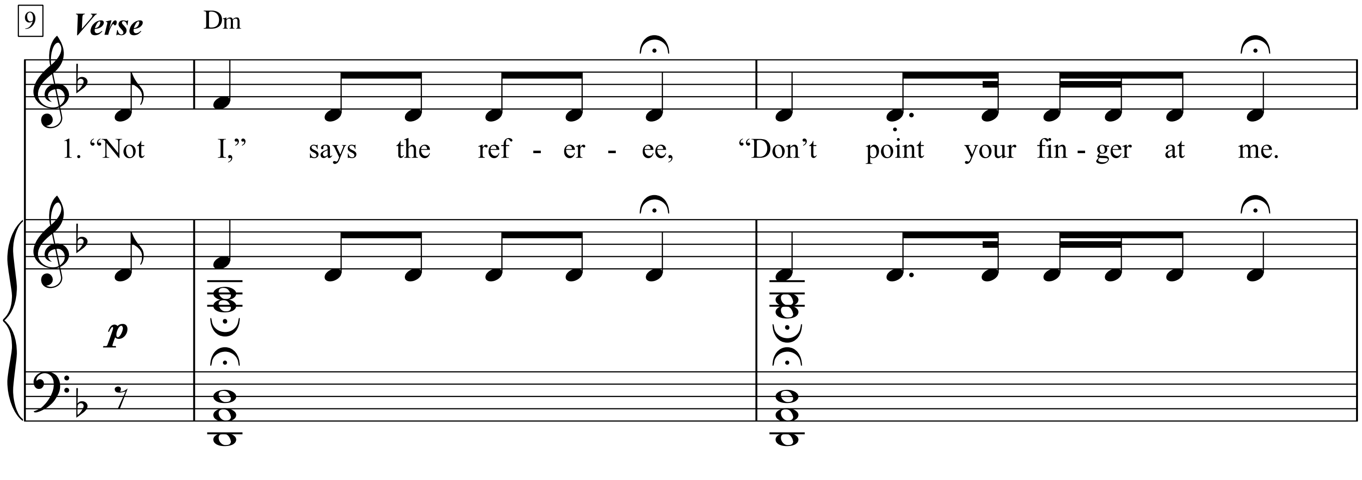
Who Killed Davey Moore?

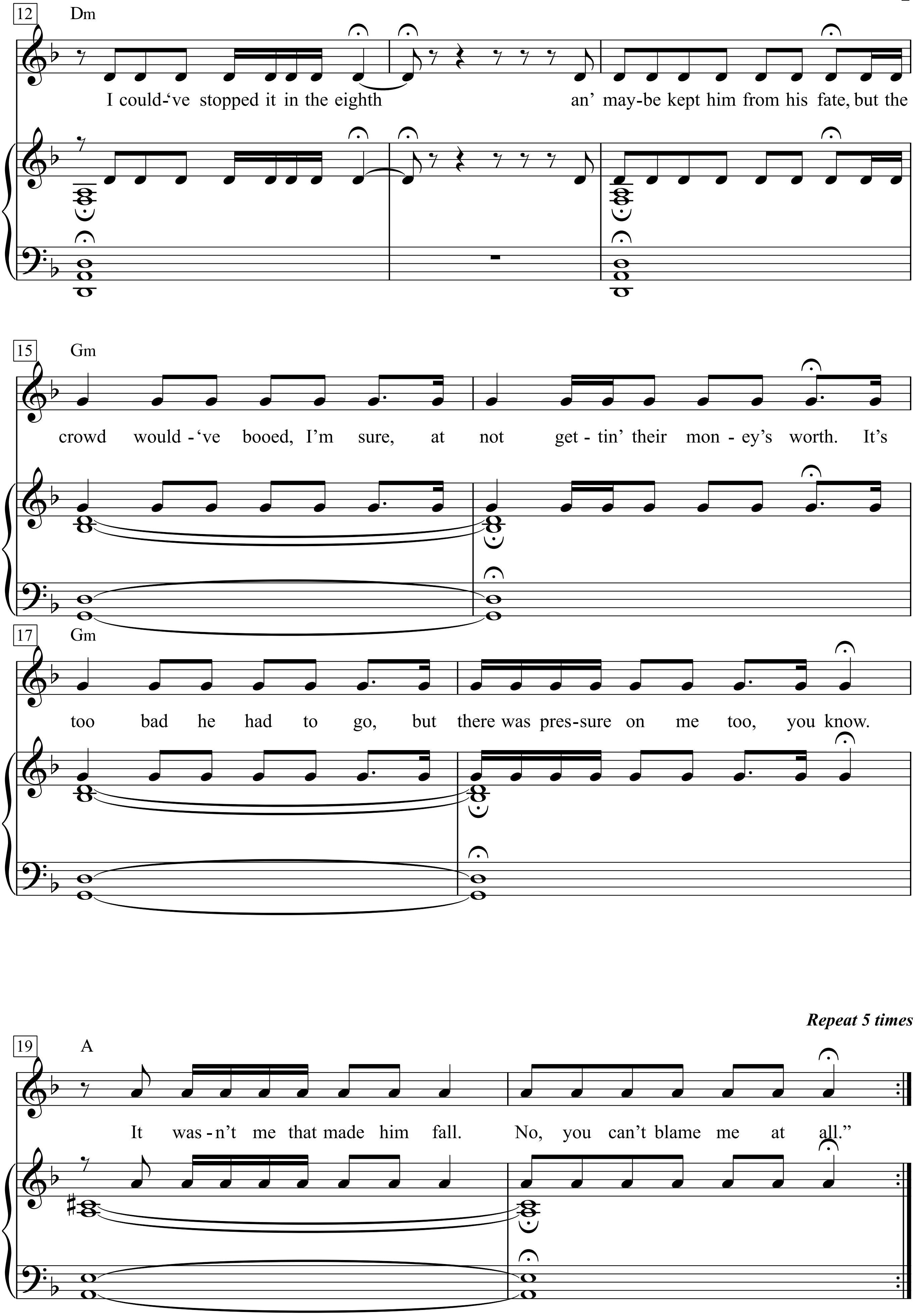
Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)

Slowly and freely









12
Dm
I could-'ve stopped it in the eighth an' may-be kept him from his fate, but the
15
Gm
crowd would-'ve booed, I'm sure, at not get-tin' their mon-ey's worth. It's
17
Gm
too bad he had to go, but there was pres-sure on me too, you know.
Repeat 5 times
19
A
It was-n't me that made him fall. No, you can't blame me at all."

Refrain:

Who killed Davey Moore,
Why an' what's the reason for?

1. 'Not I,' says the referee,
"Don't point your finger at me.
I could've stopped it in the eighth
An' maybe kept him from his fate,
But the crowd would've booed,
I'm sure, at not gettin' their money's worth.
It's too bad he had to go,
But there was pressure on me too, you know.
It wasn't me that made him fall.
No, you can't blame me at all."

Refrain:

2. "Not us", says the angry crowd,
Whose screams filled the arena loud.
"lt's too bad he died that nite
But we just like to see a fight.
We didn't mean for him t' meet his death
We just meant to see some sweat,
There ain't nothin' wrong in that.
It wasn't us that made him fall
No you can't blame us at all'.

Refrain:

3. 'Not me', says his manager,
Puffing on a big cigar,
"It"s hard to say, it"s hard to tell
I always thought that he was well.
It"s too bad for his wife an' kids he's dead,
But if he was sick, he should've said.
It wasn't me that made him fall
No you can't blame me at all".

Refrain:

4. 'Not me', says the gambling man,
With his ticket stub still in his hand,
"It wasn"t me that knocked him down
My hands never touched him none.
I didn"t commit no ugly sin,
Anyway I put money on him to win.
It wasn"t me that made him fall
No you can't blame me at all'.

Refrain:

5. "Not me", says the boxing writer,
Pounding print on his old typewriter,
Sayin' "boxing ain't to blame
There's just as much danger in a football game".
Sayin' "fist fighting is here to stay
It's just the old American way.
It wasn't me that made him fall
No you can't blame me at all".

Refrain:

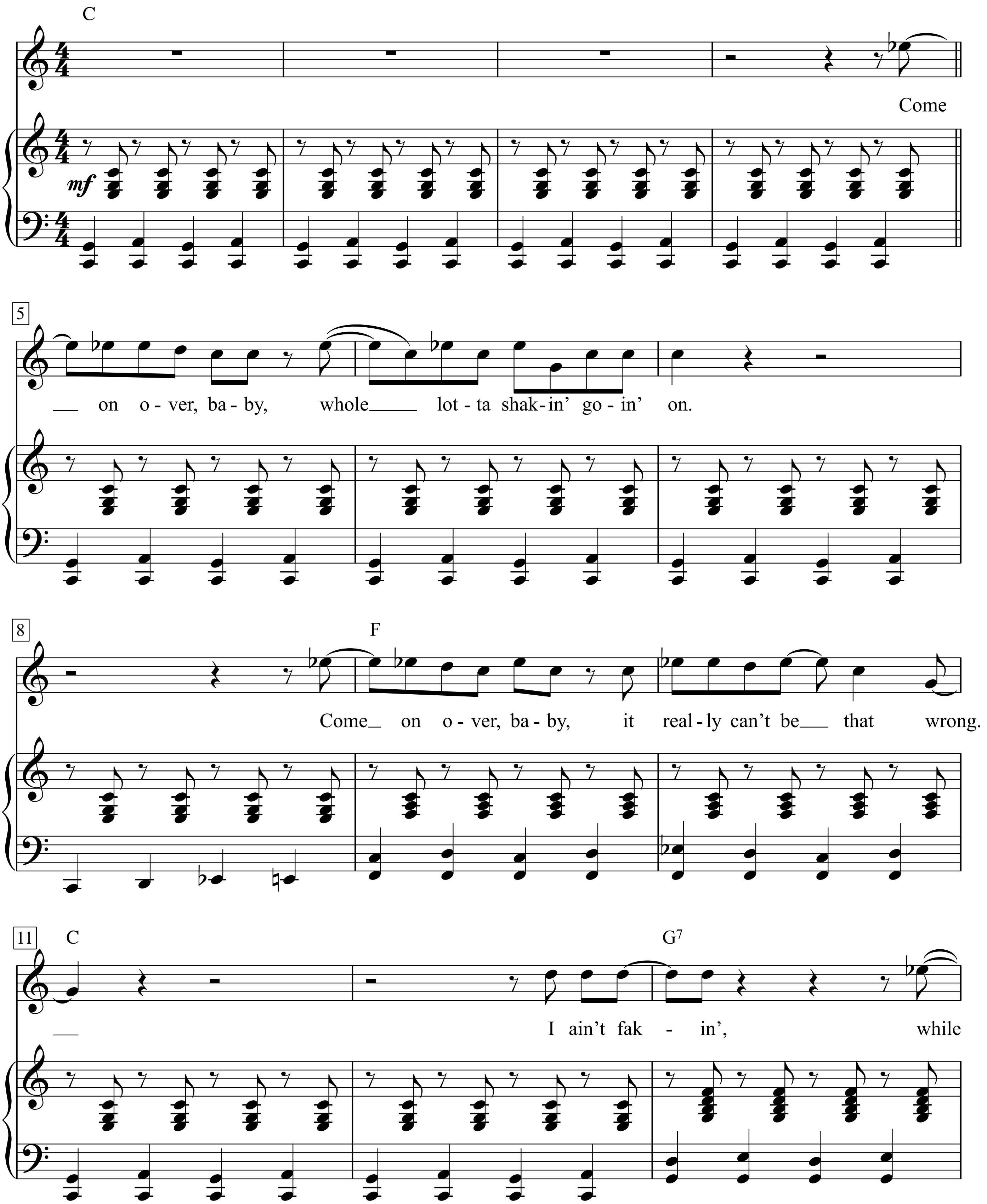
6. "Not me", says the man whose fists
Laid him low in a cloud of mist,
Who came here from Cuba's door
Where boxing ain't allowed no more.
"I hit him, yes, it's true,
But that's what I am paid to do.
Don't say 'murder', don't say 'kill',
It was destiny, it was God's will".

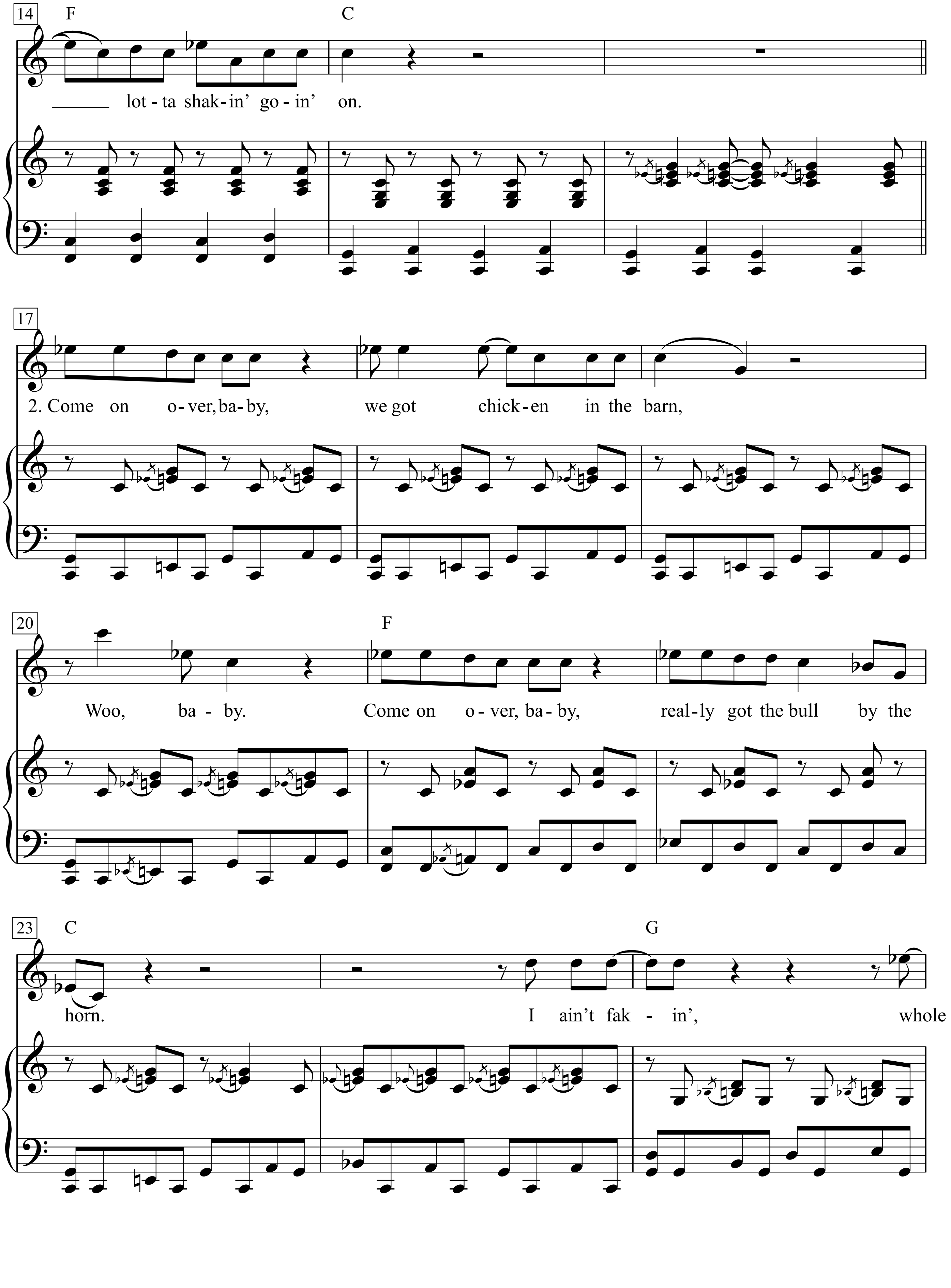
Refrain:

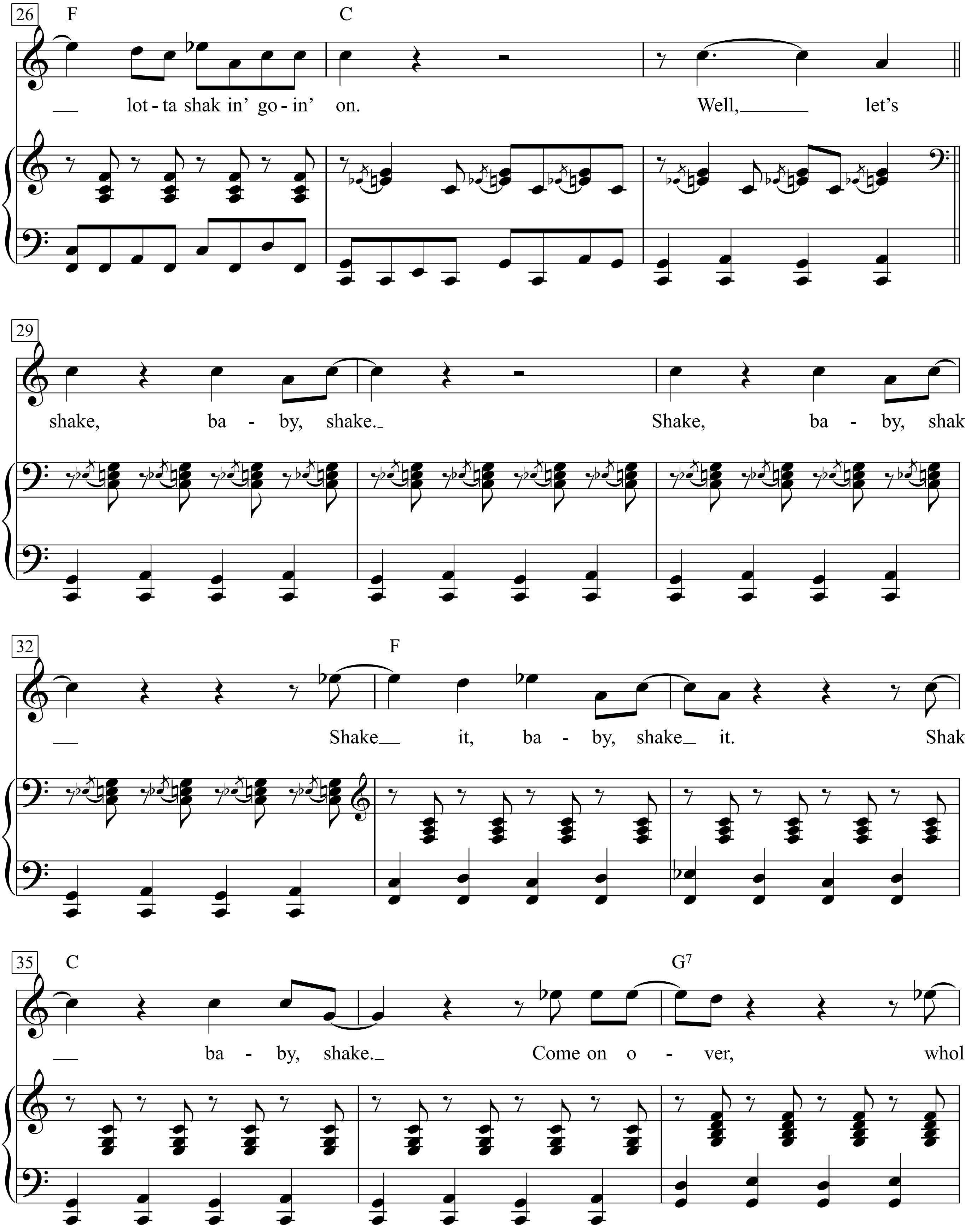
Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On

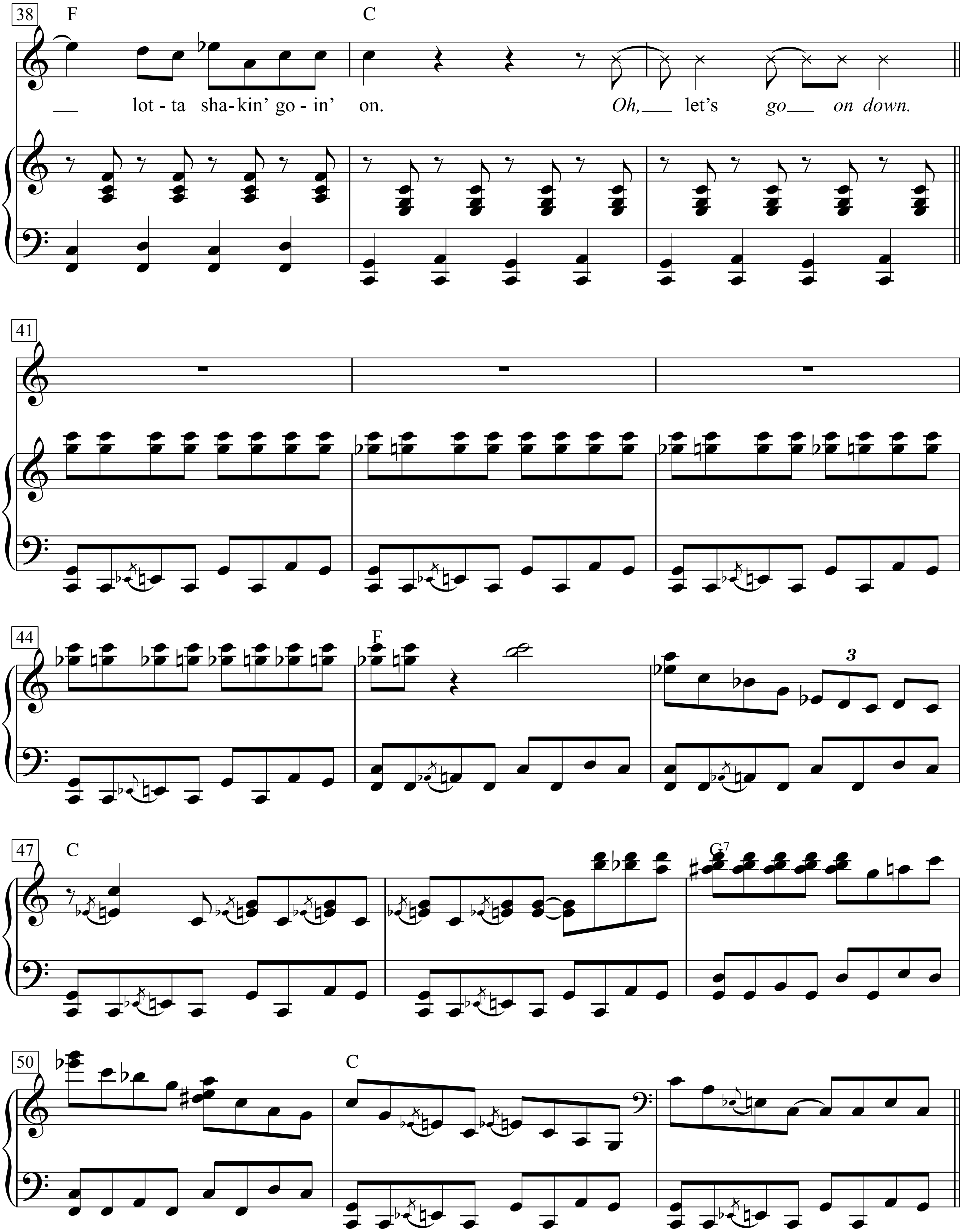
Words & Music by David Williams
(Jerry Lee Lewis)

Moderate fast rock and roll (♩ = 160)




14
F
C
lot - ta shak - in' go - in' on.
17
2. Come on o - ver, ba - by, we got chick - en in the barn,
20
F
Woo, ba - by. Come on o - ver, ba - by, real - ly got the bull by the
23
C
G
horn. I ain't fak - in', whole

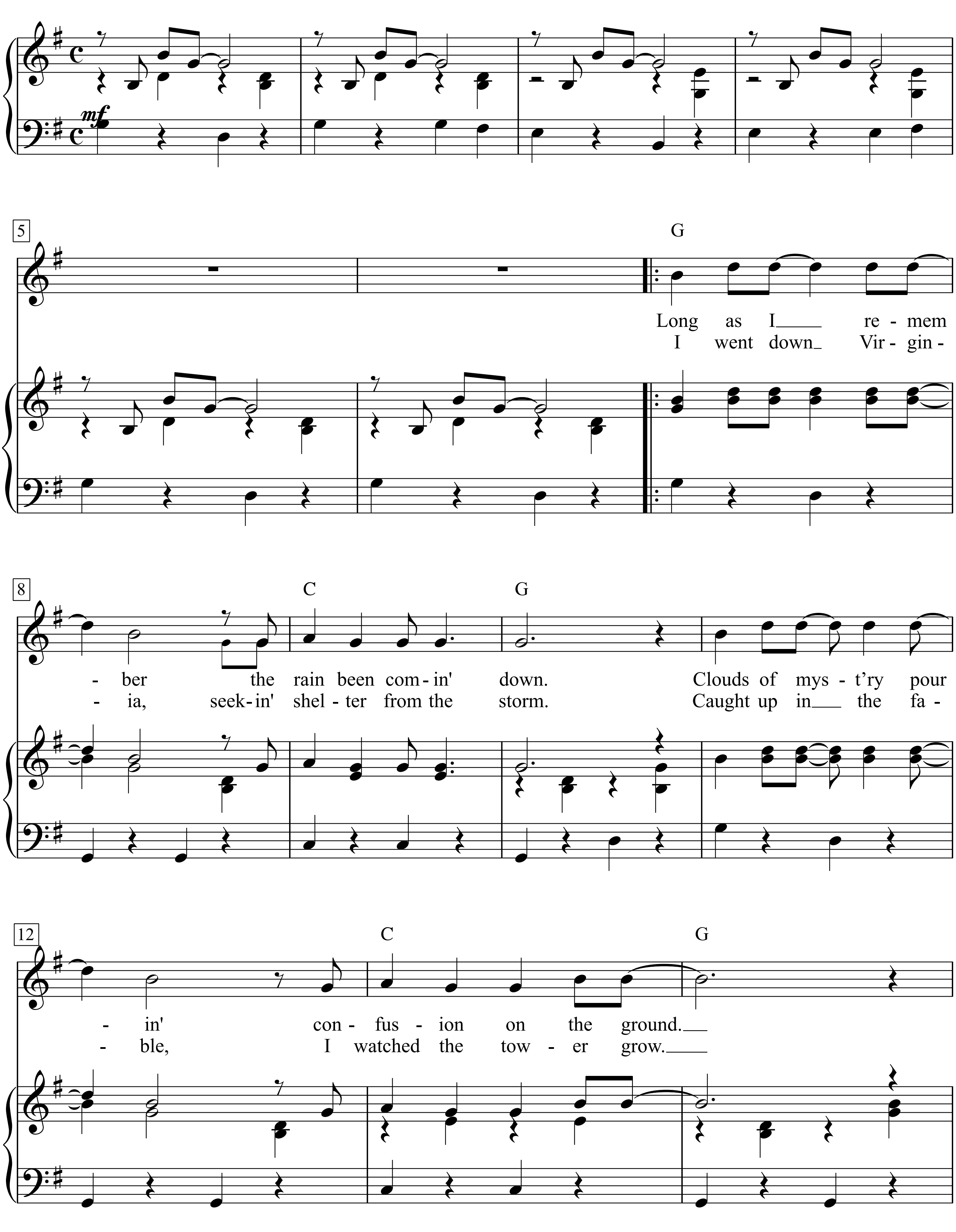

26
F
C
lot - ta shak in' go - in' on.
Well, let's
29
shake, ba - by, shake.
Shake, ba - by, shake.
32
F
Shake it, ba - by, shake it.
Shake,
35
C
G7
ba - by, shake.
Come on o - ver, whole

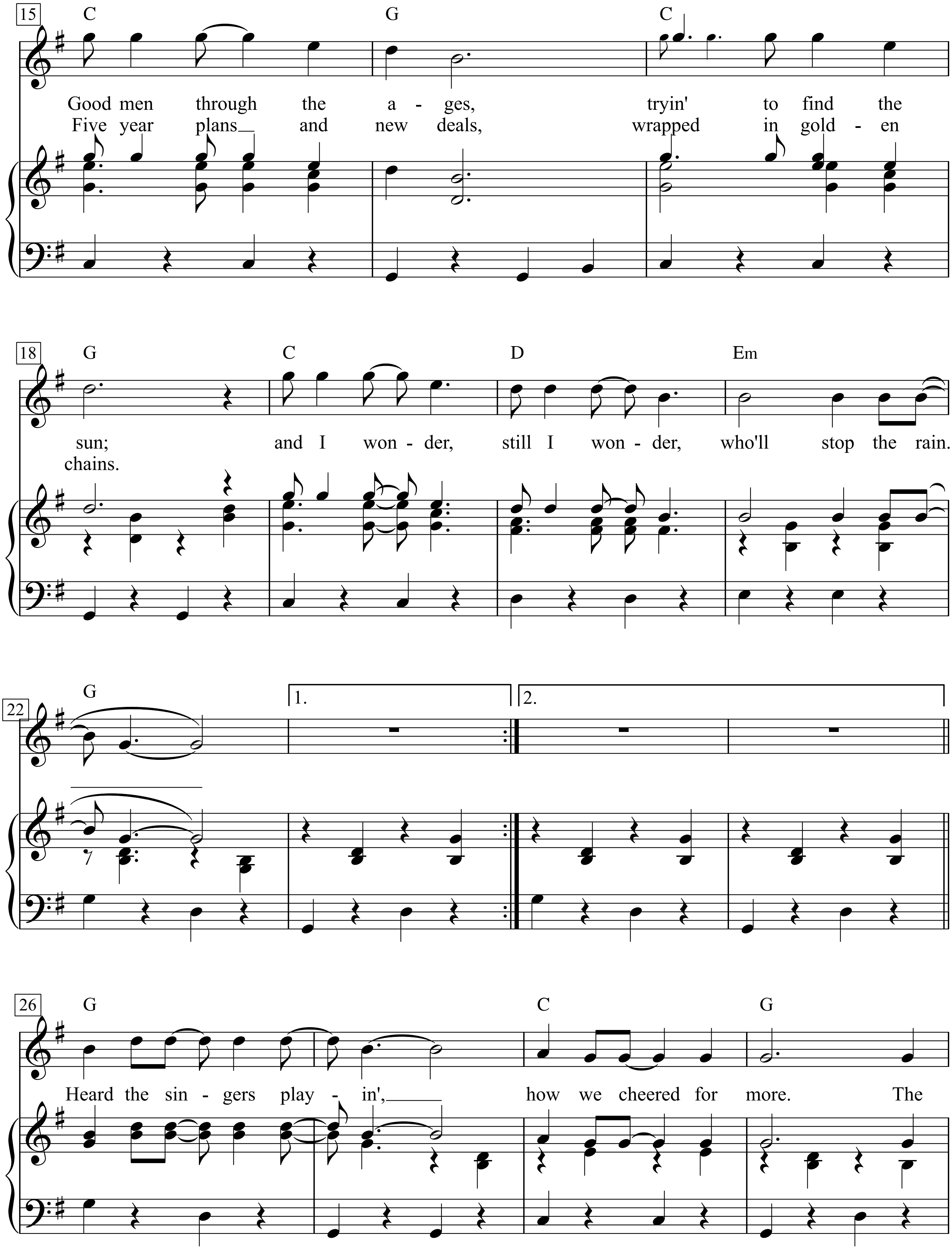

38
F
C
lot - ta sha-kin' go - in' on.
Oh, let's go on down.
41
44
F
47
C
G7
50
C

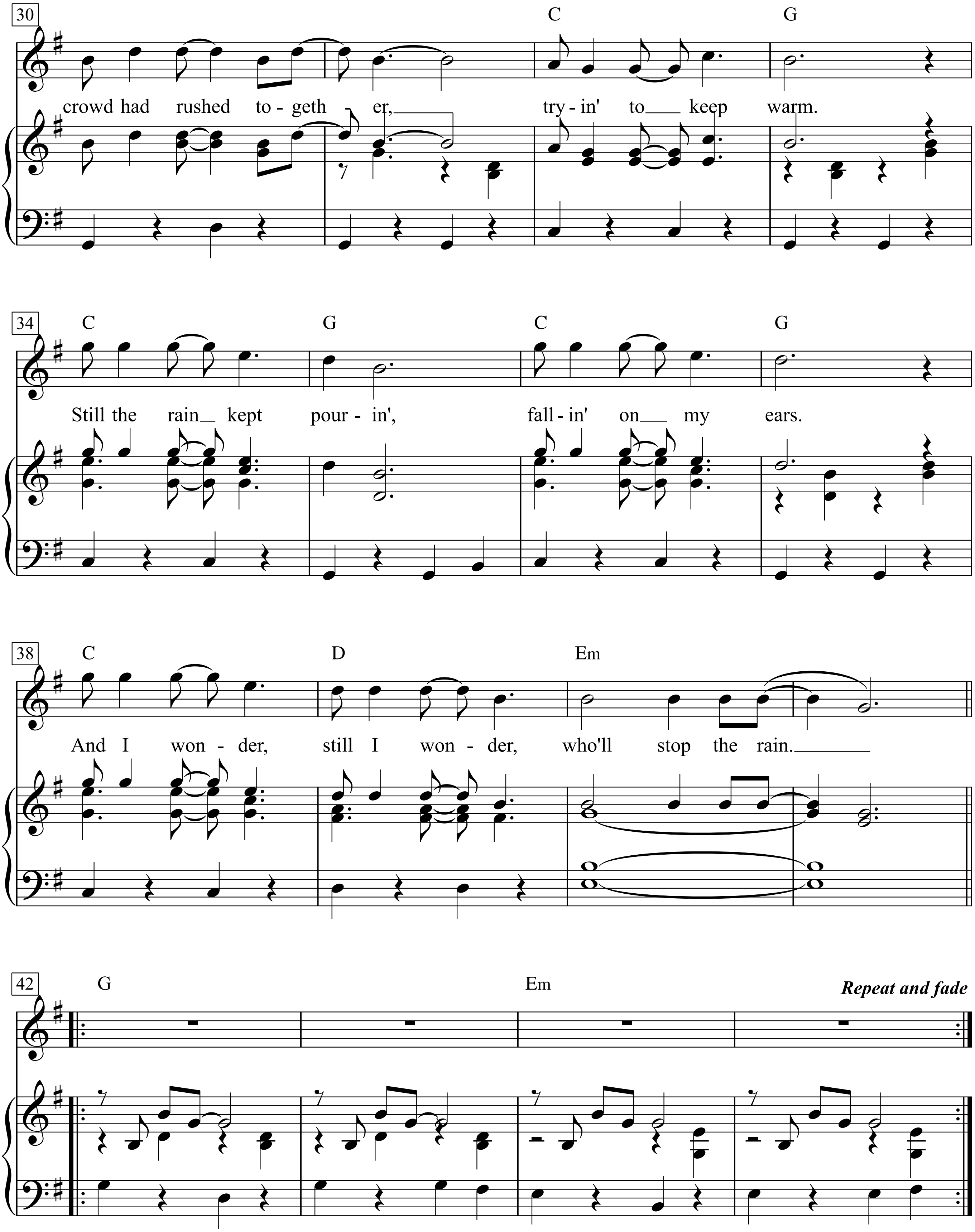
1.
Come on over, baby, whole lotta shakin' goin' on.
Come on over, baby, it really can't be that wrong.
I ain't fakin', while lotta shakin' goin' on.
2.
Come on over, baby, we got chicken in the barn,
Woo, baby.
Come on over, baby, really got the bull by the horn.
I ain't fakin', whole lotta shakin' goin' on.
Well, let's shake, baby, shake.
Shake, baby, shake.
Shake it, baby, shake it.
Shake, baby, shake.
Come on over, whole lotta shakin' goin' on.
Oh, let's go on down.

Who'll Stop the Rain

Words & Music by John C. Fogerty
(Creedence Clearwater Revival)

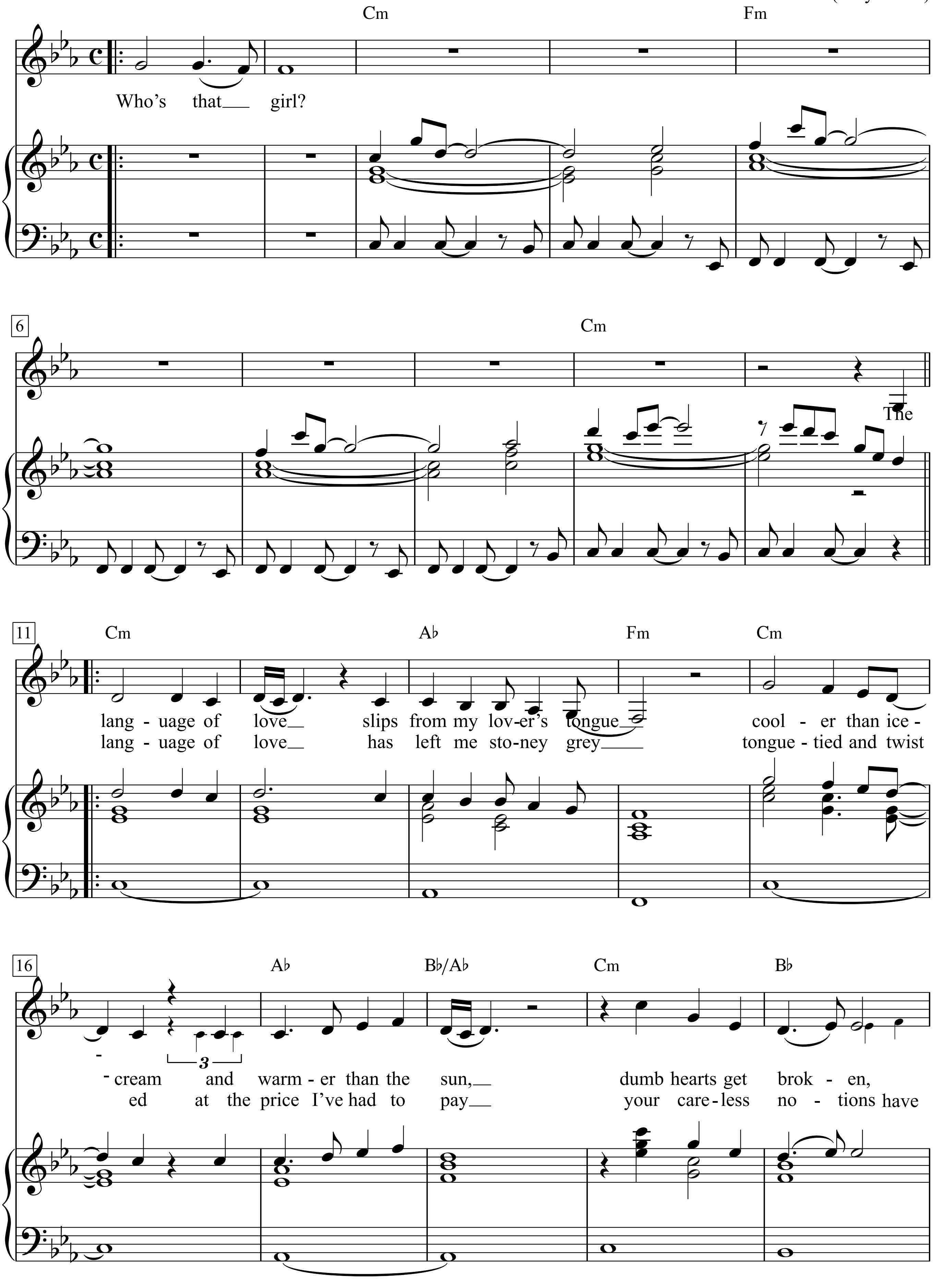


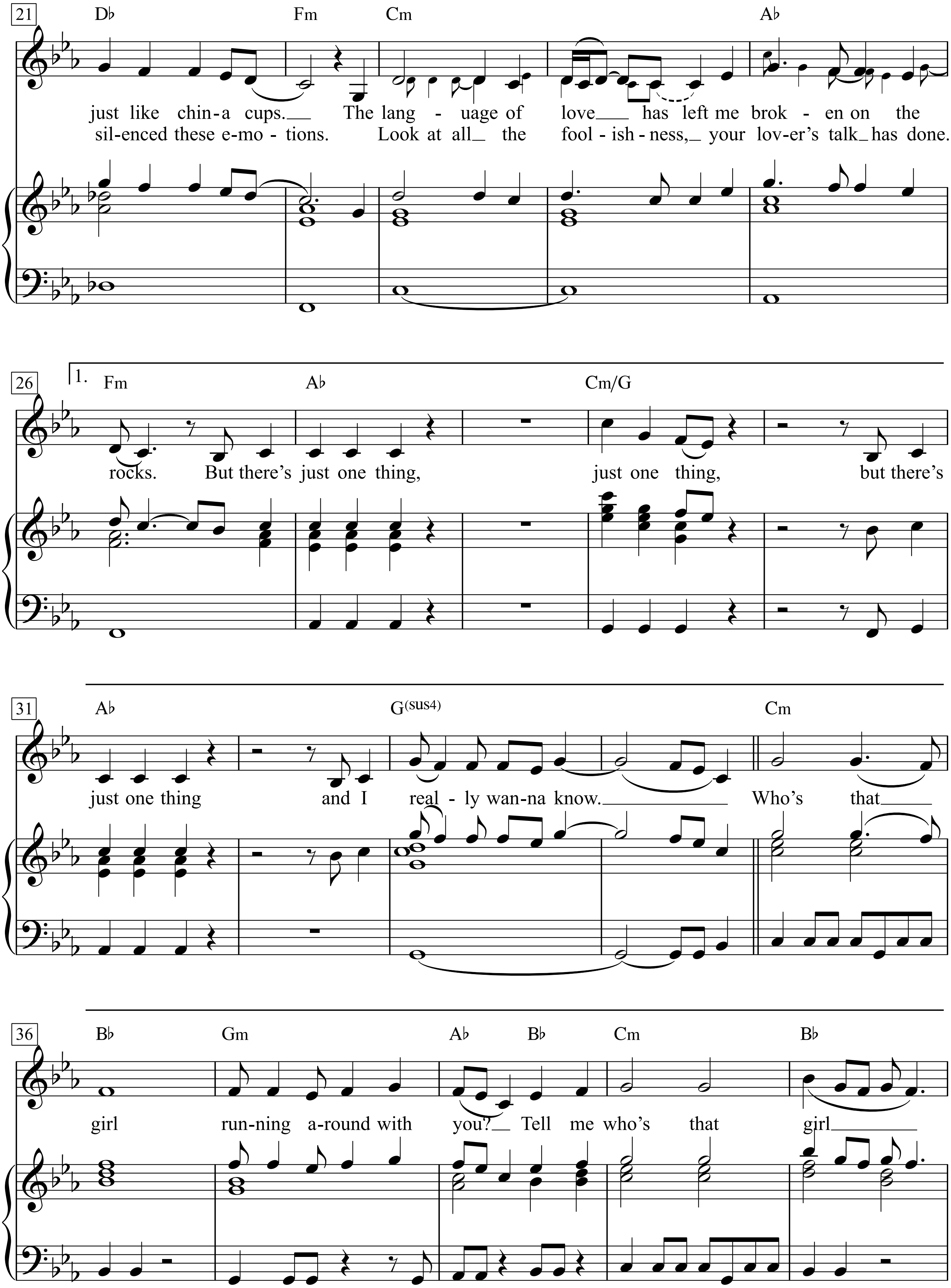

15
C G C
Good men through the a - ges, tryin' to find the
Five year plans and new deals, wrapped in gold - en
18
G C D Em
sun; and I won - der, still I won - der, who'll stop the rain.
chains.
22
G
1.
2.
26
G C G
Heard the sin - gers play - in', how we cheered for more. The

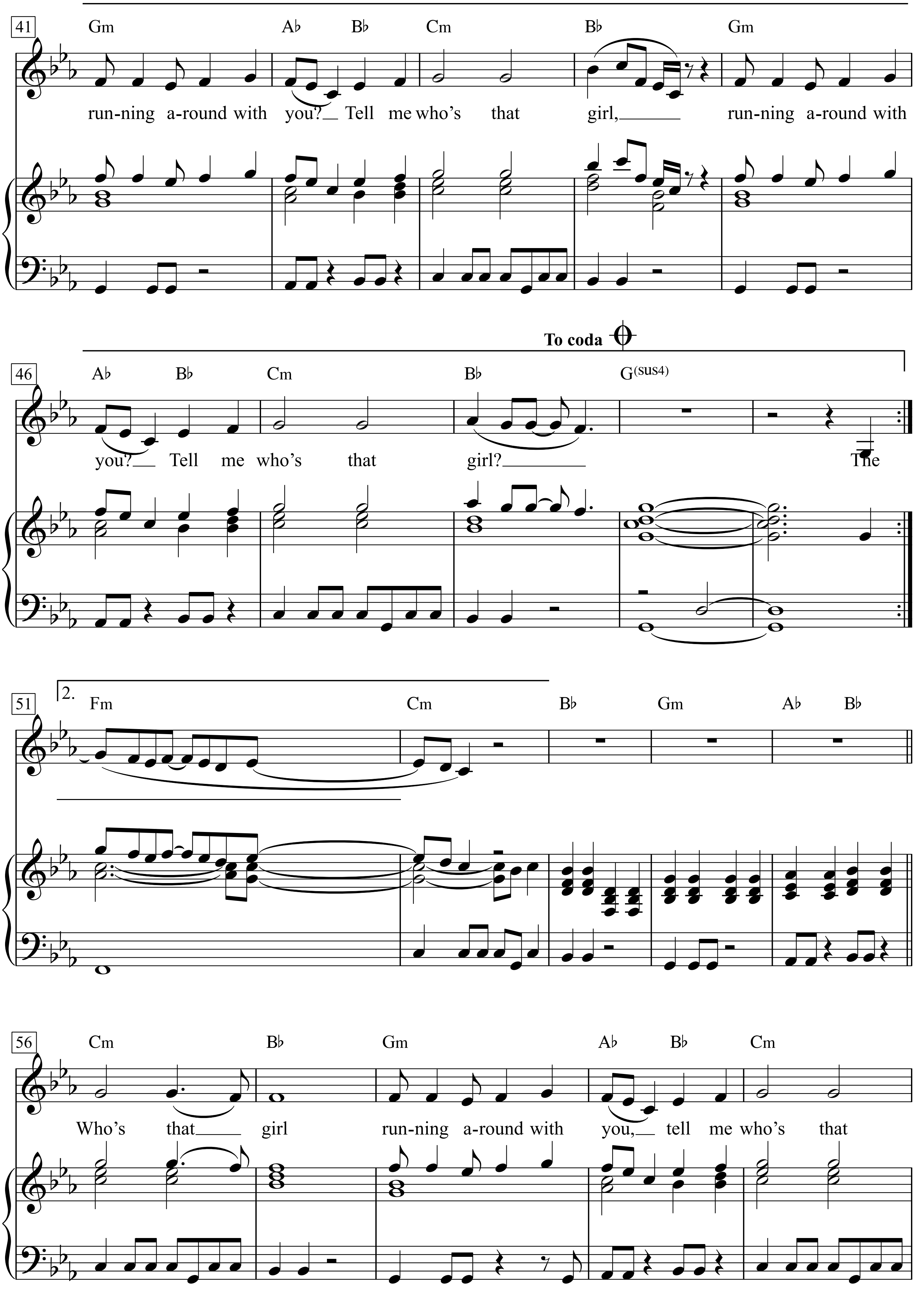

30
C
G
crowd had rushed to - geth - er,
try - in' to keep warm.
34
C
G
C
G
Still the rain kept pour - in',
fall - in' on my ears.
38
C
D
Em
And I won - der, still I won - der, who'll stop the rain.
42
G
Em
Repeat and fade

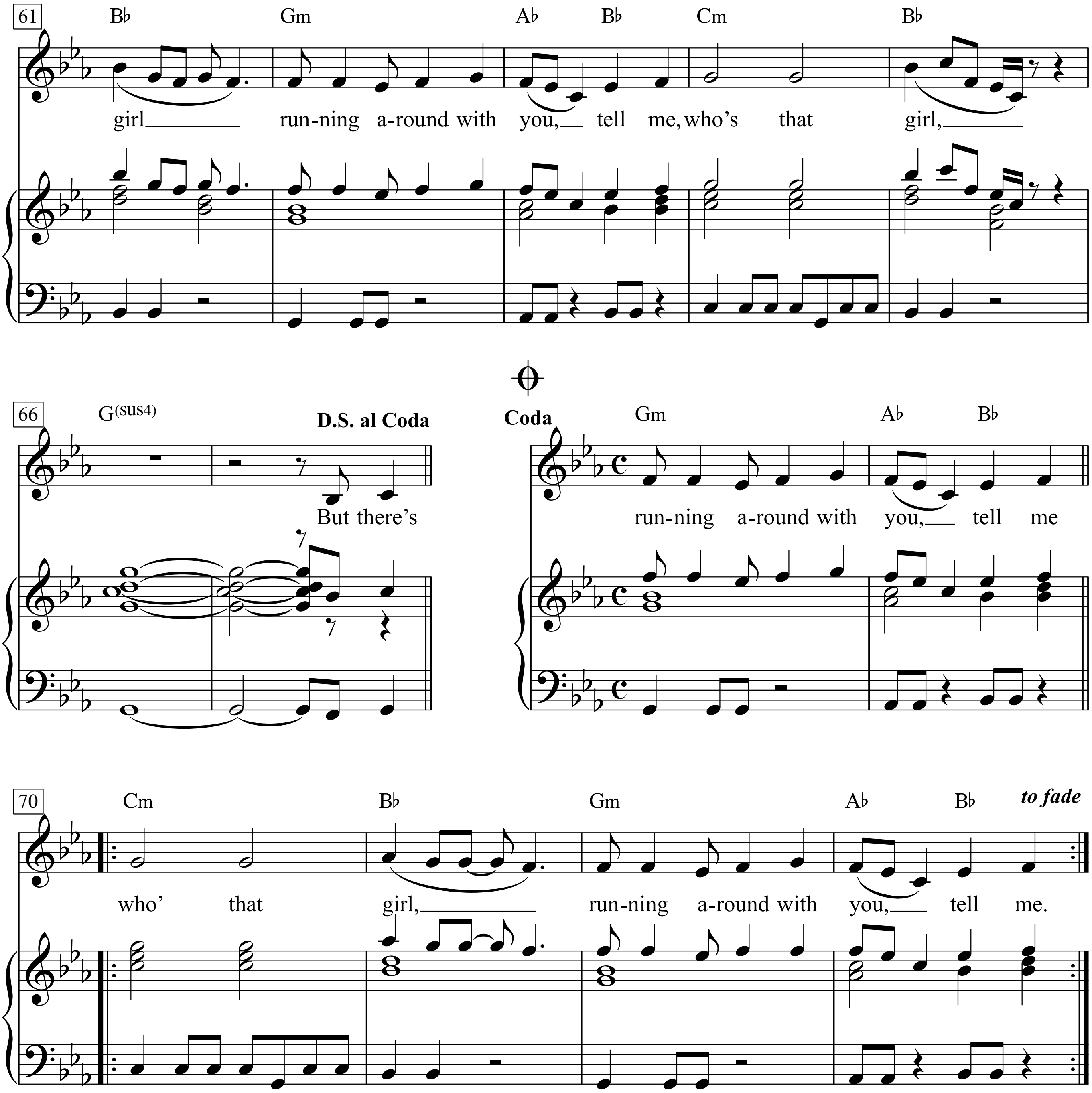
Who's That Girl?

Words & Music by
Annie Lennox and David Allan Stewart
(Eurythmics)




21
D♭ Fm Cm A♭
just like chin-a cups. The lang - uage of love has left me brok - en on the
sil-enced these e-mo - tions. Look at all the fool - ish - ness, your lov-er's talk has done.
26
1.
Fm A♭ Cm/G
rocks. But there's just one thing, just one thing, but there's
31
A♭ G(sus4) Cm
just one thing and I real - ly wan-na know. Who's that
36
B♭ Gm A♭ B♭ Cm B♭
girl run-ning a-round with you? Tell me who's that girl


41
Gm Ab Bb Cm Bb Gm
run-ning a-round with you? Tell me who's that girl, run-ning a-round with
To coda
46
Ab Bb Cm Bb G(sus4)
you? Tell me who's that girl? The
51
2.
Fm Cm Bb Gm Ab Bb
56
Cm Bb Gm Ab Bb Cm
Who's that girl run-ning a-round with you, tell me who's that


61
B♭ Gm A♭ B♭ Cm B♭
girl run-ning a-round with you, tell me, who's that girl,
66
G(sus4)
D.S. al Coda
But there's
Coda
Gm A♭ B♭
run-ning a-round with you, tell me
70
Cm B♭ Gm A♭ B♭
to fade
who' that girl, run-ning a-round with you, tell me.

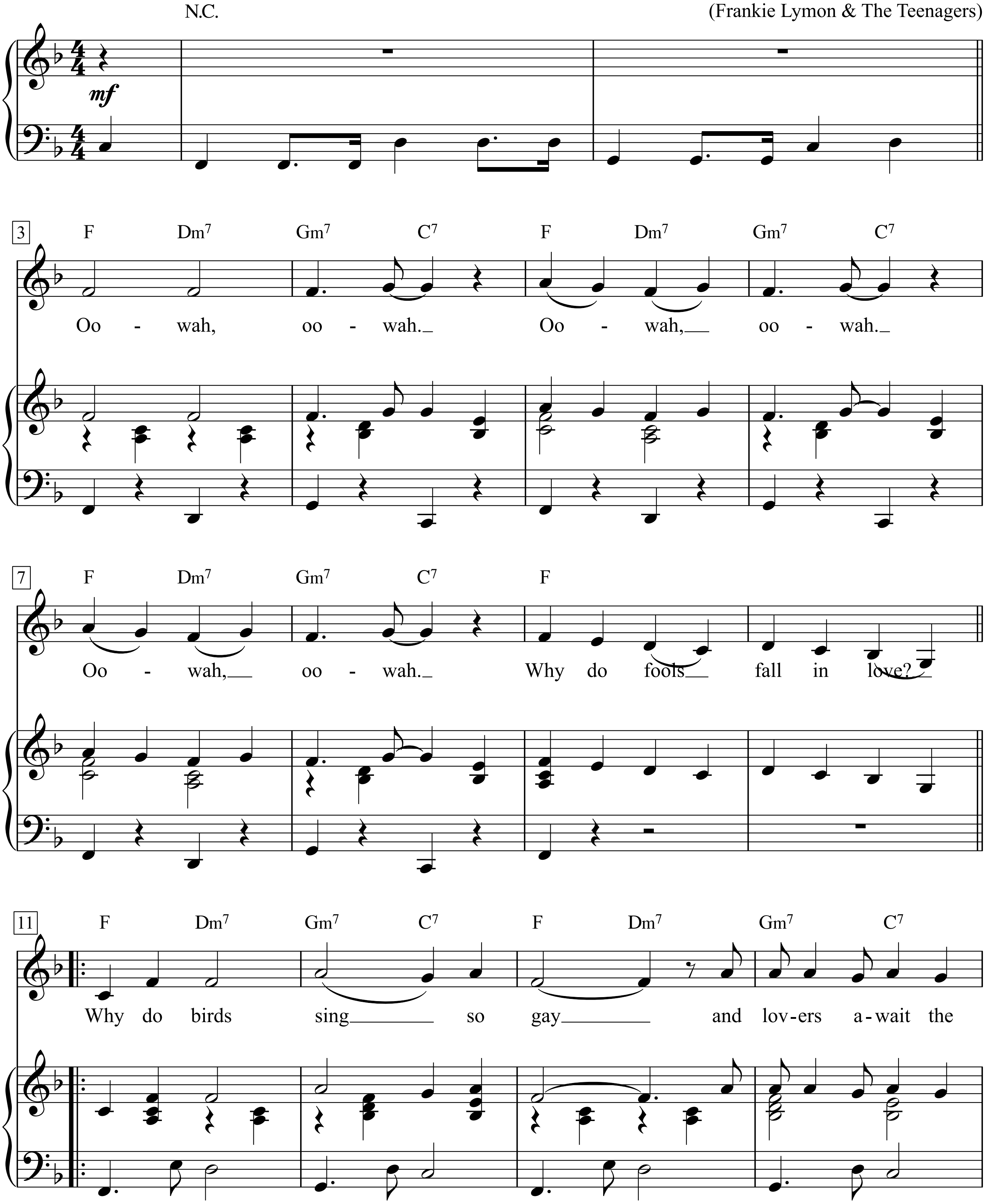
Who’s that girl?
The language of love slips from my lover’s tongue
cooler than icecream and warmer than the sun,
dumb hearts get broken, just like china cups.
The language of love has left me broken on the rocks.
But there’s just one thing, just one thing,
but there’s just one thing and I really wanna know.
Who’s that girl running around with you?
Tell me who’s that girl running around with you?
Tell me who’s that girl, running around with you?
Tell me who’s that girl?
The
Who’s that girl running around with you,
tell me who’s that girl running around with you,
tell me, who’s that girl,
But there’s
running around with you, tell me
who’ that girl, running around with you, tell me.

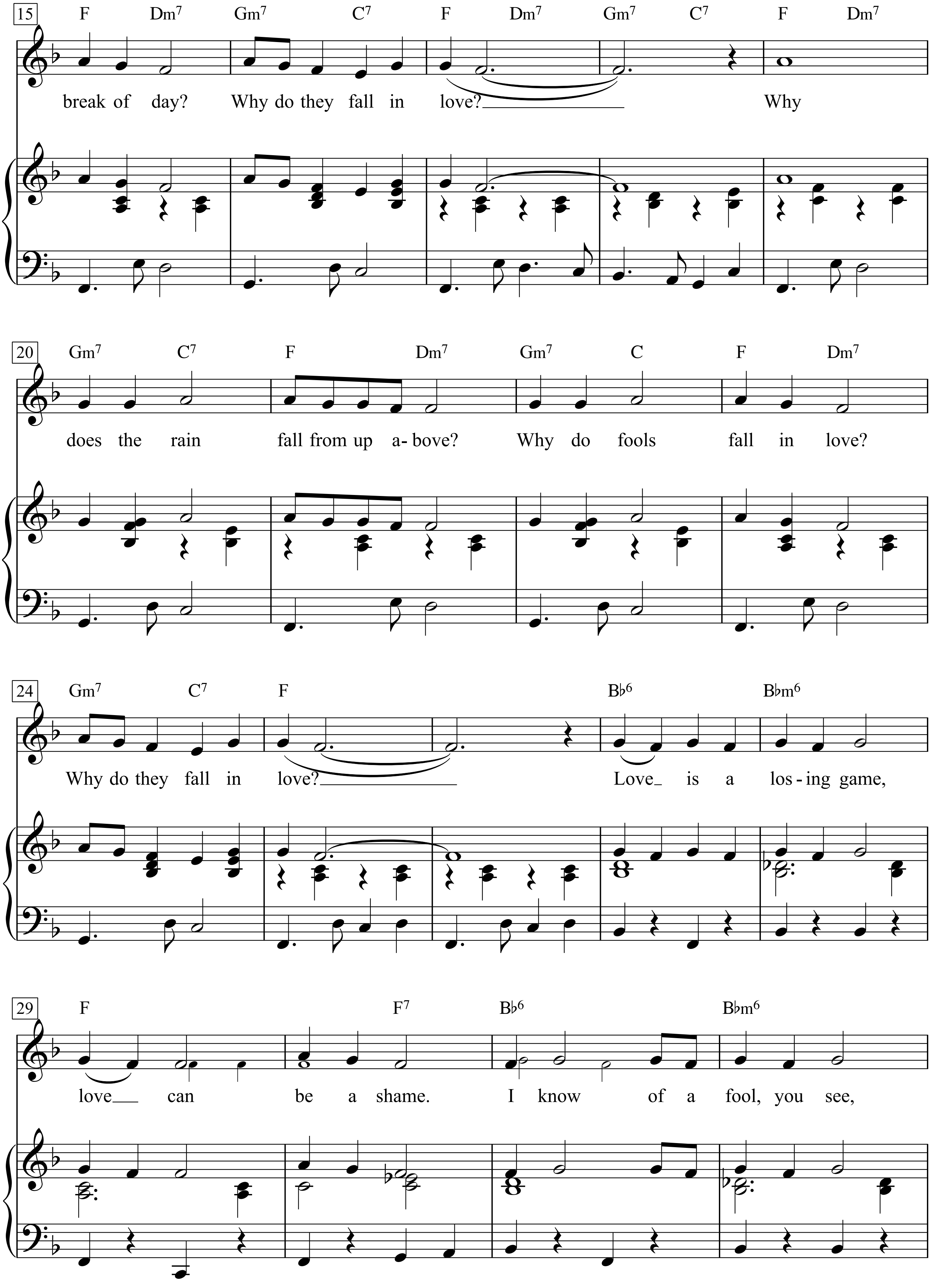
2. language of love has left me stoney grey tongue-tied
and twisted at the price I’ve had to pay your careless notions
have silenced these emotions.
Look at all the foolishness, your lover’s talk has done.

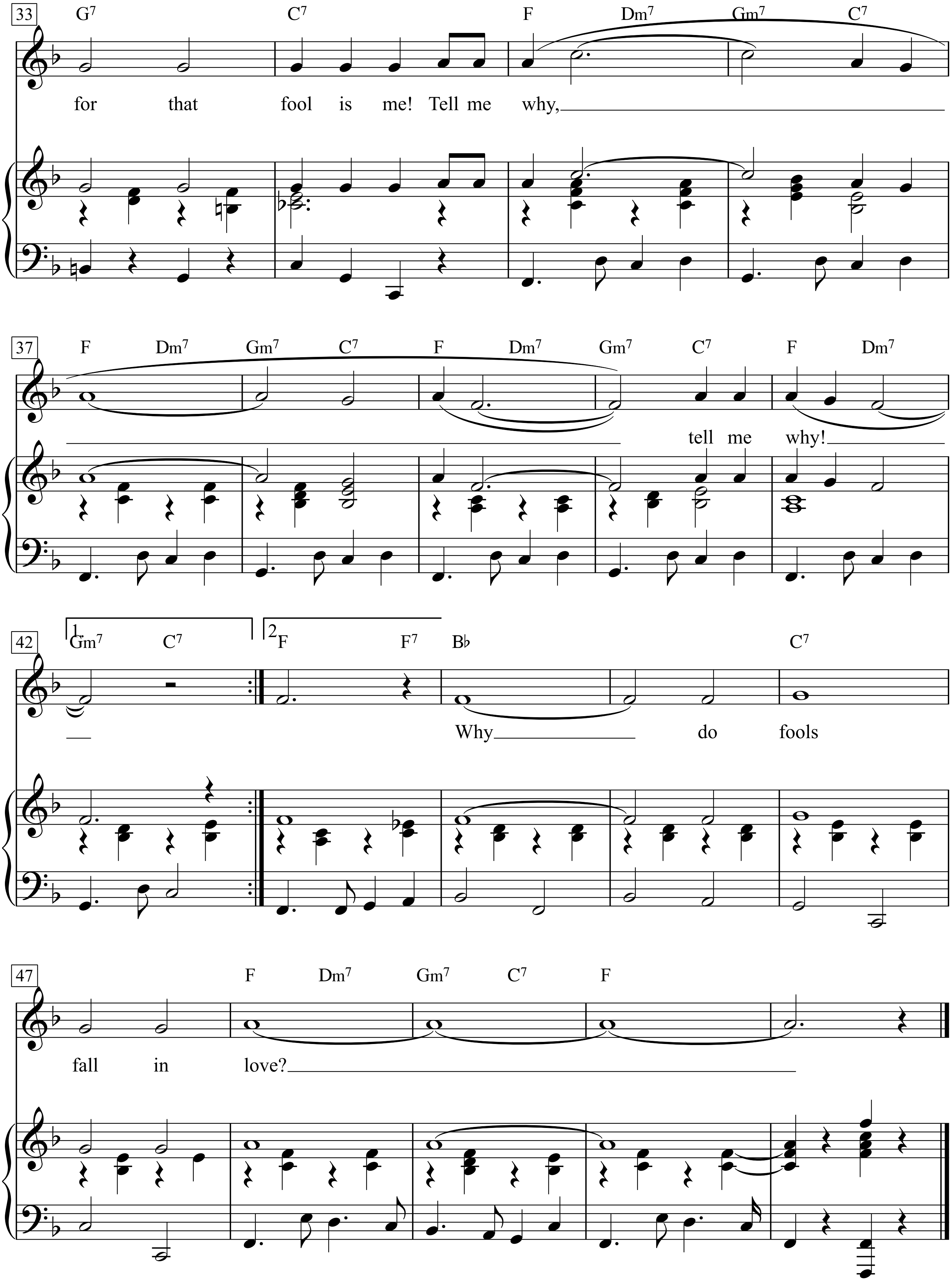
Why Do Fools Fall in Love

Words & Music by
Morris Levy and Frankie Lymon)
(Frankie Lymon & The Teenagers)

Moderate beat in 2




15
F Dm7 Gm7 C7 F Dm7 Gm7 C7 F Dm7
break of day? Why do they fall in love? Why
20
Gm7 C7 F Dm7 Gm7 C F Dm7
does the rain fall from up a-bove? Why do fools fall in love?
24
Gm7 C7 F B♭6 B♭m6
Why do they fall in love? Love is a los-ing game,
29
F F7 B♭6 B♭m6
love can be a shame. I know of a fool, you see,

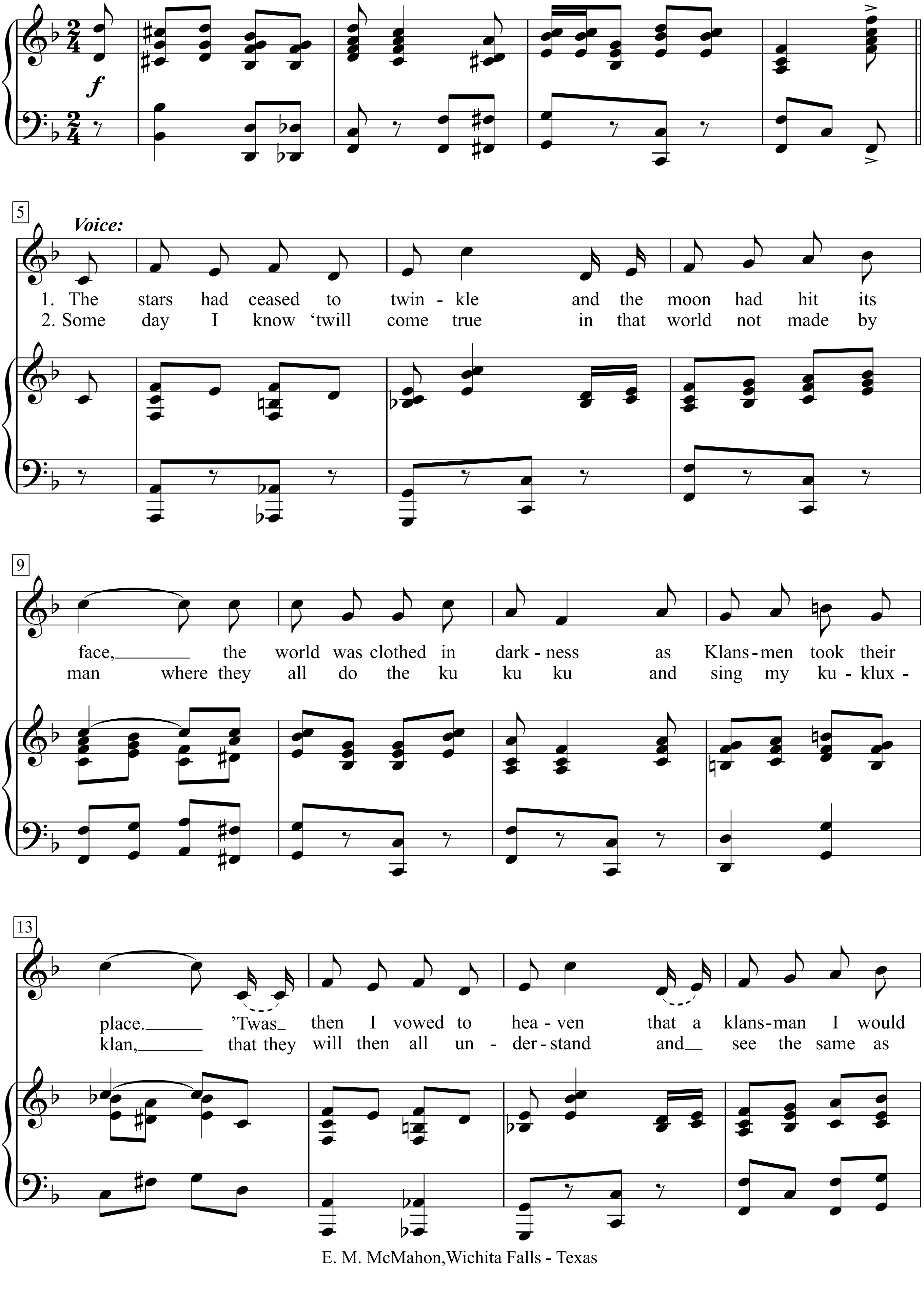

33
G7 C7 F Dm7 Gm7 C7
for that fool is me! Tell me why,
37
F Dm7 Gm7 C7 F Dm7 Gm7 C7 F Dm7
tell me why!
42
1 Gm7 C7
2 F F7 Bb C7
Why do fools
47
F Dm7 Gm7 C7 F
fall in love?

1.
Oo-wah, oo-wah.
Oo-wah, oo-wah.
Oo-wah, oo-wah.
Why do fools fall in love?
Why do birds sing so gay and lovers await the break of day?
Why do they fall in love?
Why does the rain fall from up above?
Why do fools fall in love?
Why do they fall in love?
Love is a losing game, love can be a shame.
I know of a fool, you see, for that fool is me!
Tell me why, tell me why!
Why do fools fall in love?

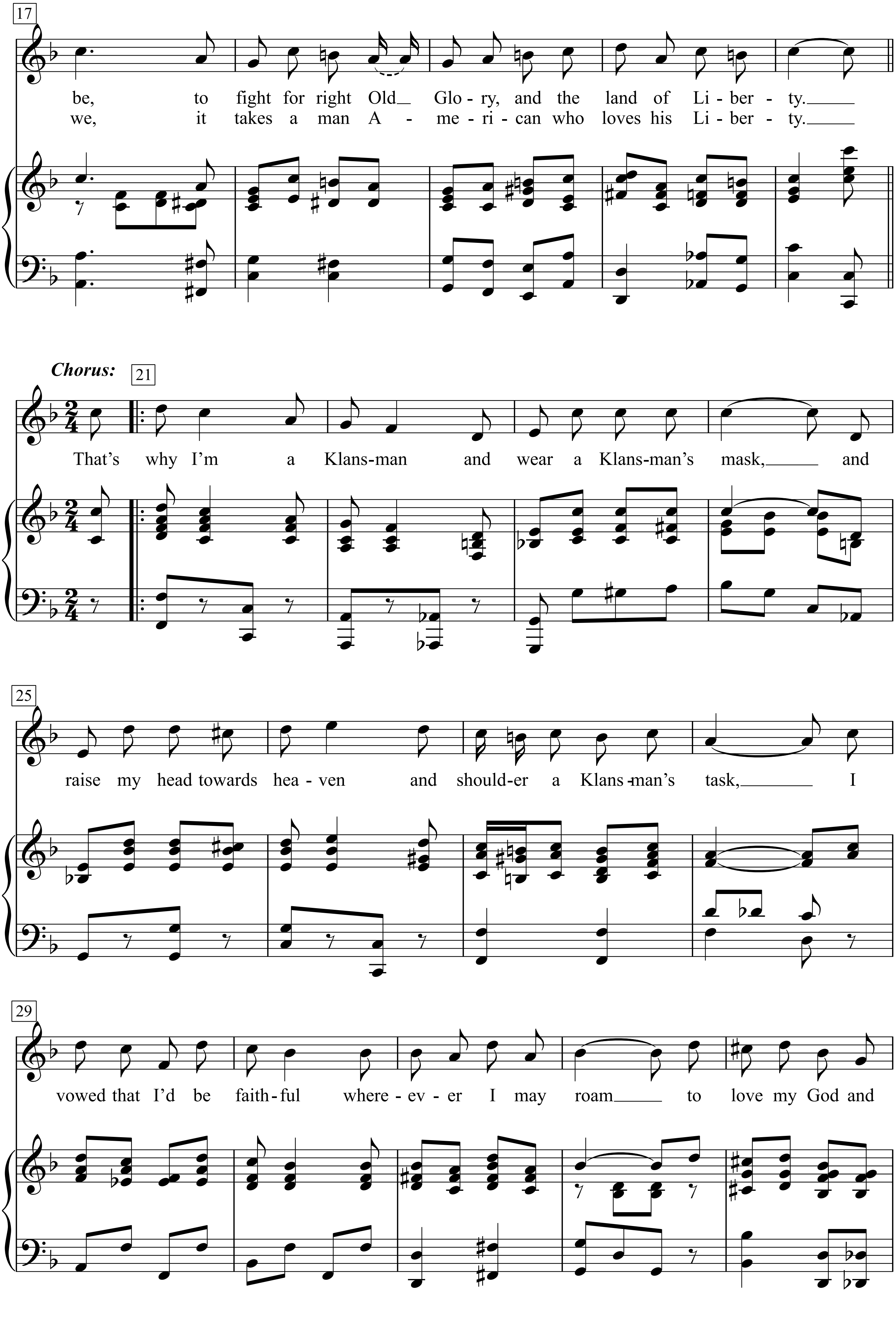
Why I am a Klansman

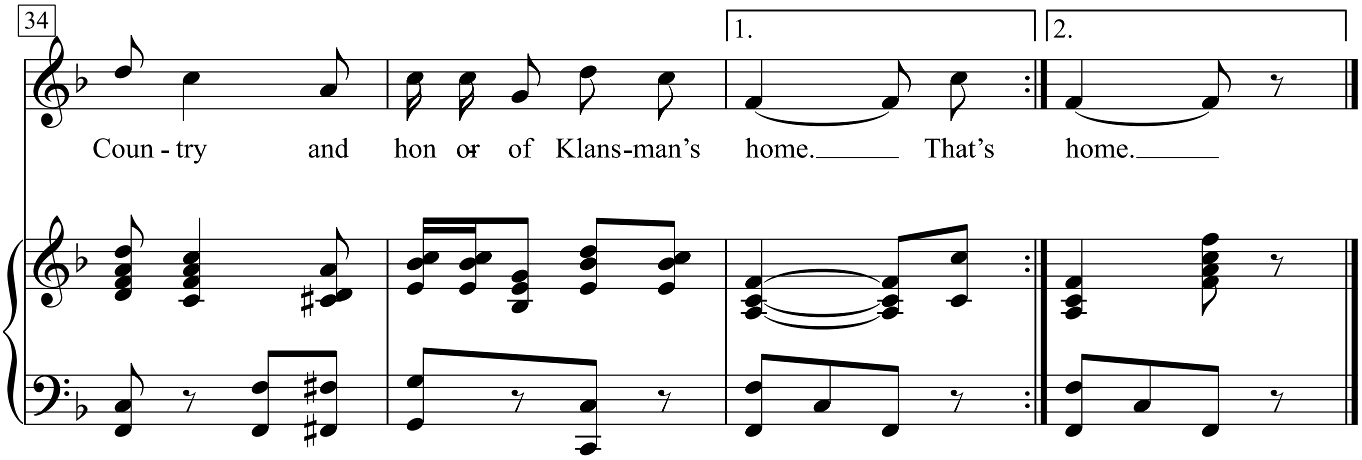
Words: E. M. McMahon

Music: H. A. Hummel



E. M. McMahon, Wichita Falls - Texas


17
be, to fight for right Old Glo - ry, and the land of Li - ber - ty.
we, it takes a man A - me - ri - can who loves his Li - ber - ty.
Chorus:
21
That's why I'm a Klans-man and wear a Klans-man's mask, and
25
raise my head towards hea - ven and should-er a Klans-man's task, I
29
vowed that I'd be faith-ful wher - ev - er I may roam to love my God and



1. The stars had ceased to twinkle and the moon had hit its face,
the world was clothed in darkness as Klansmen took their place.
'Twas then I vowed to heaven that a klansman I would be,
to fight for right Old Glory, and the land of Liberty.

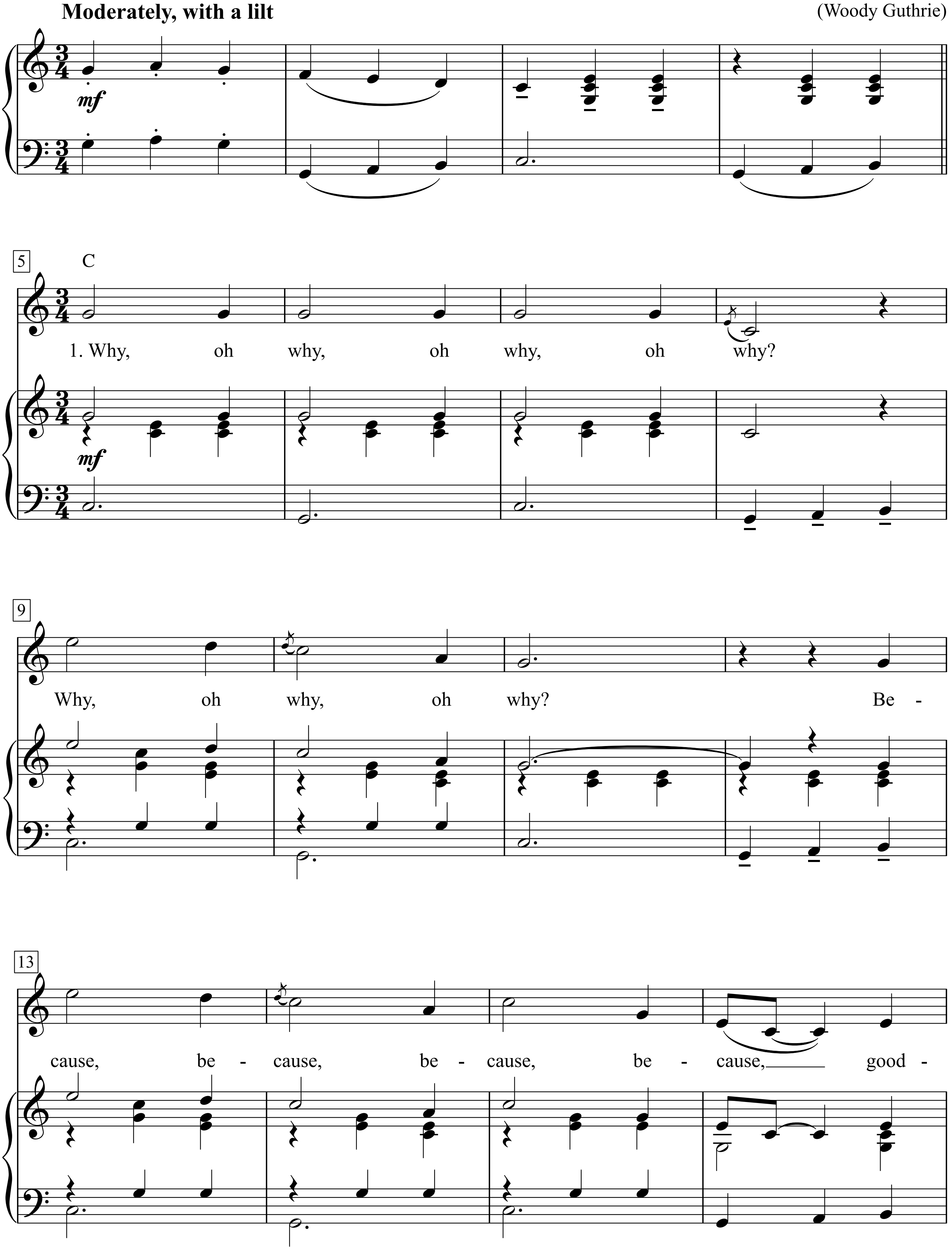
Chorus:
That's why I'm a Klansman and wear a Klansman's mask,
and raise my head towards heaven and shoulder a Klansman's task,
I vowed that I'd be faithful whereever I may roam
to love my God and Country and honor of Klansman's home.

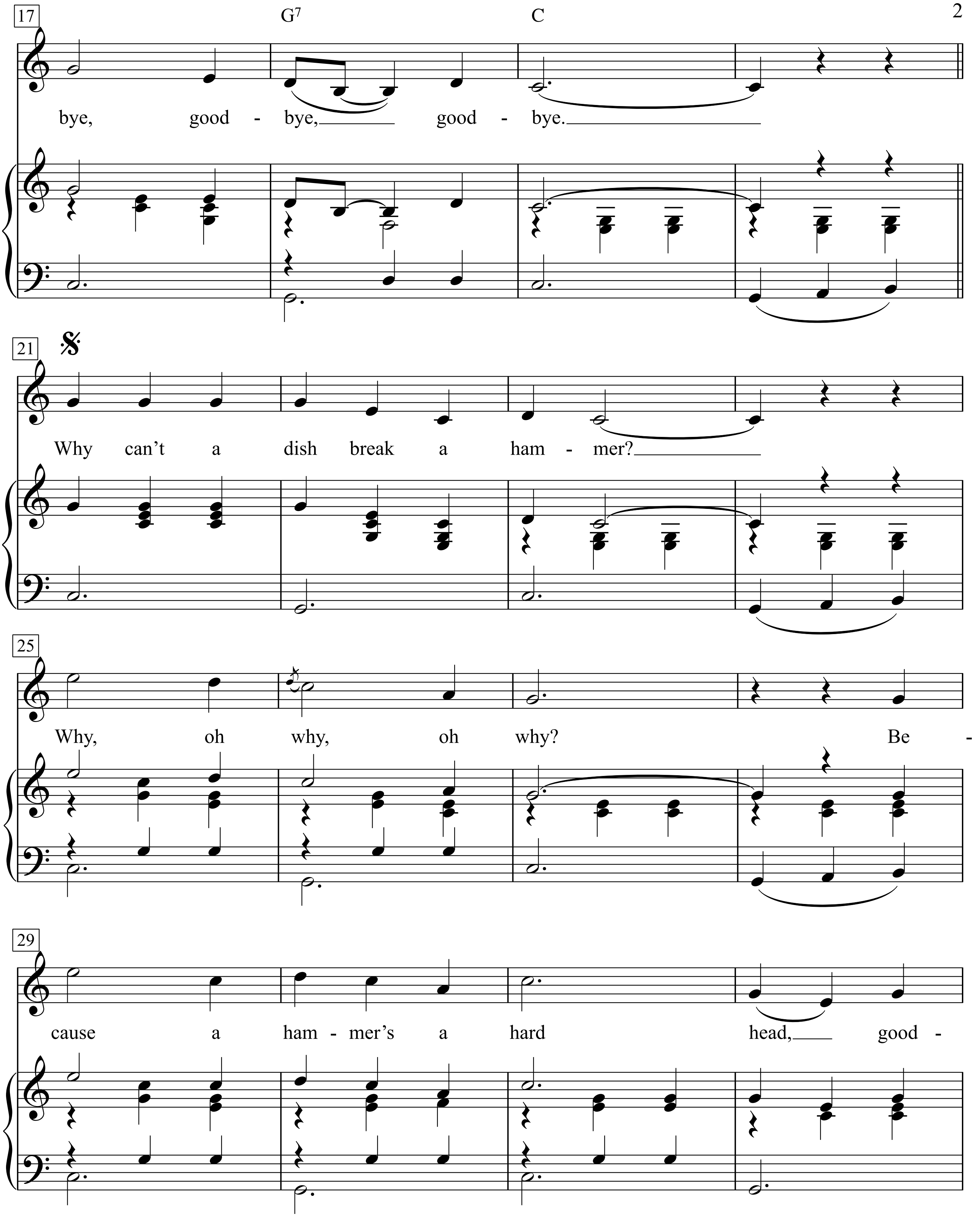
2. Some day I know 'twill come true in that world not made by man
where they all do the ku ku ku and sing my ku-klux-klan,
that they will then all understand and see the same as we,
it takes a man American who loves his Liberty.

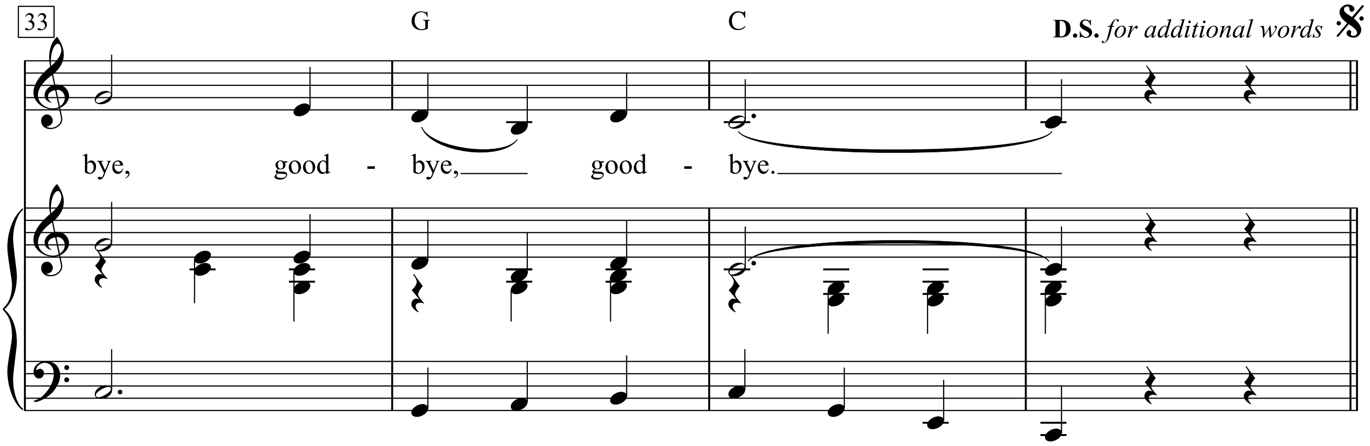
Chorus:
That's why I'm a Klansman and wear a Klansman's mask,

Why Oh Why

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie
(Woody Guthrie)




17
G7
C
bye, good - bye, good - bye.
21
Why can't a dish break a ham - mer?
25
Why, oh why, oh why? Be -
29
cause a ham - mer's a hard head, good -



Why, oh why, oh why, oh why?
Why, oh why, oh why?
Because, because, because, because,
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.

1. Why can't a dish break a hammer?
Why, oh why, oh why?
Because a hammer's a hard head,
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.

2. Why can't a bird eat an elephant?
Why, oh why, oh why?
Because an elephant's got a pretty hard skin,
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.

3. Why can't a mouse eat a street car?
Why, oh why, oh why?
Because a mouse's stomach ain't big enough to hold no street car,
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.

4. Why does a horn make music?
Why, oh why, oh why?
Because the horn-blower blows it,
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.

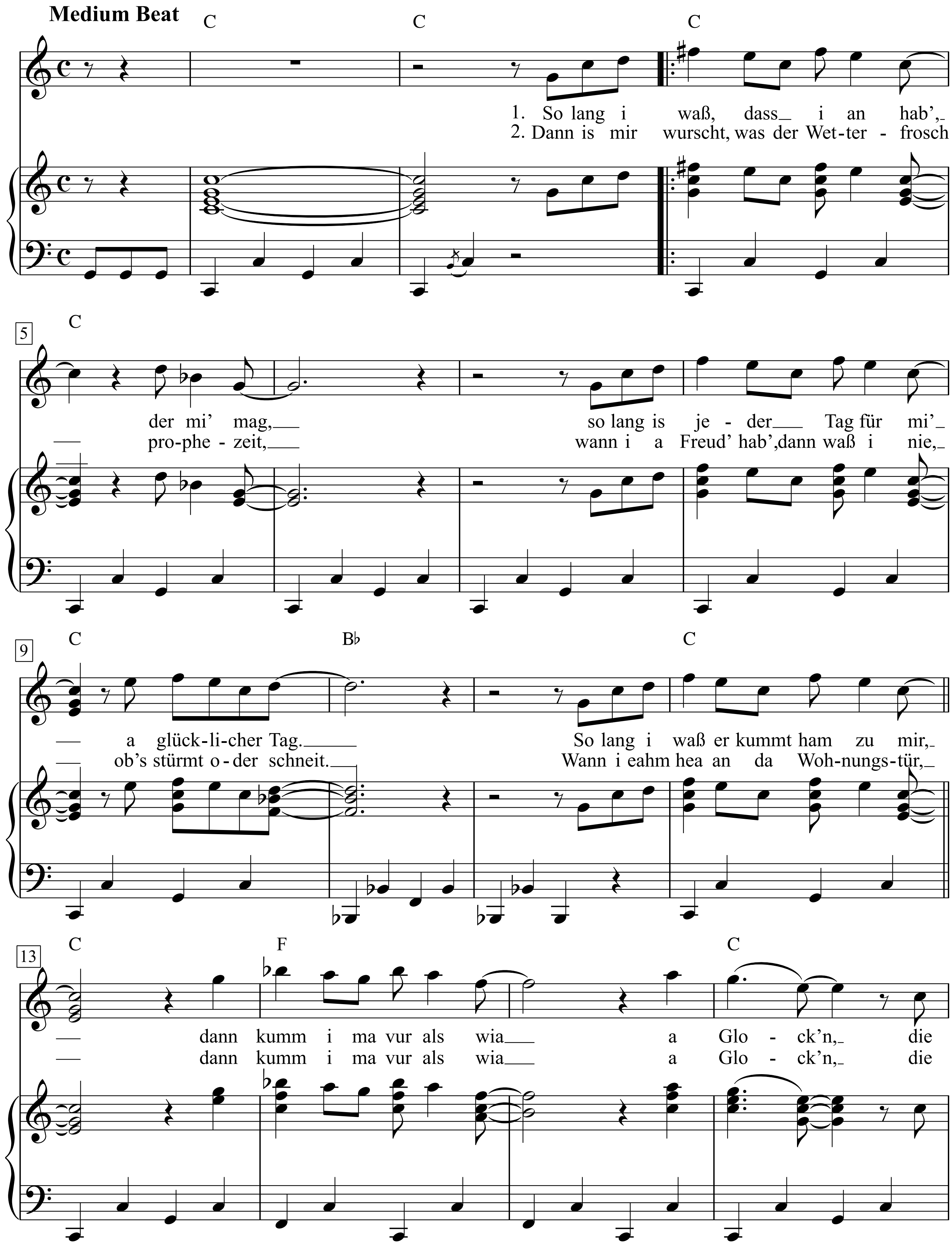
5. Why does a cow drink water?
Why, oh why, oh why?
Because a (spoken fast) cow gets thirsty just like you or me or anybody else.

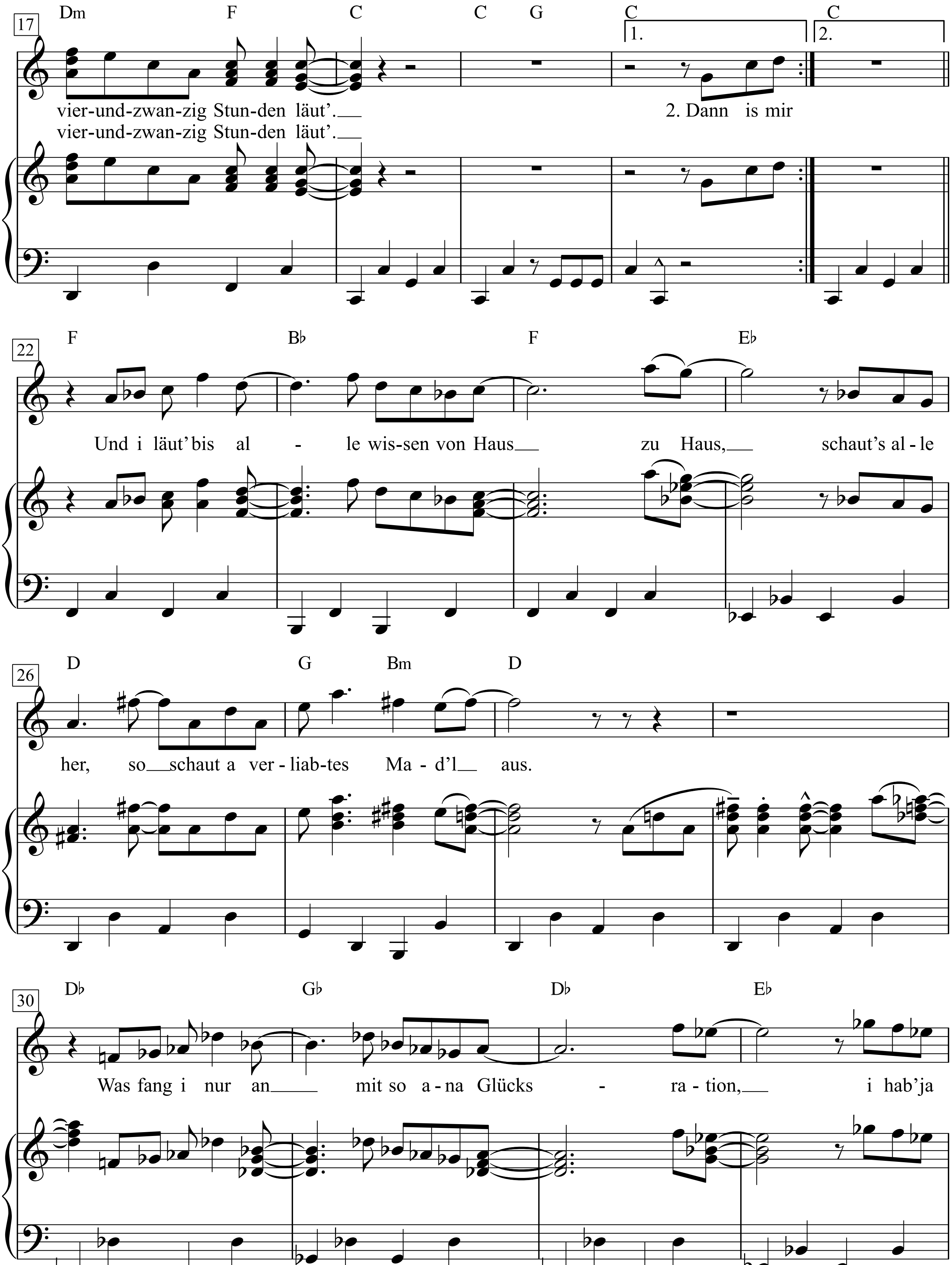
6. Why don't you fly up toward the moon?
(very fast) Because then I'll never be able to get back down, back home again, and see everybody again,
might not get back home, never again,
aaaaah,

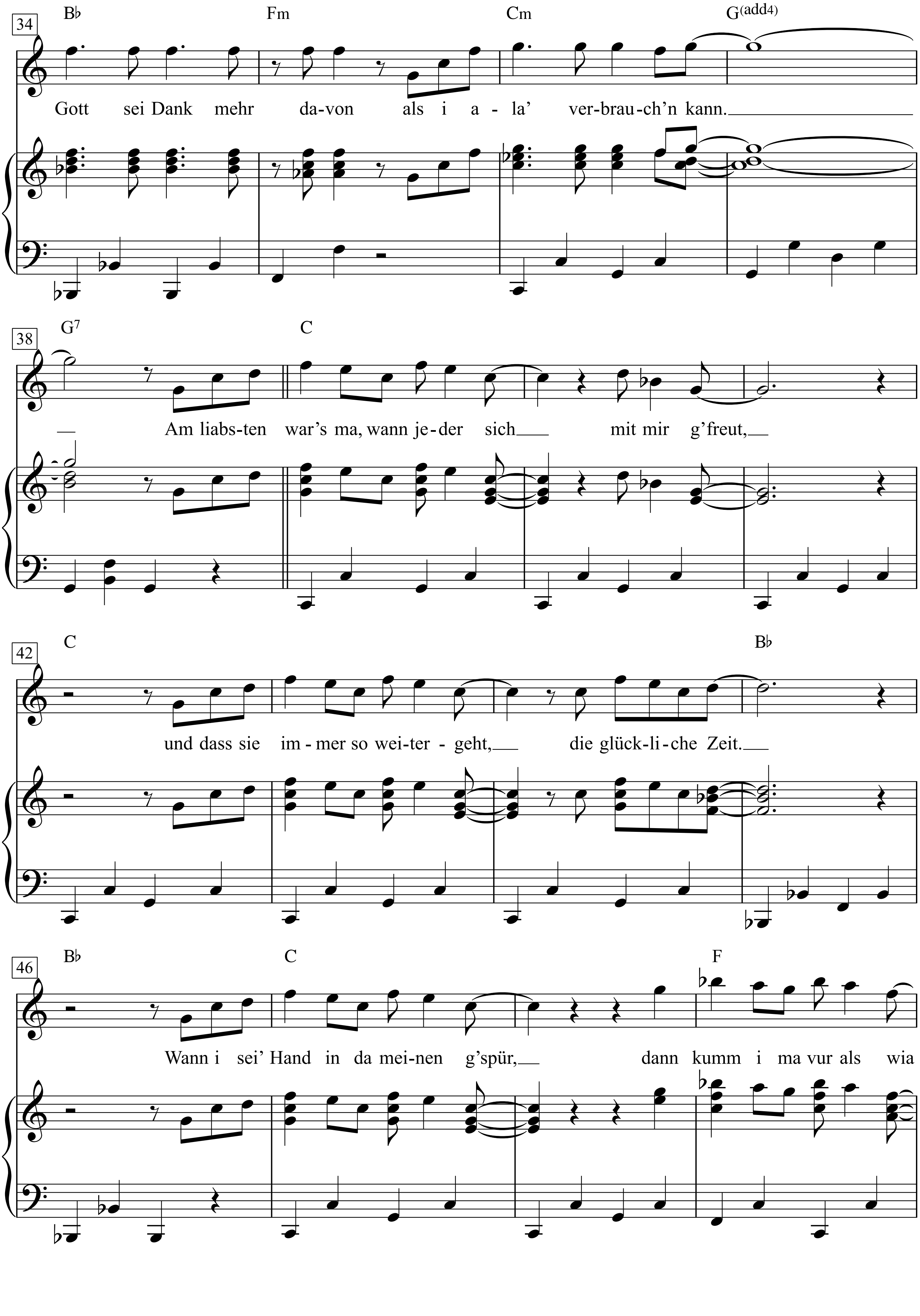
7. Why don't you answer my questions?
Because I don't know the answers.

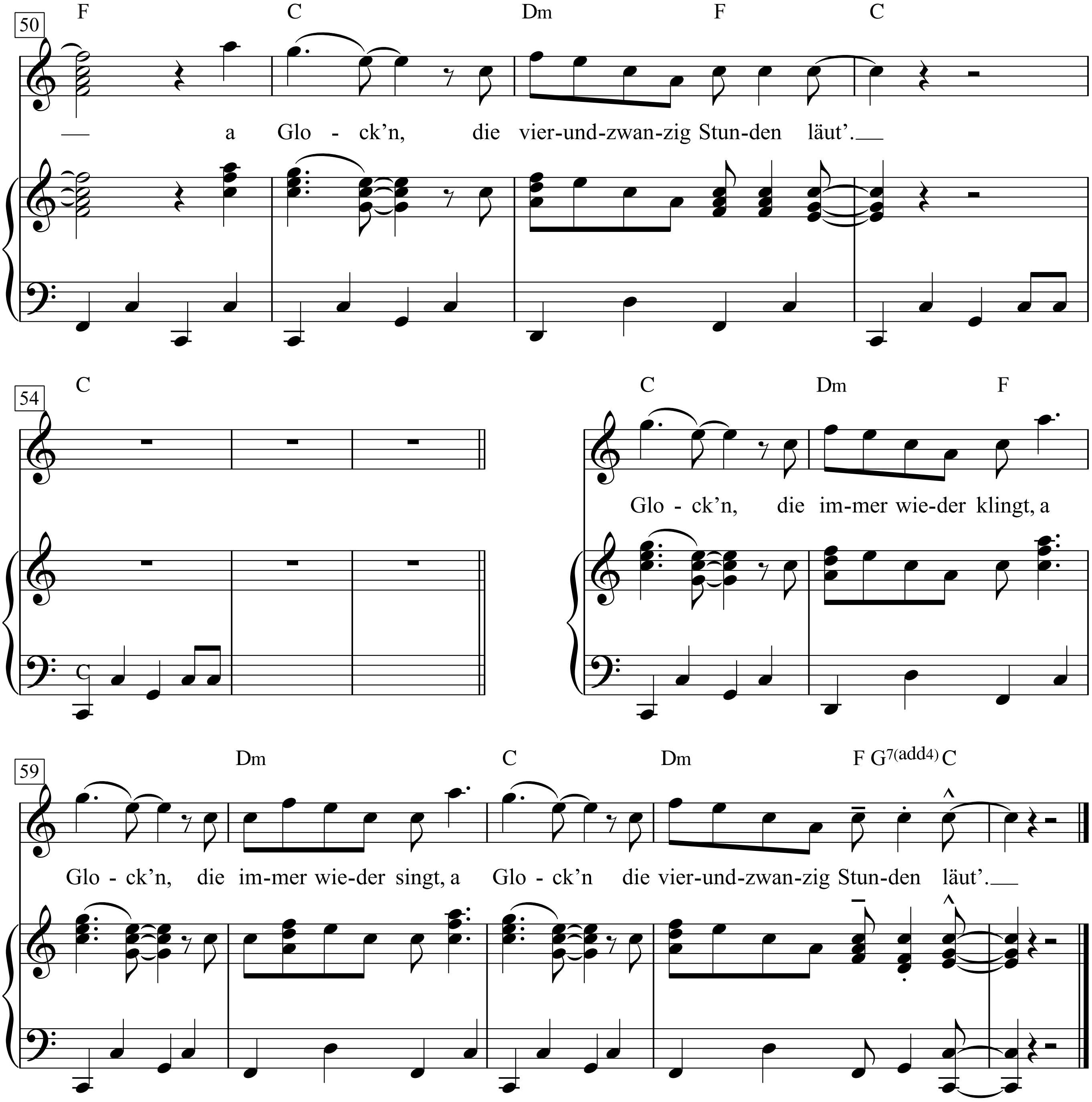
Wia Glock'n, die 24 Stunden läut'

Musik: Hans Salomon
Text: Gerhard Bronner
Arrangement: Harald Lakits




17
Dm F C C G C C
1. 2.
vier-und-zwan-zig Stun-den läut'.
vier-und-zwan-zig Stun-den läut'.
2. Dann is mir
22
F B♭ F E♭
Und i läut' bis al - le wis-sen von Haus zu Haus, schaut's al-le
26
D G Bm D
her, so schaut a ver-liab-tes Ma-d'l aus.
30
D♭ G♭ D♭ E♭
Was fang i nur an mit so a-na Glücks - ra-tion, i hab' ja


34
B♭ Fm Cm G(add4)
Gott sei Dank mehr da-von als i a - la' ver-brau-ch'n kann.
38
G7 C
Am liabs-ten war's ma, wann je-der sich mit mir g'freut,
42
C B♭
und dass sie im - mer so wei-ter - geht, die glück-li-che Zeit.
46
B♭ C F
Wann i sei' Hand in da mei-nen g'spür, dann kumm i ma vur als wia


50
F C Dm F C
— a Glo - ck'n, die vier-und-zwan-zig Stun-den läut'.
54
C
C Dm F
Glo - ck'n, die im-mer wie-der klingt, a
59
Dm C Dm F G7(add4) C
Glo - ck'n, die im-mer wie-der singt, a Glo - ck'n die vier-und-zwan-zig Stun-den läut'.

1. So lang i waß, dass i an hab', der mi' mag,
so lang is jeder Tag für mi' a glücklicher Tag.
So lang i waß er kummt ham zu mir,
dann kumm i ma vur als wia a Glock'n,
die vierundzwanzig Stunden läut'.

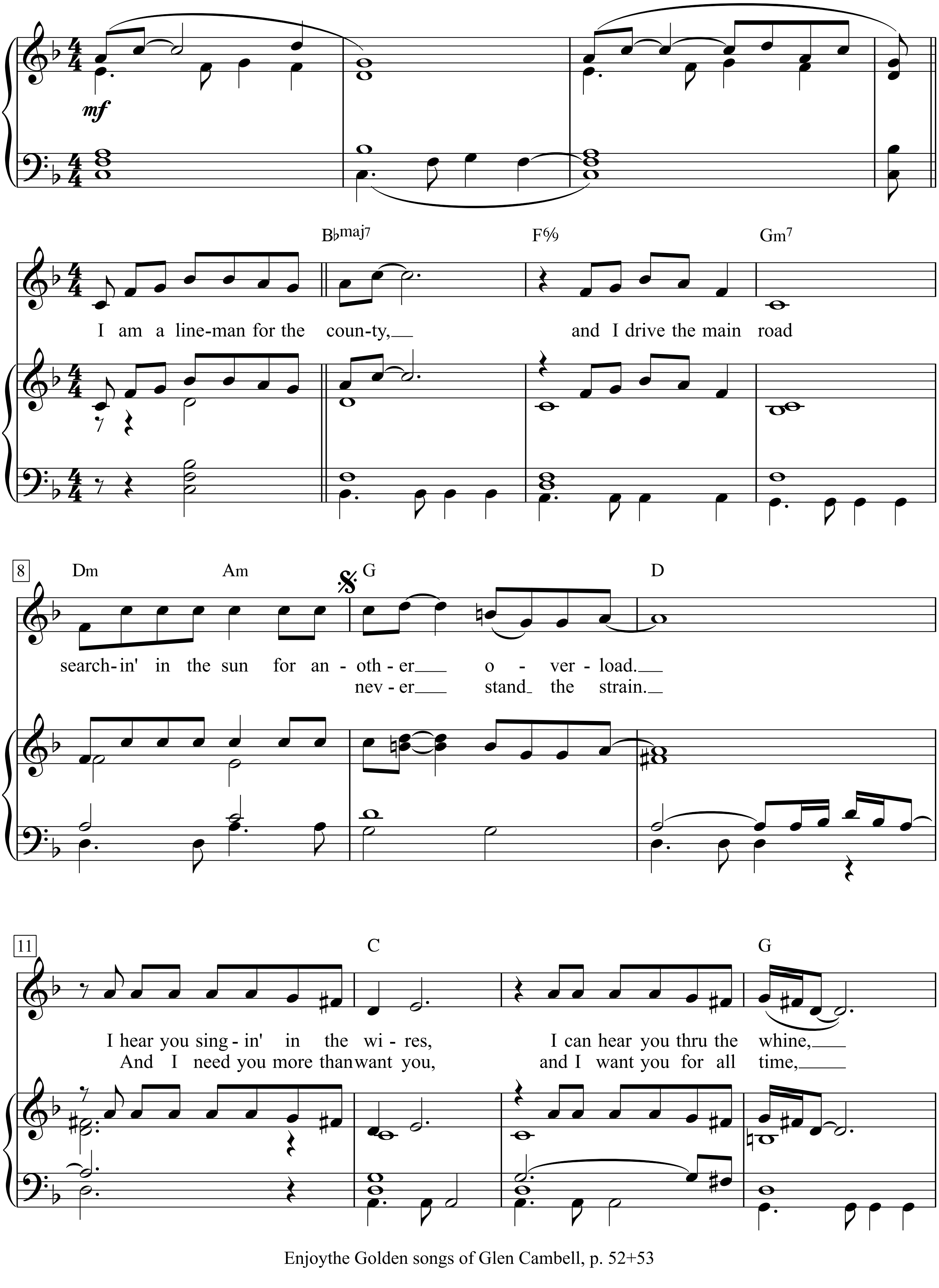
2. Dann is mir wurscht, was der Wetterfrosch prophezeit,
wann i a Freud' hab', dann waß i nie, ob's stürmt oder schneit.
Wann i eahm hea an da Wohnungstür,
dann kumm i ma vur als wia a Glock'n,
die vierundzwanzig Stunden läut'.

Und i läut' bis alle wissen von Haus zu Haus,
schaut's alle her, so schaut a verliabtes Mad'l aus.
Was fang i nur an mit so ana Glücksration,
i hab' ja Gott sei Dank mehr davon als i ala' verbrauch'n kann.
Am liabsten war's ma, wann jeder sich mit mir g'freut,
und dass sie immer so weitergeht, die glückliche Zeit.
Wann i sei' Hand in da meinen g'spür,
dann kumm i ma vur als wia a Glock'n,
die vierundzwanzig Stunden läut'.
Glock'n, die immer wieder klingt,
a Glock'n, die immer wieder singt,
a Glock'n die vierundzwanzig Stunden läut'.

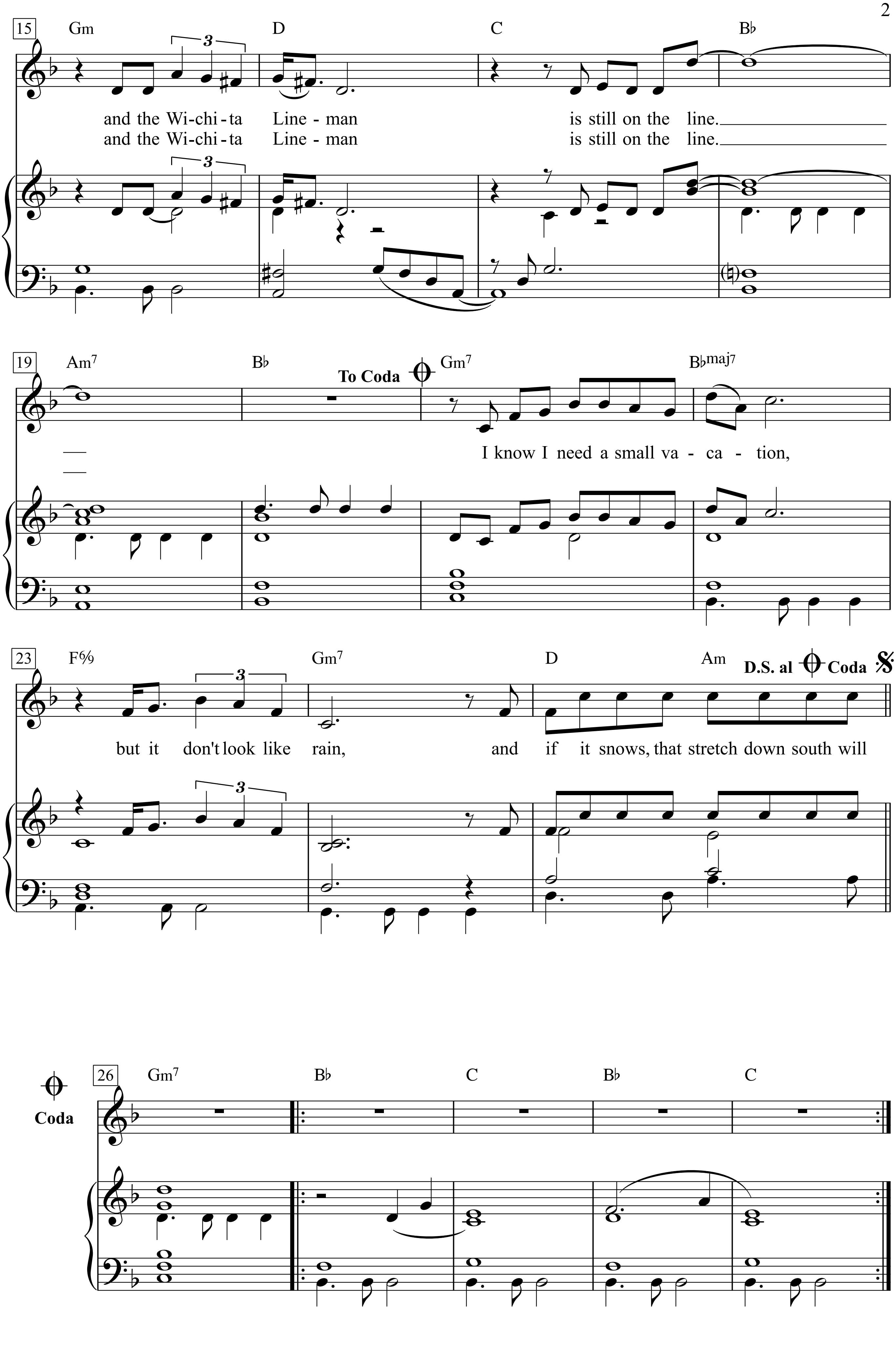
Wichita Lineman

Words & Music by Jimmy Webb
(Glen Cambell)

Moderately



Enjoythe Golden songs of Glen Cambell, p. 52+53


15
Gm
D
C
B♭
and the Wi-chi-ta Line - man is still on the line.
and the Wi-chi-ta Line - man is still on the line.
3
19
Am7
B♭
To Coda
Gm7
B♭maj7
I know I need a small va - ca - tion,
23
F6/9
Gm7
D
Am
D.S. al Coda
but it don't look like rain, and if it snows, that stretch down south will
26
Gm7
B♭
C
B♭
C
Coda

I am a lineman for the county,
and I drive the main road
searchin' in the sun for another overload.
I hear you singin' in the wires,
I can hear you thru the whine,
and the Wichita Lineman is still on the line.

I know I need a small vacation,
but it don't look like rain,
and if it snows, that stretch down south will
never stand the strain.

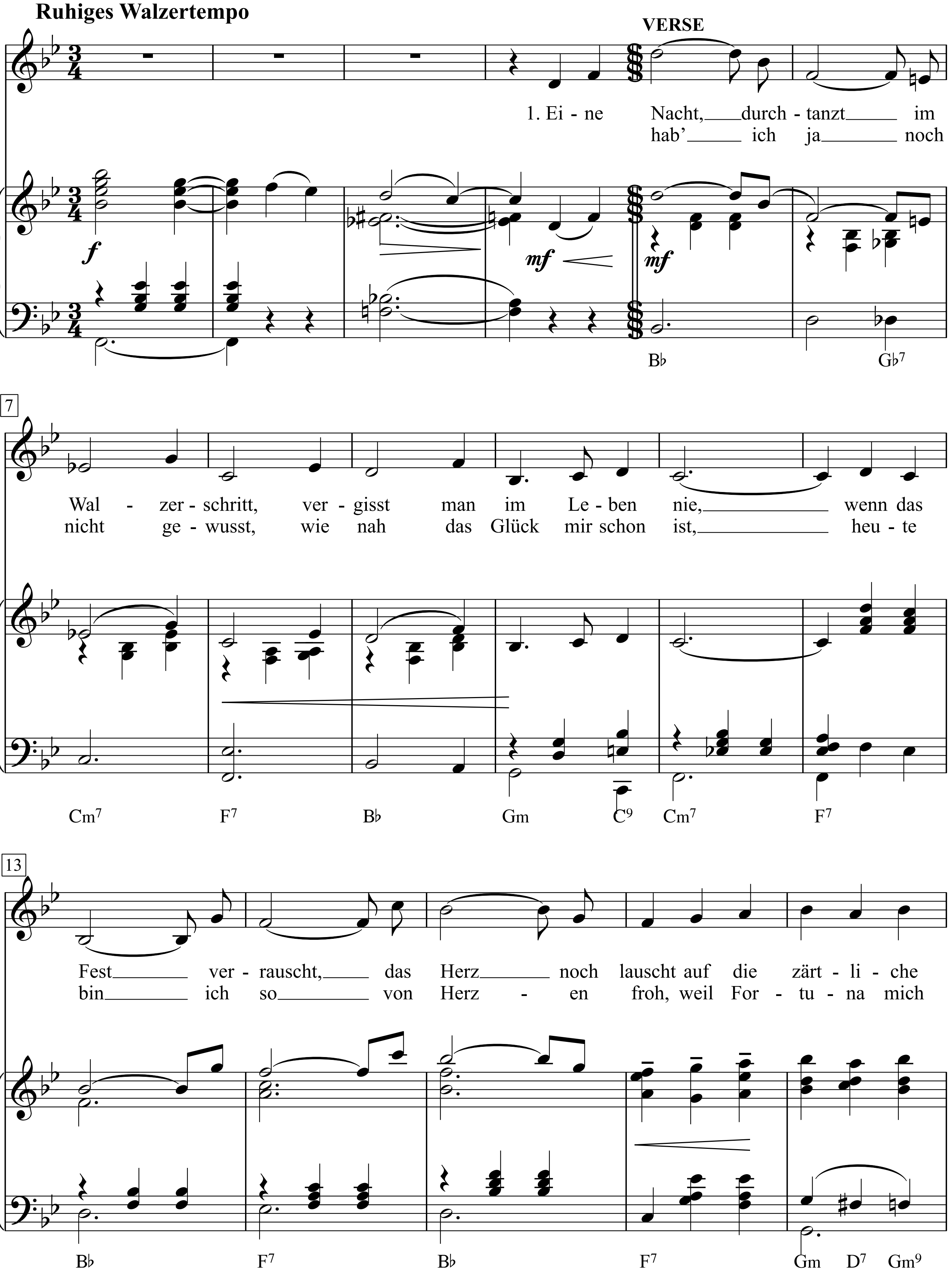
And I need you more than want you,
and I want you for all time,
and the Wichita Lineman is still on the line.

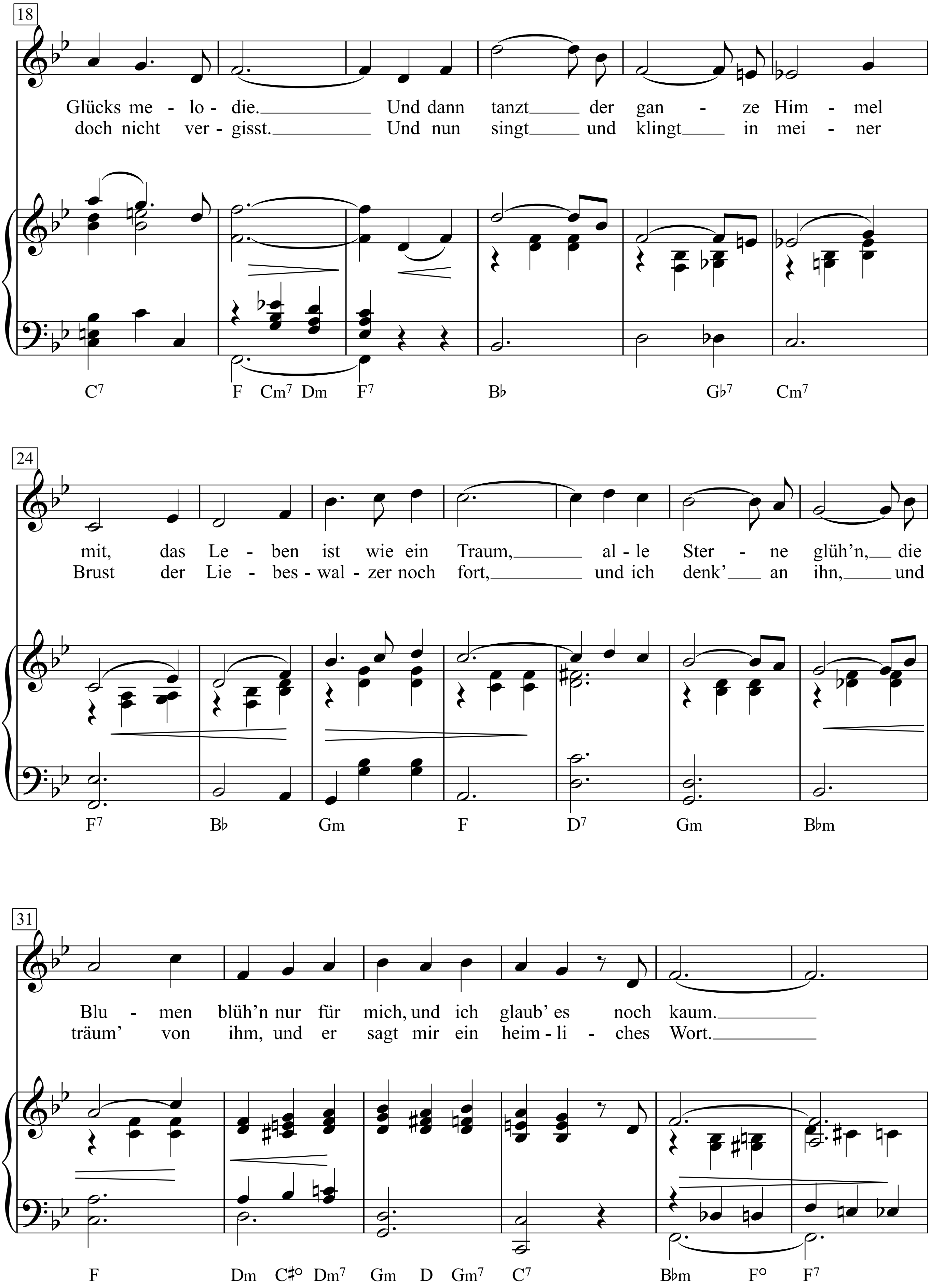
Wie ein Wunder kam die Liebe

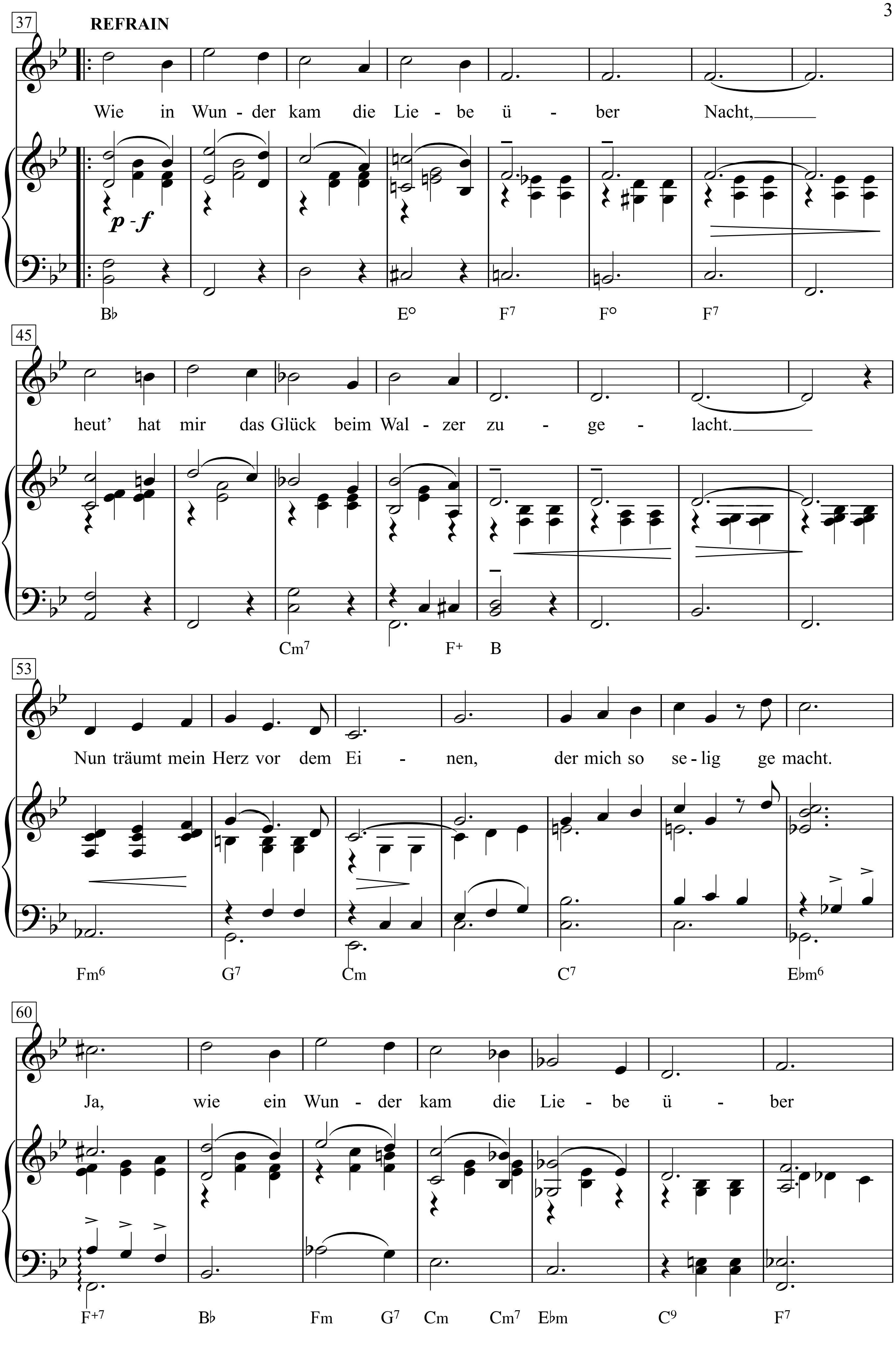
Walzer aus dem Film „Königswalzer"

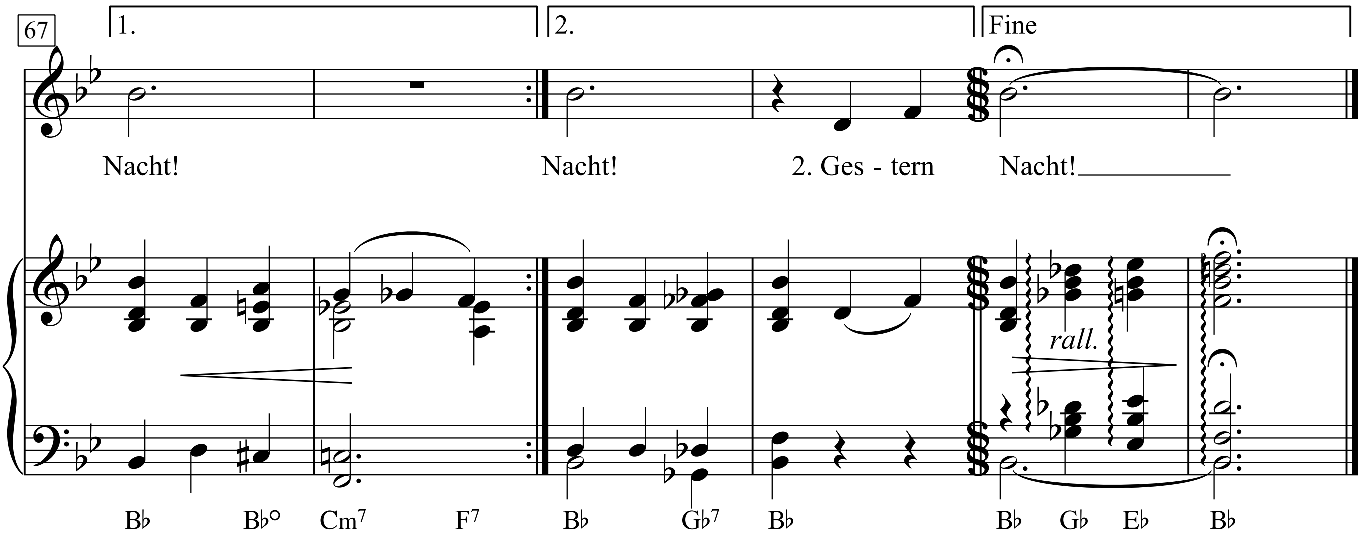
Text: Bruno Balz

Musik: Franz Doelle




18
Glücks me - lo - die. Und dann tanzt der gan - ze Him - mel
doch nicht ver - gisst. Und nun singt und klingt in mei - ner
C7 F Cm7 Dm F7 B♭ G♭7 Cm7
24
mit, das Le - ben ist wie ein Traum, al - le Ster - ne glüh'n, die
Brust der Lie - bes - wal - zer noch fort, und ich denk' an ihn, und
F7 B♭ Gm F D7 Gm B♭m
31
Blu - men blüh'n nur für mich, und ich glaub' es noch kaum.
träum' von ihm, und er sagt mir ein heim - li - ches Wort.
F Dm C♯° Dm7 Gm D Gm7 C7 B♭m F° F7


37
REFRAIN
Wie in Wun - der kam die Lie - be ü - ber Nacht,
p - f
B♭ E° F7 F° F7
45
heut' hat mir das Glück beim Wal - zer zu - ge - lacht.
Cm7 F+ B
53
Nun träumt mein Herz vor dem Ei - nen, der mich so se - lig ge macht.
Fm6 G7 Cm C7 E♭m6
60
Ja, wie ein Wun - der kam die Lie - be ü - ber
F+7 B♭ Fm G7 Cm Cm7 E♭m C9 F7



1. Eine Nacht, durchtanzt im Walzerschritt,
vergisst man im Leben nie,
wenn das Fest verrauscht,
das Herz noch lauscht
auf die zärtliche Glücksmelodie.
Und dann tanzt der ganze Himmel mit,
das Leben ist wie ein Traum,
alle Sterne glüh'n, die Blumen blüh'n
nur für mich, und ich glaub' es noch kaum.

Refrain:
Wie in Wunder kam die Liebe über Nacht,
heut' hat mir das Glück beim Walzer zugelacht.
Nun träumt mein Herz vor dem Einen,
der mich so selig gemacht.
Ja, wie ein Wunder kam die Liebe über Nacht!

2. Gestern Nacht hab' ich ja noch nicht gewusst,
wie nah das Glück mir schon ist,
heute bin ich so
von Herzen froh,
weil Fortuna mich doch nicht vergisst.
Und nun singt und klingt in meiner Brust
der Liebeswalzer noch fort,
und ich denk' an ihn, und träum' von ihm,
und er sagt mir ein heimliches Wort.

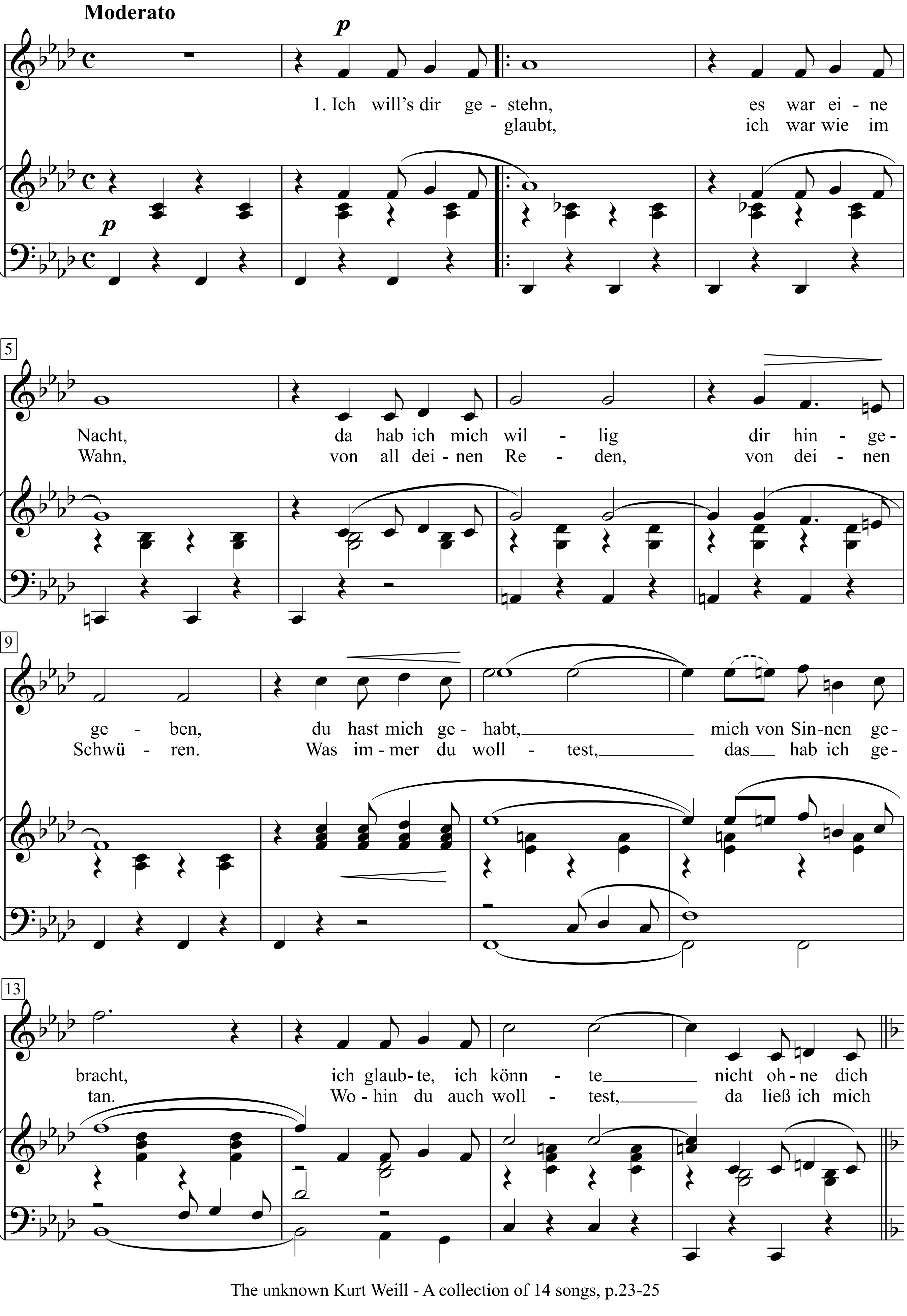
Refrain:
Wie in Wunder kam die Liebe über Nacht,
heut' hat mir das Glück beim Walzer zugelacht.
Nun träumt mein Herz vor dem Einen,
der mich so selig gemacht.
Ja, wie ein Wunder kam die Liebe über Nacht!

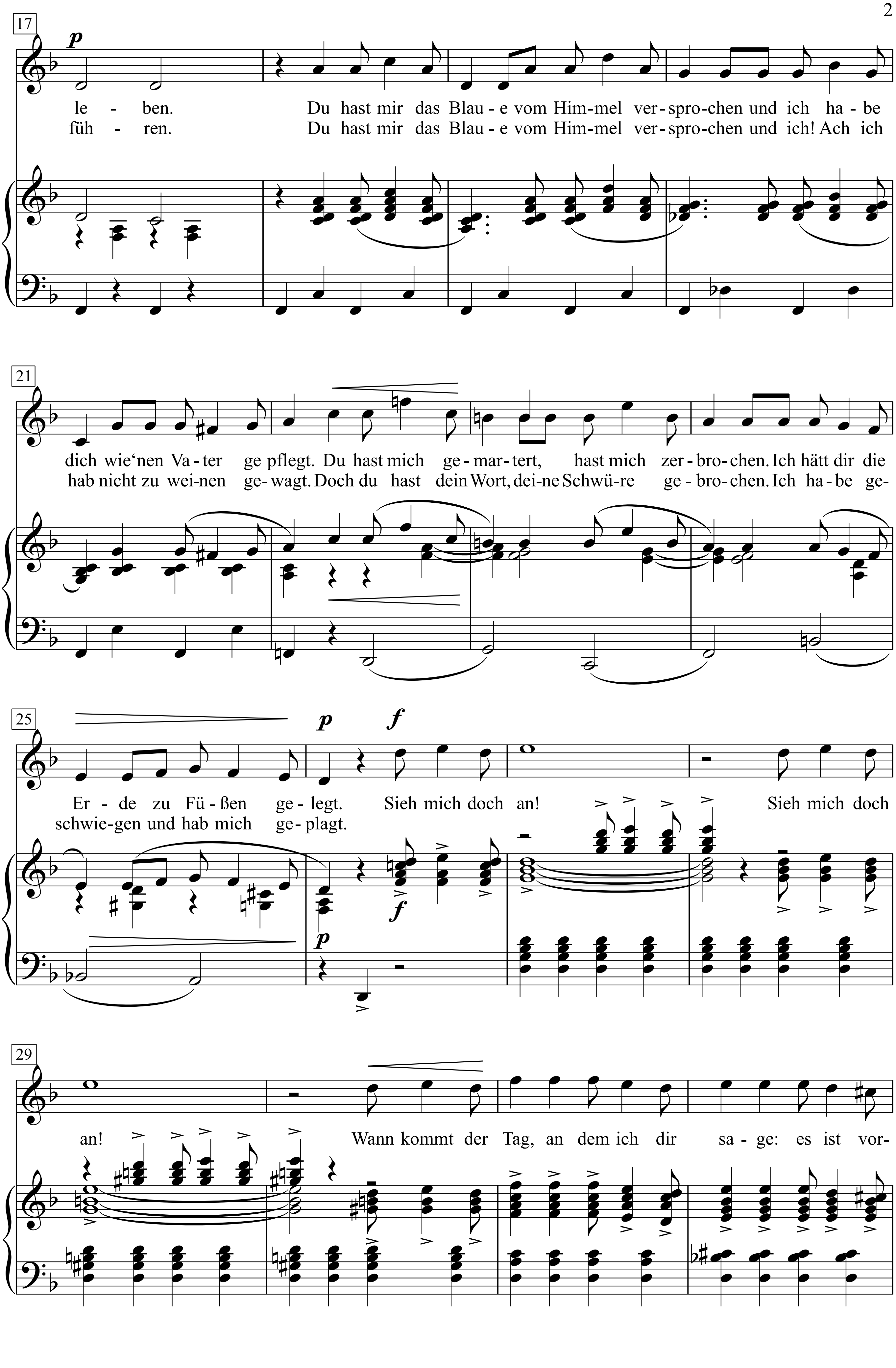
Wie lange noch?

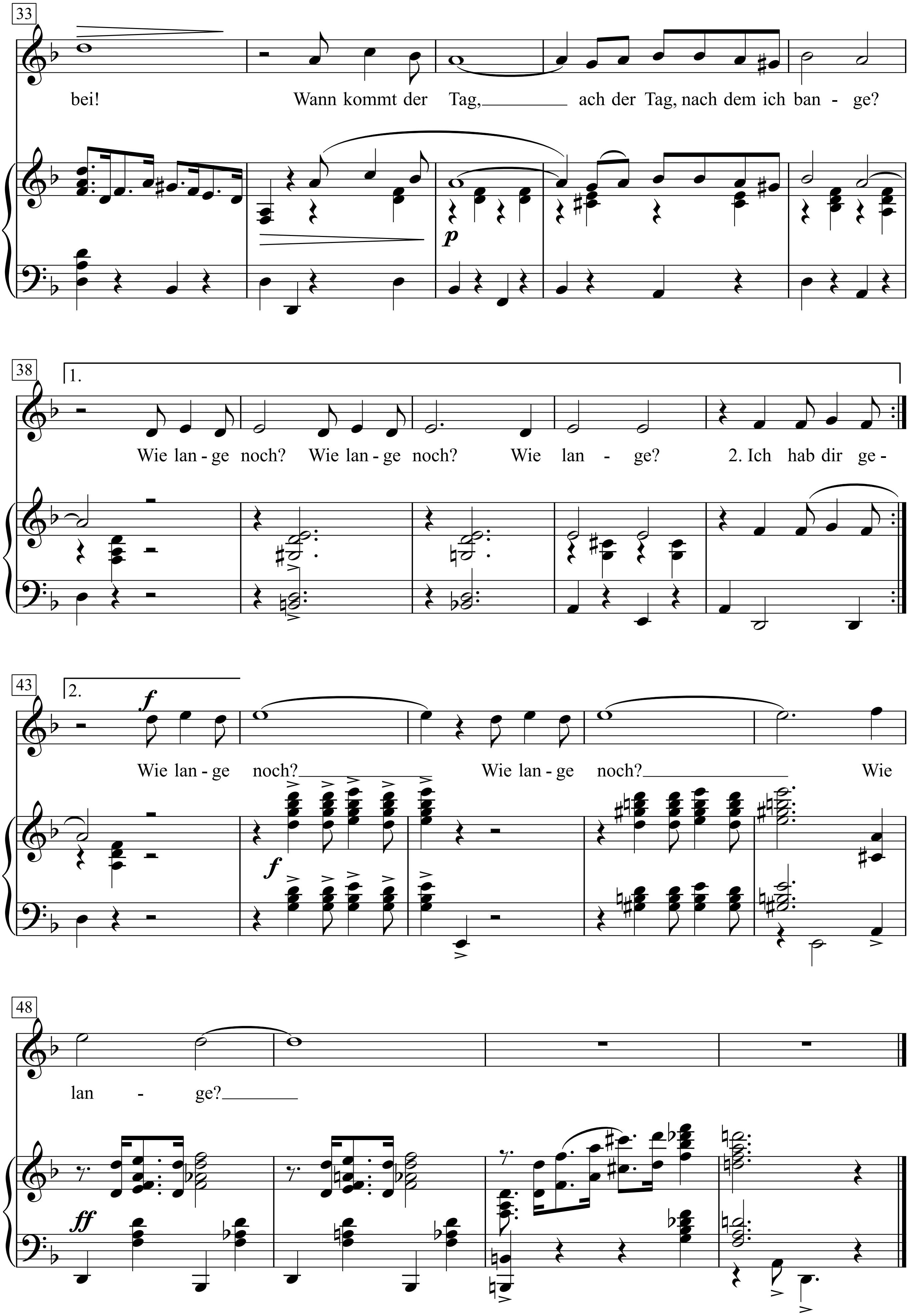
Words by Walter Mehring

(1944)

Music by Kurt Weill




17
p
le - ben. Du hast mir das Blau - e vom Him-mel ver-spro-chen und ich ha - be
füh - ren. Du hast mir das Blau - e vom Him-mel ver-spro-chen und ich! Ach ich
21
dich wie'nen Va - ter ge pflegt. Du hast mich ge-mar-tert, hast mich zer-bro-chen. Ich hätt dir die
hab nicht zu wei-nen ge-wagt. Doch du hast dein Wort, dei-ne Schwü-re ge-bro-chen. Ich ha-be ge-
25
p f
Er - de zu Fü-ßen ge-legt. Sieh mich doch an! Sieh mich doch
schwie-gen und hab mich ge-plagt.
f
p
29
an! Wann kommt der Tag, an dem ich dir sa - ge: es ist vor-


33
bei! Wann kommt der Tag, ach der Tag, nach dem ich ban - ge?
p
38
1.
Wie lan - ge noch? Wie lan - ge noch? Wie lan - ge? 2. Ich hab dir ge -
43
2.
f
Wie lan - ge noch? Wie lan - ge noch? Wie
f
48
lan - ge?
ff

1. Ich will's dir gestehn, es war eine Nacht,
da hab ich mich willig dir hingegeben,
du hast mich gehabt, mich von Sinnen gebracht,
ich glaubte, ich könnte nicht ohne dich leben.
Du hast mir das Blaue vom Himmel versprochen
und ich habe dich wie 'nen Vater gepflegt.
Du hast mich gemartert, hast mich zerbrochen.
Ich hätt dir die Erde zu Füßen gelegt.

Sieh mich doch an!
Sieh mich doch an!
Wann kommt der Tag,
an dem ich dir sage: es ist vorbei!
Wann kommt der Tag,
ach der Tag, nach dem ich bange?
Wie lange noch?
Wie lange noch?
Wie lange?

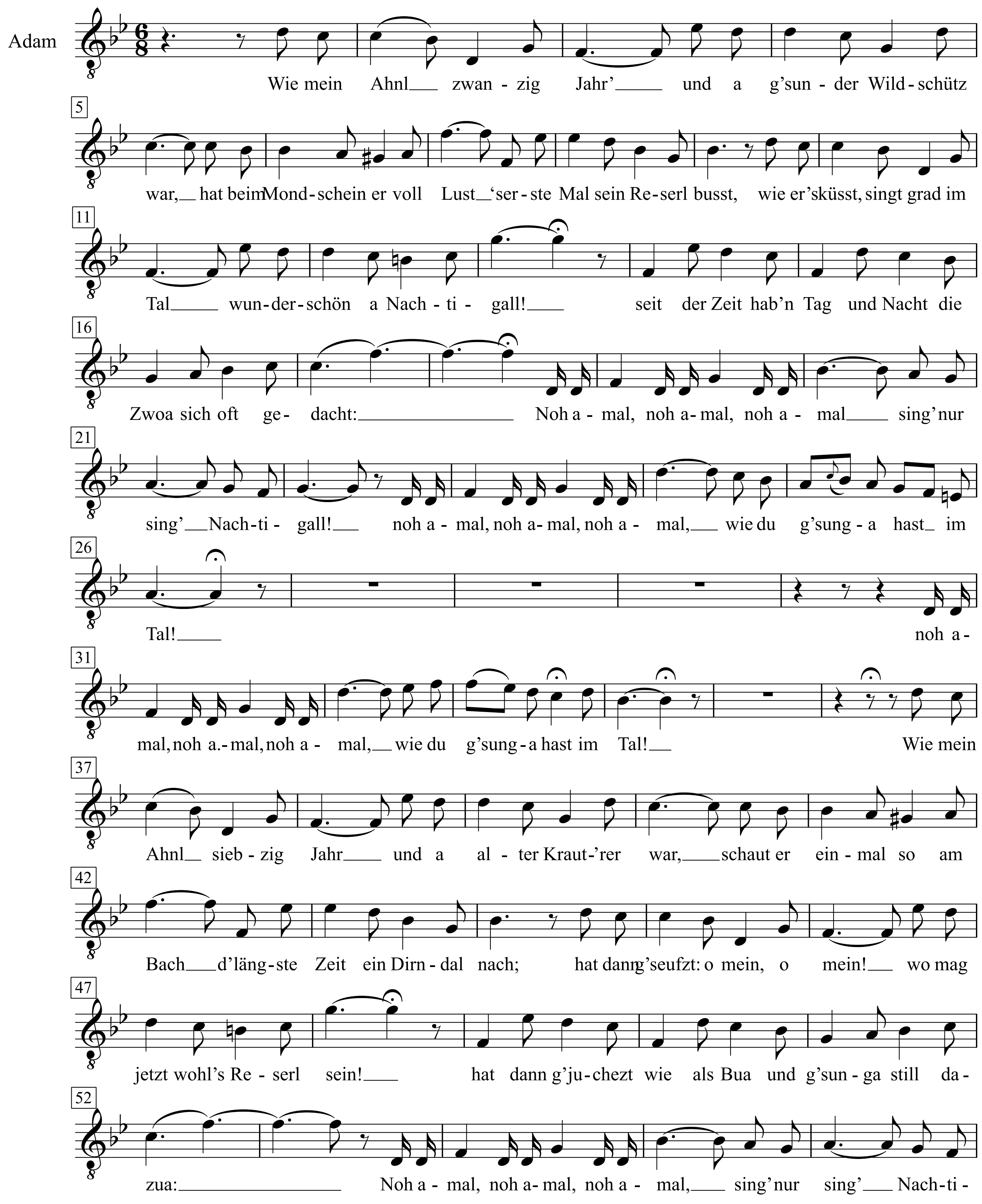
2. Ich hab dir geglaubt, ich war wie im Wahn,
von all deinen Reden, von deinen Schwüren.
Was immer du wolltest, das hab ich getan.
Wohin du auch wolltest, da ließ ich mich führen.
Du hast mir das Blaue vom Himmel versprochen
und ich! Ach ich hab nicht zu weinen gewagt.
Doch du hast dein Wort, deine Schwüre gebrochen.
Ich habe geschwiegen und hab mich geplagt.

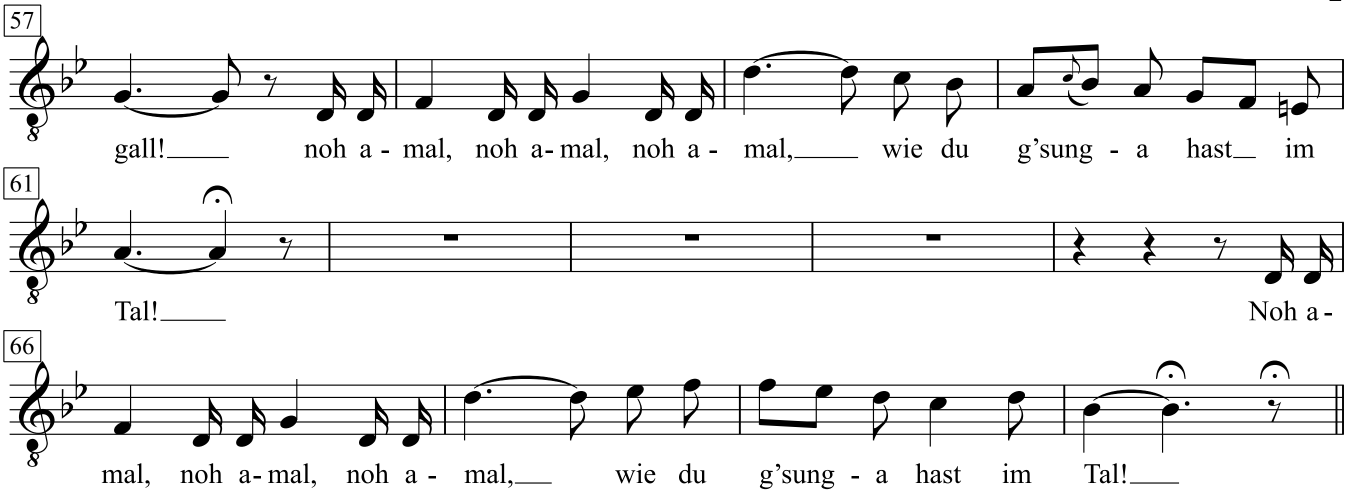
Sieh mich doch an!
Sieh mich doch an!
Wann kommt der Tag,
an dem ich dir sage: es ist vorbei!
Wann kommt der Tag,
ach der Tag, nach dem ich bange?
Wie lange noch?
Wie lange noch?
Wie lange?

Wie mein Ahnl zwanzig Jahr’

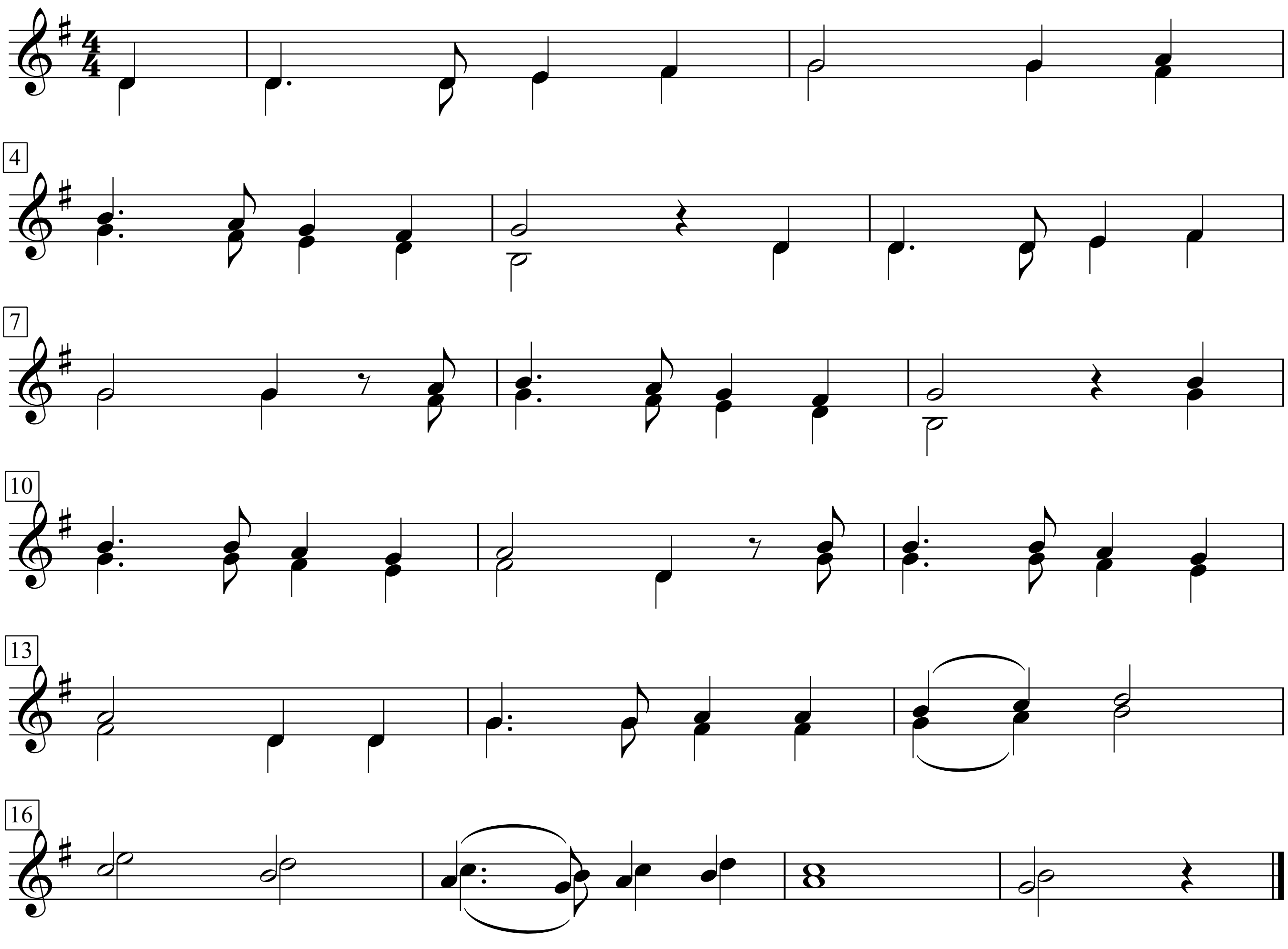
(Der Vogelhändler)

Carl Zeller




57
gall! noh a - mal, noh a- mal, noh a - mal, wie du g'sung - a hast im
61
Tal! Noh a-
66
mal, noh a- mal, noh a - mal, wie du g'sung - a hast im Tal!

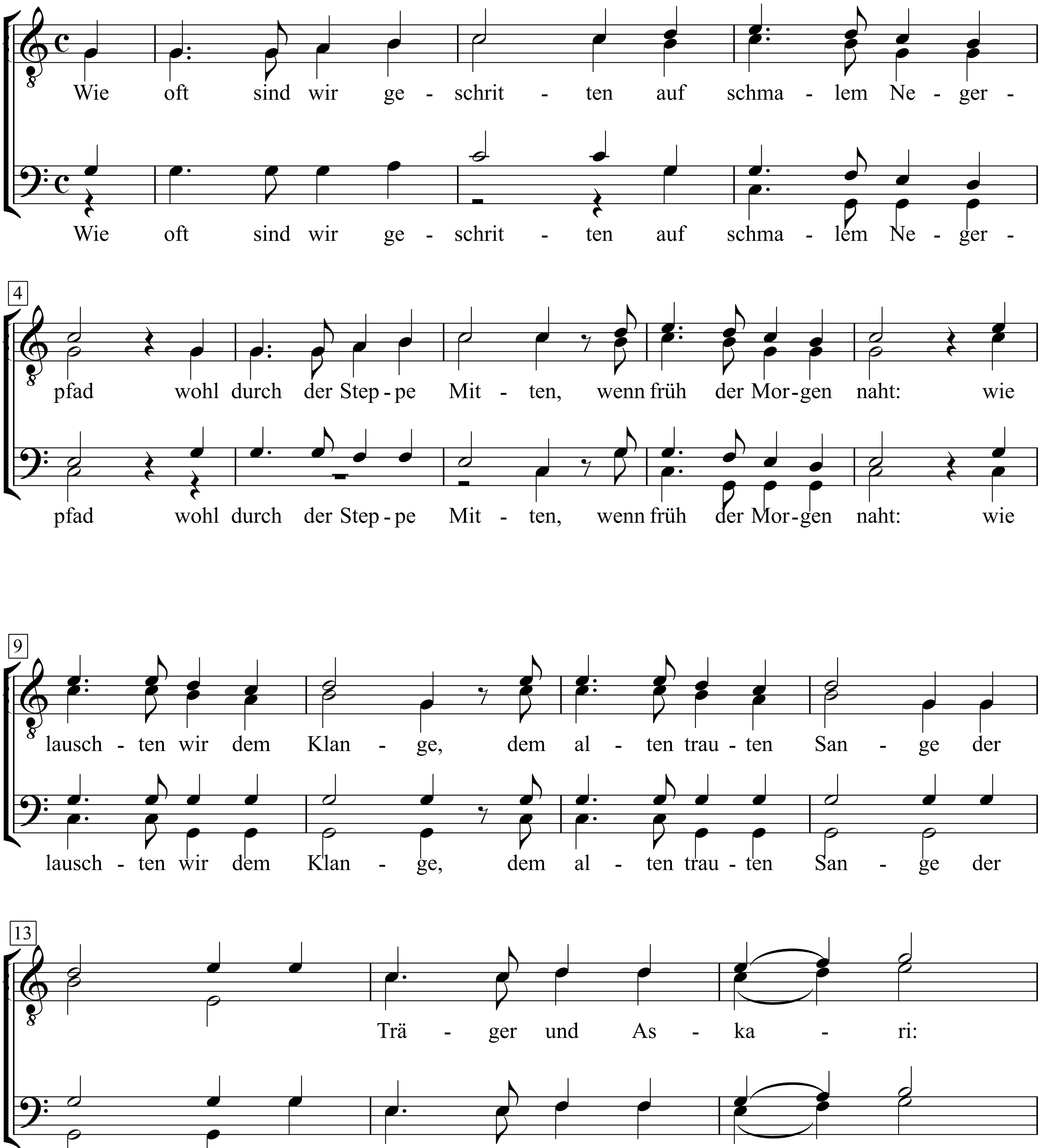
Wie oft sind wir geschritten

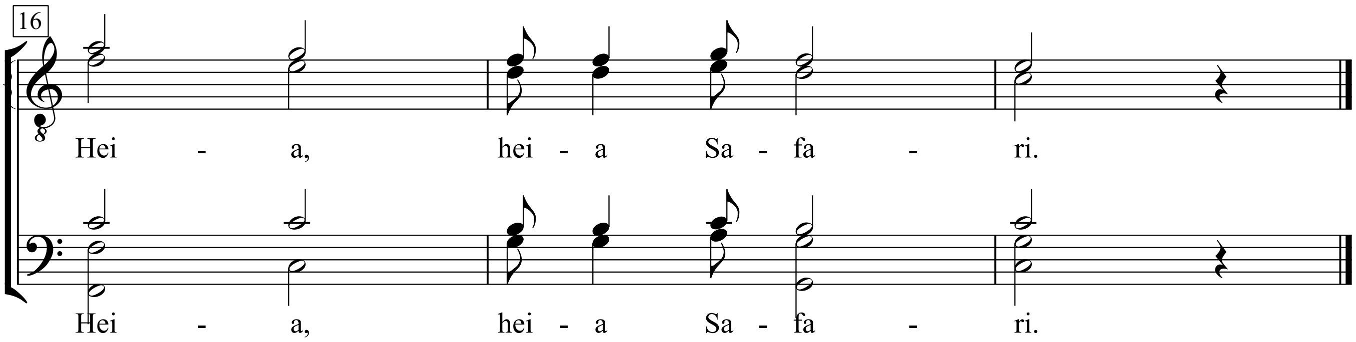


Wie oft sind wir geschritten

Anton Aschenborn

Melodie: Robert Götz (1921)



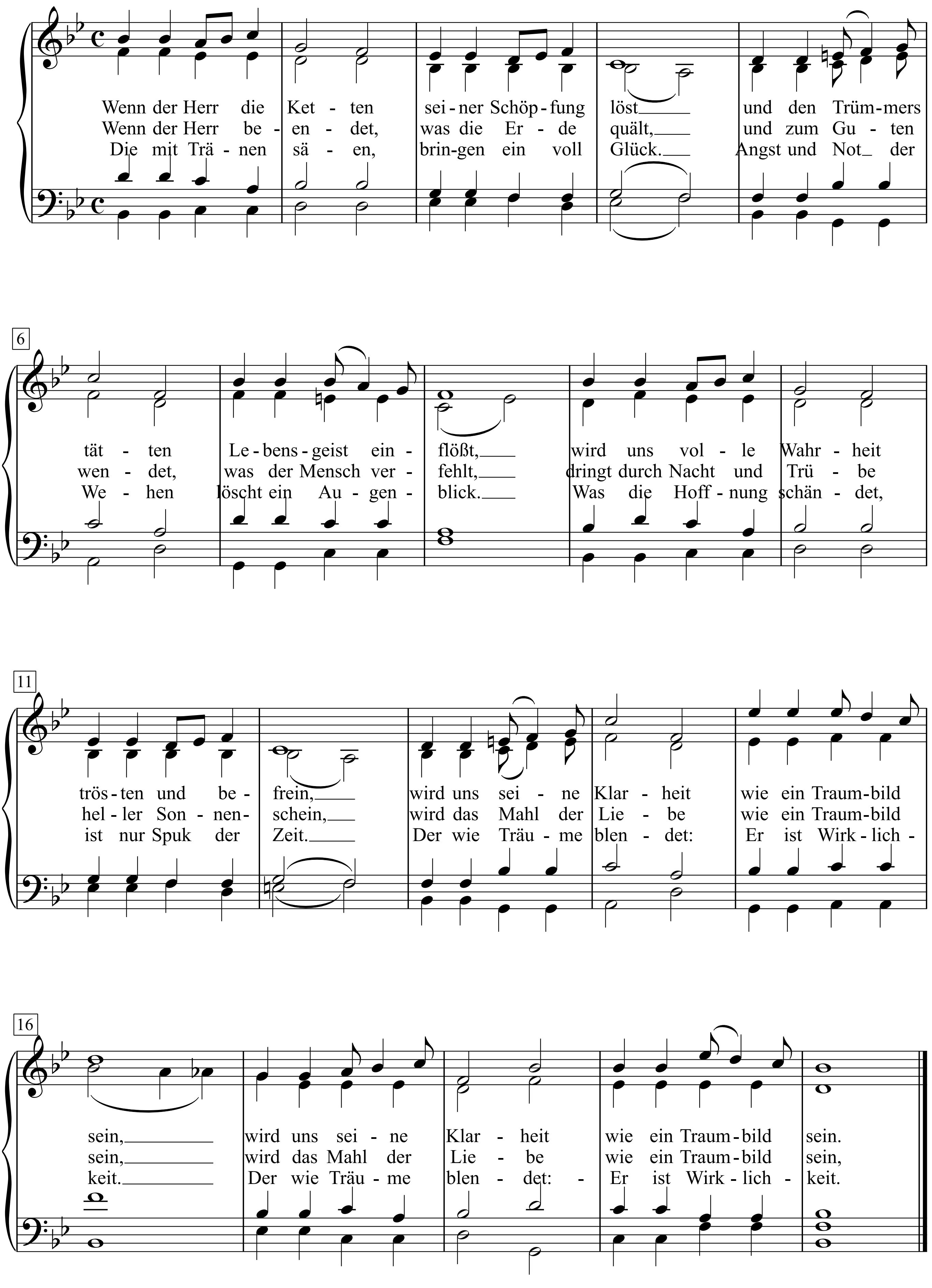

16
Hei - a, hei - a Sa - fa - ri.
Hei - a, hei - a Sa - fa - ri.

Nach: Psam 126

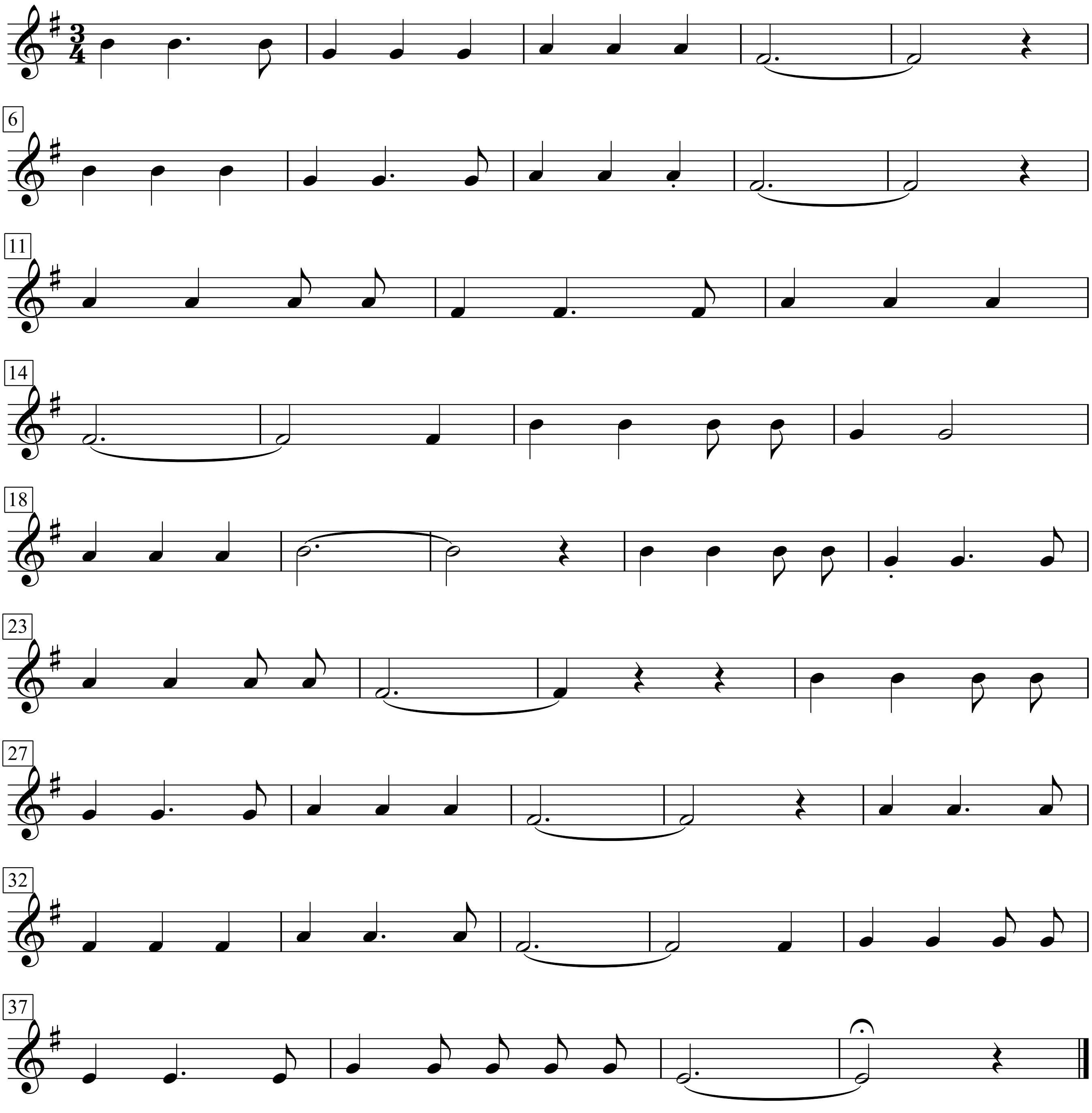
Wie Träumende

(Land of Hope and Glory)

Edward Elgar



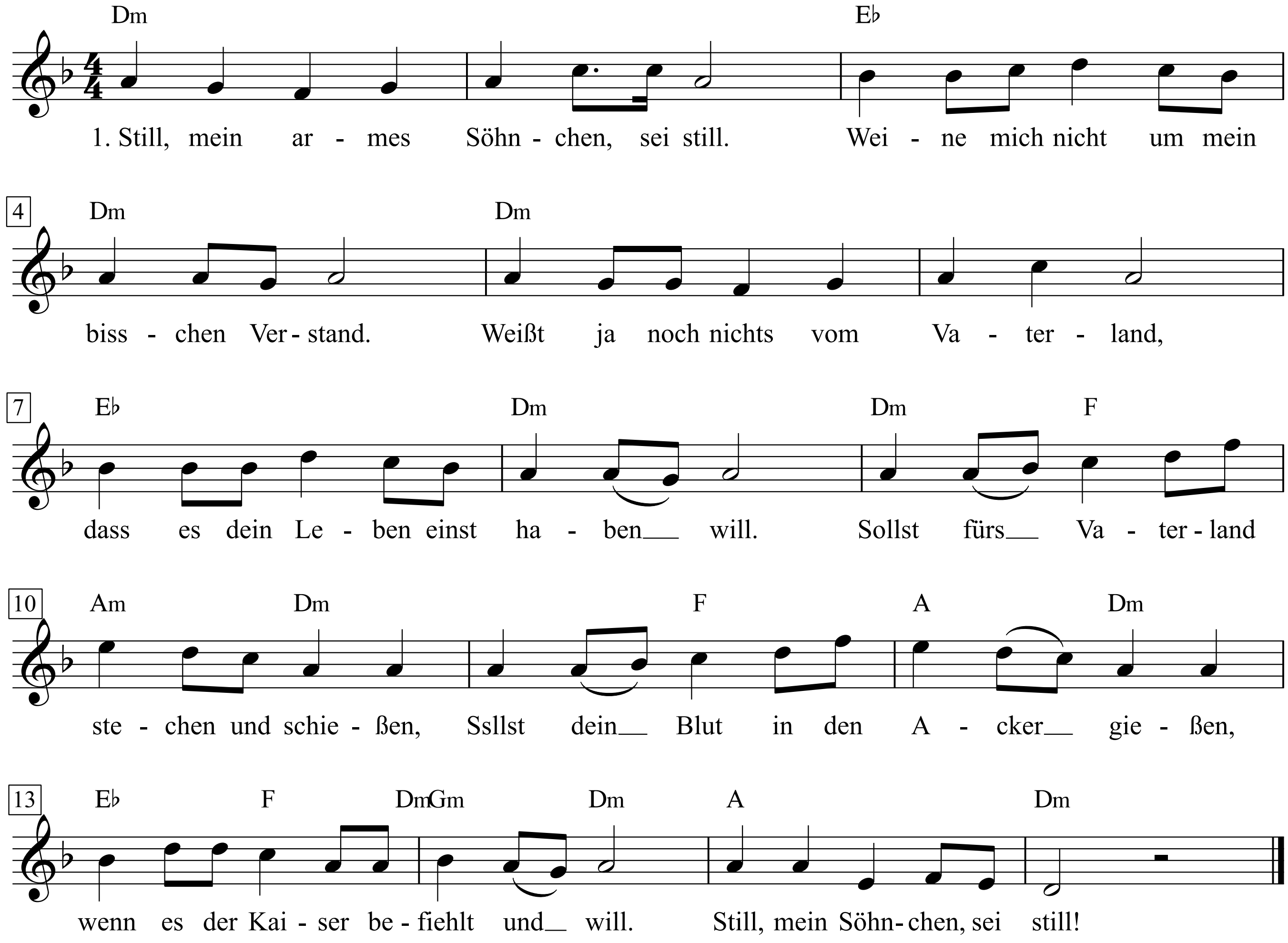
Wiegenlied



Wiegenlied

Text: Erich Mühsam

Melodie: Dietrich Lohff



1. Still, mein armes Söhnchen, sei still.
Weine mich nicht um mein bisschen Verstand.
Weißt ja noch nichts vom Vaterland,
Dass es dein Leben einst haben will.
Sollst fürs Vaterland stechen und schießen,
Sollst dein Blut in den Acker gießen,
Wenn es der Kaiser befiehlt und will. –
Still, mein Söhnchen, sei still!

2. Trink, mein Söhnchen, von meiner Brust.
Trink, dann wirst du ein starker Held,
Ziehst mit den andern hinaus ins Feld.
Vater hat auch hinaus gemusst.
Vater ward wider Willen und Hoffen
Von einer Kugel ins Herz getroffen.
Aus ist nun seine und meine Lust. –
Trink von der Mutter Brust!

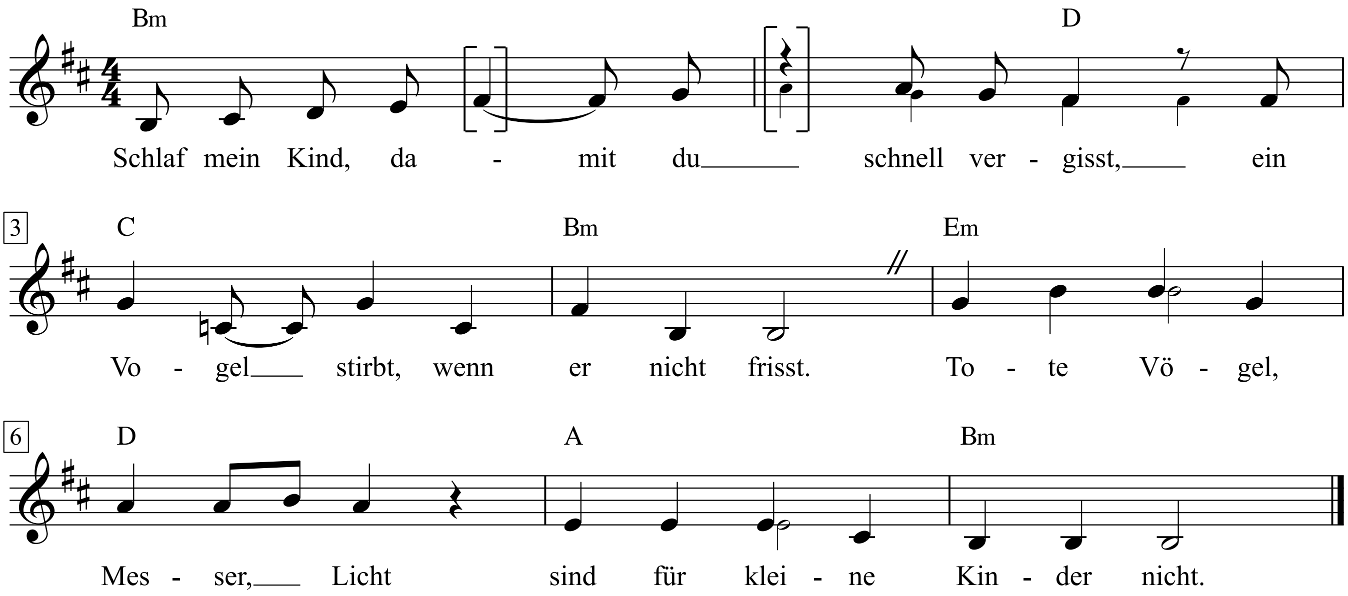
3. Freu dich, goldiges Söhnchen, und lach.
Bist du ein Mann einst, kräftig und groß,
Wirst du das Lachen von selber los.
Fröhlich bleibt nur, wer krank ist und schwach.
Vater war lustig. Ich hab ihn verloren,
Hab dann dich unter Schmerzen geboren –
Hörst drum ewig mein bitteres Ach!
Freu dich, Söhnchen, und lach!

4. Schlaf, mein süßes Söhnchen, o schlaf.
Weißt ja noch nichts von Unheil und Not,
Weißt nichts von Vaters Heldentod,
Als ihn die bleierne Kugel traf.
Früh genug wird der Krieg und der Schrecken
Dich zum ewigen Schlummer erwecken . . .
Friede, behüt meines Kindes Schlaf! –
Schlaf, mein Söhnchen, o schlaf . . .

Friedenslieder - rororo 2981, S. 32+33

Wiegenlied

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



1. Schlaf mein Kind, damit du schnell vergisst,
ein Vogel stirbt, wenn er nicht frisst.
Tote Vögel, Messer, Licht
sind für kleine Kinder nicht.

2. Du darfst damit spielen, wenn du groß bist
und brav dein Linsenbreichen isst.
Denn wer isst, wird stark und klug,
holt vom Brunnen manchen Krug.

3. Hör nicht auf das Flugzeug, das da summt,
es wirft keine Bomben, wenn's so brummt.
Summ, summ, summ, summ, summ, summ,
Flugzeug summt im Kreis herum.

4. Du darfst damit fliegen, wenn du groß bist
und viel vom Linsenbreichen isst,
fliege in ein ander' Land,
Pommernland wird abgebrannt.

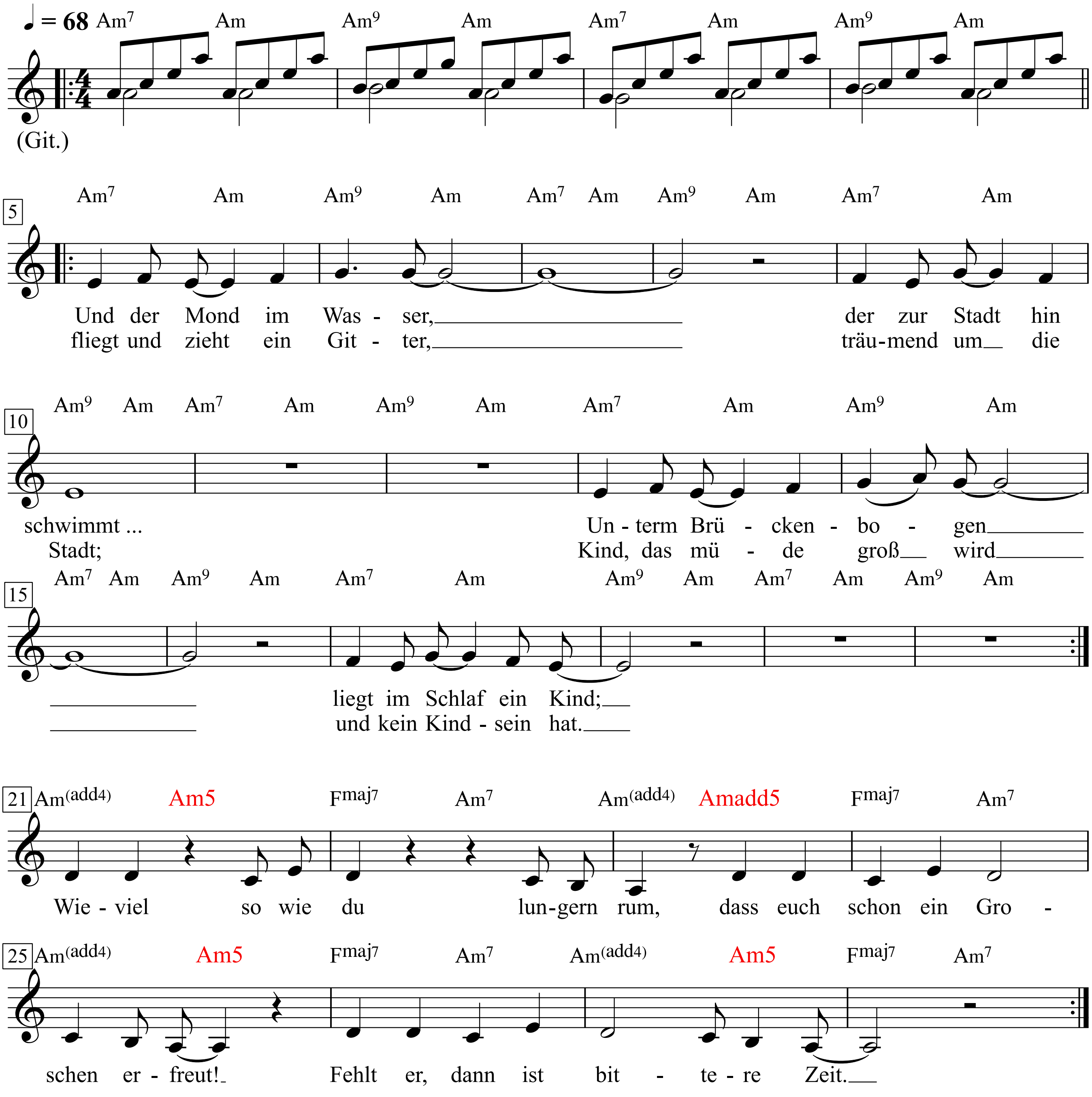
5. Mach die Augen zu und schlafe ein,
bald musst du erwachsen sein.
Lämmlein schlachten, das sagt »mäh«,
eins, zwei, drei im roten Schnee.

6. Wenn du dann des Nachts nicht müde bist
und noch vom Linsenbreichen isst,
ist die schwarze Köchin da,
ja, nein, ja, ja, nein, ja.

Wiegenlied für ein streunendes Kind

Deutsche Nachdichtung:
Dieter Süverkrüp

Text & Musik:
Victor Jara



1. Und der Mond im Wasser,
der zur Stadt hin schwimmt ...
Unterm Brückenbogen
liegt im Schlaf ein Kind;

fliegt und zieht ein Gitter,
träumend um die Stadt;
Kind, das müde groß wird
und kein Kindsein hat.

2. Schlaf, mein Kind, schlaf leise.
Niemand brüllt herum.
Für dein hartes Leben
such dich auszuruhn.

Horch, die andern Kinder
decken sanft dich zu.
Und der Mond im Wasser
schwimmt der Stadt nun zu.

3. Du, mein Kind, nun schlaf du.
Niemand wird mehr schrein.
Und der Mond im Wasser
schwimmt zur Stadt hinein ...

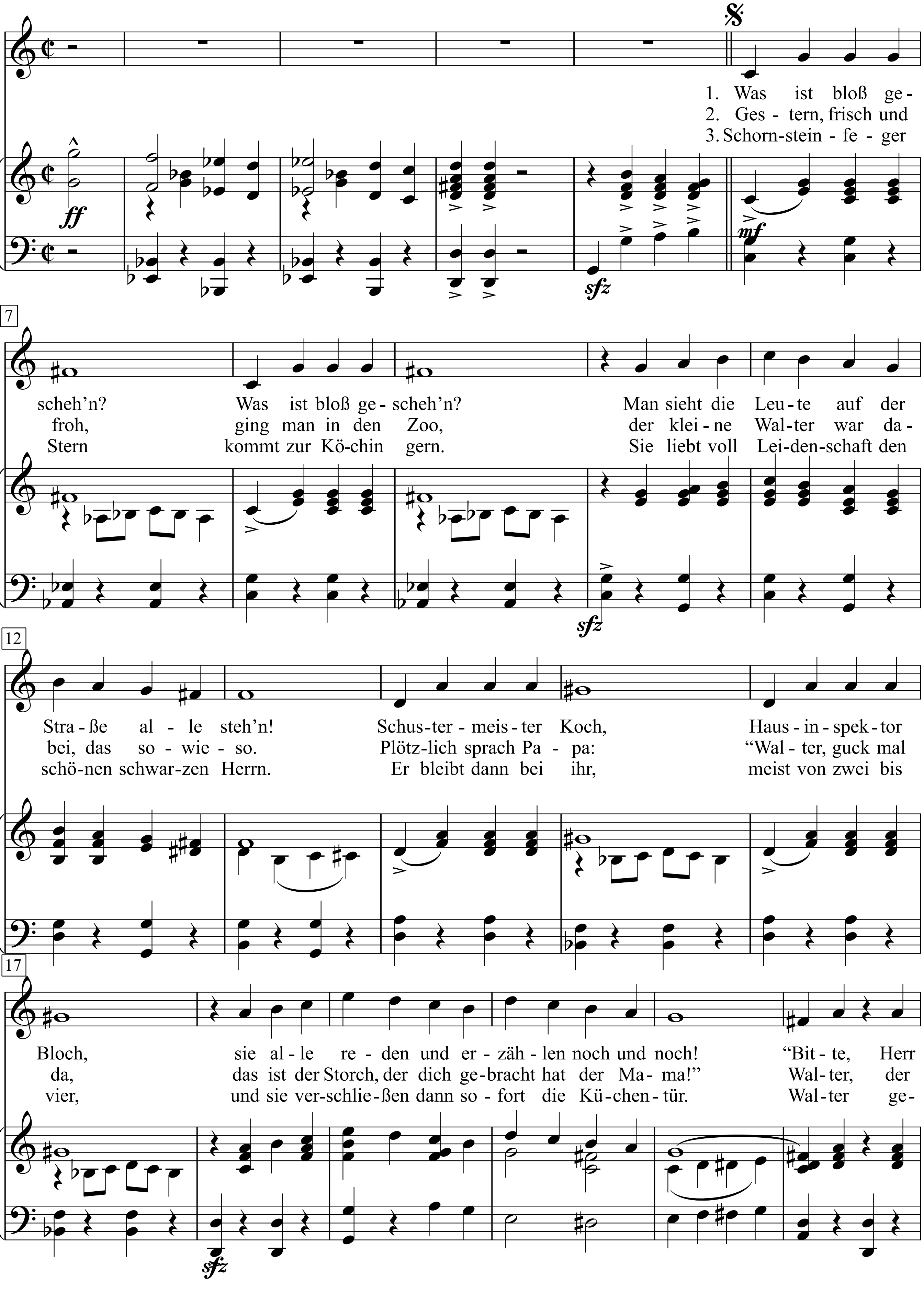
Refrain
Wieviel so wie du lungern rum,
dass euch schon ein Groschen erfreut! -
Fehlt er, dann ist bittere Zeit.

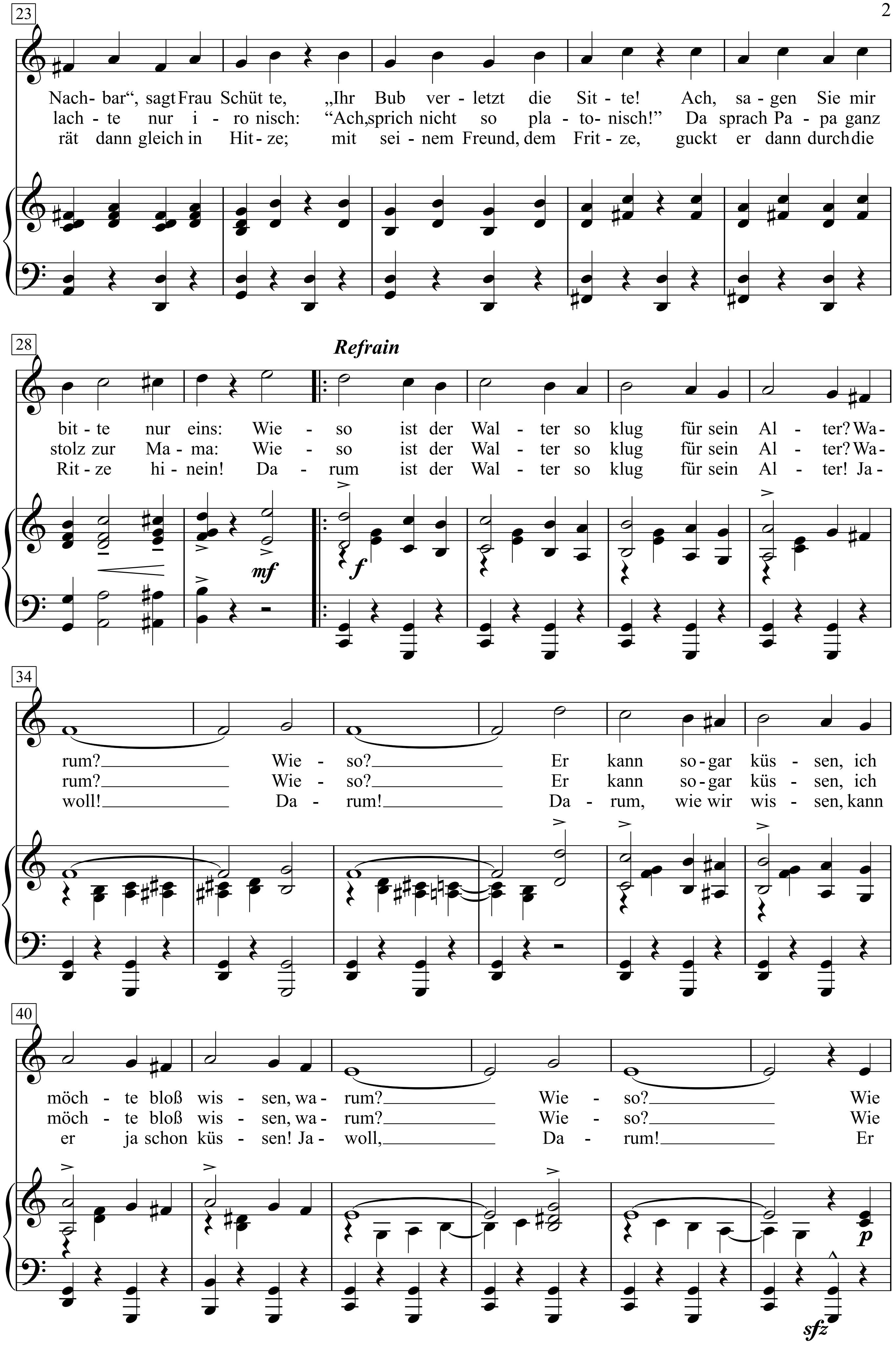
Schau, es leuchten Sterne SEITE????

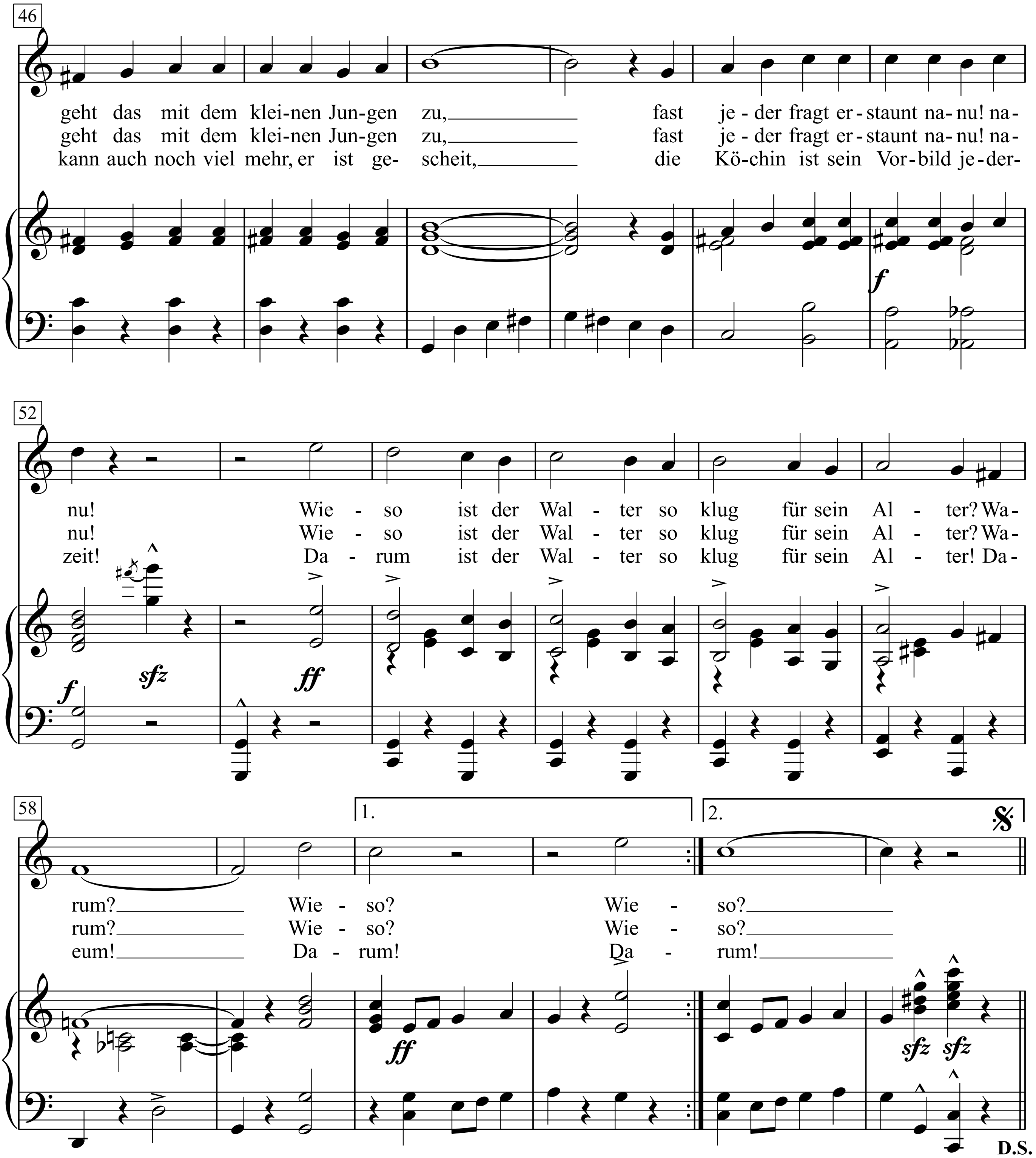
Wieso ist der Walter so klug für sein Alter

Text: Fritz Rotter

Musik: Will Rollind und Austin Egen



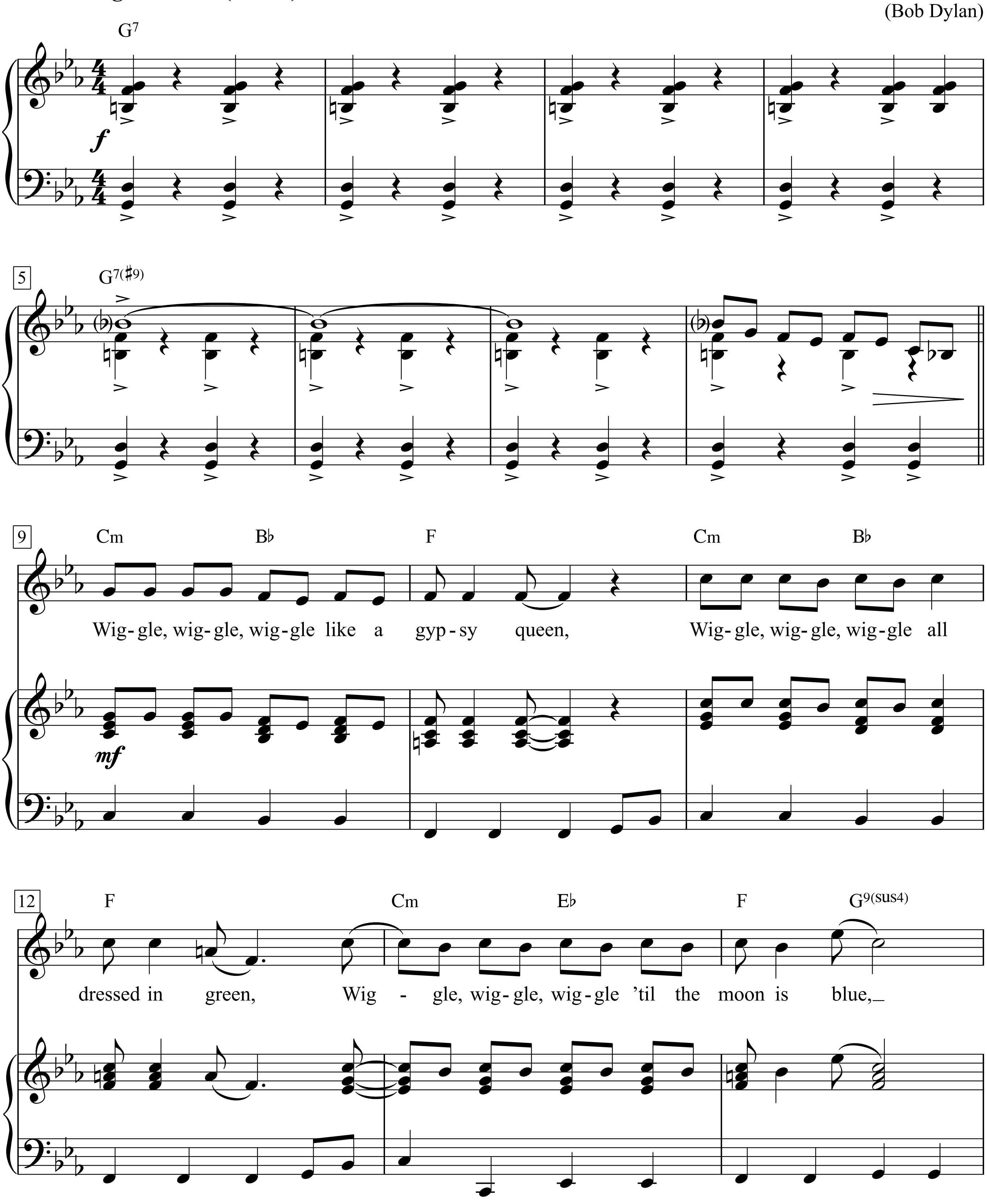

23
Nach- bar“, sagt Frau Schüt te, „Ihr Bub ver - letzt die Sit - te! Ach, sa - gen Sie mir
lach - te nur i - ro nisch: “Ach,sprich nicht so pla - to- nisch!” Da sprach Pa - pa ganz
rät dann gleich in Hit - ze; mit sei - nem Freund, dem Frit - ze, guckt er dann durch die
28
Refrain
bit - te nur eins: Wie - so ist der Wal - ter so klug für sein Al - ter? Wa-
stolz zur Ma - ma: Wie - so ist der Wal - ter so klug für sein Al - ter? Wa-
Rit - ze hi - nein! Da - rum ist der Wal - ter so klug für sein Al - ter! Ja-
mf
f
34
rum? Wie - so? Er kann so - gar küs - sen, ich
rum? Wie - so? Er kann so - gar küs - sen, ich
woll! Da - rum! Da - rum, wie wir wis - sen, kann
40
möch - te bloß wis - sen, wa - rum? Wie - so? Wie
möch - te bloß wis - sen, wa - rum? Wie - so? Wie
er ja schon küs - sen! Ja - woll, Da - rum! Er
p
sfz

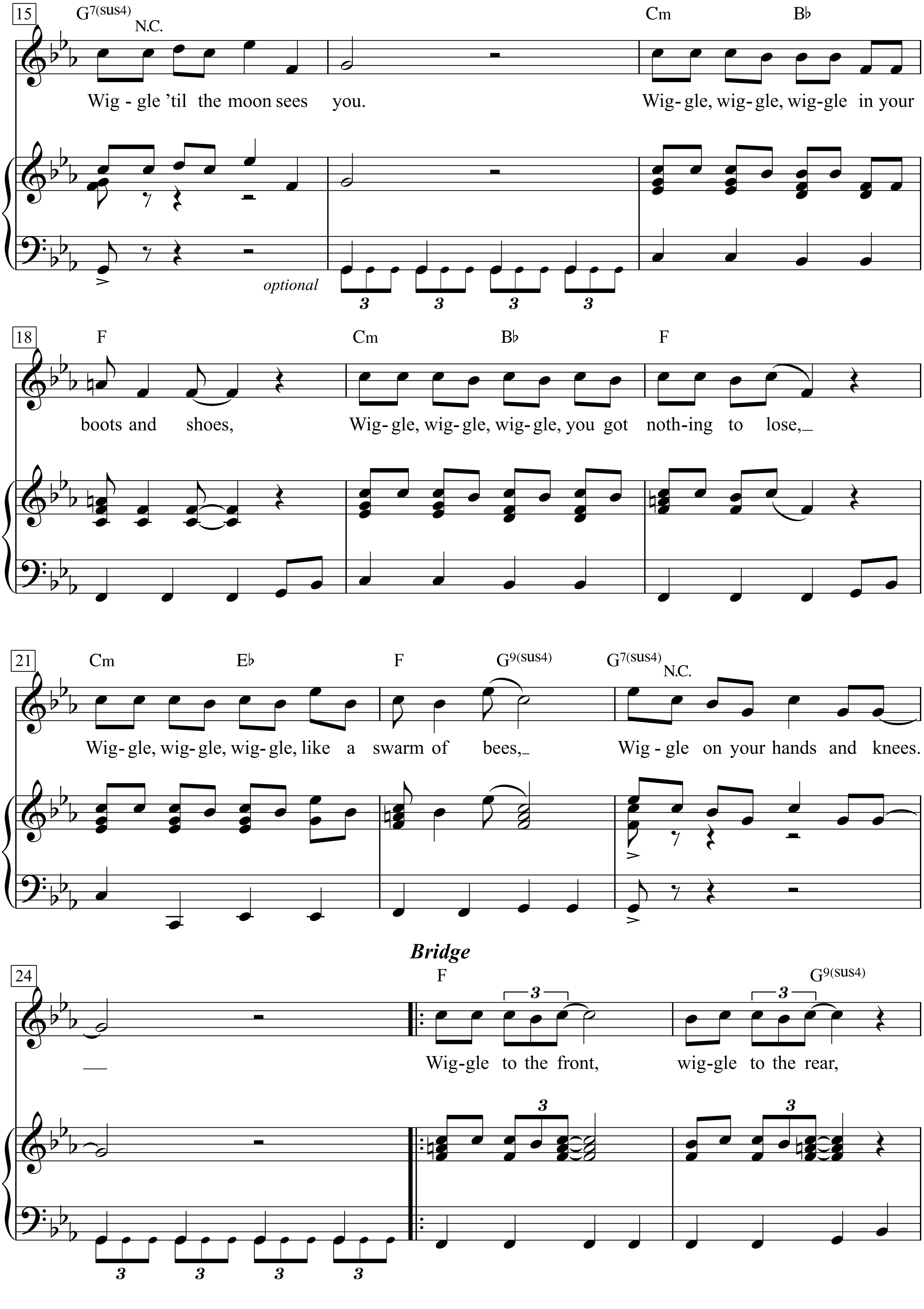

46
geht das mit dem klei-nen Jun-gen zu, fast je - der fragt er - staunt na - nu! na -
geht das mit dem klei-nen Jun-gen zu, fast je - der fragt er - staunt na - nu! na -
kann auch noch viel mehr, er ist ge- scheit, die Kö-chin ist sein Vor-bild je-der-
f
52
nu! Wie - so ist der Wal - ter so klug für sein Al - ter? Wa -
nu! Wie - so ist der Wal - ter so klug für sein Al - ter? Wa -
zeit! Da - rum ist der Wal - ter so klug für sein Al - ter! Da -
f sfz ff
58
1. 2.
rum? Wie - so? Wie - so?
rum? Wie - so? Wie - so?
eum! Da - rum! Da - rum!
ff sfz sfz
D.S.

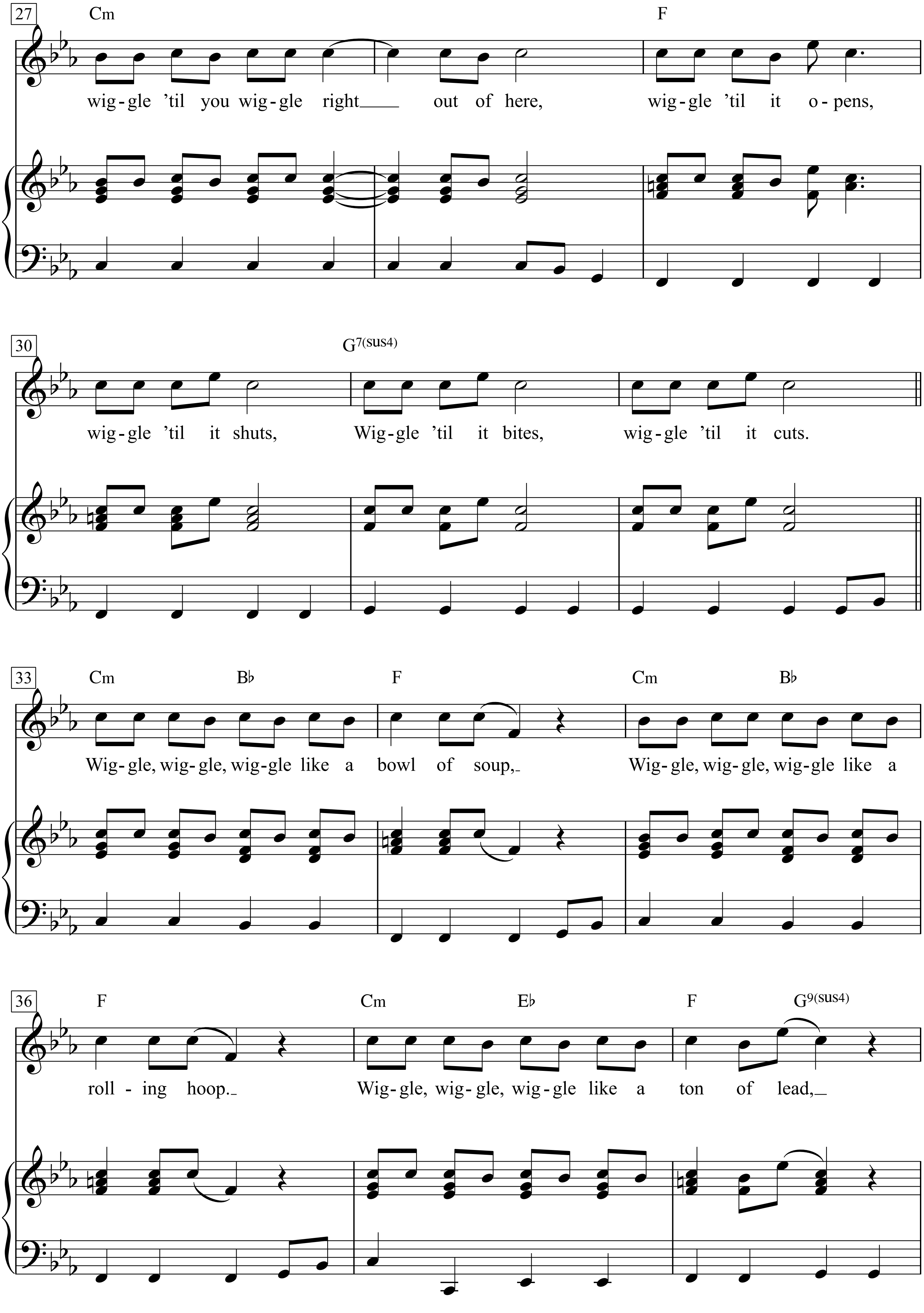
Wiggle Wiggle

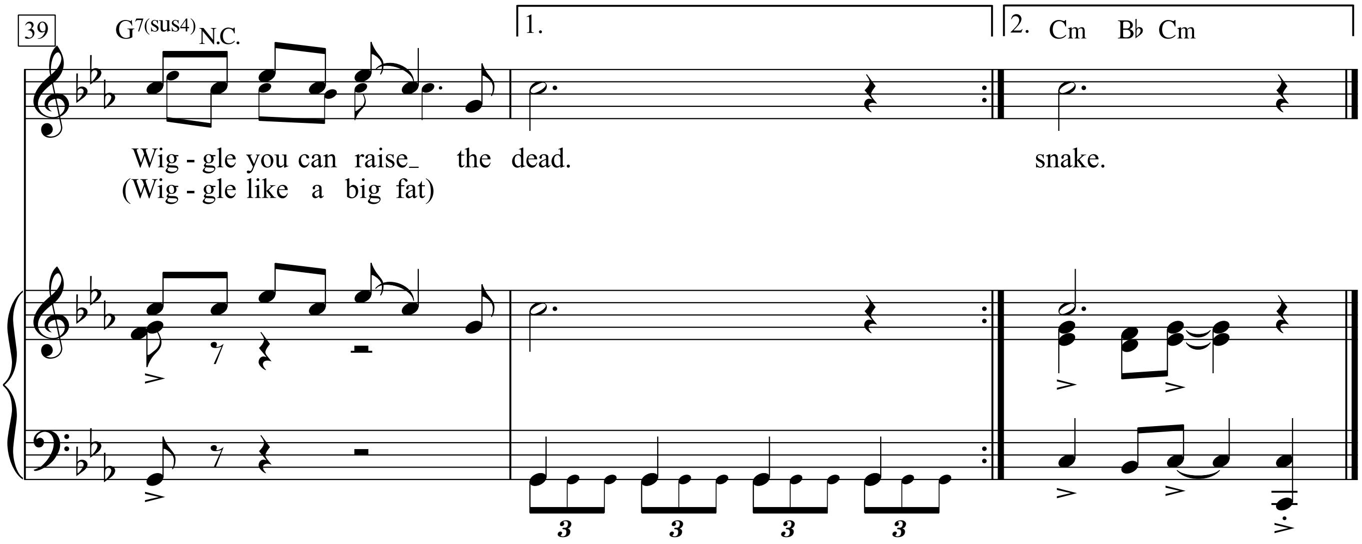
Bright shuffle (♩♪ =)

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




15
G7(sus4)
N.C.
Cm
B♭
Wig - gle 'til the moon sees you.
Wig- gle, wig- gle, wig- gle in your
optional
18
F
Cm
B♭
F
boots and shoes,
Wig- gle, wig- gle, wig- gle, you got noth-ing to lose,
21
Cm
E♭
F
G9(sus4)
G7(sus4)
N.C.
Wig- gle, wig- gle, wig- gle, like a swarm of bees,
Wig - gle on your hands and knees.
Bridge
24
F
G9(sus4)
Wig-gle to the front,
wig-gle to the rear,


27
Cm
F
wig-gle 'til you wig-gle right___ out of here, wig-gle 'til it o-pens,
30
G7(sus4)
wig-gle 'til it shuts, Wig-gle 'til it bites, wig-gle 'til it cuts.
33
Cm
B♭
F
Cm
B♭
Wig-gle, wig-gle, wig-gle like a bowl of soup,_ Wig-gle, wig-gle, wig-gle like a
36
F
Cm
E♭
F
G9(sus4)
roll - ing hoop._ Wig-gle, wig-gle, wig-gle like a ton of lead,_



Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like a gypsy queen,
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle all dressed in green,
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle 'til the moon is blue,
Wiggle 'til the moon sees you.

Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle in your boots and shoes,
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, you got nothing to lose,
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, like a swarm of bees,
Wiggle on your hands and knees.

Wiggle to the front, wiggle to the rear,
wiggle 'til you wiggle right out of here,
wiggle 'til it opens, wiggle 'til it shuts,
Wiggle 'til it bites, wiggle 'til it cuts.

Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like a bowl of soup,
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like a rolling hoop.
Wig gle, wiggle, wiggle like a ton of lead,
Wiggle you can raise the dead.

Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like a gypsy queen,
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle all dressed in green,
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle 'til the moon is blue,
Wiggle 'til the moon sees you.

Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle in your boots and shoes,
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, you got nothing to lose,
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, like a swarm of bees,
Wiggle on your hands and knees.

Wiggle to the front, wiggle to the rear,
wiggle 'til you wiggle right out of here,
wiggle 'til it opens, wiggle 'til it shuts,
Wiggle 'til it bites, wiggle 'til it cuts.

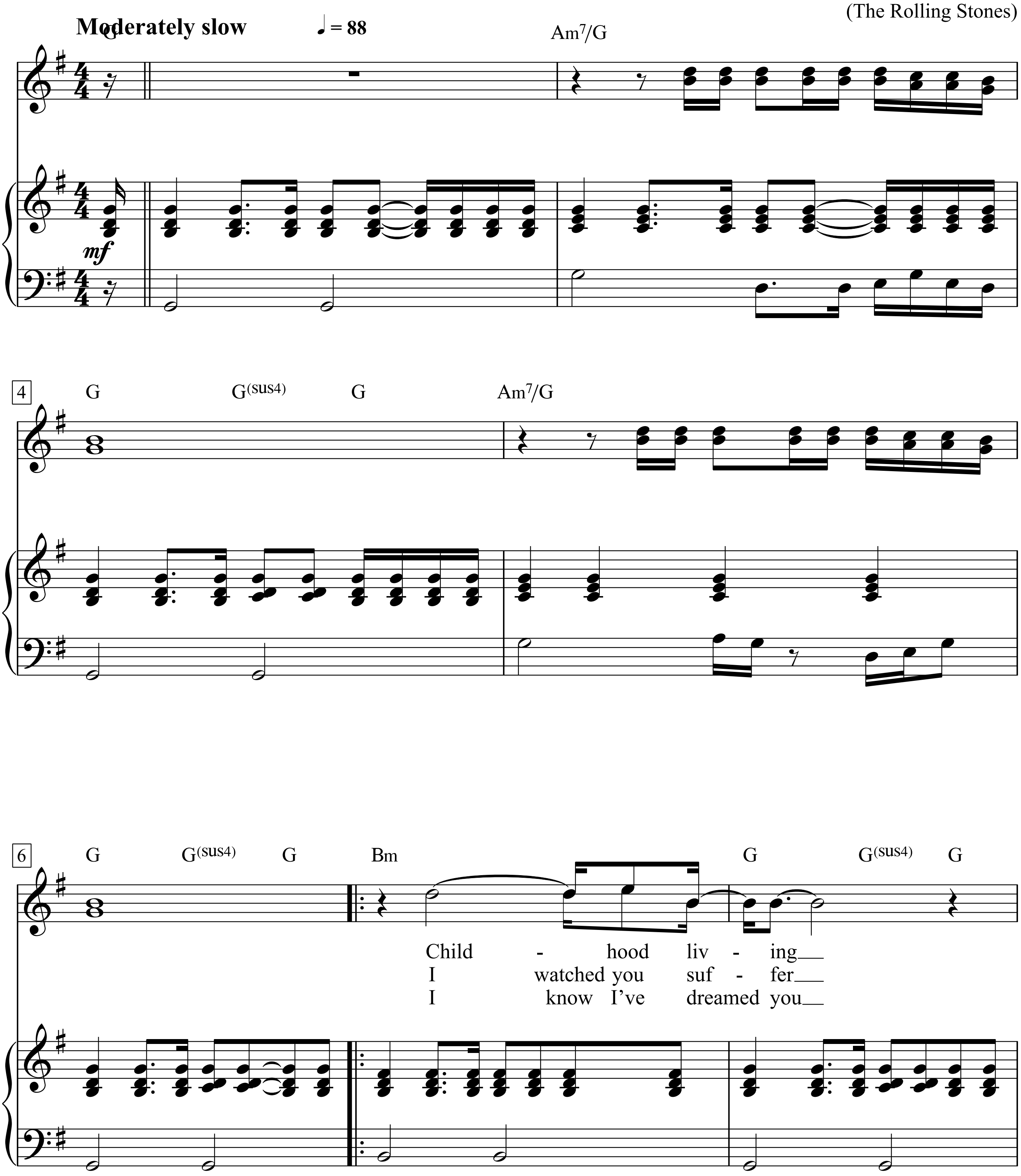
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like a bowl of soup,
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like a rolling hoop.
Wig gle, wiggle, wiggle like a ton of lead,
Wiggle like a big fat)

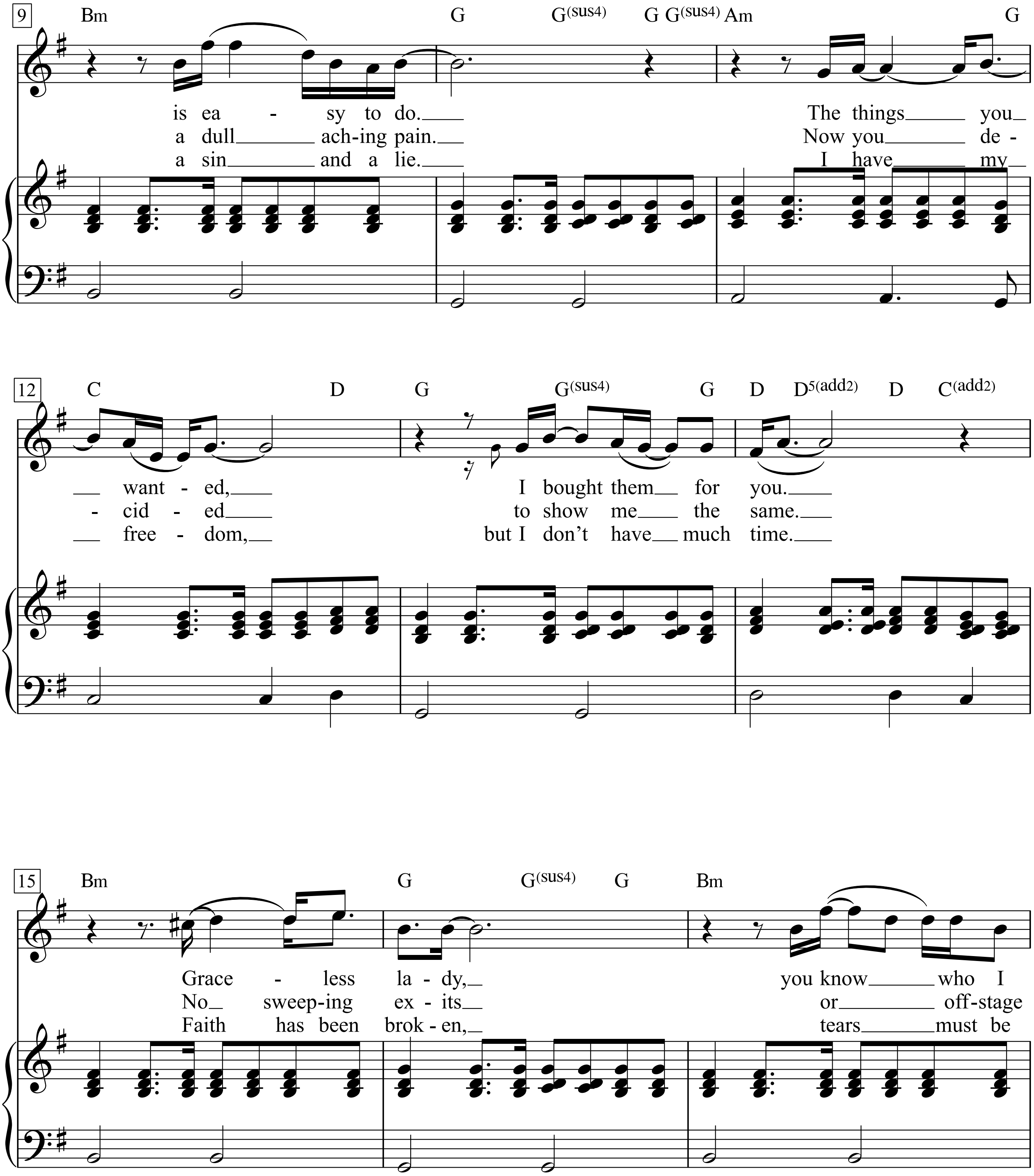
Bridge:
Wiggle 'til you're high, wiggle 'til you're higher,
Wiggle 'til you vomit fire,
Wiggle 'til it whispers, wiggle 'til it hums,
Wiggle 'til it answers, wiggle 'til it comes.

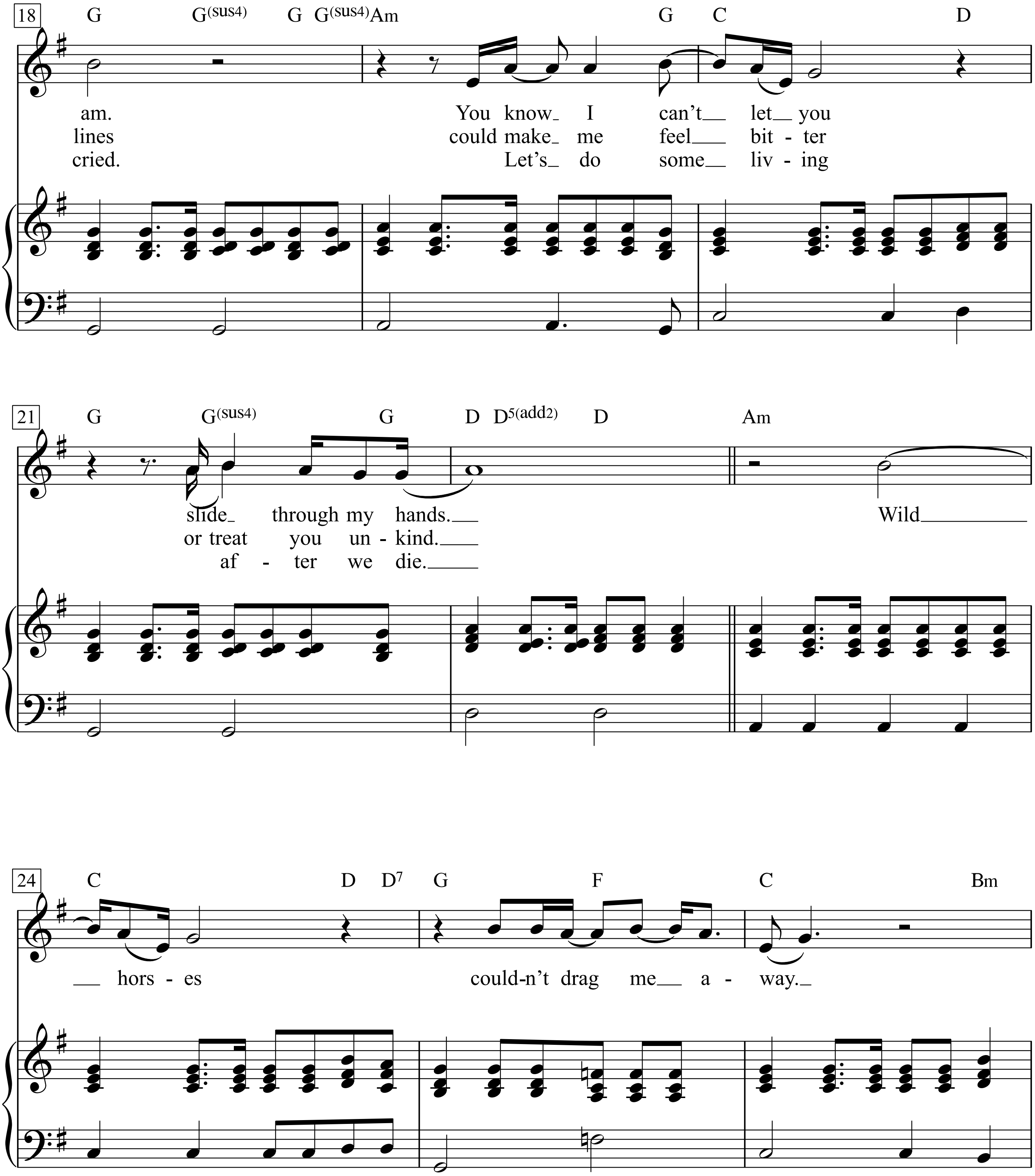
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like satin and silk,
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like a pail of milk.
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, rattle and shake,
Wiggle like a big fat snake.

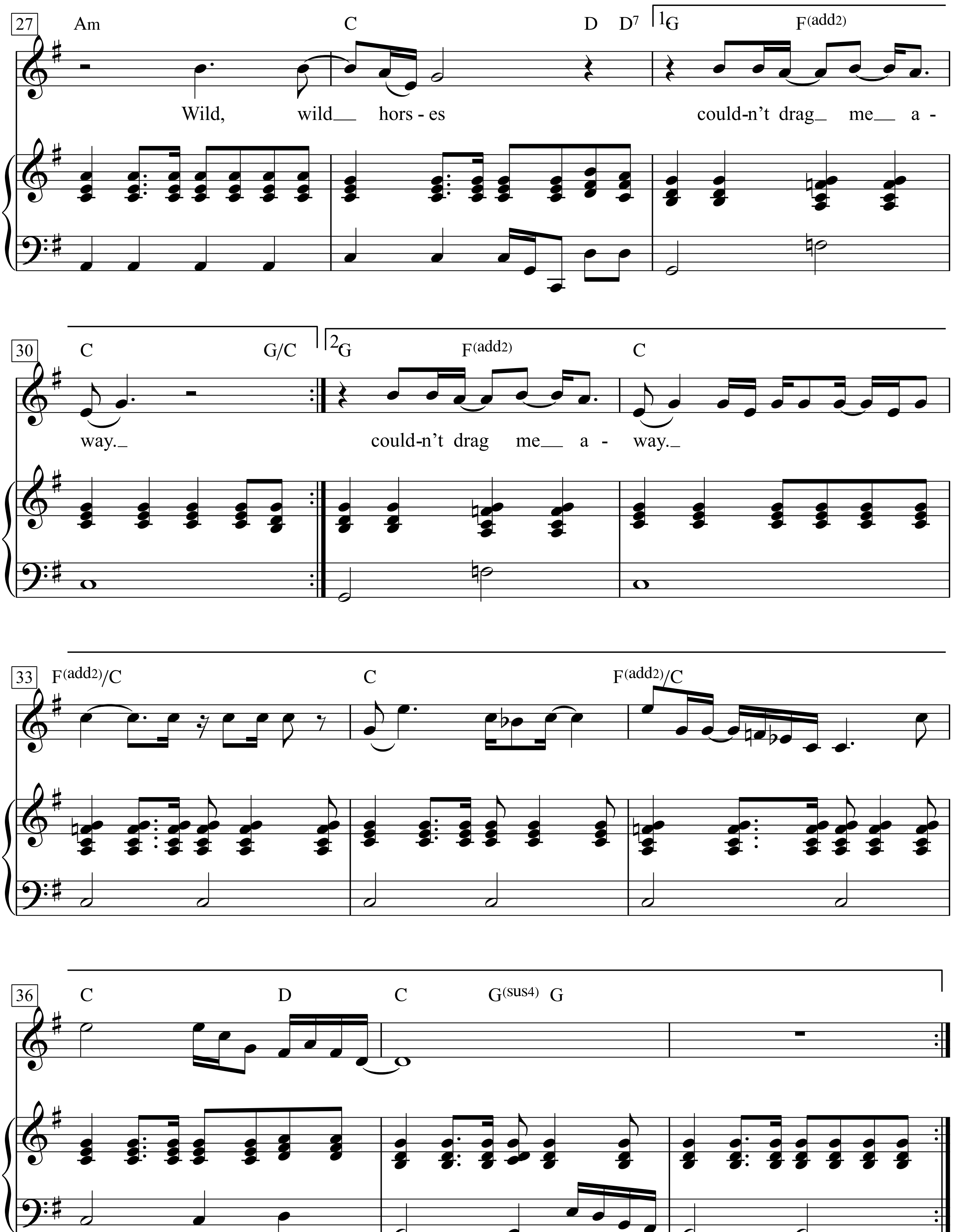
Wild Horses

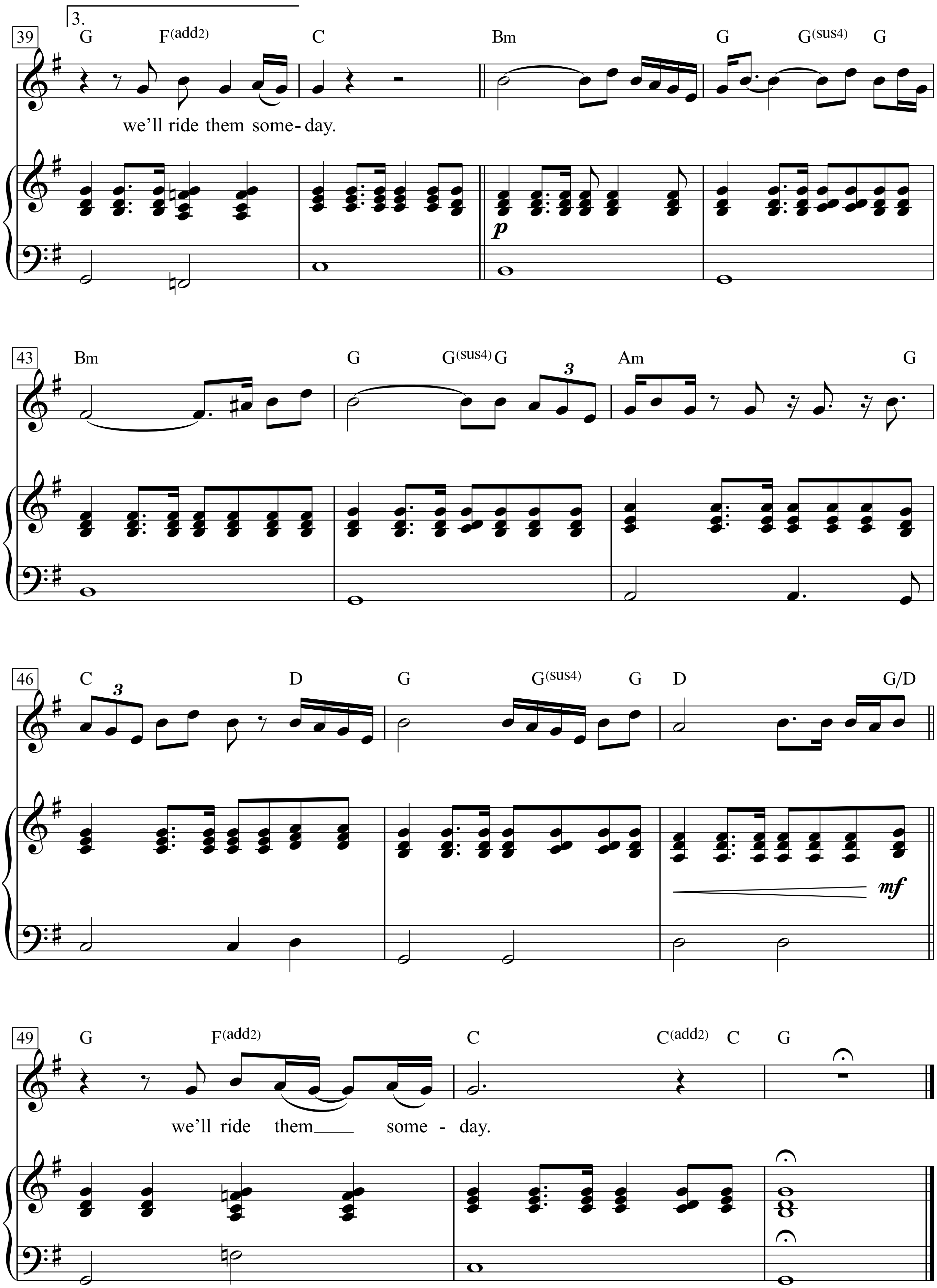
Words & Music by
Mick Jagger and Keith Richard
(The Rolling Stones)




9
Bm G G(sus4) G G(sus4) Am G
is ea - sy to do. The things you
a dull ach-ing pain. Now you de -
a sin and a lie. I have my
12
C D G G(sus4) G D D5(add2) D C(add2)
want - ed, I bought them for you.
- cid - ed to show me the same.
free - dom, but I don't have much time.
15
Bm G G(sus4) G Bm
Grace - less la - dy, you know who I
No sweep-ing ex - its or off-stage
Faith has been brok - en, tears must be


18
G G(sus4) G G(sus4) Am G C D
am. You know I can't let you
lines could make me feel bit - ter
cried. Let's do some liv - ing
21
G G(sus4) G D D5(add2) D Am
slide through my hands. Wild
or treat you un - kind.
af - ter we die.
24
C D D7 G F C Bm
hors - es could-n't drag me a - way.

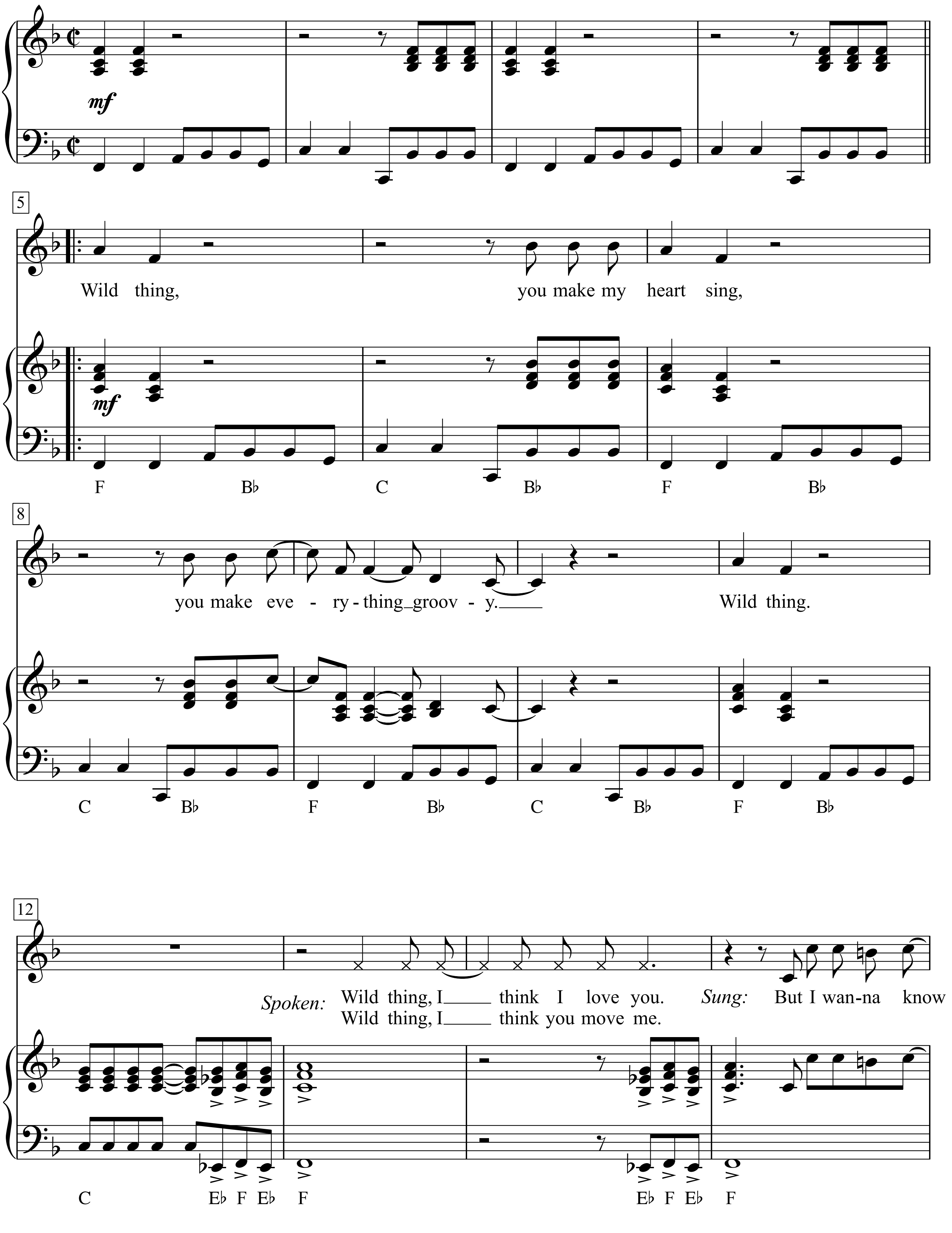

27
Am
C
D D7
1. G
F(add2)
Wild, wild__ hors - es
could-n't drag_ me__ a -
30
C
G/C
2. G
F(add2)
C
way._
could-n't drag me__ a - way._
33
F(add2)/C
C
F(add2)/C
36
C
D
C
G(sus4) G

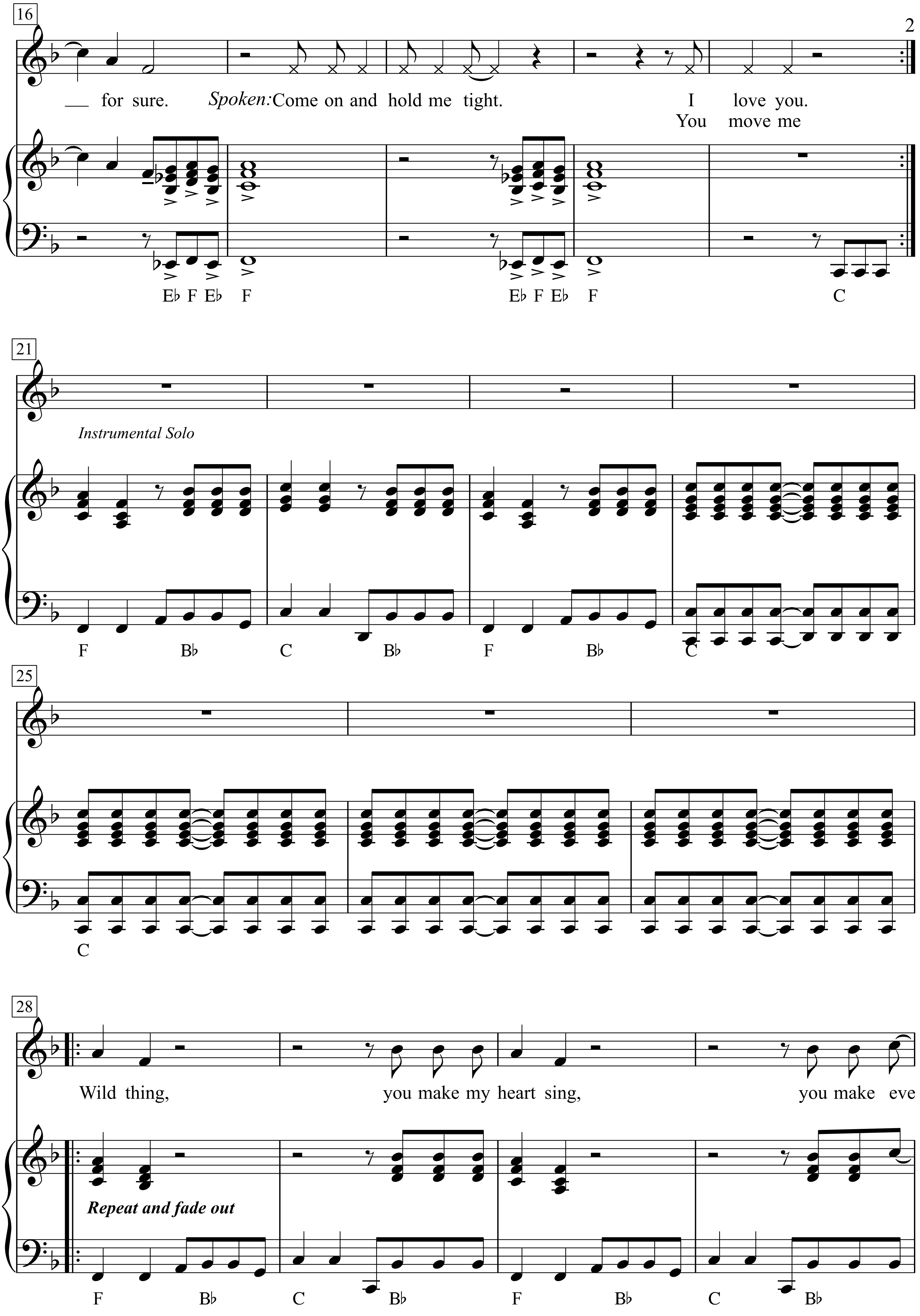

3.
39
G F(add2) C Bm G G(sus4) G
we'll ride them some - day.
p
43
Bm G G(sus4) G Am G
3
46
C D G G(sus4) G D G/D
3
mf
49
G F(add2) C C(add2) C G
we'll ride them some - day.

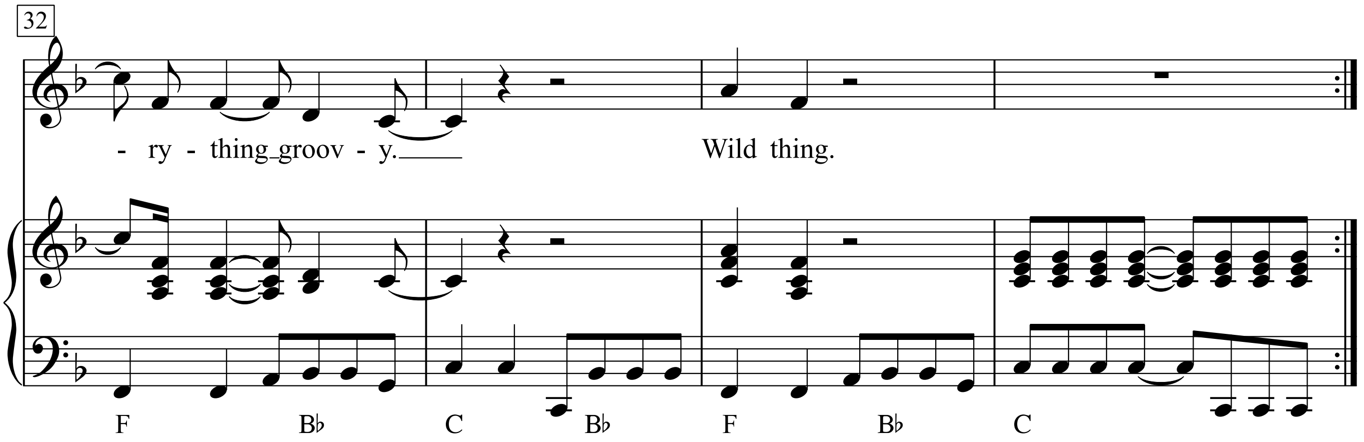
Wild Thing

Words & Music by Chip Taylor
(The Troggs)

Moderately slow, with a beat




16
— for sure. Spoken: Come on and hold me tight. I love you.
You move me
Eb F Eb F Eb F Eb F C
21
Instrumental Solo
F Bb C Bb F Bb C
25
C
28
Wild thing, you make my heart sing, you make eve
Repeat and fade out
F Bb C Bb F Bb C Bb

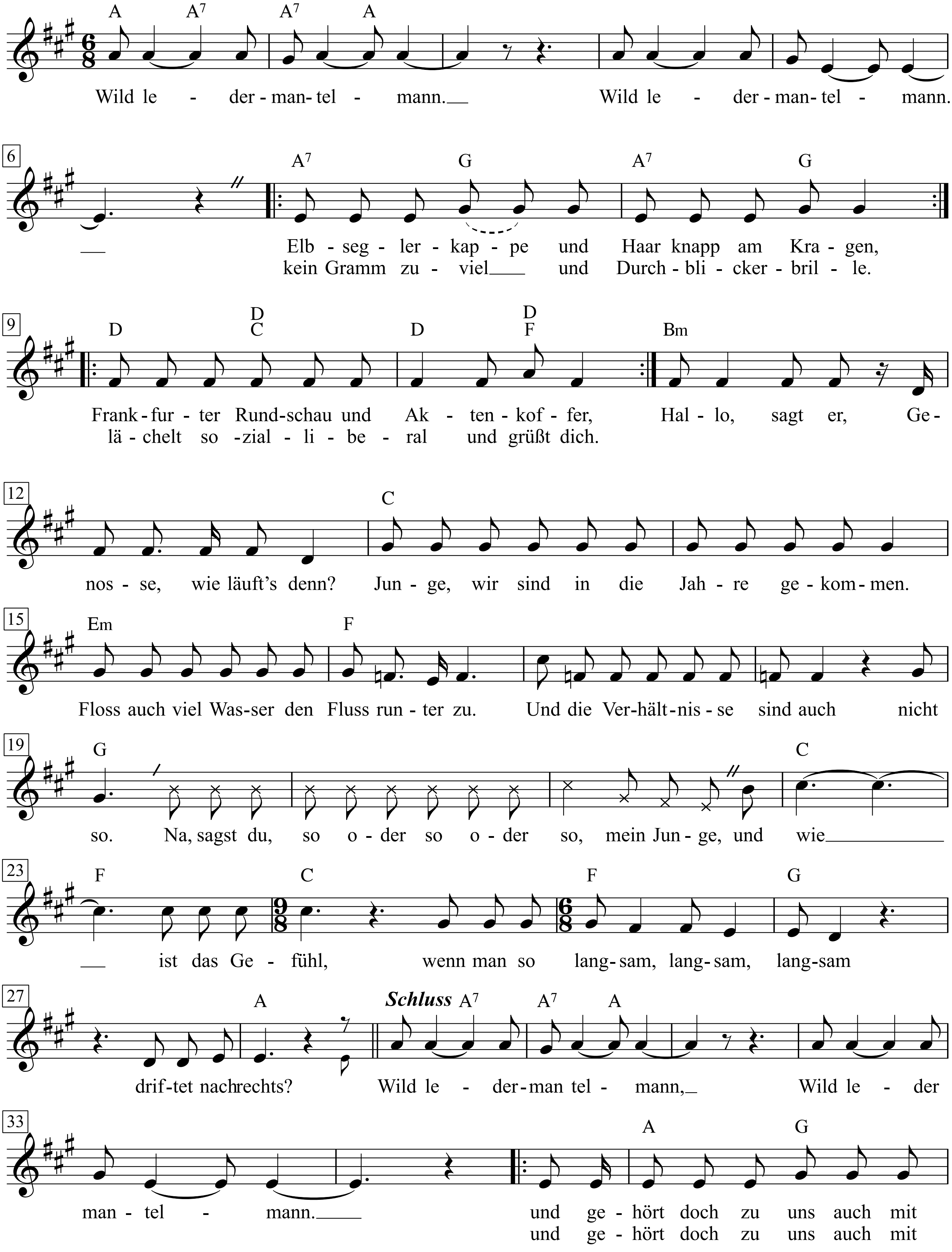


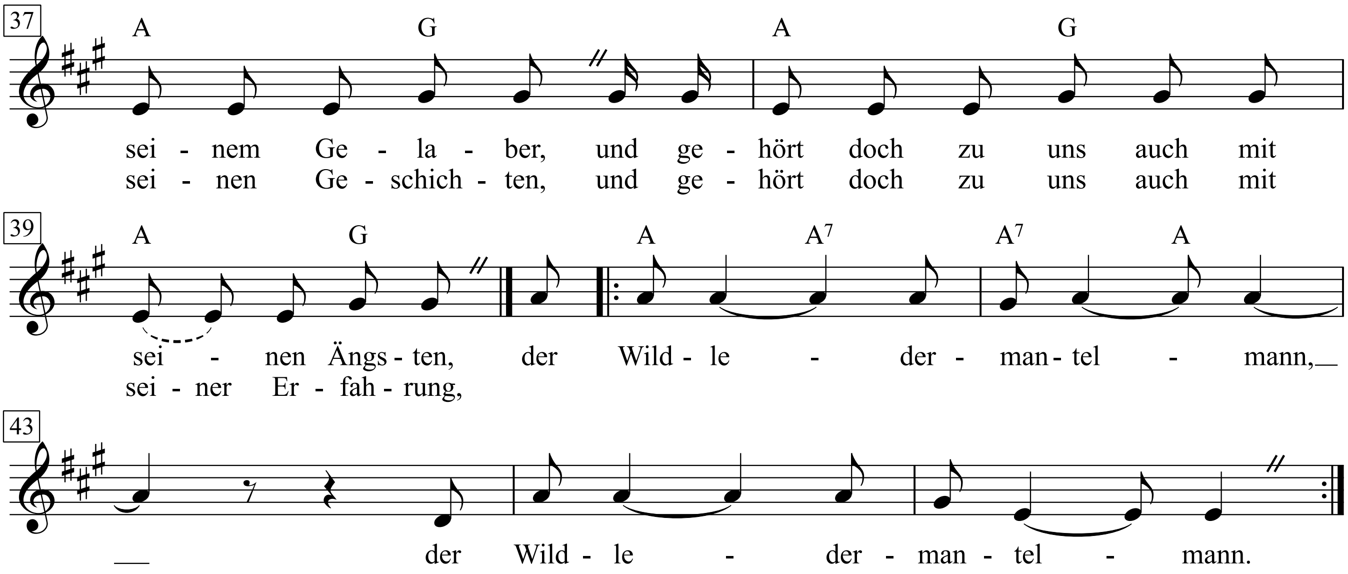
Wild thing, you make my heart sing,
you make everything groovy.
Wild thing. Wild thing,
I think I love you.
But I wanna know for sure.
Come on and hold me tight.
I love you.
You move me.
Wild thing, you make my heart sing,
you make everything groovy.
Wild thing.

Wild thing, I think you move me.

Wildledermantelmann

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt





1. Wildledermantelmann. Wildledermantelmann.
Elbseglerkappe und Haar knapp am Kragen,
kein Gramm zuviel und Durchblickerbrille.
Frankfurter Rundschau und Aktenkoffer,
lächelt sozial-liberal und grüßt dich.
Hallo, sagt er, Genosse, wie läuft's denn?
Junge, wir sind in die Jahre gekommen.
Floss auch viel Wasser den Fluss runter zu.
Und die Verhältnisse sind auch nicht so.
Na, sagst du, so oder so oder so, mein Junge, und wie ist das Gefühl,
wenn man so langsam, langsam, langsam driftet nach rechts?

2. Wildledermantelmann. Wildledermantelmann,
sitzt auf der Bank am Fluss. Muss mal quatschen,
sagt er, und zählt die Fische am Ufer.
Ist am Berufsverbot knapp noch eben,
sagt er, mit Glück vorbeigekommen.
Vorsichtig muss er weitertaktieren,
kann nicht mal Unterschrift für Kollegen,
kann nur so, sagt er, und zeigt mit der Hand
'n Aal, wie er schlängelt im Fluss über Sand.
Na, sagst du, so oder so oder so, mein Junge, und wie ist das Gefühl,
wenn man so langsam, langsam, langsam driftet nach rechts?

3. Wildledermantelmann. Wildledermantelmann.
redet von der Geduld und vom langen Marsch,
vom Fortschritt der schleimigen Schnecken.
Redet nicht von dem rasselnden Käfer
in seinem Bauch, wenn Kollegen sagen:
Wahrlich, bist du nicht einer von denen?
Hast du nicht damals dabeigestanden?
Weil dich die Sprache noch immer verrät.
Glaub nicht, sagt er, dass der Hahn dreimal kräht.
Na, sagst du, so oder so oder so, mein Junge, und wie ist das Gefühl,
wenn man so langsam, langsam, langsam driftet nach rechts?

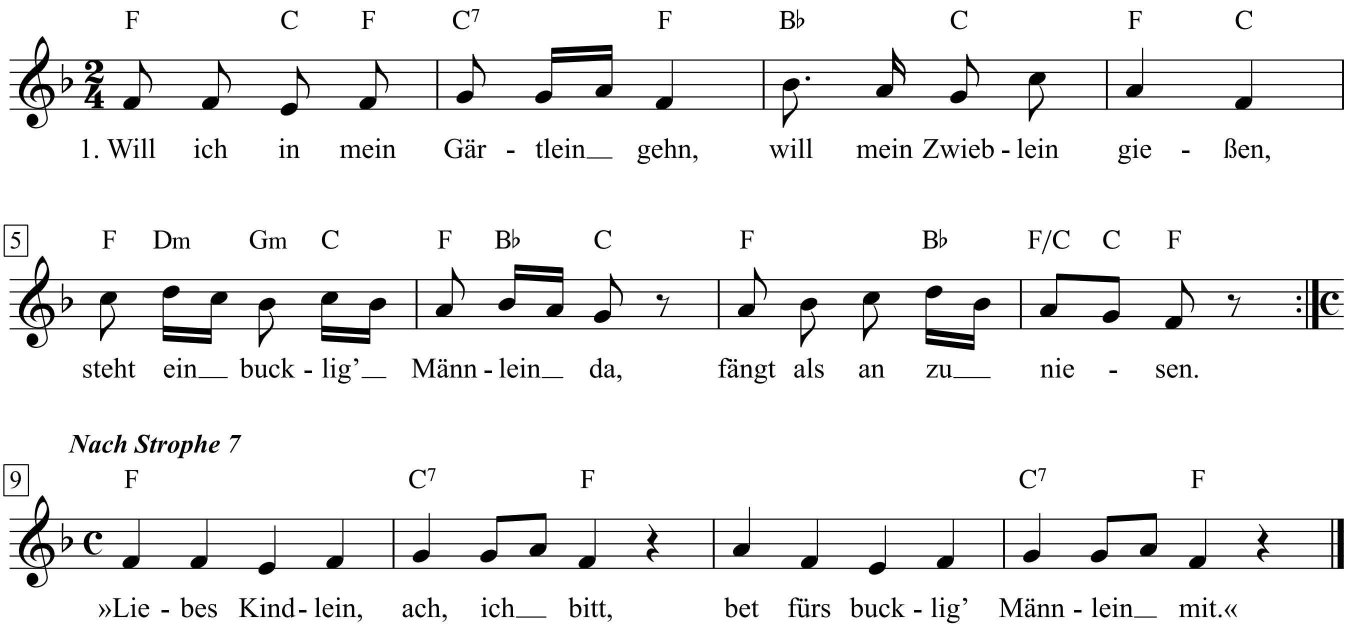
4. Wildledermantelmann, Wildledermantelmann.
spiegelverkehrt und ohne zu stottern
liest er das Chile-Plakat beim Rasieren,
sagt er, erzählt seine kurzen Geschichten:
Gruppendynamik und Selbsterfahrung.
Zweierbeziehung noch aufarbeiten.
das ganze Sozio-Psycho-Gelaber.
Glaubt er eigentlich selbst nicht mehr dran,
sagt er, sieht dich sozial-liberal an.
Na, sagst du, so oder so oder so, mein Junge, und wie ist das Gefühl,
wenn man so langsam, langsam, langsam driftet nach rechts?

5. Wildledermantelmann, Wildledermantelmann.
lässt übern Fluss flache Steine hüpfen.
Jeder wirft seine eigenen Steine.
Ewig im Flusse fließen die Fluten,
labert er diesen Anpasserunsinn.
Und ihr seid doch ’ne Strecke zusammen gelaufen,
auch unter Polizeiknüppeln damals.
Also los, schmeiß ’n Wackerstein auf seinen rechten Fuß,
dass er mal wenigstens Luft schnappen muss.
Und sag ihm, so oder so oder so, mein Junge, und wie ist das Gefühl,
wenn man so langsam, langsam, langsam driftet nach rechts.

Wildledermantelmann, Wildledermantelmann.
und gehört doch zu uns auch mit seinem Gelaber,
und gehört doch zu uns auch mit seinen Ängsten,
und gehört doch zu uns auch mit seinen Geschichten,
und gehört doch zu uns auch mit seiner Erfahrung,
der Wildledermantelmann,
der Wildledermantelmann.

Will ich in mein Gärtlein gehn

Text: aus »Des Knaben Wunderhorn«, 1808



1. Will ich in mein Gärtlein gehn,
will mein Zwieblein gießen,
steht ein bucklig' Männlein da,
fängt als an zu niesen.

2. Will ich in mein Küchel gehn,
will mein Süpplein kochen;
seht ein bucklig' Männlein da,
hat mein Töpflein brochen.

3. Will ich in mein Stüblein gehn,
will mein Müßlein essen;
steht ein bucklig' Männlein da,
hat's schon halber gessen.

4. Will ich auf mein Boden gehn,
will mein Hölzlein holen;
steht ein bucklig' Männlein da,
hat mir's halber g'stohlen.

5. Will ich in mein Keller gehn,
will mein Weinlein zapfen;
steht ein bucklig' Männlein da,
tut mir'n Krug wegschnappen.

6. Geh ich in mein Kämmerlein,
will mein Bettlein machen;
steht ein bucklig' Männlein da,
fängt als an zu lachen.

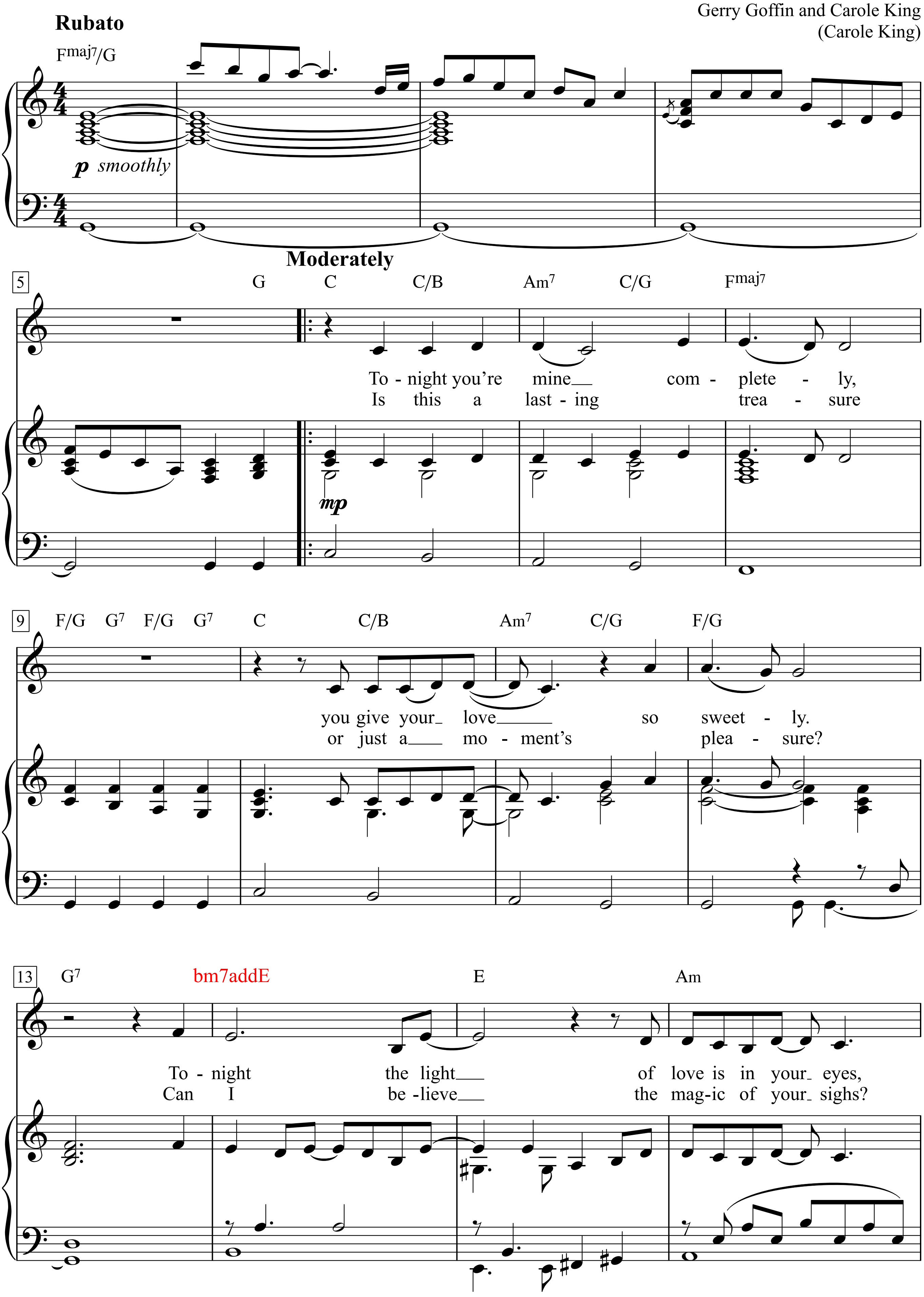
7. Wenn ich an mein Bänklein knie,
will ein bisslein beten;
steht ein bucklig' Männlein da,
fängt gleich an zu reden:

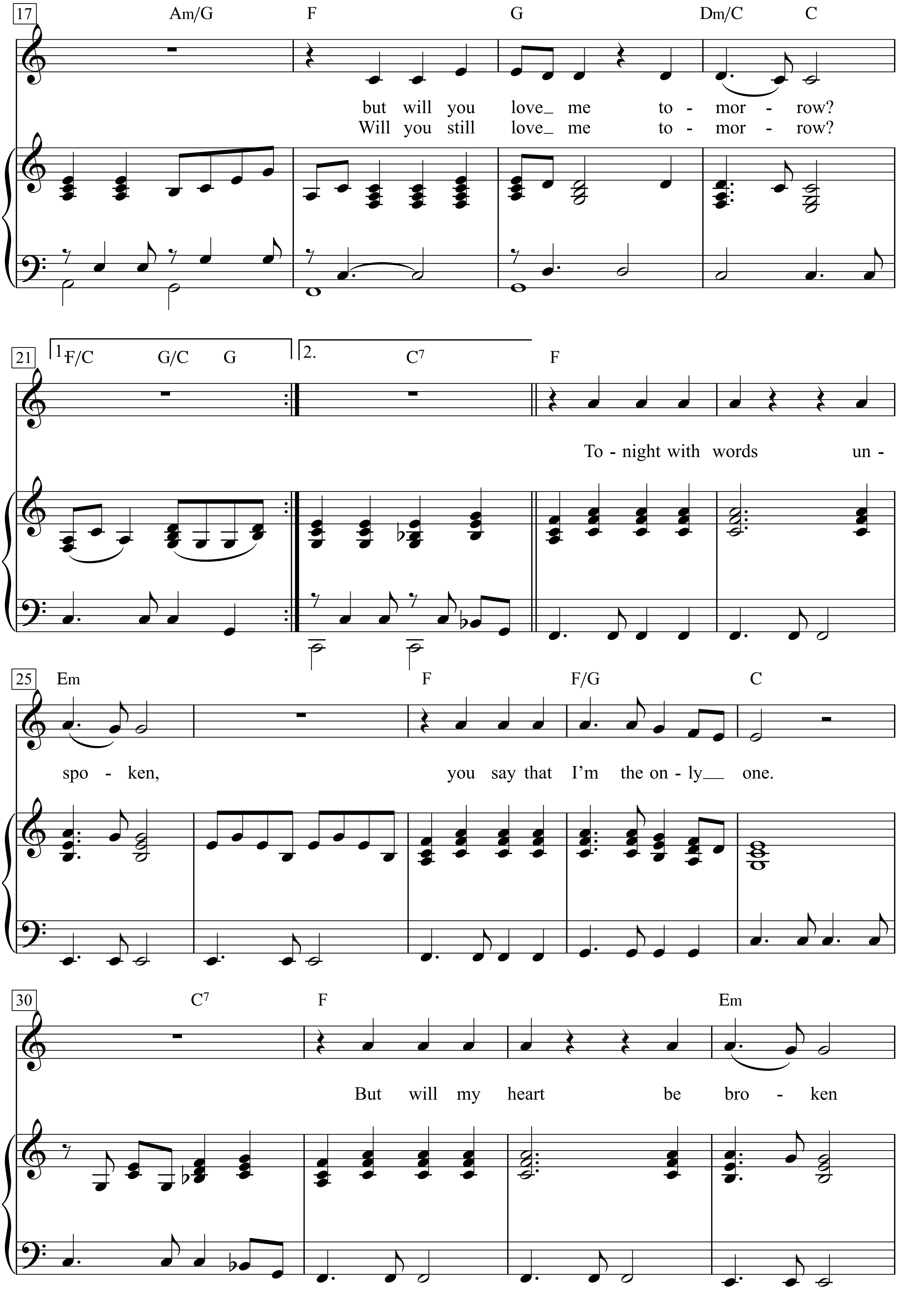
»Liebes Kindlein, ach, ich bitt,
bet fürs bucklig' Männlein mit.«

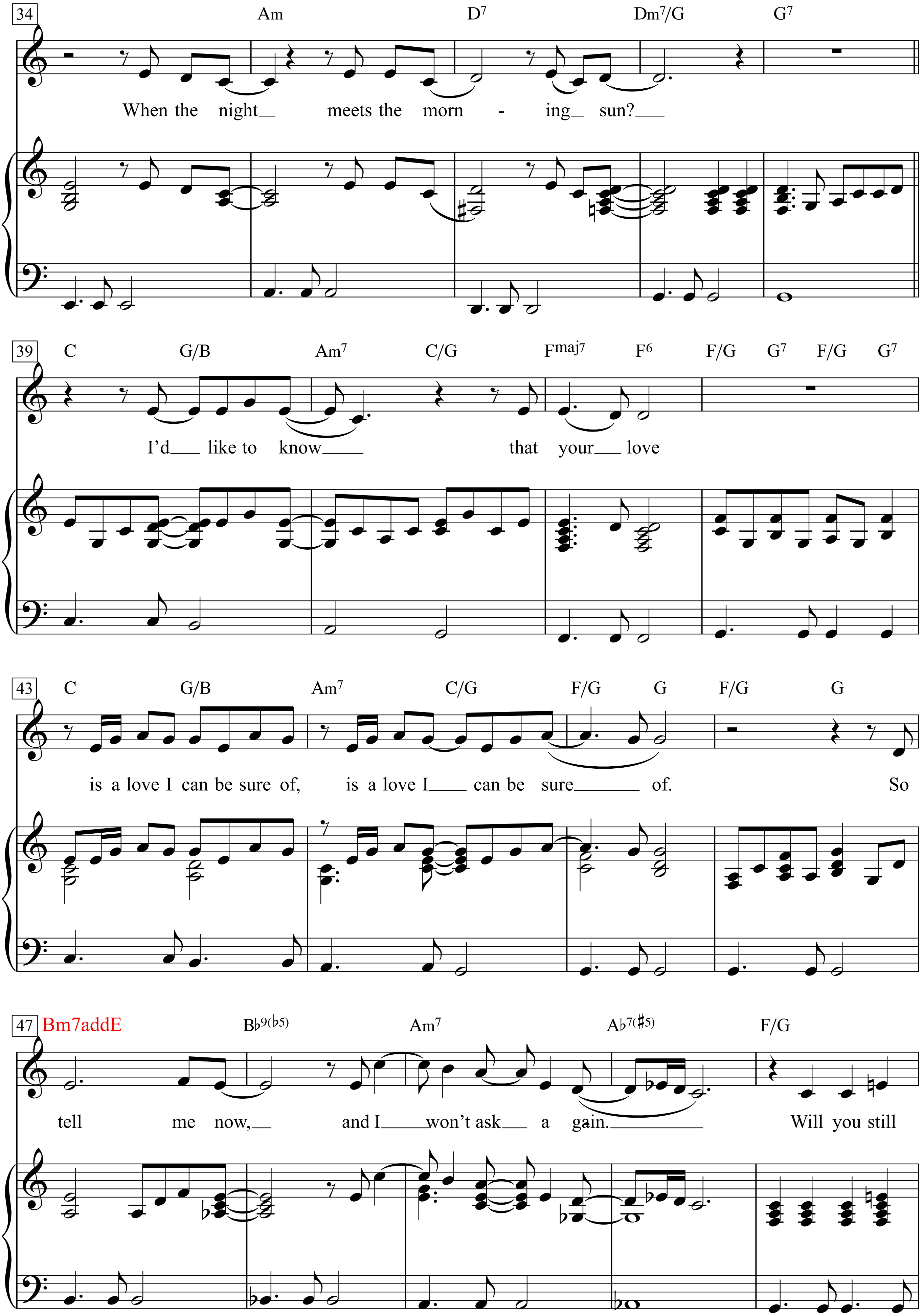
Melodie: nach dem Fronleichnamslied »Kommt zum großen Abendmahl«,
von Johan Nikolaus Böhl 1810 dem Text zugeordnet

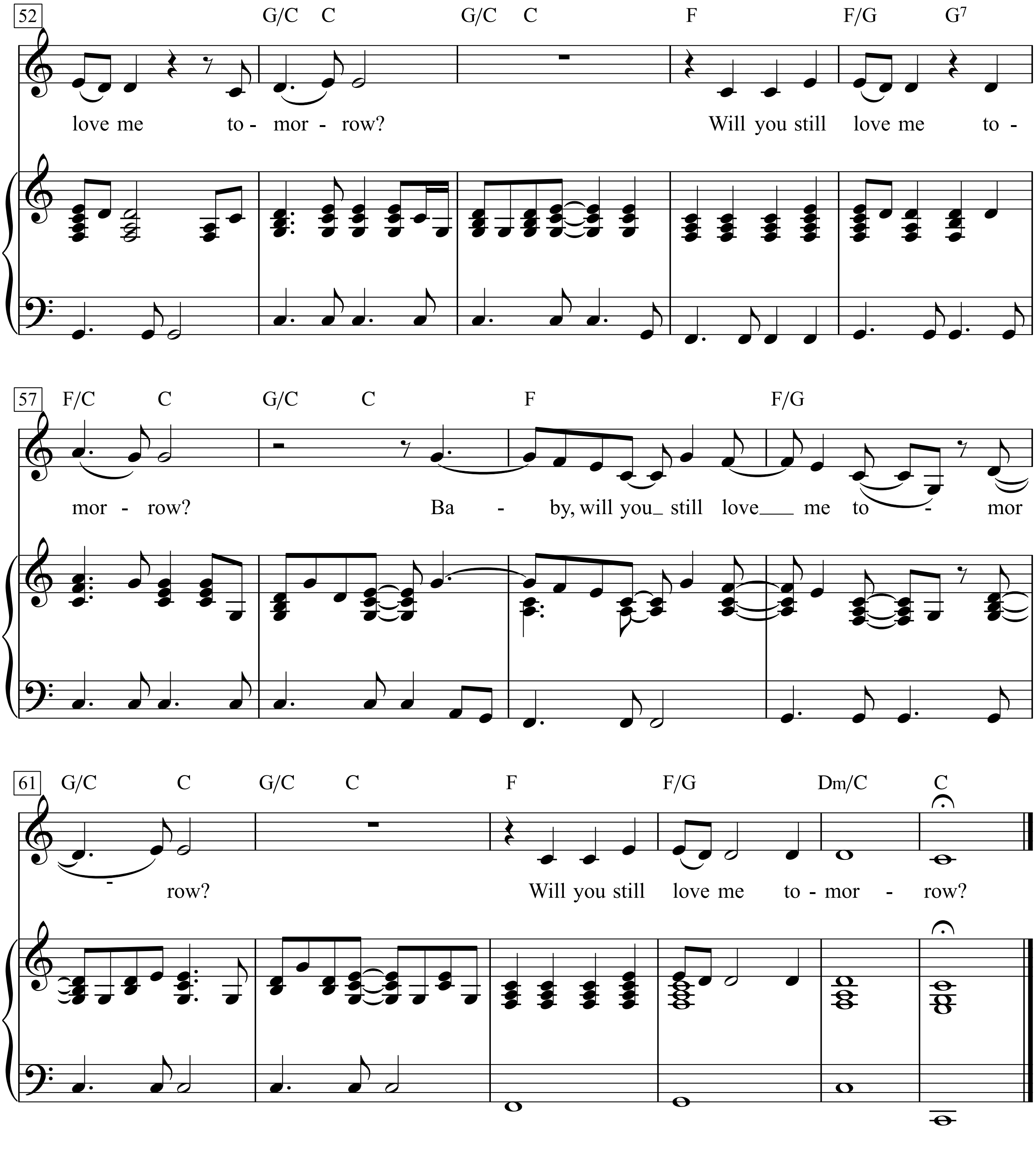
Will You Love Me Tomorrow

Words & Music by
Gerry Goffin and Carole King
(Carole King)




17
Am/G F G Dm/C C
but will you love_ me to - mor - row?
Will you still love_ me to - mor - row?
21
1. F/C G/C G
2. C7 F
To - night with words un -
25
Em F F/G C
spo - ken, you say that I'm the on - ly__ one.
30
C7 F Em
But will my heart be bro - ken


34
Am D7 Dm7/G G7
When the night meets the morn - ing sun?
39
C G/B Am7 C/G Fmaj7 F6 F/G G7 F/G G7
I'd like to know that your love
43
C G/B Am7 C/G F/G G F/G G
is a love I can be sure of, is a love I can be sure of. So
47
Bm7addE Bb9(b5) Am7 Ab7(#5) F/G
tell me now, and I won't ask a gain. Will you still


52
G/C C G/C C F F/G G7
love me to - mor - row? Will you still love me to -
57
F/C C G/C C F F/G
mor - row? Ba - by, will you still love me to - mor
61
G/C C G/C C F F/G Dm/C C
row? Will you still love me to - mor - row?

Tonight you’re mine completely,
you give your love so sweetly.
Tonight the light of love is in your eyes,
but will you love me tomorrow?

Is this a lasting treasure
or just a moment’s pleasure?
Can I believe the magic of your sighs?
Will you still love me tomorrow?

Tonight with words unspoken,
you say that I’m the only one.
But will my heart be broken
When the night meets the morning sun?

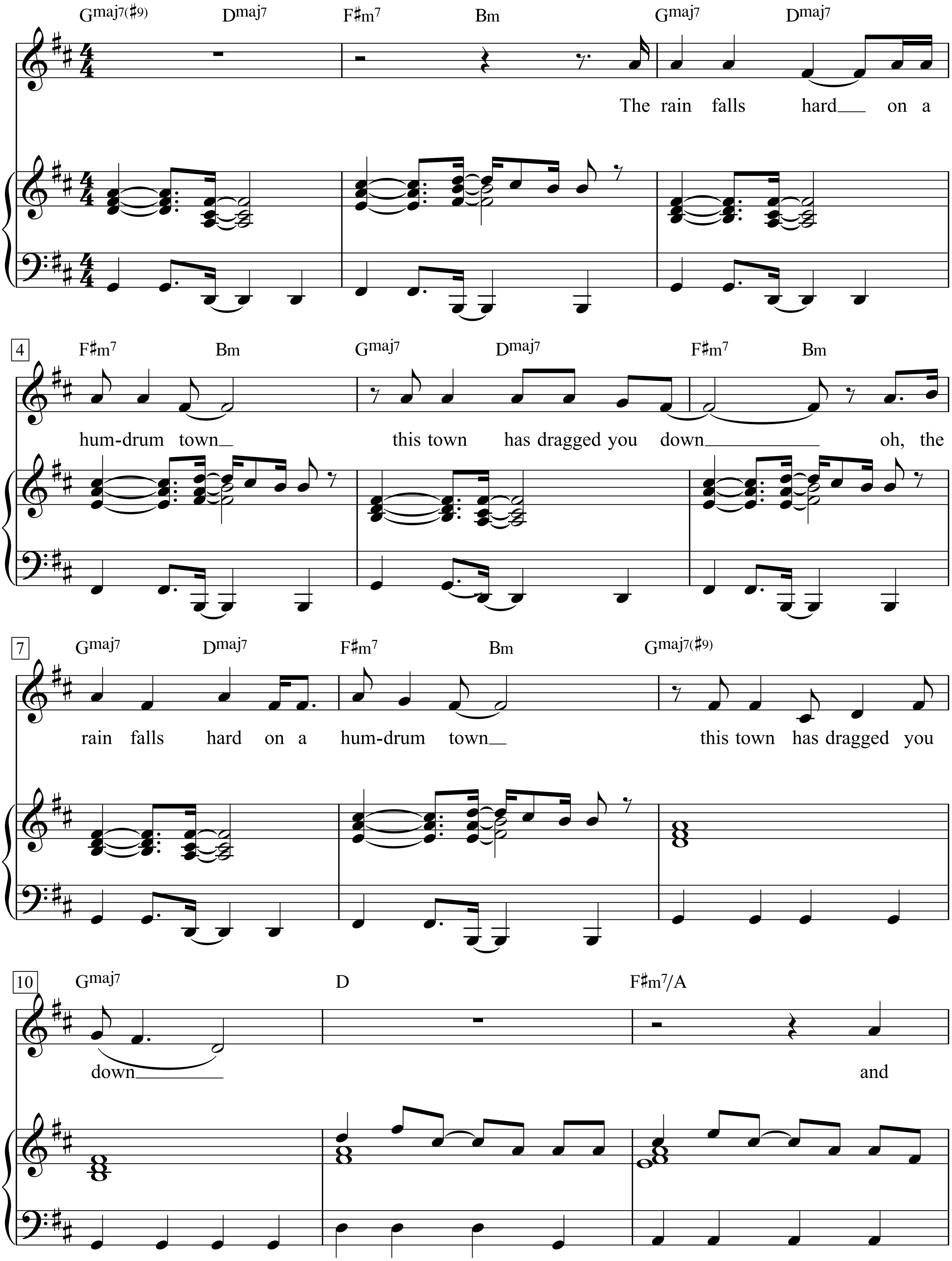
I’d like to know that your love
is a love I can be sure of,
is a love I can be sure of.
So tell me now, and I won’t ask again.

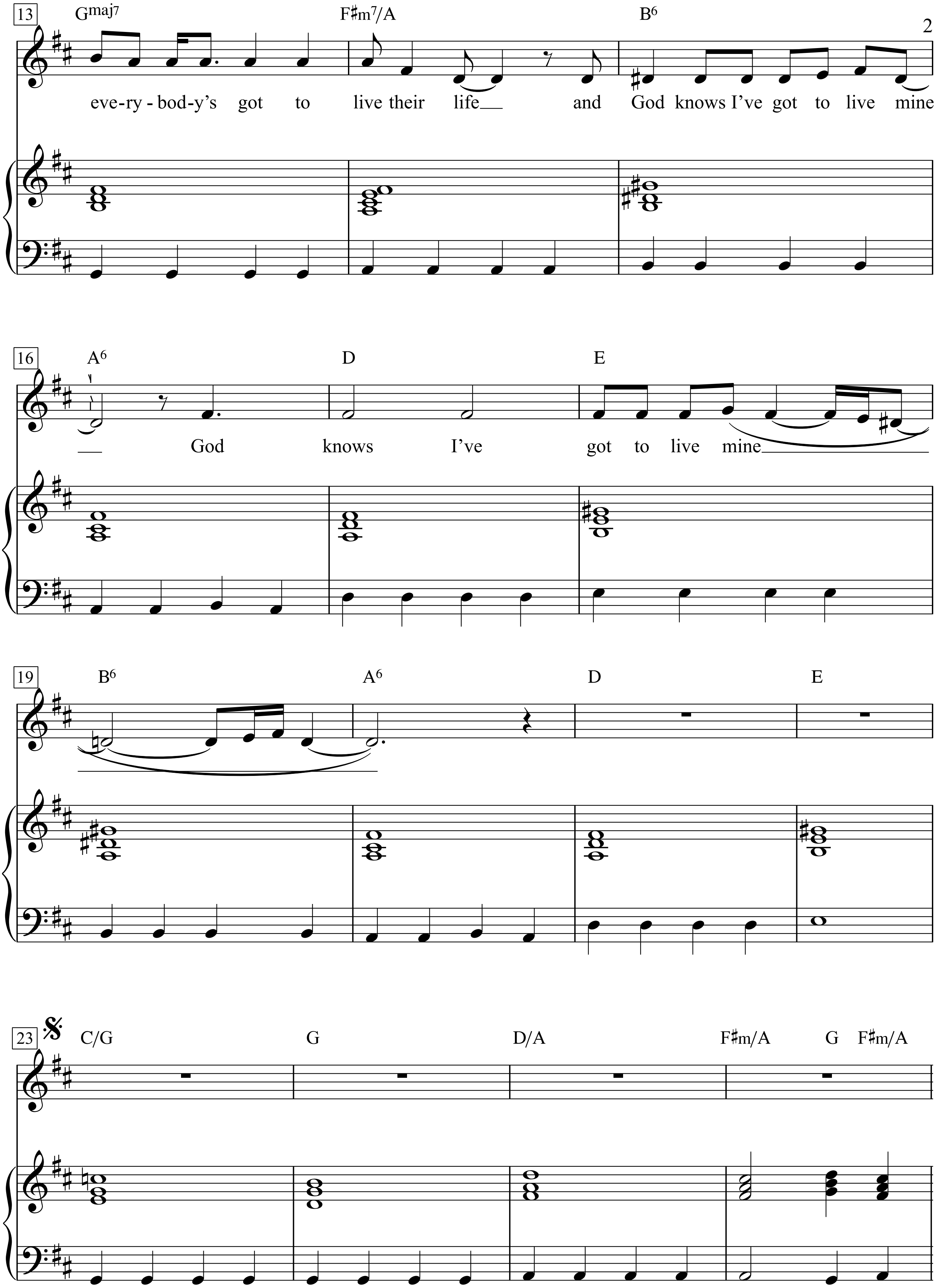
Will you still love me tomorrow?
Will you still love me tomorrow?
Baby, will you still love me tomorrow?
Will you still love me tomorrow?

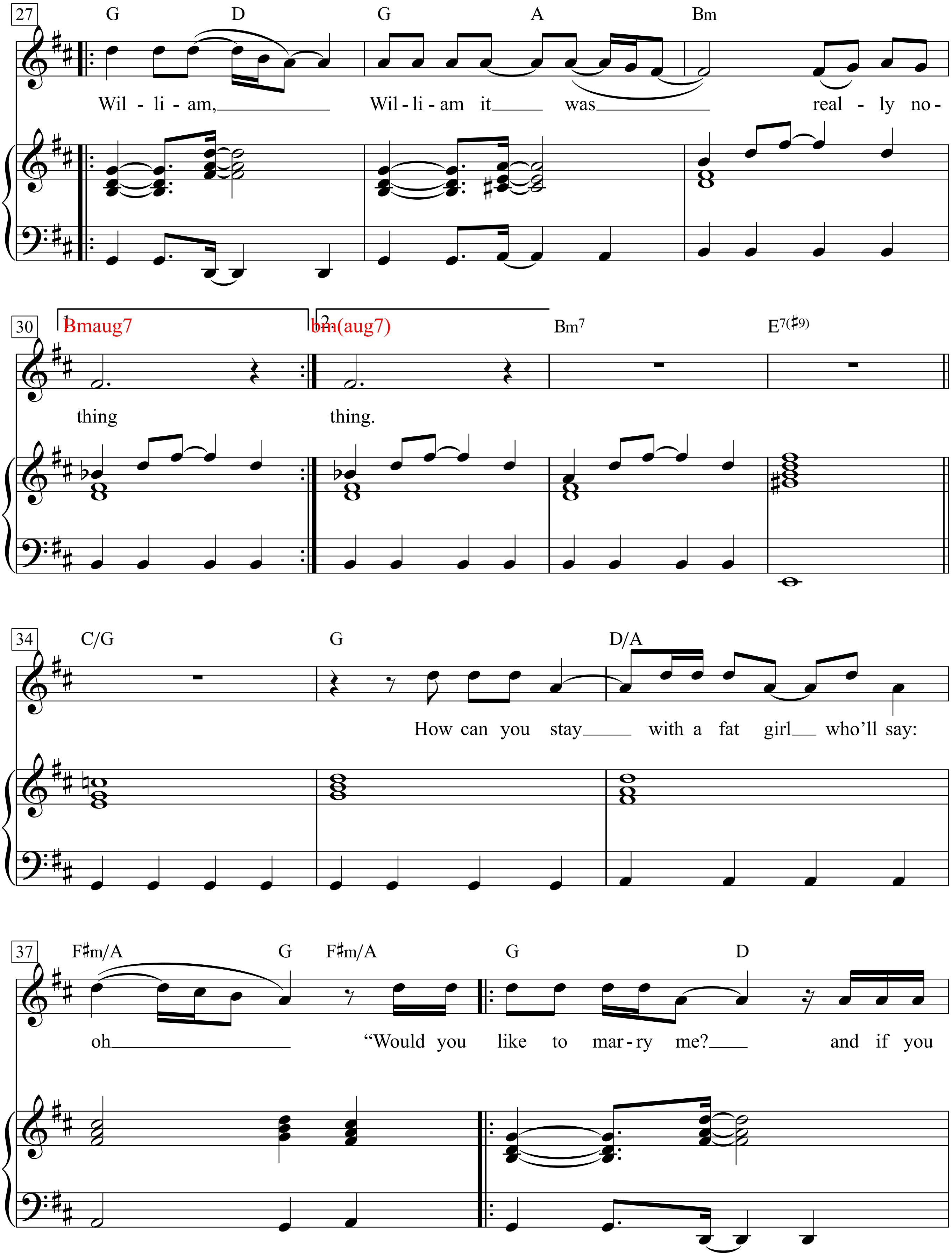
William, It was Really Nothing

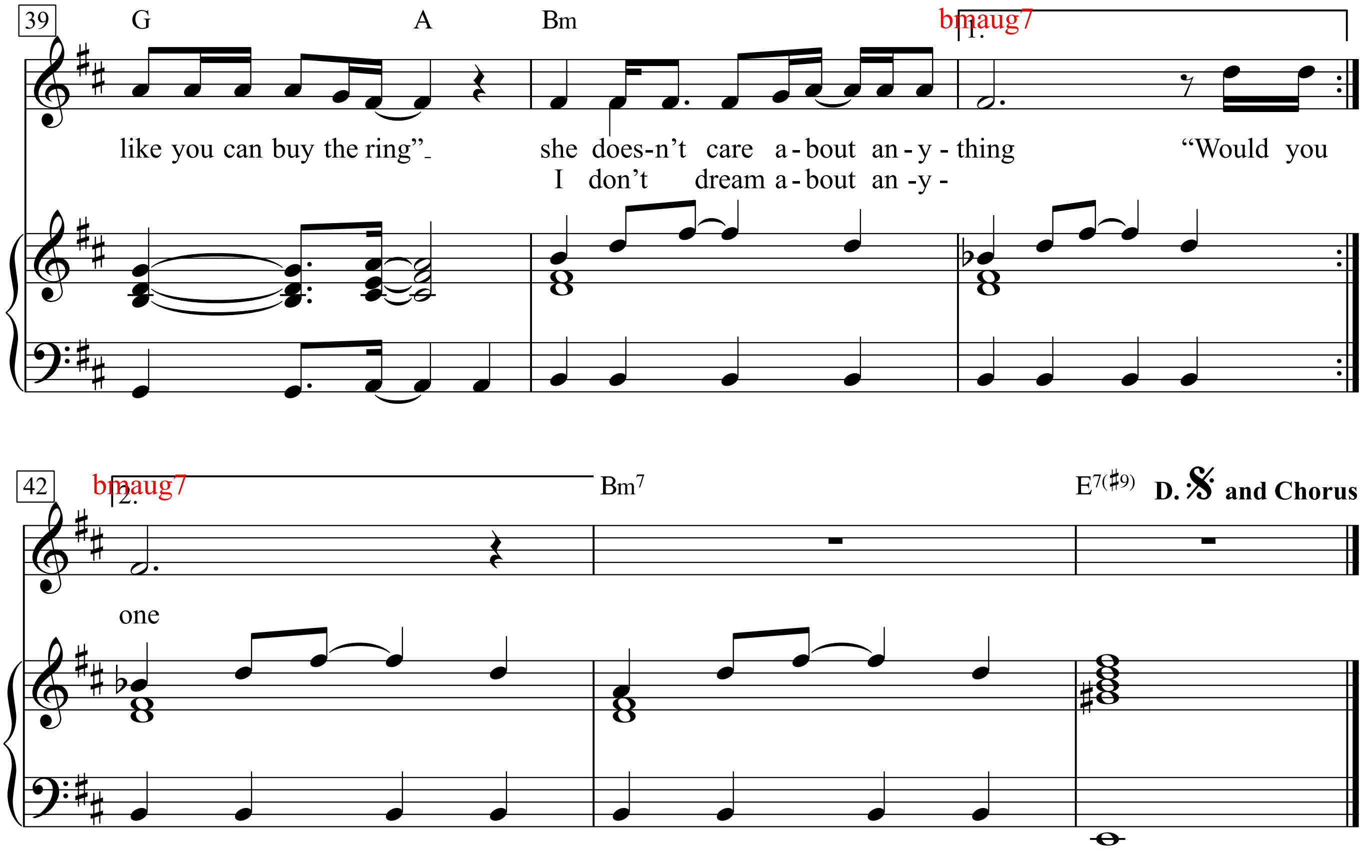
Words by Morrissey

Music by Johnny Marr
(The Smiths)




13
Gmaj7
F♯m7/A
B6
eve-ry - bod-y's got to live their life and God knows I've got to live mine
16
A6
D
E
God knows I've got to live mine
19
B6
A6
D
E
23
C/G
G
D/A
F♯m/A
G F♯m/A


27
G D G A Bm
Wil - li - am, Wil - li - am it was real - ly no -
30
1 Bmaug7
2 bm(aug7)
Bm7
E7(♯9)
thing thing.
34
C/G G D/A
How can you stay with a fat girl who'll say:
37
F♯m/A G F♯m/A G D
oh "Would you like to mar - ry me? and if you



The rain falls hard on a humdrum town
this town has dragged you down
oh, the rain falls hard on a humdrum town
this town has dragged you down
and everybody's got to live their life
and God knows I've got to live mine
God knows I've got to live mine
William, William it was really nothing thing.
How can you stay with a fat girl who'll say: oh
"Would you like to marry me?
and if you like you can buy the ring"
she doesn't care about anything
"Would you one

I don't dream about anyone.

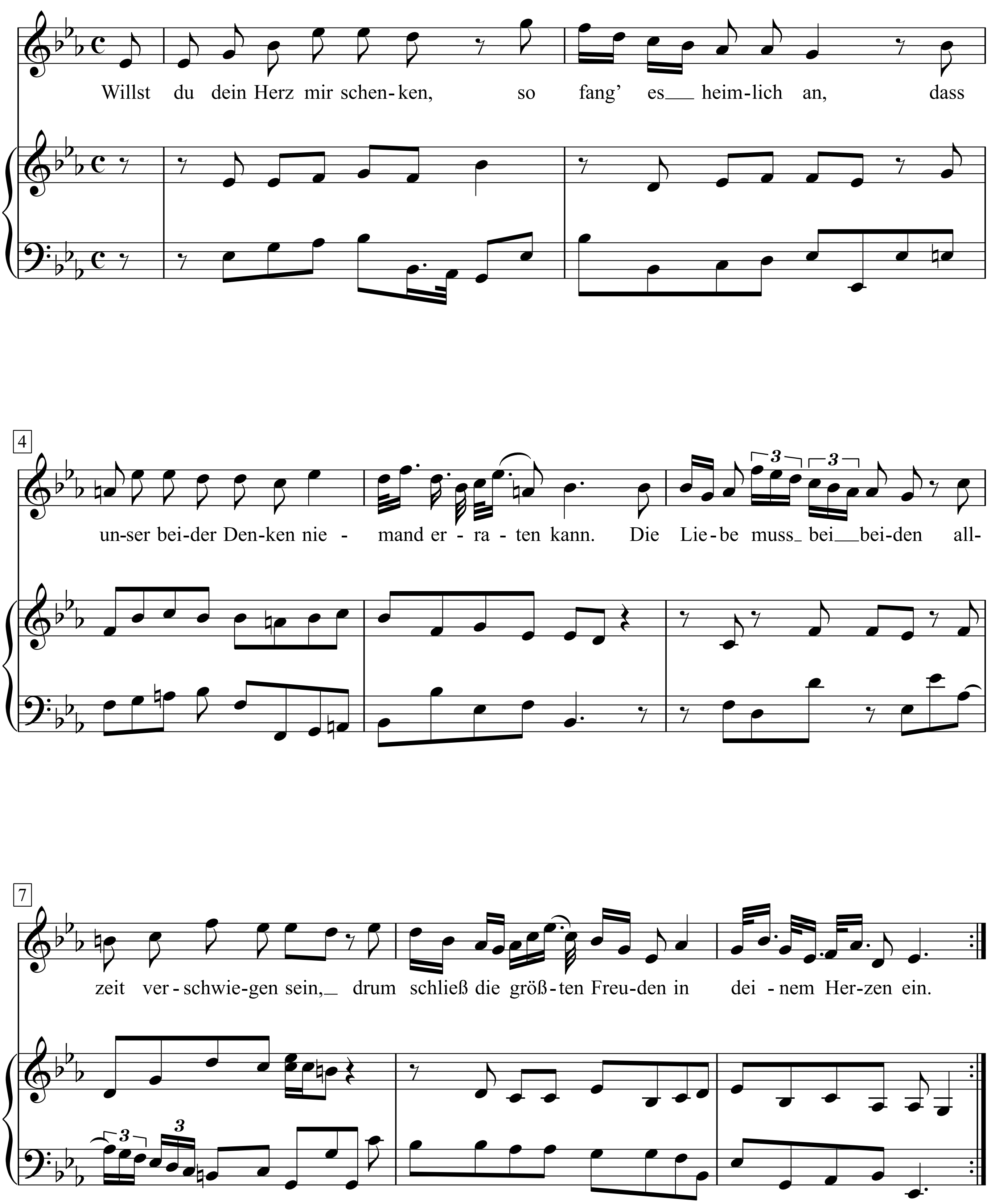
37. Aria di Giovanni

Willst du dein Herz mir schenken

(Notenbüchlein für Anna Magdalena Bach)

1725

Johann Sebastian Bach



Willst du dein Herz mir schenken,
So fang es heimlich an,
Dass unser beider Denken
Niemand erraten kann.
Die Liebe muss bei beiden
Allzeit verschwiegen sein,
Drum schließ die größten Freuden
In deinem Herzen ein.

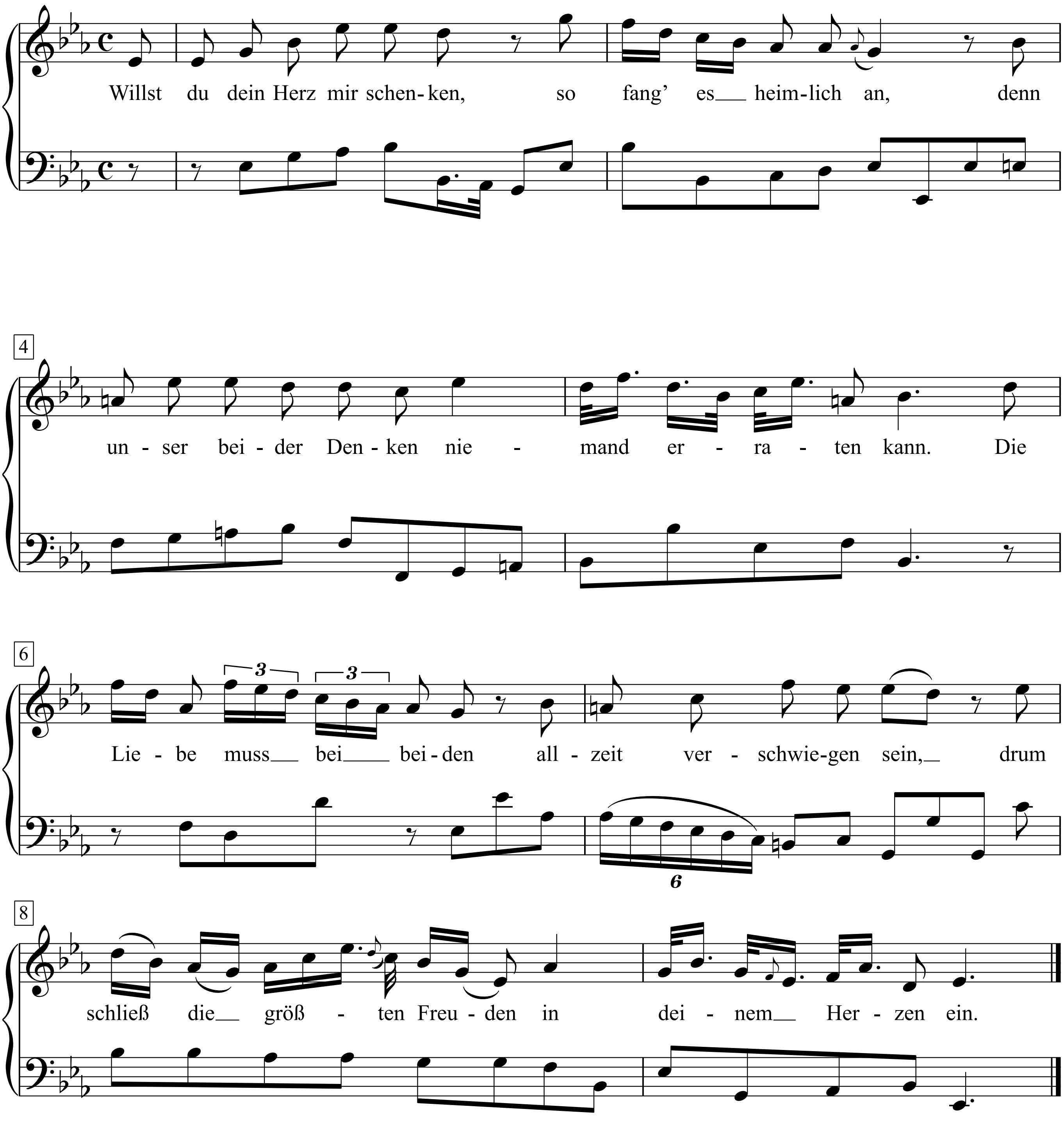
Behutsam sei und schweige
Und traue keiner Wand,
Lieb’ innerlich und zeige
Dich außen unbekannt.
Kein’ Argwohn musst du geben,
Verstellung nötig ist.
Genug, dass du, mein Leben,
Der Treu’ versichert bist.

Begehre keine Blicke
Von meiner Liebe nicht,
Der Neid hat viele Stricke
Auf unser Tun gericht.
Du musst die Brust verschließen,
Halt deine Neigung ein.
Die Lust, die wir genießen,
Muss ein Geheimnis sein.

Zu frei sein, sich ergehen,
Hat oft Gefahr gebracht.
Man muss sich wohl verstehen,
Weil ein falsch Auge wacht.
Du musst den Spruch bedenken,
Den ich zuvor getan:
Willst du dein Herz mir schenken,
So fang es heimlich an.

Willst du dein Herz mir schenken

Johann Sebastian Bach



Willst du dein Herz mir schenken,
So fang es heimlich an,
Dass unser beider Denken
Niemand erraten kann.
Die Liebe muss bei beiden
Allzeit verschwiegen sein,
Drum schließ die größten Freuden
In deinem Herzen ein.

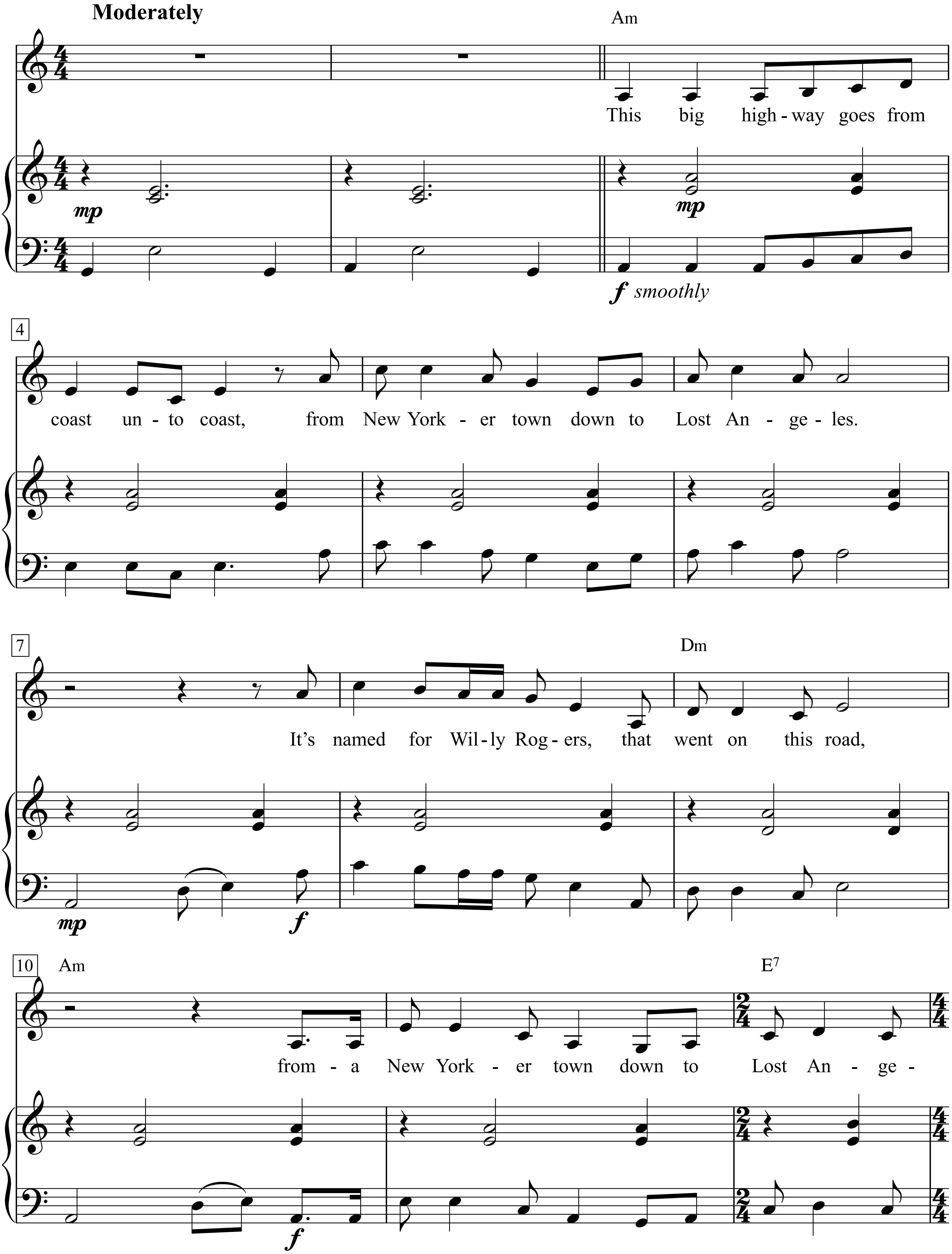
Behutsam sei und schweige
Und traue keiner Wand,
Lieb' innerlich und zeige
Dich außen unbekannt.
Kein' Argwohn musst du geben,
Verstellung nötig ist.
Genug, dass du, mein Leben,
Der Treu' versichert bist.

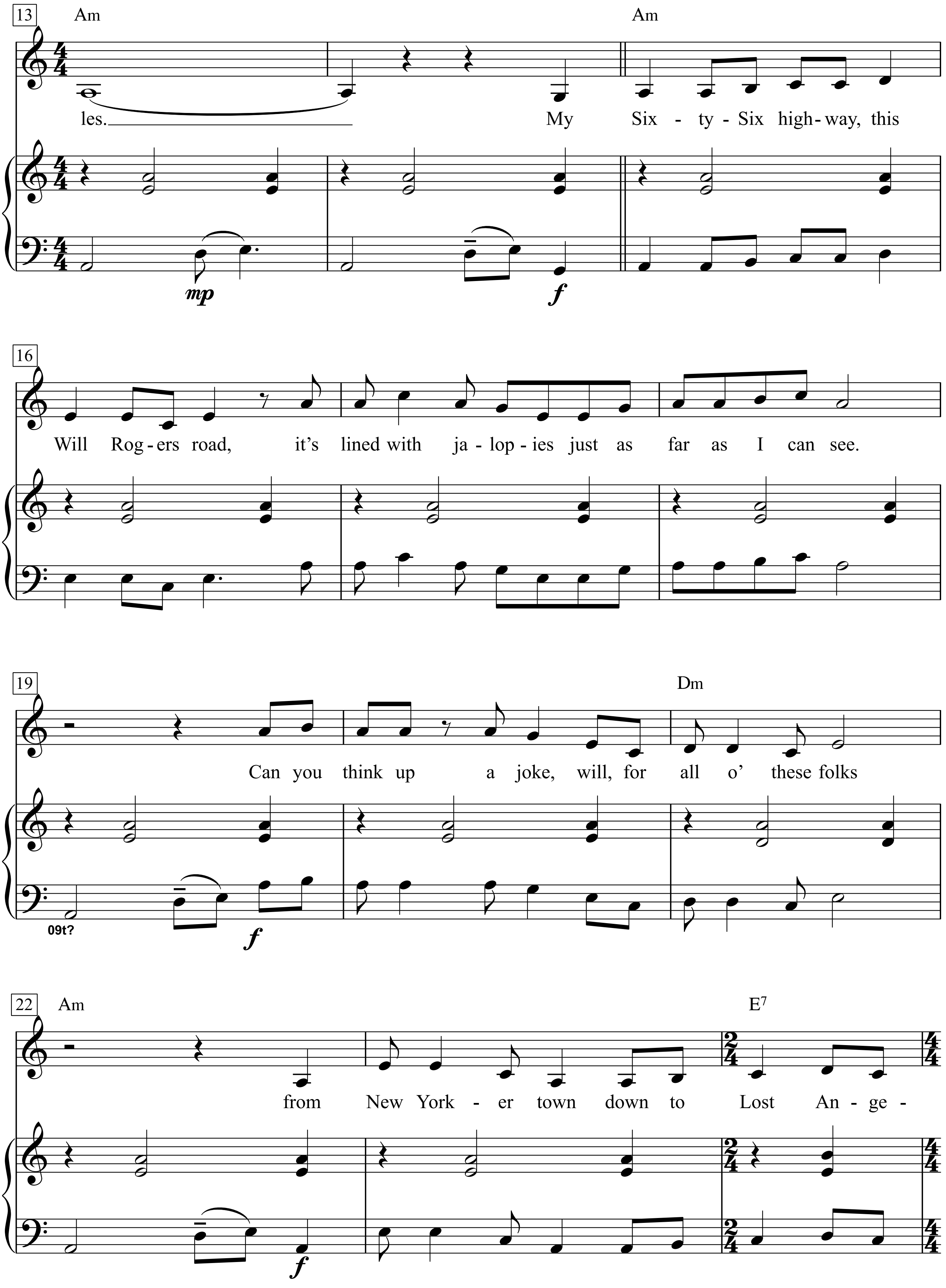
Begehre keine Blicke
Von meiner Liebe nicht,
Der Neid hat viele Stricke
Auf unser Tun gericht.
Du musst die Brust verschließen,
Halt deine Neigung ein.
Die Lust, die wir genießen,
Muss ein Geheimnis sein.

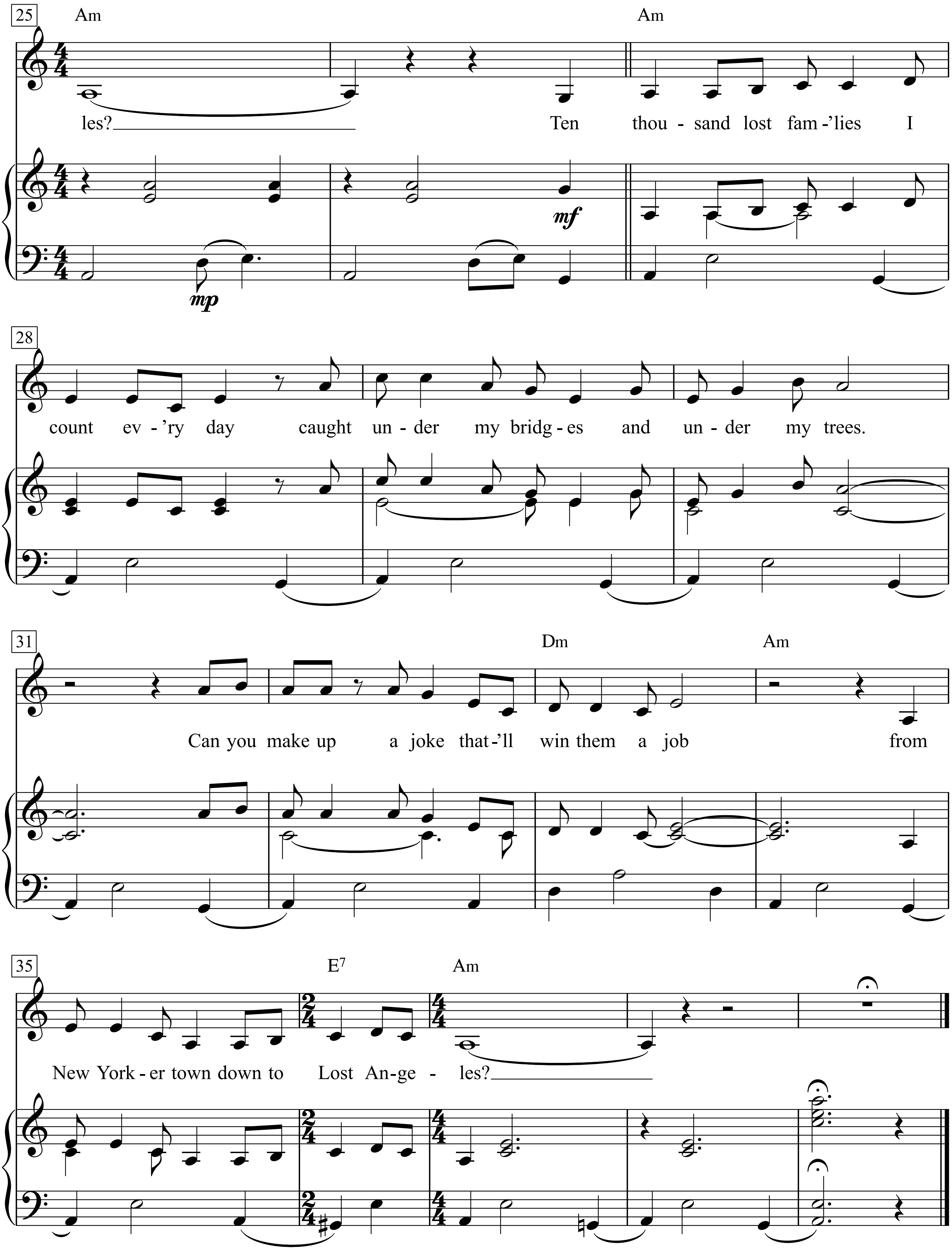
Zu frei sein, sich ergehen,
Hat oft Gefahr gebracht.
Man muss sich wohl verstehen,
Weil ein falsch Auge wacht.
Du musst den Spruch bedenken,
Den ich zuvor getan:
Willst du dein Herz mir schenken,
So fang es heimlich an.

Willy Rogers Highway

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie
(Woody Guthrie)




13
Am
Am
les. My Six - ty - Six high - way, this
mp
f
16
Will Rog - ers road, it's lined with ja - lop - ies just as far as I can see.
19
Dm
Can you think up a joke, will, for all o' these folks
09t?
f
22
Am
E7
from New York - er town down to Lost An - ge -
f


25
Am
Am
les?
Ten thou - sand lost fam -'lies I
mf
mp
28
count ev - 'ry day caught un - der my bridg - es and un - der my trees.
31
Dm
Am
Can you make up a joke that-'ll win them a job from
35
E7
Am
New York - er town down to Lost An-ge - les?

This big highway goes from coast unto coast,
From New Yorker town down to Lost Angeles.
It's named for Willy Rogers, that went on this road,
Froma New Yorker town down to Lost Angeles.

My Sixty-Six highway, this Will Rogers road,
It's lined with jalopies just as far as I can see.
Can you think up a joke, will, for all o' these folks
From New Yorker town down to Lost Angeles?

Ten thousand lost fam'lies I count ev'ry day
Caught under my bridges and under my trees.
Can you make up a joke that'll win them a job
From New Yorker town down to Lost Angeles?

2. I love Willy Rogers, I love your big smile,
I go to my showhouse, Will Rogers to see.
Can you grin up a tale that'll feed my folks
Stranded twixt New Yorker town and Lost Angelese.

3. This Will Rogers highroad I hitched lots o' times
All day long you sizzle, all night long you freeze.
Did you tickle Hoover enough to build us all a house
From New Yorker town down to Lost Angelese?

4. Willy Rogers got bom down around Oolagah,
In my great Indian nation of the Cherokee
My Indians all call this the Hungry Gut Highway
From New Yorker town down towards Lost Angelese.

5. I bummed this good road with folks you call coons
And your high families called us the lost refugees.
You have to go back, Will, and tickle them again
From New Yorker town down to Lost Angelese.

Will Rogers at times acted as a true spokesman for the people who were hard hit not only in the Dust Bowl, nor the Mid West, but all over the world. He used the power of good humor and wit to win his own way to fame and fortune the world over. There are dozens of songs like this about Will Rogers and more, the things he stood for, and in lots of cases those songs turn into a kind of humor and wit that is a lot deadlier, when the time comes, to use it, than most so-called serious songs or speeches.

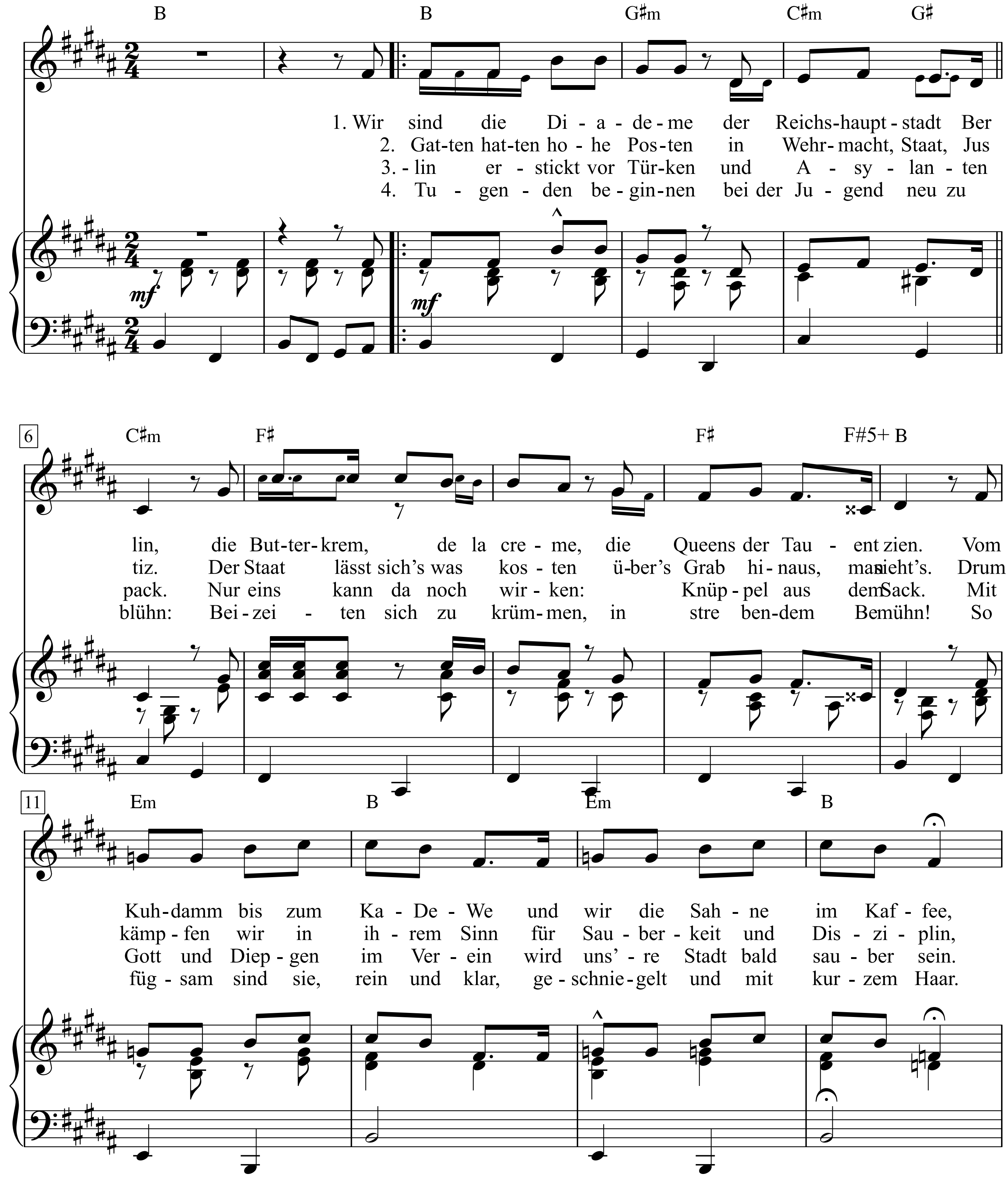
When you crank up the motor of your mind and travel around and look and think you'll find out it's really a big race.
If you give the average working man an even break he'll break even. And if you try to keep the working folks broke they'll break you.
To be lonesome is one of the first mistakes you can make and lots of fellers make a business out of it and claim that it's a good thing. No, it's a bad one. What would the world be like if everybody believed in not having anything to do with one another? It would really be a lonesome joint, wouldn't it?
But you learn how not to be lonesome by being lonesome. You learn how to cure it by
having it. I suffered with it a mighty long time. It can come around several different ways. One is to be so interested in what you are a-doing that you forget what other folks are a-doing. Always take a part in what other people are a-working on and you'll never be plumb lonesome. Because men like women that do this and women like men that do this and where men like women and women like men it just don't leave no room for nobody to be lonesome. The main trouble with the rich folks is they're so lonesome. They get married and divorced so fast that even the lying newspapers cain't keep track of them and the reason why they get that-a-way is because they're lonesome and the mainest reason why they're lonesome is because amongst the rich folks it's every man for his self—in spite of their big clubs and organizations it's still every man for his self—that's the religion they believe in and it will cause them a lot of trouble, and not only cause them trouble but will really make times so hard that the poor folks will get together and take things over. It won't be because the rich folks are lonesome that they'll lose out but because they think too much of their own self and not enough about what other folks want to do."

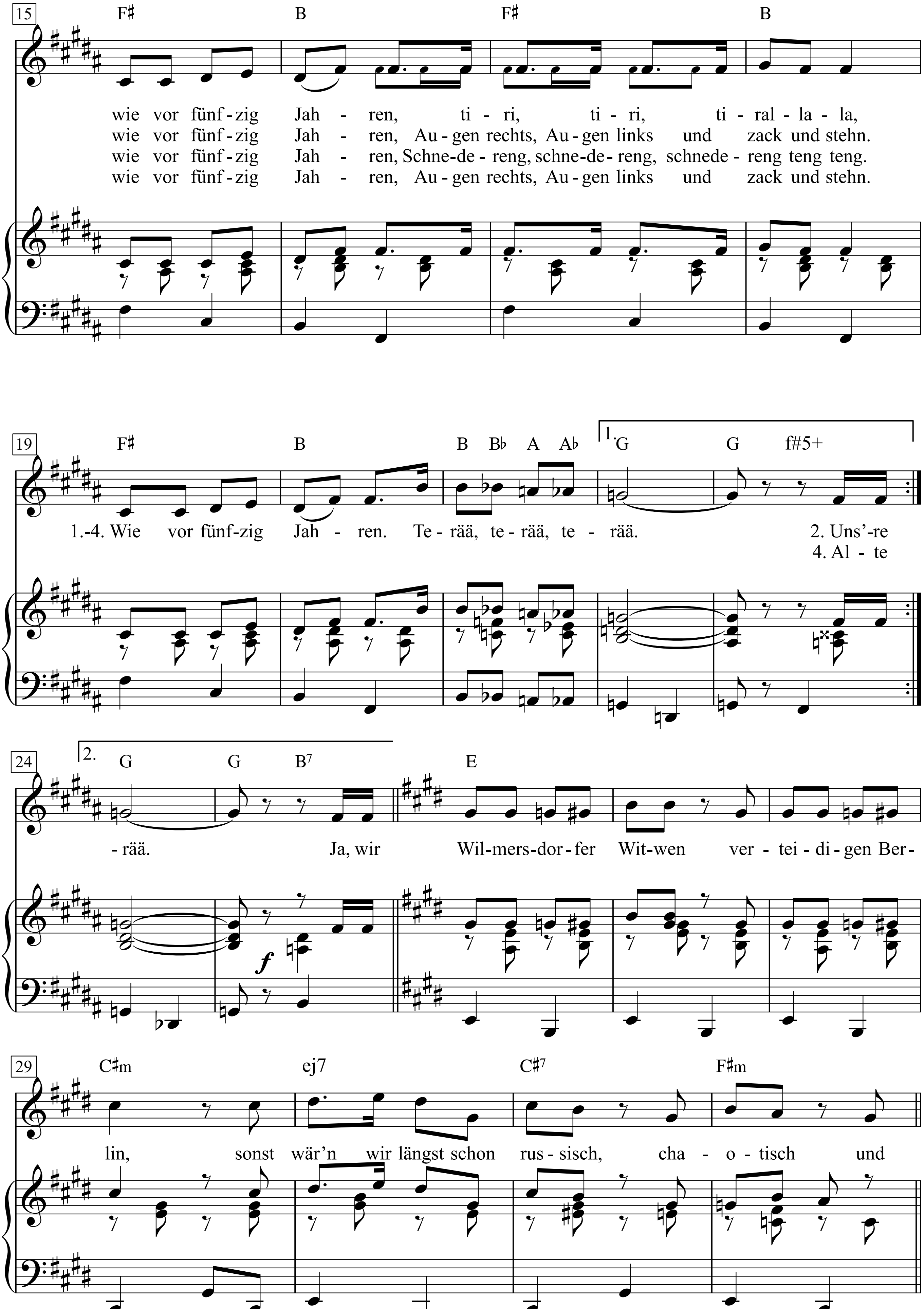
Wilmersdorfer Witwen

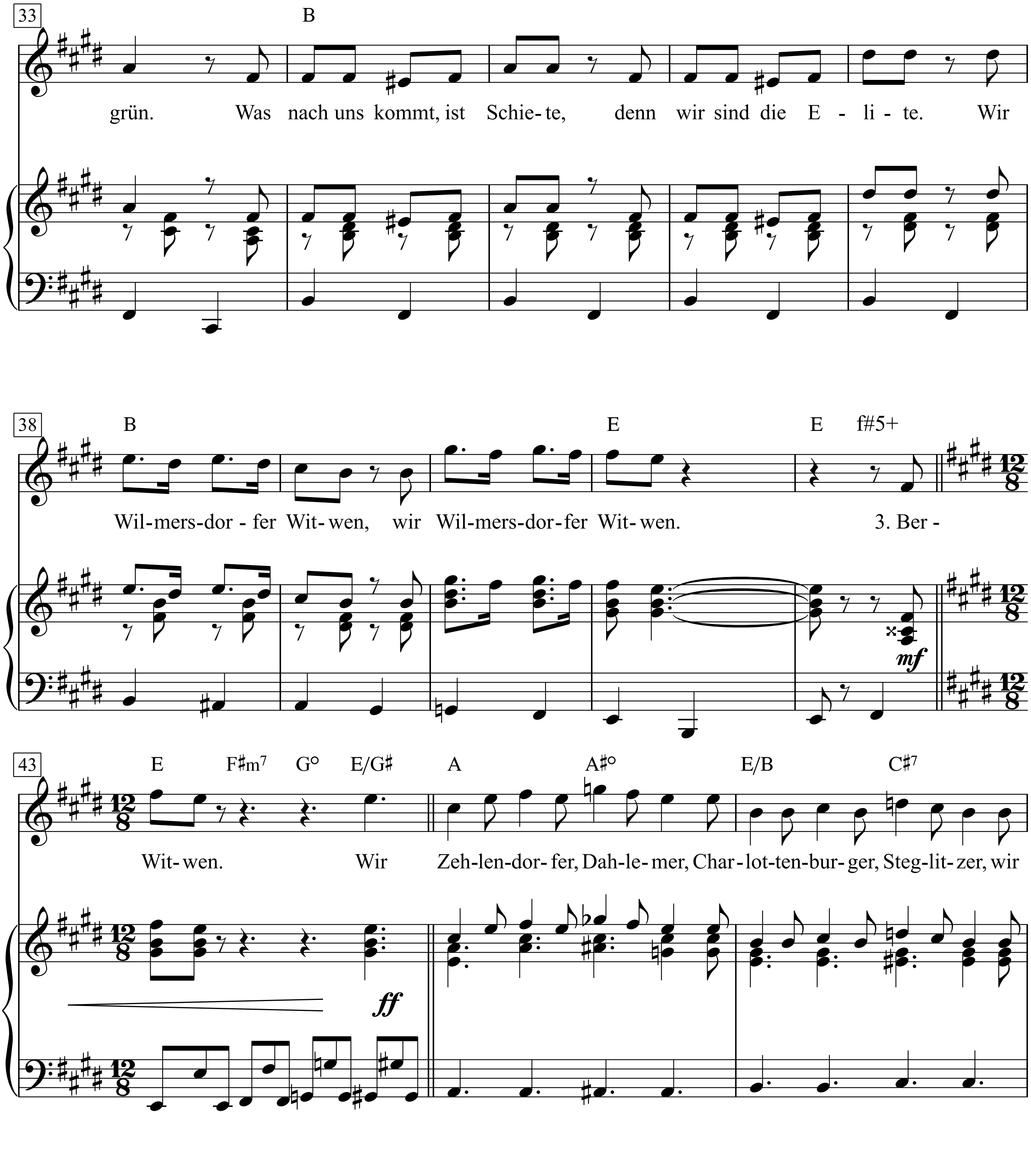
(aus dem Musical 'Linie 1' des Grips-Theaters Berlin)

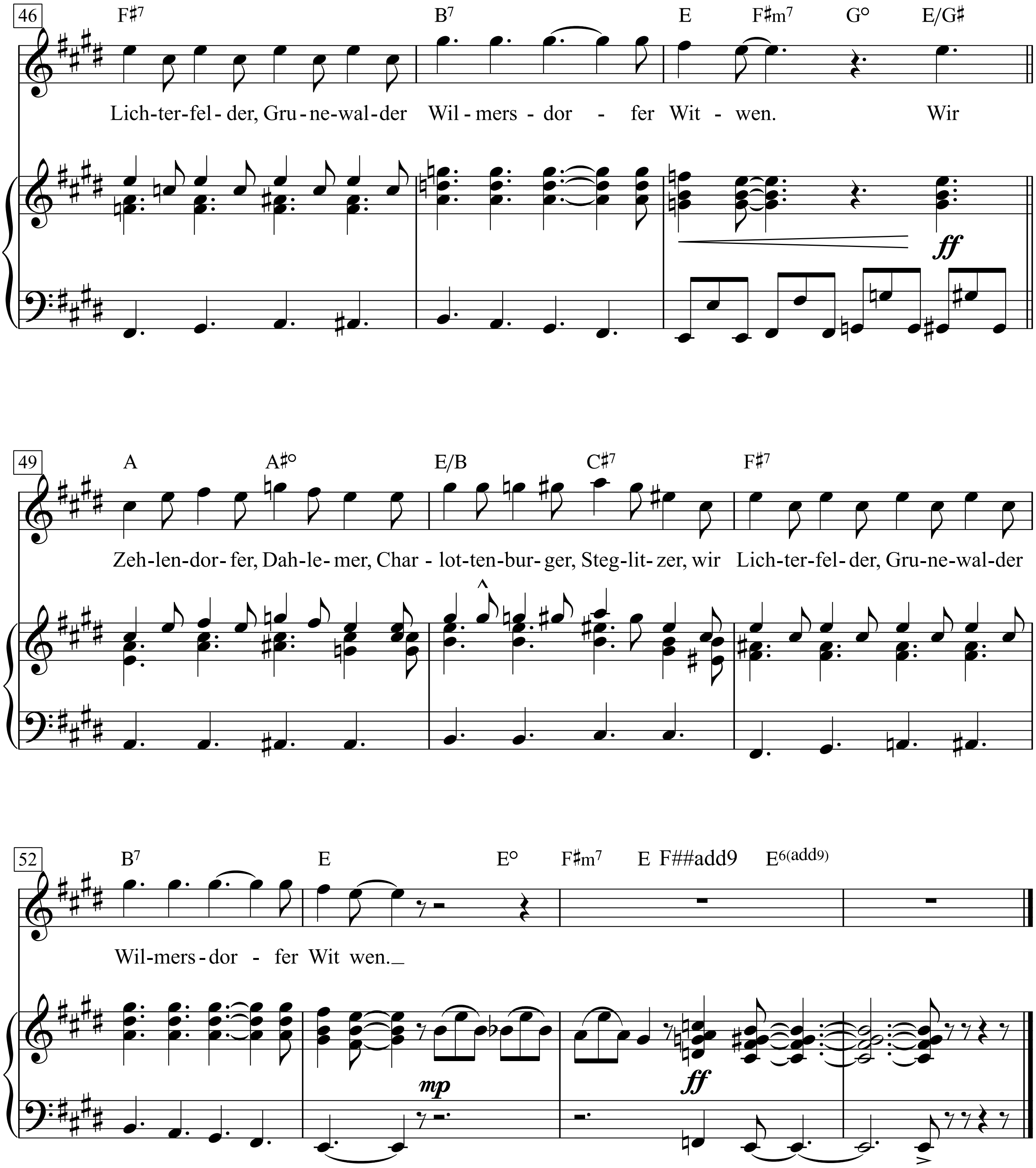
Text: Volker Ludwig

Musik: Birger Heymann
Arr.: Herbert Westphal




15
F♯
B
F♯
B
wie vor fünf - zig Jah - ren, ti - ri, ti - ri, ti - ral - la - la,
wie vor fünf - zig Jah - ren, Au - gen rechts, Au - gen links und zack und stehn.
wie vor fünf - zig Jah - ren, Schne - de - reng, schne - de - reng, schnede - reng teng teng.
wie vor fünf - zig Jah - ren, Au - gen rechts, Au - gen links und zack und stehn.
19
F♯
B
B B♭ A A♭
1.
G
G f#5+
1.-4. Wie vor fünf - zig Jah - ren. Te - rää, te - rää, te - rää.
2. Uns're
4. Al - te
24
2.
G
G B7
E
- rää. Ja, wir Wil - mers - dor - fer Wit - wen ver - tei - di - gen Ber -
f
29
C♯m
ej7
C♯7
F♯m
lin, sonst wär'n wir längst schon rus - sisch, cha - o - tisch und


33
B
grün. Was nach uns kommt, ist Schie- te, denn wir sind die E - li - te. Wir
38
B
E
E f#5+
Wil-mers-dor - fer Wit-wen, wir Wil-mers-dor-fer Wit-wen. 3. Ber -
mf
43
E F#m7 G° E/G# A A#° E/B C#7
Wit-wen. Wir Zeh-len-dor- fer, Dah-le- mer, Char - lot-ten-bur- ger, Steg-lit- zer, wir
ff


46
F♯7 B7 E F♯m7 G° E/G♯
Lich-ter-fel-der, Gru-ne-wal-der Wil-mers-dor - fer Wit - wen. Wir
ff
49
A A♯° E/B C♯7 F♯7
Zeh-len-dor-fer, Dah-le-mer, Char - lot-ten-bur-ger, Steg-lit-zer, wir Lich-ter-fel-der, Gru-ne-wal-der
52
B7 E E° F♯m7 E F##add9 E6(add9)
Wil-mers-dor - fer Wit wen.
mp
ff

1. Wir sind die Diademe der Reichshauptstadt Berlin,
die Butterkrem, de la creme, die Queens der Tauentzien.
Vom Kuhdamm bis zum KaDeWe und wir die Sahne im Kaffee,
wie vor fünfzig Jahren, ti-ri, ti-ri, ti-rallala,
Wie vor fünfzig Jahren. Te-rää, te-rää, te-rää.

Refrain:
Ja, wir Wilmersdorfer Witwen verteidigen Berlin,
sonst wär'n wir längst schon russisch, chaotisch und grün.
Was nach uns kommt, ist Schiete, denn wir sind die Elite.
Wir Wilmersdorfer Witwen, wir Wilmersdorfer Witwen.

3. Witwen.

2. Uns're Gatten hatten hohe Posten in Wehrmacht, Staat, Justiz.
Der Staat lässt sich's was kosten über's Grab hinaus, man sieht's.
Drum kämpfen wir in ihrem Sinn für Sauberkeit und Disziplin,
wie vor fünfzig Jahren, Augen rechts, Augen links und zack und stehn.
Wie vor fünfzig Jahren. Te-rää, te-rää, te-rää.

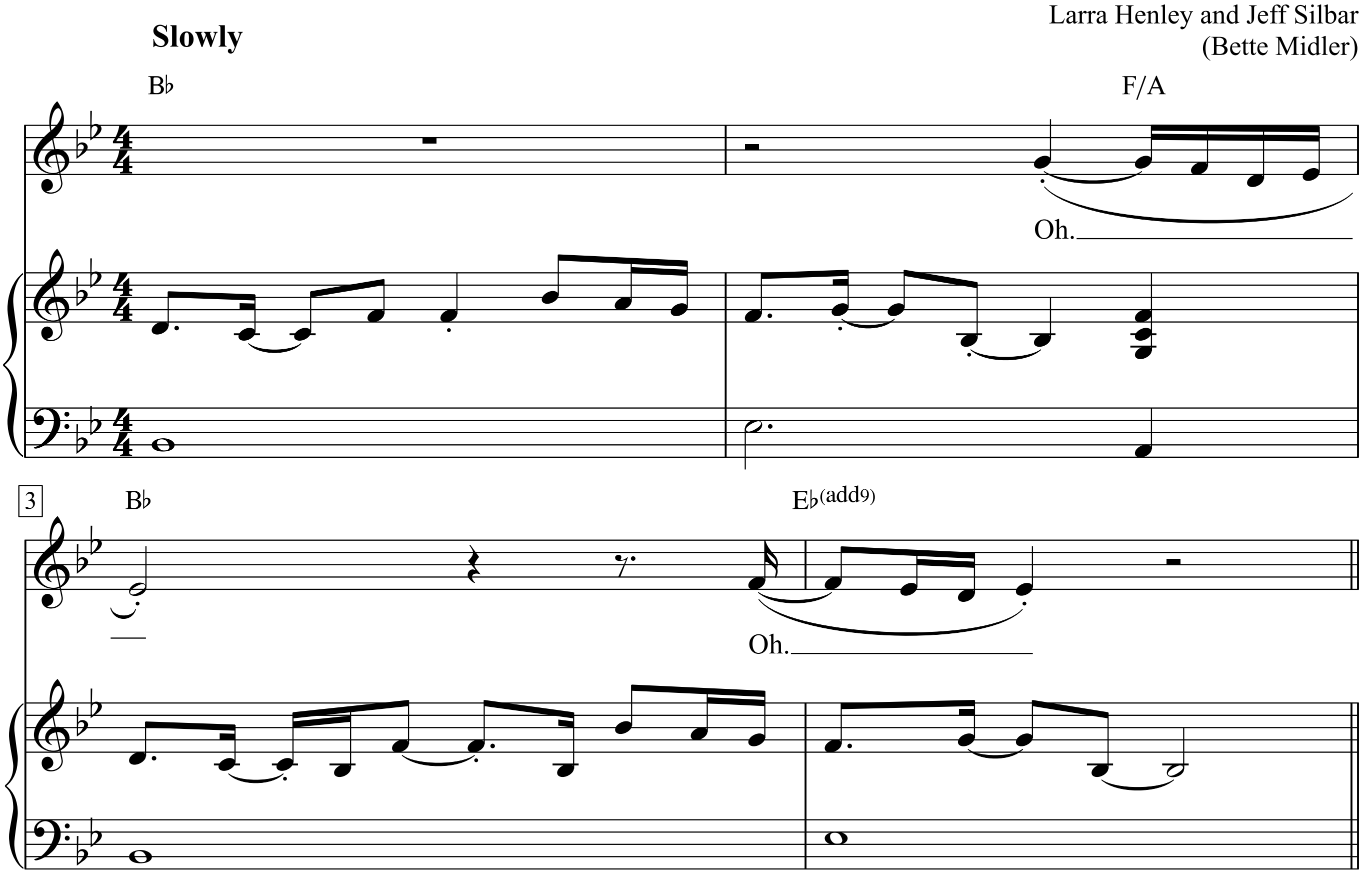
3. Berlin erstickt vor Türken und Asylantenpack.
Nur eins kann da noch wirken: Knüppel aus dem Sack.
Mit Gott und Diepgen im Verein wird uns're Stadt bald sauber sein.
wie vor fünfzig Jahren, Schnedereng, schnedereng, schnedereng teng teng.
Wie vor fünfzig Jahren. Te-rää, te-rää, te-rää.

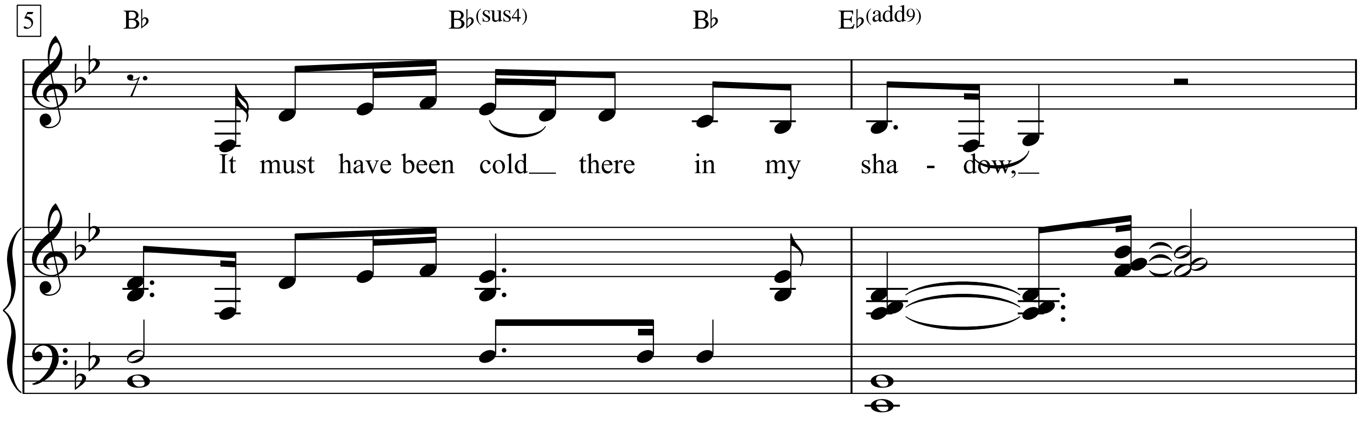
4. Alte Tugenden beginnen bei der Jugend neu zu blühn:
Beizeiten sich zu krümmen, in strebendem Bemühn!
So fügsam sind sie, rein und klar, geschniegelt und mit kurzem Haar,
wie vor fünfzig Jahren, Augen rechts, Augen links und zack und stehn.
Wie vor fünfzig Jahren. Te-rää, te-rää, te-rää.

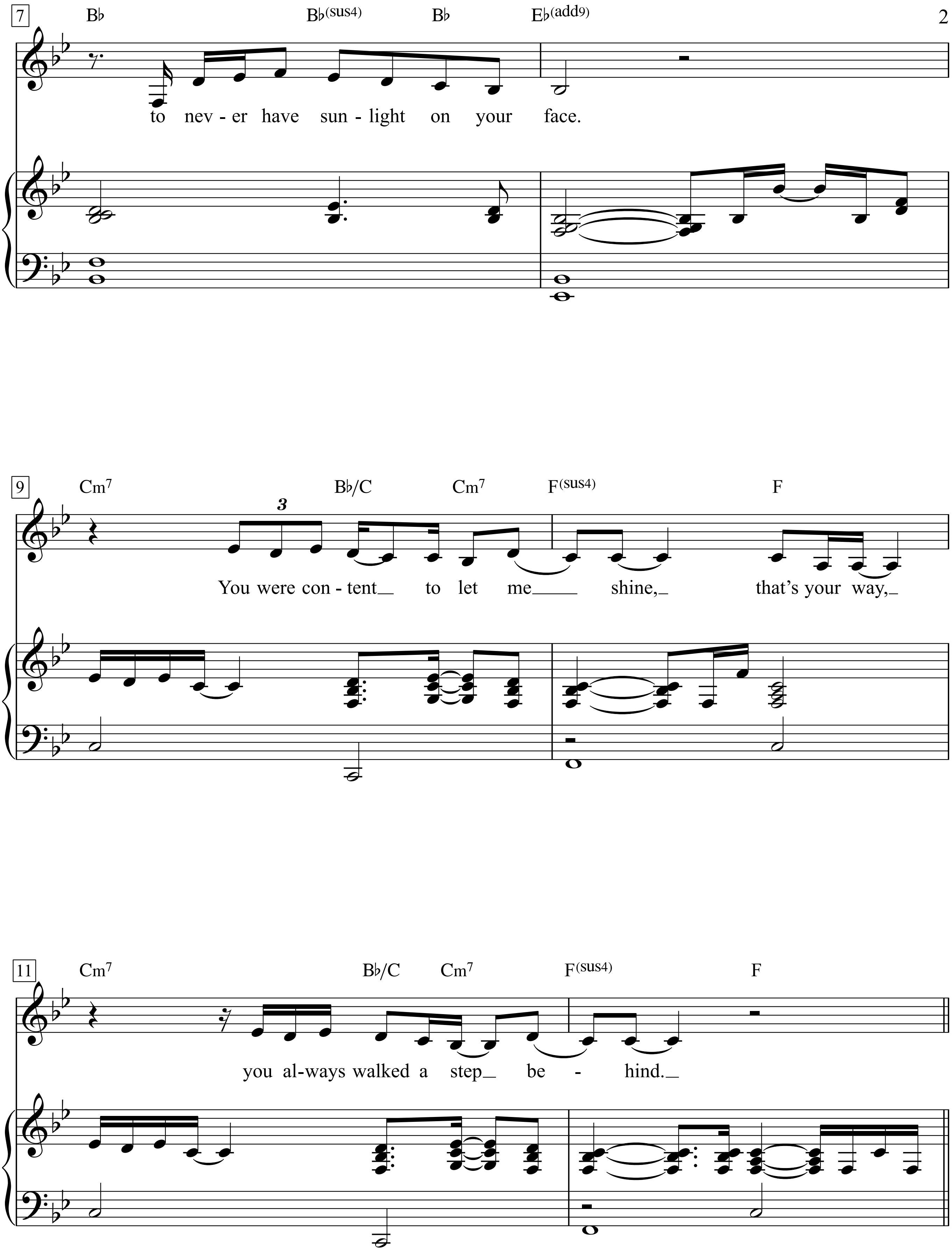
Coda:
Wir Zehlendorfer, Dahlemer, Charlottenburger, Steglitzer,
wir Lichterfelder, Grunewalder Wilmersdorfer Witwen.
Wir Zehlendorfer, Dahlemer, Charlottenburger, Steglitzer,
wir Lichterfelder, Grunewalder Wilmersdorfer Witwen.

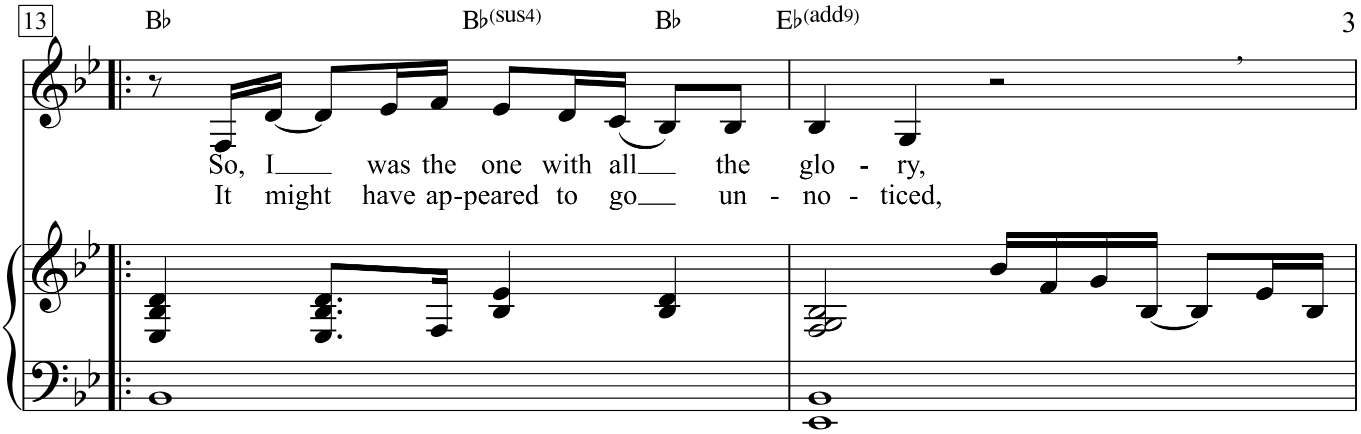
Wind Beneath My Wings

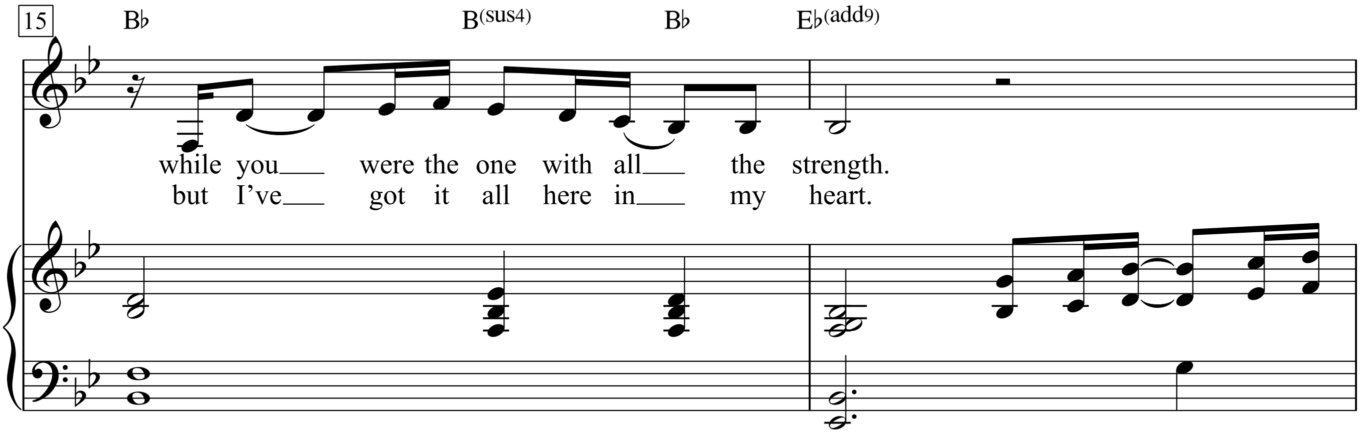
Words & Music by
Larra Henley and Jeff Silbar
(Bette Midler)

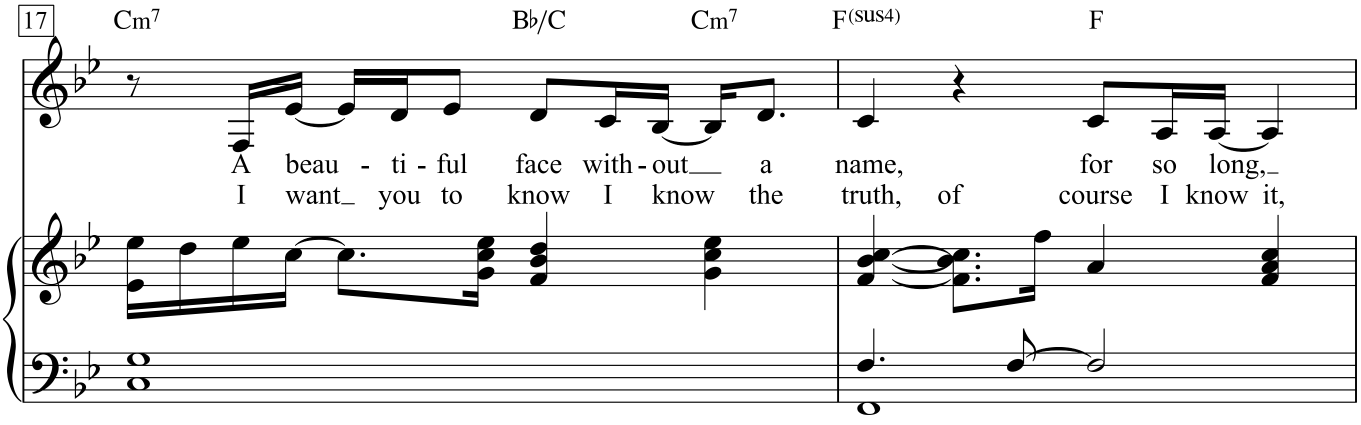


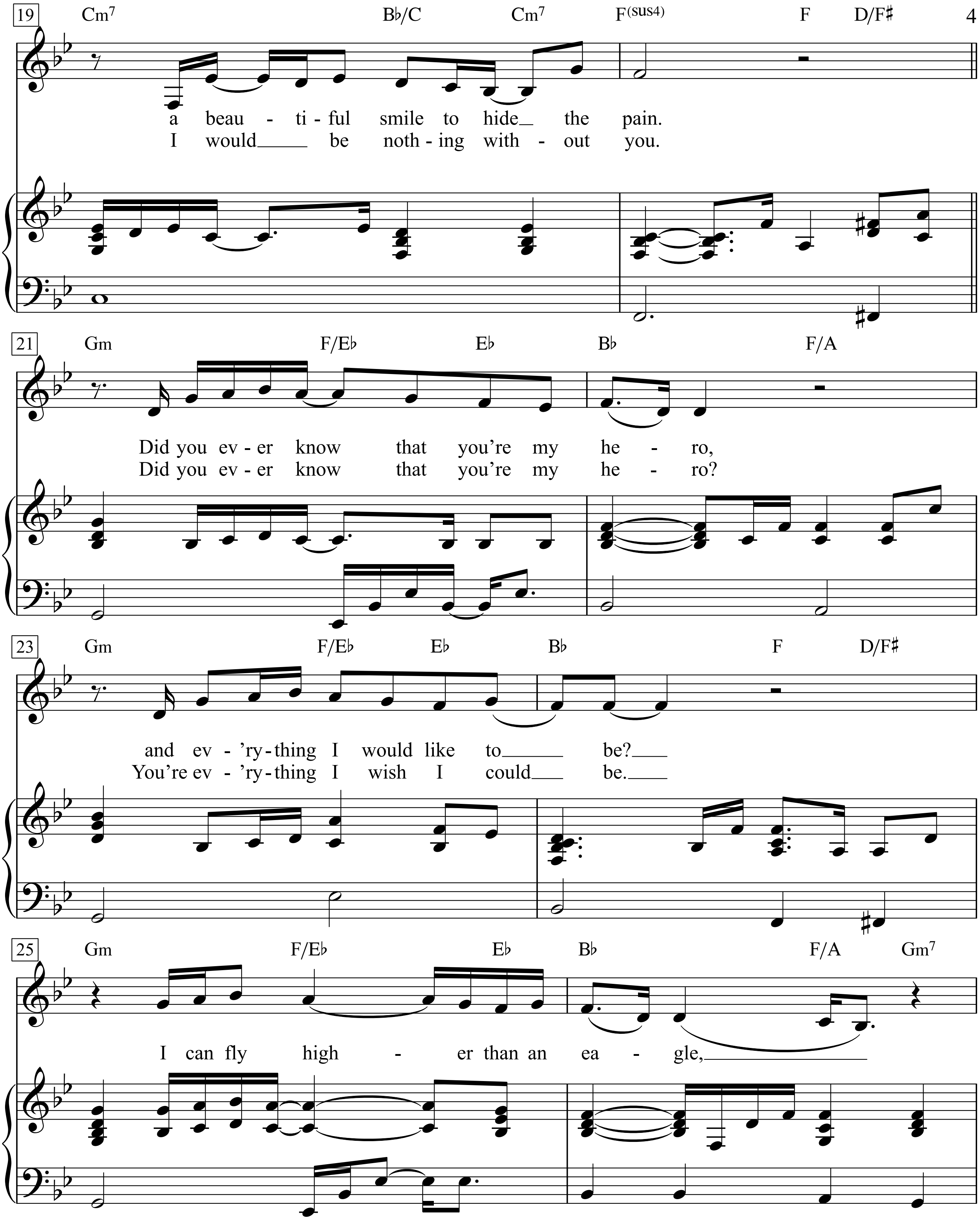


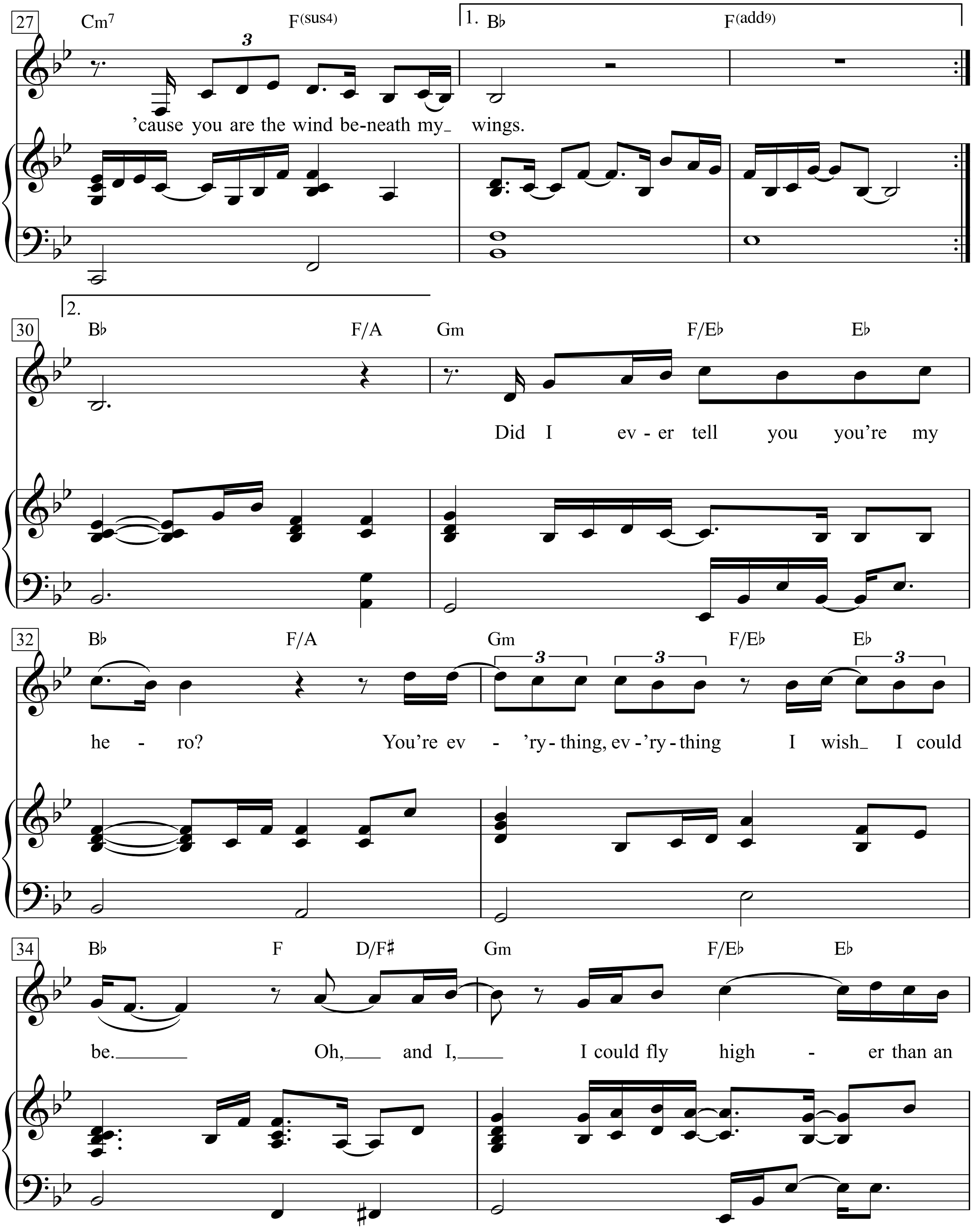

7
B♭
B♭(sus4)
B♭
E♭(add9)
to nev - er have sun - light on your face.
9
Cm7
B♭/C
Cm7
F(sus4)
F
3
You were con - tent_ to let me_ shine,_ that's your way,_
11
Cm7
B♭/C
Cm7
F(sus4)
F
you al-ways walked a step_ be - hind._

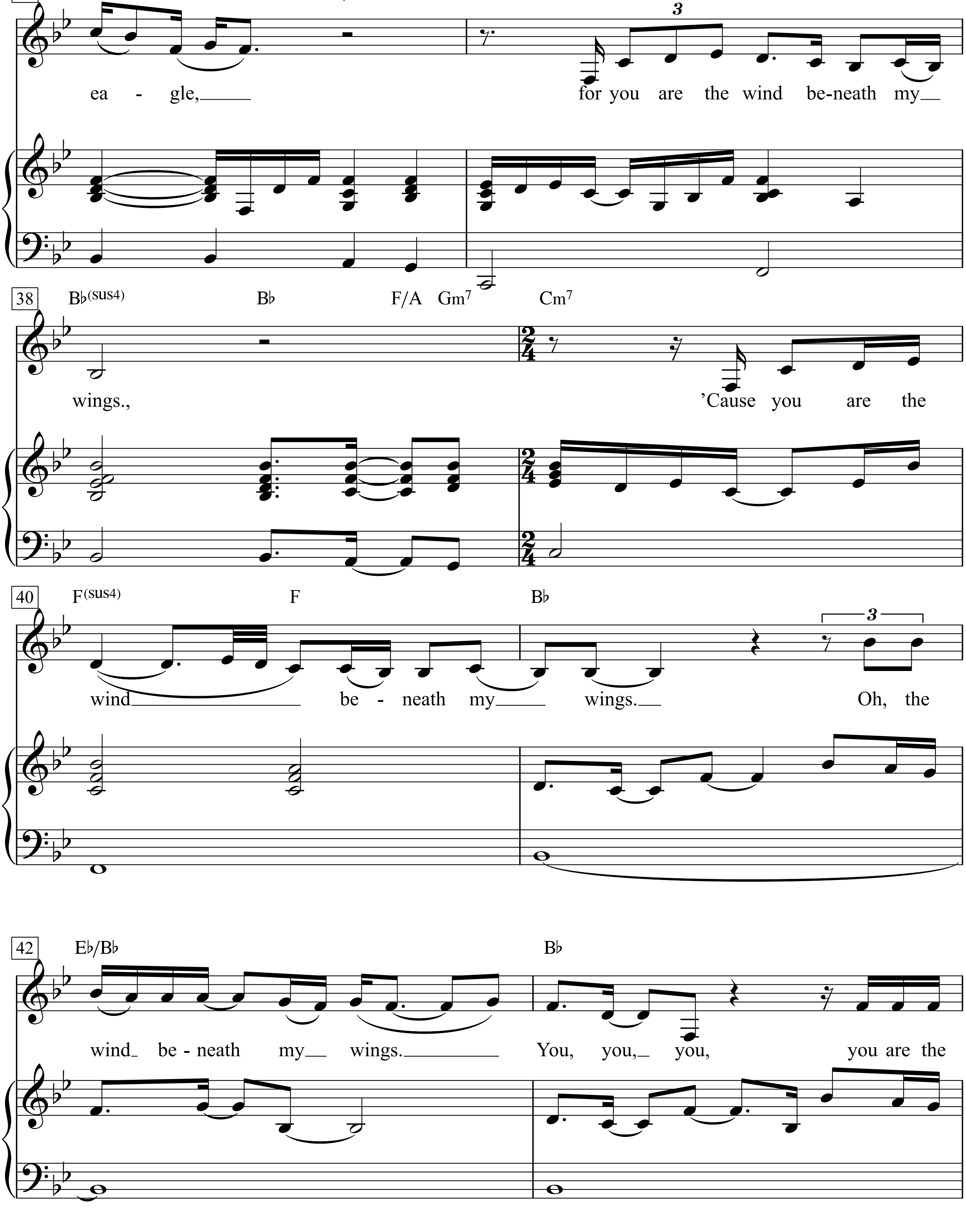

13
B♭
B♭(sus4)
B♭
E♭(add9)
So, I___ was the one with all___ the glo - ry,
It might have ap-peared to go___ un - no - ticed,

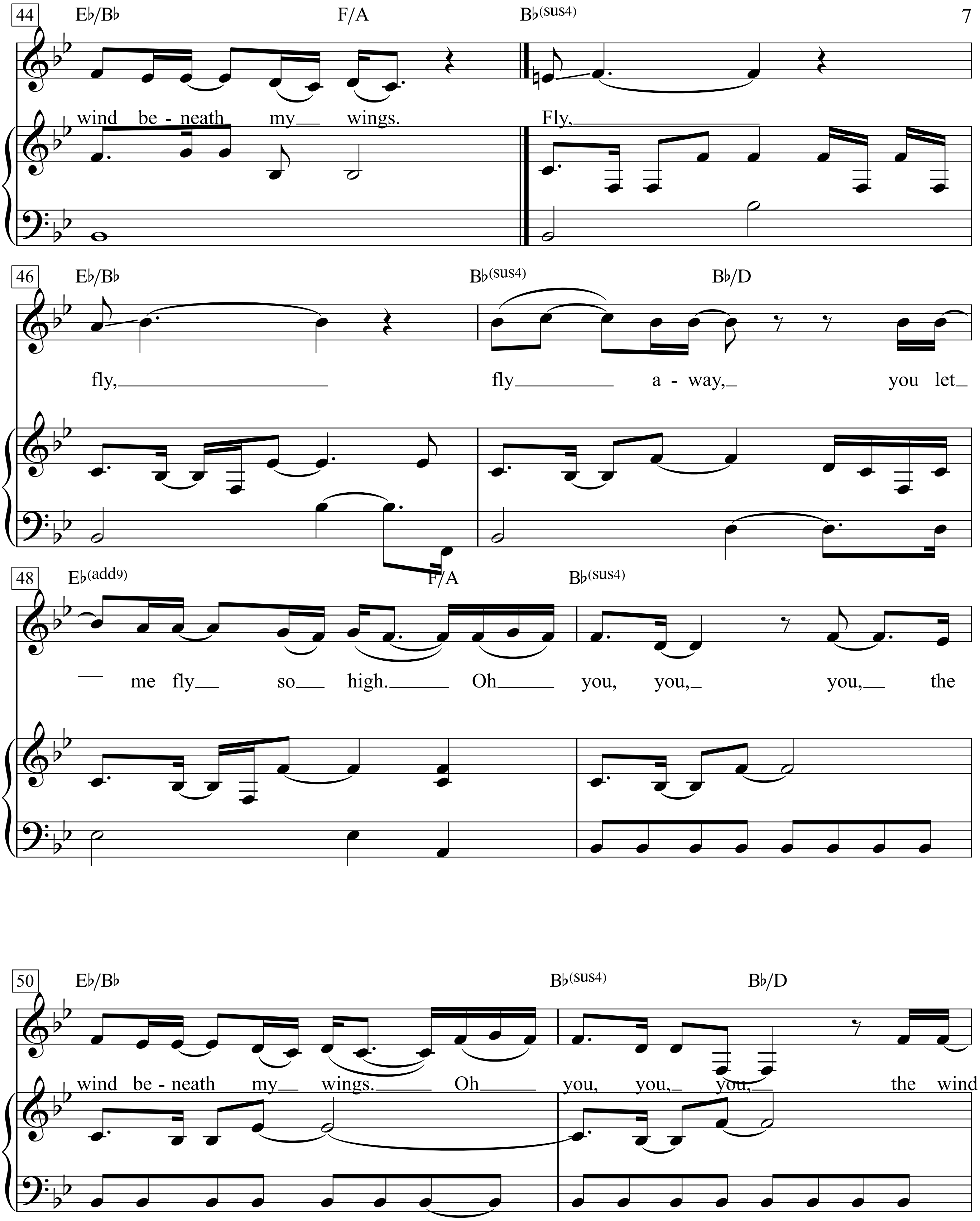

15
B♭
B(sus4)
B♭
E♭(add9)
while you___ were the one with all___ the strength.
but I've___ got it all here in___ my heart.

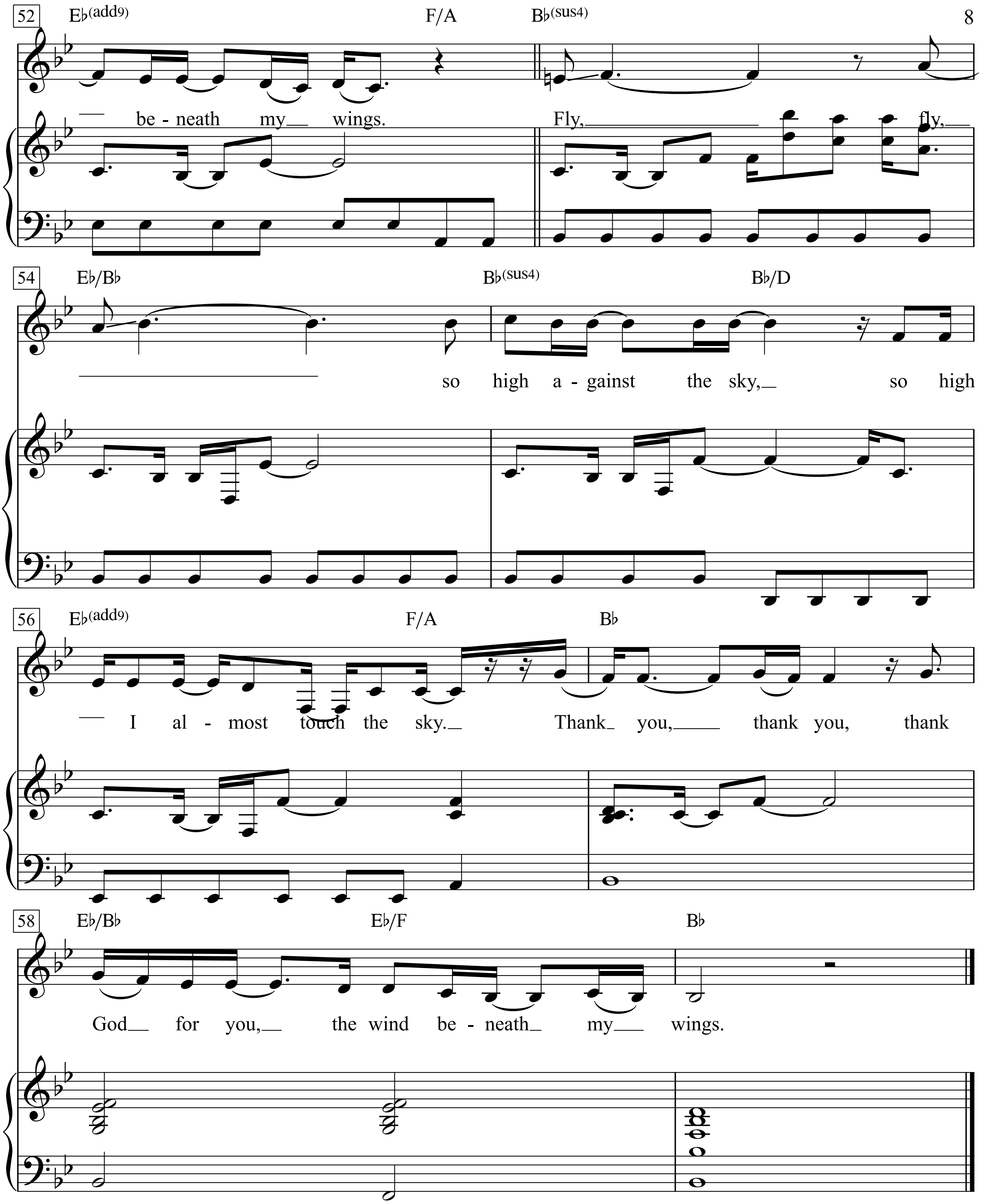

17
Cm7
B♭/C
Cm7
F(sus4)
F
A beau - ti - ful face with - out___ a name, for so long,_
I want_ you to know I know the truth, of course I know it,


19
Cm7 B♭/C Cm7 F(sus4) F D/F♯
a beau - ti - ful smile to hide_ the pain.
I would____ be noth - ing with - out you.
21
Gm F/E♭ E♭ B♭ F/A
Did you ev - er know that you're my he - ro,
Did you ev - er know that you're my he - ro?
23
Gm F/E♭ E♭ B♭ F D/F♯
and ev - 'ry - thing I would like to____ be?___
You're ev - 'ry - thing I wish I could___ be.____
25
Gm F/E♭ E♭ B♭ F/A Gm7
I can fly high - er than an ea - gle,______________


27
Cm7
F(sus4)
1. B♭
F(add9)
'cause you are the wind be-neath my_ wings.
2.
30
B♭
F/A
Gm
F/E♭
E♭
Did I ev - er tell you you're my
32
B♭
F/A
Gm
F/E♭
E♭
he - ro? You're ev - 'ry - thing, ev - 'ry - thing I wish_ I could
34
B♭
F
D/F♯
Gm
F/E♭
E♭
be._____ Oh,___ and I,____ I could fly high - er than an

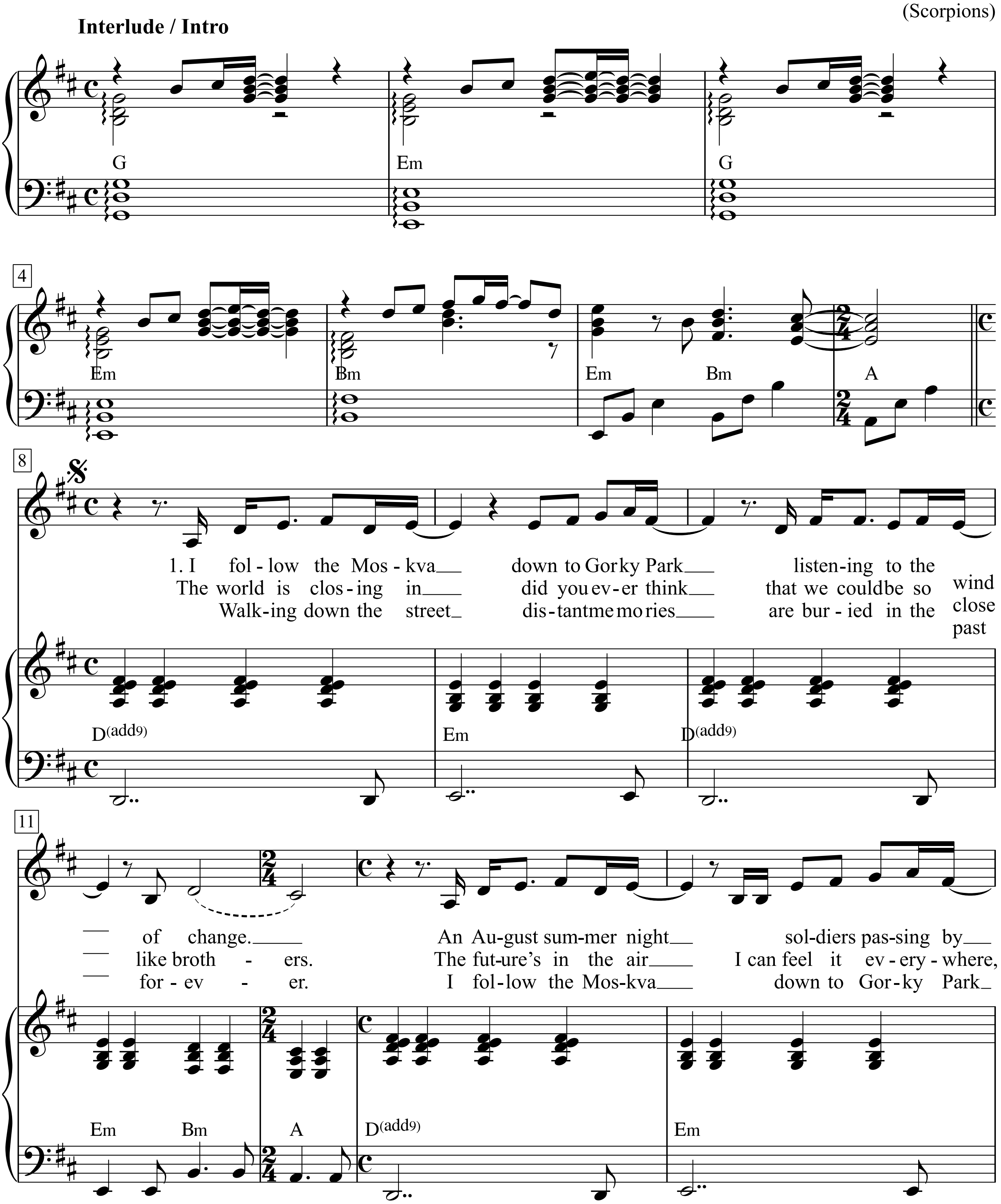

36
B♭ F/A Gm7 Cm7 F(sus4) F
ea - gle, for you are the wind be-neath my
38
B♭(sus4) B♭ F/A Gm7 Cm7
wings., 'Cause you are the
40
F(sus4) F B♭
wind be - neath my wings. Oh, the
42
E♭/B♭ B♭
wind be - neath my wings. You, you, you, you are the

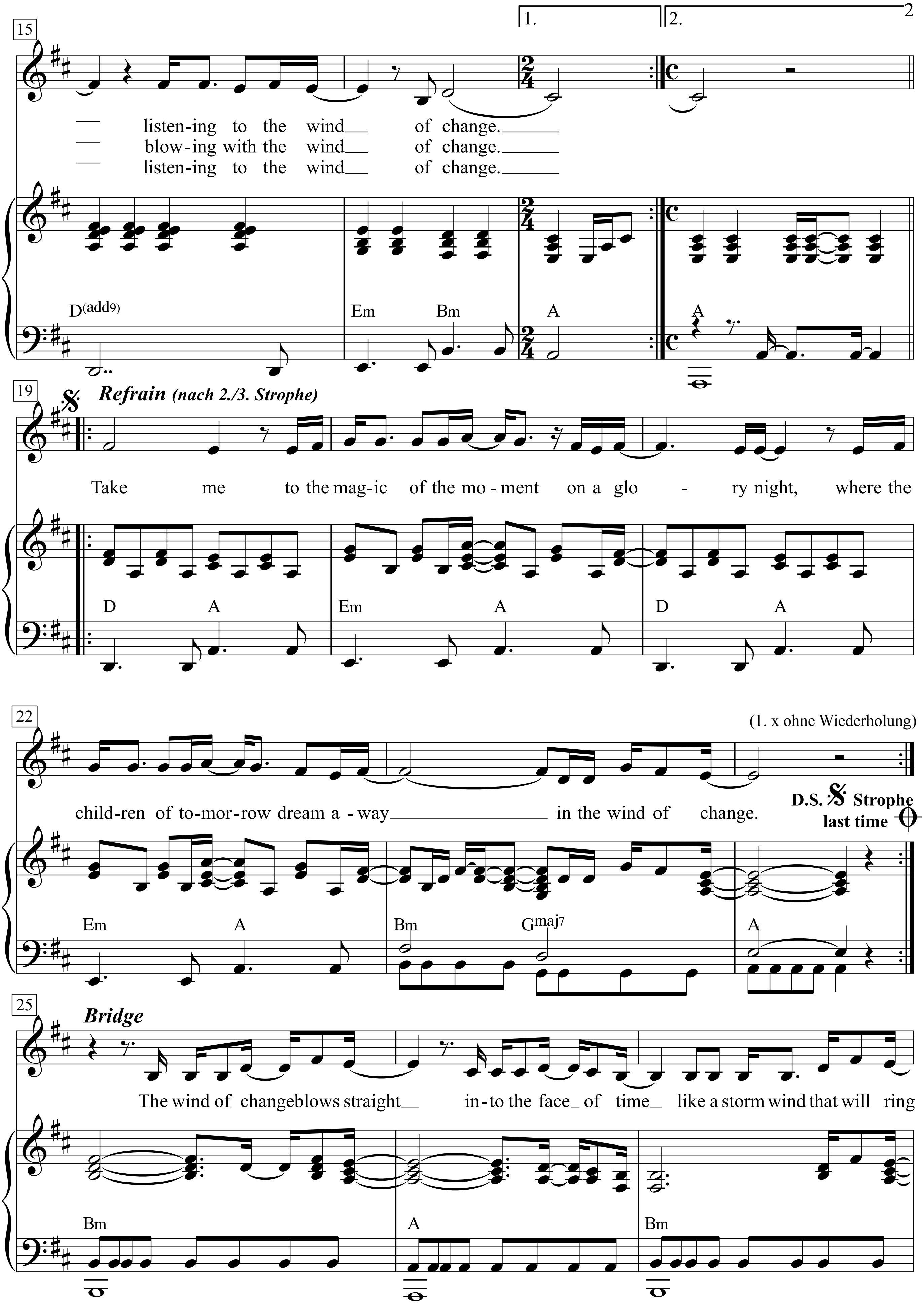

44
E♭/B♭
F/A
B♭(sus4)
wind be - neath my wings. Fly,
46
E♭/B♭
B♭(sus4)
B♭/D
fly, fly a - way, you let
48
E♭(add9)
F/A
B♭(sus4)
me fly so high. Oh you, you, you, the
50
E♭/B♭
B♭(sus4)
B♭/D
wind be - neath my wings. Oh you, you, you, the wind

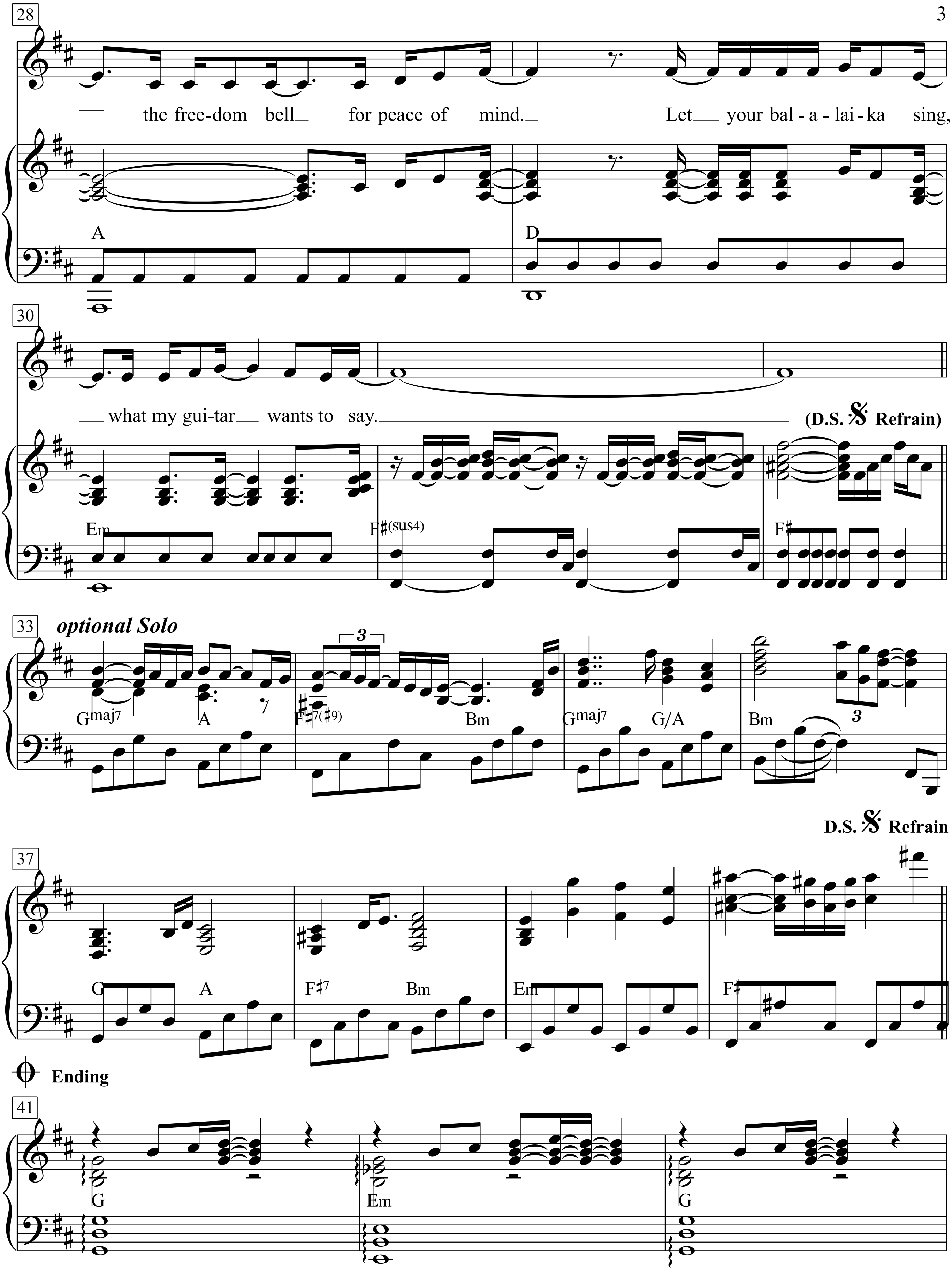

52
E♭(add9)
F/A
B♭(sus4)
— be - neath my — wings.
Fly, — fly, —
54
E♭/B♭
B♭(sus4)
B♭/D
so high a - gainst the sky, — so high
56
E♭(add9)
F/A
B♭
— I al - most touch the sky. — Thank — you, — thank you, thank
58
E♭/B♭
E♭/F
B♭
God — for you, — the wind be - neath — my — wings.

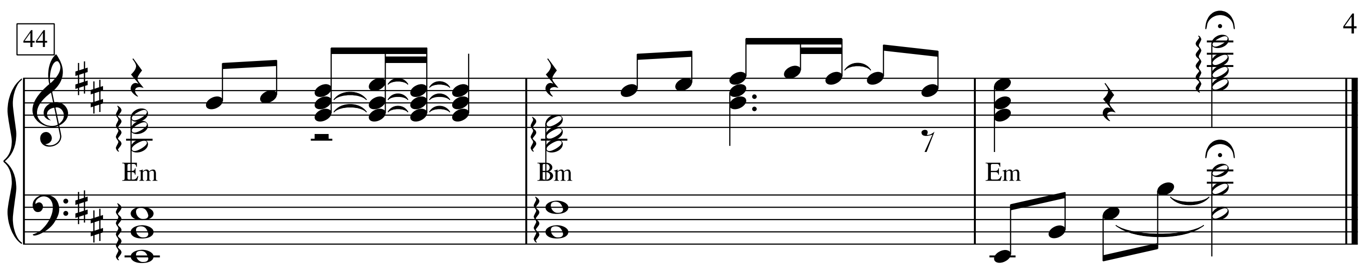
Wind of Change

Text & Musik: Klaus Meine
Arr.: Harald Lierhammer
(Scorpions)




15
1.
2.
— listen-ing to the wind__ of change.______
— blow-ing with the wind__ of change.______
— listen-ing to the wind__ of change.______
D(add9)
Em Bm
A
A
19
Refrain (nach 2./3. Strophe)
Take me to the mag-ic of the mo - ment on a glo - ry night, where the
D A
Em A
D A
22
(1. x ohne Wiederholung)
child-ren of to-mor-row dream a - way______ in the wind of change.
D.S. Strophe
last time
Em A
Bm Gmaj7
A
25
Bridge
The wind of change blows straight__ in-to the face_ of time_ like a storm wind that will ring
Bm
A
Bm


28
the free-dom bell_ for peace of mind._ Let___ your bal - a - lai - ka sing,
A
D
30
___ what my gui-tar___ wants to say.
(D.S. 𝄋 Refrain)
Em
F♯(sus4)
F♯
33
optional Solo
Gmaj7
A
F♯7(♯9)
Bm
Gmaj7
G/A
Bm
3
D.S. 𝄋 Refrain
37
G
A
F♯7
Bm
Em
F♯
Ending
41
G
Em
G



1. I follow the Moskva
down to Gorky Park
listening to the wind of change.
An August summer night
soldiers passing by
listening to the wind of change.

2. The world is closing in
did you ever think
that we could be so close like brothers.
The future's in the air
I can feel it everywhere,
blowing with the wind of change.

Refrain:
Take me to the magic of the moment
on a glory night,
where the children of tomorrow dream away
in the wind of change.

3. Walking down the street
distant memories
are buried in the past forever.
I follow the Moskva
down to Gorky Park
listening to the wind of change.

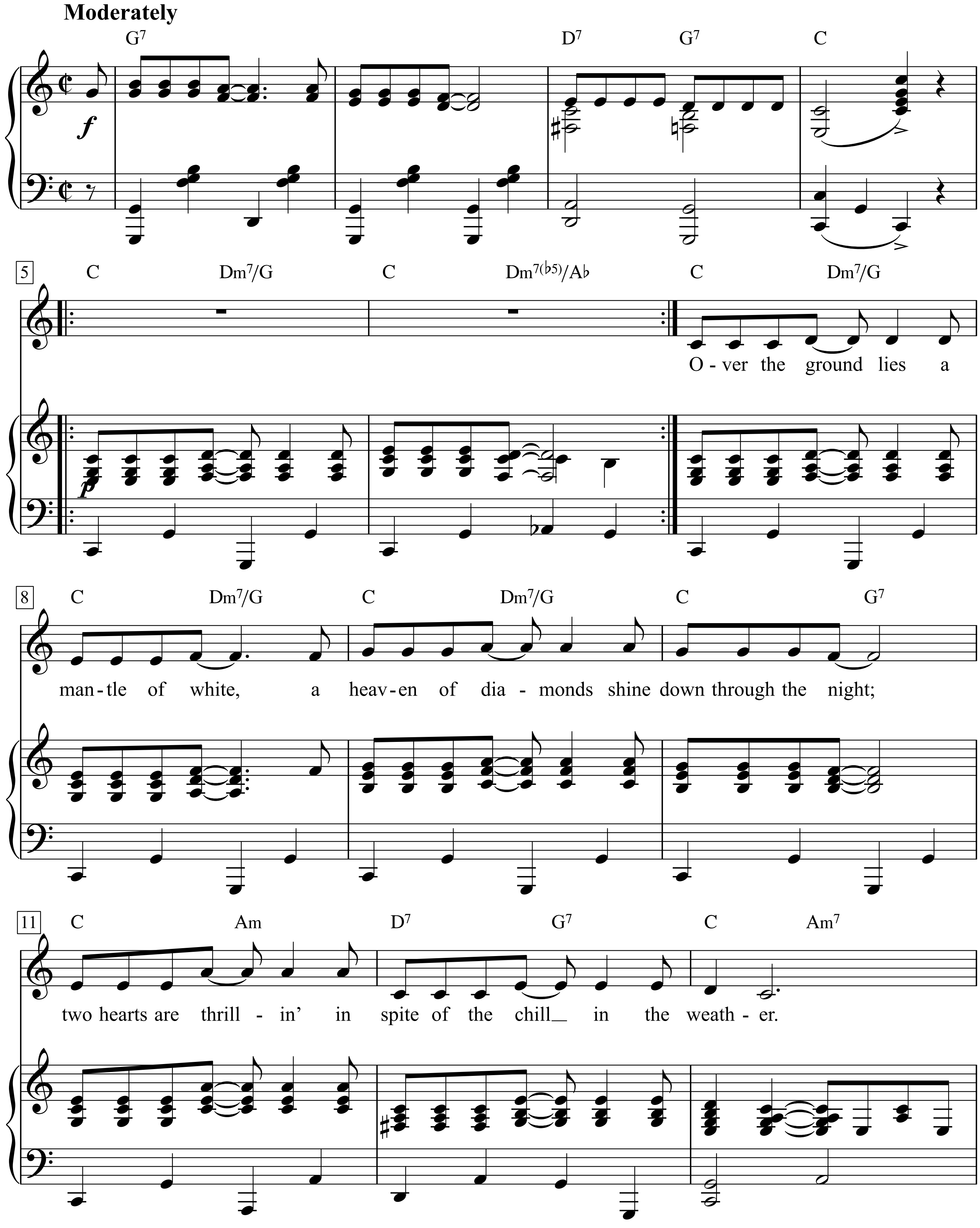
Refrain:
Take me to the magic of the moment
on a glory night,
where the children of tomorrow
dream away in the wind of change.

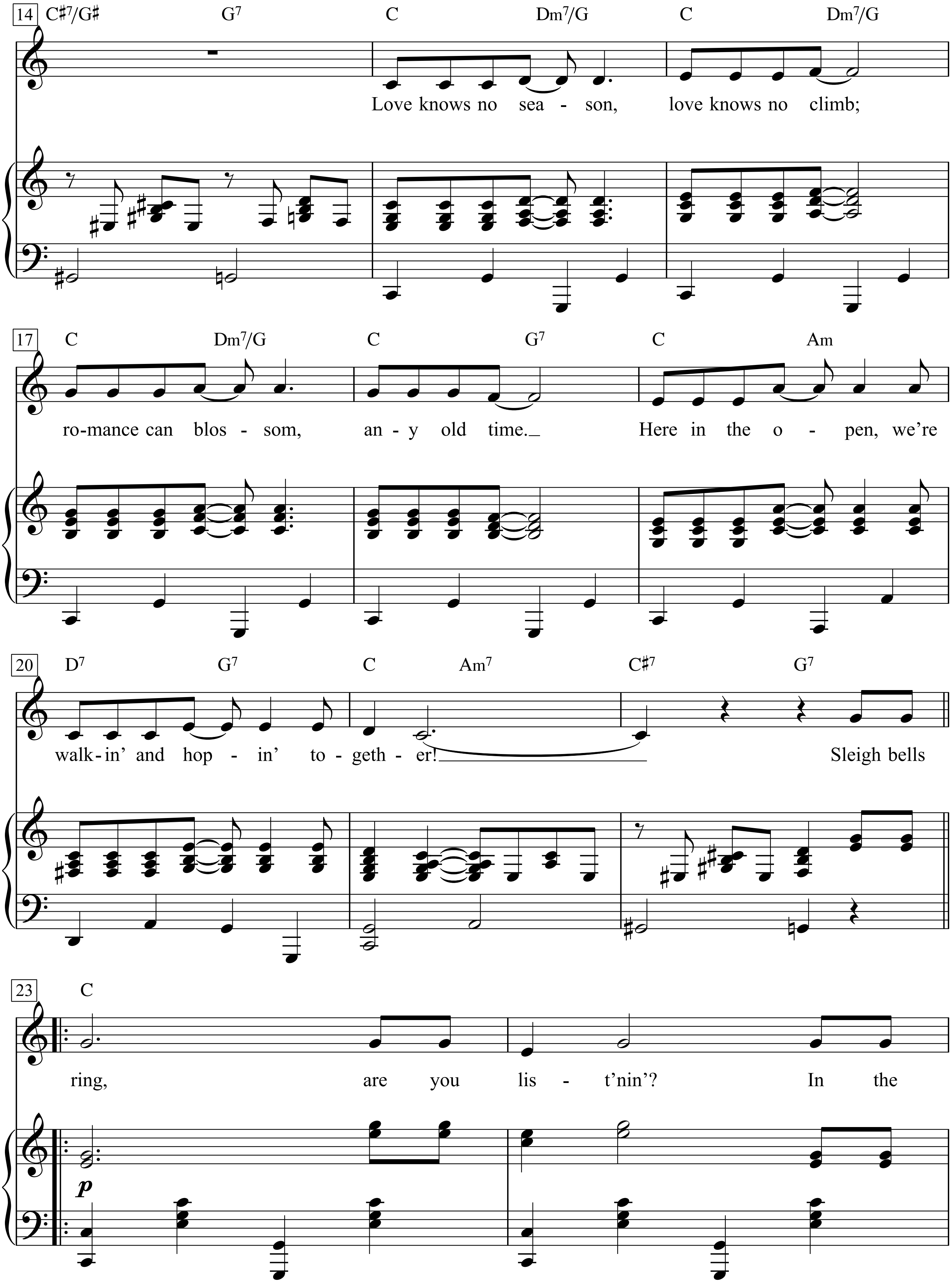
Bridge:
The wind of change blows straight
into the face of time like a storm wind
that will ring the freedom bell for peace of mind.
Let your balalaika sing,
what my guitar wants to say.

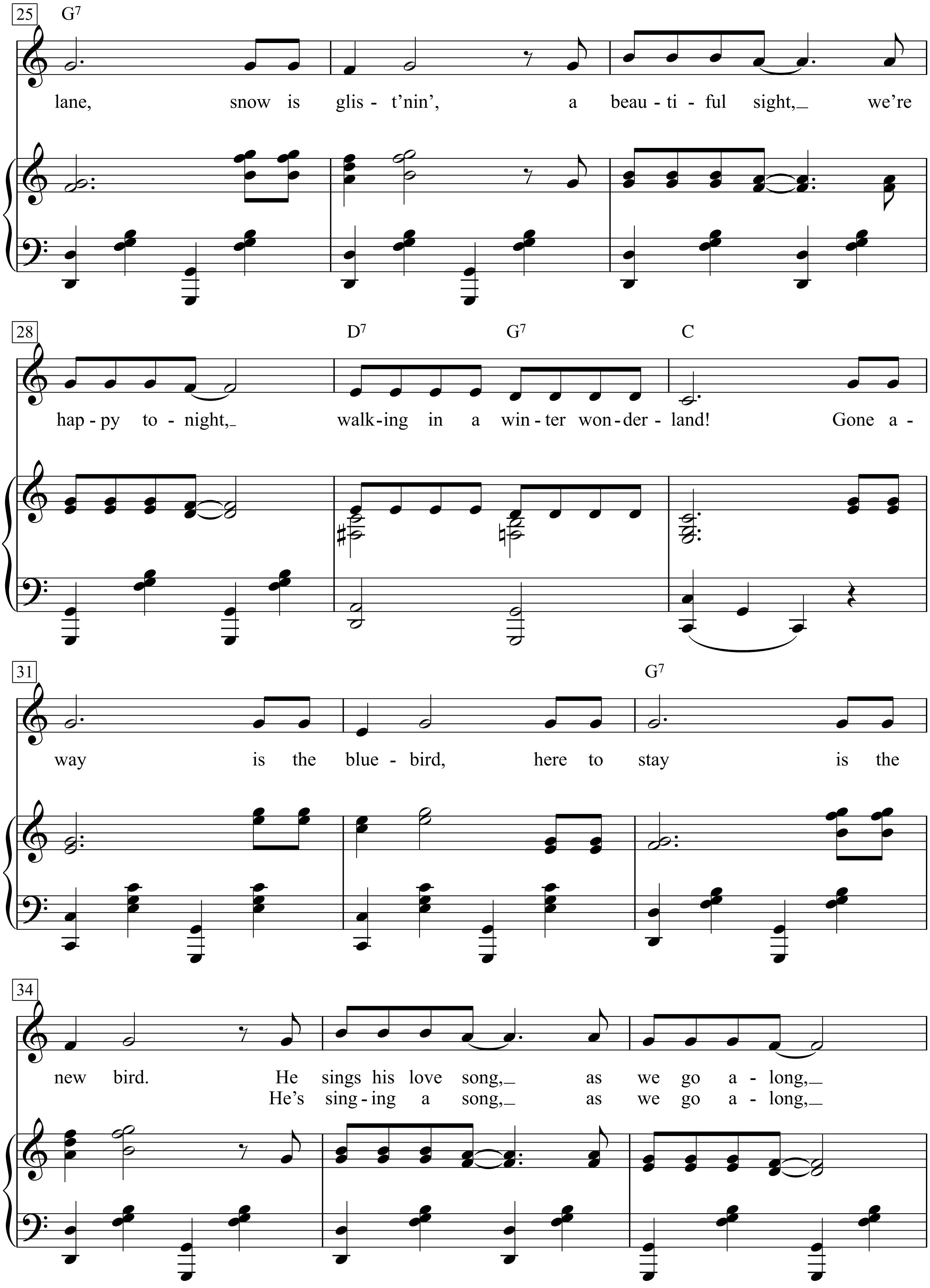
Winter Wonderland

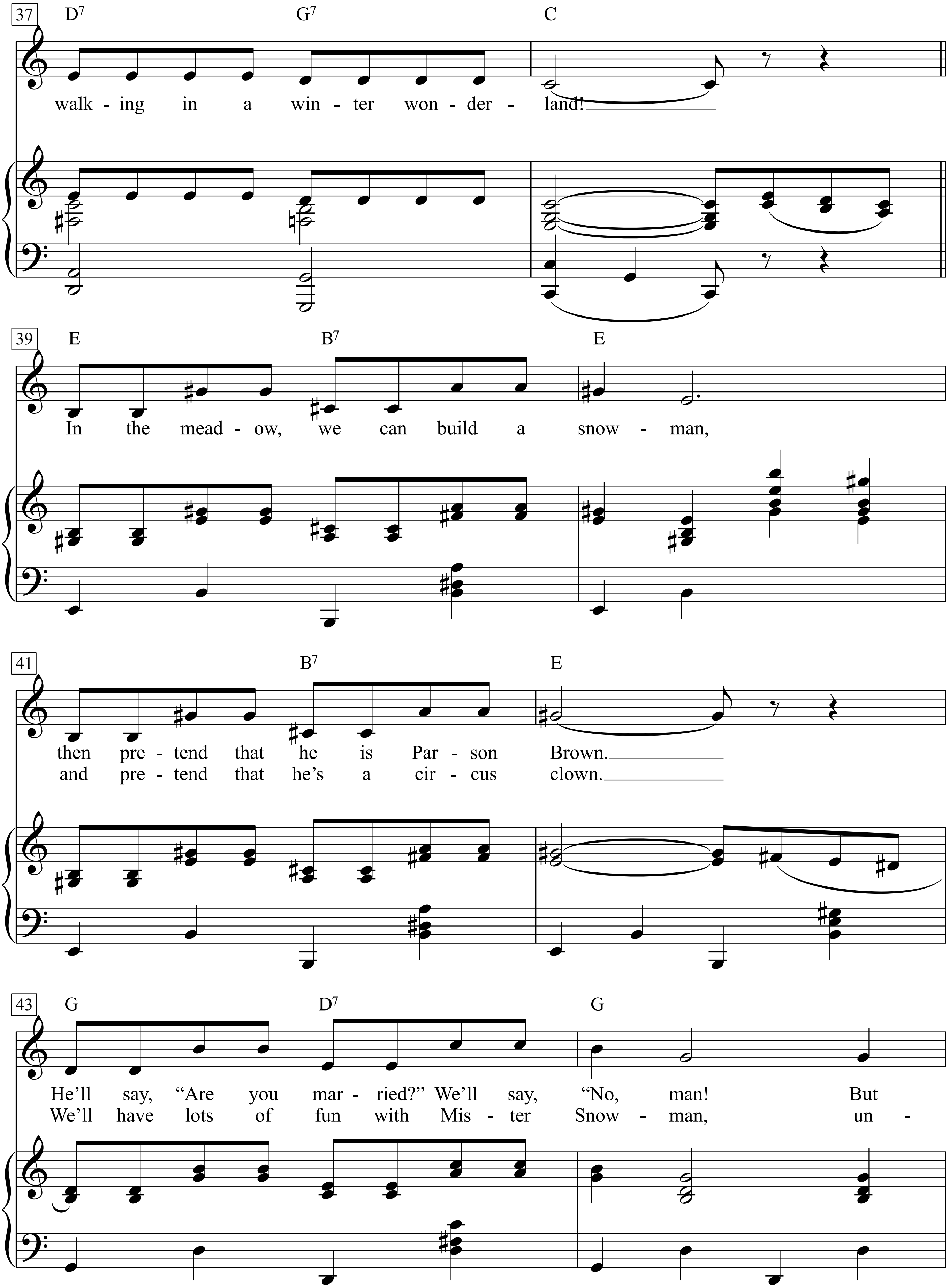
Words by Dick Smith

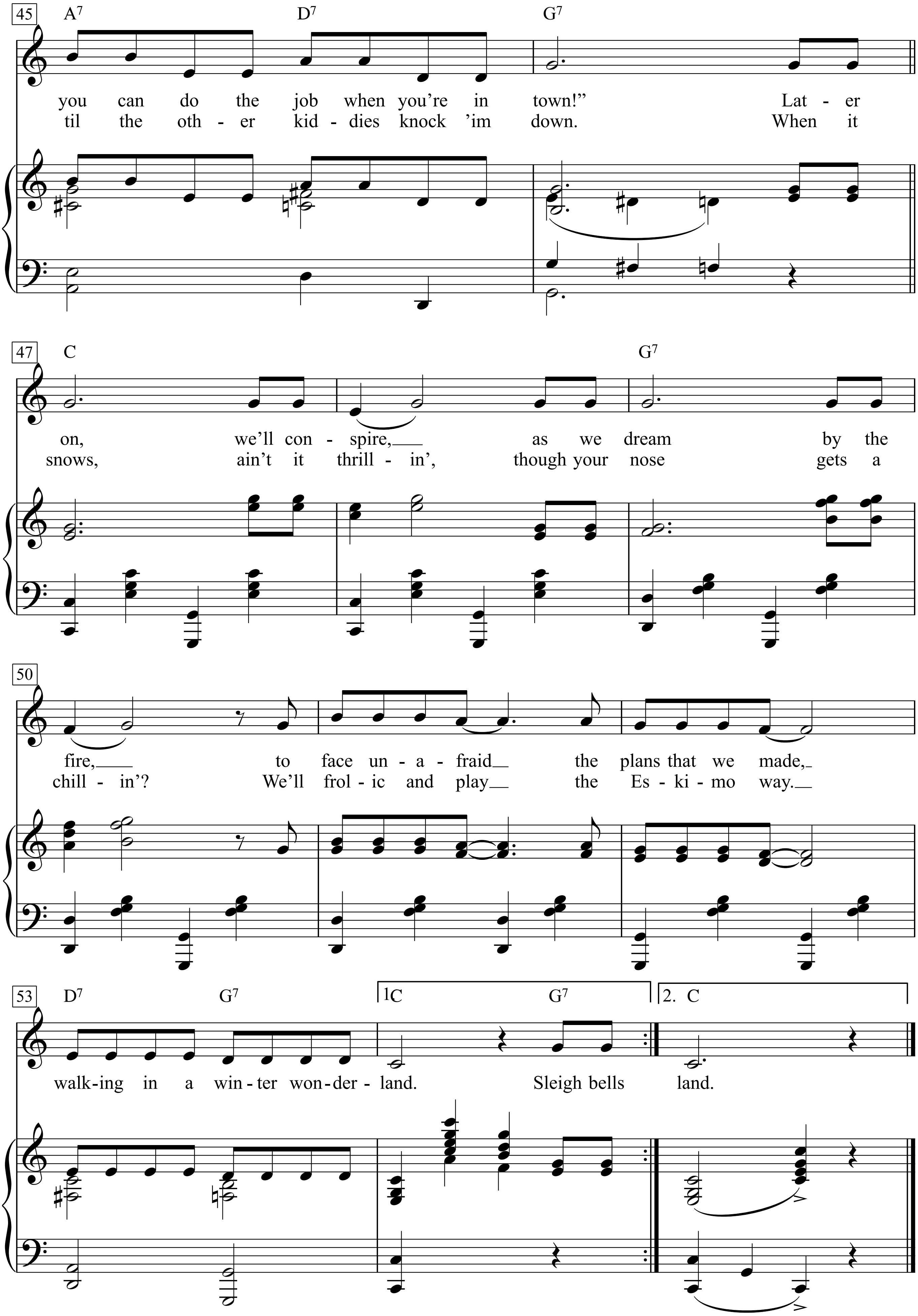
Music by Felix Bernard




14 C♯7/G♯ G7 C Dm7/G C Dm7/G
Love knows no sea - son, love knows no climb;
17 C Dm7/G C G7 C Am
ro-mance can blos - som, an - y old time.
Here in the o - pen, we're
20 D7 G7 C Am7 C♯7 G7
walk-in' and hop - in' to - geth - er!
Sleigh bells
23 C
ring, are you lis - t'nin'? In the
p


25
G7
lane, snow is glis - t'nin', a beau - ti - ful sight,_ we're
28
D7 G7 C
hap - py to - night,_ walk - ing in a win - ter won - der - land! Gone a -
31
G7
way is the blue - bird, here to stay is the
34
new bird. He sings his love song,_ as we go a - long,_
He's sing - ing a song,_ as we go a - long,_


37
D7
G7
C
walk - ing in a win - ter won - der - land!
39
E
B7
E
In the mead - ow, we can build a snow - man,
41
B7
E
then pre - tend that he is Par - son Brown.
and pre - tend that he's a cir - cus clown.
43
G
D7
G
He'll say, "Are you mar - ried?" We'll say, "No, man! But
We'll have lots of fun with Mis - ter Snow - man, un -


45
A7
D7
G7
you can do the job when you're in town!" Lat - er
til the oth - er kid - dies knock 'im down. When it
47
C
G7
on, we'll con - spire, as we dream by the
snows, ain't it thrill - in', though your nose gets a
50
fire, to face un - a - fraid the plans that we made,
chill - in'? We'll frol - ic and play the Es - ki - mo way.
53
D7
G7
1C
G7
2. C
walk-ing in a win - ter won - der - land. Sleigh bells land.

Over the ground lies a mantle of white,
a heaven of diamonds shine down through the night;
two hearts are thrillin' in spite of the chill in the weather.
Love knows no season, love knows no climb;
romance can blossom, any old time.
Here in the open, we're walkin' and hopin' together!
Sleigh bells ring, are you list'nin'?
In the lane, snow is glist'nin',
a beautiful sight, we're happy tonight,
walking in a winter wonderland!
Gone away is the bluebird,
here to stay is the new bird.
He sings his love song, as we go along,
walking in a winter wonderland!

In the meadow, we can build a snowman,
then pretend that he is Parson Brown.
He'll say, 'Are you married?' We"ll say, "No, man!
But you can do the job when you're in town!"
Later on, we"ll conspire, as we dream by the fire,
to face unafraid the plans that we made,
walking in a winter wonderland.

He's singing a song, as we go along,
walking in a winter wonderland!

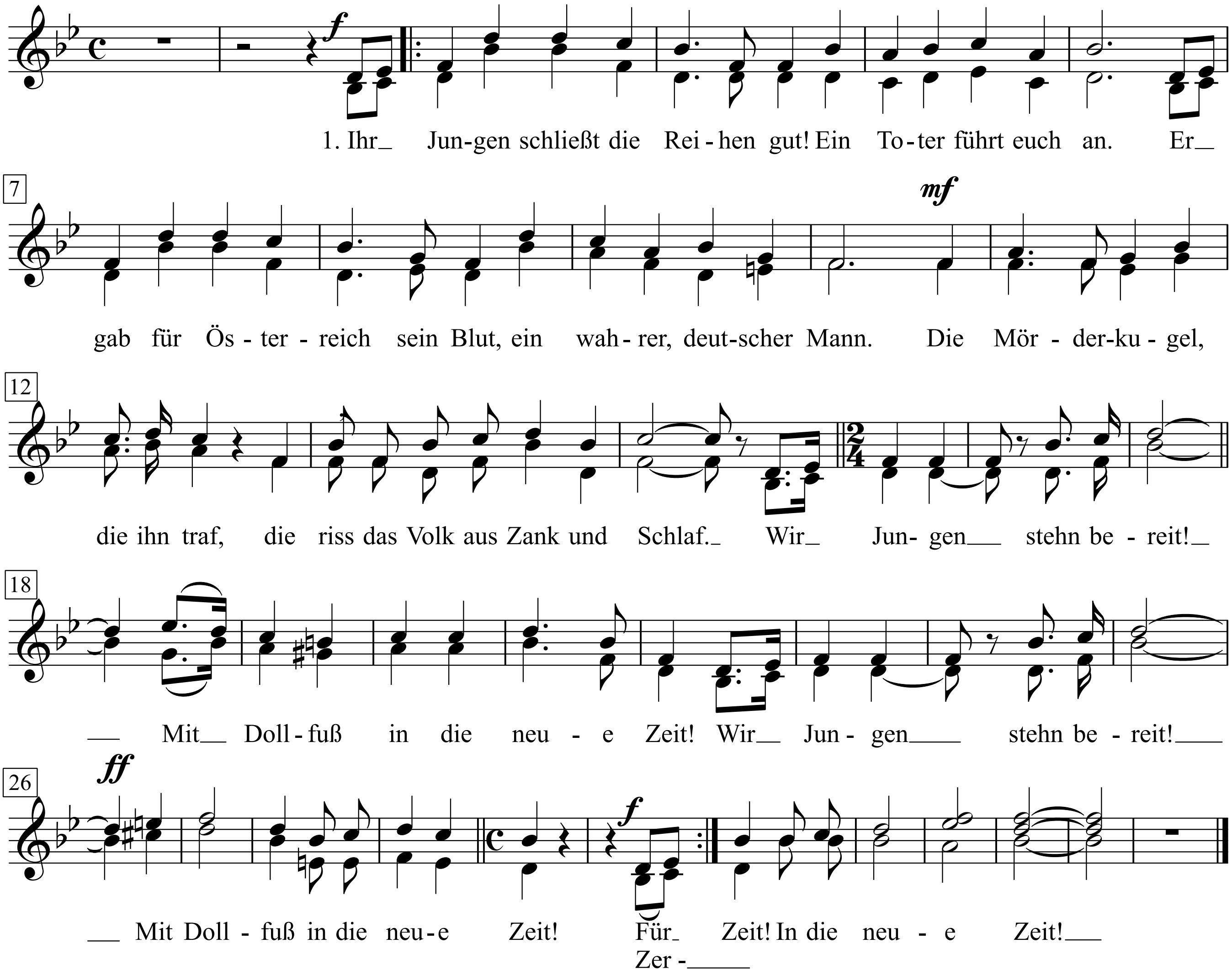
In the meadow, we can build a snowman,
and pretend that he"s a circus clown.
We'll have lots of fun with Mister Snowman,
until the other kiddies knock 'im down.
When it snows, ain't it thrillin',
though your nose gets a chillin'?
We'll frolic and play the Eskimo way.

Wir Jungen stehn bereit

(Lied der Jugend)

Austriacus:
Rudolf Henz

Austriacus:
Alois Dostal



1. Ihr Jungen schließt die Reihen gut!
Ein Toter führt euch an.
Er gab für Österreich sein Blut,
ein wahrer, deutscher Mann.
Die Mörderkugel, die ihn traf,
die riss das Volk aus Zank und Schlaf.

Wir Jungen stehn bereit!
Mit Dollfuß in die neue Zeit!
Wir Jungen stehn bereit!
Mit Dollfuß in die neue Zeit!

2. Für Österreich zu kämpfen lohnt,
dass es gesichert sei
vor jedem Feind, wo er auch thront,
und vor Verräterei.
Gewalt und Lüge schreckt uns nicht,
wir kennen nur die frohe Pflicht.

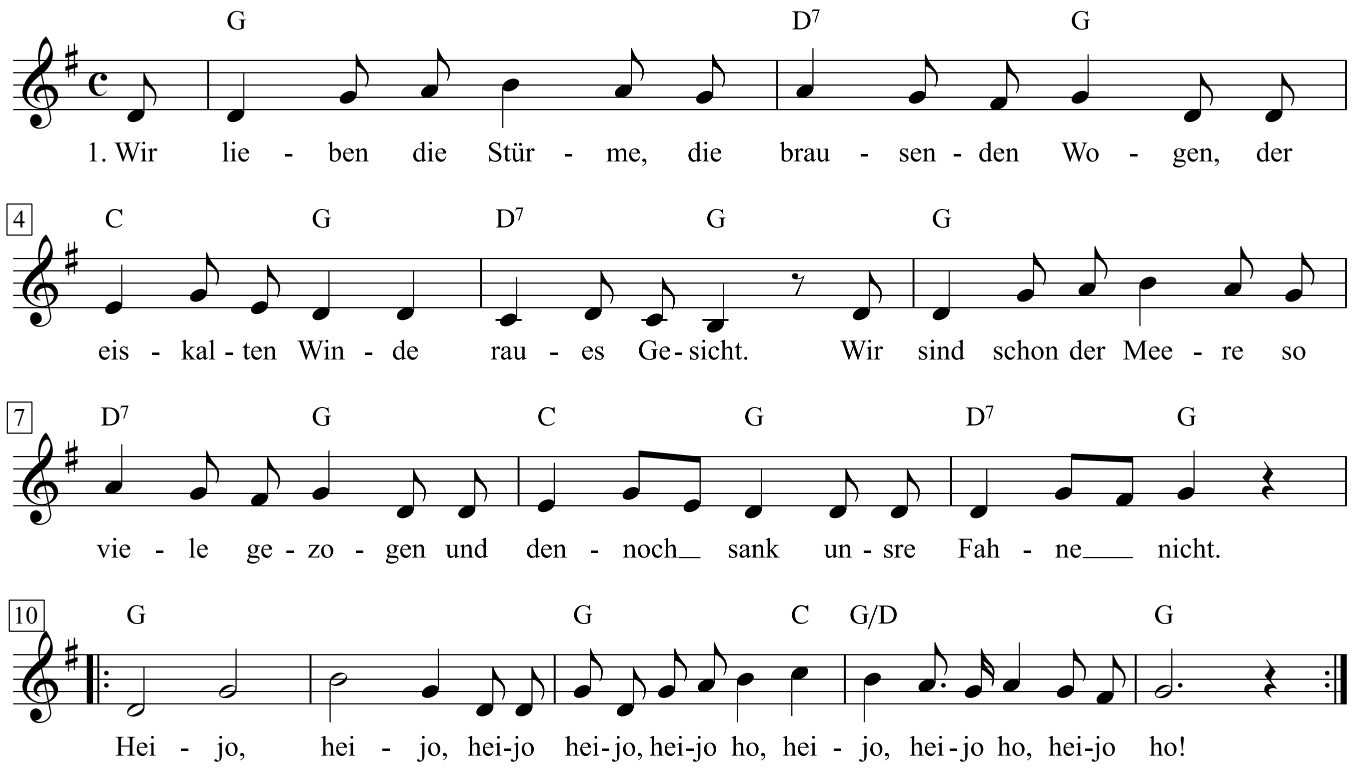
Wir Jungen stehn bereit!
Mit Dollfuß in die neue Zeit!
Wir Jungen stehn bereit!
Mit Dollfuß in die neue Zeit!

3. Zerschlagt, was uns noch hemmen mag
und nach dem Gestern weist,
Die neue Zeit steigt in den Tag
und will den neuen Geist.
Christlich, deutsch und frei
vonn Klassenhass und Tyrannei.

Wir Jungen stehn bereit!
Mit Dollfuß in die neue Zeit!
Wir Jungen stehn bereit!
Mit Dollfuß in die neue Zeit!

Wir lieben die Stürme

Melodie & Text: Anonymus,
erstmals 1933 vom Deutschen Pfadfinderbund gedruckt



1. Wir lieben die Stürme, die brausenden Wogen,
der eiskalten Winde raues Gesicht.
Wir sind schon der Meere so viele gezogen
und dennoch sank unsre Fahne nicht.
Heijo, heijo, heijo heijo, heijo ho,
heijo, heijo ho, heijo ho!

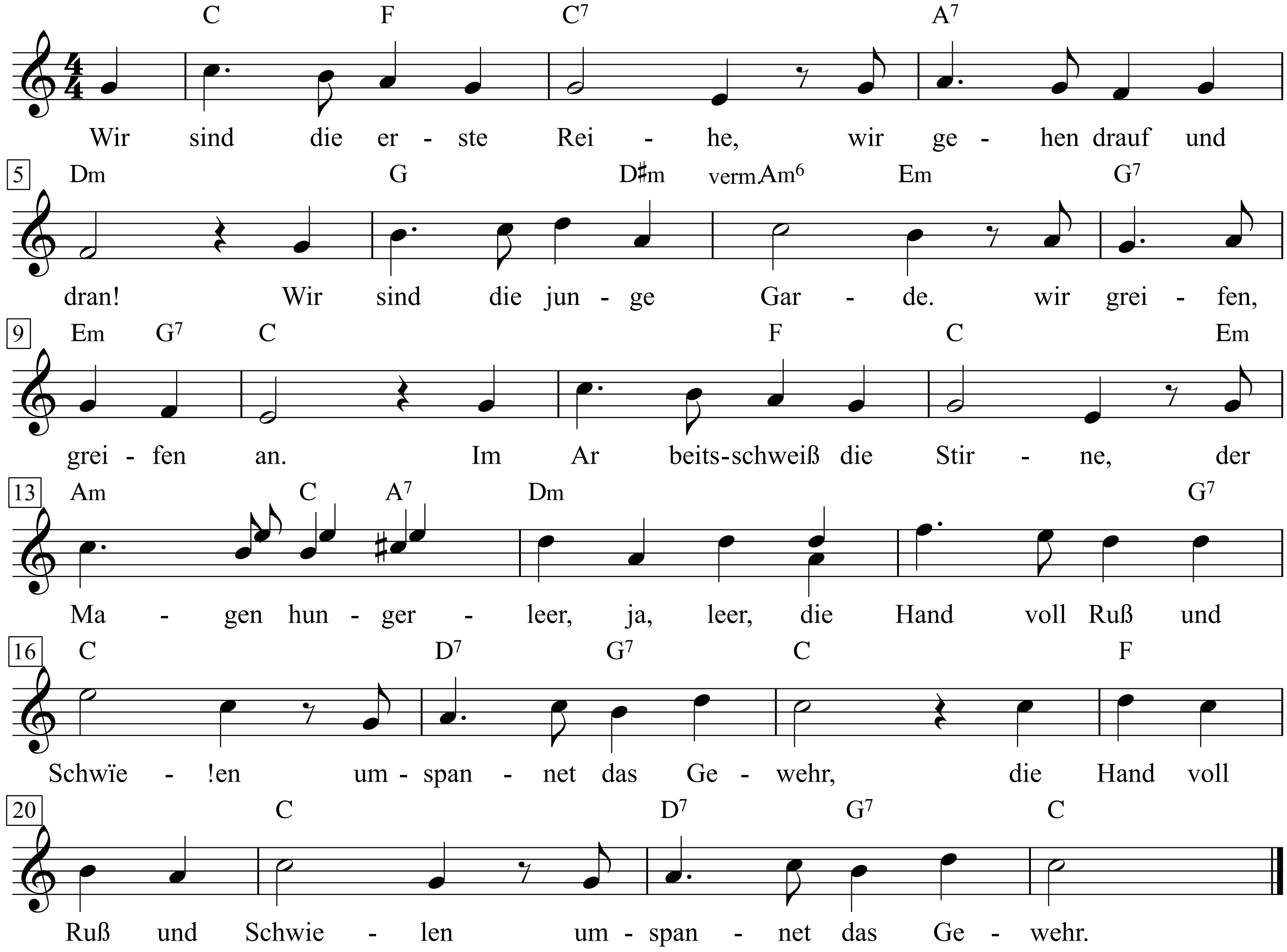
2. Unser Schiff gleitet stolz durch die schäumenden Wellen.
Es strafft der Wind unsre Segel mit Macht.
Seht ihr hoch droben die Fahne sich wenden,
die blutrote Fahne, ihr Seeleut habt Acht!
Heijo, heijo, heijo ...

3. Wir treiben die Beute mit fliegenden Segeln,
wir jagen sie weit auf das endlose Meer.
Wir stürzen auf Deck und wir kämpfen wie Löwen,
hei, unser der Sieg, viel Feinde, viel Ehr!
Heijo, heijo, heijo ...

4. Ja, wir sind Piraten und fahren zu Meere
und fürchten nicht Tod und Teufel dazu.
Wir lachen der Feinde und aller Gefahren,
im Grunde des Meeres erst finden wir Ruh!
Heijo, heijo, heijo ...

Wir sind die erste Reihe

Worte: Oskar Kanehl



1. Wir sind die erste Reihe,
wir gehen drauf und dran!
Wir sind die junge Garde,
wir greifen, greifen an.
Im Arbeitsschweiß die Stirne,
der Magen hungerleer, ja leer,
|: die Hand voll Ruß und Schwielen
umspannet das Gewehr. :|

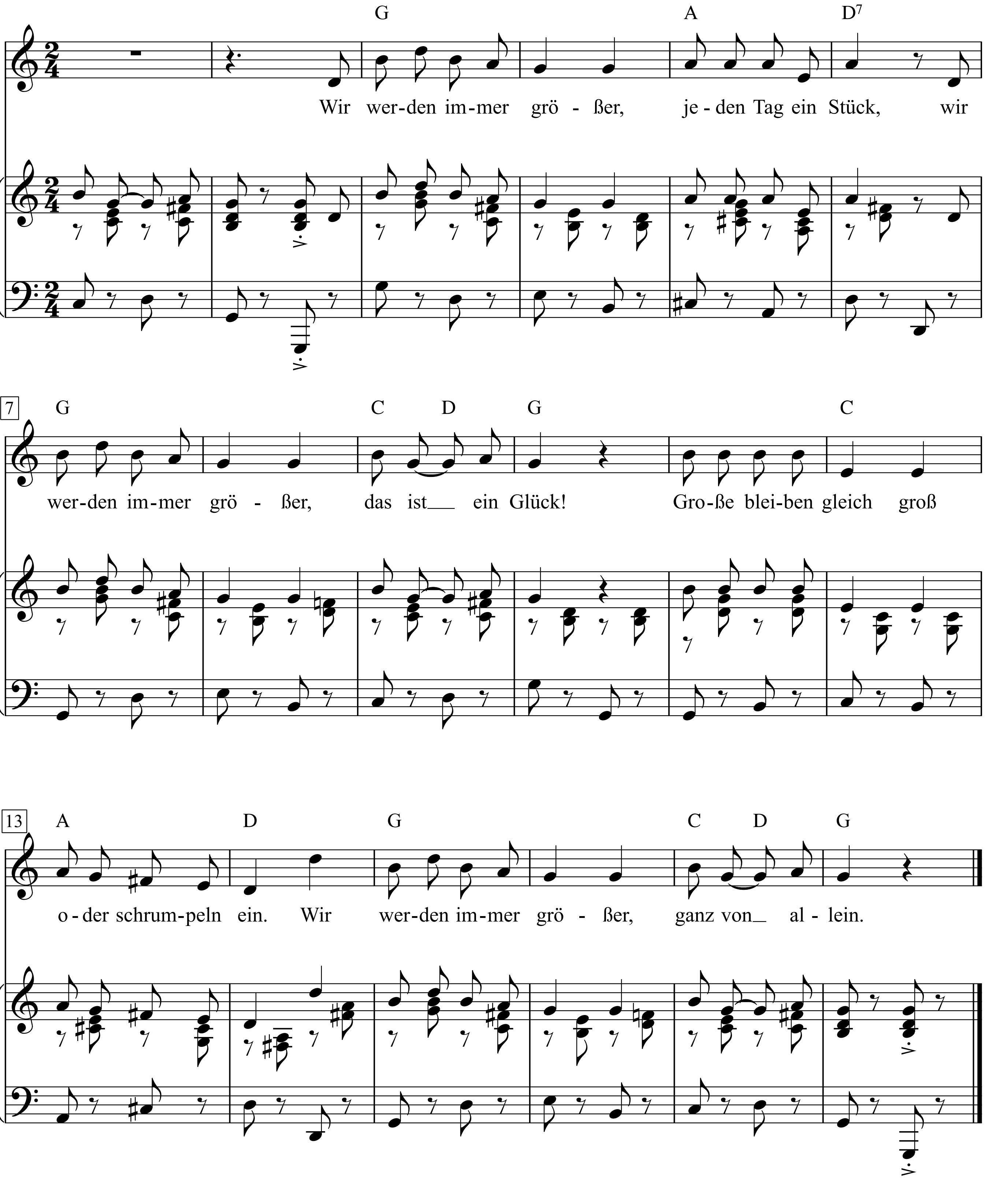
2. So steht die junge Garde
zum Klassenkampf bereit.
Erst wenn die Bürger weichen,
erst dann sind wir befreit.
Kein Wort mehr vom Verhandeln,
das doch nicht frommen kann, ja kann,
|: mit Luxemburg und Liebknecht
wir greifen, greifen an! :|

3. Es lebe Sowjetrussland,
hört, wir marschieren schon.
Wir stürmen in dem Zeichen
der Völkerrevolution.
Sprung auf die Barrikaden,
heraus zum Bürgerkrieg, ja Krieg,
|: pflanzt auf die Sowjetfahnen
zum blutig-roten Sieg! :|

Wir werden immer größer

Volker Ludwig

Birger Heymann
Klaviersatz: Gerd-Peter Münden



1. Wir werden immer größer,
jeden Tag ein Stück,
wir werden immer größer,
das ist ein Glück!
Große bleiben gleich groß
oder schrumpeln ein.
Wir werden immer größer,
ganz von allein.

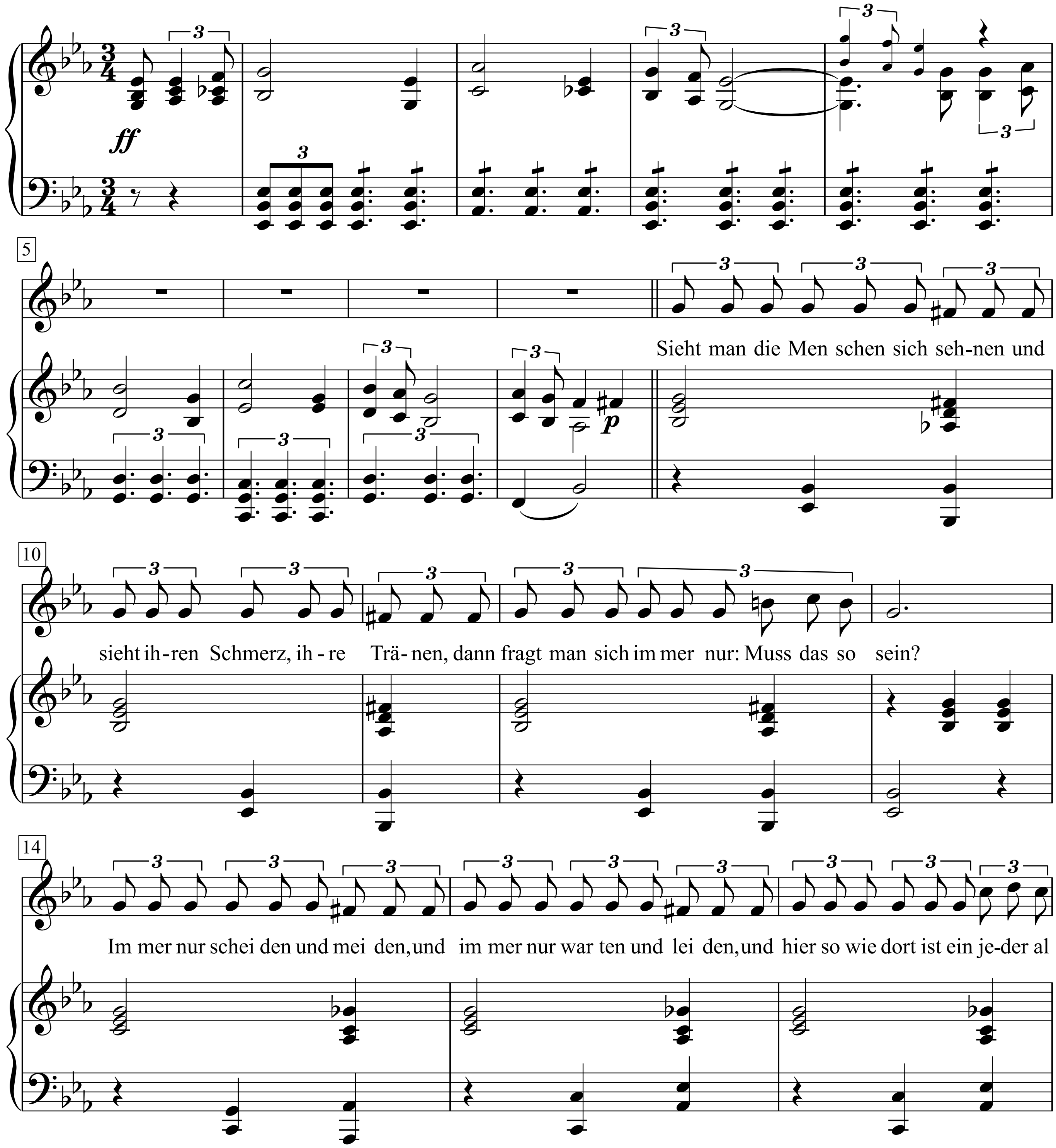
2. Wir werden immer größer,
das merkt jedes Schaf.
Wir werden immer größer
sogar im Schlaf.
Ganz egal, ob’s regnet,
donnert oder schneit:
Wir werden immer größer
und auch gescheit.

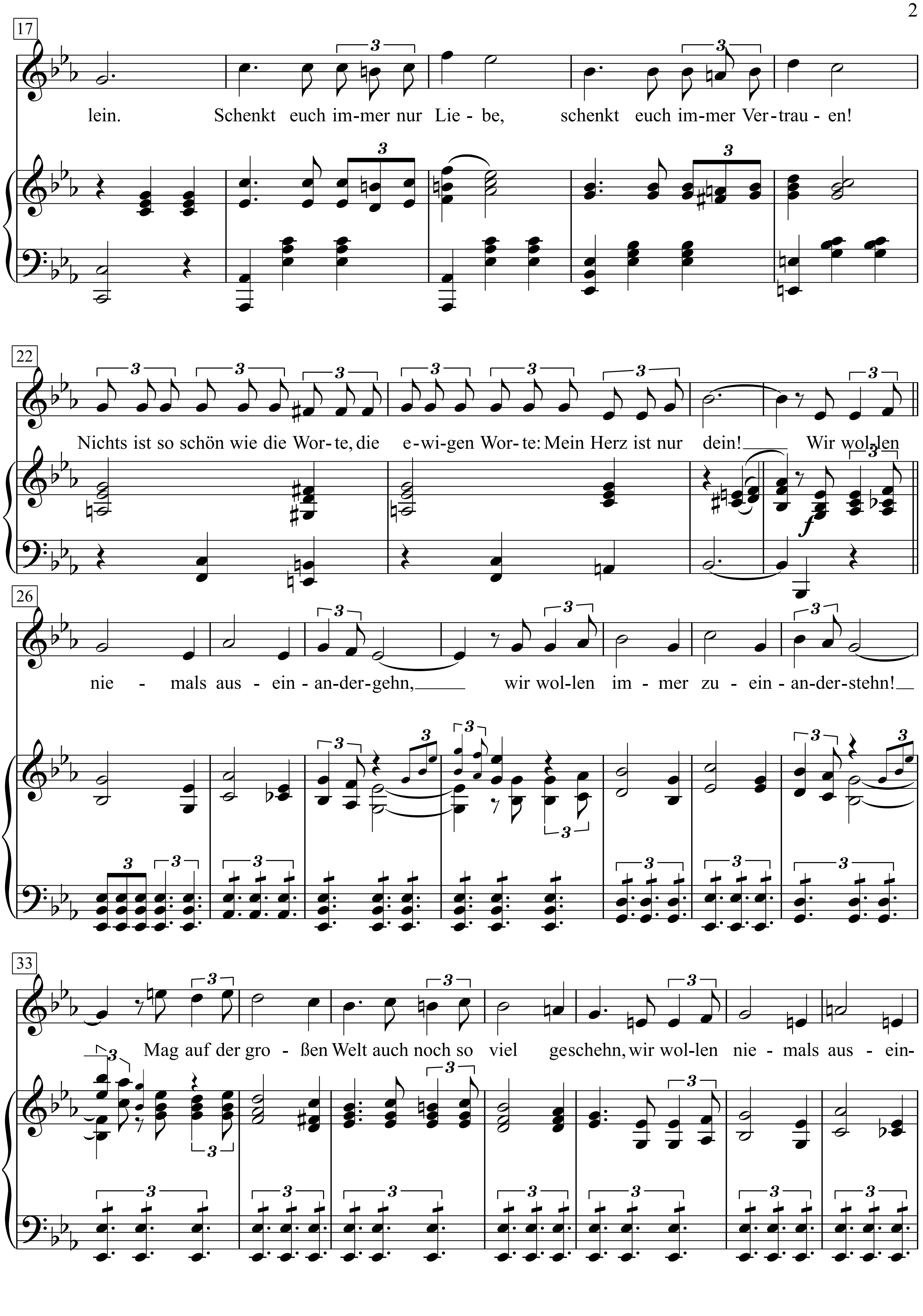
3. Wir werden immer größer,
darin sind wir stur.
Wir werden immer größer
in einer Tour.
Auch wenn man uns einsperrt
oder uns verdrischt:
Wir werden immer größer
da hilft alles nischt.

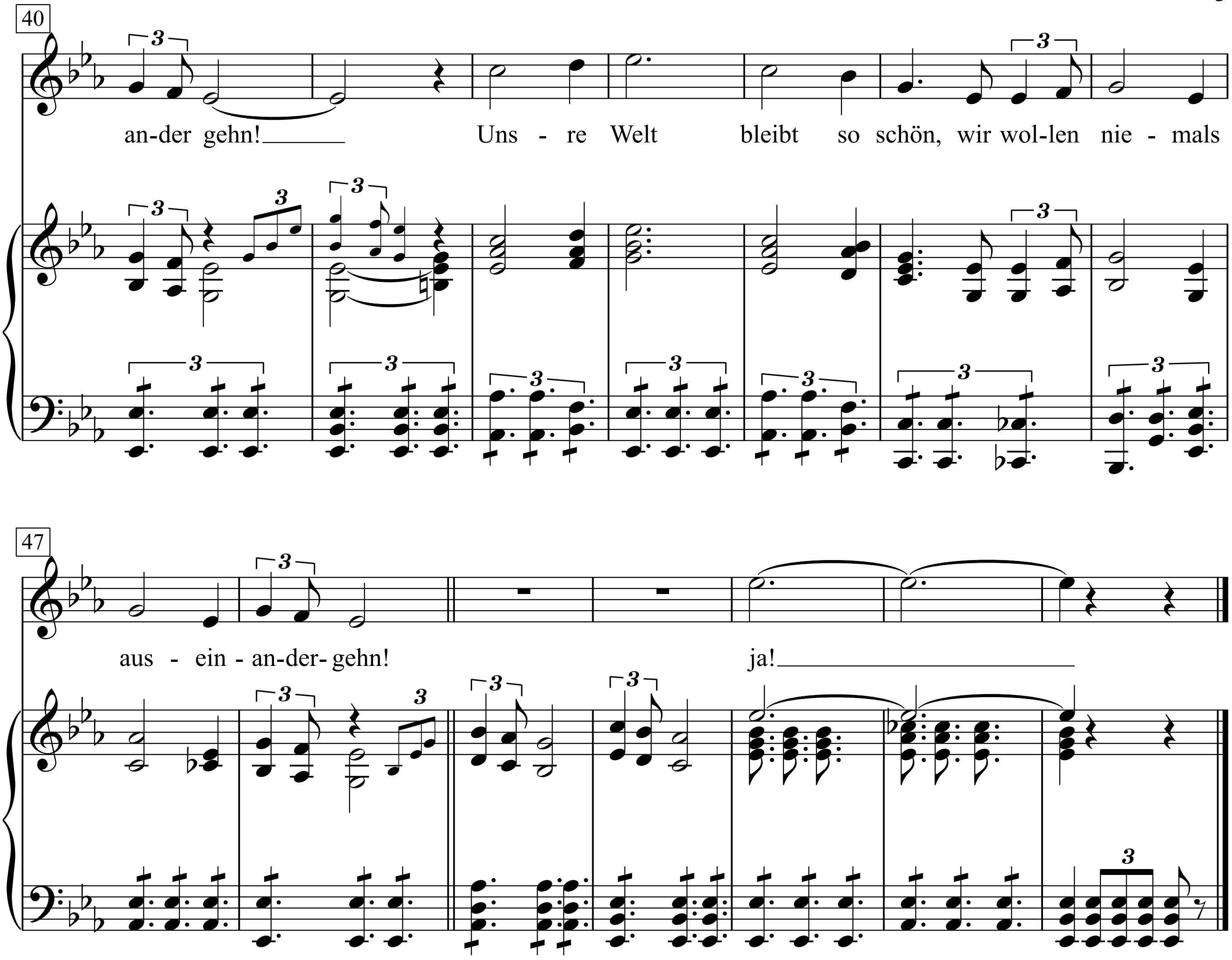
Wir wollen niemals auseinandergeh'n

Bruno Balz & Gloria de Voss

Michael Jary



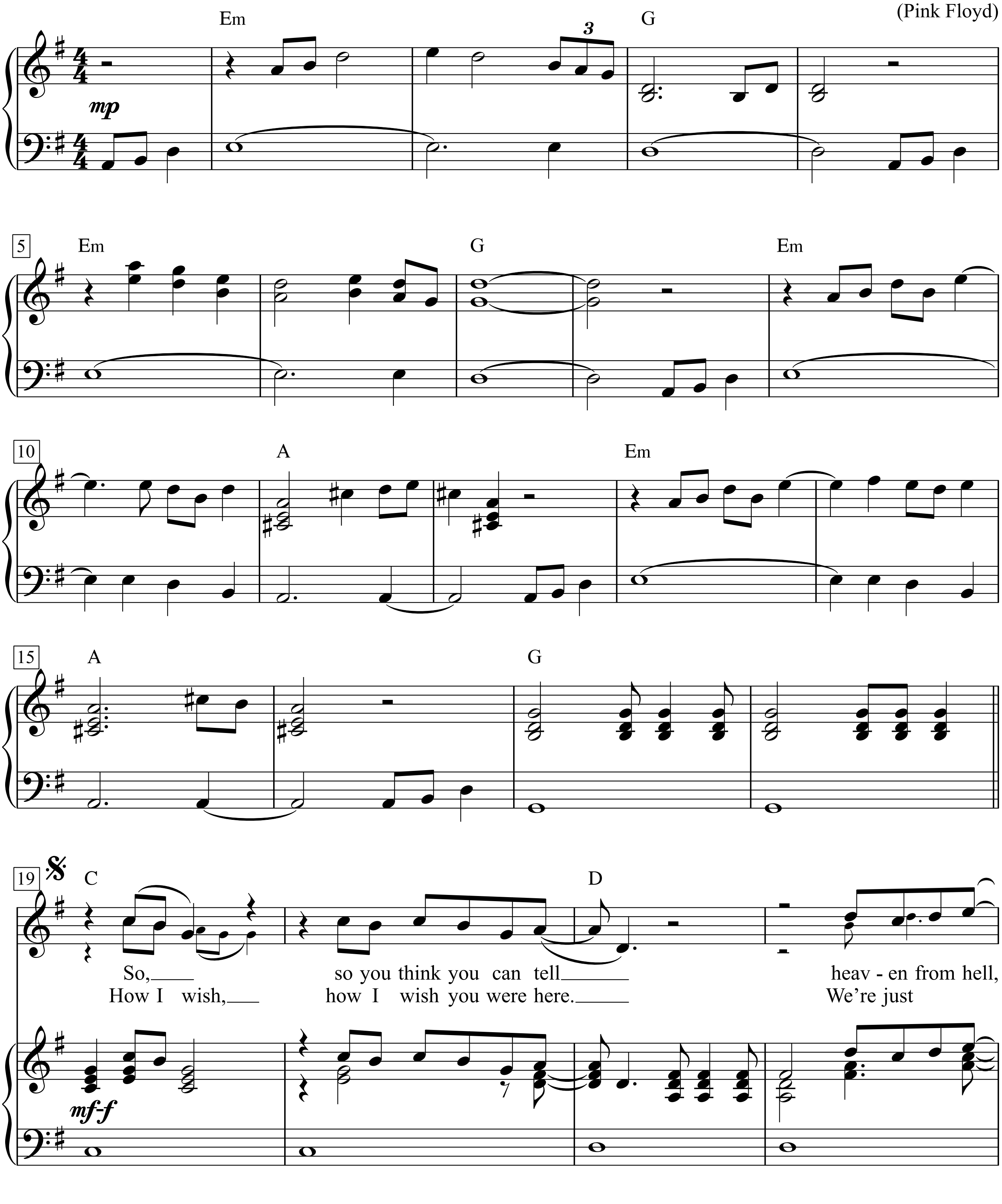

17
lein. Schenkt euch im-mer nur Lie - be, schenkt euch im-mer Ver-trau - en!
22
Nichts ist so schön wie die Wor-te, die e-wi-gen Wor-te: Mein Herz ist nur dein! Wir wol-len
26
nie - mals aus - ein - an-der-gehn, wir wol-len im - mer zu - ein - an-der-stehn!
33
Mag auf der gro - ßen Welt auch noch so viel geschehn, wir wol-len nie - mals aus - ein-

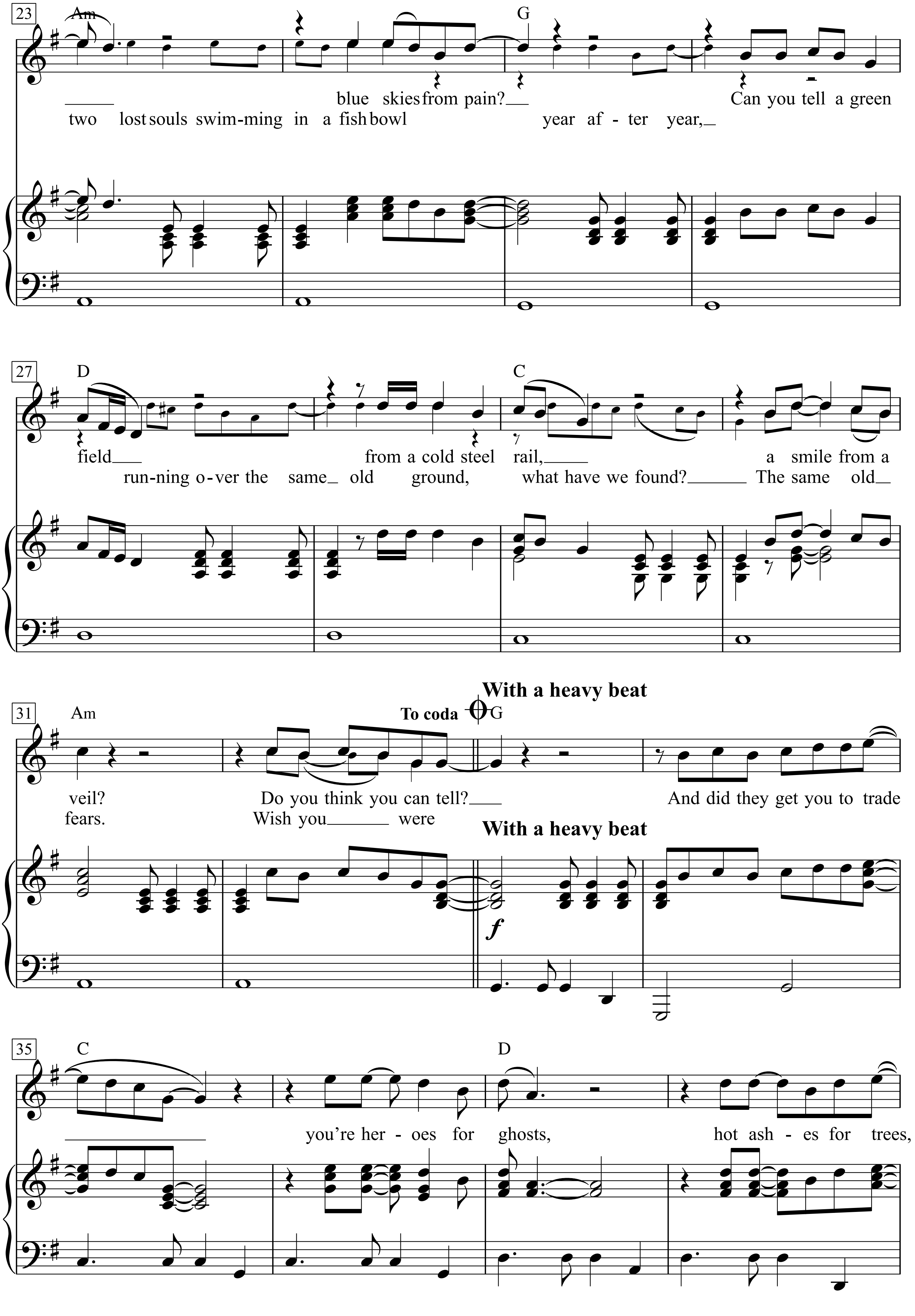

40
an-der gehn! Uns - re Welt bleibt so schön, wir wol-len nie - mals
47
aus - ein - an-der- gehn! ja!

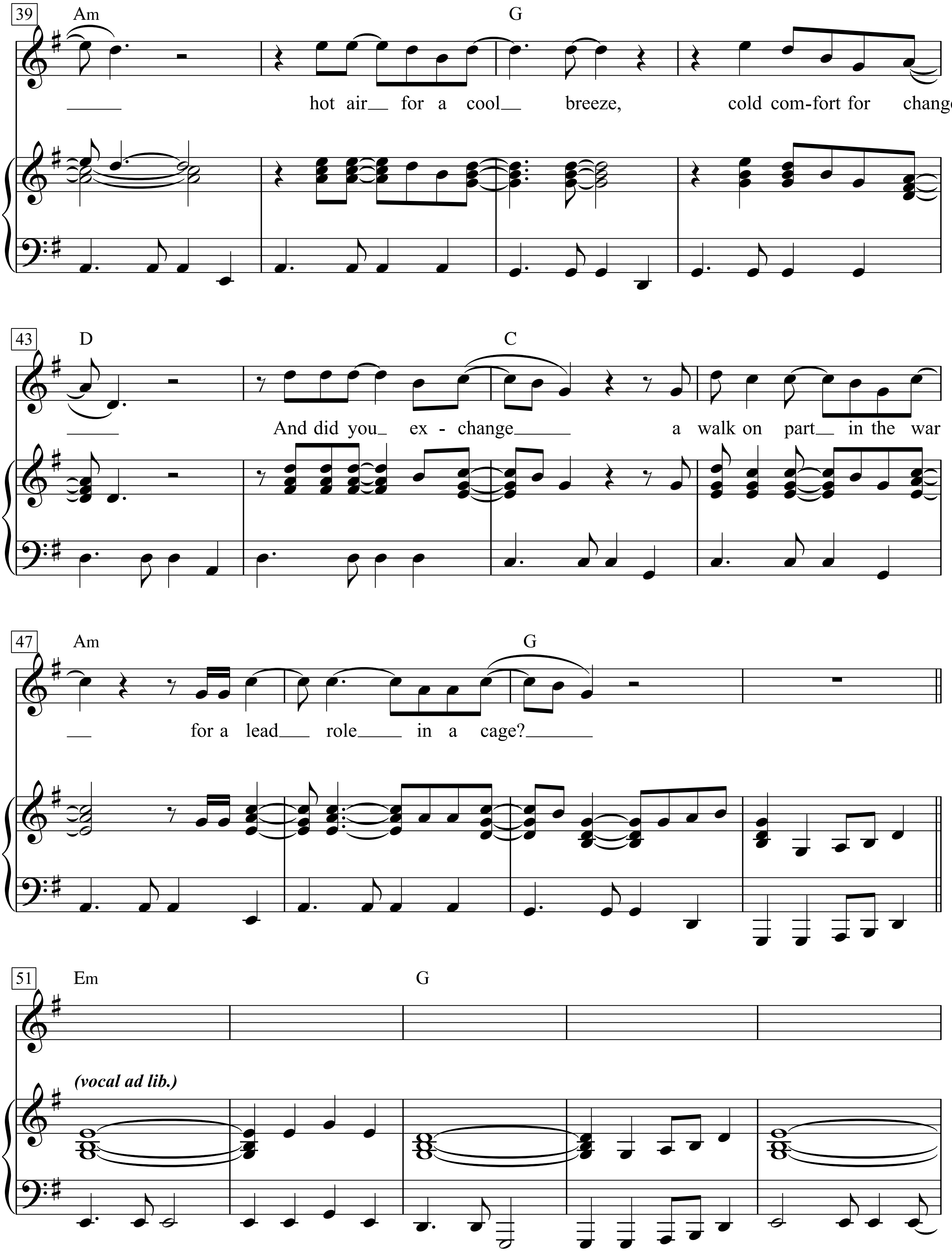
Wish You Were Here

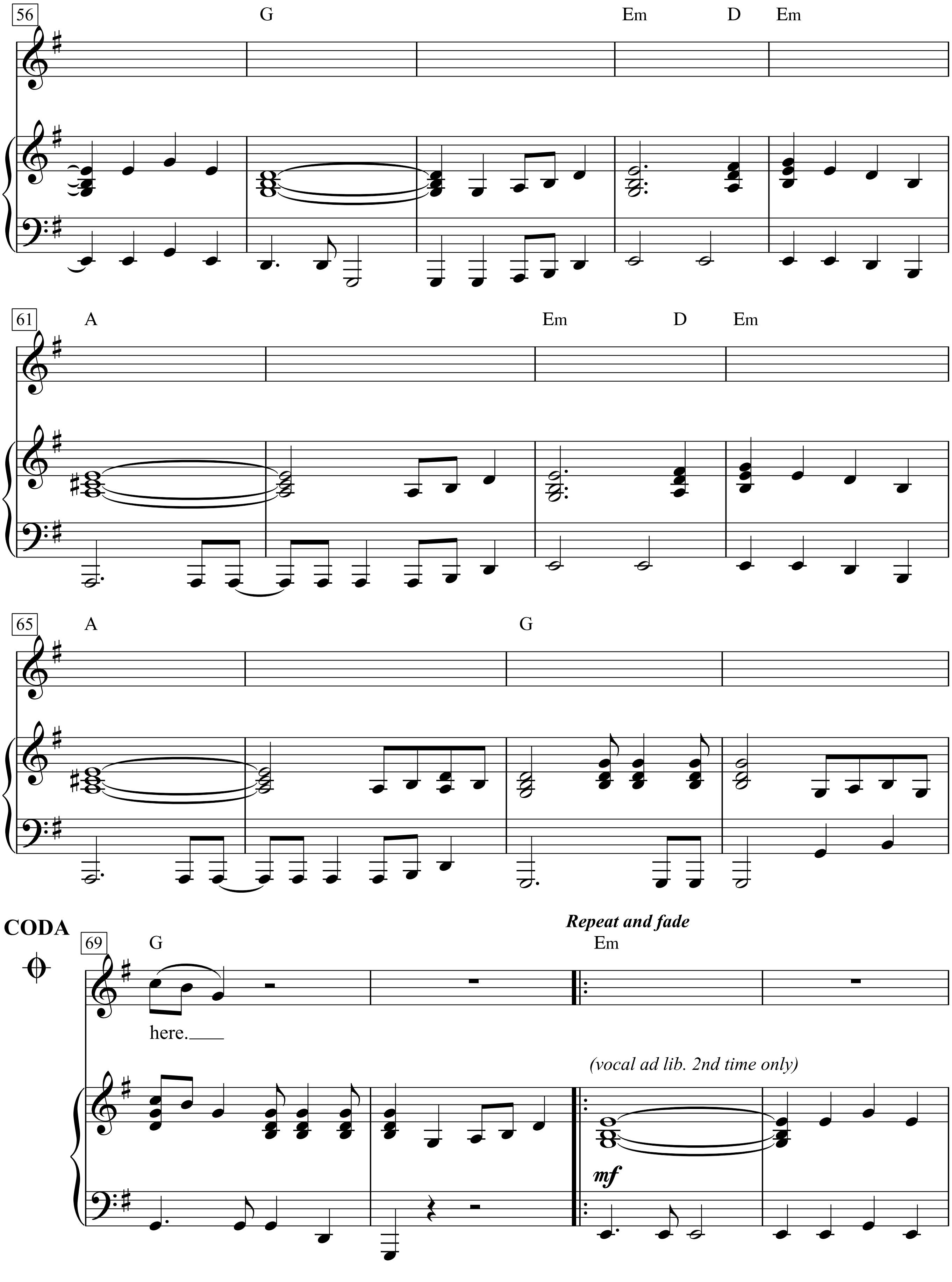
Words & Music by
David Gilmour and Rodger Waters
(Pink Floyd)

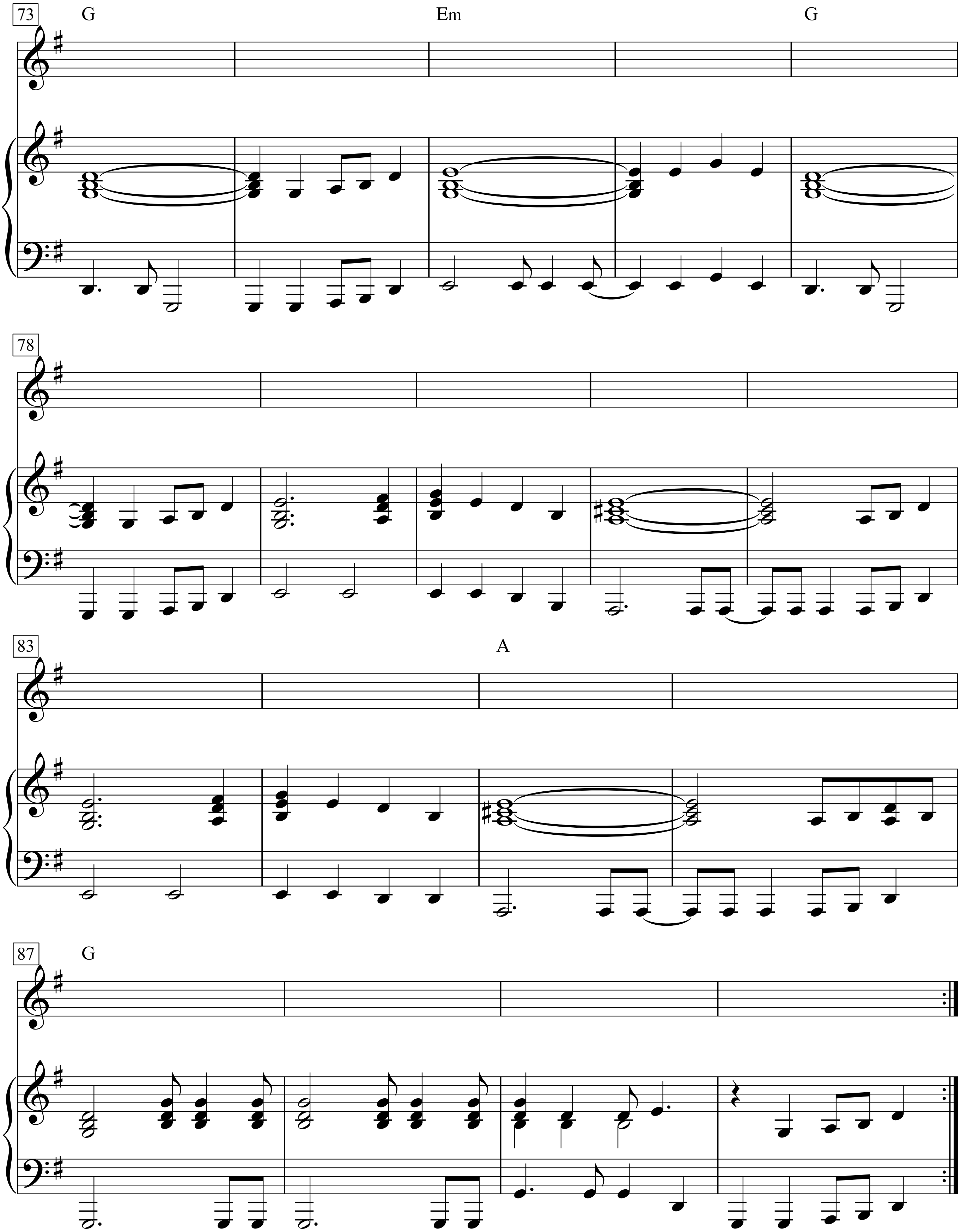
Moderately, simply




23
Am
blue skies from pain?
two lost souls swim-ming in a fish bowl
G
Can you tell a green
year af - ter year,
27
D
field
run-ning o-ver the same old ground,
from a cold steel rail,
C
what have we found?
a smile from a
The same old
31
Am
veil?
fears.
Do you think you can tell?
Wish you were
To coda
With a heavy beat
G
And did they get you to trade
With a heavy beat
f
35
C
you're her - oes for ghosts,
D
hot ash - es for trees,


39
Am
G
hot air for a cool breeze, cold com-fort for change?
43
D
C
And did you ex - change a walk on part in the war
47
Am
G
for a lead role in a cage?
51
Em
G
(vocal ad lib.)


56
G
Em
D
Em
61
A
Em
D
Em
65
A
G
CODA
69
G
Repeat and fade
Em
here.
(vocal ad lib. 2nd time only)
mf


73
G
Em
G
78
83
A
87
G

So, so you think you can tell heaven from hell,
blue skies from pain?
Can you tell a green field from a cold steel rail,
a smile from a veil?
Do you think you can tell?

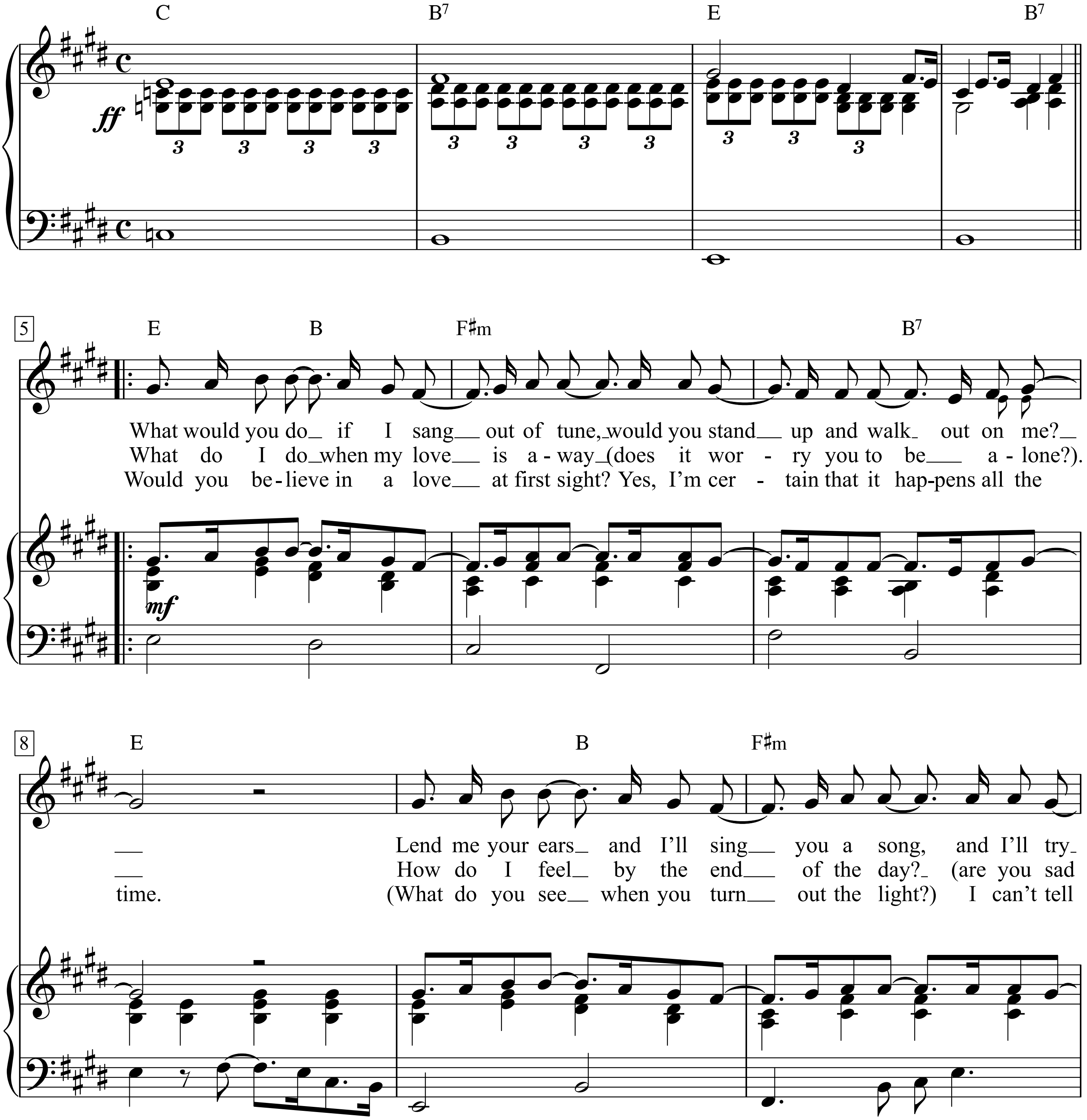
And did they get you to trade you’re heroes for ghosts,
hot ashes for trees, hot air for a cool breeze,
cold comfort for change?
And did you exchange a walk on part in the war
for a lead role in a cage?

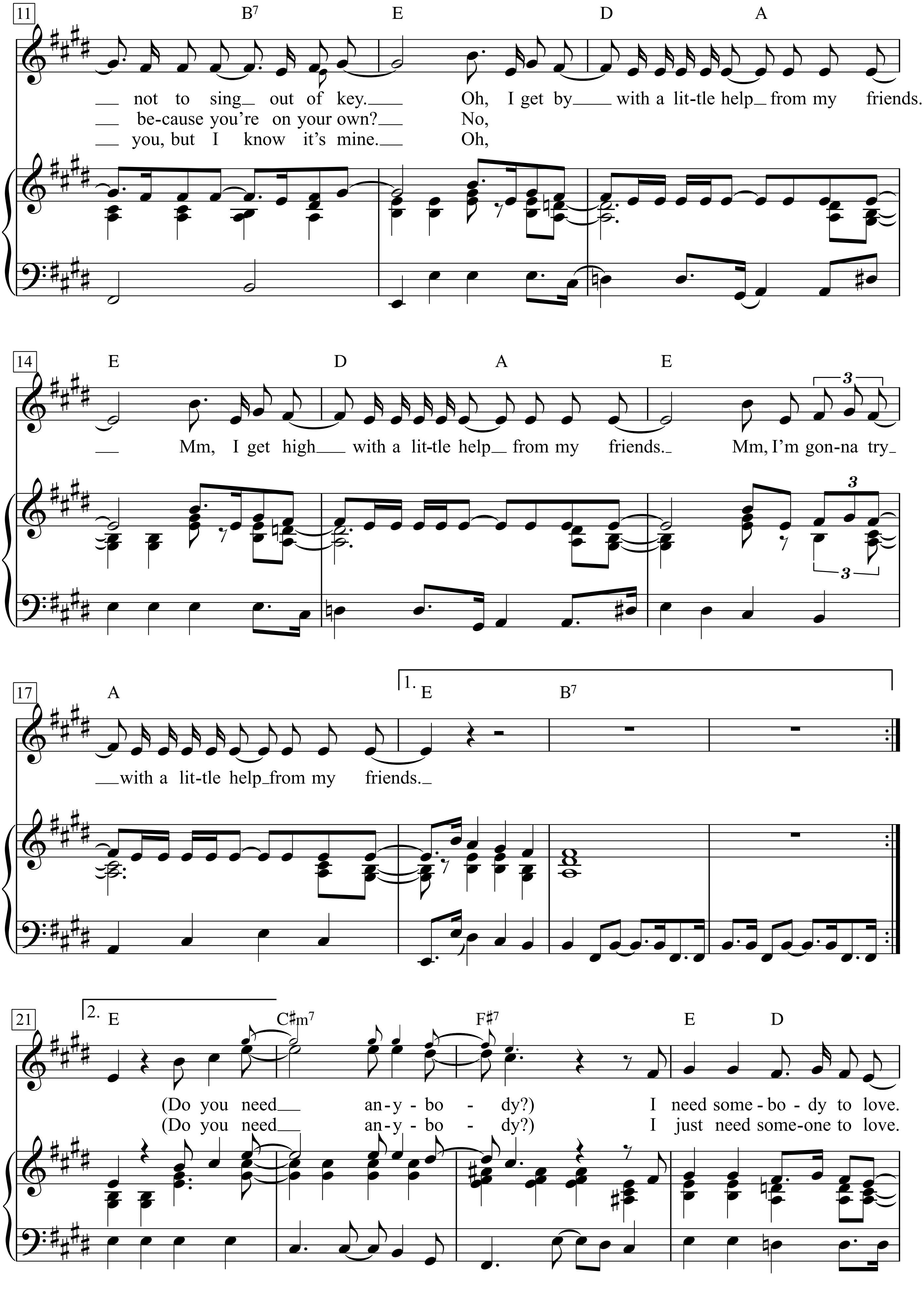
How I wish, how I wish you were here.
We’re just two lost souls swimming in a fish bowl year after year,
running over the same old ground, what have we found?
The same old fears. Wish you were here.

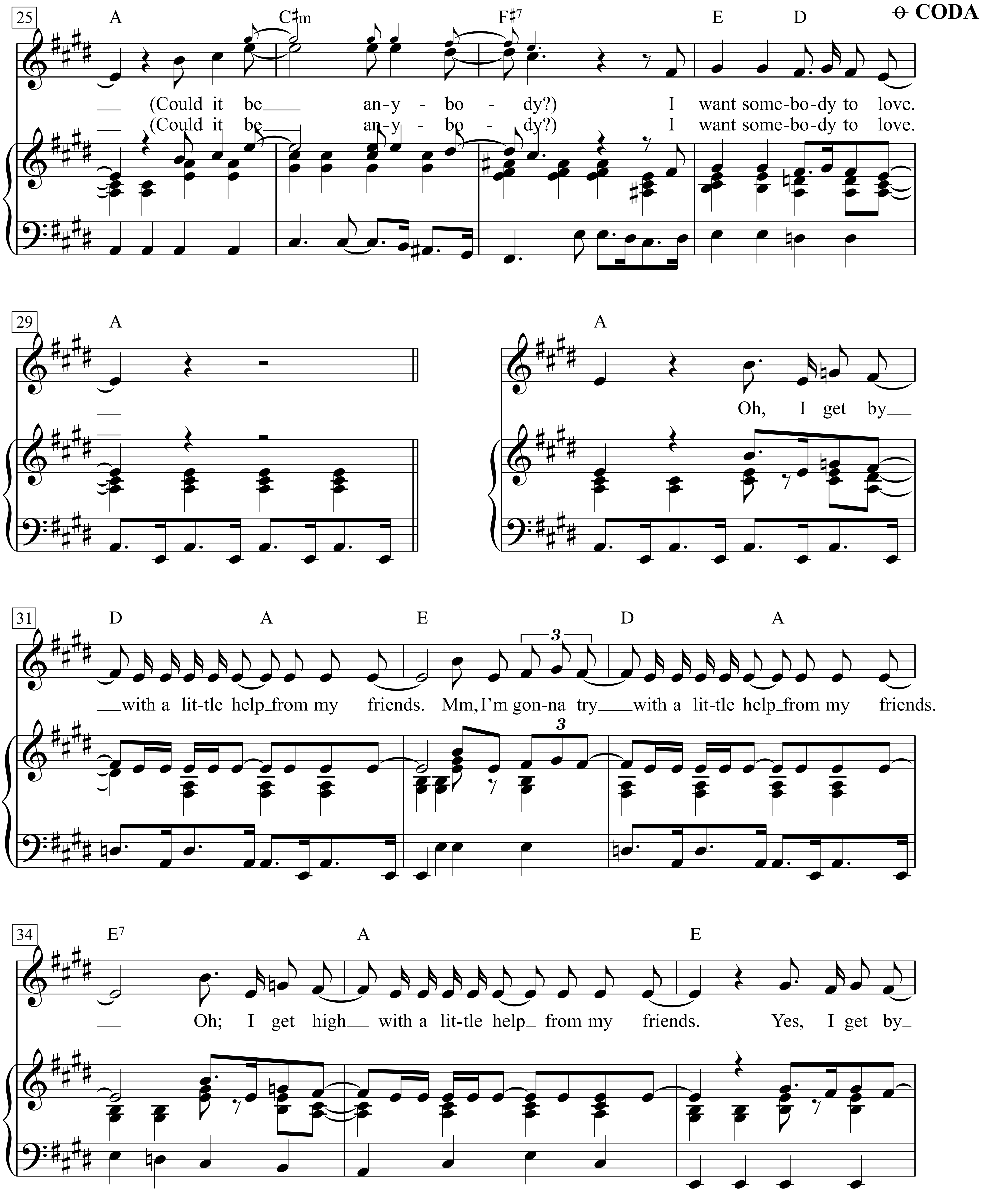
With A Little Help From My Friends

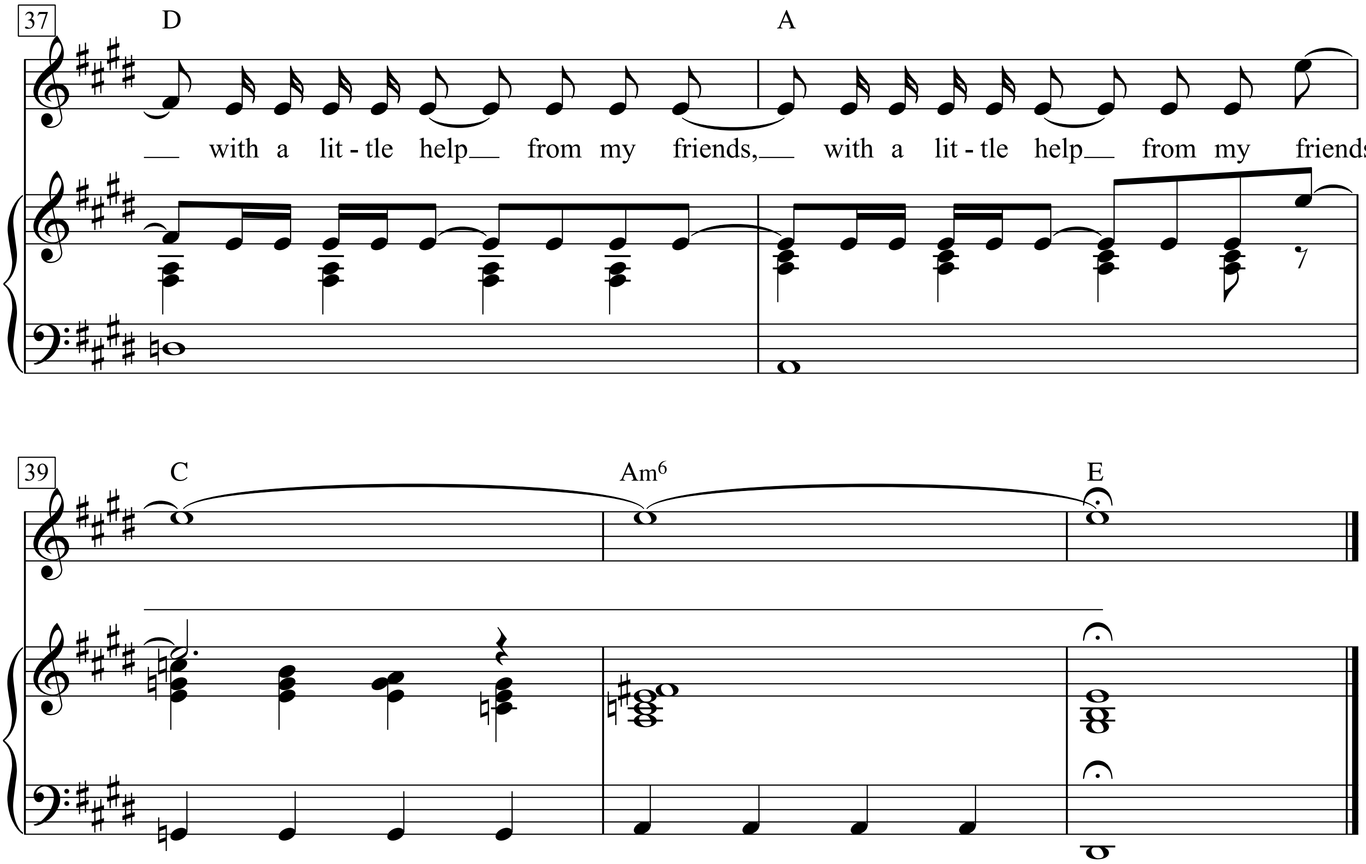
Words & Music by
John Lennon and Paul McCartney
(Joe Cocker)

Moderato




11
B7 E D A
not to sing out of key. Oh, I get by with a lit-tle help from my friends.
be-cause you're on your own? No,
you, but I know it's mine. Oh,
14
E D A E
Mm, I get high with a lit-tle help from my friends. Mm, I'm gon-na try
3
17
A
1. E B7
with a lit-tle help from my friends.
21
2. E C♯m7 F♯7 E D
(Do you need any-y-bo-dy?) I need some-bo-dy to love.
(Do you need an-y-bo-dy?) I just need some-one to love.


CODA
25
A C♯m F♯7 E D
(Could it be any-body?) I want some-bo-dy to love.
(Could it be any-body?) I want some-bo-dy to love.
29
A
A
Oh, I get by
31
D A E D A
with a lit-tle help from my friends. Mm, I'm gon-na try with a lit-tle help from my friends.
3
34
E7 A E
Oh; I get high with a lit-tle help from my friends. Yes, I get by

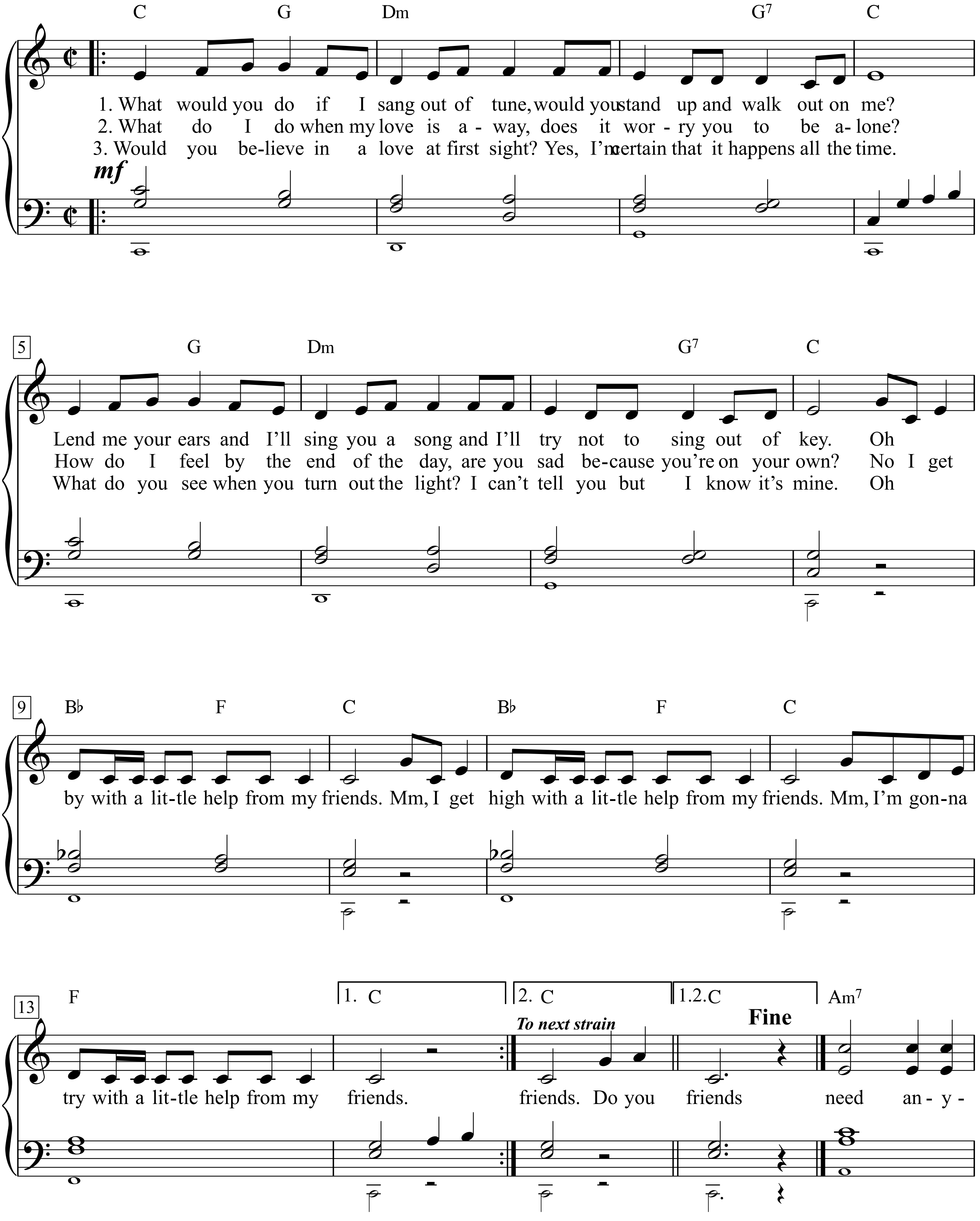

37
D
A
__ with a lit - tle help__ from my friends,__ with a lit - tle help__ from my friends,
39
C
Am6
E

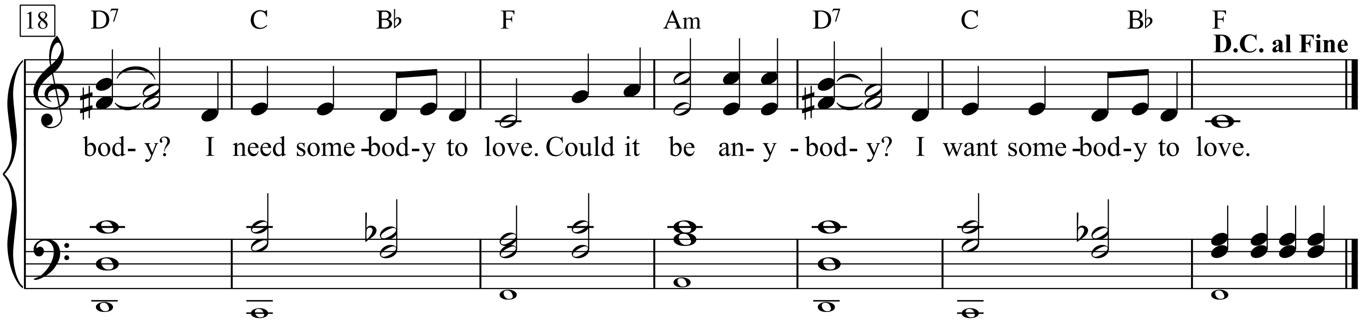
With A Little Help From My Friends

(For Organ: Registration No.1)

Text & Musik:
John Lennon & Paul McCartney

Moderately





What would you do if I sang out of tune?
Would you stand up and walk out on me?
Lend me your ears and I'll sing you a song,
and I'll try not to sing out of key.

Oh, I get by with a little help from my friends.
Mmm, I get high with a little help from my friends.
Mmm, gonna try with a little help from my friends.

What do I do when my love is away?
Does it worry you to be alone?
How do I feel by the end of the day?
Are you sad because you're on your own?

No, I get by with a little help from my friends.
Mmm, I get high with a little help from my friends.
Mmm, gonna try with a little help from my friends.

Do you need anybody?
I need somebody to love.
Could it be anybody?
I want somebody to love.

Would you believe in a love at first sight?
Yes, I'm certain that it happens all the time.
What do you see when you turn out the light?
I can't tell you, but I know it's mine.

Oh, I get by with a little help from my friends.
Mmm, I get high with a little help from my friends.
Oh, I'm gonna try with a little help from my friends.

Do you need anybody?
I just need someone to love.
Could it be anybody?
I want somebody to love.

Oh, I get by with a little help from my friends.
Mmm, I'm gonna try with a little help from my friends.
Oh, I get high with a little help from my friends.

Yes, I get by with a little help from my friends,
with a little help from my friends. Ah.

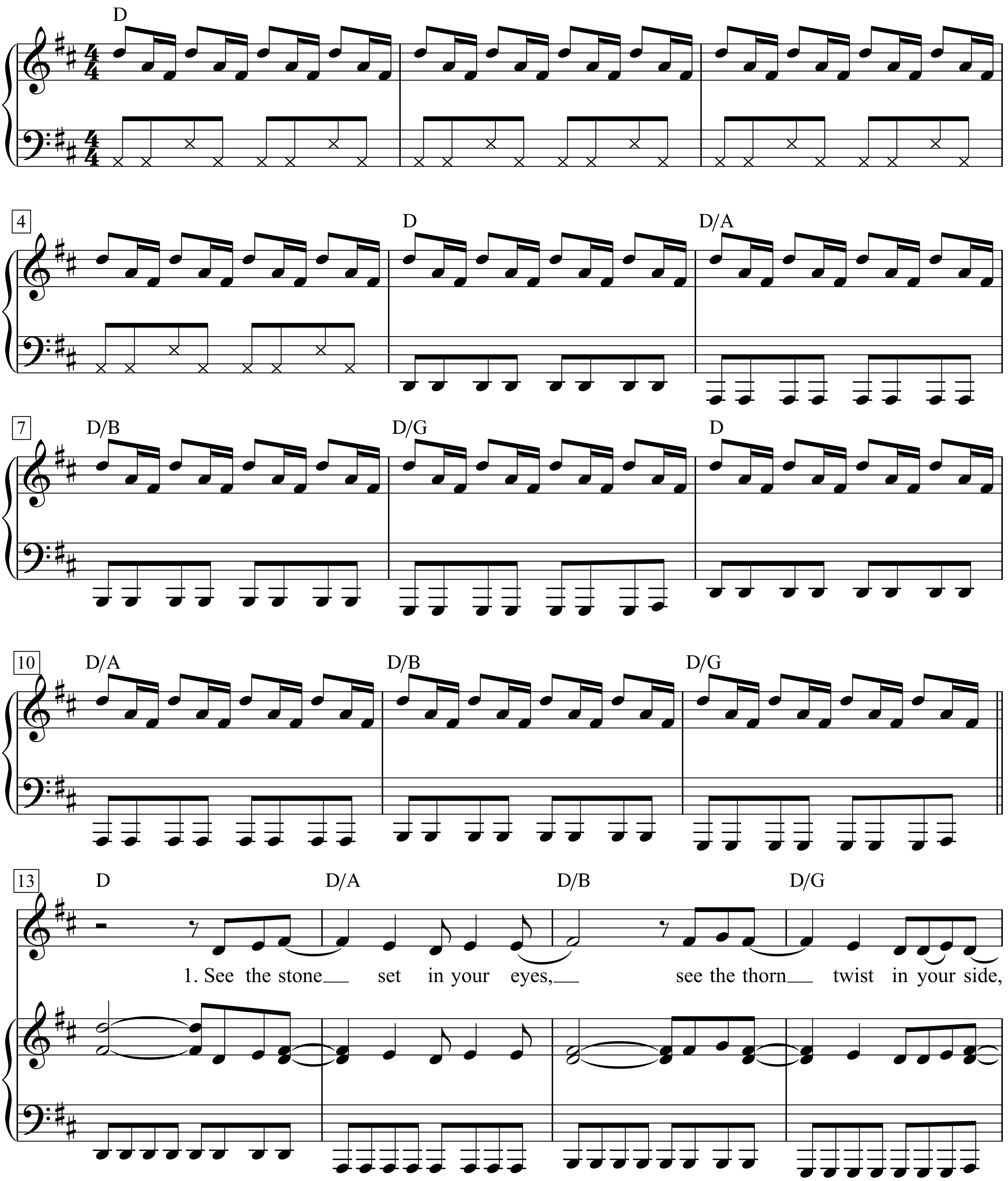
Wenn meine Freunde mir helfen

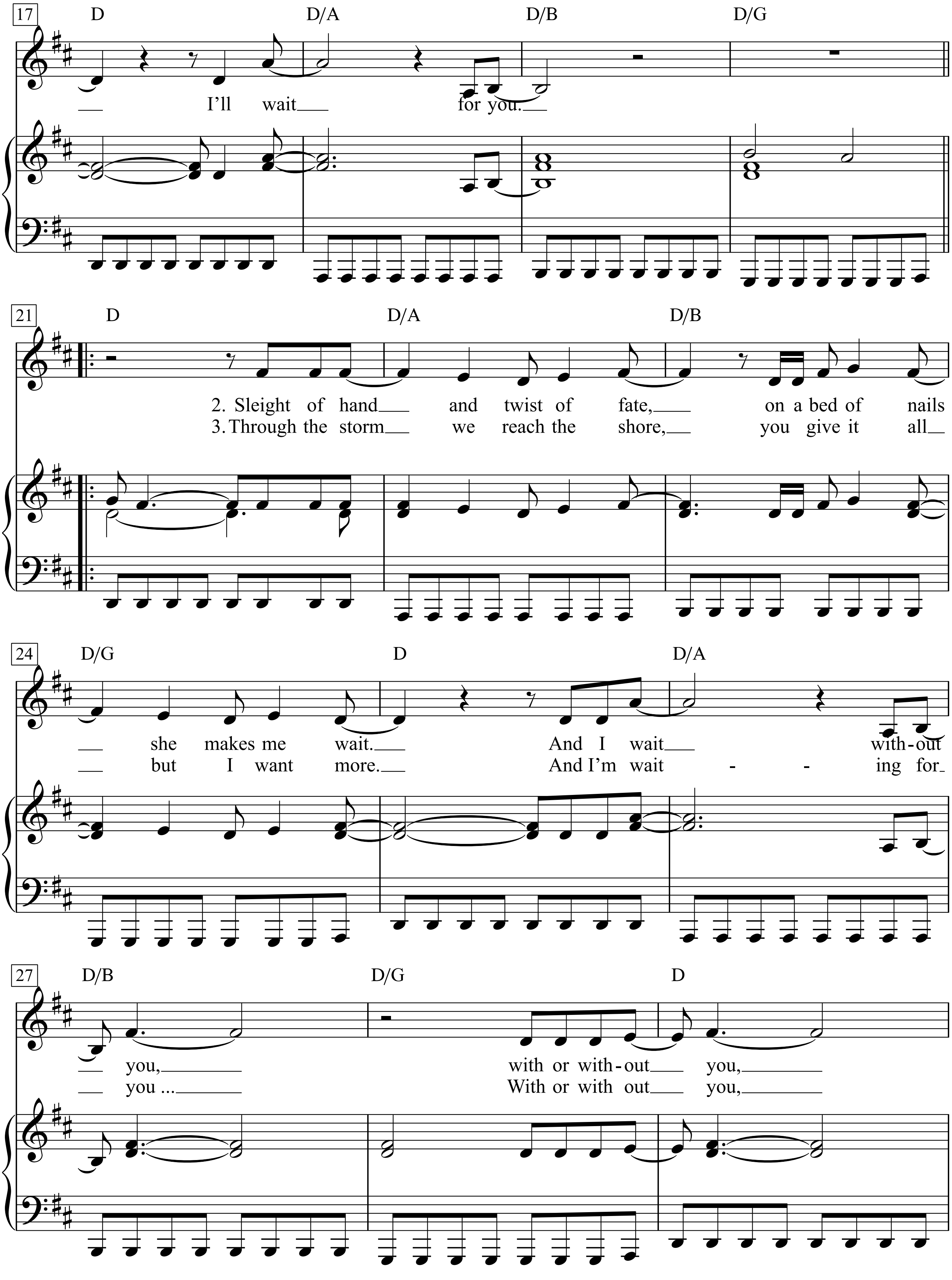
Was würd'st du denken, wenn ich mal falsch säng'?
Würd'st du aufstehn und ganz einfach gehn?
Leih mir ein Ohr, und ich sing' dir ein Lied und bemüh' mi
Ich schaff's schon, wenn meine Freunde mir helfen.
Ich bring's hoch, wenn meine Freunde mir helfen.
Ach ja doch, wenn meine Freunde mir helfen.
Was fang' ich an, wenn mein Mädchen verreist?
(Macht's dir Sorgen, so einsam zu sein?)
Wie ist mir zumute am Ende des Tags ?
(Bist du traurig, weil du so allein ?)
Nein, ich schaff's schon, wenn meine Freunde mir helfen.
Ich bring's hoch, wenn meine Freunde mir helfen.
Ach ja doch, wenn meine Freunde mir helfen.
(Brauchst du irgendwen?)
Ich brauch' wen, der mich auch liebt.
(Ganz egal, irgendwen ?)
Ich möcht' wen, der mich auch liebt.
Glaubst du an Liebe auf des ersten Blick?
Ich bin sicher, das wird immer sein.
Was siehst du denn, wenn das Licht du mal löschst ?
Kann's nicht sagen, doch ich weiß, es ist mein.
Oh, ich schaff's schon, wenn meine Freunde mir helfen.
Ach, und ja doch, wenn meine Freunde mir helfen.
Ich versuch's, wenn meine Freunde mir helfen.
Brauchst du irgendwen ?
Ich brauch' wen, der mich auch liebt.
Ganz egal, irgendwen.
Ich möcht' wen, der mich auch liebt.
Ich schaff's schon, wenn meine Freunde mir helfen.
Ich bring's hoch, wenn meine Freunde mir helfen.
Ja, ich krieg's hin, wenn Freunde mir helfen,
wenn meine Freunde mir helfen.

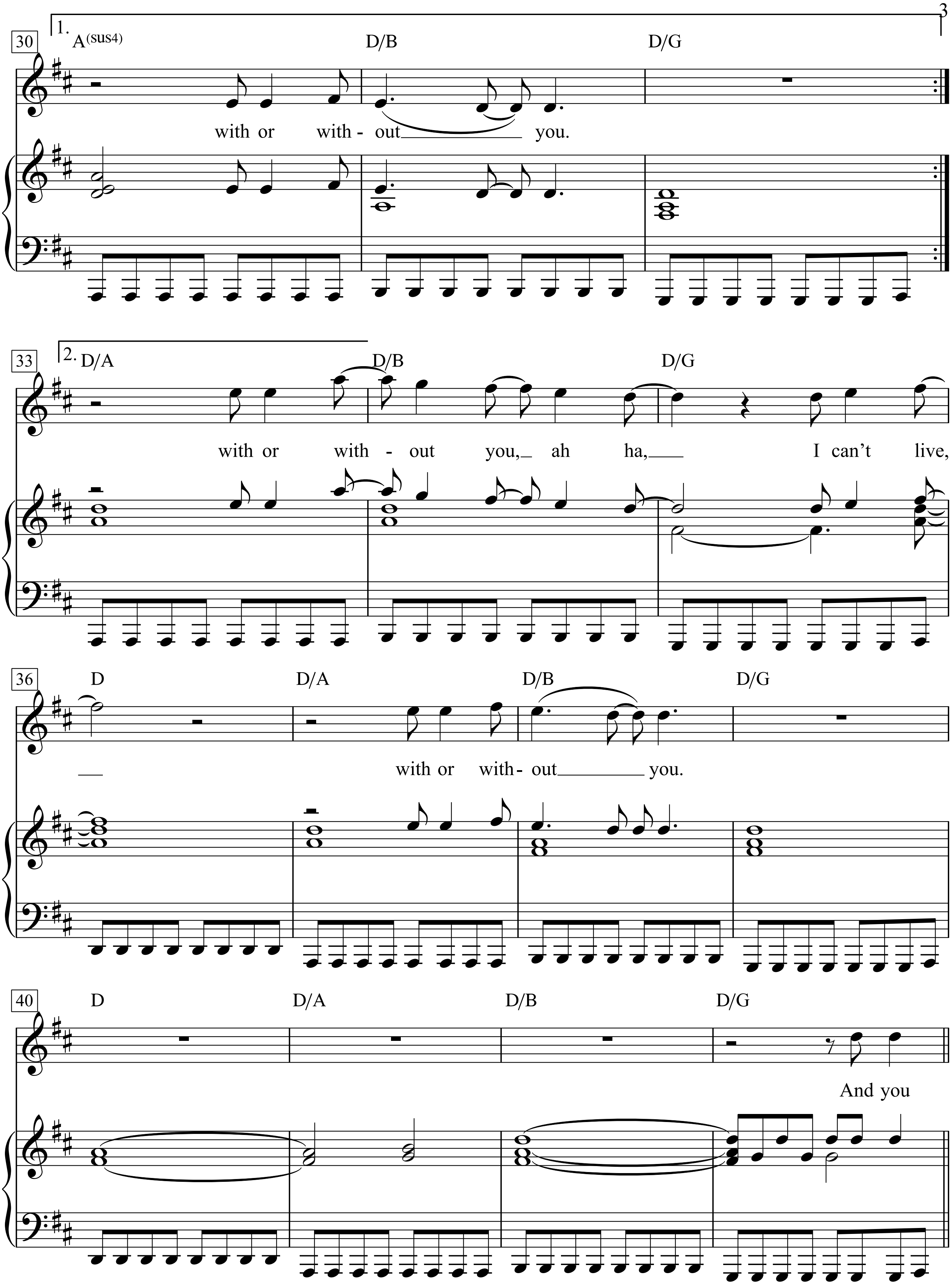
With Or Without You

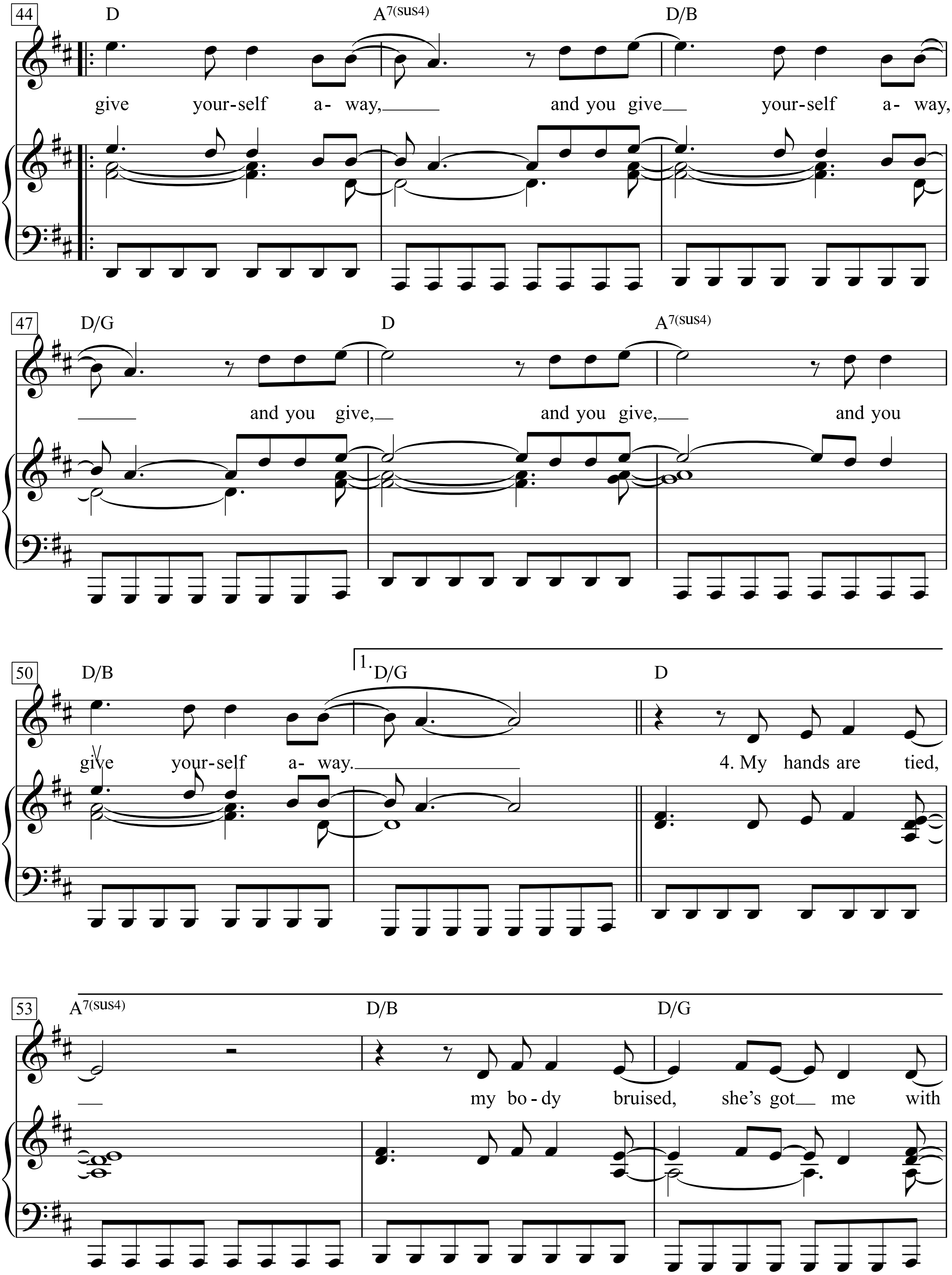
Words & Music by U 2
(U 2)

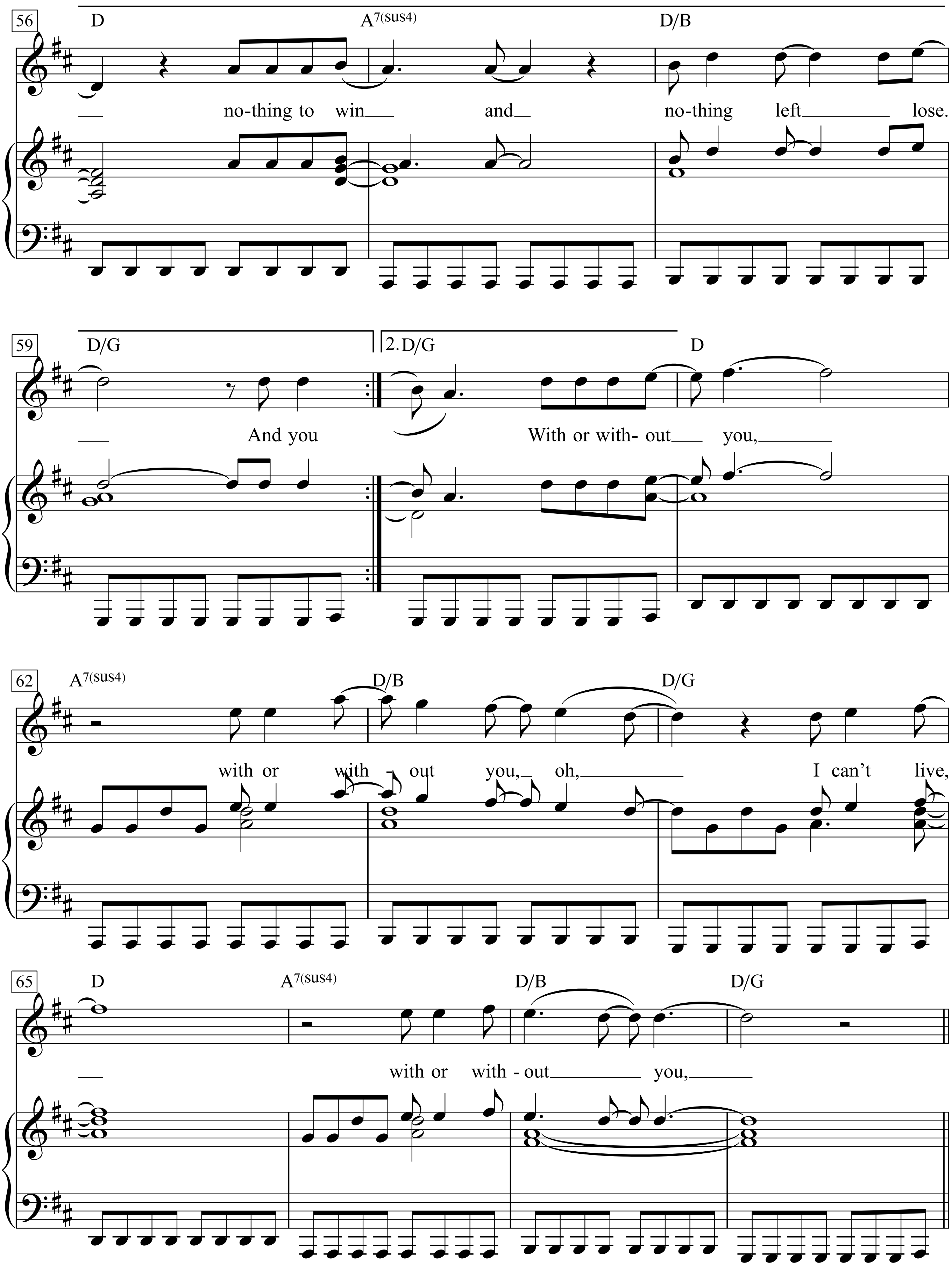
♩ = 112

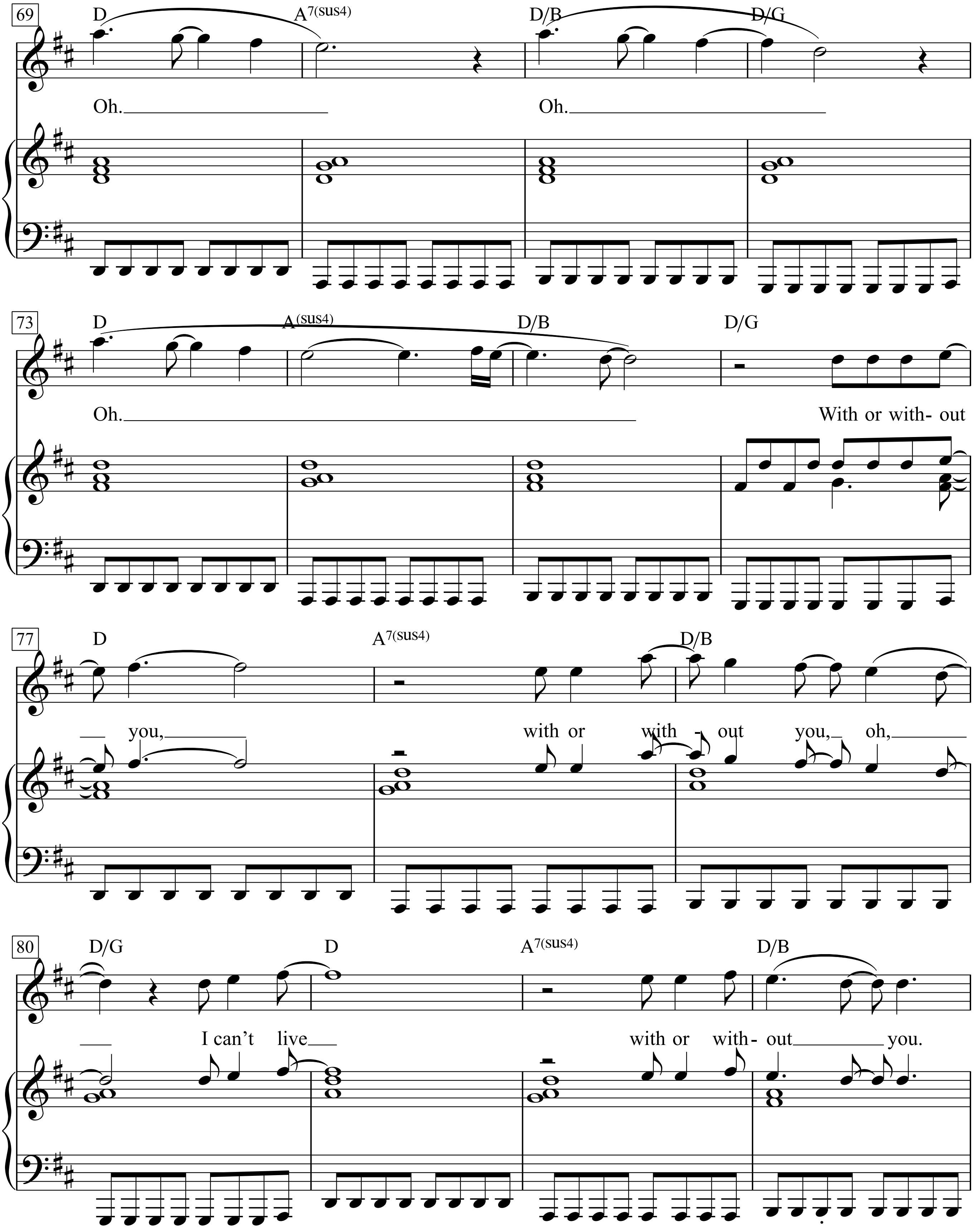


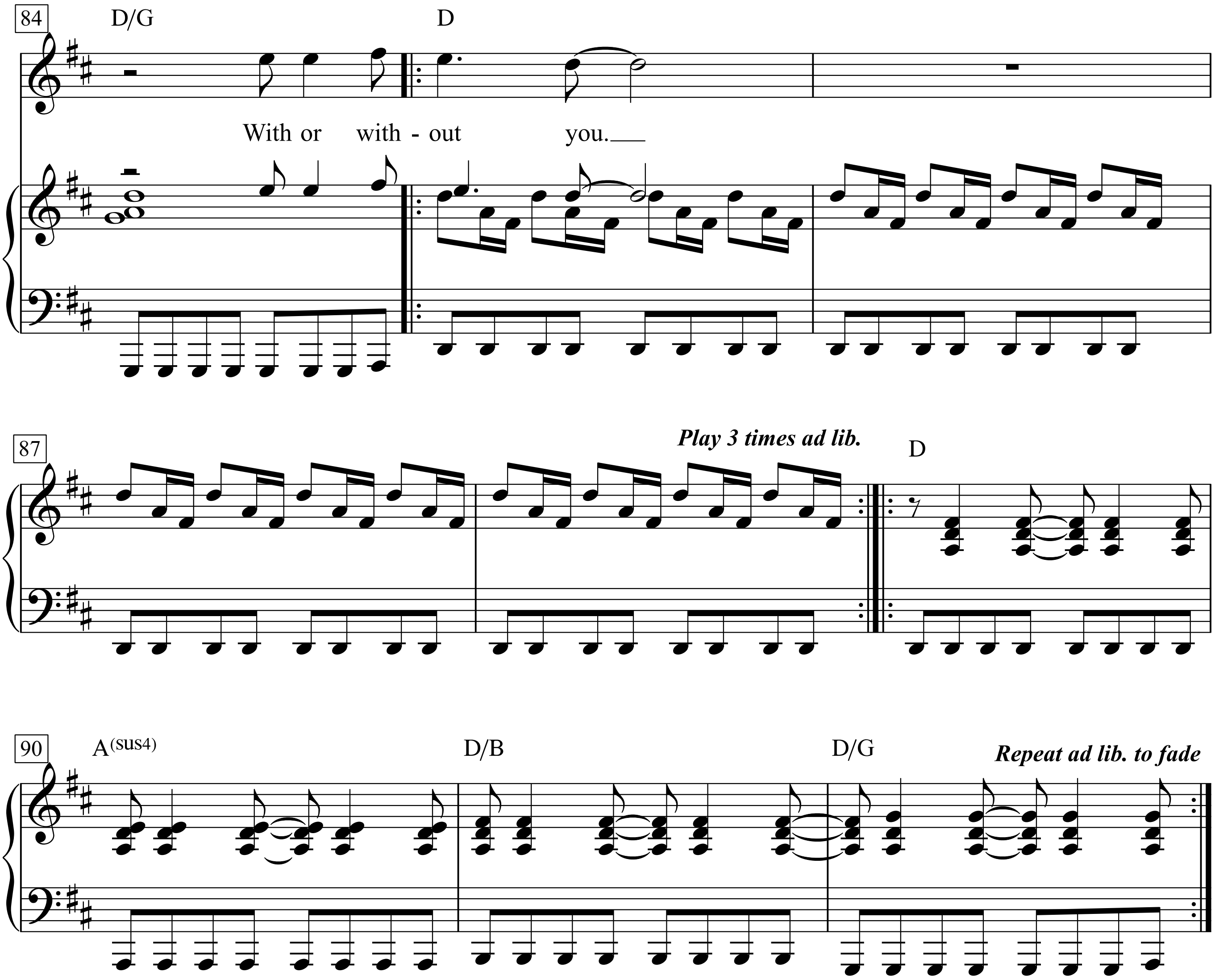

17
D
D/A
D/B
D/G
I'll wait for you.
21
D
D/A
D/B
2. Sleight of hand and twist of fate, on a bed of nails
3. Through the storm we reach the shore, you give it all
24
D/G
D
D/A
she makes me wait. And I wait with-out
but I want more. And I'm wait - - ing for
27
D/B
D/G
D
you, with or with-out you,
you ... With or with out you,


30
1.
A(sus4)
D/B
D/G
with or with - out you.
33
2.
D/A
D/B
D/G
with or with - out you, ah ha, I can't live,
36
D
D/A
D/B
D/G
with or with - out you.
40
D
D/A
D/B
D/G
And you


44
D
A7(sus4)
D/B
give your-self a- way, and you give your-self a- way,
47
D/G
D
A7(sus4)
and you give, and you give, and you
50
D/B
1. D/G
D
give your-self a- way. 4. My hands are tied,
53
A7(sus4)
D/B
D/G
my bo-dy bruised, she's got me with


56
D
A7(sus4)
D/B
nothing to win and nothing left lose.
59
D/G
2.D/G
D
And you
With or with- out you,
62
A7(sus4)
D/B
D/G
with or with - out you, oh,
I can't live,
65
D
A7(sus4)
D/B
D/G
with or with - out you,


69
D
A7(sus4)
D/B
D/G
Oh.
Oh.
73
D
A(sus4)
D/B
D/G
Oh.
With or with- out
77
D
A7(sus4)
D/B
you,
with or with - out you, oh,
80
D/G
D
A7(sus4)
D/B
I can't live
with or with- out you.


84
D/G
D
With or with - out you.
87
Play 3 times ad lib.
D
90
A(sus4)
D/B
D/G
Repeat ad lib. to fade

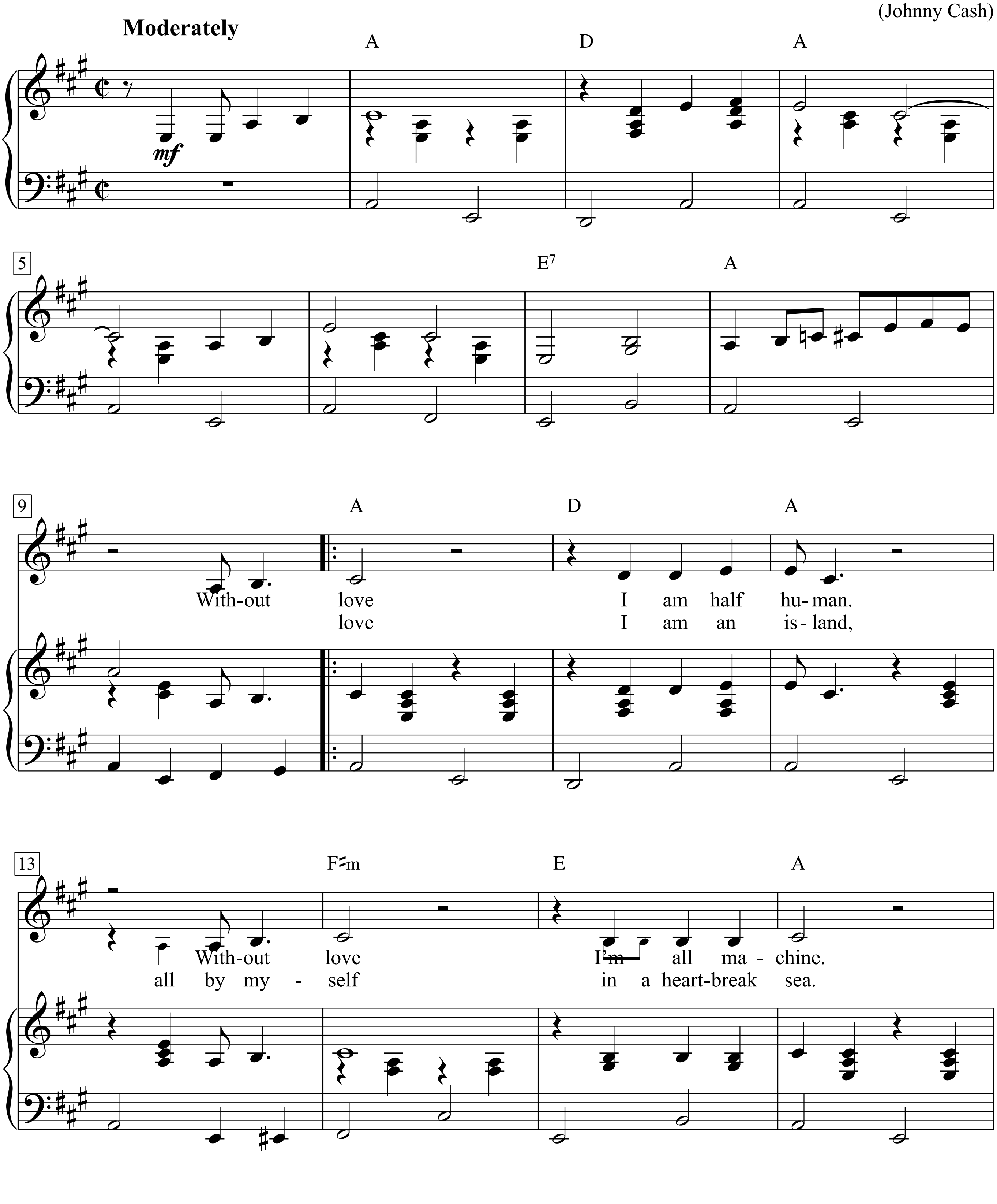
1. See the stone set in your eyes,
see the thorn twist in your side,
I'll wait for you.
2. Sleight of hand and twist of fate,
on a bed of nails she makes me wait.
And I wait without you, with or without you,
with or without you, with or without you,
ah ha, I can't live, with or without you.
And you give yourself away,
and you give yourself away,
and you give, and you give,
and you give yourself away.

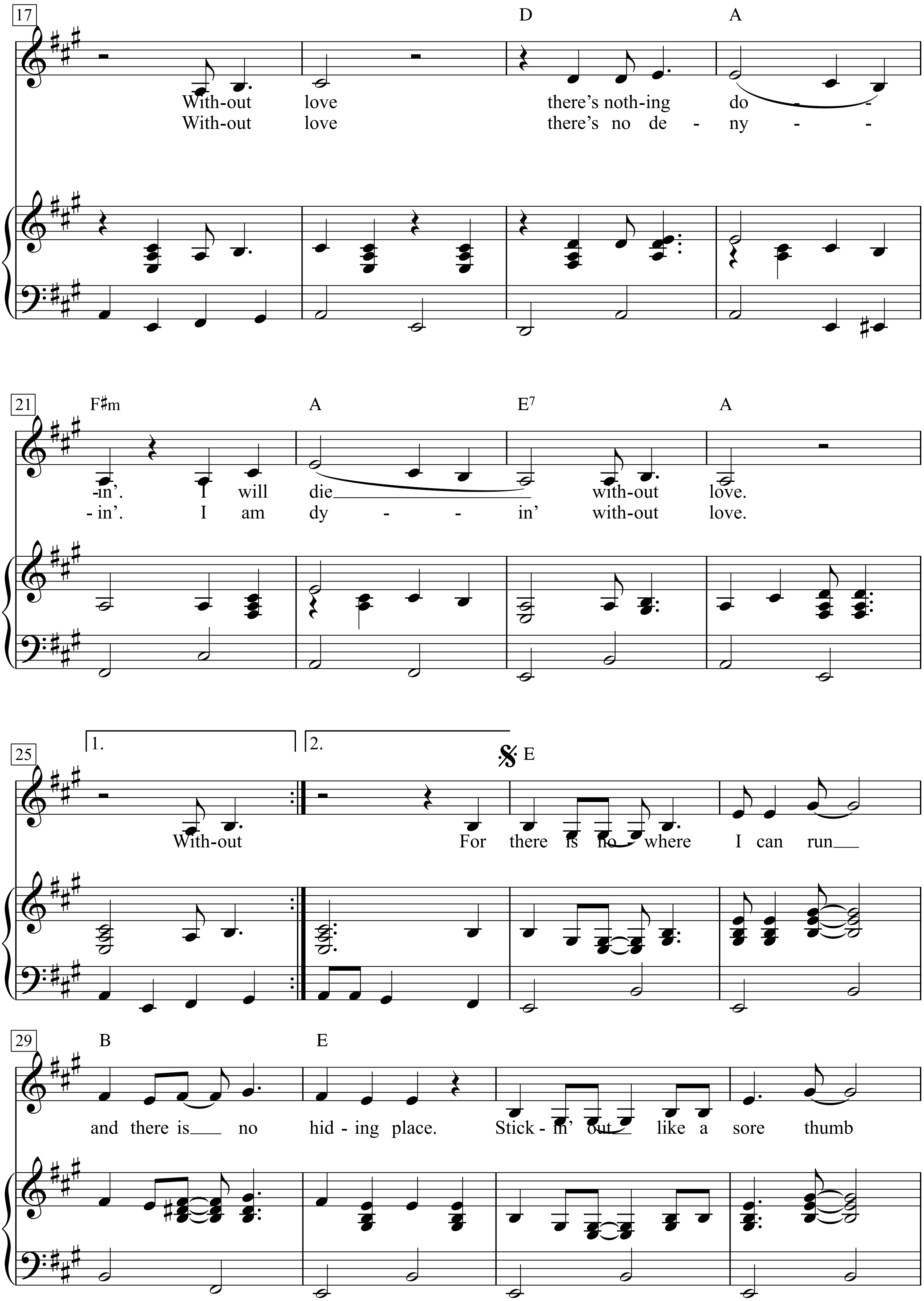
3. Through the storm we reach the shore,
you give it all but I want more.
And I'm waiting for you.
With or without you,

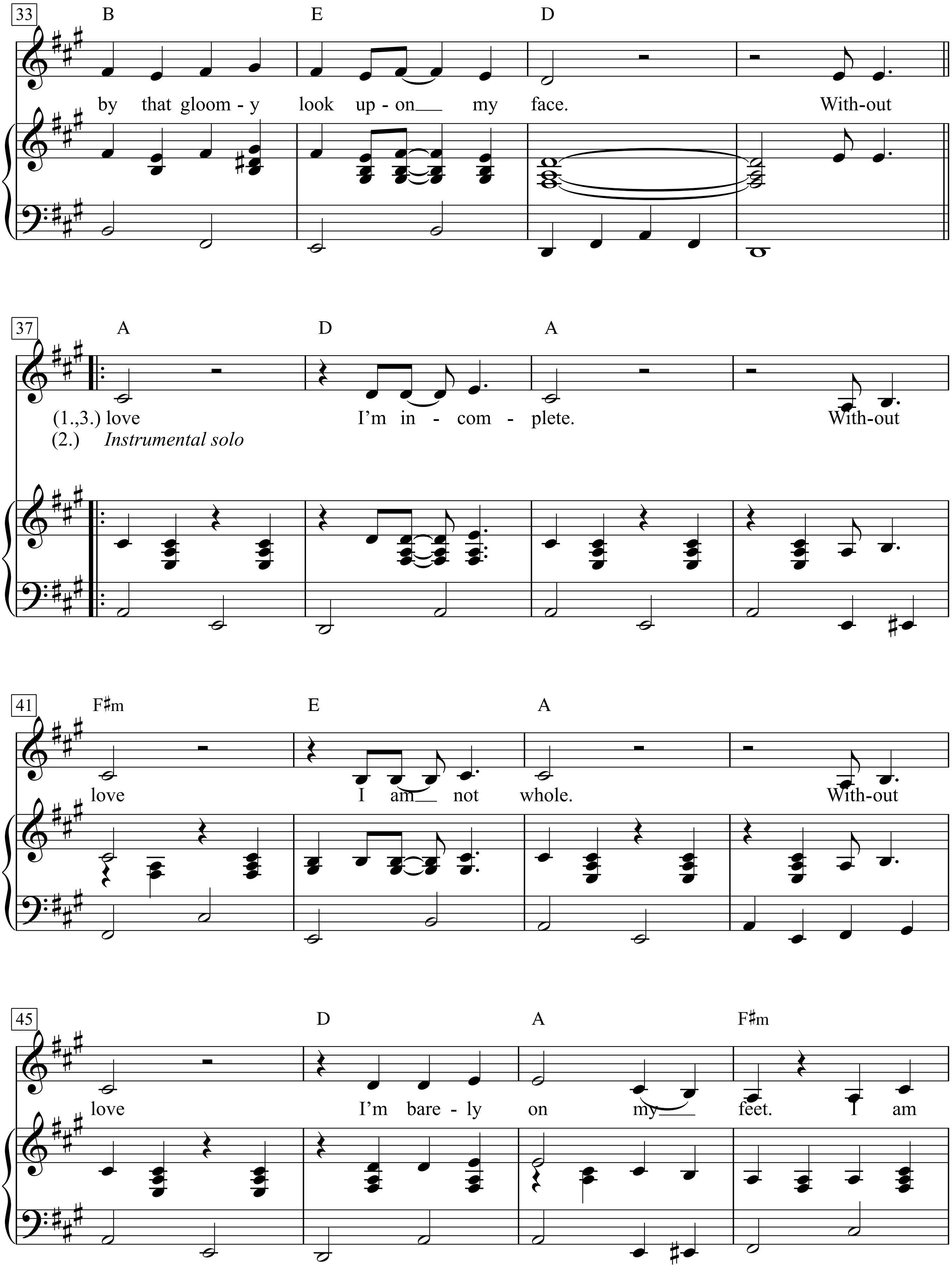
4. My hands are tied, my body bruised,
she's got me with nothing to win and nothing left lose.
And you
With or without you, with or without you, oh,
I can't live, with or without you,
Oh. Oh. Oh.With or without you, with or without you, oh,
I can't live with or without you.
With or without you.

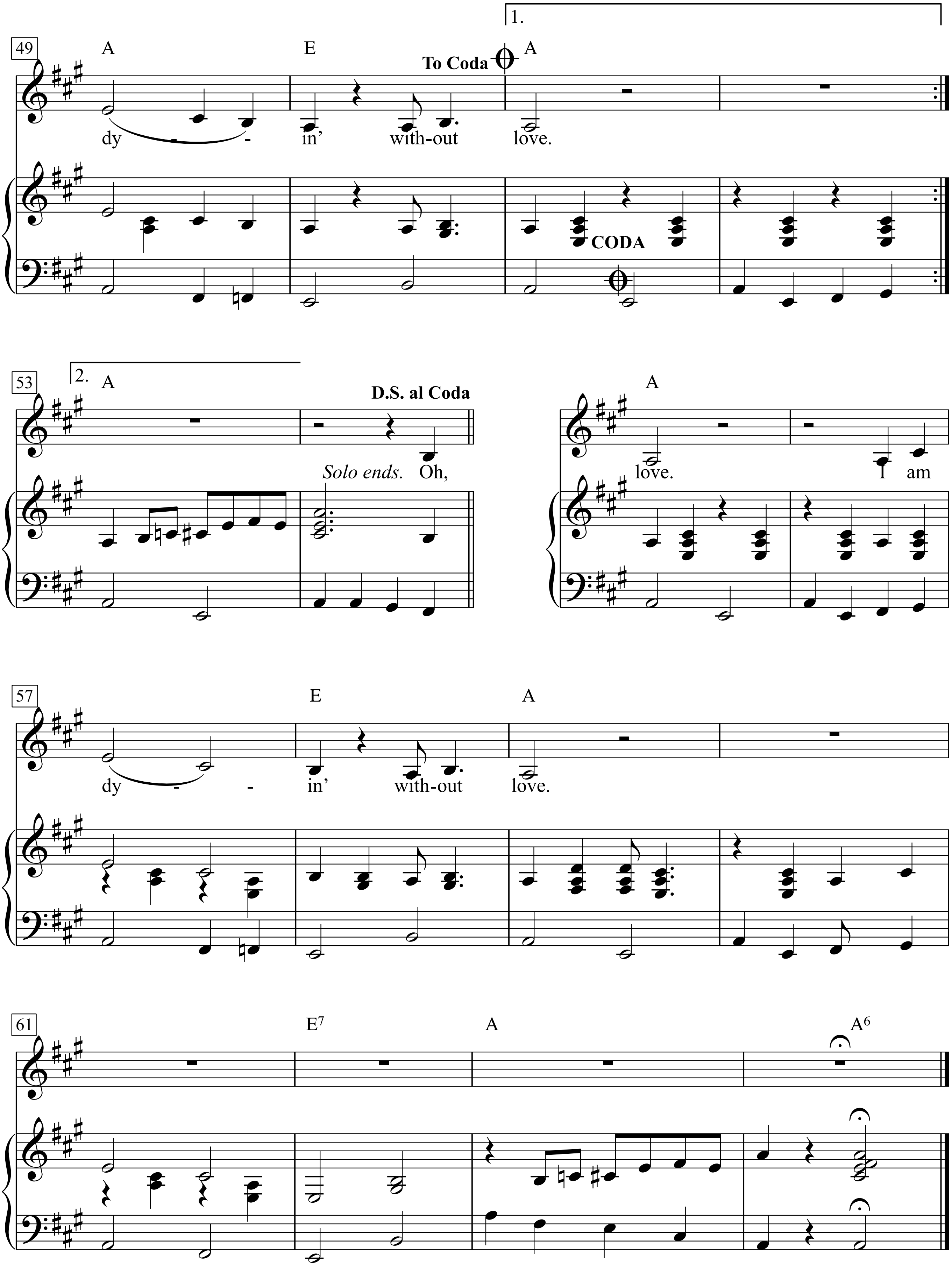
Without Love

Written by Nick Lowe
(Johnny Cash)




17
D
A
With-out love there's noth-ing do - -
With-out love there's no de - ny - -
21
F♯m
A
E7
A
-in'. I will die with-out love.
- in'. I am dy - - in' with-out love.
25
1.
2.
E
With-out
For there is no - where I can run
29
B
E
and there is no hid - ing place. Stick - in' out like a sore thumb


33
B E D
by that gloom - y look up - on my face. With-out
37
A D A
(1.,3.) love I'm in - com - plete. With-out
(2.) Instrumental solo
41
F♯m E A
love I am not whole. With-out
45
D A F♯m
love I'm bare - ly on my feet. I am

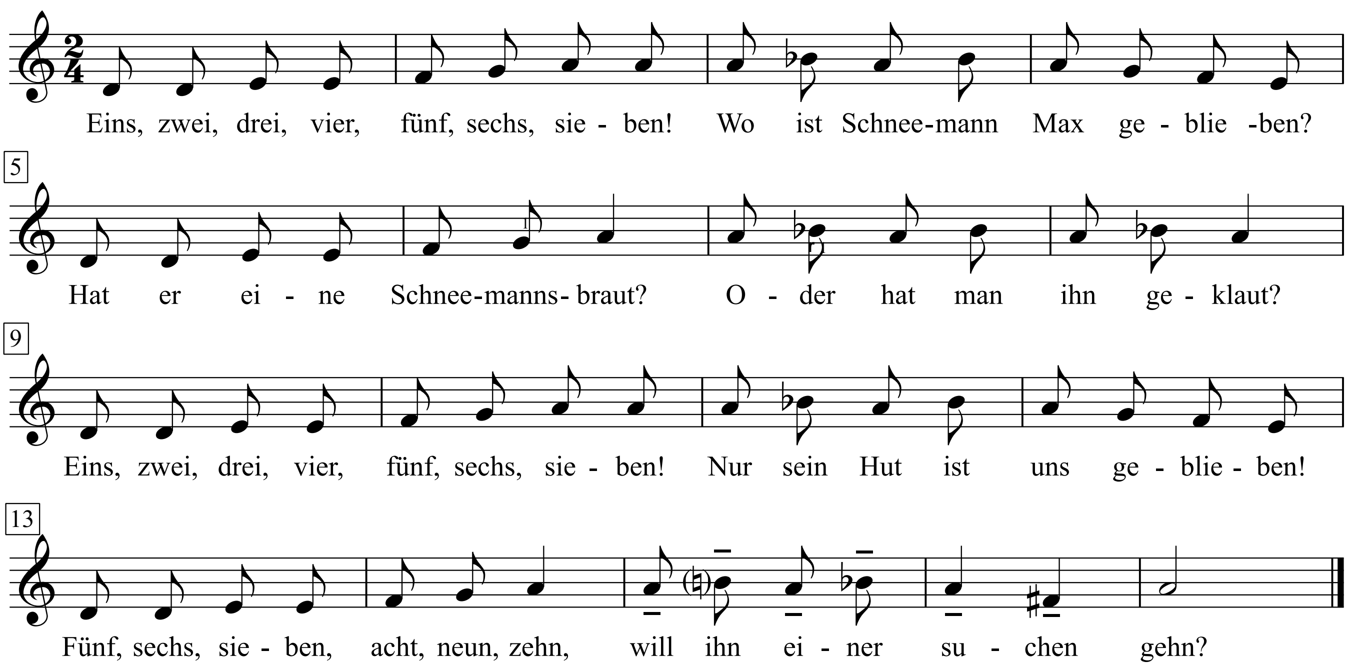

1.
49
A
E
To Coda
A
dy - in' with-out love.
CODA
53
2.
A
D.S. al Coda
Solo ends. Oh,
A
love. I am
57
E
A
dy - in' with-out love.
61
E7
A
A6

1. Without love I am half human.
Without love I'm all machine.
Without love there's nothing do in'.
I will die without love.
For there is nowhere I can run and there is no hiding place.
Stickin' out like a sore thumb by that gloomy look upon my face.
Without love I'm incomplete.
Without love I am not whole.
Without love I'm barely on my feet.
I am dyin' without love.
Oh, love. I am dyin' without love.

2. Without love I am an island, all by myself in a heartbreak sea.
Without love there's no denyin'.
I am dyin' without love.

Wo ist Schneemann Max geblieben?

Musik: Kurt Schwaen



Eins, zwei, drei, vier, fünf, sechs, sieben!
Wo ist Schneemann Max geblieben?
Hat er eine Schneemannsbraut?
Oder hat man ihn geklaut?

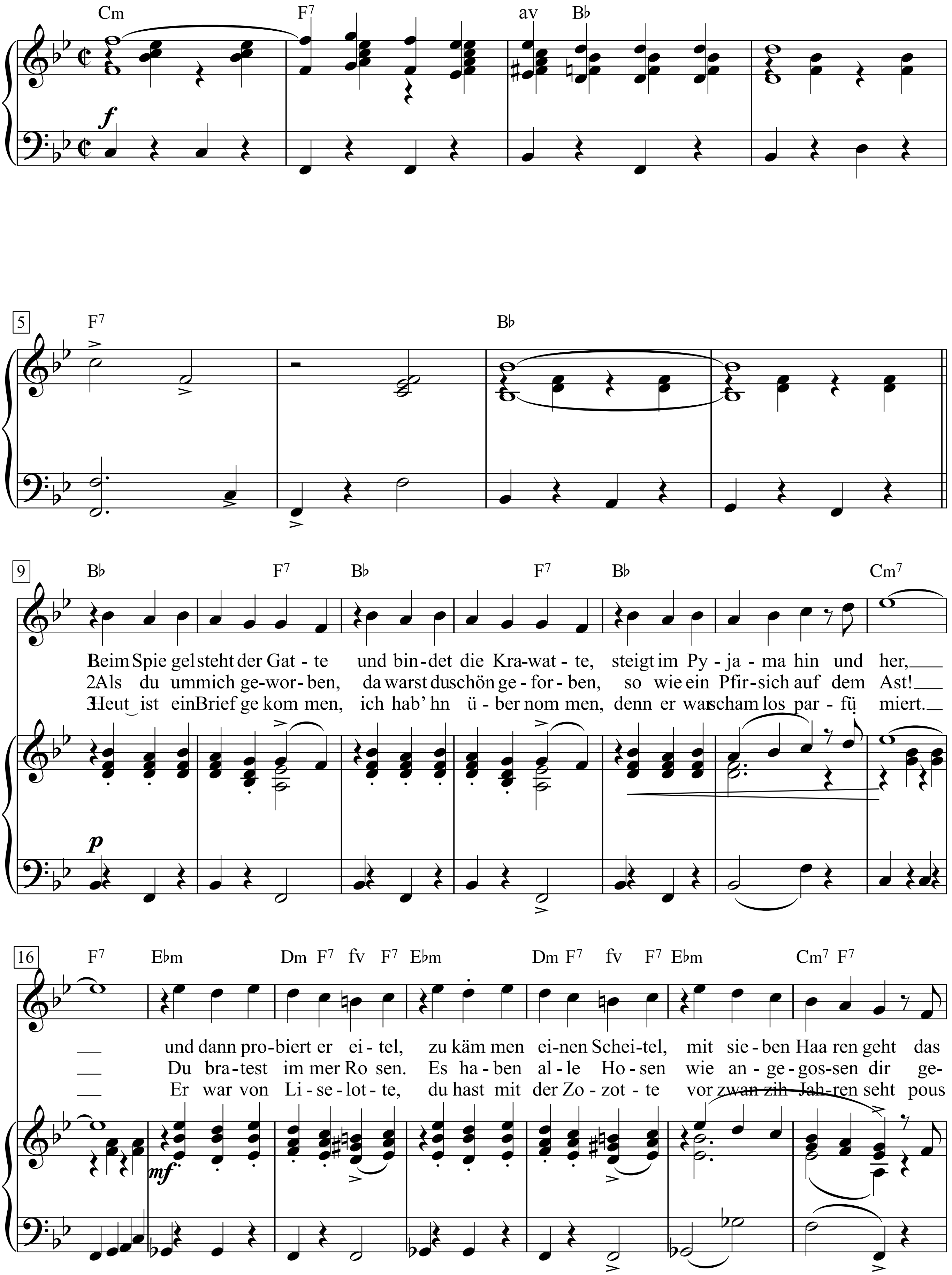
Eins, zwei, drei, vier, fünf, sechs, sieben!
Nur sein Hut ist uns geblieben!
Fünf, sechs, sieben, acht, neun, zehn,
will ihn einer suchen gehn?

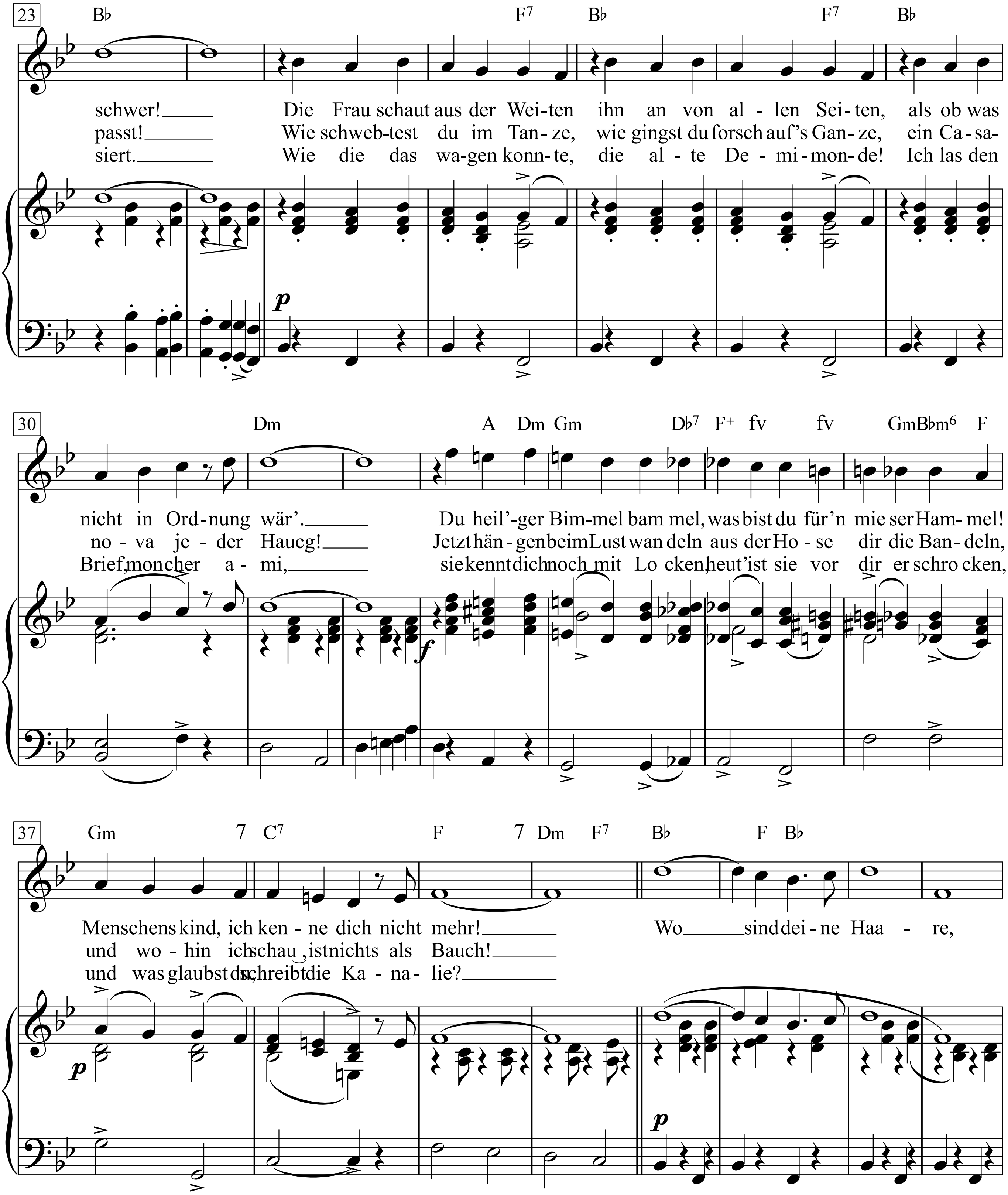
1

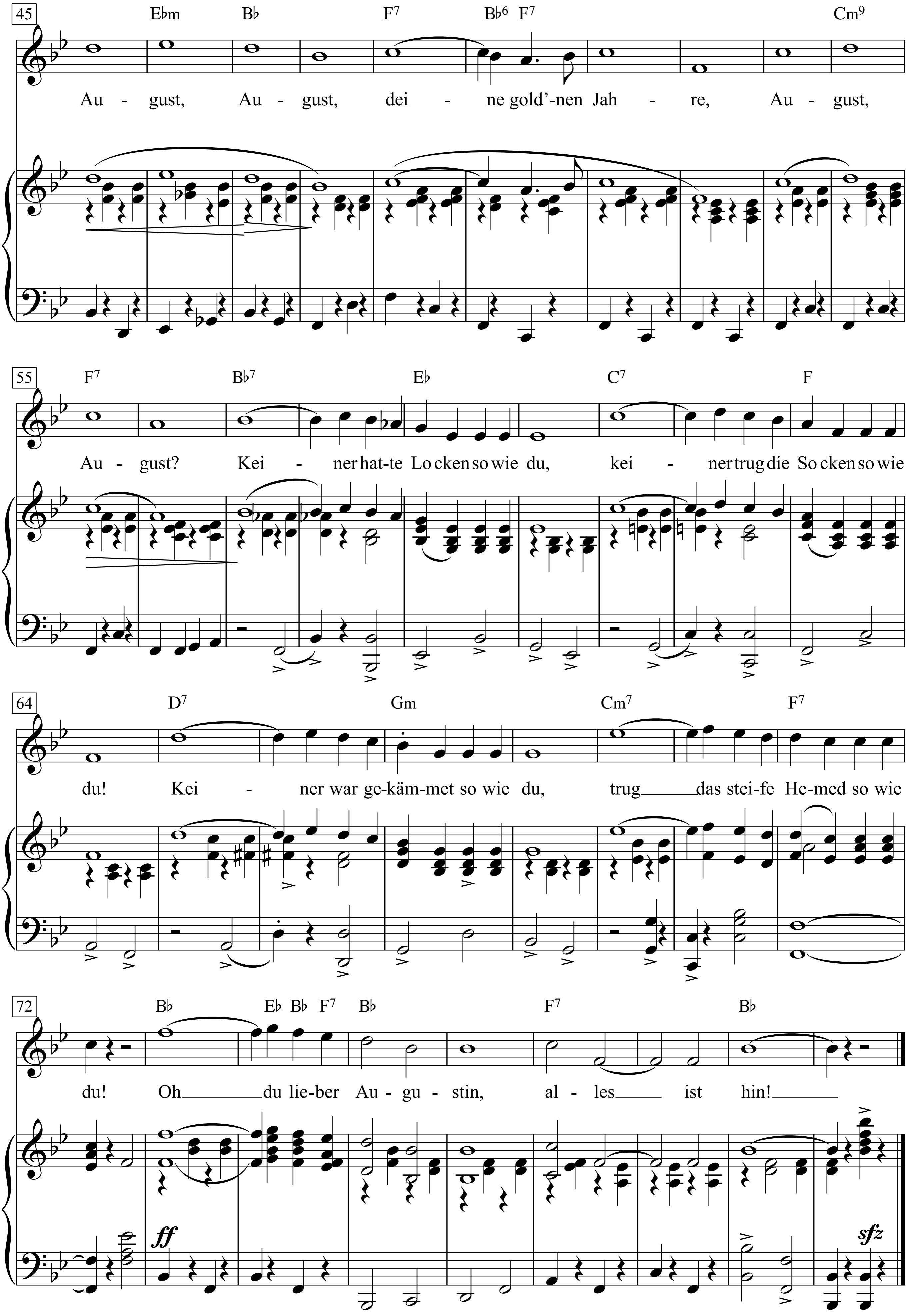
Wo sind deine Haare, August?

Fritz Löhner-Beda

Richard Fall



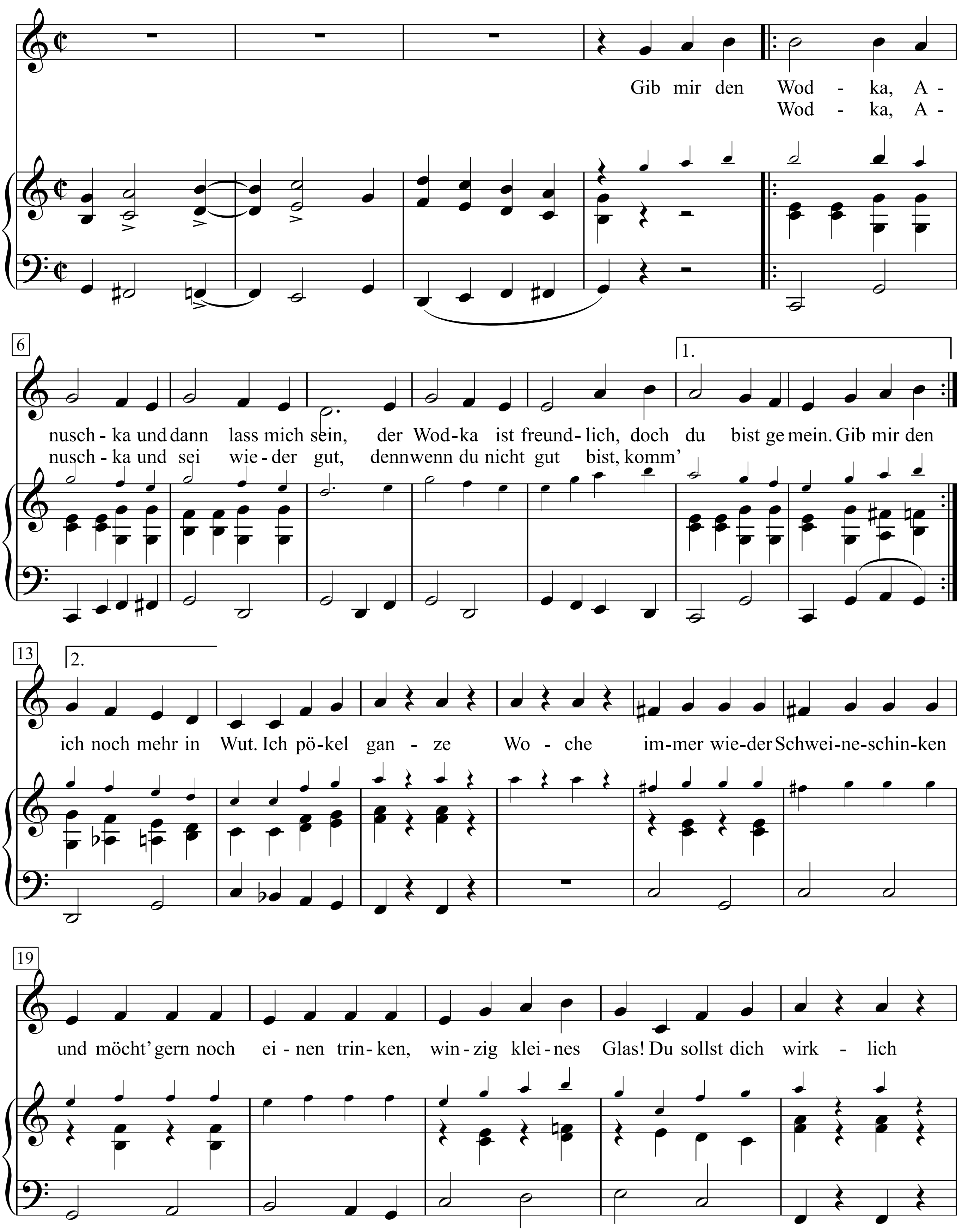

23
B♭ F7 B♭ F7 B♭
schwer! Die Frau schaut aus der Wei-ten ihn an von al - len Sei-ten, als ob was
passt! Wie schweb-test du im Tan-ze, wie gingst du forsch auf's Gan-ze, ein Ca-sa-
siert. Wie die das wa-gen konn-te, die al - te De - mi - mon-de! Ich las den
p
30
Dm A Dm Gm D♭7 F+ fv fv Gm B♭m6 F
nicht in Ord-nung wär'. Du heil'-ger Bim-mel bam mel, was bist du für'n mie ser Ham-mel!
no - va je - der Haucg! Jetzt hän - gen beim Lust wan deln aus der Ho - se dir die Ban-deln,
Brief, moncher a - mi, sie kennt dich noch mit Lo cken, heut' ist sie vor dir er schro cken,
f
37
Gm 7 C7 F 7 Dm F7 B♭ F B♭
Menschens kind, ich ken - ne dich nicht mehr! Wo sind dei - ne Haa - re,
und wo - hin ich schau, ist nichts als Bauch!
und was glaubst du, schreibt die Ka - na - lie?
p
p

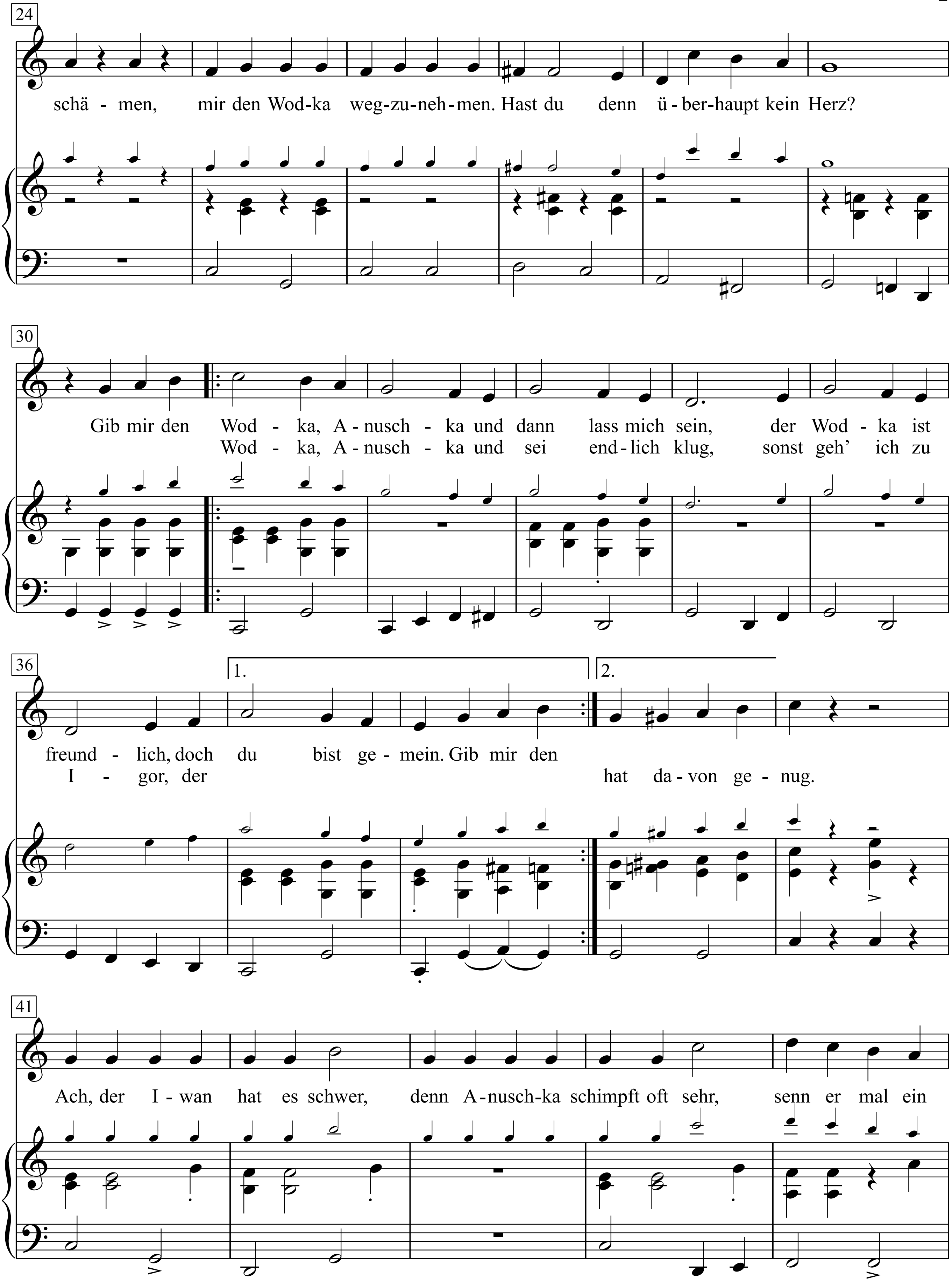

45
E♭m B♭ F7 B♭6 F7 Cm9
Au - gust, Au - gust, dei - ne gold'-nen Jah - re, Au - gust,
55
F7 B♭7 E♭ C7 F
Au - gust? Kei - ner hat-te Lo cken so wie du, kei - ner trug die So cken so wie
64
D7 Gm Cm7 F7
du! Kei - ner war ge-käm-met so wie du, trug das stei-fe He-med so wie
72
B♭ E♭ B♭ F7 B♭ F7 B♭
du! Oh du lie-ber Au - gu - stin, al - les ist hin!
ff
sfz

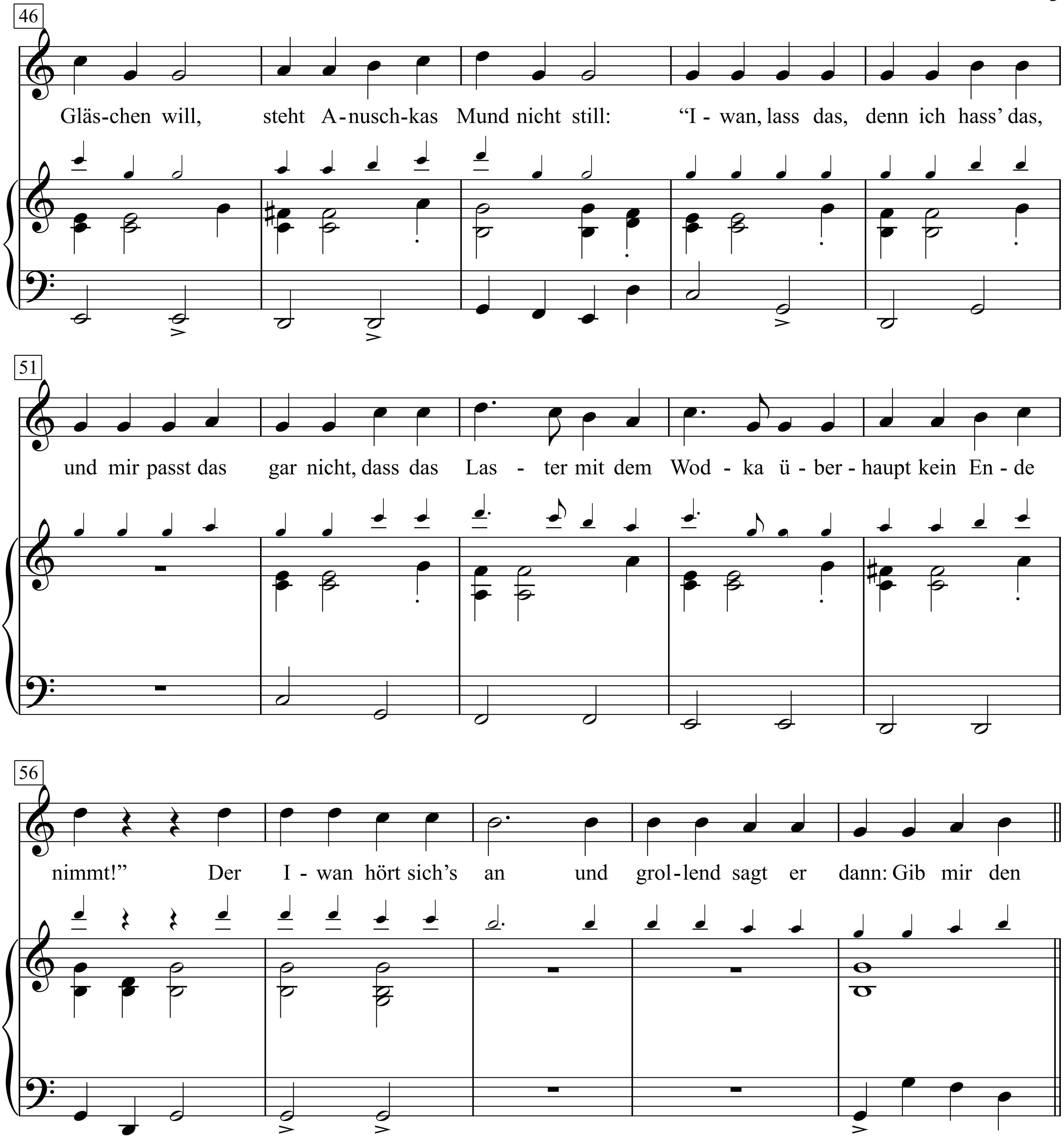
Wodka-Fox

Hans Arno Simon & Peter Steinbach

Hans Arno Simon




24
schä - men, mir den Wod-ka weg-zu-neh-men. Hast du denn ü-ber-haupt kein Herz?
30
Gib mir den Wod - ka, A-nusch - ka und dann lass mich sein, der Wod - ka ist
Wod - ka, A-nusch - ka und sei end-lich klug, sonst geh' ich zu
36
1.
2.
freund - lich, doch du bist ge-mein. Gib mir den
I - gor, der hat da-von ge - nug.
41
Ach, der I - wan hat es schwer, denn A-nusch-ka schimpft oft sehr, senn er mal ein


46
Gläs-chen will, steht A-nusch-kas Mund nicht still: “I - wan, lass das, denn ich hass’ das,
51
und mir passt das gar nicht, dass das Las - ter mit dem Wod - ka ü - ber - haupt kein En - de
56
nimmt!” Der I - wan hört sich’s an und grol-lend sagt er dann: Gib mir den

Refrain:
Gib mir den Wodka, Anuschka und dann lass mich sein,
der Wodka ist freundlich, doch du bist gemein.
Gib mir den Wodka, Anuschka und sei wieder gut,
denn wenn du nicht gut bist, komm' ich noch mehr in Wut.
Ich pökel ganze Woche immer wieder Schweineschinken
und möcht' gern noch einen trinken, winzig kleines Glas!
Du sollst dich wirklich schämen,
mir den Wodka wegzunehmen.
Hast du denn überhaupt kein Herz?

Vers:
Ach, der Iwan hat es schwer,
denn Anuschka schimpft oft sehr,
senn er mal ein Gläschen will,
steht Anuschkas Mund nicht still:
"Iwan, lass das, denn ich hass' das,
und mir passt das gar nicht, dass das Laster
mit dem Wodka überhaupt kein Ende nimmt!"
Der Iwan hört sich's an und grollend sagt er dann:

Vers:
Ach, der Iwan hat es schwer,
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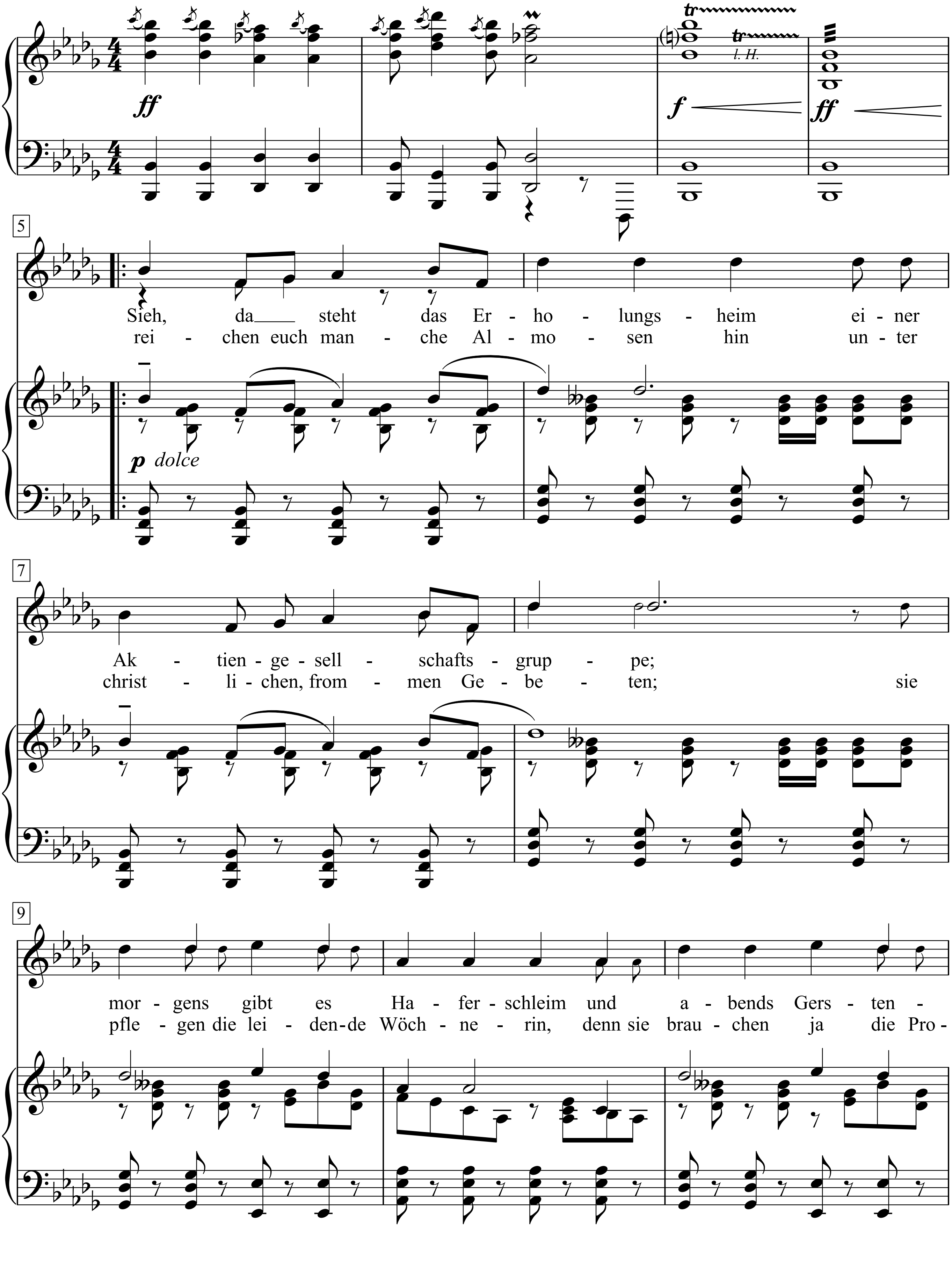
"Iwan, lass das, denn ich hass' das,
und mir passt das gar nicht, dass das Laster
mit dem Wodka überhaupt kein Ende nimmt!"
Der Iwan hört sich's an und grollend sagt er dann:
Gib mir denGib mir den Wodka, Anuschka und dann lass mich sein,
der Wodka ist freundlich, doch du bist gemein.
Gib mir den Wodka, Anuschka und sei endlich klug,
sonst geh' ich zu Igor, der hat davon genug.

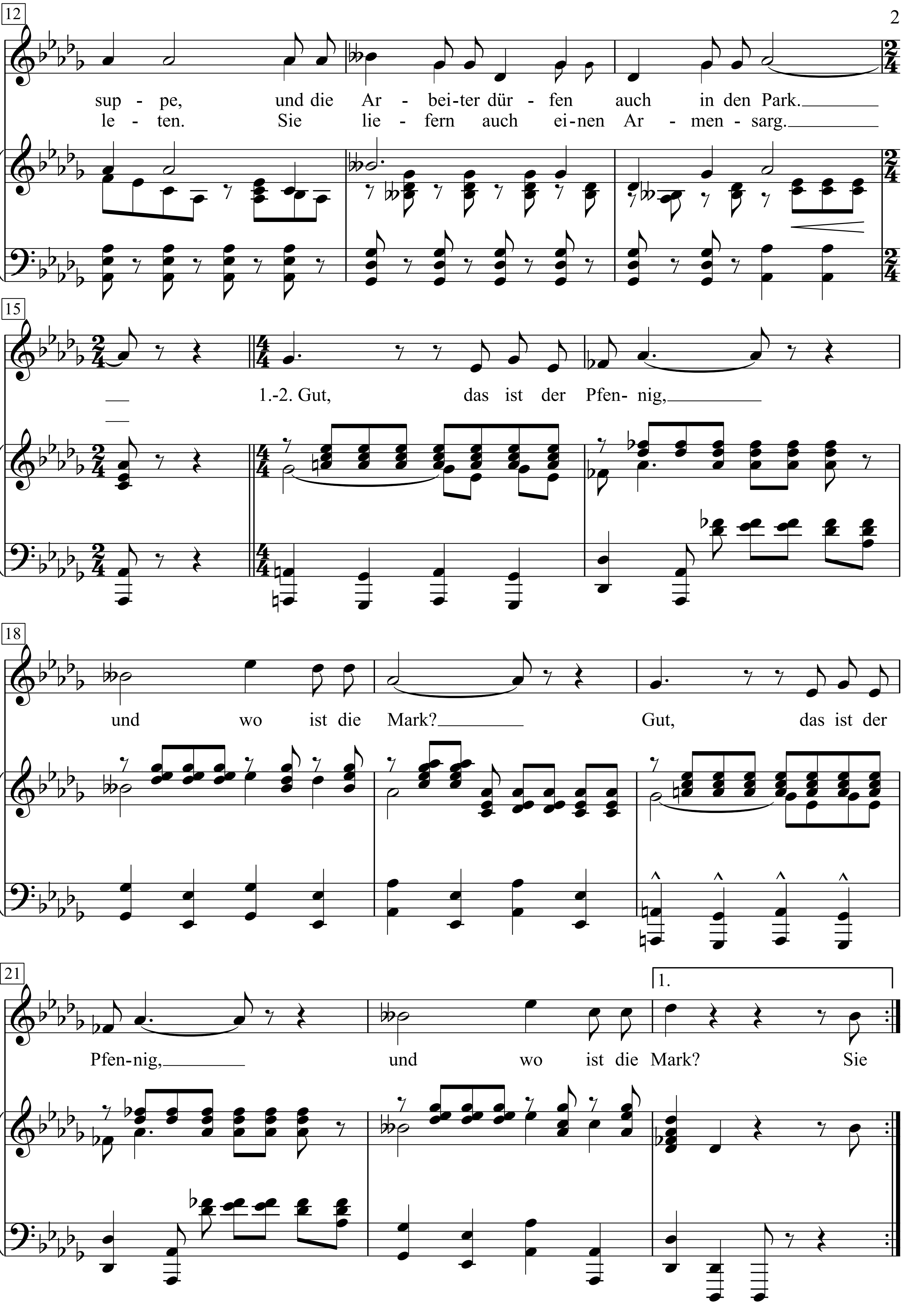
Wohltätigkeit

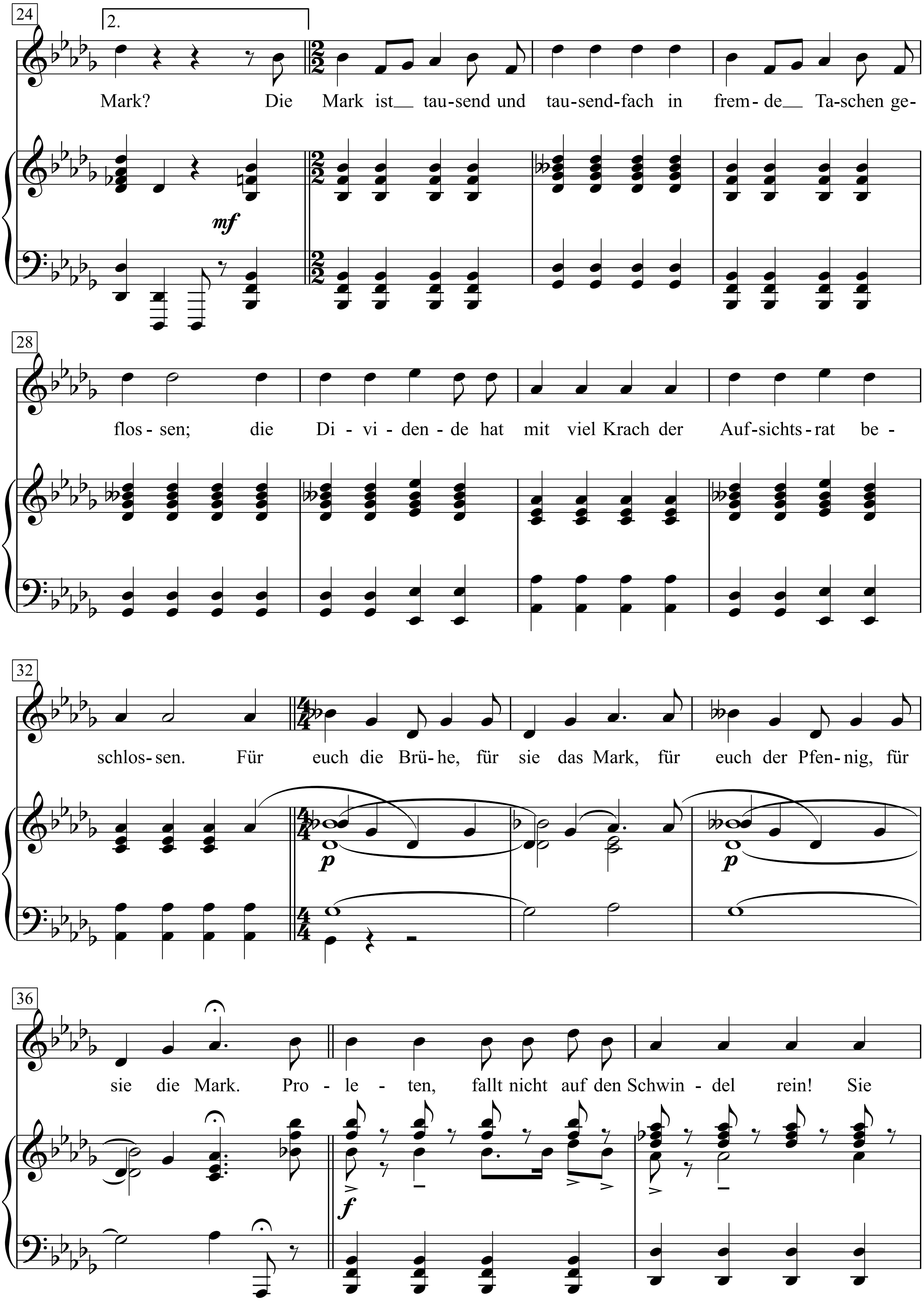
Op. 22-2 (1928)

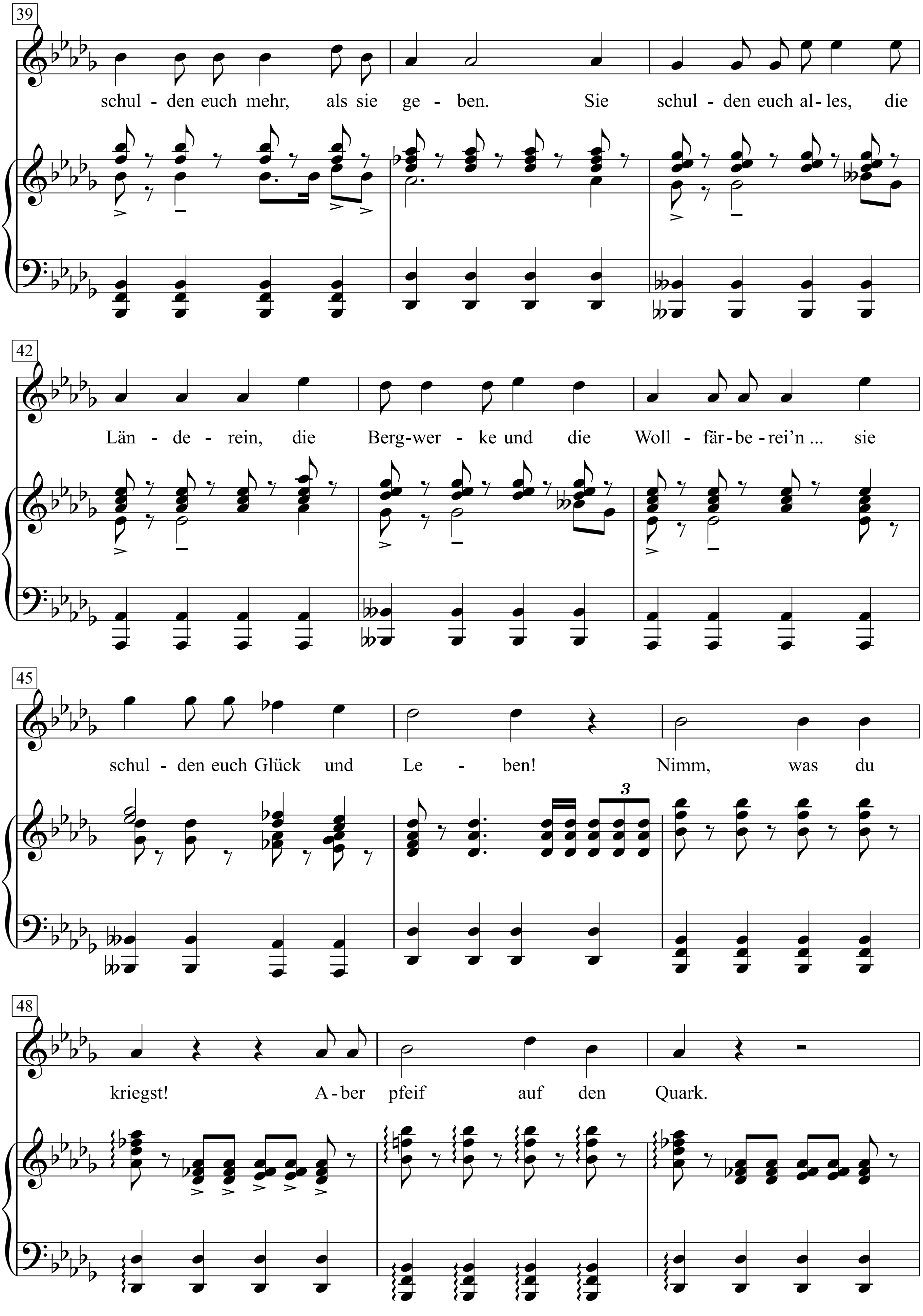
Kurt Tucholsky

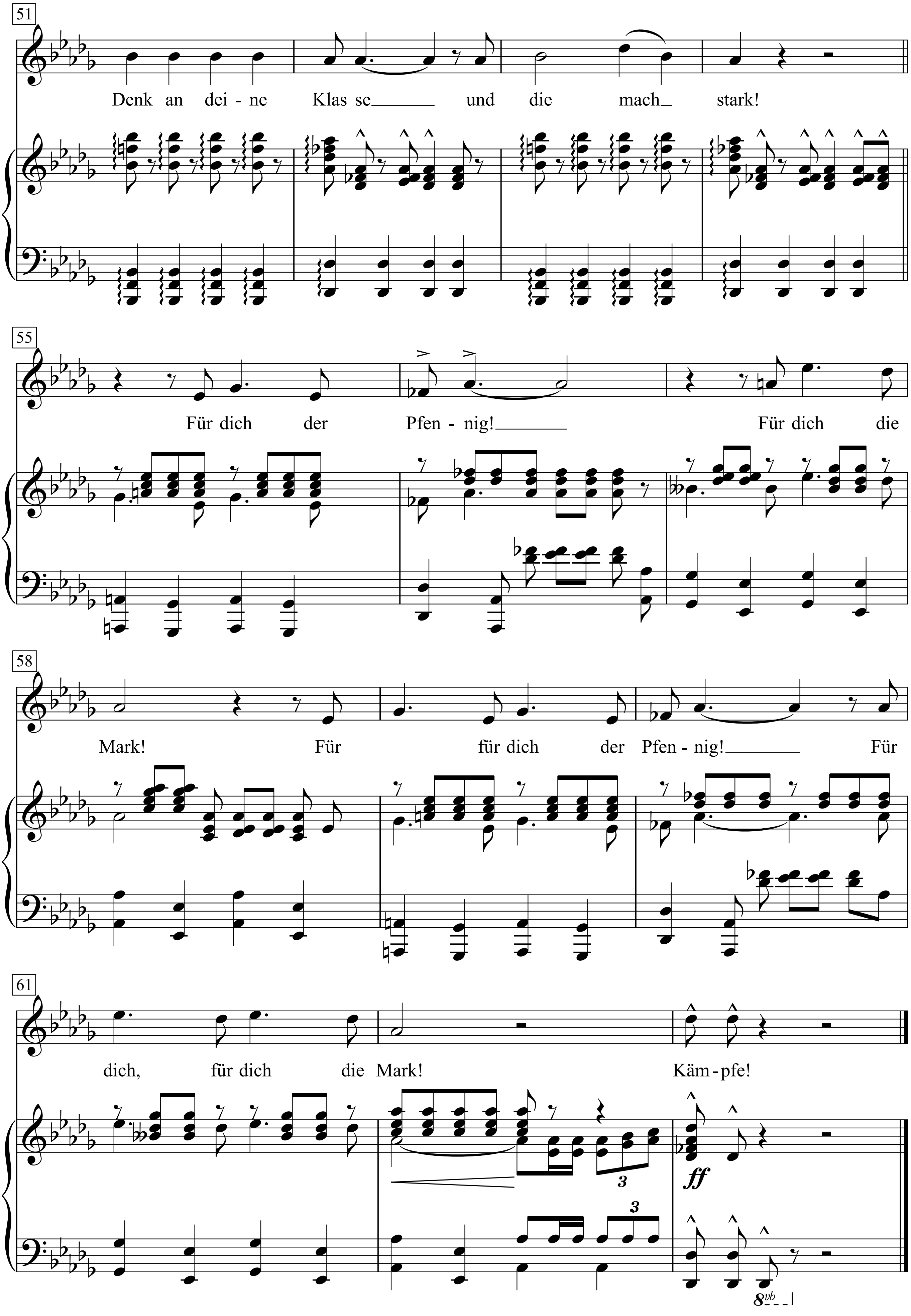
Hanns Eisler




12
sup - pe, und die Ar - bei-ter dür - fen auch in den Park.
le - ten. Sie lie - fern auch ei-nen Ar - men - sarg.
15
1.-2. Gut, das ist der Pfen- nig,
18
und wo ist die Mark?
Gut, das ist der
21
Pfen-nig,
und wo ist die Mark?
1.
Sie


24
2.
Mark? Die Mark ist__ tau-send und tau-send-fach in frem-de__ Ta-schen ge-
mf
28
flos-sen; die Di-vi-den-de hat mit viel Krach der Auf-sichts-rat be-
32
schlos-sen. Für euch die Brü-he, für sie das Mark, für euch der Pfen-nig, für
p
p
36
sie die Mark. Pro-le-ten, fallt nicht auf den Schwin-del rein! Sie
f


39
schul - den euch mehr, als sie ge - ben. Sie schul - den euch al - les, die
42
Län - de - rein, die Berg-wer - ke und die Woll - fär-be - rei'n ... sie
45
schul - den euch Glück und Le - ben! Nimm, was du
3
48
kriegst! A - ber pfeif auf den Quark.


51
Denk an dei - ne Klas se und die mach stark!
55
Für dich der Pfen - nig!
Für dich die
58
Mark! Für für dich der Pfen - nig! Für
61
dich, für dich die Mark! Käm - pfe!
3
ff
3
8vb

1. Sieh, da steht das Erholungsheim
einer Aktiengesellschaftsgruppe;
morgens gibt es Haferschleim
und abends Gerstensuppe,
und die Arbeiter dürfen auch in den Park.

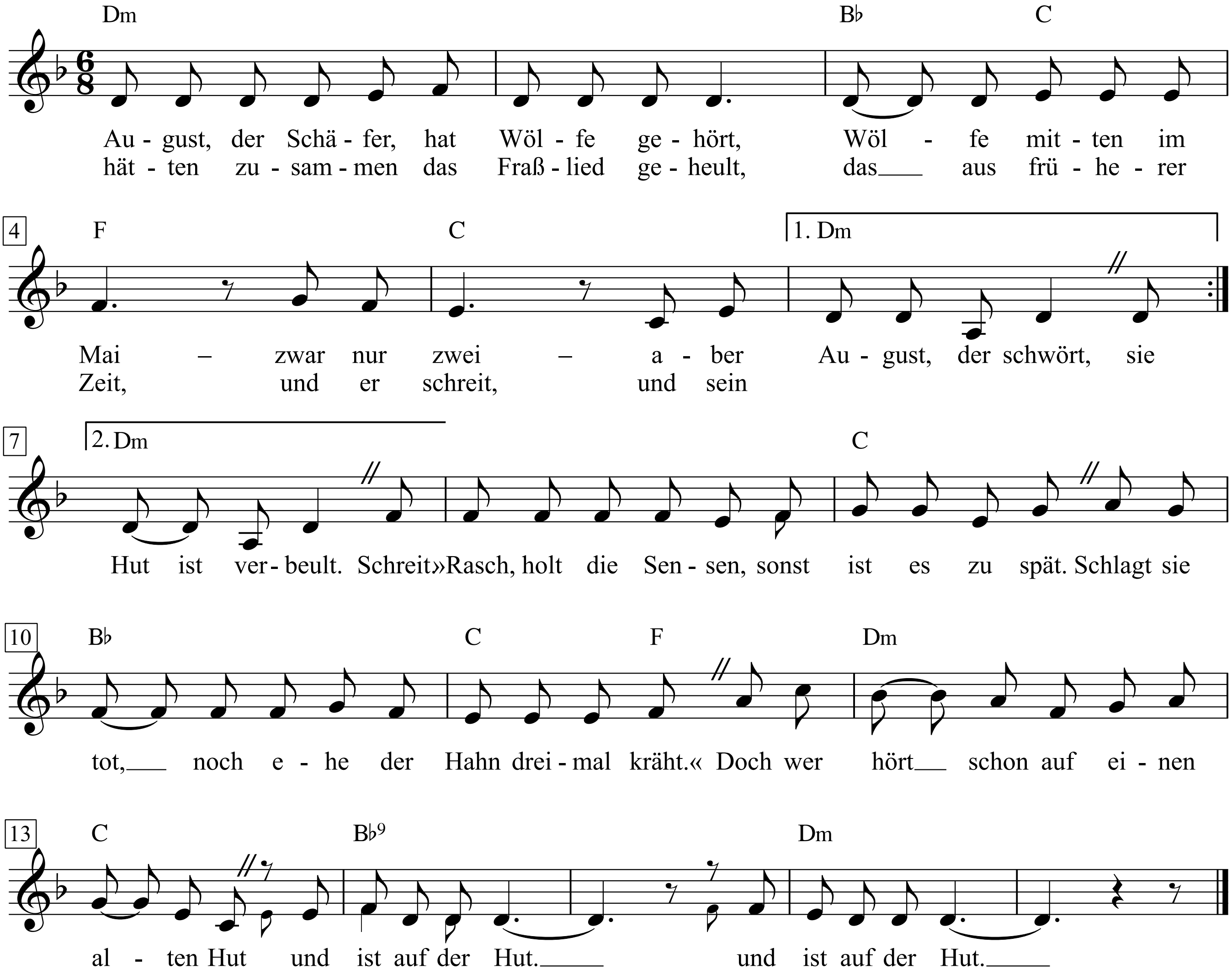
Gut, das ist der Pfennig, und wo ist die Mark?
Gut, das ist der Pfennig, und wo ist die Mark?
Die Mark ist tausend und tausendfach
in fremde Taschen geflossen;
die Dividende hat mit viel Krach
der Aufsichtsrat beschlossen.
Für euch die Brühe, für sie das Mark,
für euch der Pfennig, für sie die Mark.
Proleten, fallt nicht auf den Schwindel rein!
Sie schulden euch mehr, als sie geben.
Sie schulden euch alles, die Länderein,
die Bergwerke und die Wollfärberei'n ...
sie schulden euch Glück und Leben!
Nimm, was du kriegst! Aber pfeif auf den Quark.
Denk an deine Klasse und die mach stark!
Für dich der Pfennig!
Für dich die Mark!
Für dich, für dich der Pfennig!
Für dich, für dich die Mark!
Kämpfe!

2. Sie reichen euch manche Almosen hin
unter christlichen, frommen Gebeten;
sie pflegen die leidende Wöchnerin,
denn sie brauchen ja die Proleten.
Sie liefern auch einen Armensarg.

Gut, das ist der Pfennig, und wo ist die Mark ...

Wölfe mitten im Mai

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



1. August, der Schäfer, hat Wölfe gehört,
Wölfe mitten im Mai
– zwar nur zwei –,
aber August, der schwört,
sie hätten zusammen das Fraßlied geheult,
das aus früherer Zeit,
und er schreit,
und sein Hut ist verbeult.
Schreit. »Rasch, holt die Sensen, sonst ist es zu spät.
Schlagt sie tot, noch ehe der Hahn dreimal kräht.«
Doch wer hört schon auf einen alten Hut
und ist auf der Hut, und ist auf der Hut.

2. August, der Schäfer, ward nie mehr gesehn,
nur sein alter Hut
voller Blut
schwamm im Bach. Zirka zehn
hat dann später das Dorfhexenkind
nachts im Steinbruch entdeckt,
blutbefleckt
und die Schnauzen im Wind.
Dem Kind hat die Mutter den Mund zugehext,
hat geflüstert: »Bist still oder du verreckst.
Wer den bösen Wolf nicht vergisst, mein Kind,
bleibt immer ein Kind.«

3. Schon schnappten Hunde den Wind, und im Hag
rochen Rosen nach Aas.
Kein Schwein fraß.
Eulen jagten am Tag.
Hühner verscharrten die Eier im Sand,
Speck im Fang wurde weich,
aus dem Teich
krochen Karpfen ans Land.
Da haben die Greise zahnlos gelacht
und gezischelt: »Wir haben's ja gleich gesagt.
Düngt die Felder wieder mit altem Mist,
sonst ist alles Mist.«

4. Dann, zu Johannis, beim Feuertanzfest
– keiner weiß heute mehr wie –,
waren sie
plötzlich da. Aus Geäst
sprangen sie in den Tanzkreis; zu schnell
bissen Bräute ins Gras,
und zu blass
schien der Mond; aber hell,
hell brannte Feuer aus trockenem Moos,
brannte der Wald bis hinunter zum Fluss.
»Kinder, spielt, vom Rauch dort wissen wir nichts
und riechen auch nichts.«

5. »Jetzt kommen Zeiten, da heißt es, heraus
mit dem Gold aus dem Mund.
Seid klug und
wühlt euch Gräben ums Haus.
Gebt eure Töchter dem rohesten Knecht,
jenem, der noch zur Not
nicht nur Brot
mit den Zähnen aufbricht.«
So sang der verschmuddelte Bauchladenmann
und pries Amulette aus Wolfszähnen an.
»Wickelt Stroh und Stacheldraht um den Hals
und haltet den Hals.«

6. Was ist dann doch in den Häusern passiert?
Bisse in Balken und Bett.
Welches Fett
hat den Rauchfang verschmiert?
Wer gab den Wölfen die Kreide, das Mehl,
stäubte die Pfoten weiß?
Welcher Geiß
glich das Ziegengebell?
Und hat sich ein siebentes Geißlein versteckt?
Wurden Wackersteine im Brunnen entdeckt?
Viele Fragen, die nur einer hören will,
der stören will.

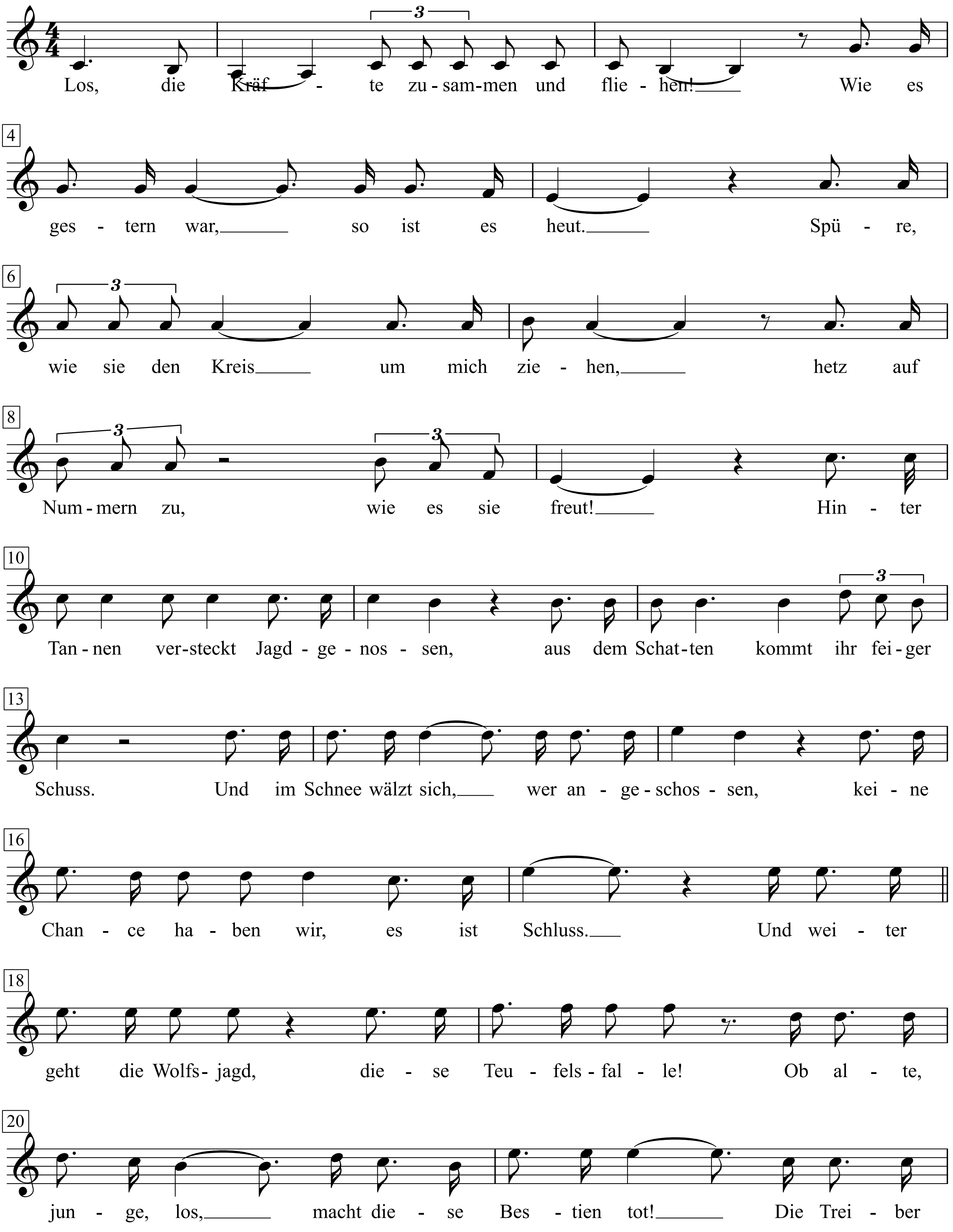
7. Doch jener Knecht mit dem Wildschweingebrech
– heut' ein Touristenziel –
weiß, wieviel
da geschah. Aber frech
hockt er im Käfig, frisst Blutwurst und lacht,
wenn man ihn fragt. Und nur
Schlag Null Uhr
zur Johannisnacht,
wenn von den Bergen das Feuerrad springt,
die Touristenschar fröhlich das Fraßlied singt,
beißt er wild ins Gitter, schreit: »Schluss mit dem Lied,
's ist ein garstig Lied.«

8. August, der Schäfer, hat Wölfe gehört,
Wölfe mitten im Mai,
mehr als zwei.
Und der Schäfer, der schwört,
sie hätten zusammen das Fraßlied geheult,
das aus früherer Zeit,
und er schreit;
und sein Hut ist verbeult.
Schreit: »Rasch, holt die Sensen, sonst ist es zu spät,
schlagt sie tot, noch ehe der Hahn dreimal kräht.«
Doch wer hört schon auf einen alten Hut
und ist auf der Hut?

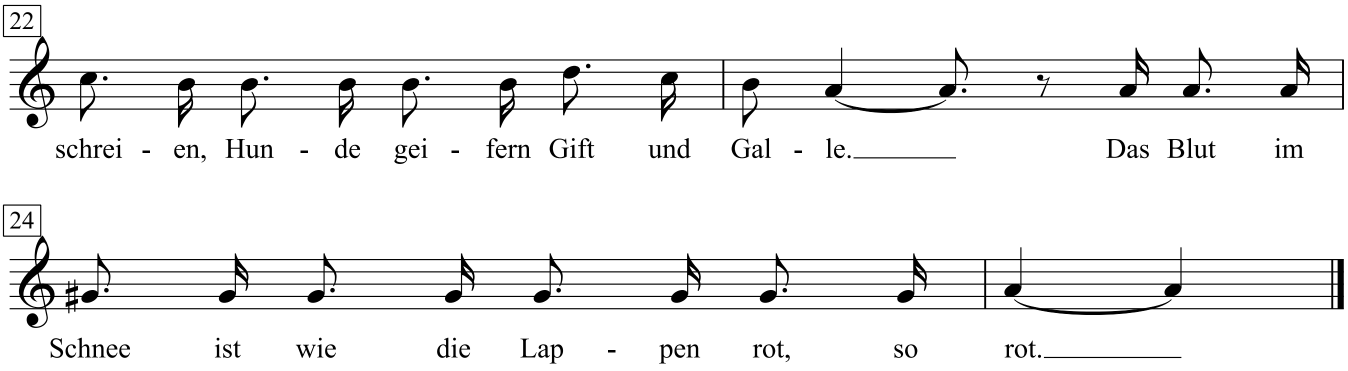
Wolfsjagd - Охота на волков

deutsche Nachdichtung: Reinhold Andert

Text & Musik: Wladimir Wyssozki
(1967, 1972)



Wladimir Wyssozki - Zerreißt mir nicht meine silbernen Saiten, S. 108+109 & 110-117



Los, die Kräfte zusammen und fliehen!
Wie es gestern war, so ist es heut.
Spüre, wie sie den Kreis um mich ziehen,
Hetz auf Nummern zu, wie es sie freut!

Hinter Tannen versteckt Jagdgenossen,
Aus dem Schatten kommt ihr feiger Schuss.
Und im Schnee wälzt sich, wer angeschossen,
Keine Chance haben wir, es ist Schluss.

Und weiter geht die Wolfsjagd, diese Teufelsfalle!
Ob alte, junge, los, macht diese Bestien tot!
Die Treiber schreien, Hunde geifern Gift und Galle.
Das Blut im Schnee ist wie die Lappen rot, so rot.

Kein Versagen durch zitternde Hände,
Man treibt mit uns ein teuflisches Spiel.
An dem Strick ist die Freiheit zu Ende,
Uns zu treffen dort, braucht es nicht viel.

Die Natur hat uns Wölfe belogen.
Rote Lappen am Strick, das heißt Schluss.
Angst, die wir mit der Muttermilch sogen:
Roter Lappen ist schlimmer als Schuss.

Und weiter geht die Wolfsjagd, diese Teufelsfalle!
Ob alte, junge, los, macht diese Bestien tot!
Die Treiber schreien, Hunde geifern Gift und Galle.
Das Blut im Schnee ist wie die Lappen rot, so rot.

.

Рвусь из сил и из всех сухожилий,
Но сегодня - опять, как вчера! –
Обложили меня! Обложили!
Гонят весело на номера!

Из-за елей грохочут двустволки:
Там охотники прячутся в тень.
На снегу кувыркаются волки,
Превратившись в живую мишень.

Идёт охота на волков! Идёт охота!
На серых хищников – матёрых и щенков!
Кричат загонщики, и лают псы до рвоты.
Кровь на снегу и пятна красные флажков.

Не на равных играют с волками
Егеря, но не дрогнет рука!
Оградив нам свободу флажками,
Бьют уверенно, наверняка!

Волк не может нарушить традиций.
Видно, в детстве, слепые щенки,
Мы, волчата, сосали волчицу
И всосали: »Нельзя за флажки!«

И вот – охота на волков! Идёт охота!
На серых хищников - матёрых и щенков!
Кричат загонщики, и лают псы до рвоты.
Кровь на снегу и пятна красные флажков.

Kräftig, schnell unsre Kiefer und Beine.
Warum sind wir, mein Leitwolf, so dumm?
Statt zu sterben, spring über die Leine!
Warum dieses Verbot, sag, warum?

»Das ist so schon seit ewigen Zeiten!«
Spür, wie meine Zeit ihr Ende nimmt,
Einer zielt auf mich, lächelt von weitem,
Das ist er, für ihn bin ich bestimmt.

Und weiter geht die Wolfsjagd, diese Teufelsfalle!
Ob alte, junge, los, macht diese Bestien tot!
Die Treiber schreien, Hunde geifern Gift und Galle.
Das Blut im Schnee ist wie die Lappen rot, so rot.

Also weg mit absurden Gesetzen!
Zu dem Lappenstrick im schnellen Lauf!
Meine Lebensgier siegt über Fetzen,
Hinter mir schreien alle laut auf.

Los, die Kräfte zusammen und fliehen!
Gestern ist nicht mehr heut, tut mir leid,
Spüre, wie sie den Kreis um mich ziehen,
Hab mich aus der Umzinglung befreit.

Und weiter geht die Wolfsjagd, diese Teufelsfalle!
Ob alte, junge, los, macht diese Bestien tot!
Die Treiber schreien, Hunde geifern Gift und Galle.
Das Blut im Schnee ist wie die Lappen rot, so rot.
1967

Наши ноги и челюсти быстры.
Почему же, вожак! Дай ответ!
Мы затравленно мчимся на выстрел
И не пробуем через запрет?!

Волк не может, не должен иначе.
Вот кончается время моё.
Тот, которому я предназначен,
Улыбнулся - и поднял ружьё ...

Идёт охота на волков! Идёт охота!
На серых хищников - матёрых и щенков!
Кричат загонщики, и лают псы до рвоты.
Кровь на снегу и пятна красные флажков.

Я из повиновения вышел.
За флажки — жажда жизни сильней!
Только сзади я радостно слышал
Изумлённые крики людей.

Рвусь из сил и из всех сухожилий,
Но сегодня — не так, как вчера!
Обложили меня! Обложили!
Но остались ни с чем егеря!

Идёт охота на волков! Идёт охота!
На серых хищников - матёрых и щенков!
Кричат загонщики, и лают псы до рвоты.
Кровь на снегу и пятна красные флажков.

Vorbei die Zeit banaler Ouvertüren,
Mein Ehrenwort: es ist so wundervoll.
Ich bin sehr oft zu Gast bei hohen Tieren,
Vor denen ich die »Wolfsjagd« singen soll.

Wie kennt er sie? Warn Fenster nicht geschlossen?
Hat er sich mit den Kindern drum gerauft?
Ein führender Genosse hat beschlossen,
Privat wird ein Recorder jetzt gekauft.

Am nächsten Abend in gewohnter Weise
Familientratsch bei mattem Lampenschein.
Aus Angst vor seinen Nachbarn drückt er leise
Das »on« der teuren Neuerwerbung ein.

Er ließ die »Wolfsjagd« über sich ergehen
Und hörte auch in andre Lieder rein.
Der Schluss der »Wolfsjagd« war nicht zu verstehen,
Der miese Umschnitt wird's gewesen sein.

Es schien, als ob es ihm gefiel. Nur dass er
Den Schluss nicht hörte, ärgerte ihn so.
Er nahm den Hörer: »Bitte den Verfasser
Der >Wolfsjagd< morgen früh in mein Büro!«

Auch ohne Schnaps hab ich die Angst bezwungen,
Hör auf zu schlottern, hab ich mir gesagt.
Gleich von der Schwelle aus hab ich gesungen
Von Anfang bis zu Ende diese »Jagd«.

Die Kinder hatten sicher ihn beschworen,
So hat er ziemlich freundlich reagiert.
Er saß gespannt und spitzte seine Ohren
Und hat sogar am Ende applaudiert.

Dann holt er eine Flasche, wird spendabel,
Die Gläser klingen: »Prost! Mal ehrlich nun,
Du meinst doch mich, meinst uns mit der Parabel,
Was haben Wölfe denn damit zu tun?«

Jetzt ist es aus, jetzt wird noch was passieren:
Fünf Anrufe am Tag, wie wundervoll,
Ich bin sehr oft zu Gast bei hohen Tieren,
Vor denen ich die »Wolfsjagd« singen soll.
1972

Прошла пора вступлений и прелюдий,
Всё хорошо, не вру, без дураков,
Меня зовут к себе большие люди,
Чтоб я им пел »Охоту на волков«.

Быть может, запись слышал из окон,
А может быть, с детьми ухи не сваришь,
Как знать, но приобрёл магнитофон
Какой-нибудь ответственный товарищ.

И предаваясь будничной беседе
В кругу семьи, где свет торшера тускл,
Тихонько, чтоб не слышали соседи,
Он взял да и нажал на кнопку »пуск«.

И там, не разобрав последних слов,
(Прескверный дубль достали на работе)
Услышал он »Охоту на волков«
И кое-что ещё на обороте.

И всё прослушав до последней ноты
И разозлясь, что слов последних нет,
Он поднял трубку: - Автора »Охоты«
Ко мне пришлите завтра в кабинет.

Я не хлебнул для храбрости винца,
И, подавляя частую икоту,
С порога от начала до конца
Ему пропел ту самую »Охоту«.

Его просили дети, безусловно,
Чтобы была улыбка на лице,
Но он меня прослушал благосклонно
И даже аплодировал в конце.

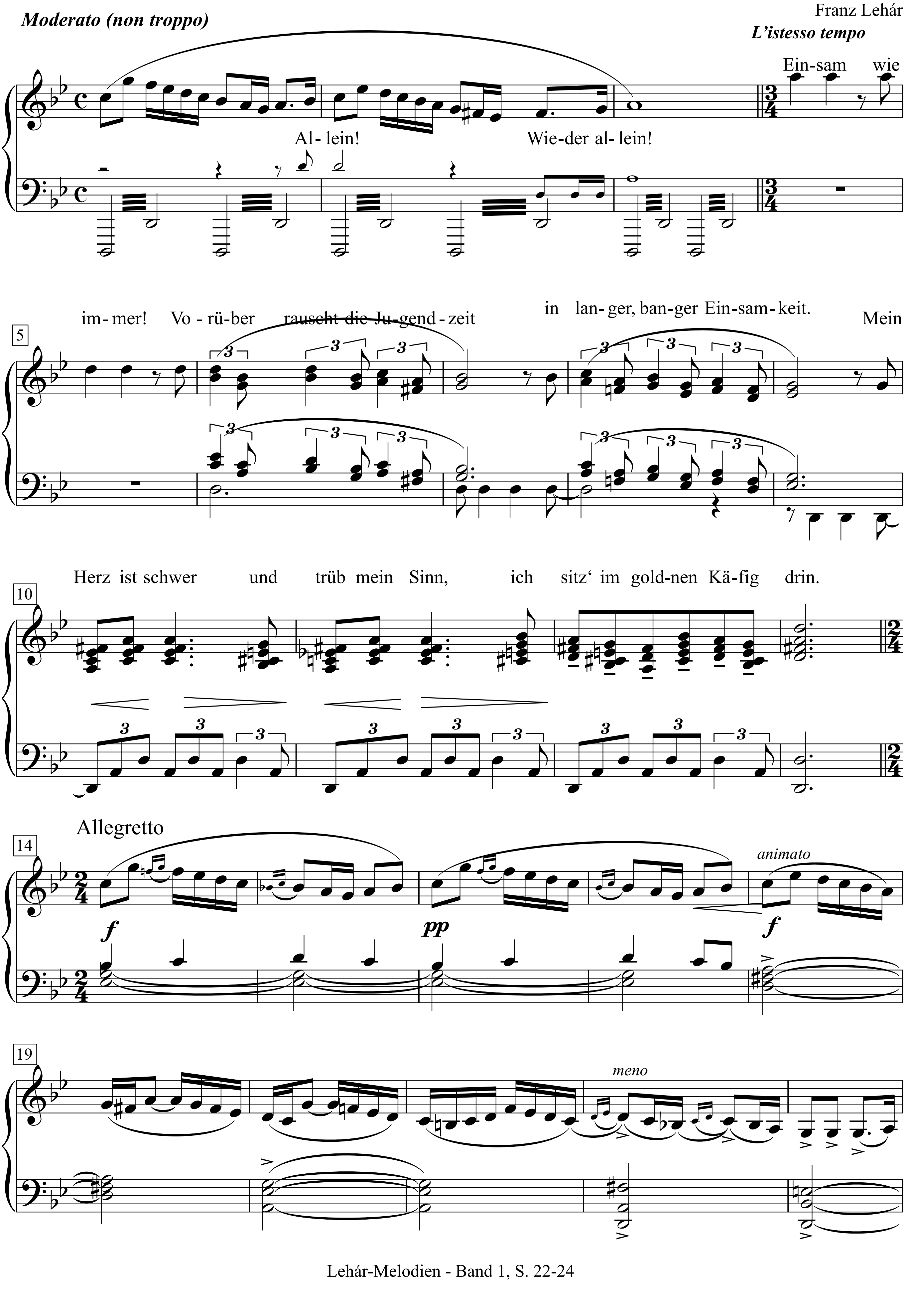
И об стакан бутылкою звеня,
Которую извлёк из книжной полки,
Он выпалил: – Да это ж про меня!
Про нас, про всех, какие к чёрту волки

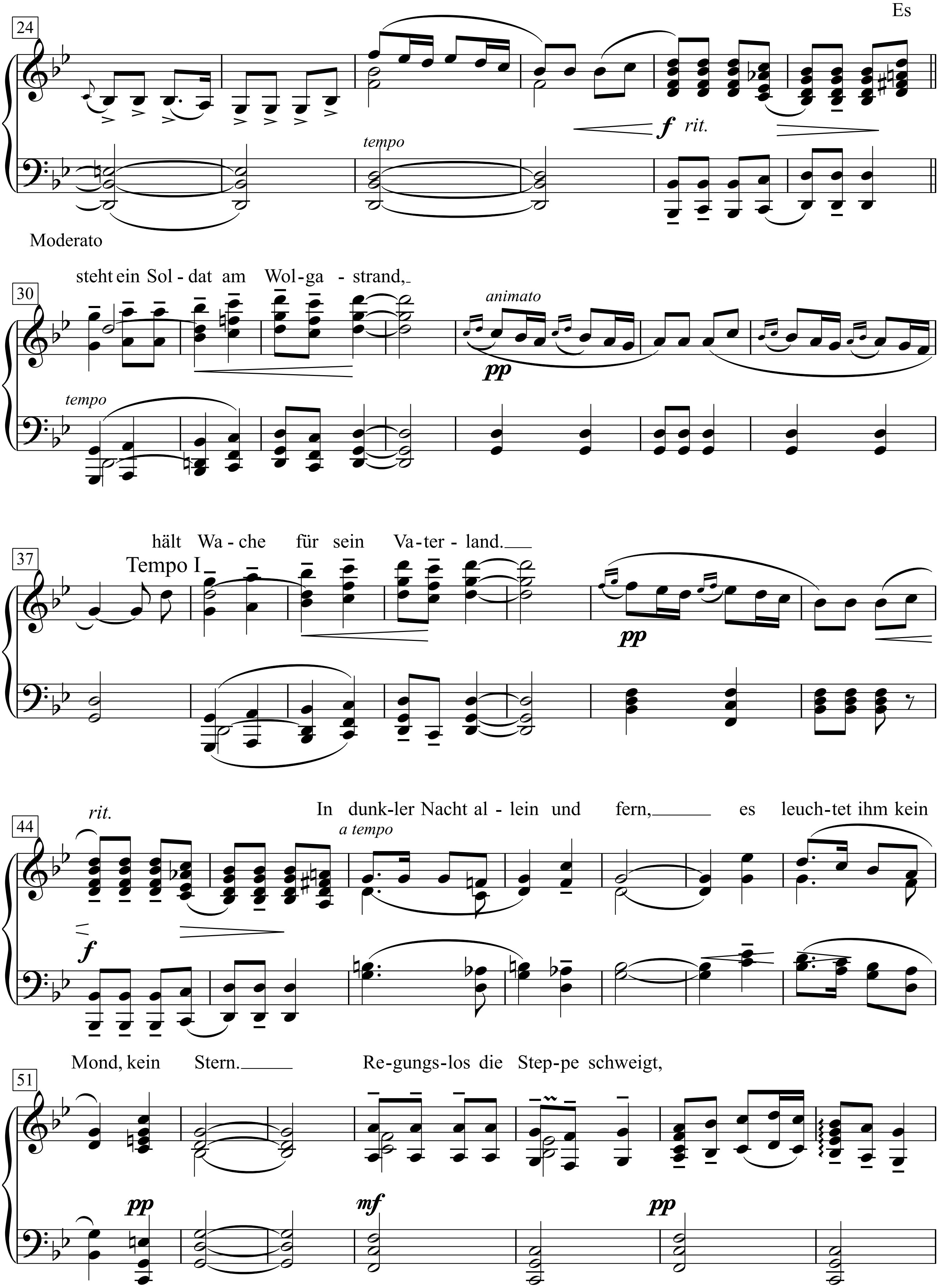
Ну всё, теперь, конечно, что-то будет.
Уже три года в день по пять звонков.
Меня зовут к себе большие люди,
Чтоб я им пел »Охоту на волков«.
1972

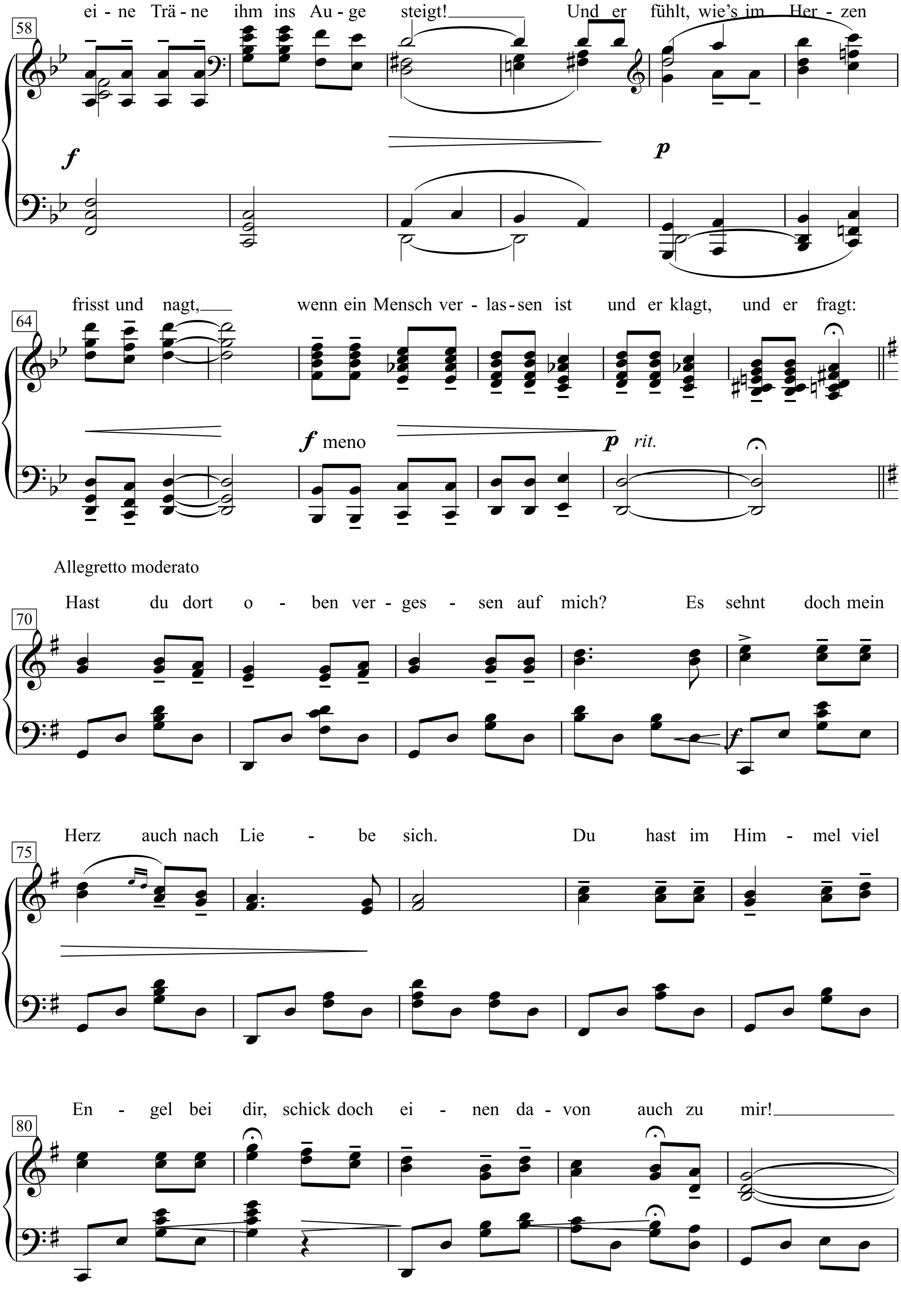
Wolgalied

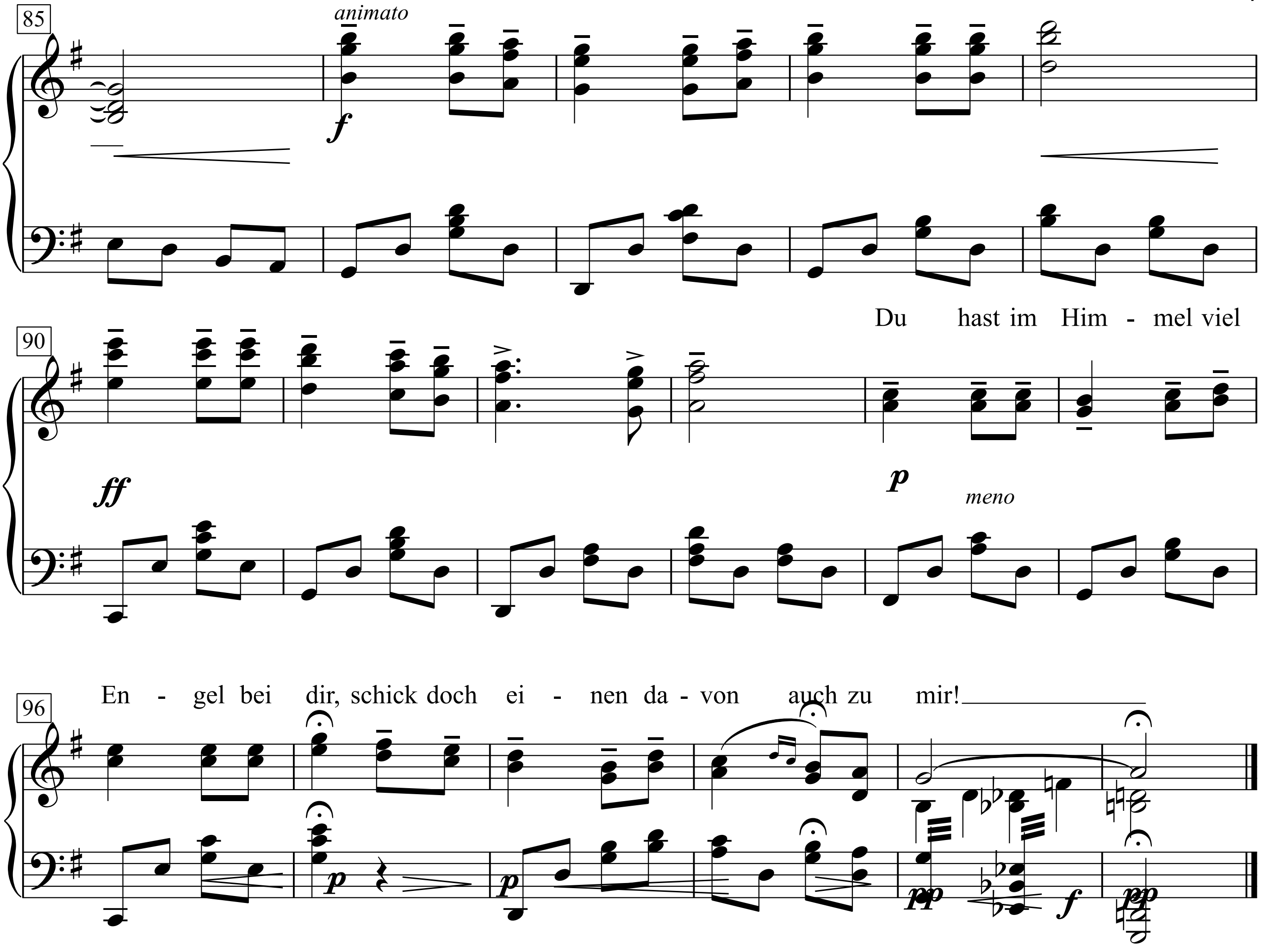
aus ‘Der Zarewitsch’

Franz Lehár




24
tempo
f rit.
Moderato
steht ein Sol - dat am Wol - ga - strand,
30
animato
pp
tempo
hält Wa - che für sein Va - ter - land.
37
Tempo I
pp
rit.
In dunk - ler Nacht al - lein und fern, es leuch - tet ihm kein
44
a tempo
f
Mond, kein Stern. Re - gungs - los die Step - pe schweigt,
51
pp
mf
pp

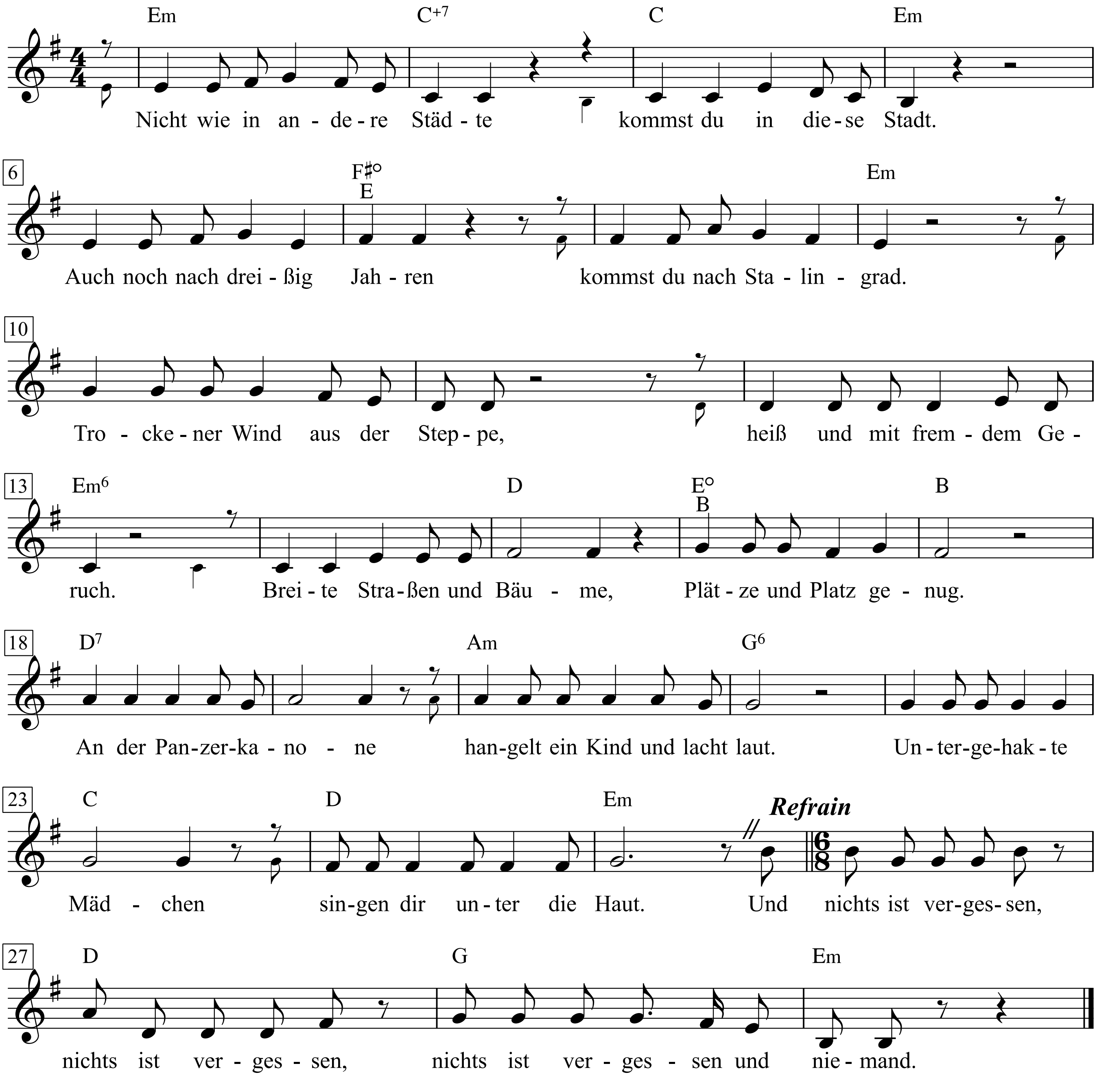

58
ei - ne Trä - ne ihm ins Au - ge steigt! Und er fühlt, wie's im Her - zen
f
p
64
frisst und nagt, wenn ein Mensch ver - las - sen ist und er klagt, und er fragt:
f meno
p rit.
Allegretto moderato
70
Hast du dort o - ben ver - ges - sen auf mich? Es sehnt doch mein
f
75
Herz auch nach Lie - be sich. Du hast im Him - mel viel
80
En - gel bei dir, schick doch ei - nen da - von auch zu mir!



Einsam wie immer! Vorüber rauscht die Jugendzeit
in langer, banger Einsamkeit.
Mein Herz ist schwer und trüb mein Sinn,
ich sitz‘ im goldnen Käfig drin.
Es steht ein Soldat am Wolgastrand,
hält Wache für sein Vaterland.
In dunkler Nacht allein und fern,
es leuchtet ihm kein Mond, kein Stern.
Regungslos die Steppe schweigt,
eine Träne ihm ins Auge steigt!
Und er fühlt, wie's im Herzen frisst und nagt,
wenn ein Mensch verlassen ist und er klagt, und er fragt:
Hast du dort oben vergessen auf mich?
Es sehnt doch mein Herz auch nach Liebe sich.
Du hast im Himmel viel Engel bei dir,
schick doch einen davon auch zu mir!
Du hast im Himmel viel Engel bei dir,
schick doch einen davon auch zu mir!

Wolgograd

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



1. Nicht wie in andere Städte
kommst du in diese Stadt.
Auch noch nach dreißig Jahren
kommst du nach Stalingrad.
Trockener Wind aus der Steppe,
heiß und mit fremdem Geruch.
Breite Straßen und Bäume,
Plätze und Platz genug.
An der Panzerkanone
hangelt ein Kind und lacht laut.
Untergehakte Mädchen
singen dir unter die Haut.
Und nichts ist vergessen, nichts ist vergessen
und niemand.

2. Ich grüße euch, rote Fahnen,
und Lenin vor Pawlows Haus.
Und der Mamai-Hügel schwärt noch
immer Granatsplitter aus.
Gewaltige Mutter vom Hügel,
Madonna mit Friedensschwert,
dich grüß ich, und auch das Mädchen
im Mini, das »Penny Lane« hört,
selig, und an beiden Ohren
lautes Transistorgerät,
die Kwaswagenschlange lächelt,
wenn es vorübergeht.
Und nichts ist vergessen, nichts ist vergessen
und niemand.

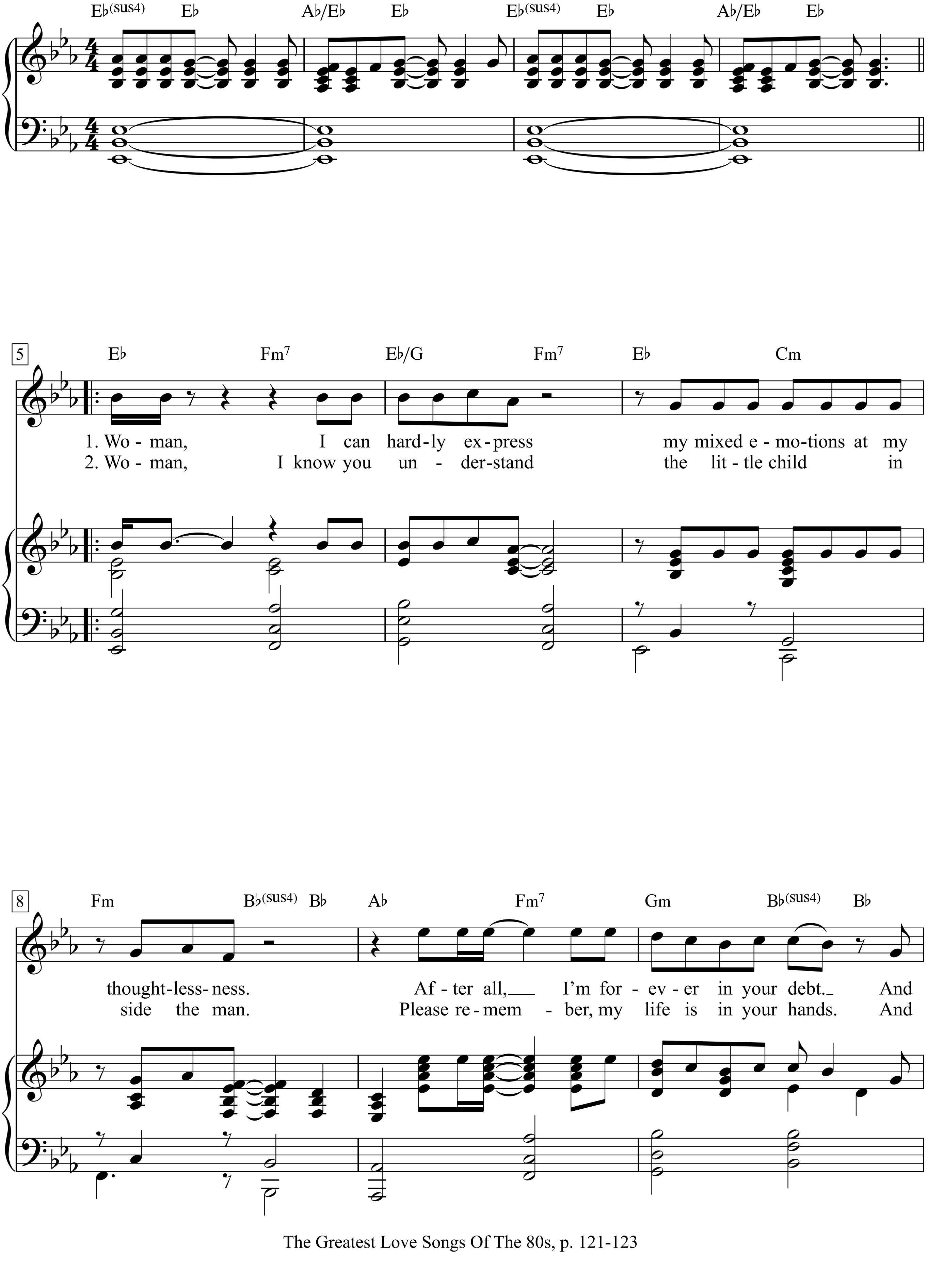
3. Mein Bruder ist hier gefallen.
Der Himmel ist wolkenlos.
Das Foto: der tote Soldat da
im Schnee – Wer war denn das bloß?
Nein, wie die anderen Städte
ist diese Stadt für uns nicht.
Zu viele, die von ihr reden
mit Angst oder Wut im Gesicht.
Anfang vom Ende für viele.
Für uns aber der Beginn
vom Ende der Hitler-Faschisten
und hinter ihnen der Herrn.
Und nichts ist vergessen, nichts ist vergessen
und niemand.

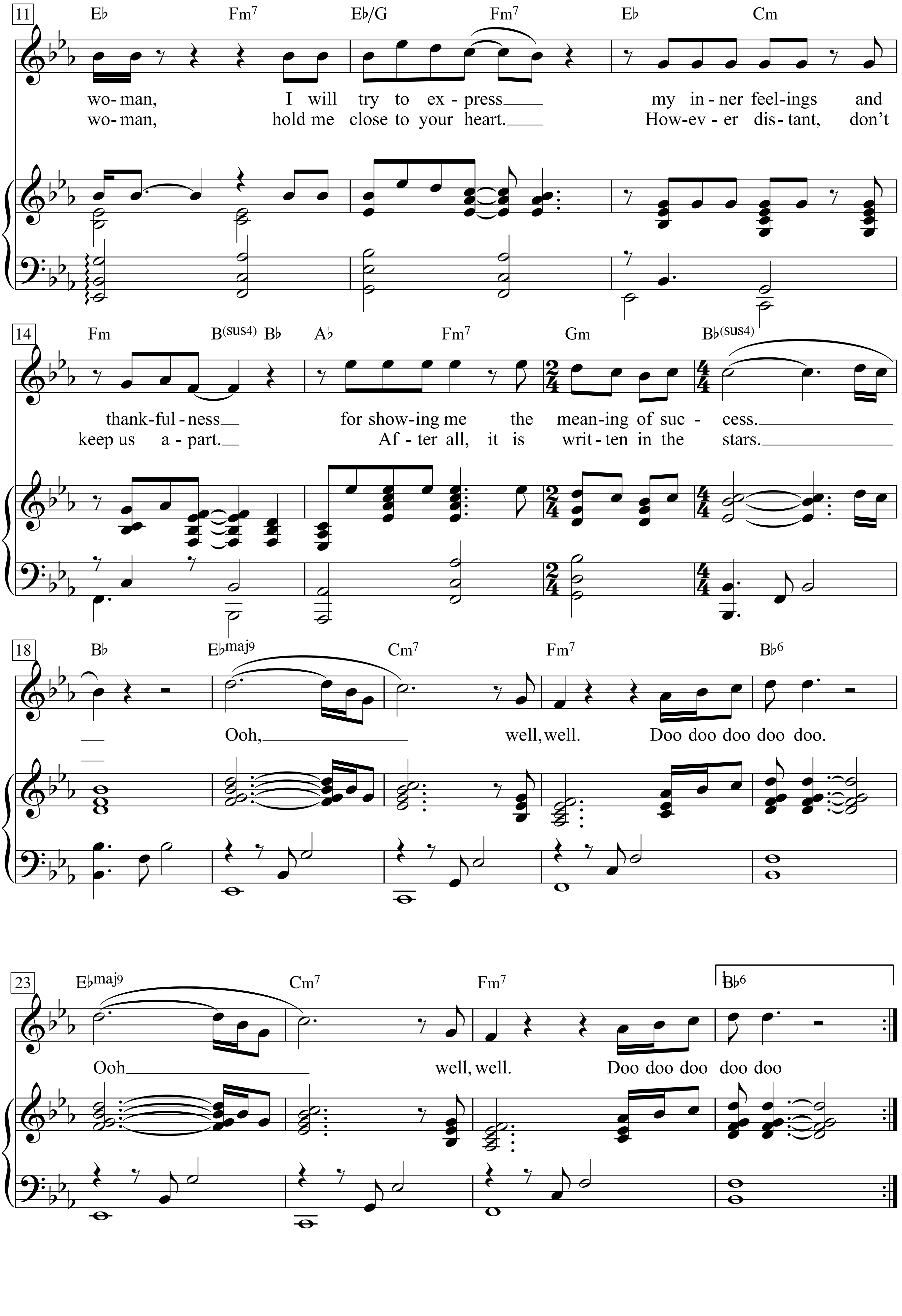
4. Weiße Touristenschiffe
kenn' ich, auch springenden Stör.
Schwimmende Menschen in Flüssen
kenn' ich schon lange nicht mehr.
Wolga, du wirkliche, schöne,
du ruhige, die selten schäumt,
von dir haben Menschen friedlich,
gierig die Herren geträumt.
Ich trinke am Ufer mit Igor
aus der Traktorenfabrik
auf unsere Frauen und Kinder
und Frieden, Freundschaft und Glück.
Und nichts ist vergessen, nichts ist vergessen
und niemand.

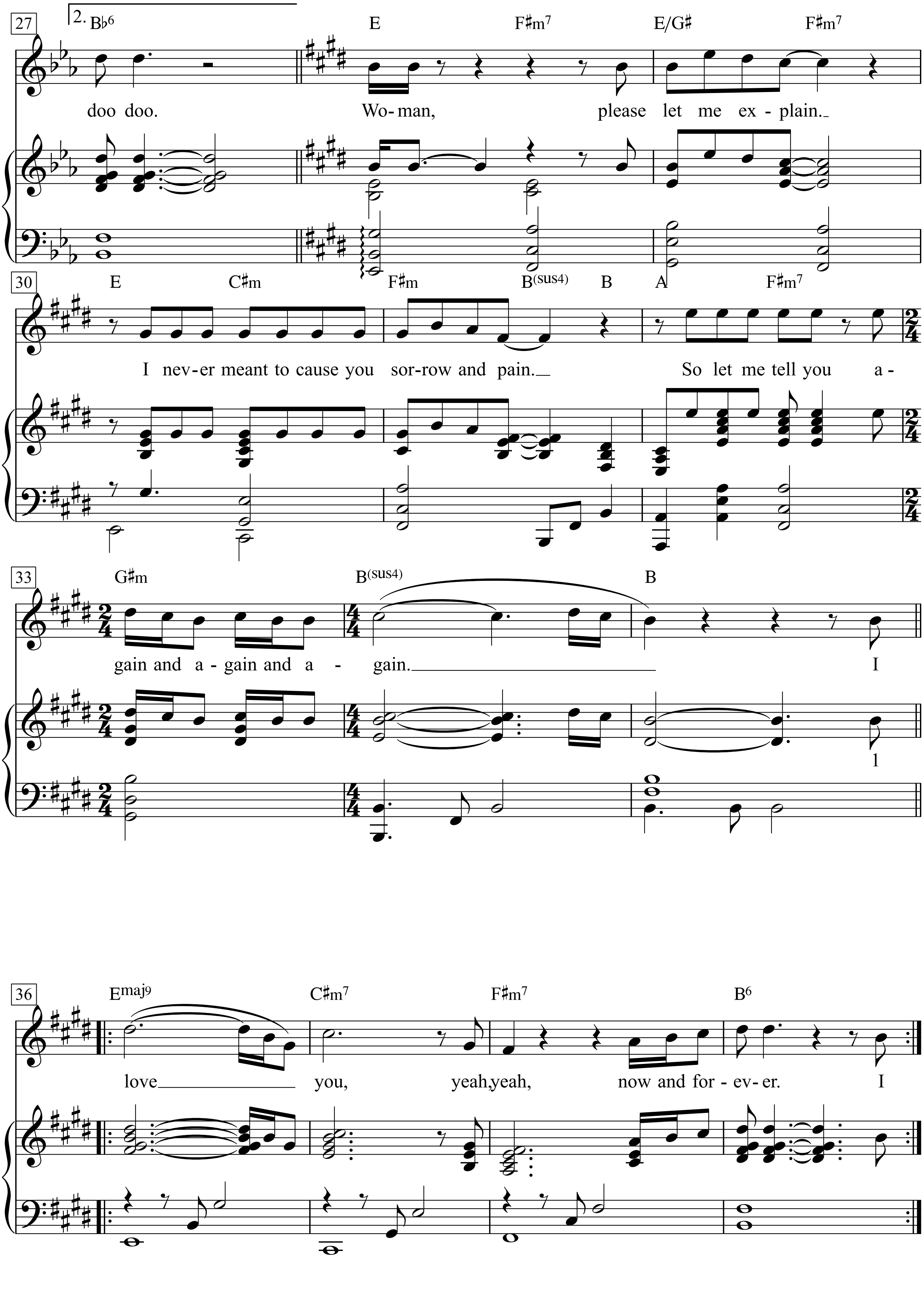
5. Kehlige Abschiedslieder
kommen über den Fluss.
Und nur wegen Abschied krieg ich
von Valentina den Kuss.
Samt, sagt sie, sind diese Nächte,
schwarz und am Steppenrand rot,
wenn wir nach Astrachan fahren
im weißen Tragflügelboot …
Nicht wie aus anderen Städten
kommst du aus Wolgograd.
Du hast sie wirklich gesehen,
die heitere Heldenstadt.
Und nichts ist vergessen, nichts ist vergessen
und niemand.

Woman

Words & Music by John Lennon
(John Lennon)



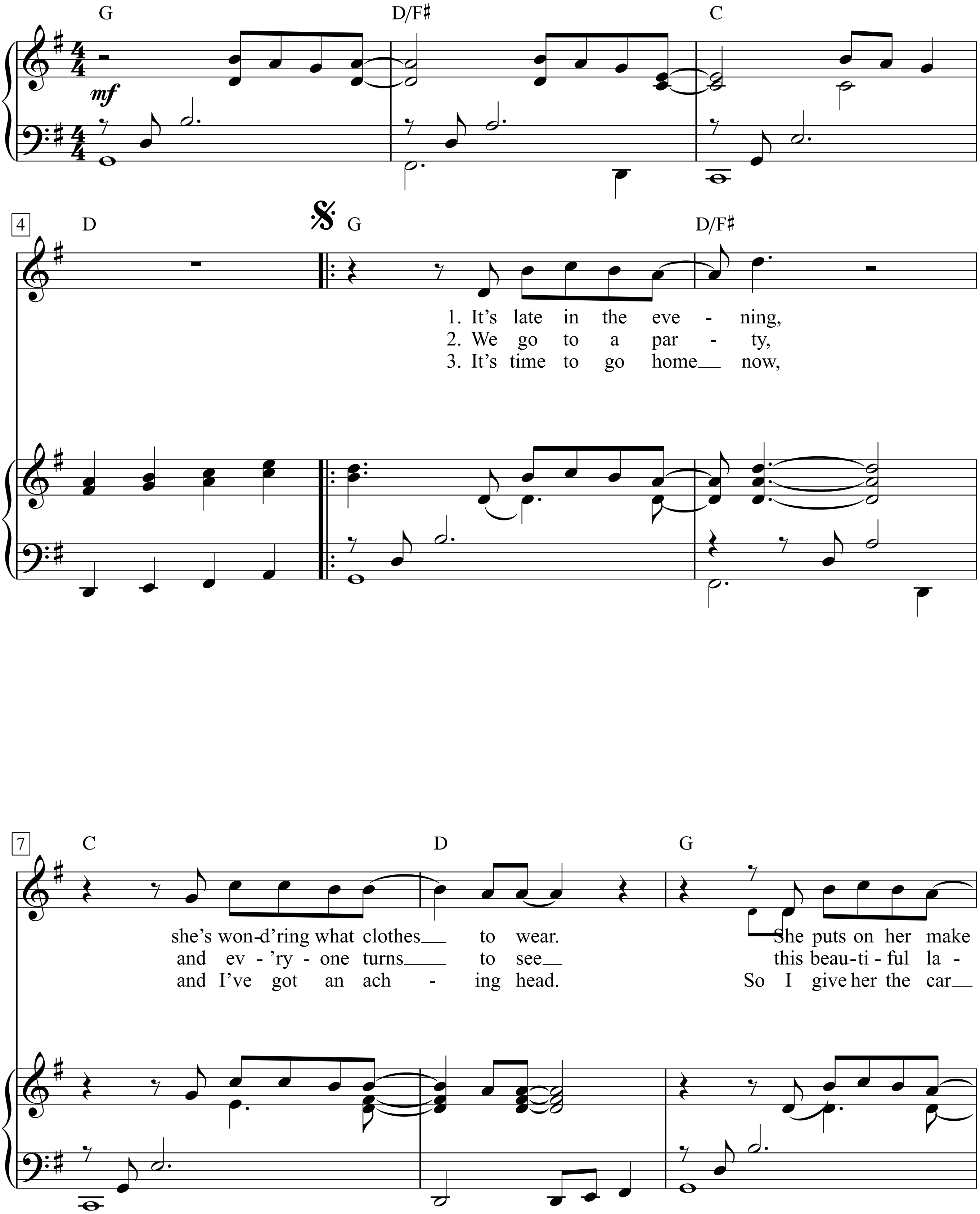

11
E♭ Fm7 E♭/G Fm7 E♭ Cm
wo- man, I will try to ex - press my in - ner feel-ings and
wo- man, hold me close to your heart. How-ev - er dis - tant, don't
14
Fm B(sus4) B♭ A♭ Fm7 Gm B♭(sus4)
thank-ful - ness for show-ing me the mean-ing of suc - cess.
keep us a - part. Af - ter all, it is writ - ten in the stars.
18
B♭ E♭maj9 Cm7 Fm7 B♭6
Ooh, well, well. Doo doo doo doo doo.
23
E♭maj9 Cm7 Fm7 B♭6
Ooh well, well. Doo doo doo doo doo

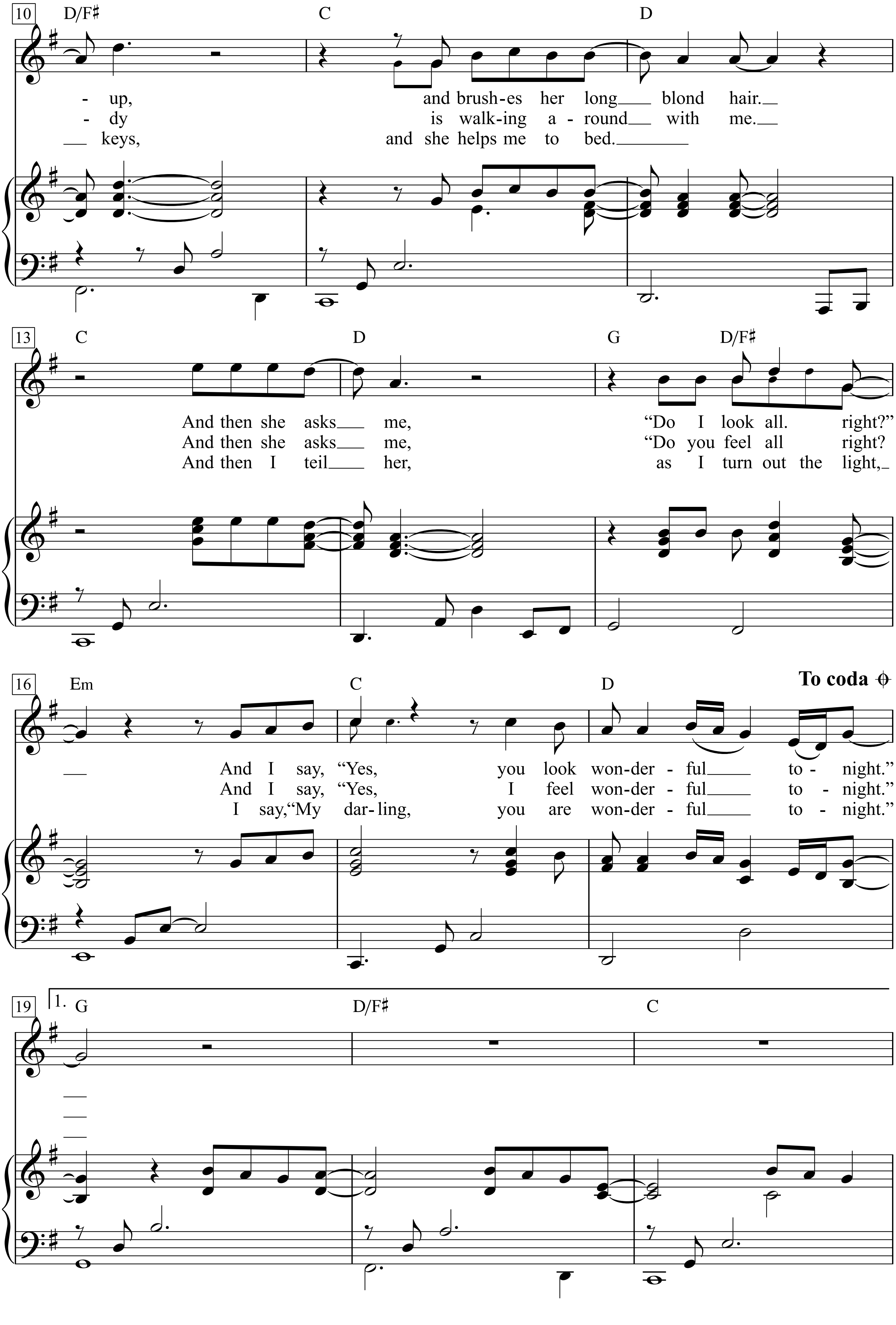

27
2.
B♭6
E
F♯m7
E/G♯
F♯m7
doo doo. Wo-man, please let me ex-plain.
30
E
C♯m
F♯m
B(sus4)
B
A
F♯m7
I nev-er meant to cause you sor-row and pain. So let me tell you a-
33
G♯m
B(sus4)
B
gain and a-gain and a-gain. I
36
Emaj9
C♯m7
F♯m7
B6
love you, yeah, yeah, now and for-ev-er. I

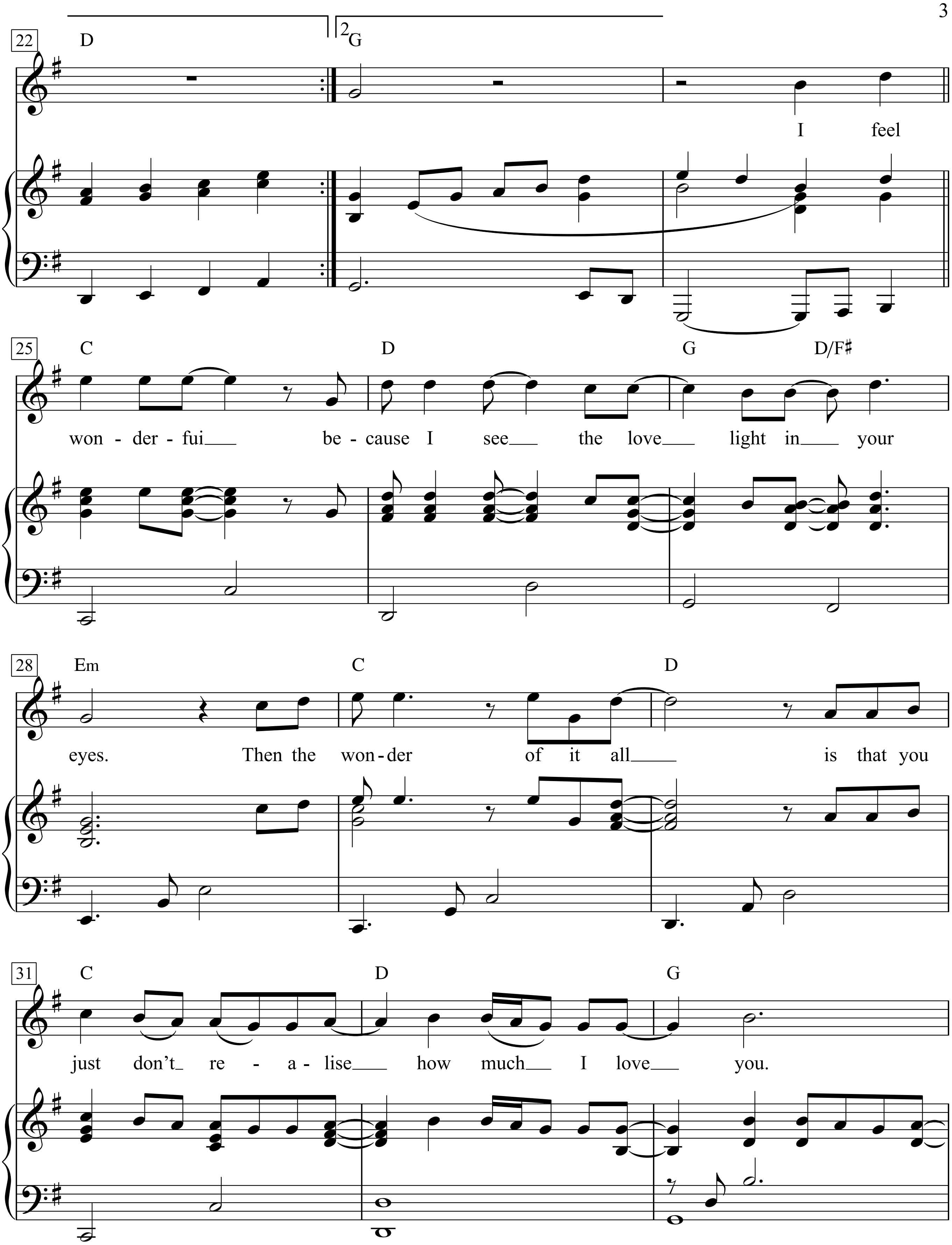
Wonderful Tonight

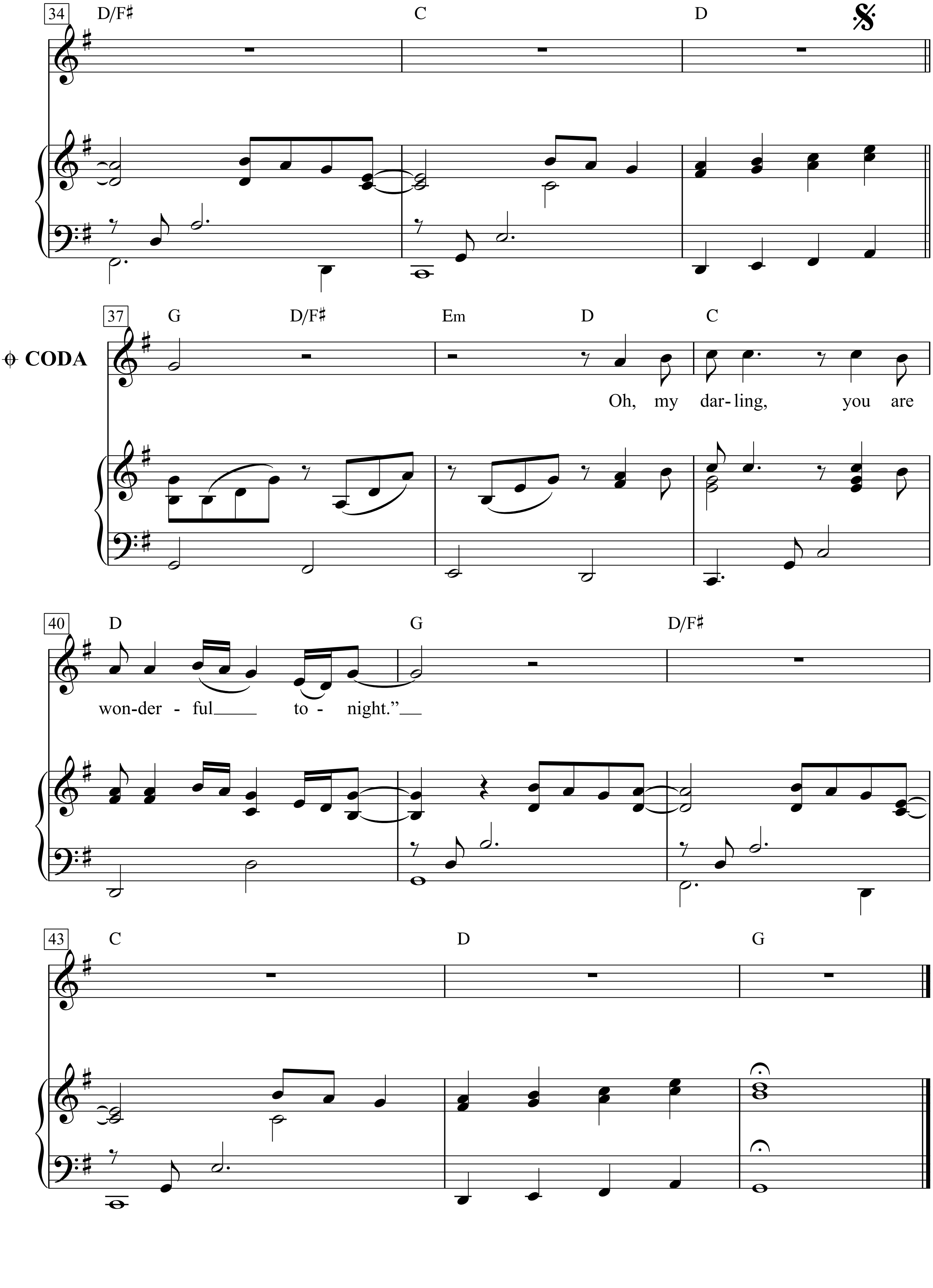
Words & Music by Eric Clapton
(Eric Clapton)

Moderately



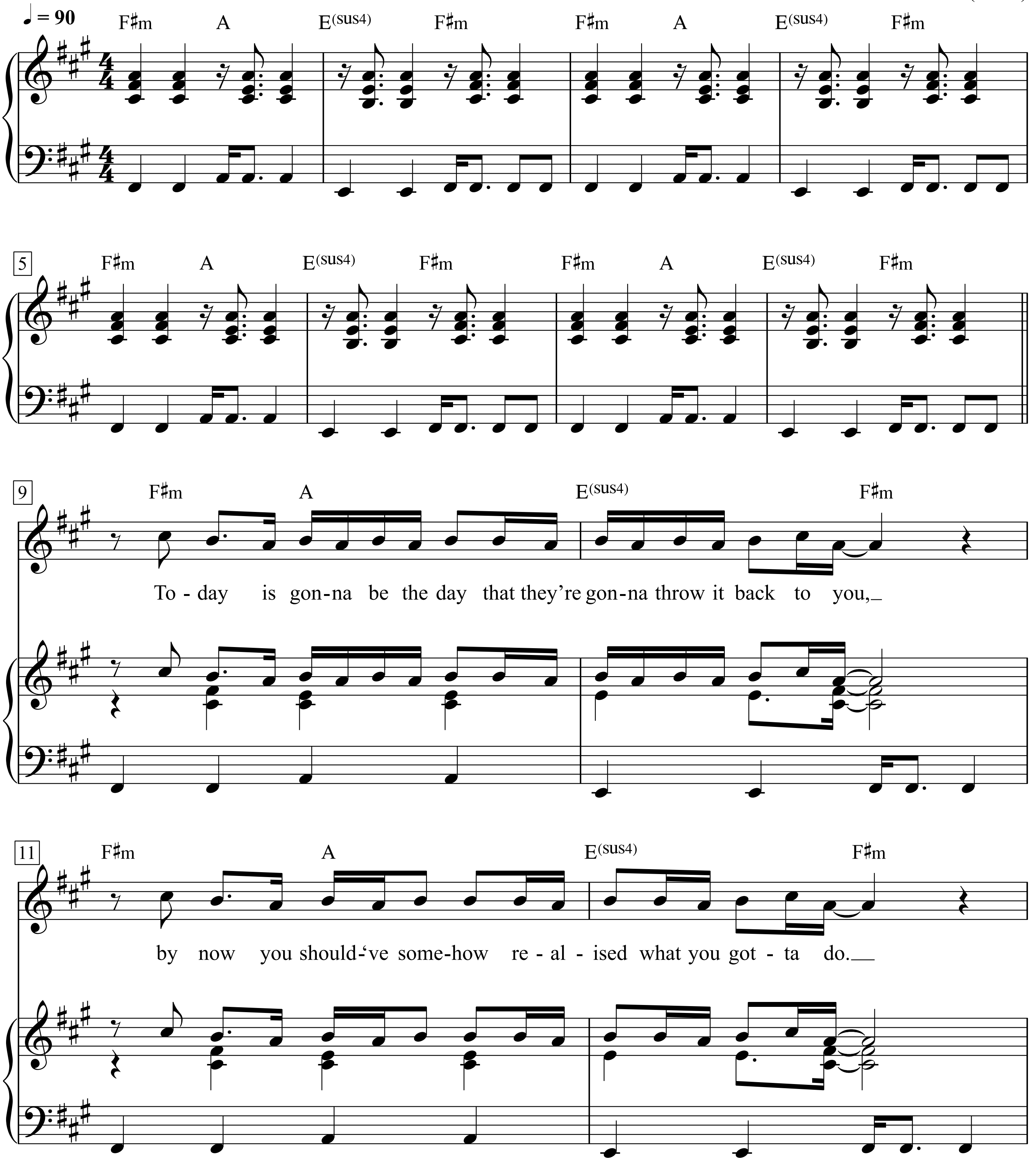

10
D/F♯
C
D
- up, and brush-es her long___ blond hair.__
- dy is walk-ing a - round__ with me.__
__ keys, and she helps me to bed.______
13
C
D
G
D/F♯
And then she asks___ me, "Do I look all. right?"
And then she asks___ me, "Do you feel all right?
And then I teil___ her, as I turn out the light,_
16
Em
C
D
To coda
__ And I say, "Yes, you look won-der - ful____ to - night."
And I say, "Yes, I feel won-der - ful____ to - night."
I say,"My dar-ling, you are won-der - ful____ to - night."
19
1.
G
D/F♯
C

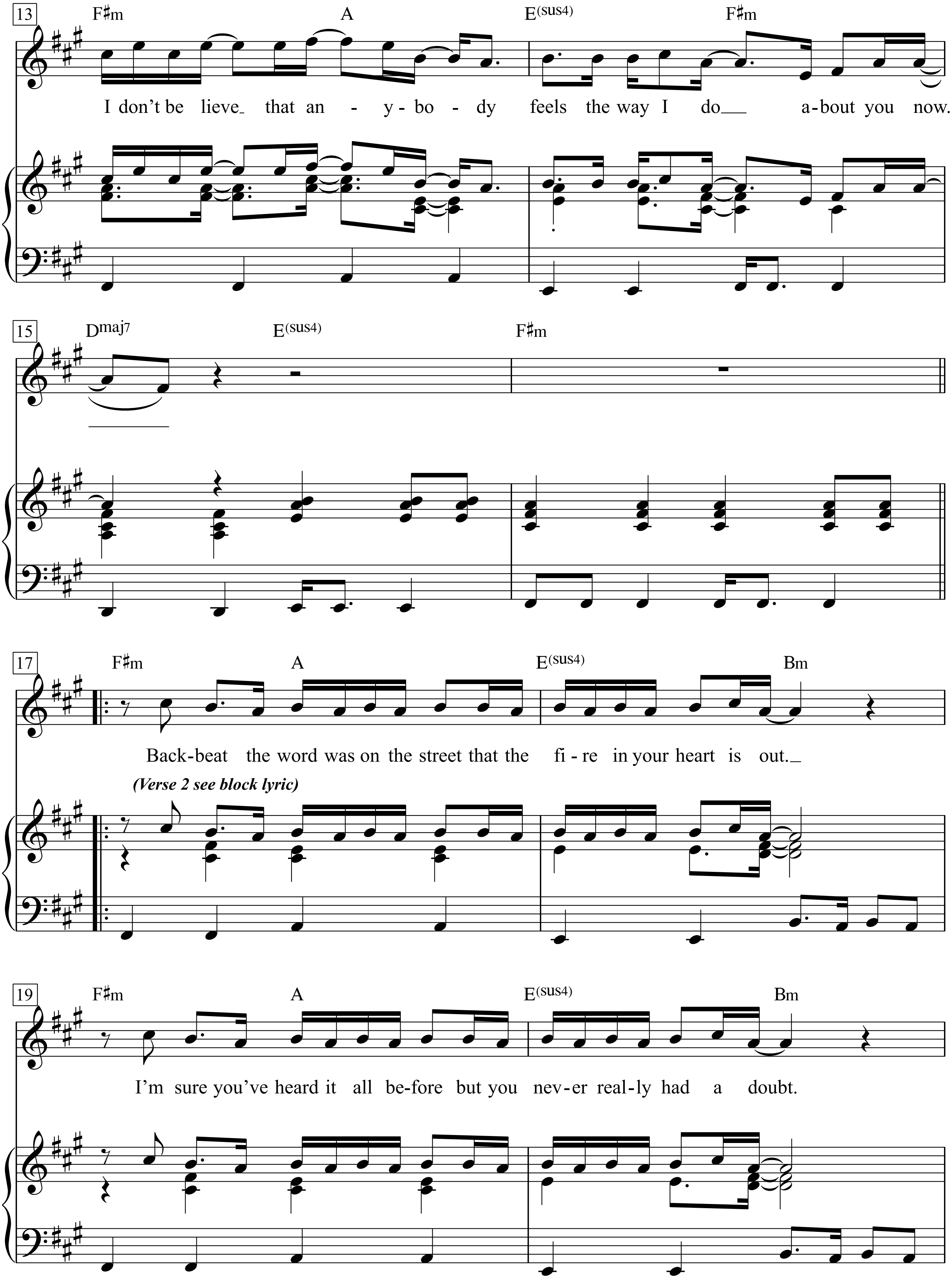

22
D
2
G
I feel
25
C
D
G
D/F♯
won - der - fui ___ be - cause I see ___ the love ___ light in ___ your
28
Em
C
D
eyes. Then the won - der of it all ___ is that you
31
C
D
G
just don't_ re - a - lise ___ how much ___ I love ___ you.

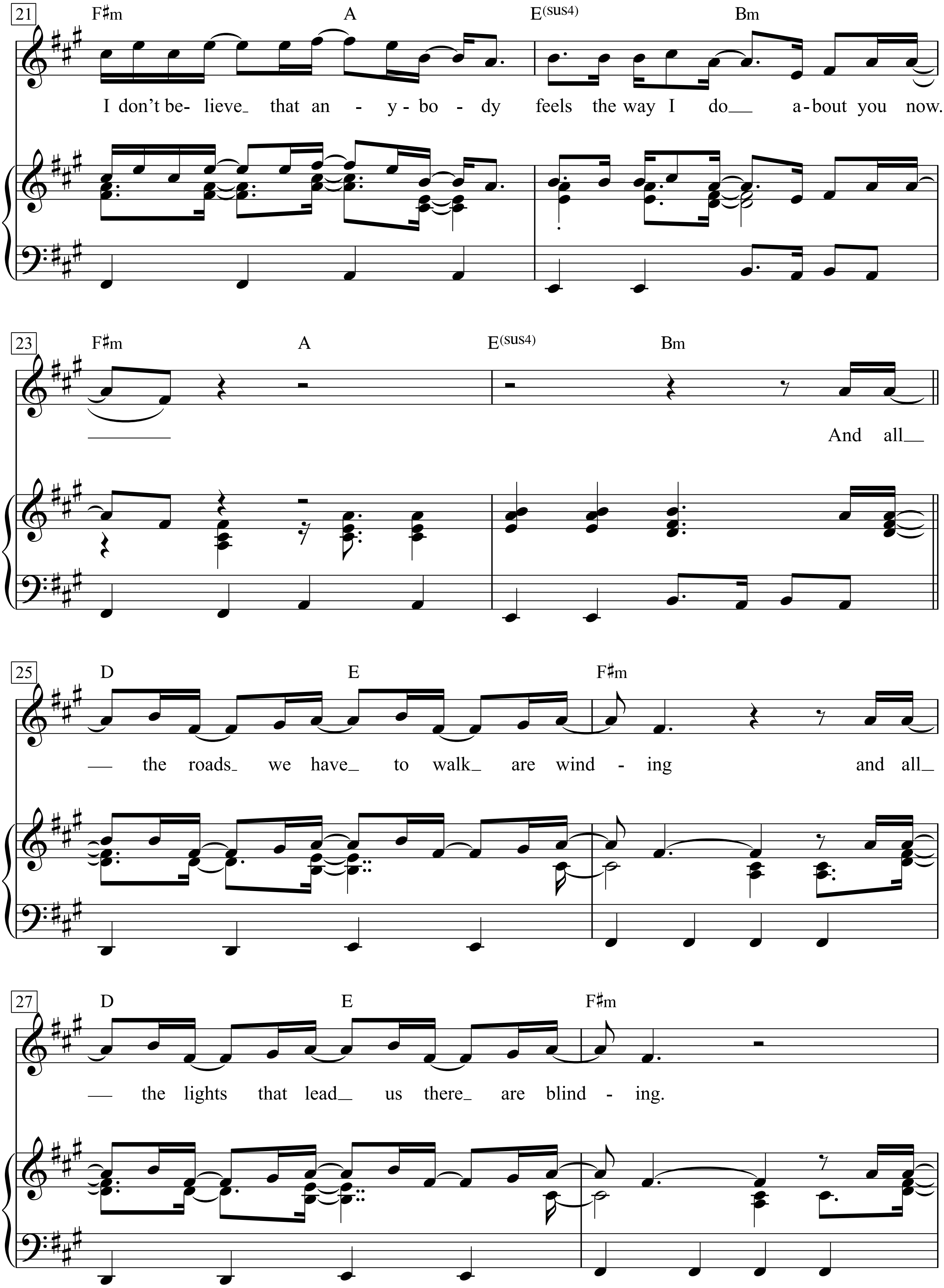

34
D/F♯
C
D
37
𝄌 CODA
G
D/F♯
Em
D
C
Oh, my dar-ling, you are
40
D
G
D/F♯
won-der - ful to - night.”
43
C
D
G

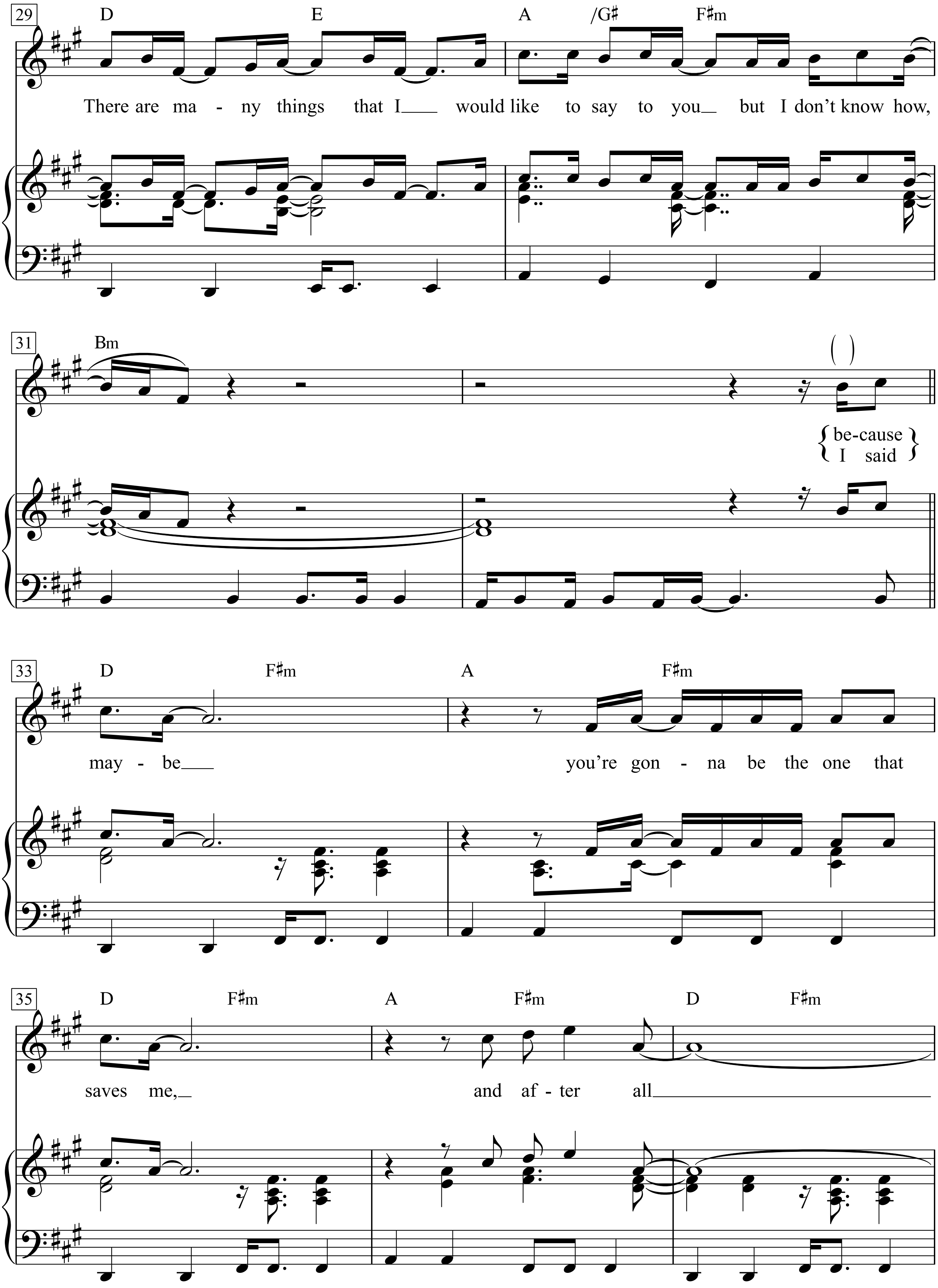
Wonderwall

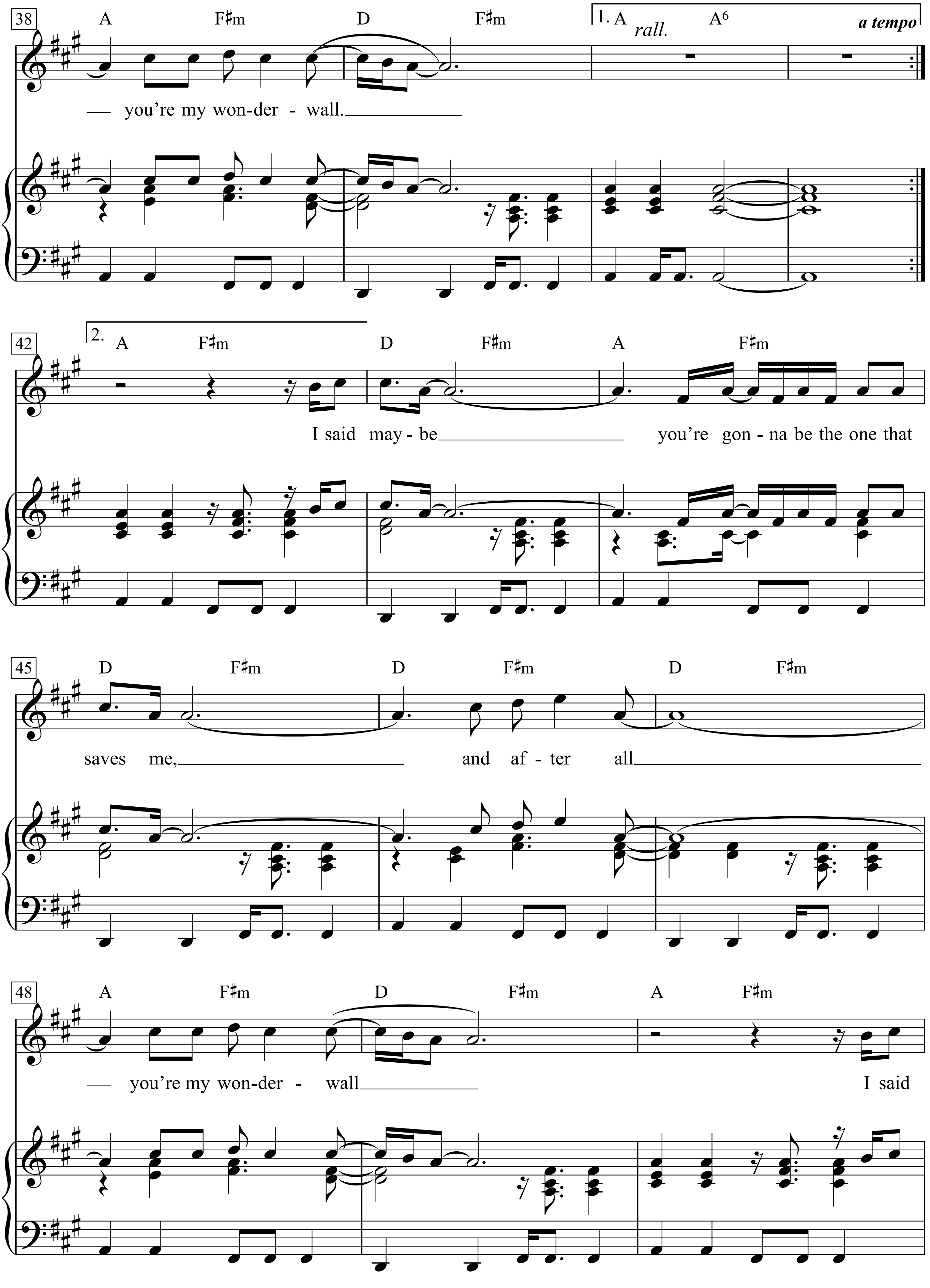
Words & Music: Noel Galimgher
(Oasis)

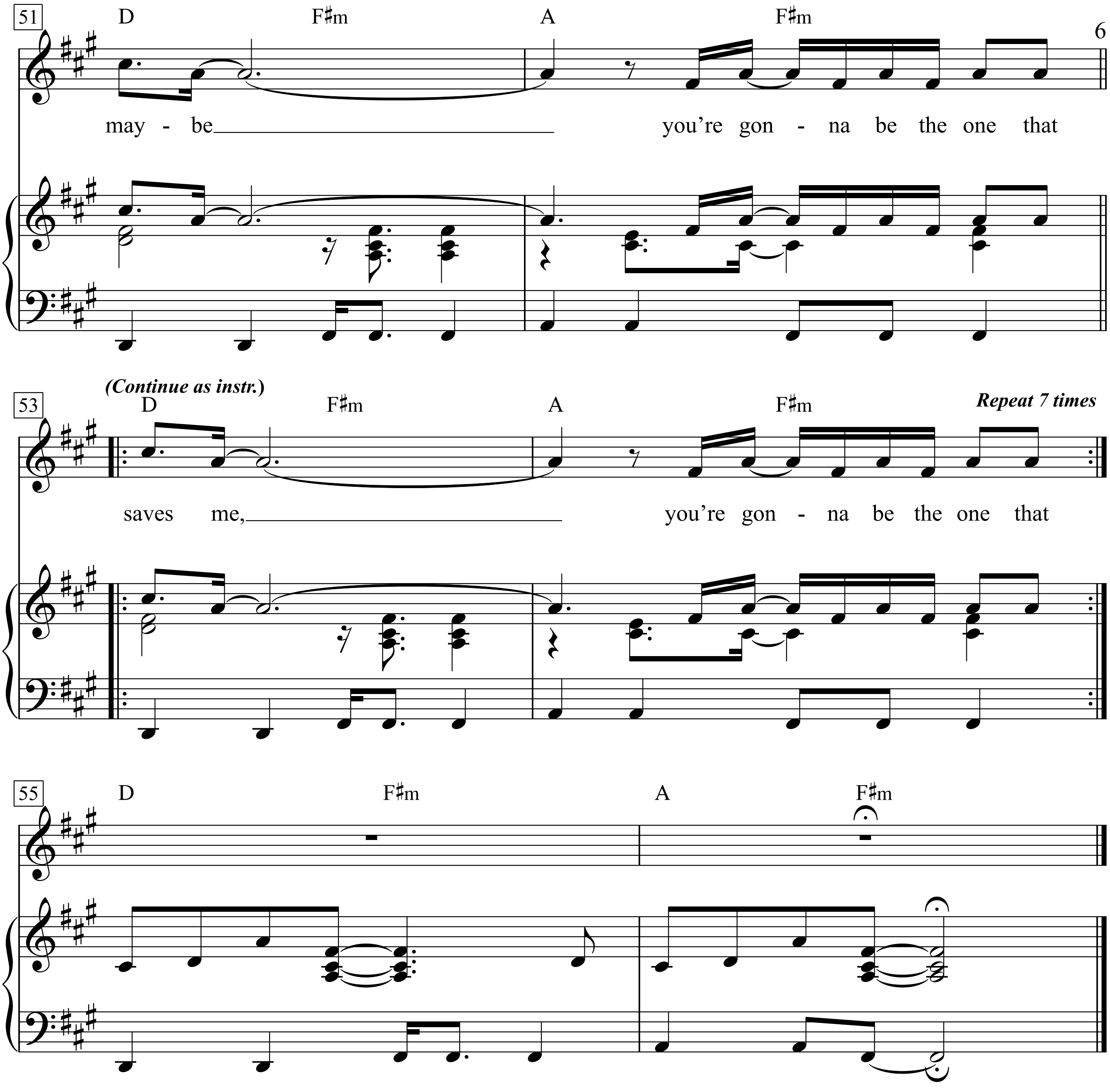



13
F♯m
A
E(sus4)
F♯m
I don't be lieve that an - y - bo - dy feels the way I do a-bout you now.
15
Dmaj7
E(sus4)
F♯m
17
F♯m
A
E(sus4)
Bm
Back-beat the word was on the street that the fi - re in your heart is out.
(Verse 2 see block lyric)
19
F♯m
A
E(sus4)
Bm
I'm sure you've heard it all be-fore but you nev-er real-ly had a doubt.


21
F♯m
A
E(sus4)
Bm
I don't be- lieve_ that an - y - bo - dy feels the way I do__ a - bout you now.
23
F♯m
A
E(sus4)
Bm
And all__
25
D
E
F♯m
__ the roads_ we have_ to walk_ are wind - ing and all_
27
D
E
F♯m
__ the lights that lead_ us there_ are blind - ing.


29
D E A /G♯ F♯m
There are ma - ny things that I would like to say to you but I don't know how,
31
Bm
( )
{ be-cause / I said }
33
D F♯m A F♯m
may - be you're gon - na be the one that
35
D F♯m A F♯m D F♯m
saves me, and af - ter all


38
A F♯m D F♯m
1. A rall. A6 a tempo
— you're my won-der - wall.
42
2. A F♯m D F♯m A F♯m
I said may - be you're gon - na be the one that
45
D F♯m D F♯m D F♯m
saves me, and af - ter all
48
A F♯m D F♯m A F♯m
— you're my won-der - wall I said


51
D
F♯m
A
F♯m
may - be
you're gon - na be the one that
53
(Continue as instr.)
D
F♯m
A
F♯m
Repeat 7 times
saves me,
you're gon - na be the one that
55
D
F♯m
A
F♯m

Today is gonna be the day
hat they're gonna throw it back to you,
by now you should've somehow
realised what you gotta do.
I don't believe that anybody
feels the way I do
about you now.

1. Backbeat the word was on the street
that the fire in your heart is out.
I'm sure you've heard it all before
but you never really had a doubt.
I don't believe that anybody
feels the way I do
about you now.

And all the roads we have to walk are winding
and all the lights that lead us there are blinding.
There are many things that I would like to say to you
but I don't know how.

maybe you're gonna be the one that saves me,
and after all you're my wonderwall.
I said maybe you're gonna be the one that saves me,
and after all you're my wonderwall
I said maybe you're gonna be the one that saves me,
you're gonna be the one that

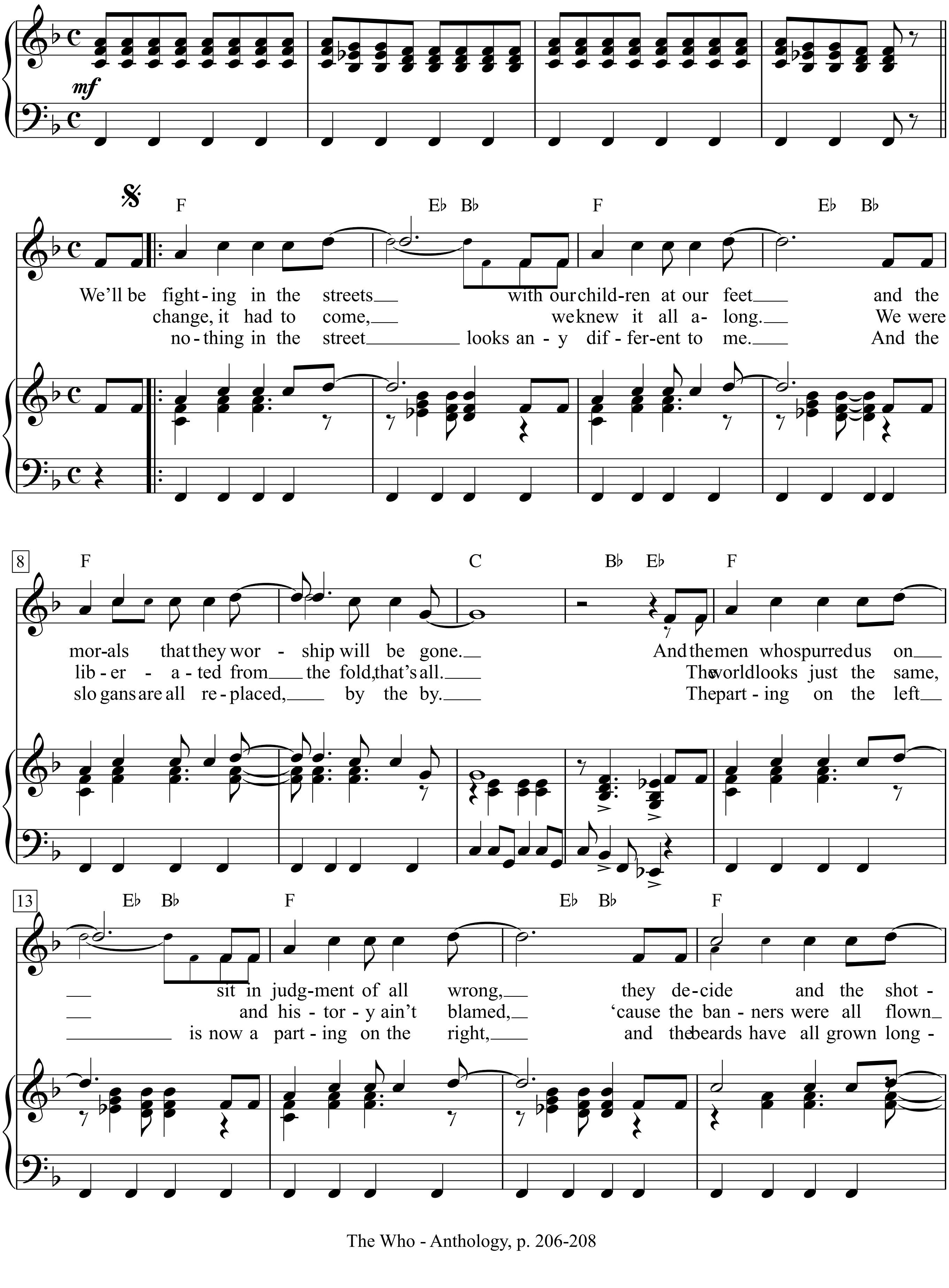
2. Today was gonna be the day
But they'll never throw it back to you
By now you should've somehow
Realised what you're not to do
I don't believe that anybody
Feels the way I do
About you now.

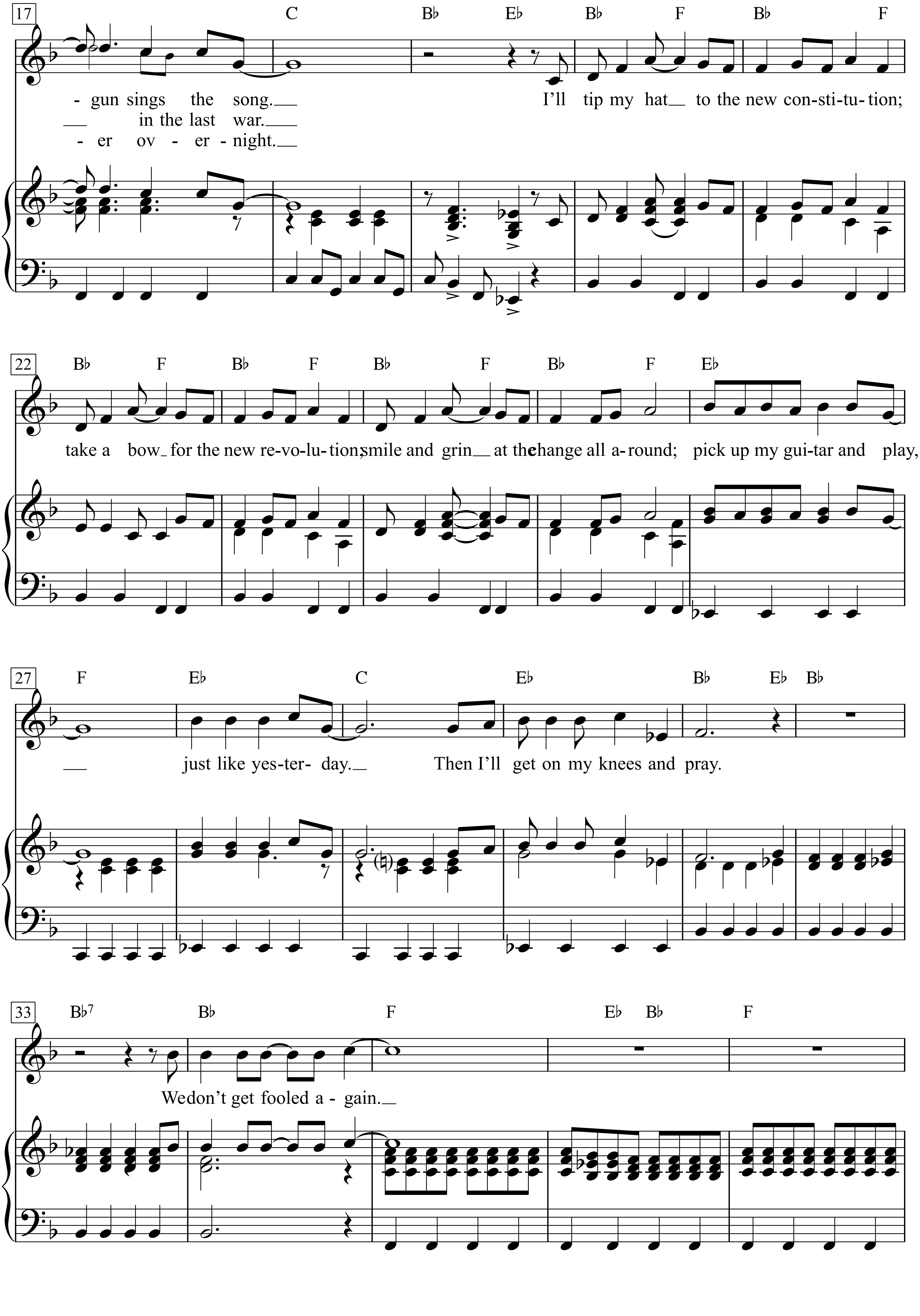
And all the roads that lead you there were winding
And all the lights that light the way are blinding
There are many things that I would like to say to you
But I don't know how.

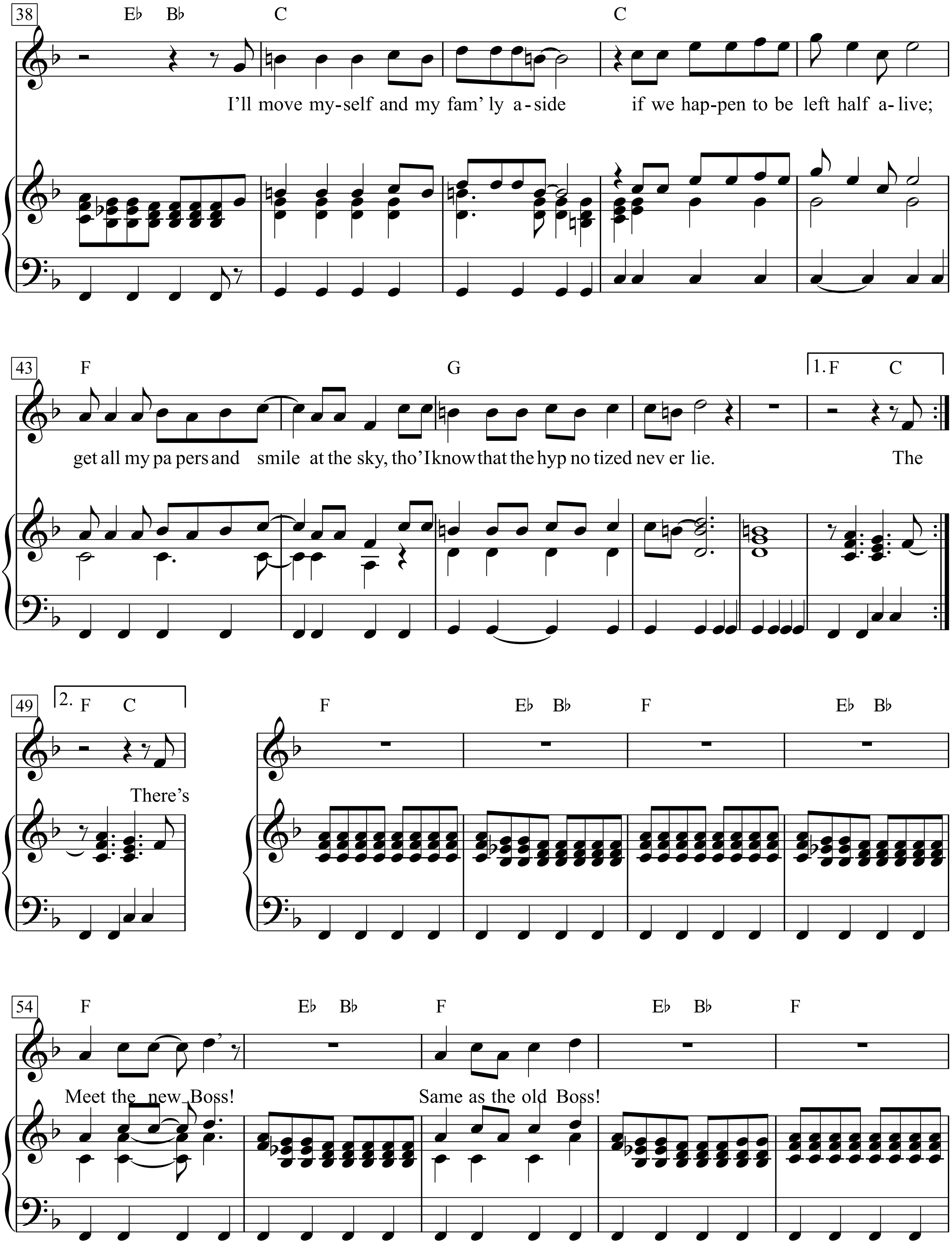
Won't Get Fooled Again

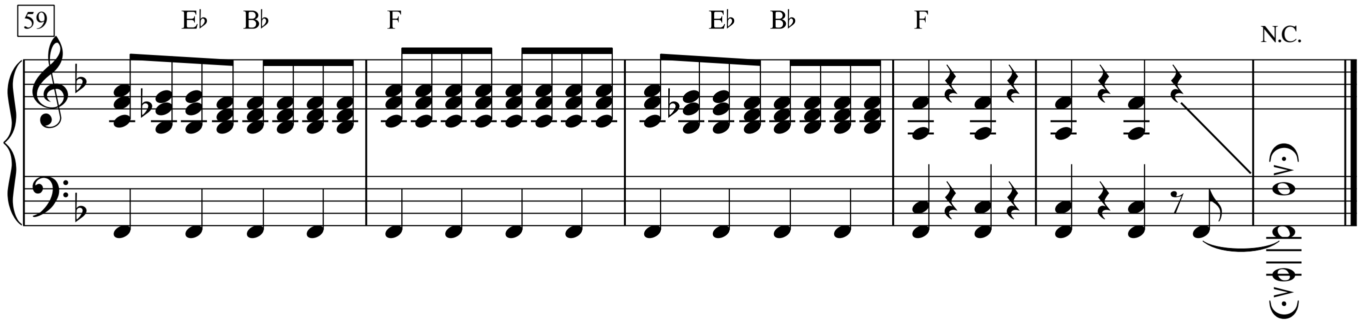
Brightly (In Four)

Words & Music by Pete Townshend
(The Who)




17
C
B♭ E♭
B♭ F B♭ F
- gun sings the song.__ I'll tip my hat__ to the new con-sti-tu-tion;
__ in the last war.__
- er ov - er - night.__
22
B♭ F B♭ F B♭ F B♭ F E♭
take a bow_ for the new re-vo-lu-tion, smile and grin__ at the change all a-round; pick up my gui-tar and play,
27
F E♭ C E♭ B♭ E♭ B♭
__ just like yes-ter- day.__ Then I'll get on my knees and pray.
33
B♭7 B♭ F E♭ B♭ F
We don't get fooled a - gain.__


38
E♭ B♭
C
C
I'll move my-self and my fam' ly a-side
if we hap-pen to be left half a-live;
43
F
G
1. F C
get all my pa pers and smile at the sky, tho' I know that the hyp no tized nev er lie.
The
49
2. F C
There's
F
E♭ B♭
F
E♭ B♭
54
F
E♭ B♭
F
E♭ B♭
F
Meet the new Boss!
Same as the old Boss!


59
E♭
B♭
F
E♭
B♭
F
N.C.

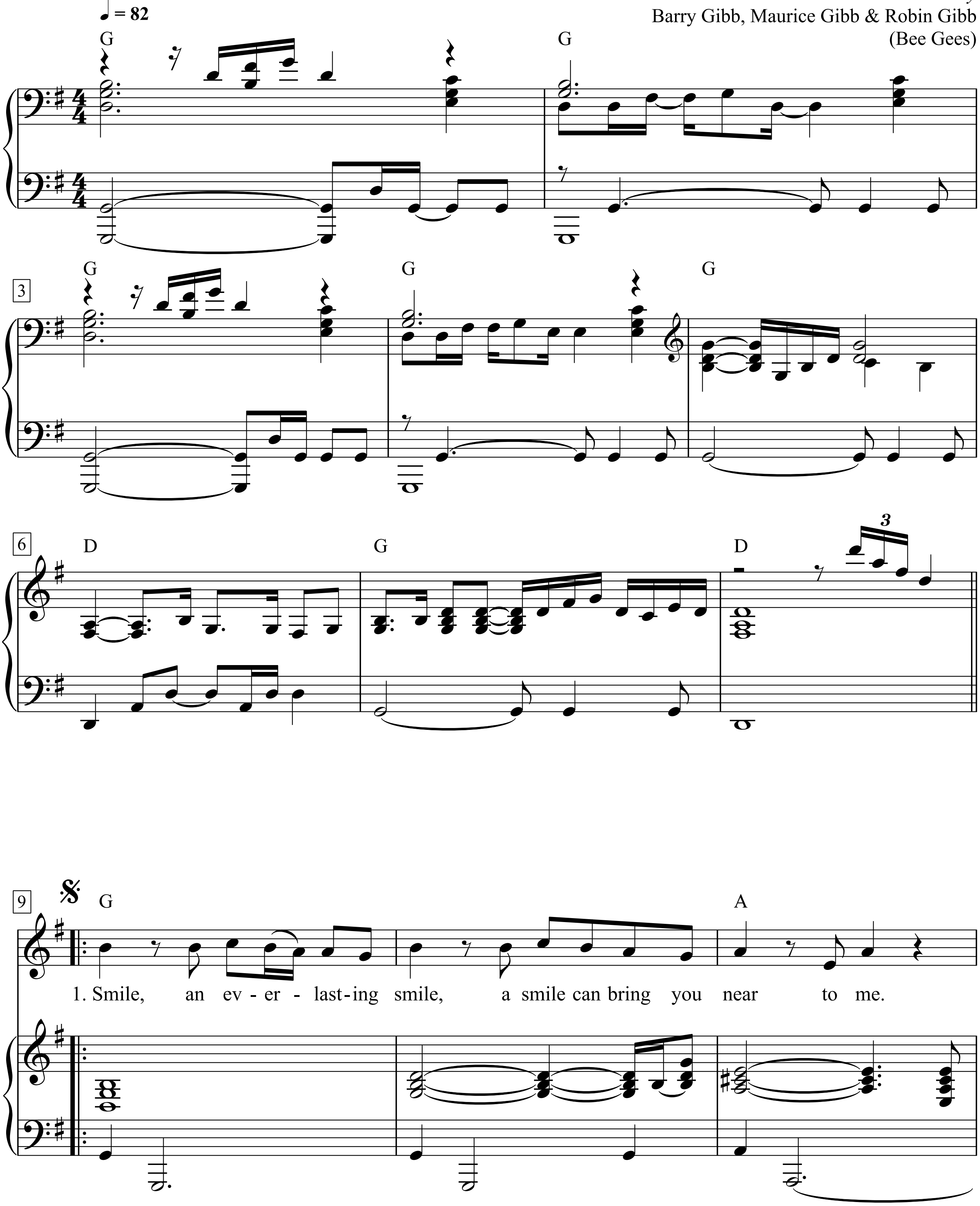
1.
We’ll be fighting in the streets
with our children at our feet
and the morals that they worship will be gone.
And the men who spurred us on
sit in judgment of all wrong,
they decide and the shotgun sings the song.
I’ll tip my hat to the new constitution;
take a bow for the new revolution;
smile and grin at the change all around;
pick up my guitar and play, just like yesterday.
Then I’ll get on my knees and pray.
We don’t get fooled again.
I’ll move myself and my fam’ly aside
if we happen to be left half alive;
get all my papers and smile at the sky,
tho’ I know that the hypnotized never lie.
The There’s Meet the new Boss!
Same as the old Boss!

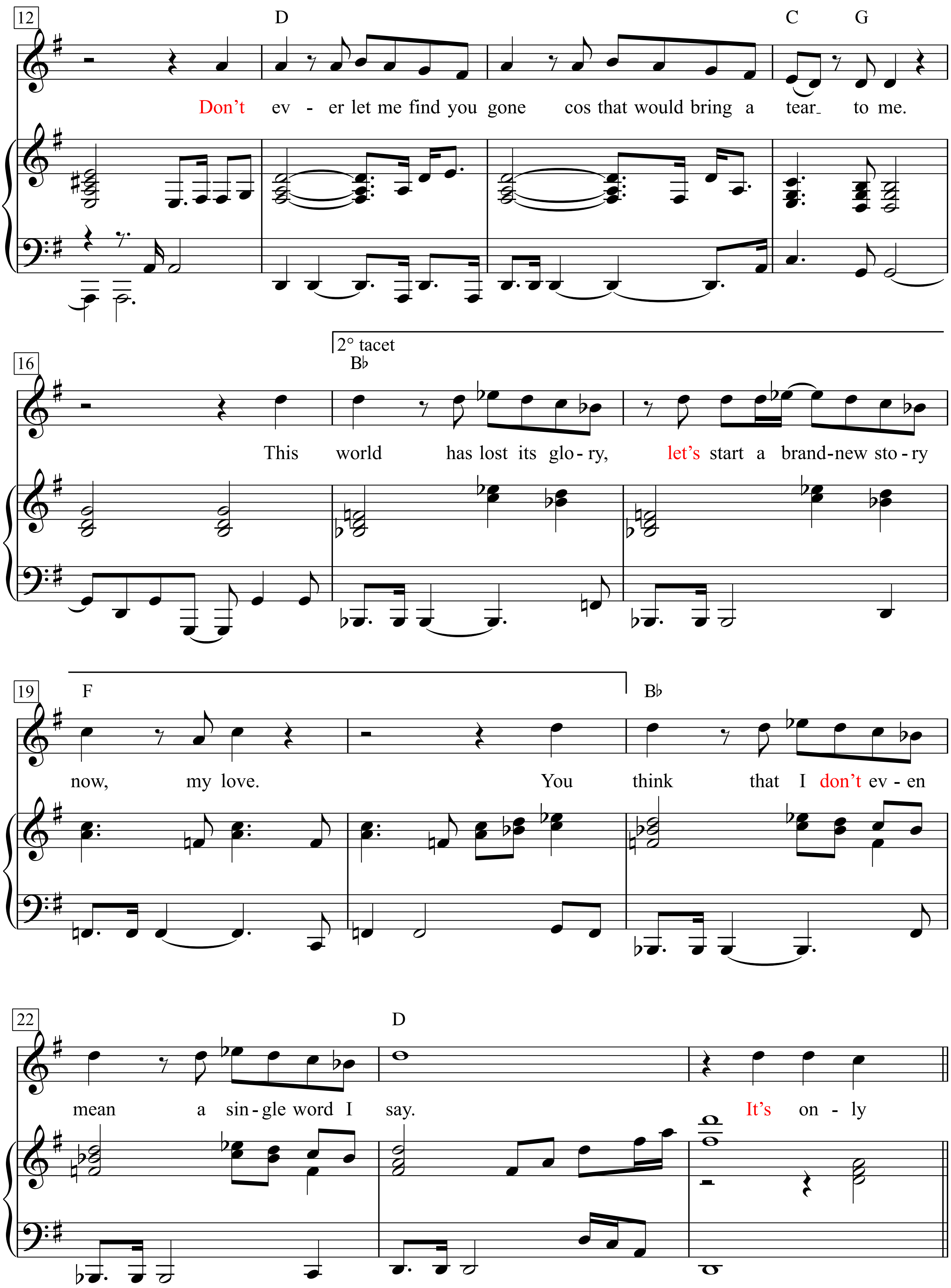
2. change, it had to come, we knew it all along.
We were liberated from the fold, that’s all.
The world looks just the same, and history ain’t blamed,
‘cause the banners were all flown in the last war.

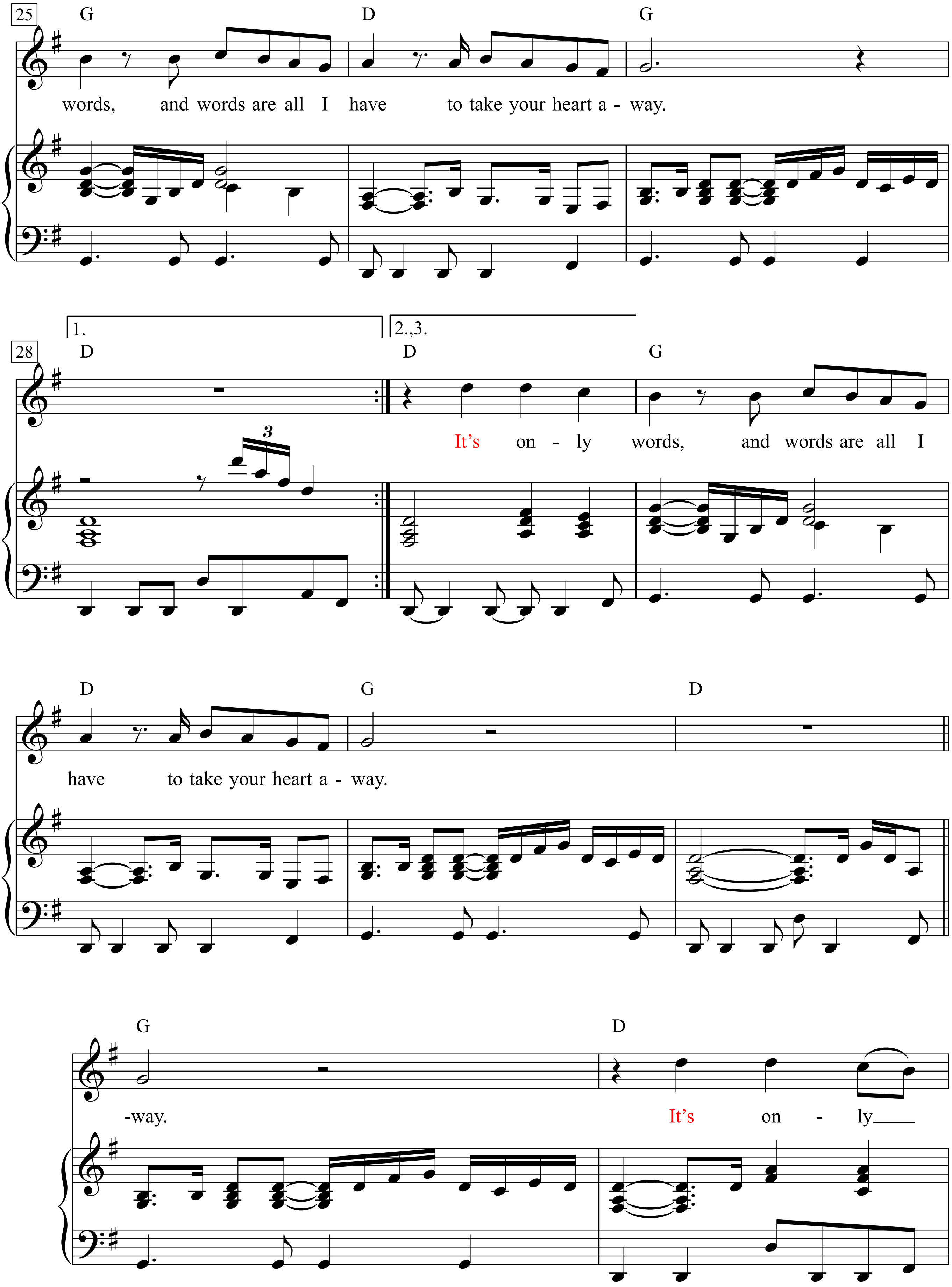
3. nothing in the street looks any different to me.
And the slogans are all replaced, by the by.
The parting on the left is now a parting on the right,
and the beards have all grown longer overnight.

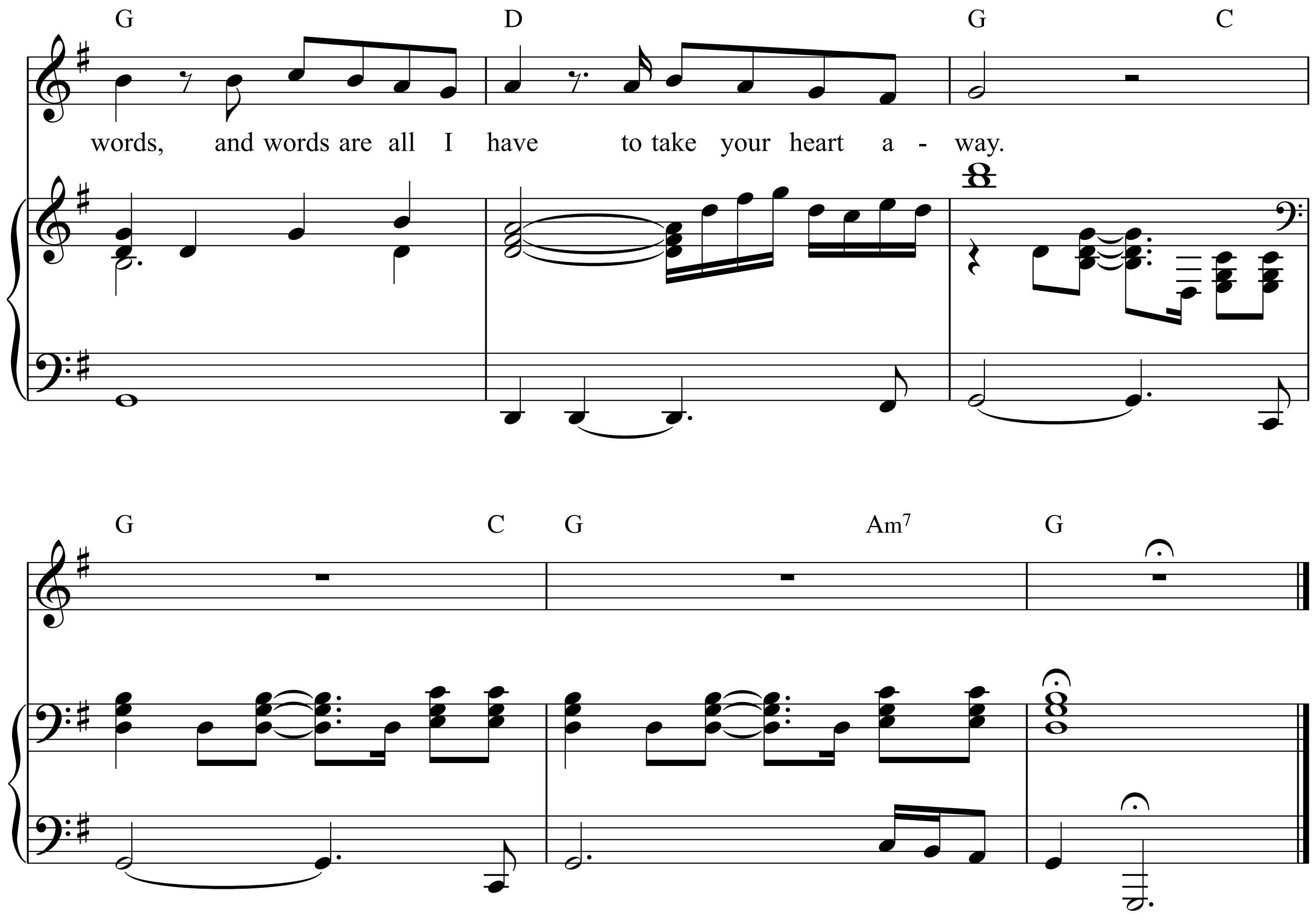
Words

Words & Music by
Barry Gibb, Maurice Gibb & Robin Gibb
(Bee Gees)




12
D
C G
Don't ev - er let me find you gone cos that would bring a tear to me.
16
2° tacet
B♭
This world has lost its glo - ry, let's start a brand-new sto - ry
19
F
B♭
now, my love. You think that I don't ev - en
22
D
mean a sin - gle word I say. It's on - ly


25
G
D
G
words, and words are all I have to take your heart a - way.
1.
2.,3.
28
D
D
G
3
It's on - ly words, and words are all I
D
G
D
have to take your heart a - way.
G
D
-way.
It's on - ly


G
D
G
C
words, and words are all I have to take your heart a - way.
G
C
G
Am7
G

Verse 2:
Talk in everlasting words
And dedicate them all to me
And I will give you all my life
I’m here if you should call to me
You think that I don’t even mean
A single word I say.

It’s only words *etc.*

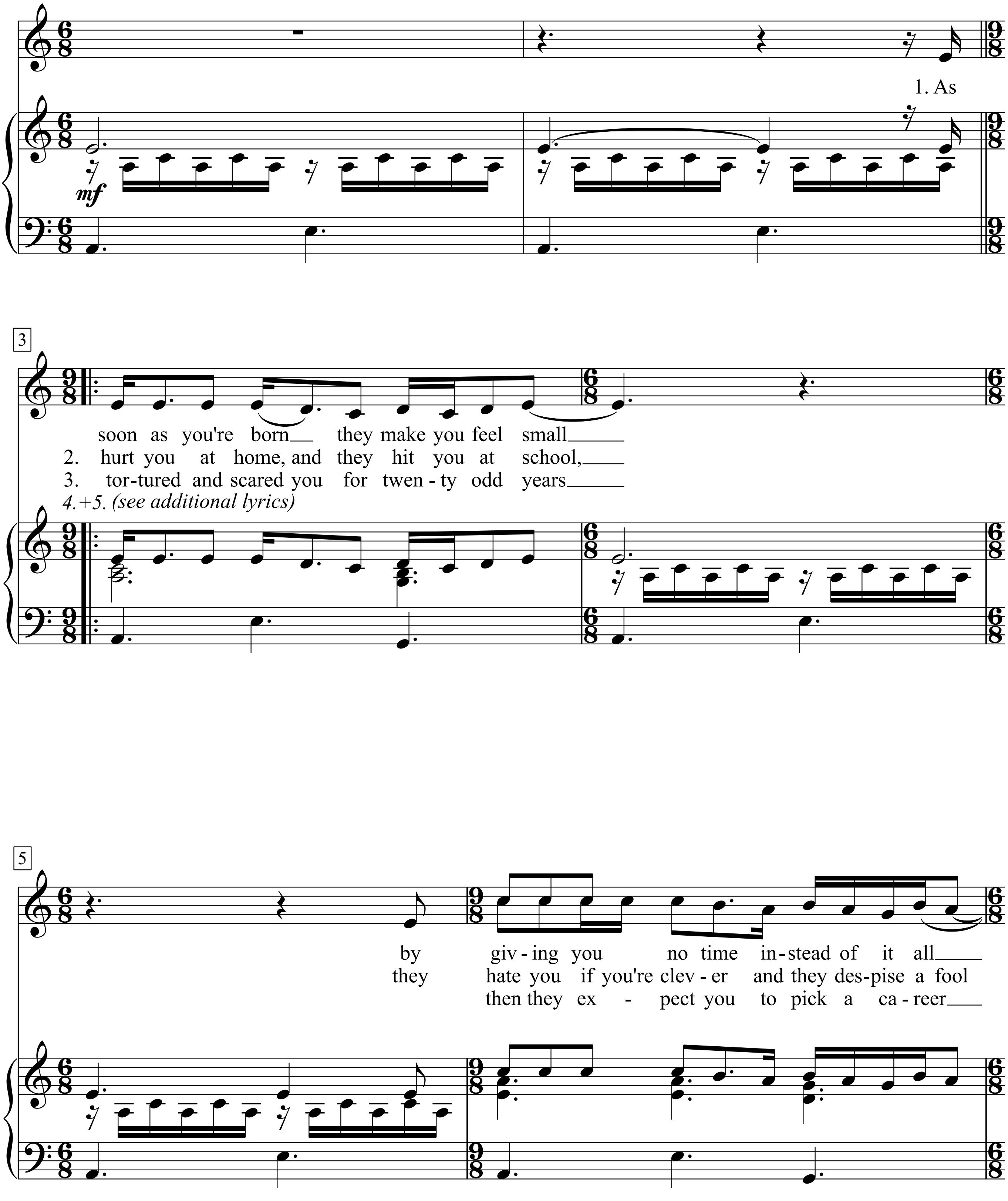
Verse 3:

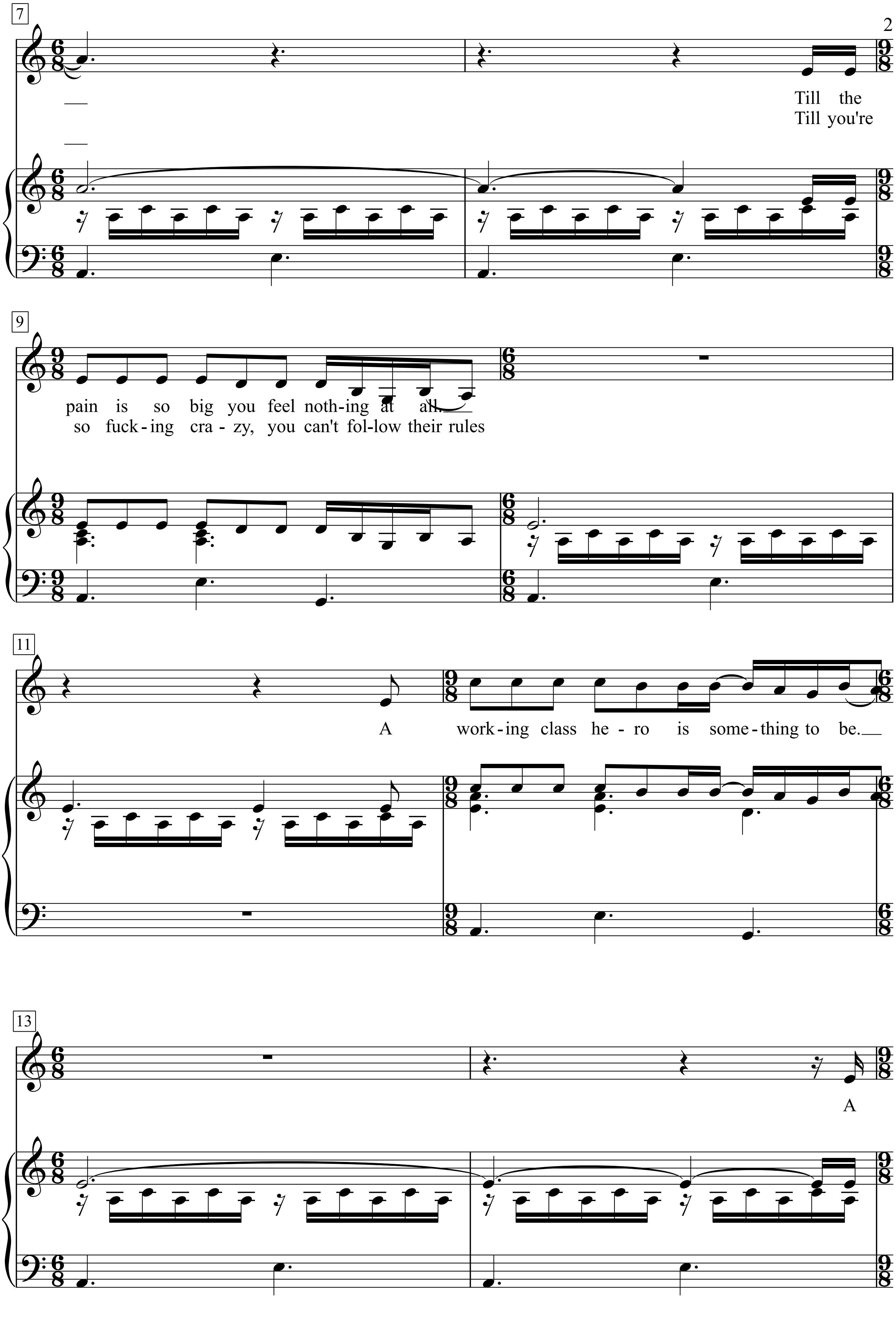
Da da da da ... *(8 bars)*
This world has lost its glory
Let’s start a brand new story now, my love
You think that I don’t even mean
A single word I say.

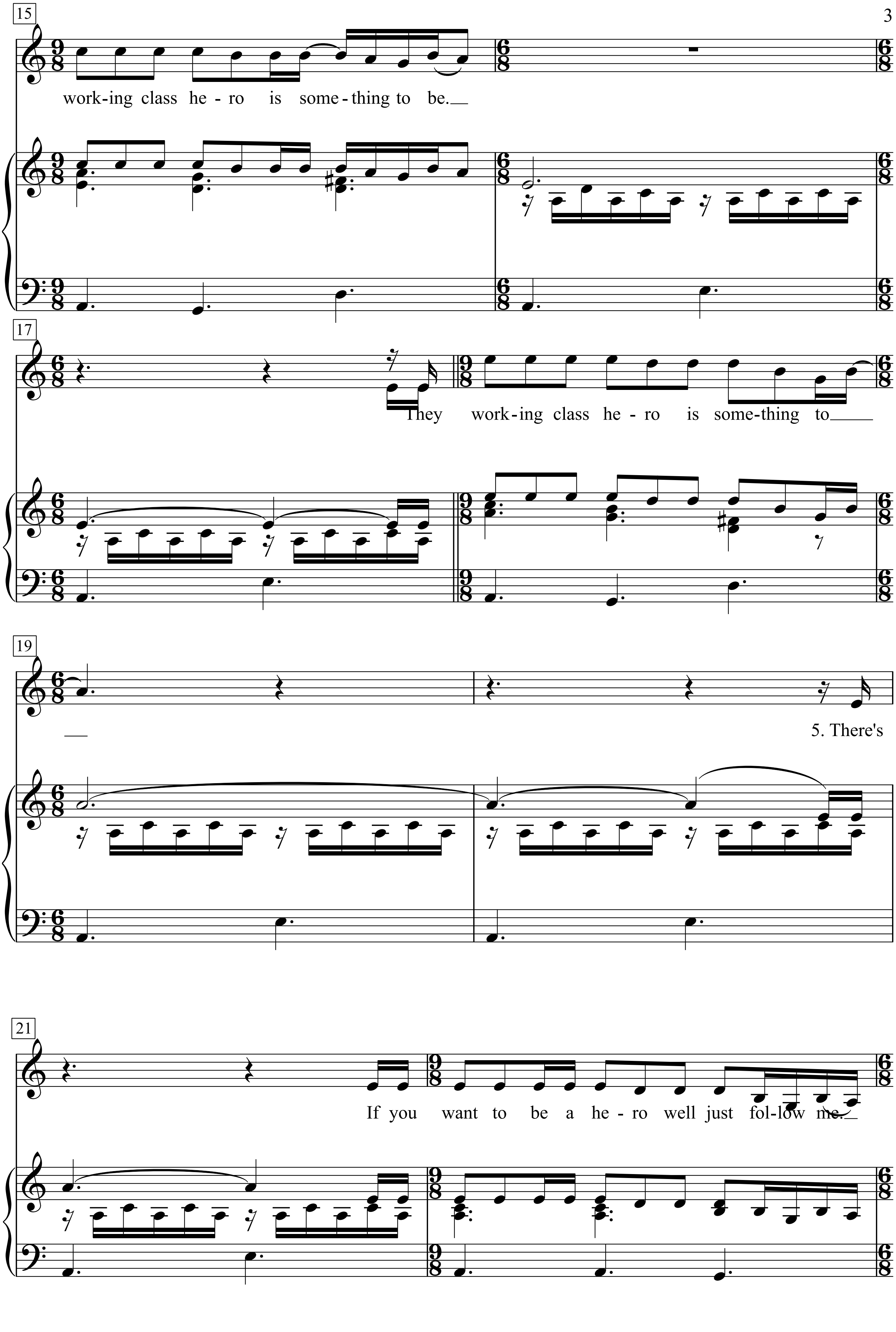
It’s only words *etc.*

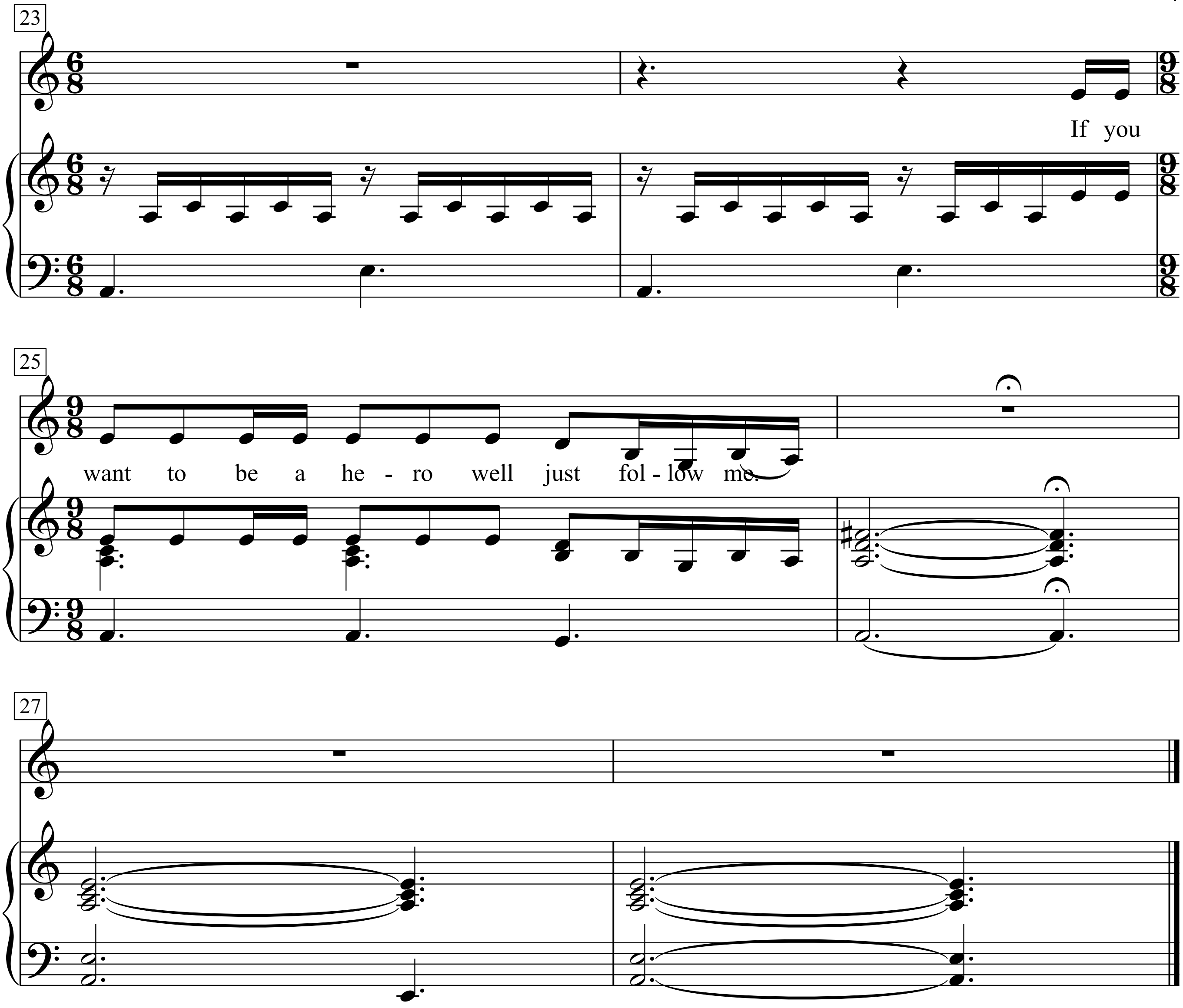
Working Class Hero

Words & Music by John Lennon
(Green Day)




7
Till the
Till you're
9
pain is so big you feel noth-ing at all.
so fuck-ing cra-zy, you can't fol-low their rules
11
A work-ing class he-ro is some-thing to be.
13
A


15
work-ing class he - ro is some - thing to be.
17
They work-ing class he - ro is some-thing to
19
5. There's
21
If you want to be a he - ro well just fol-low me.

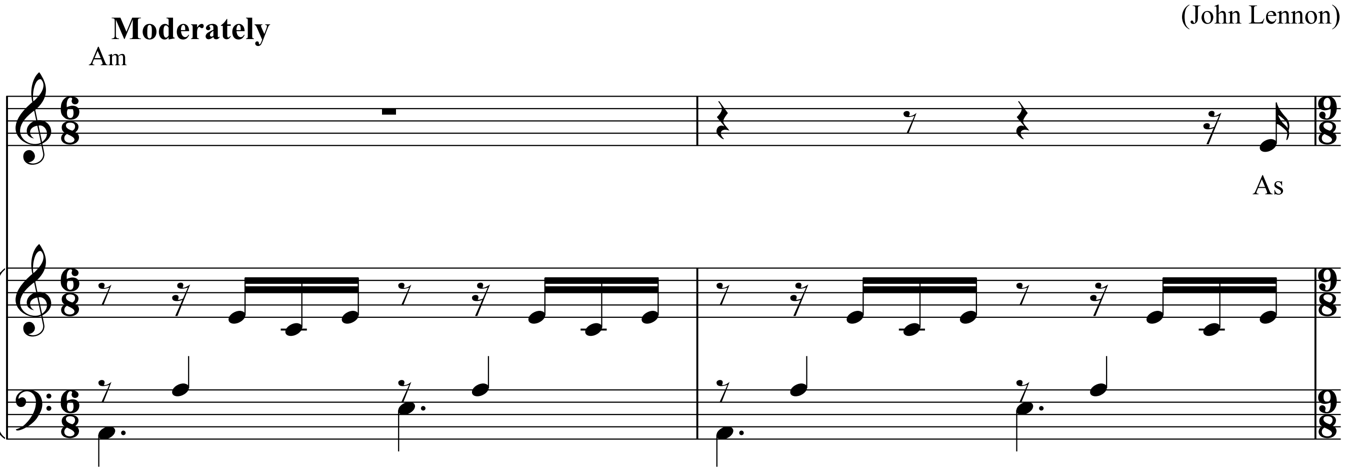


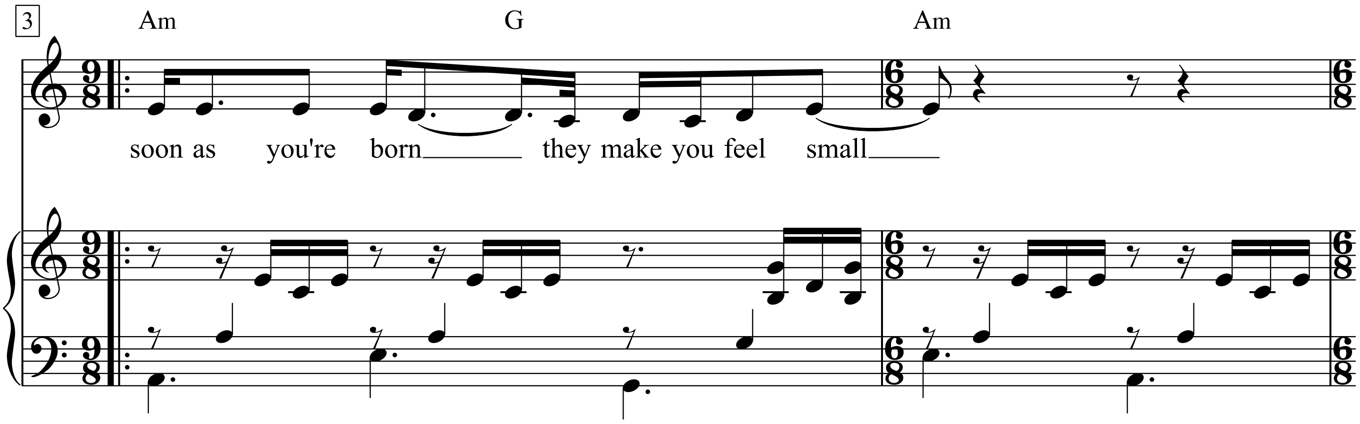
They keep you doped with religion, and sex and TV
And you think you're so clever and classless and free
But you're still fuckin' peasants, as far as I can see
Chorus

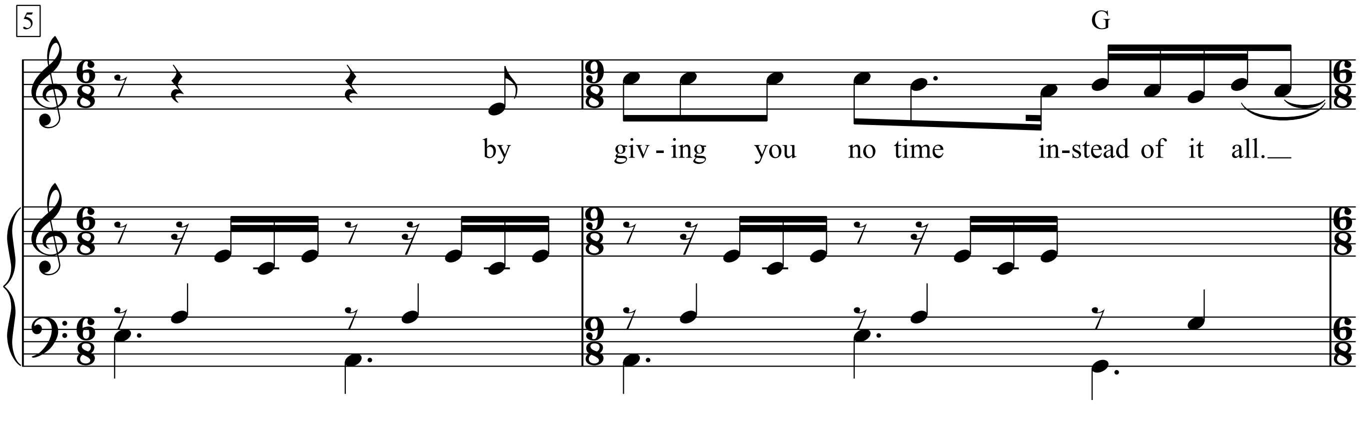
There's room at the top, they're tellin' you still
But first you must learn how to smile as they kill
If you wanna be like all the folks on the hill
Chorus

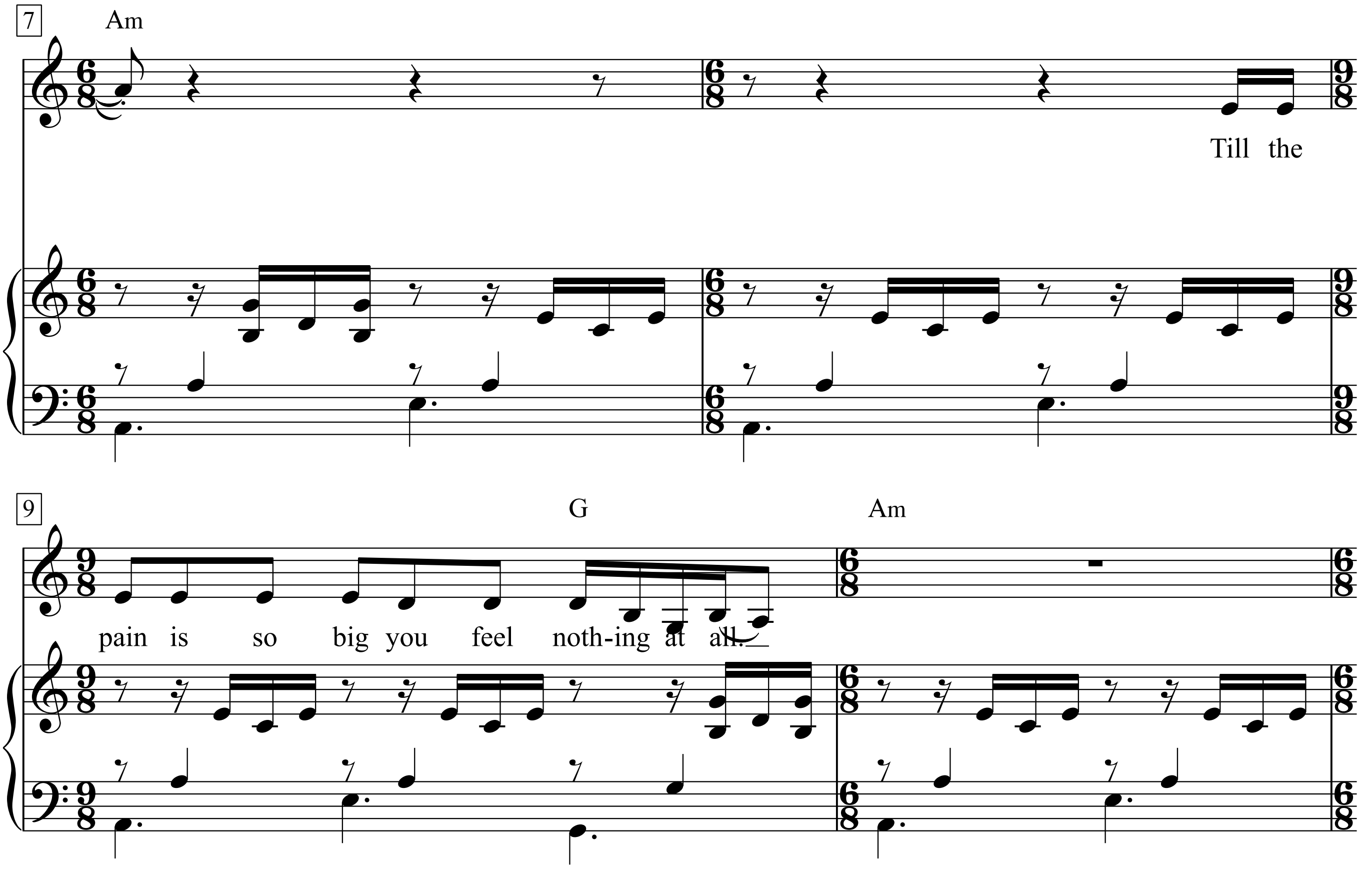
Working Class Hero

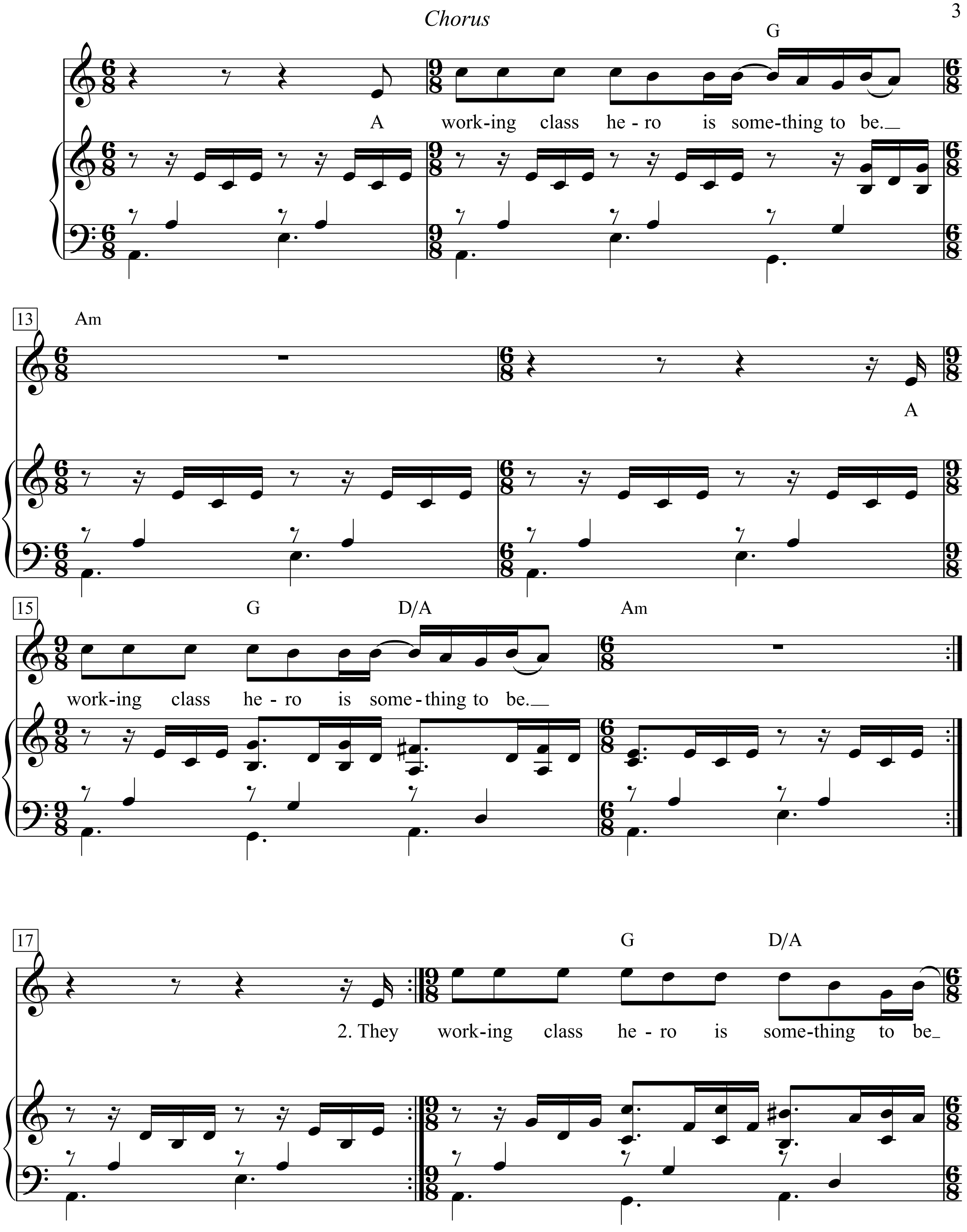
Words & Music by John Lennon
(John Lennon)

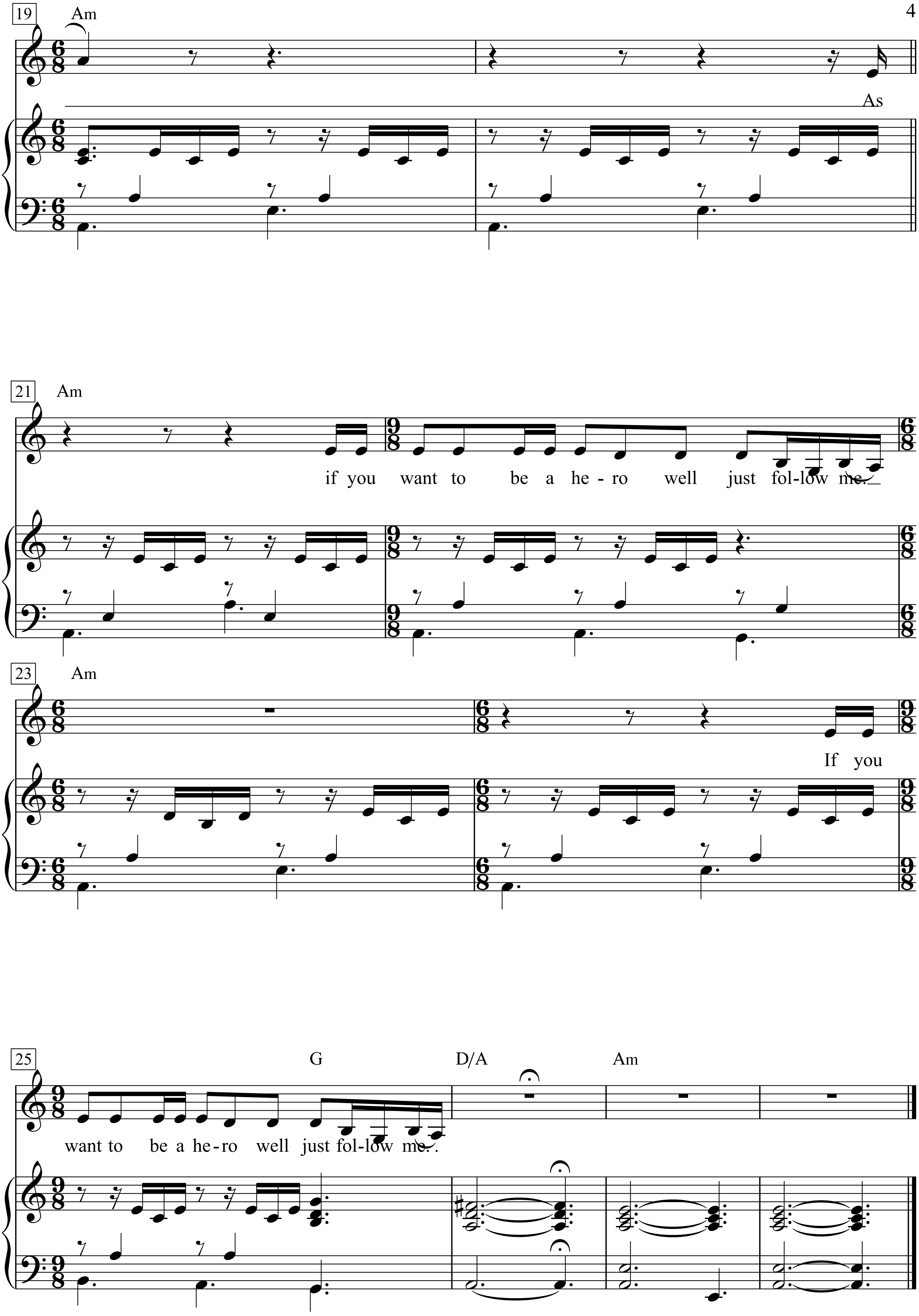







7
Am
Till the
9
G
Am
pain is so big you feel noth-ing at all.

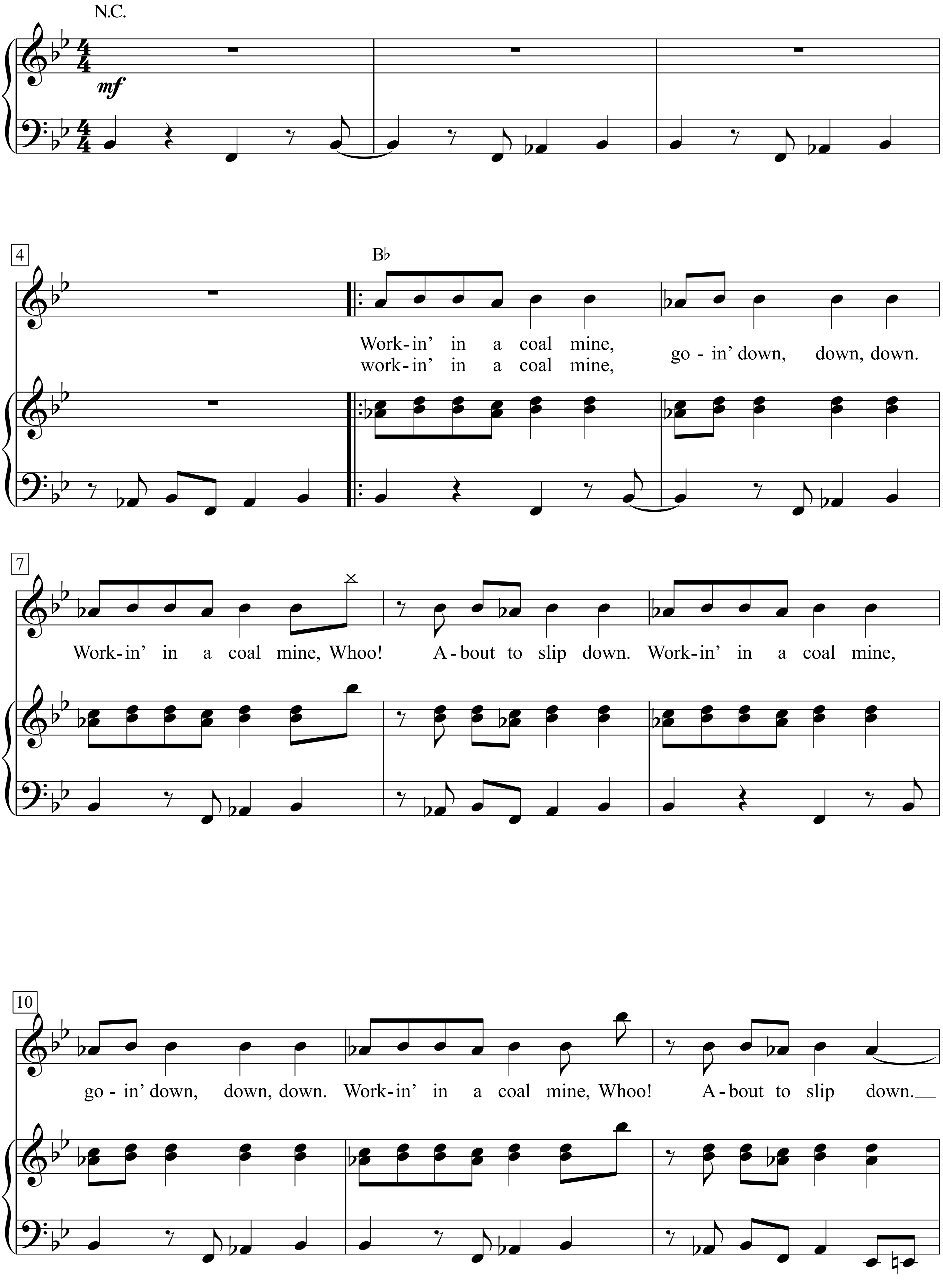

Chorus
G
A work-ing class he - ro is some-thing to be.
13
Am
A
15
G D/A Am
work-ing class he - ro is some - thing to be.
17
G D/A
2. They work-ing class he - ro is some-thing to be

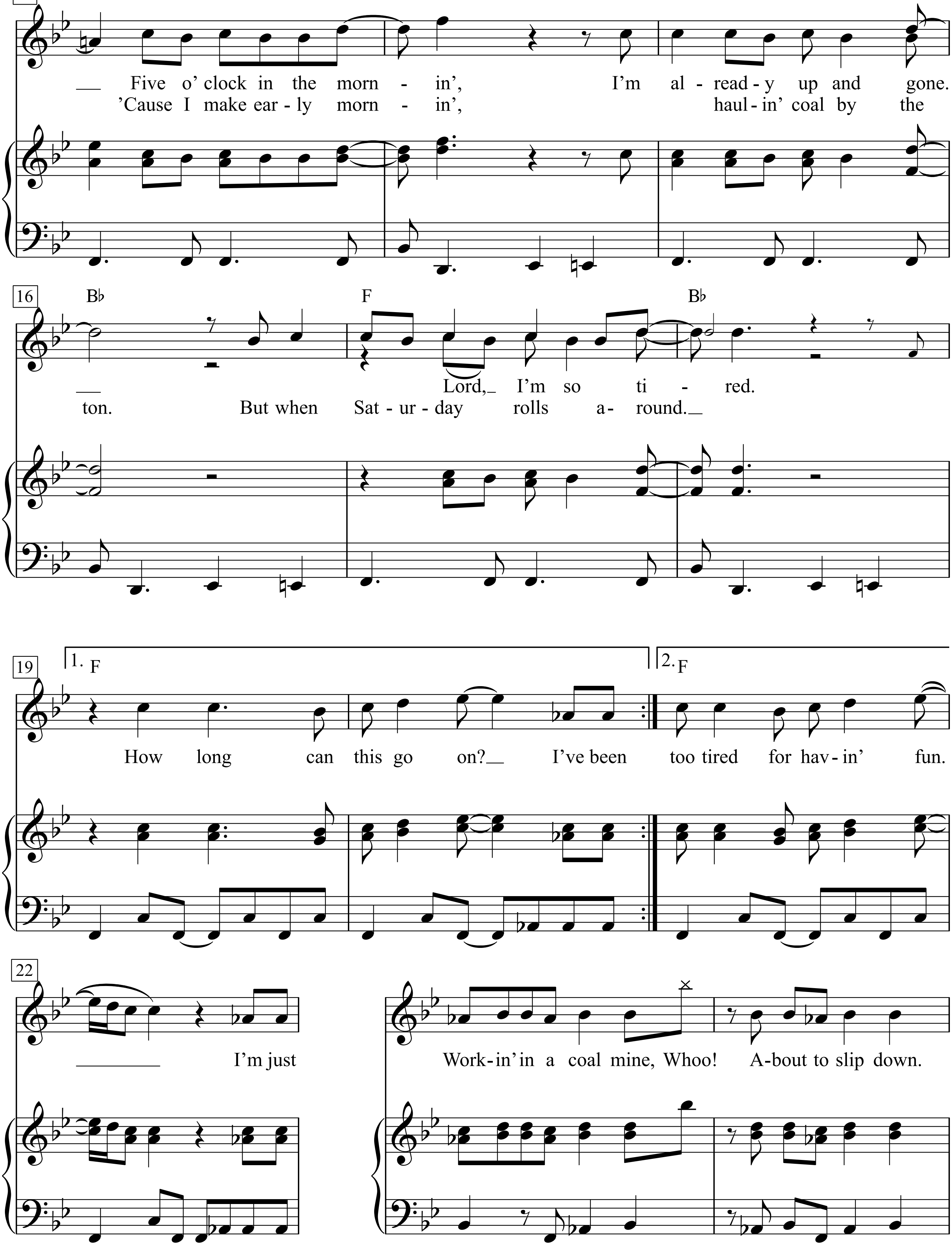

19
Am
As
21
Am
if you want to be a he-ro well just fol-low me.
23
Am
If you
25
G
D/A
Am
want to be a he-ro well just fol-low me.

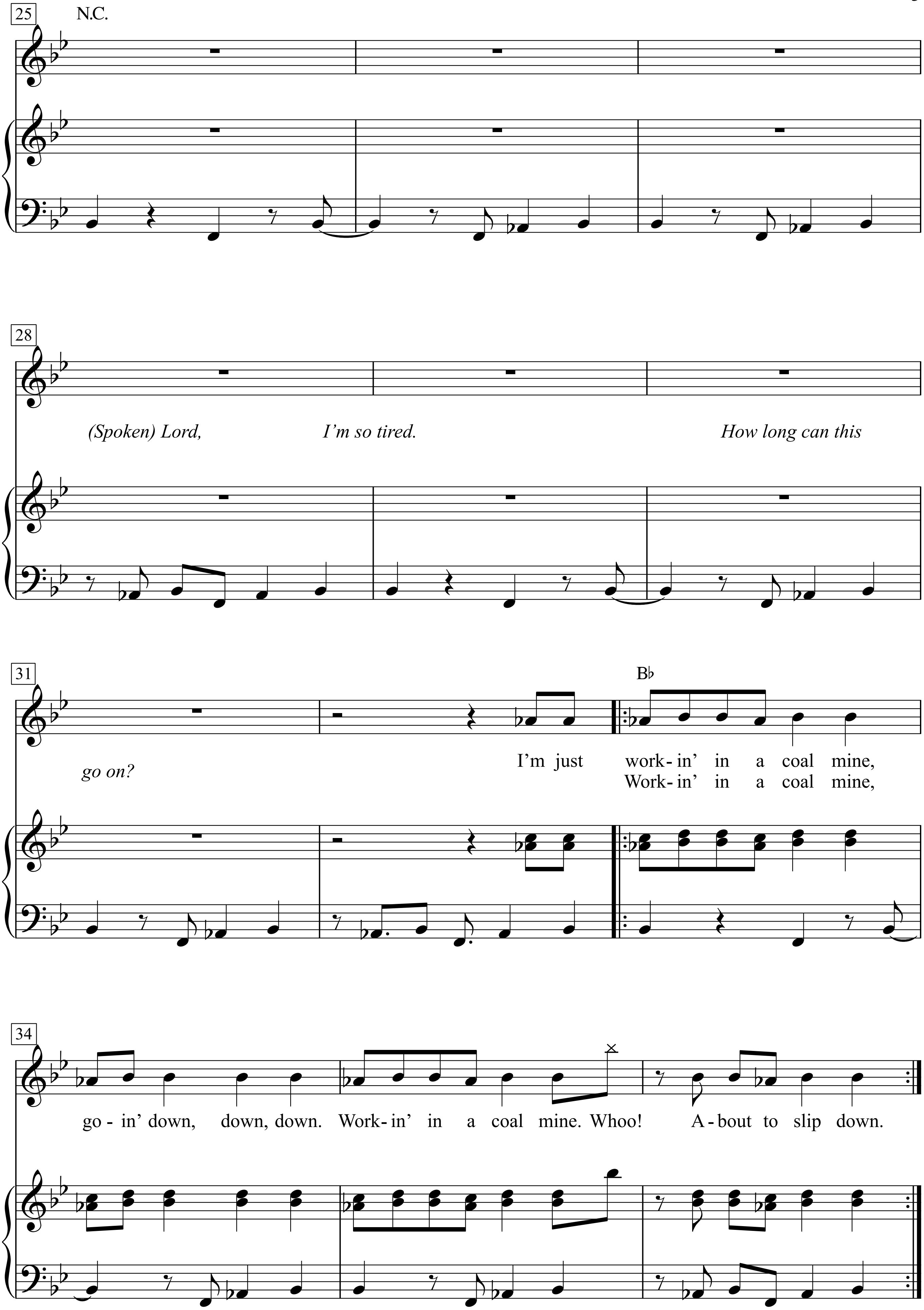
Working In The Coal Mine

Words & Music by Allen Toussaint
(Lee Dorsey)

Moderate fast

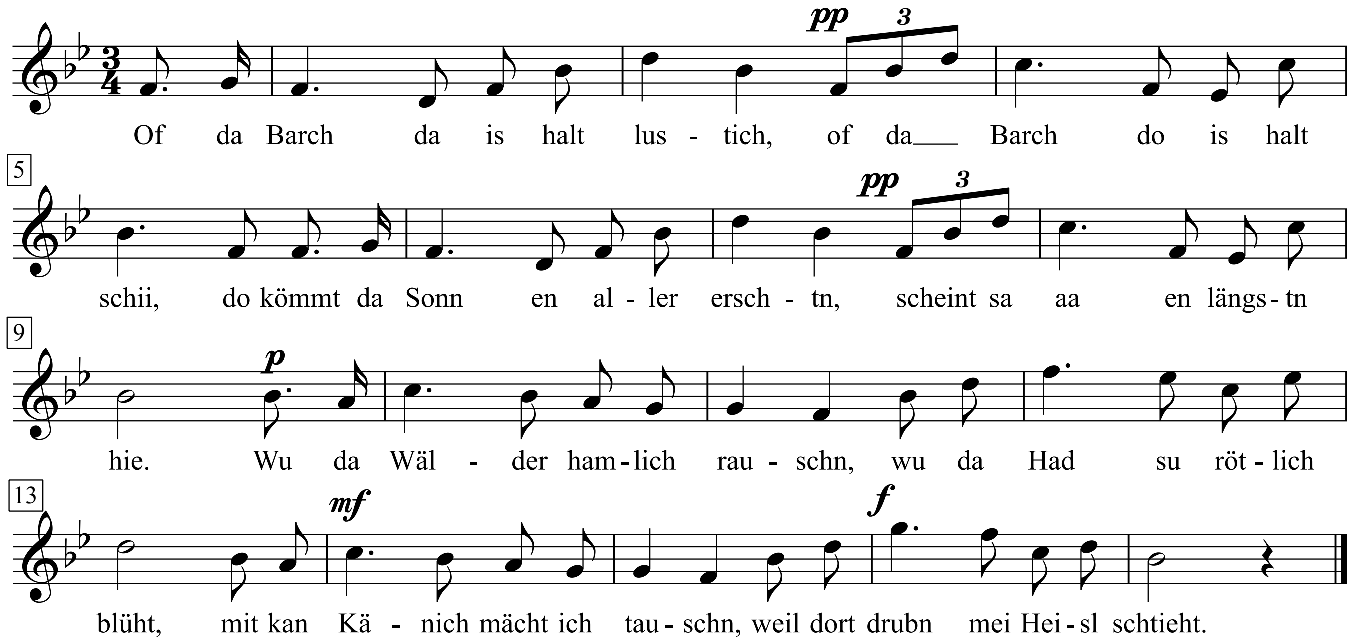



13
F
Bb
F
Five o' clock in the morn - in', I'm al - read - y up and gone.
'Cause I make ear - ly morn - in', haul - in' coal by the
16
Bb
F
Bb
Lord, I'm so ti - red.
ton. But when Sat - ur - day rolls a - round.
19
1. F
2. F
How long can this go on? I've been too tired for hav - in' fun.
22
I'm just
Work - in' in a coal mine, Whoo! A - bout to slip down.


25
N.C.
28
(Spoken) Lord,
I'm so tired.
How long can this
31
go on?
B♭
I'm just work- in' in a coal mine,
Work- in' in a coal mine,
34
go - in' down, down, down. Work- in' in a coal mine. Whoo! A - bout to slip down.

Wu da Wälder hamlich rauschn

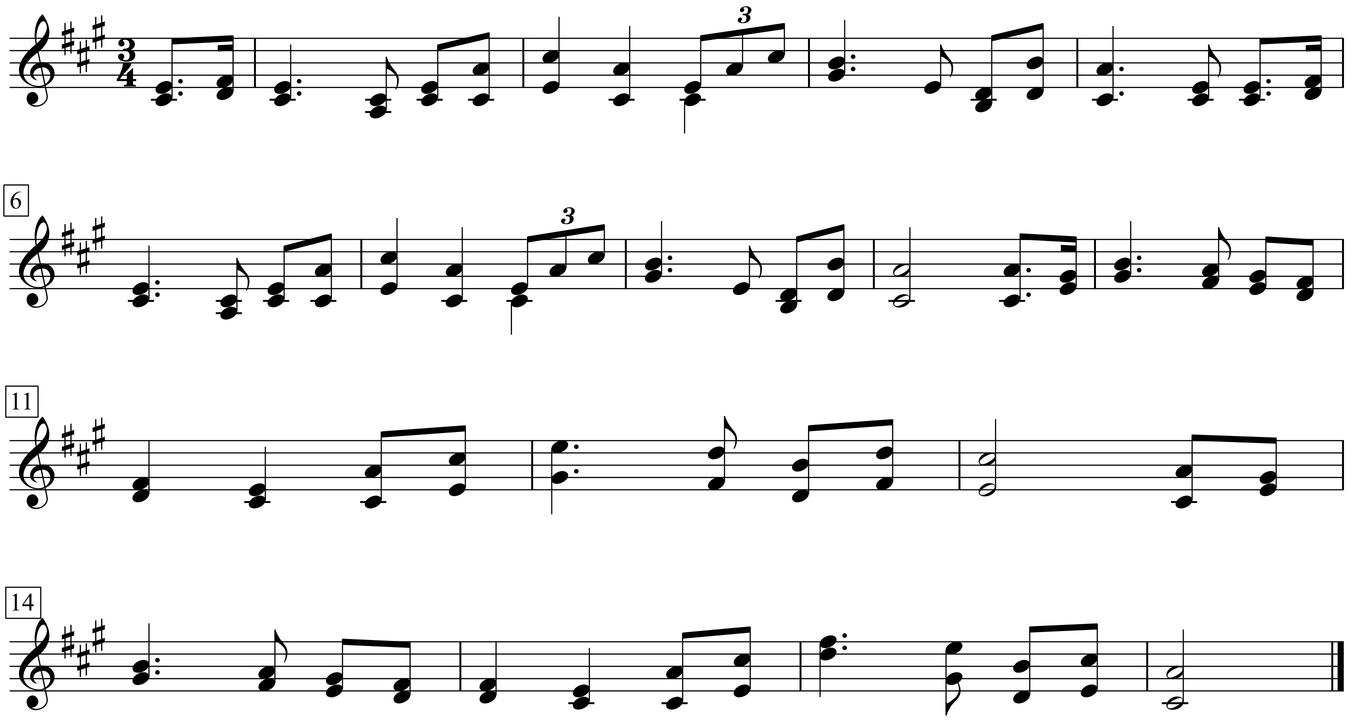
Text & Musik: Anton Günther



Of da Barch da is halt lustich,
of da Barch do is halt schii,
do kömmt da Sonn en aller erschtn,
scheint sa aa en längstn hie.
Wu da Wälder hamlich rauschn,
wu da Had su rötlich blüht,
mit kan Känich mächt ich tauschn,
weil dort drubn mei Heisl schtieht.

Wu de Wälder haamlich rauschen

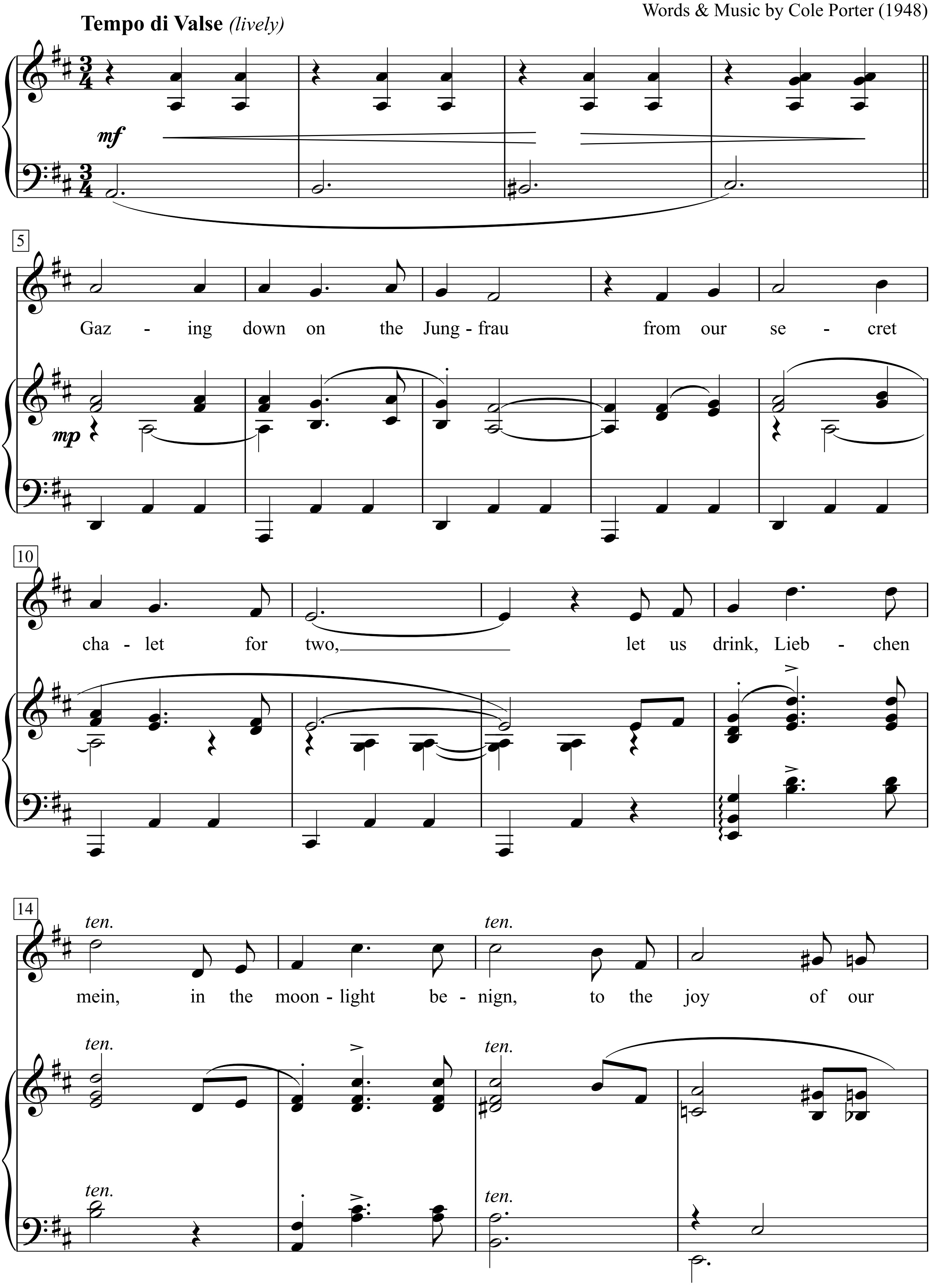
Anton Günther

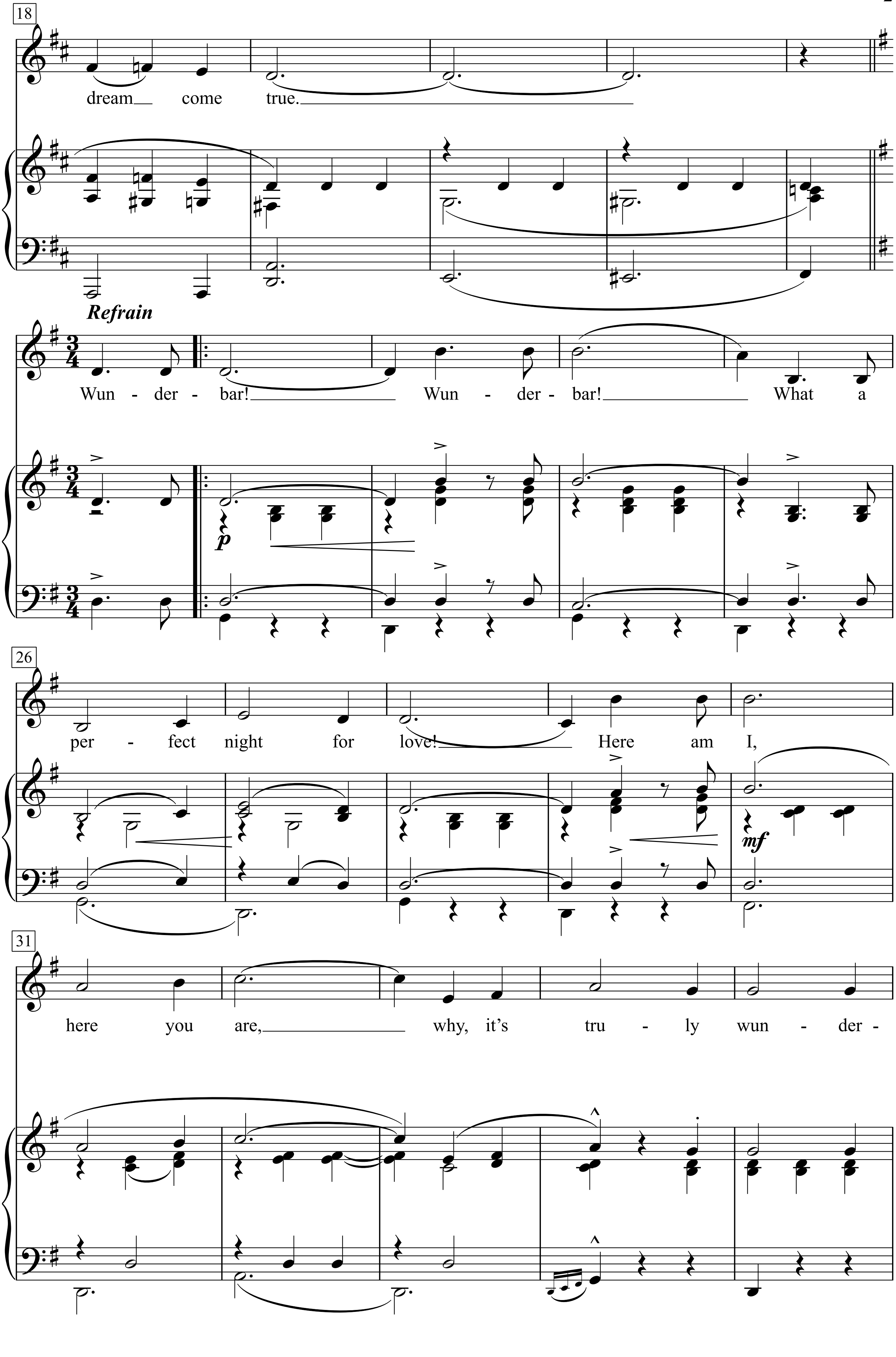


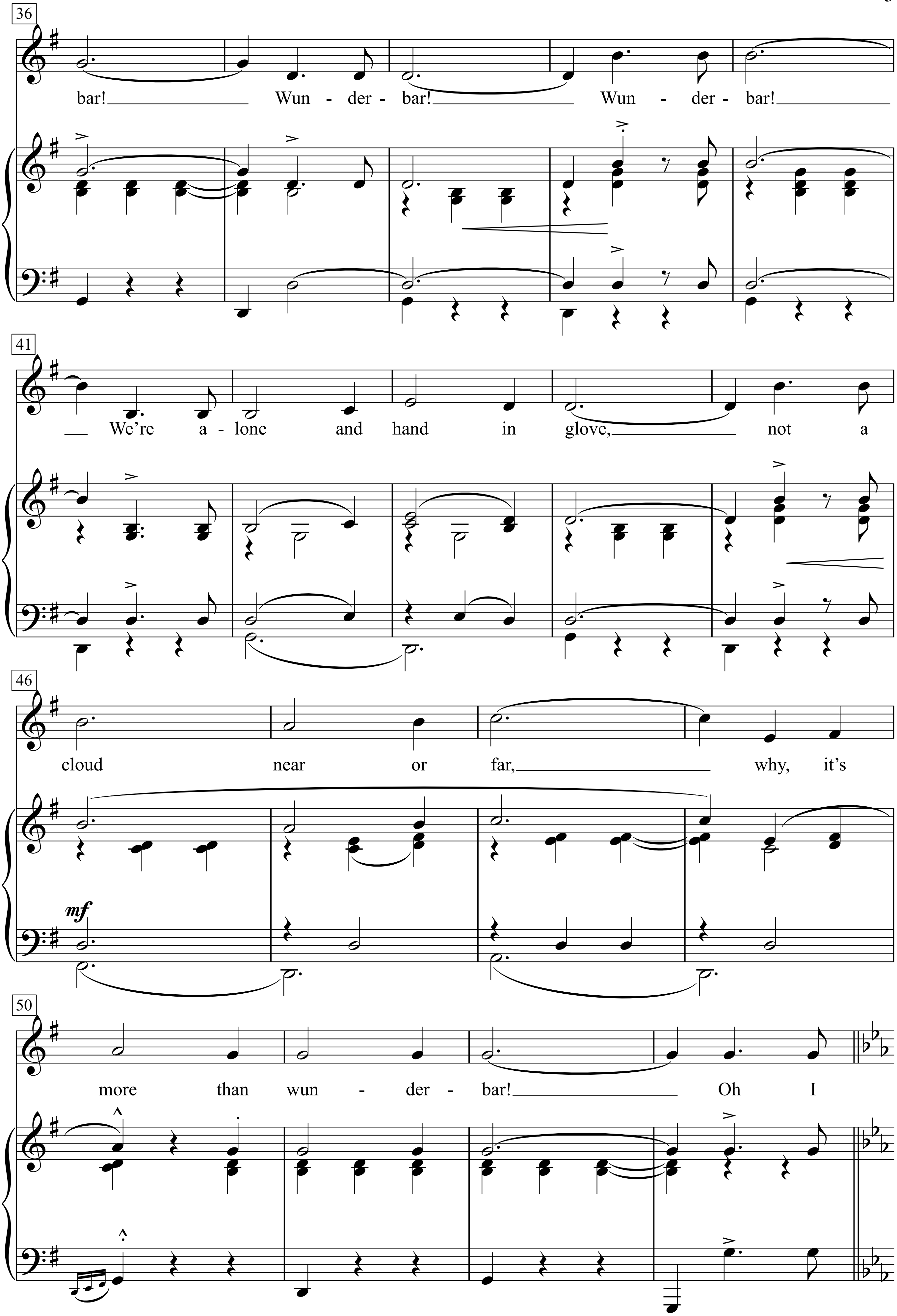
Wunderbar

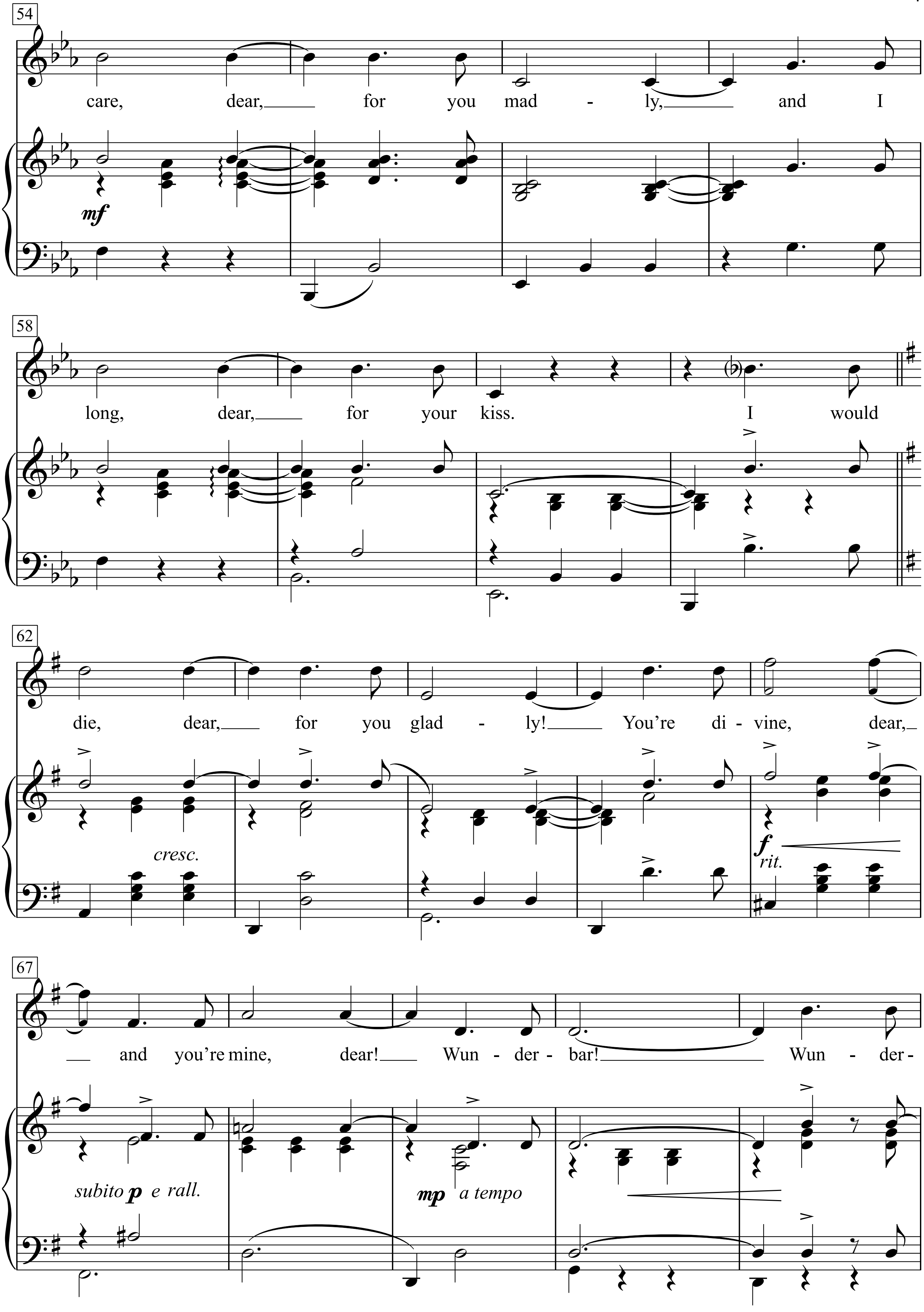
(*from* 'Kiss Me, Kate')

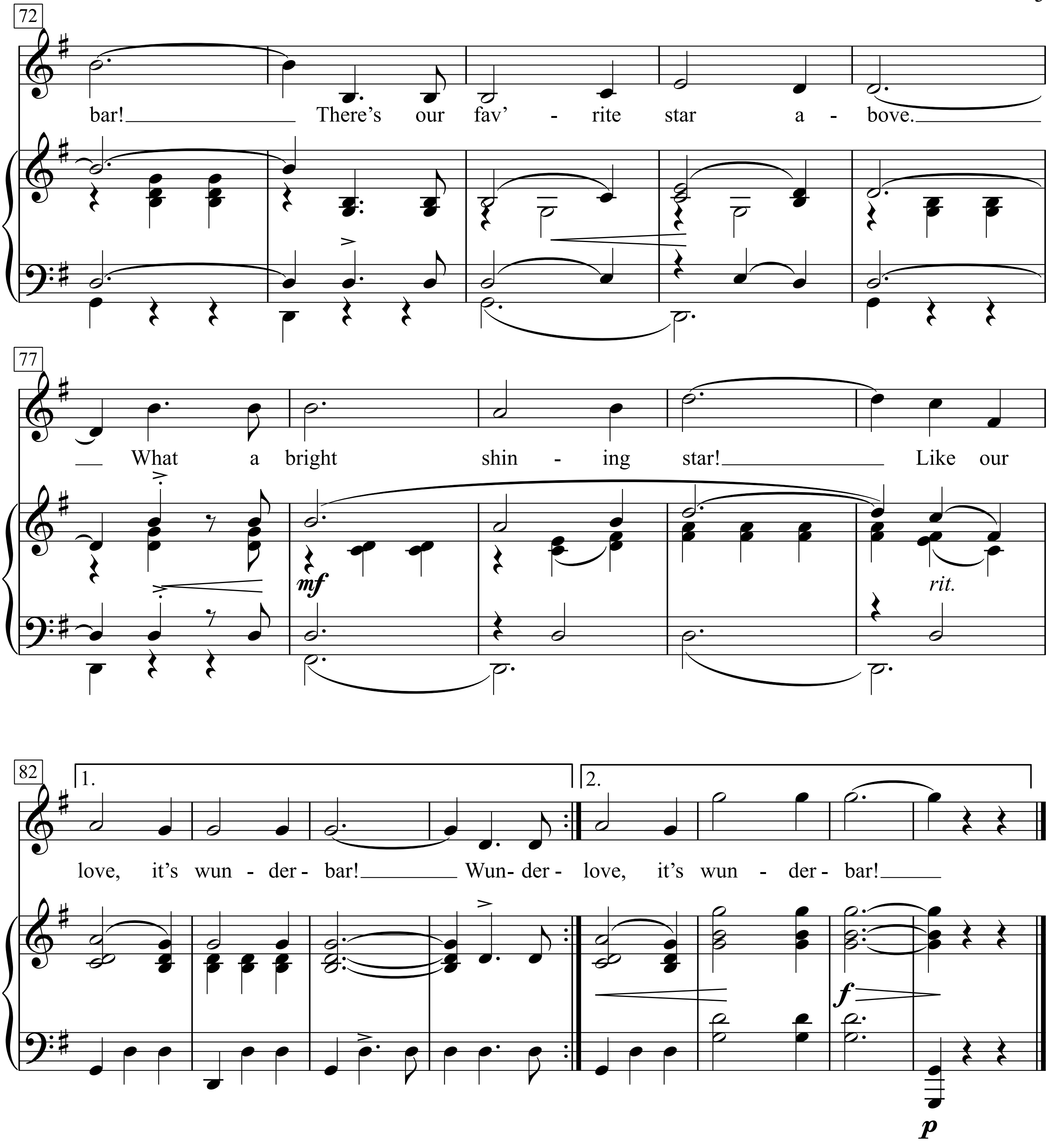
Words & Music by Cole Porter (1948)




18
dream come true.
Refrain
Wun - der - bar! Wun - der - bar! What a
p
26
per - fect night for love! Here am I,
mf
31
here you are, why, it's tru - ly wun - der -


36
bar! Wun - der - bar! Wun - der - bar!
41
We're a - lone and hand in glove, not a
46
cloud near or far, why, it's
mf
50
more than wun - der - bar! Oh I


54
care, dear, for you mad - ly, and I
mf
58
long, dear, for your kiss. I would
62
die, dear, for you glad - ly! You're di - vine, dear,
cresc.
f
rit.
67
and you're mine, dear! Wun - der - bar! Wun - der -
subito p e rall.
mp a tempo


72
bar! There's our fav' - rite star a - bove.
77
What a bright shin - ing star! Like our
mf
rit.
82
1.
2.
love, it's wun - der - bar! Wun- der - love, it's wun - der - bar!
f
p

Gazing down on the Jungfrau
from our secret chalet for two,
let us drink, Liebchen mein,
in the moonlight benign,
to the joy of our dream come true.

Refrain:
Wunderbar! Wunderbar!
What a perfect night for love!
Here am I, here you are,
why, it’s truly wunderbar!

Wunderbar! Wunderbar!
We’re alone and hand in glove,
not a cloud near or far,
why, it’s more than wunderbar!

Oh I care, dear, for you madly,
and I long, dear, for your kiss.
I would die, dear, for you gladly!
You’re divine, dear,
and you’re mine, dear!

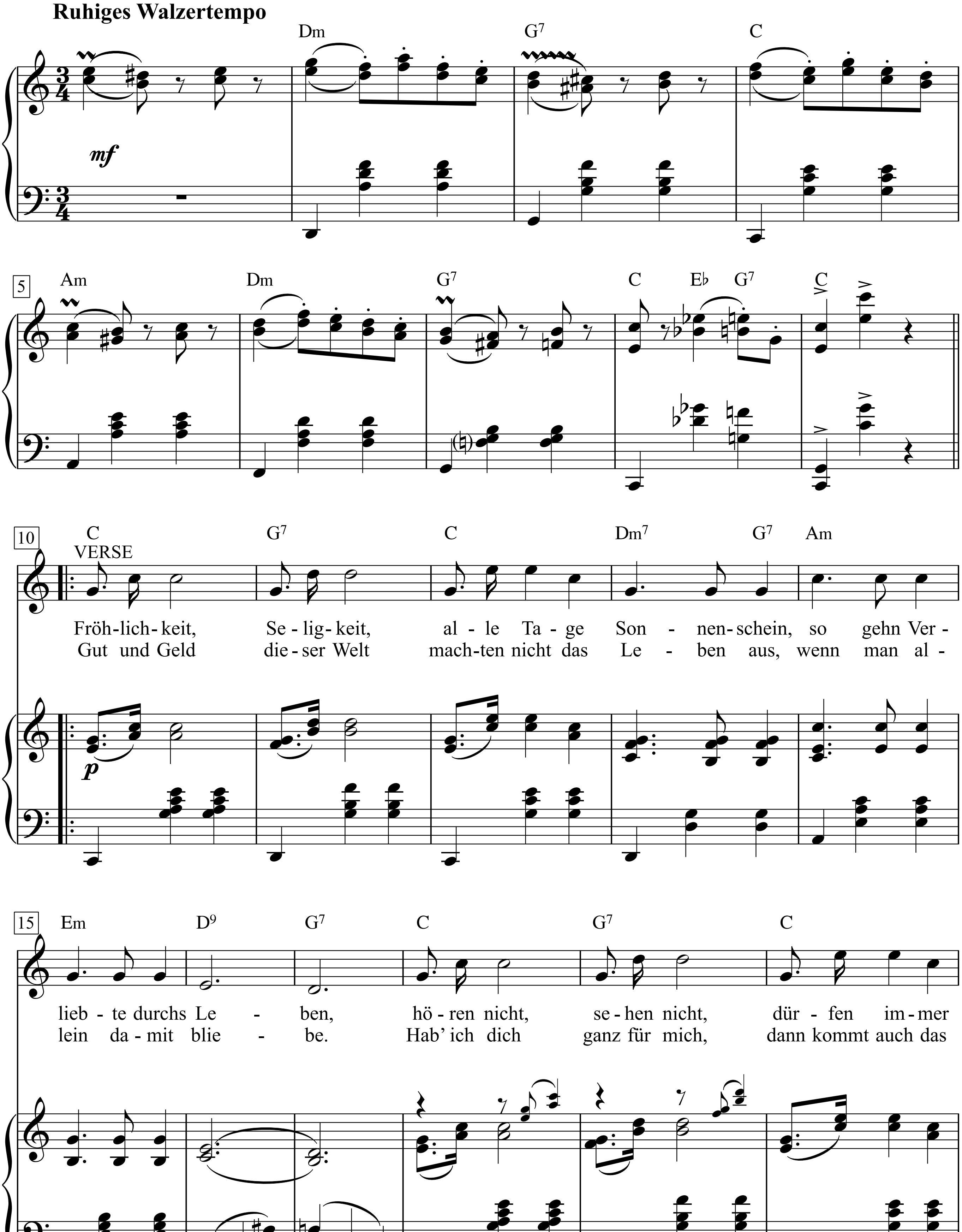
Wunderbar! Wunderbar!
There’s our fav’rite star above.
What a bright shining star!
Like our love, it’s wunderbar!

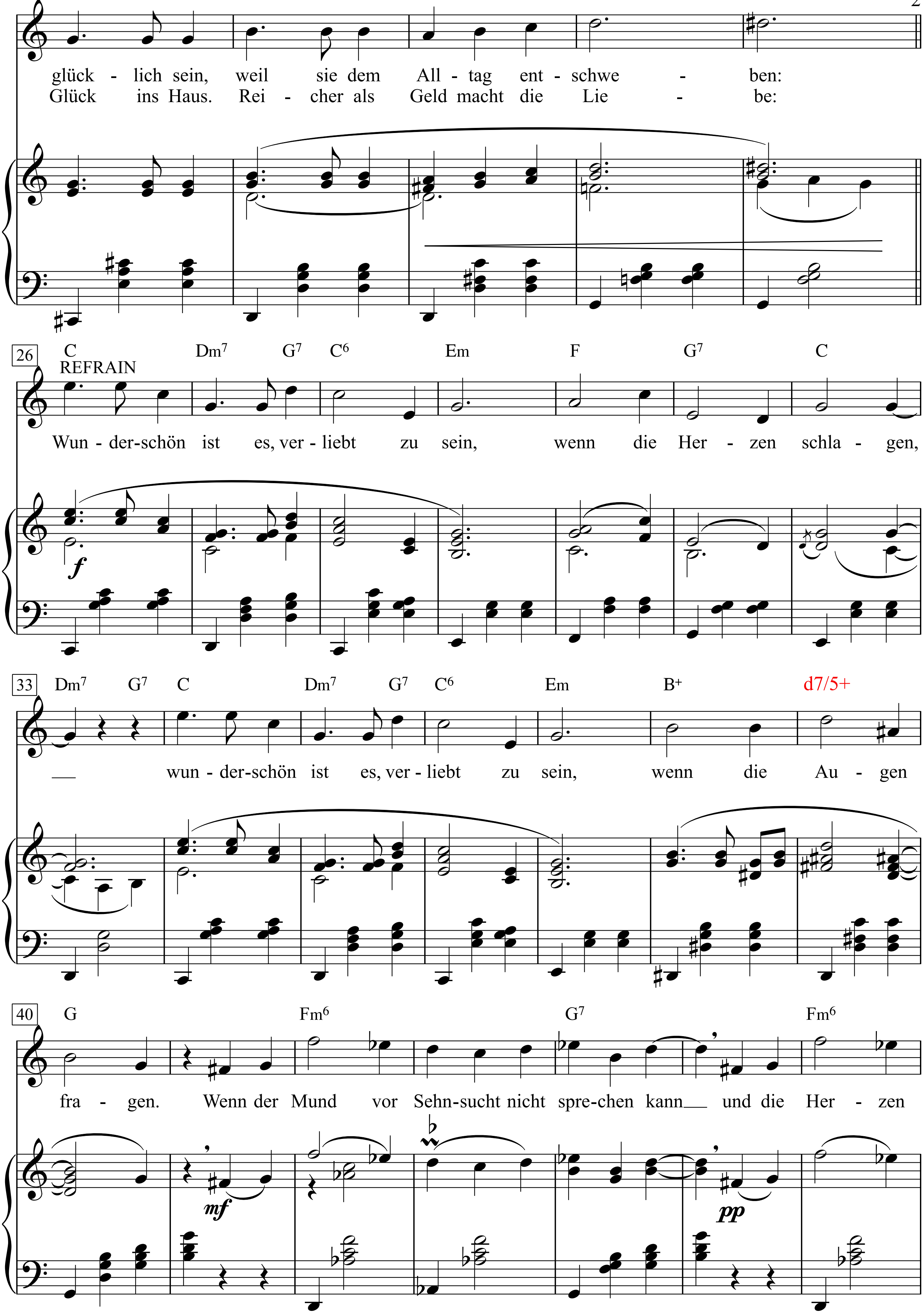
Wunderschön ist es, verliebt zu sein

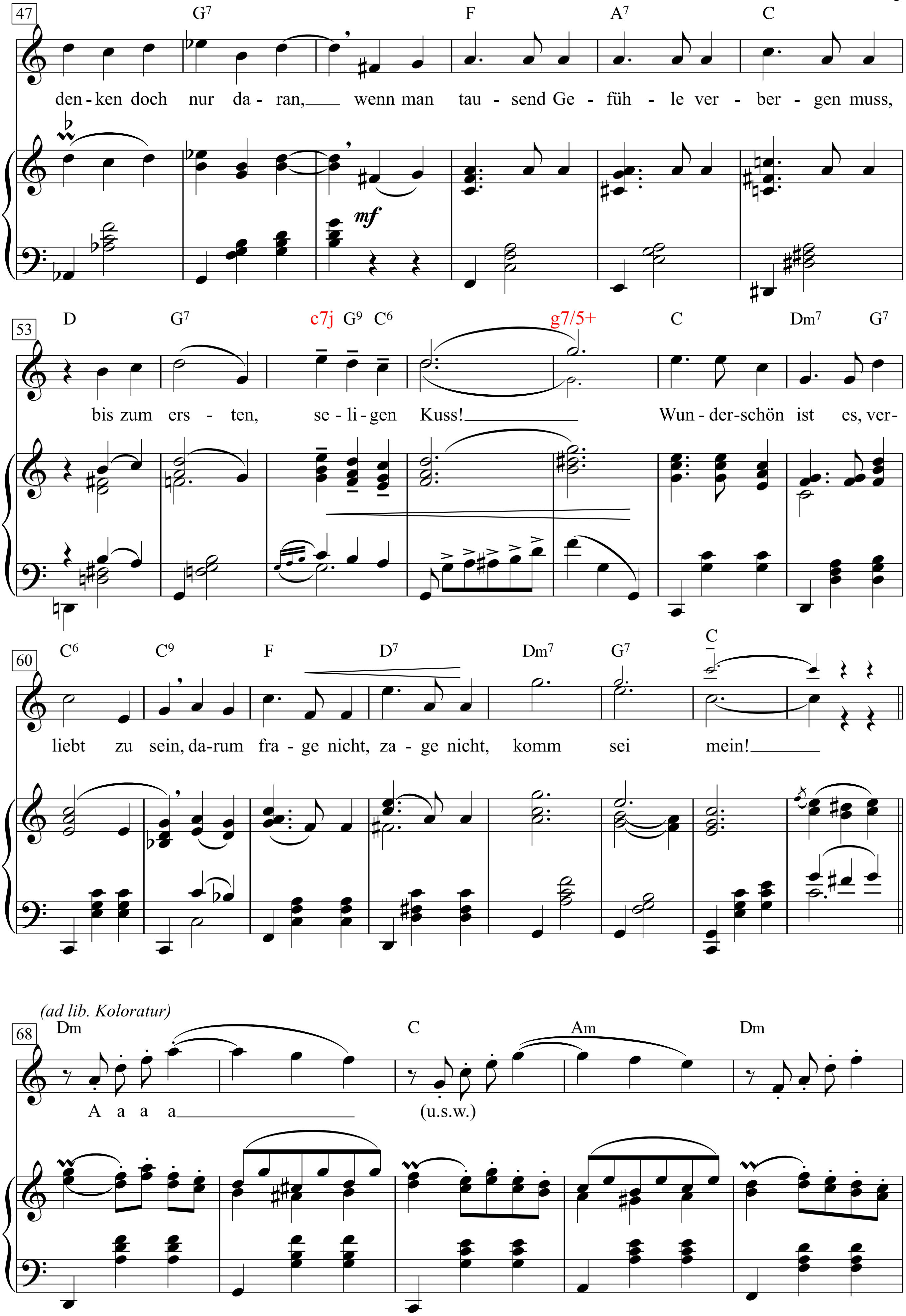
Walzerlied aus dem Film “Das Hofkonzert”

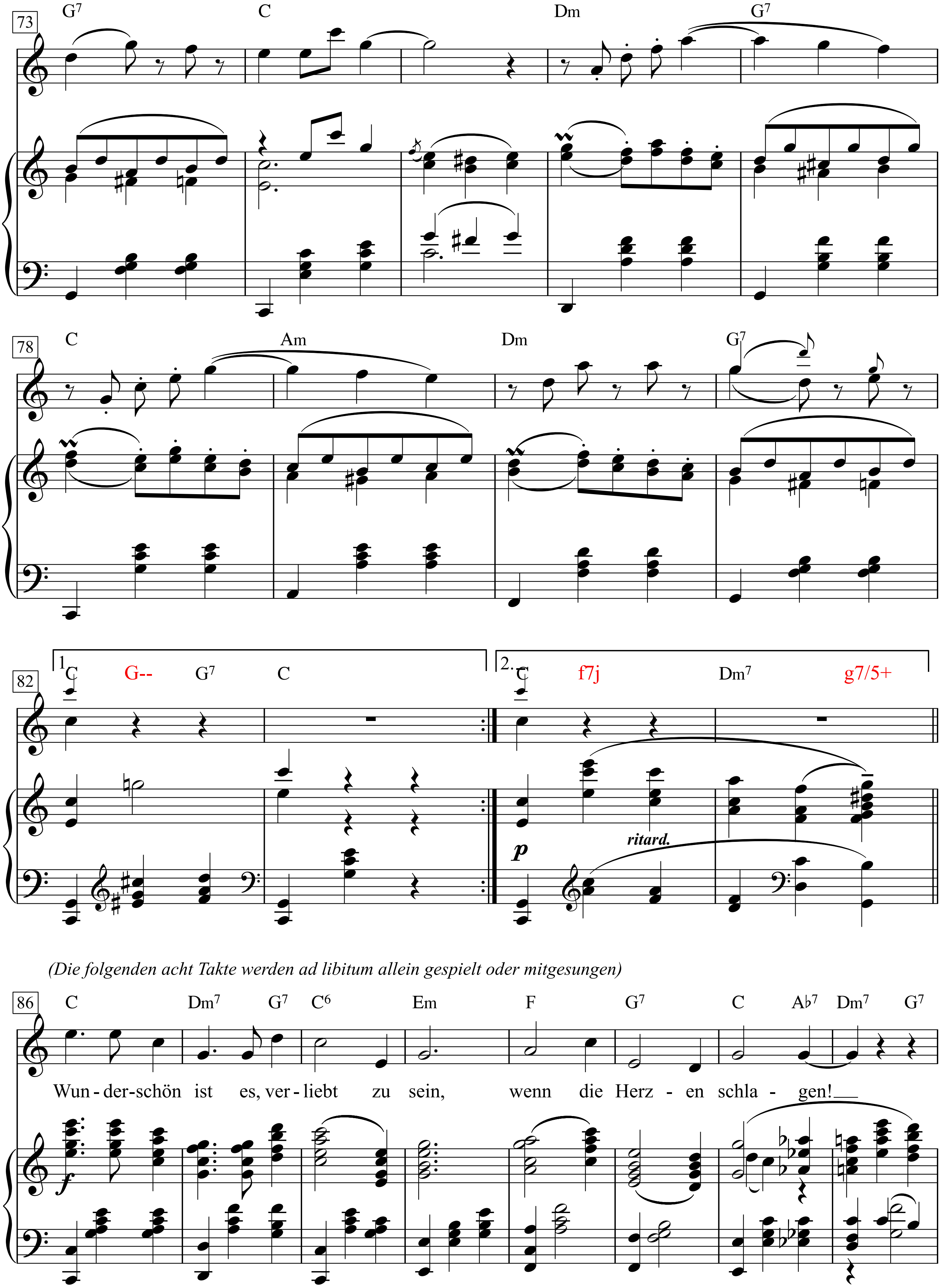
Text: Aldo von Pinelli

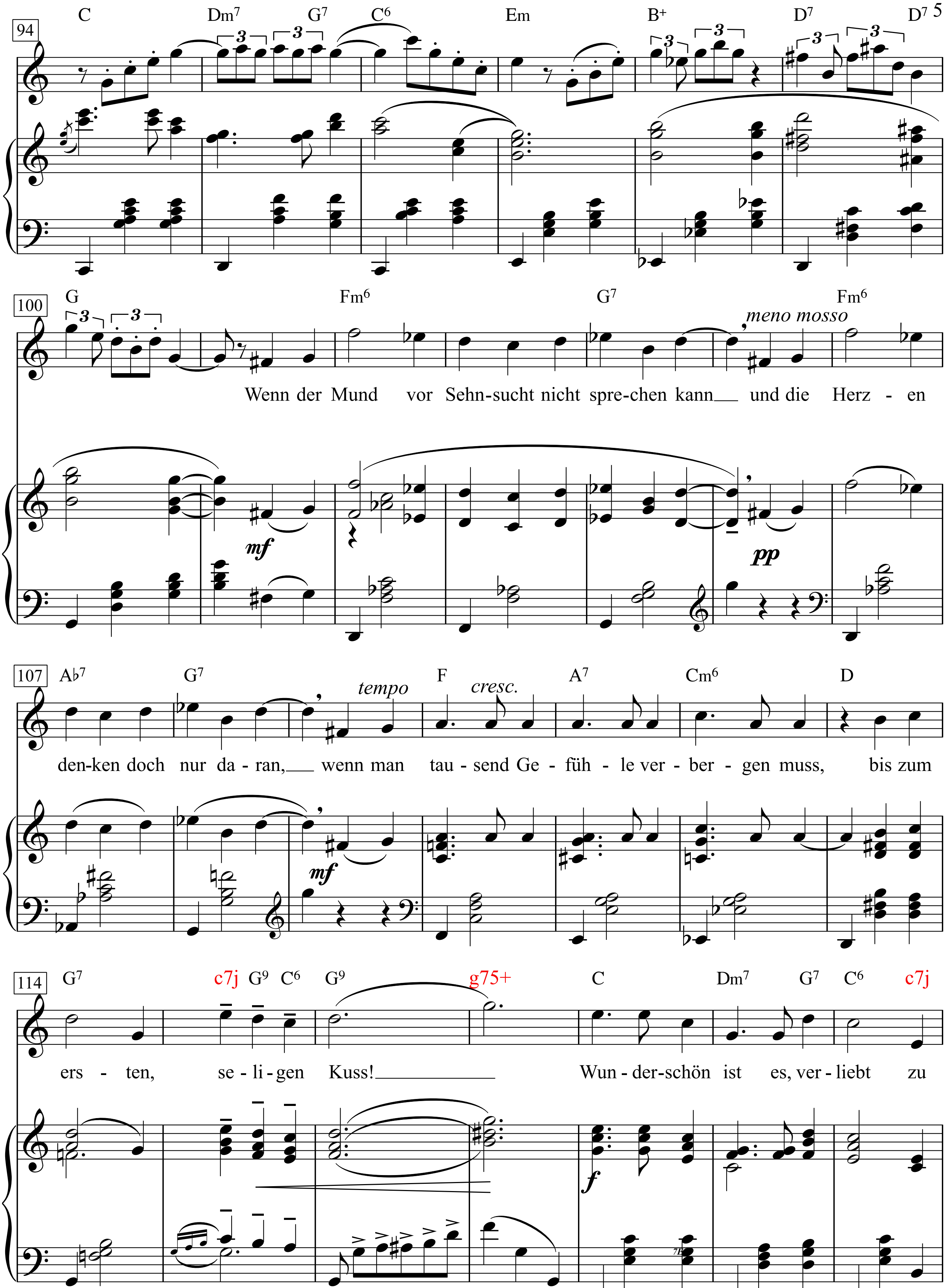
Musik: Edmund Nick

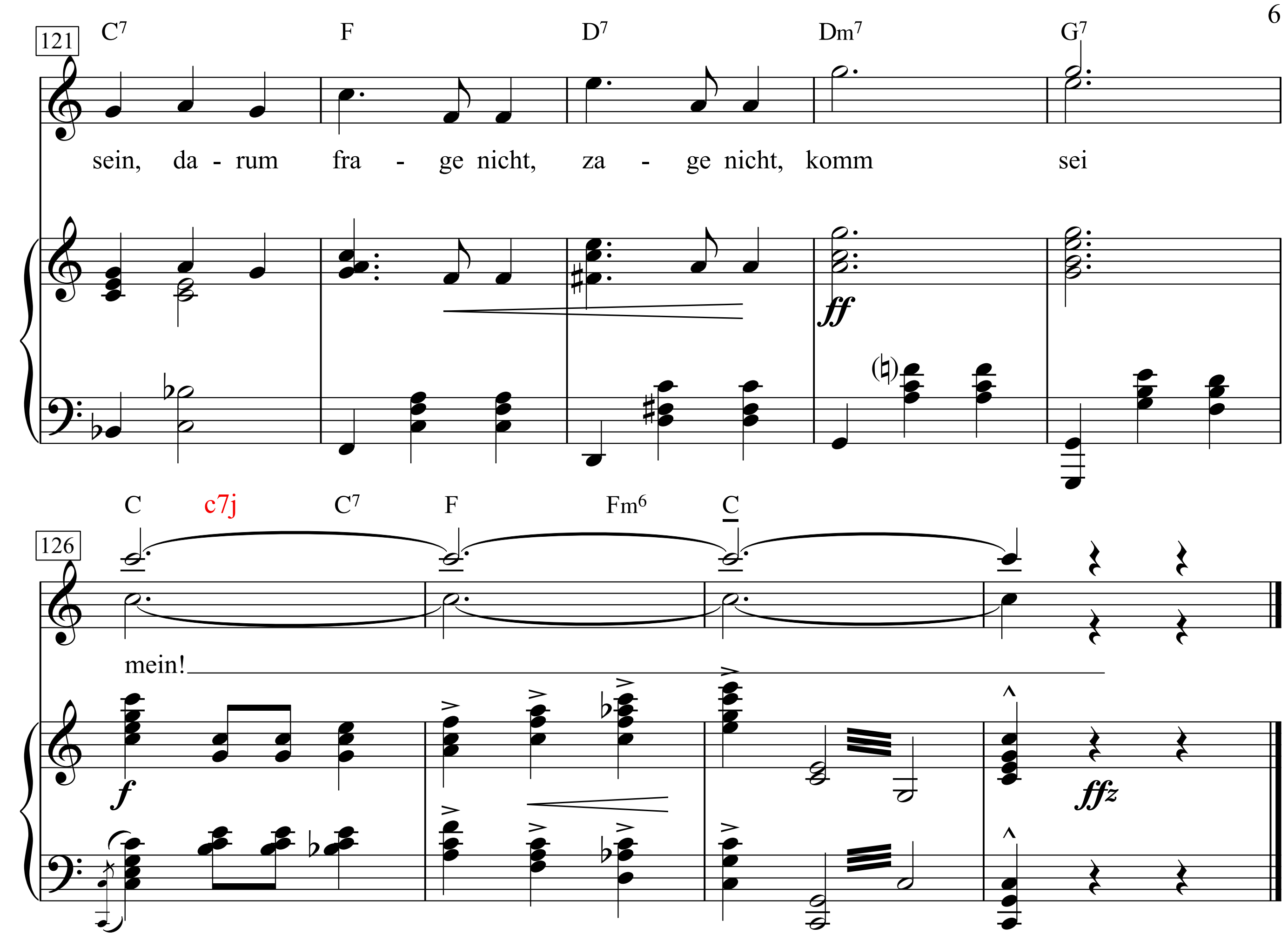



21
A9 G D7 G7 g7/5+
glück - lich sein, weil sie dem All - tag ent - schwe - ben:
Glück ins Haus. Rei - cher als Geld macht die Lie - be:
26
C Dm7 G7 C6 Em F G7 C
REFRAIN
Wun - der-schön ist es, ver - liebt zu sein, wenn die Her - zen schla - gen,
33
Dm7 G7 C Dm7 G7 C6 Em B+ d7/5+
wun - der-schön ist es, ver - liebt zu sein, wenn die Au - gen
40
G Fm6 G7 Fm6
fra - gen. Wenn der Mund vor Sehn-sucht nicht spre-chen kann und die Her - zen
f
mf
pp


47
G7 F A7 C
den - ken doch nur da - ran, wenn man tau - send Ge - füh - le ver - ber - gen muss,
mf
53
D G7 c7j G9 C6 g7/5+ C Dm7 G7
bis zum ers - ten, se - li - gen Kuss! Wun - der-schön ist es, ver-
60
C6 C9 F D7 Dm7 G7 C
liebt zu sein, da-rum fra - ge nicht, za - ge nicht, komm sei mein!
(ad lib. Koloratur)
68
Dm C Am Dm
A a a a (u.s.w.)


73
G7 C Dm G7
78
C Am Dm G7
82
1. C G-- G7 C
2. C f7j Dm7 g7/5+
p
ritard.
(Die folgenden acht Takte werden ad libitum allein gespielt oder mitgesungen)
86
C Dm7 G7 C6 Em F G7 C A♭7 Dm7 G7
Wun - der-schön ist es, ver - liebt zu sein, wenn die Herz - en schla - gen!
f


94
C Dm7 G7 C6 Em B+ D7 D7
100
G Fm6 G7 Fm6
meno mosso
Wenn der Mund vor Sehn-sucht nicht spre-chen kann und die Herz - en
mf
pp
107
A♭7 G7 F A7 Cm6 D
tempo
cresc.
den-ken doch nur da - ran, wenn man tau - send Ge - füh - le ver - ber - gen muss, bis zum
mf
114
G7 c7j G9 C6 G9 g75+ C Dm7 G7 C6 c7j
ers - ten, se - li - gen Kuss! Wun - der-schön ist es, ver - liebt zu
f



1. Fröhlichkeit, Seligkeit, alle Tage Sonnenschein,
so gehen Verliebte durchs Leben, hören nicht,
sehen nicht, dürfen immer glücklich sein,
weil sie dem Alltag entschweben:

Wunderschön ist es, verliebt zu sein,
wenn die Herzen schlagen,
wunderschön ist es, verliebt zu sein,
wenn die Augen fragen.
Wenn der Mund vor Sehnsucht nicht sprechen kann
und die Herzen denken doch nur daran,
wenn man tausend Gefühle verbergen muss,
bis zum ersten, seligen Kuss!
Wunderschön ist es, verliebt zu sein,
darum frage nicht, zage nicht, komm sei mein!

2. Gut und Geld dieser Welt machten nicht das Leben aus,
wenn man allein damit bliebe.
Hab‘ ich dich ganz für mich, dann kommt auch das Glück ins Hau
Reicher als Geld macht die Liebe:

Wunderschön ist es, verliebt zu sein,
wenn die Herzen schlagen,
wunderschön ist es, verliebt zu sein,
wenn die Augen fragen.
Wenn der Mund vor Sehnsucht nicht sprechen kann
und die Herzen denken doch nur daran,
wenn man tausend Gefühle verbergen muss,
bis zum ersten, seligen Kuss!
Wunderschön ist es, verliebt zu sein,
darum frage nicht, zage nicht, komm sei mein!

Wunderschön ist es, verliebt zu sein,
wenn die Herzen schlagen!

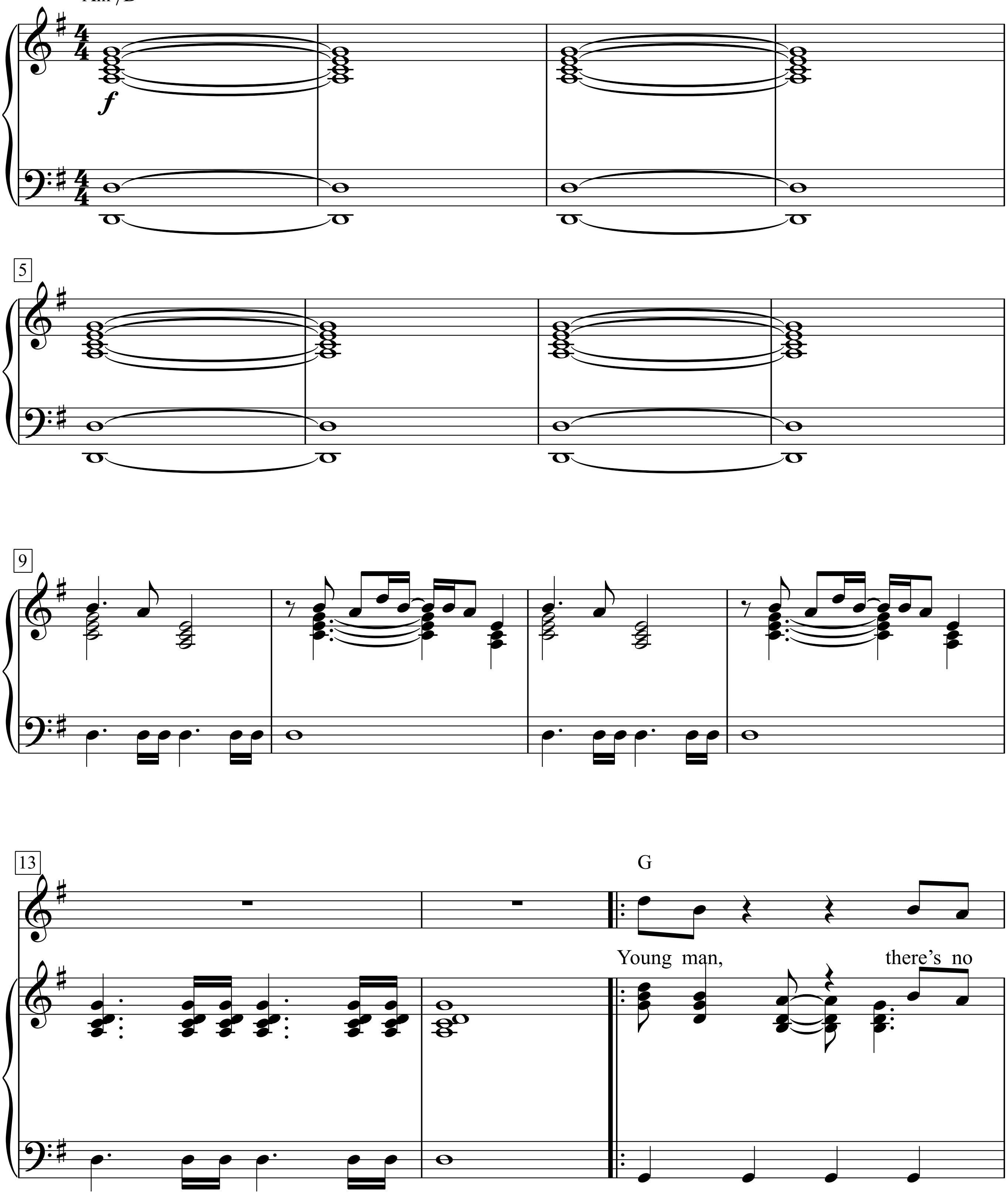
Wenn der Mund vor Sehnsucht nicht sprechen kann
und die Herzen denken doch nur daran,
wenn man tausend Gefühle verbergen muss,
bis zum ersten, seligen Kuss!
Wunderschön ist es, verliebt zu sein,
darum frage nicht, zage nicht, komm sei mein!

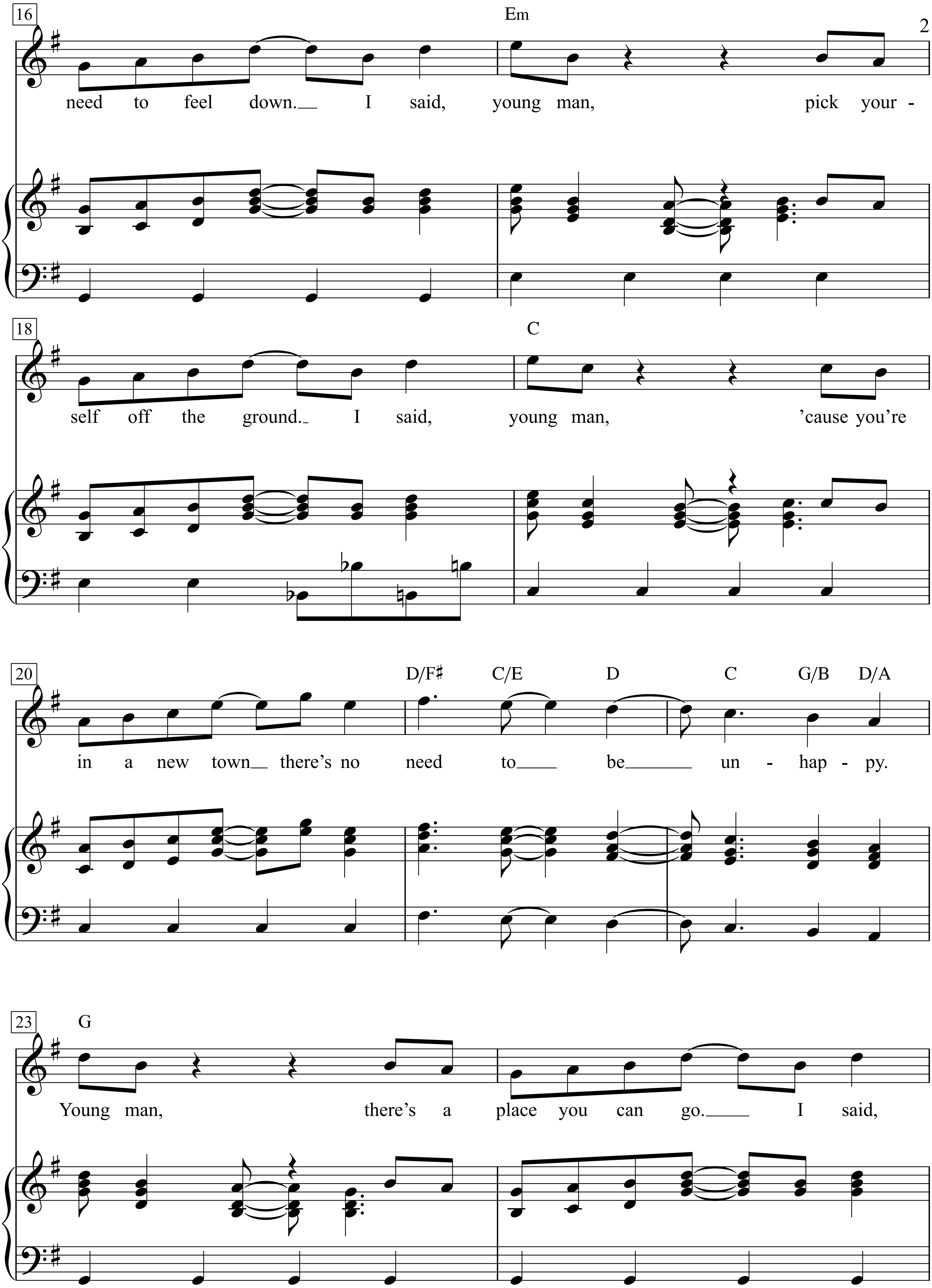
Y.M.C.A.

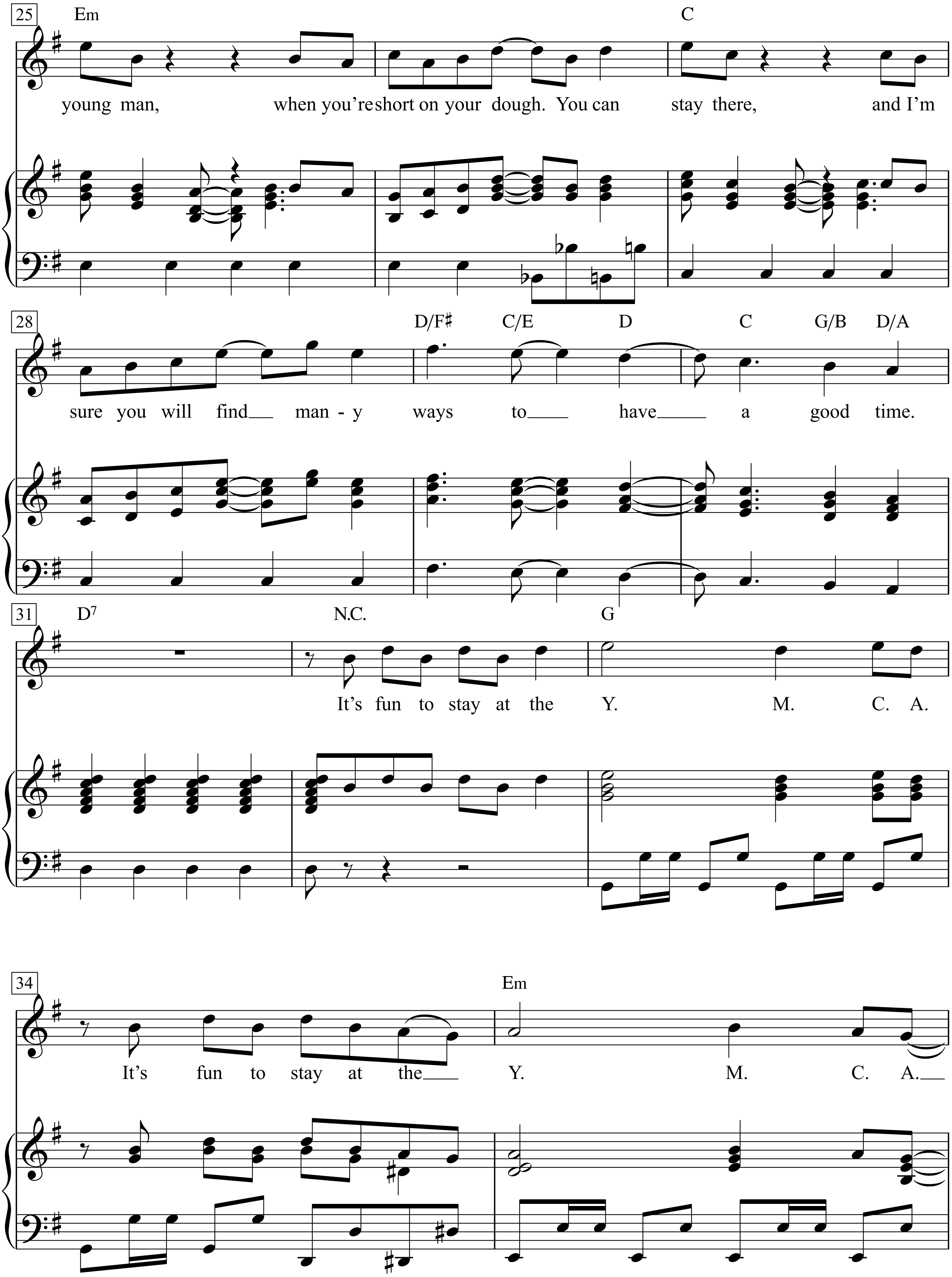
Words & Music by
Jacques Morali, Henri Belolo and Victor Willis
(Village People)

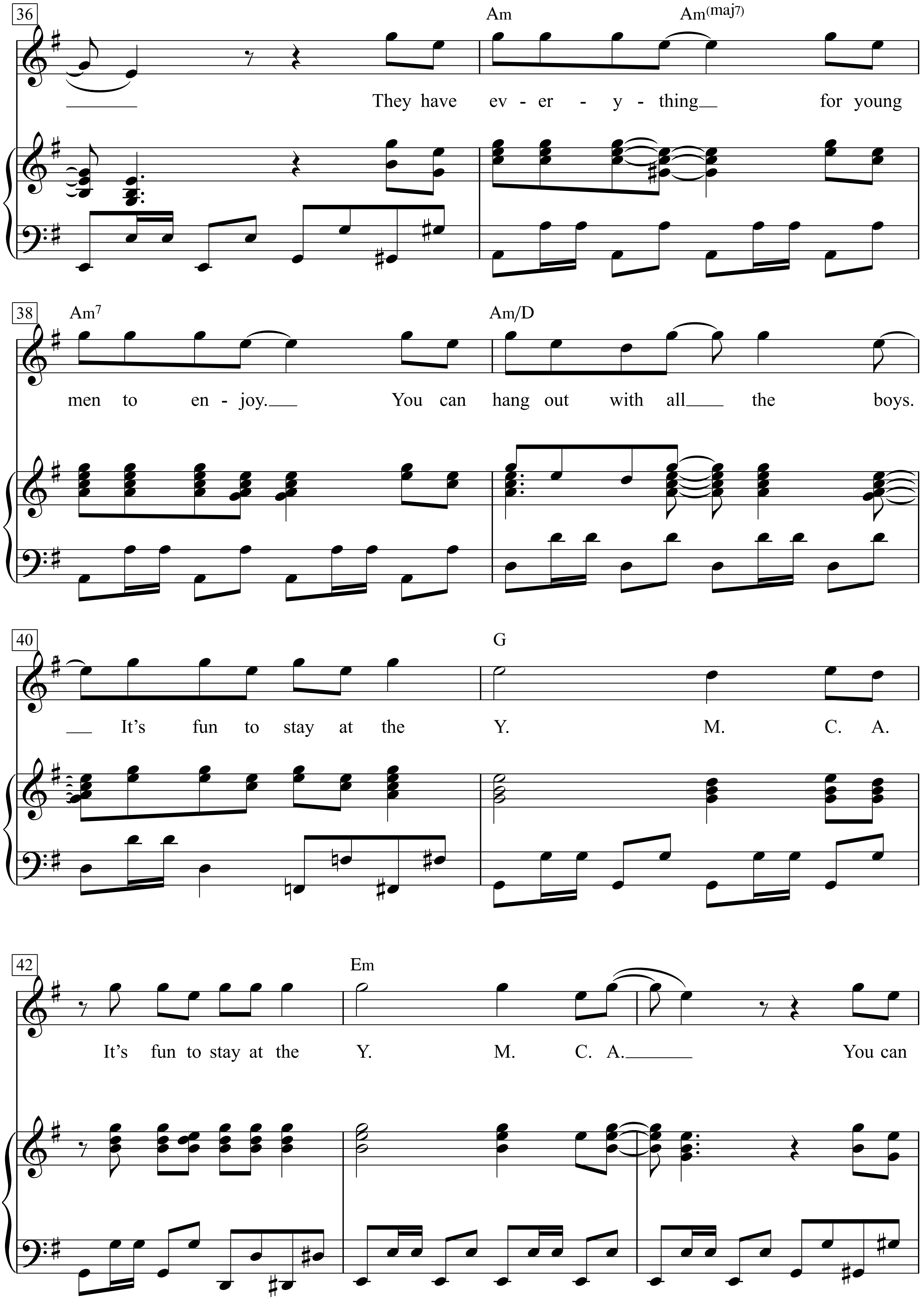
Disco

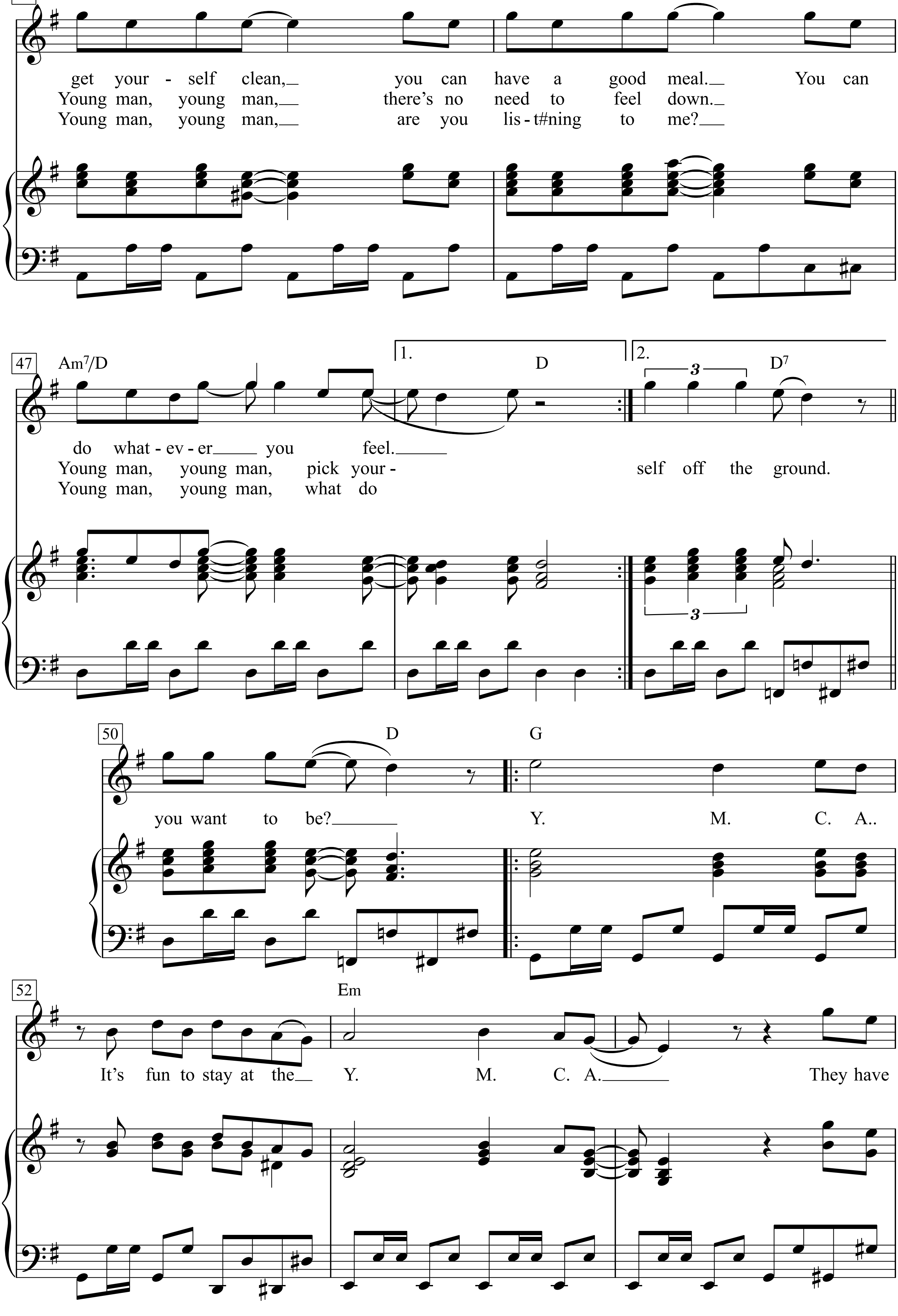
Am^7/D

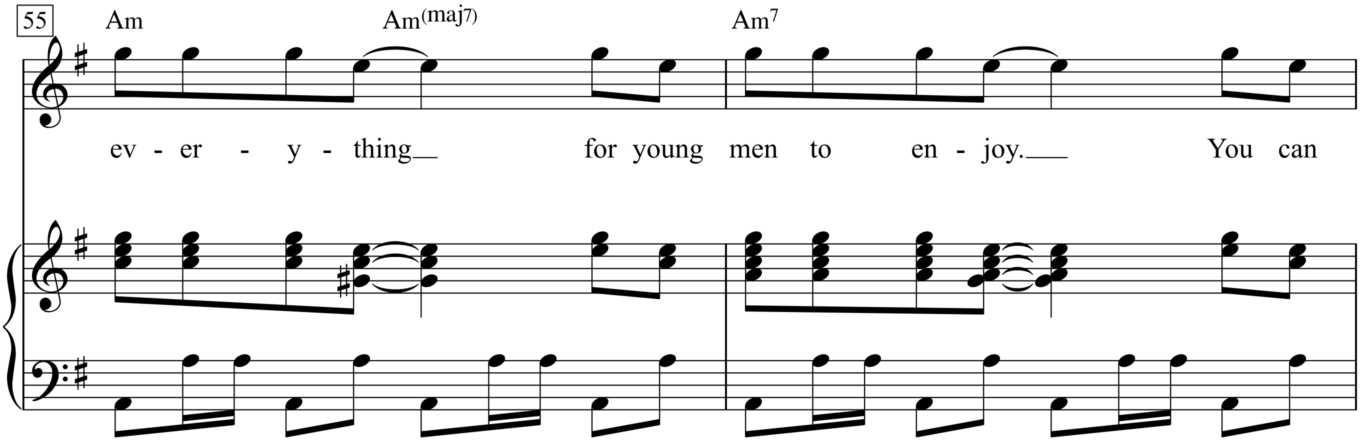


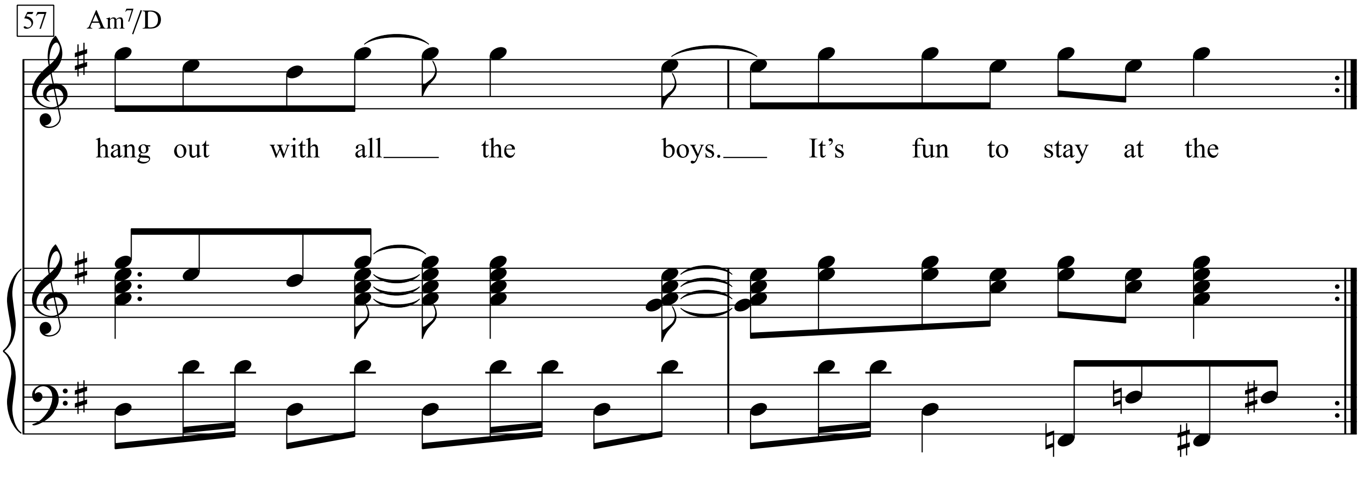

16
Em
need to feel down. I said, young man, pick your -
18
C
self off the ground. I said, young man, 'cause you're
20
D/F♯ C/E D C G/B D/A
in a new town there's no need to be un - hap - py.
23
G
Young man, there's a place you can go. I said,

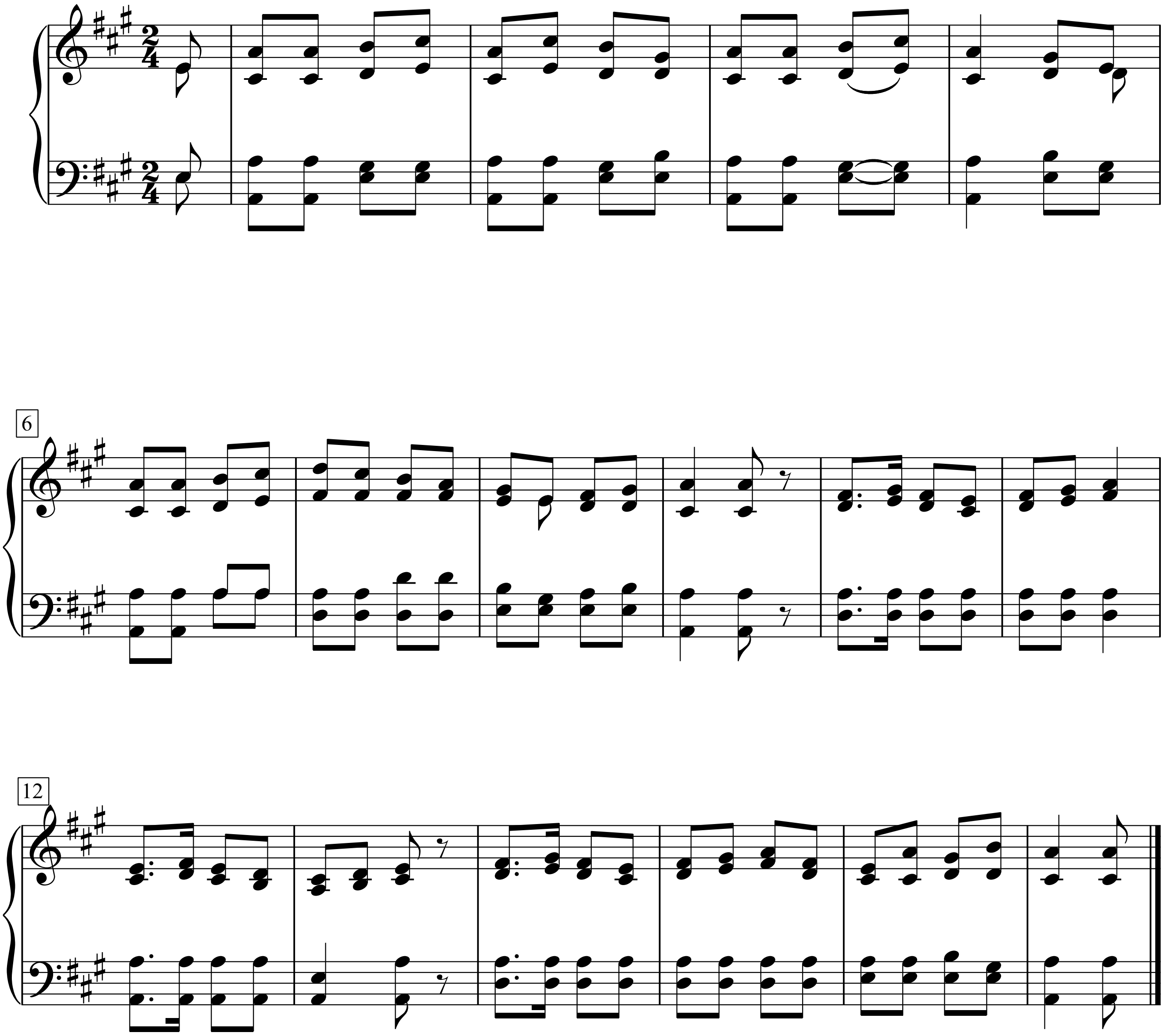

25
Em
C
young man, when you're short on your dough. You can stay there, and I'm
28
D/F♯ C/E D C G/B D/A
sure you will find man - y ways to have a good time.
31
D7
N.C.
G
It's fun to stay at the Y. M. C. A.
34
Em
It's fun to stay at the Y. M. C. A.


36
Am
Am(maj7)
They have ev - er - y - thing for young
38
Am7
Am/D
men to en - joy. You can hang out with all the boys.
40
G
It's fun to stay at the Y. M. C. A.
42
Em
It's fun to stay at the Y. M. C. A. You can


45
Am
Am(maj7)
Am7
get your - self clean,
you can have a good meal.
You can
Young man, young man,
there's no need to feel down.
Young man, young man,
are you lis - t#ning to me?
47
Am7/D
1.
D
2.
D7
do what - ev - er you feel.
Young man, young man, pick your -
self off the ground.
Young man, young man, what do
50
D
G
you want to be?
Y. M. C. A..
52
Em
It's fun to stay at the Y. M. C. A.
They have


55
Am
Am(maj7)
Am7
ev - er - y - thing for young men to en - joy. You can

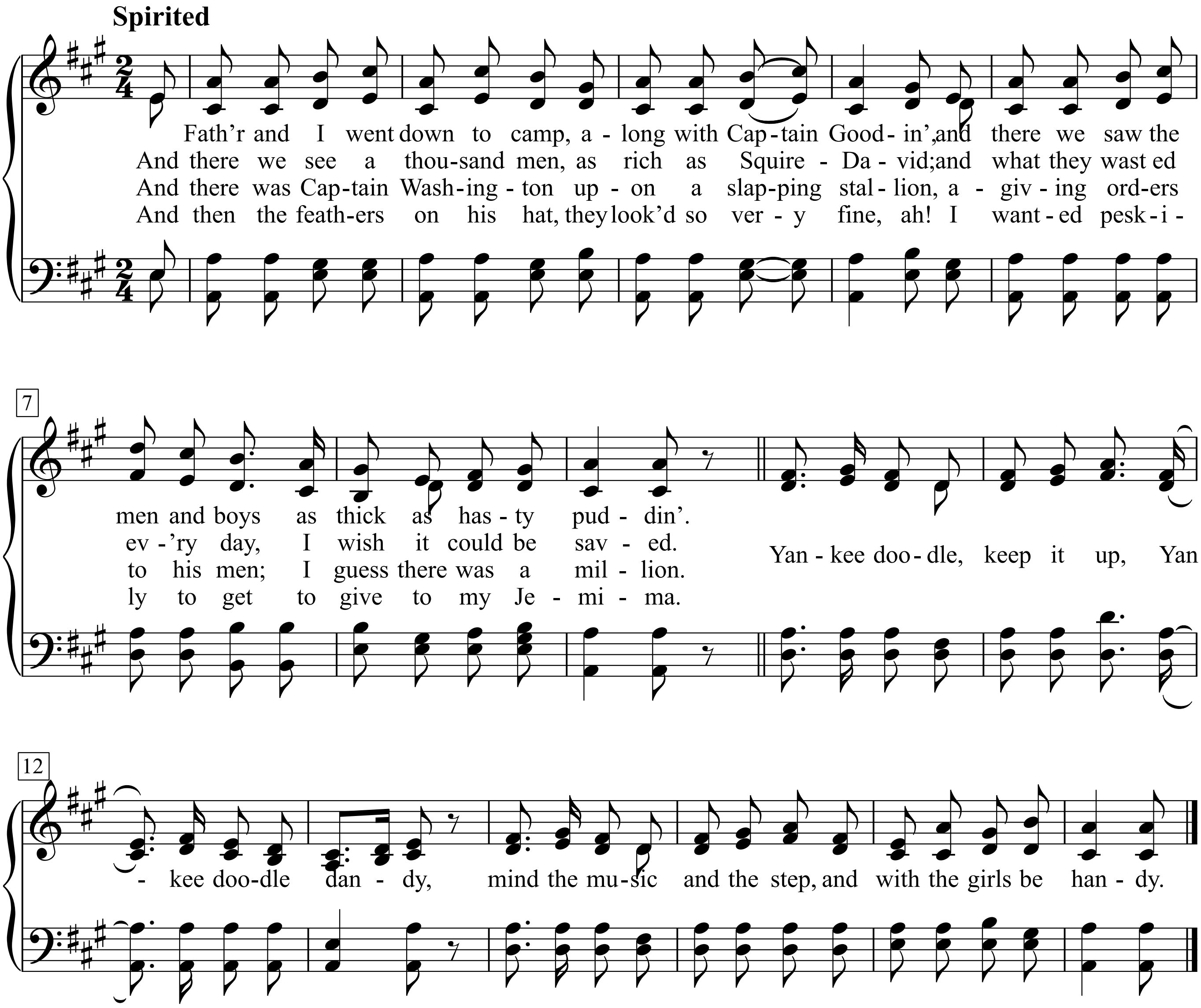

57
Am7/D
hang out with all the boys. It's fun to stay at the


6
12

Yankee Doodle

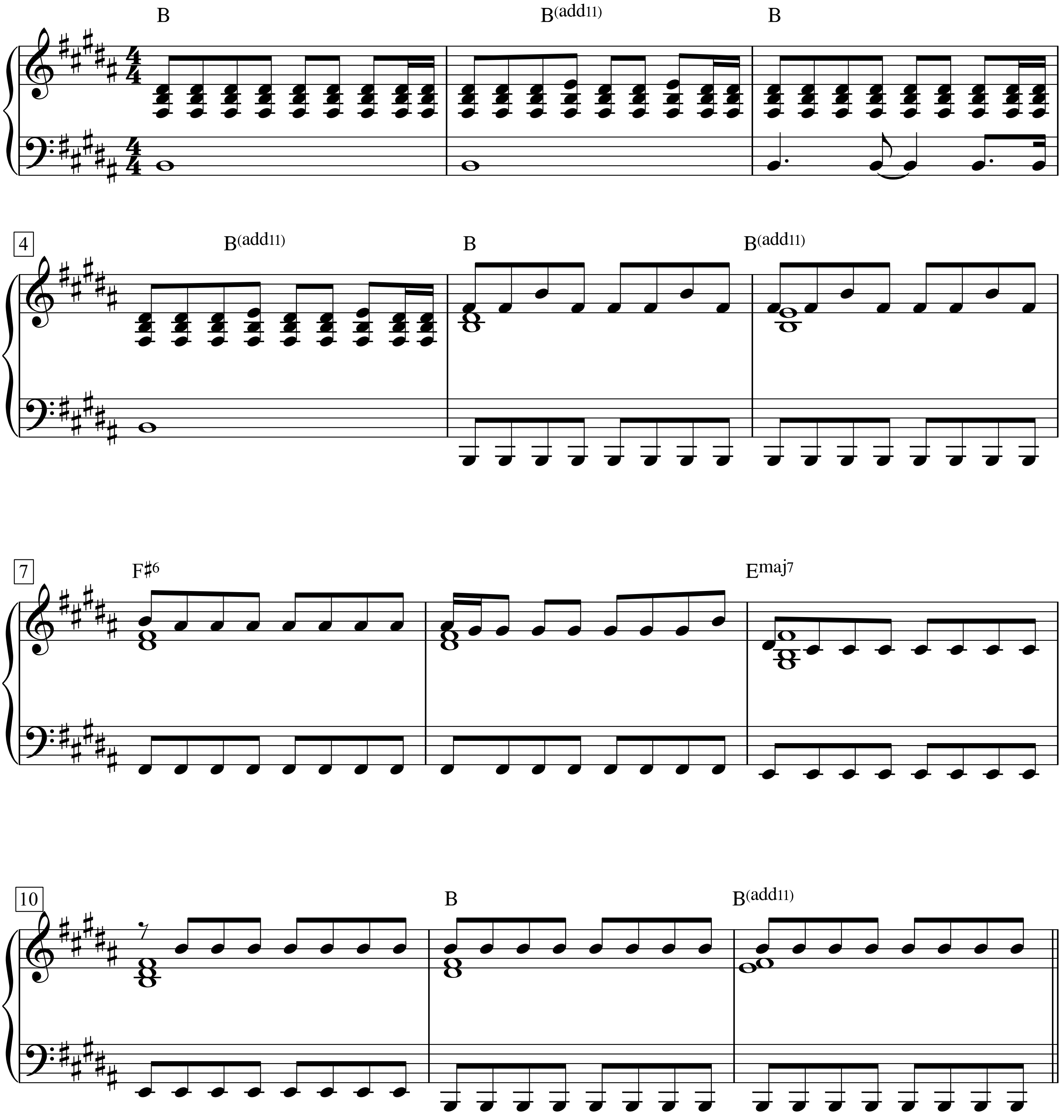
Dr. Richard Shuckburgh

Unknown

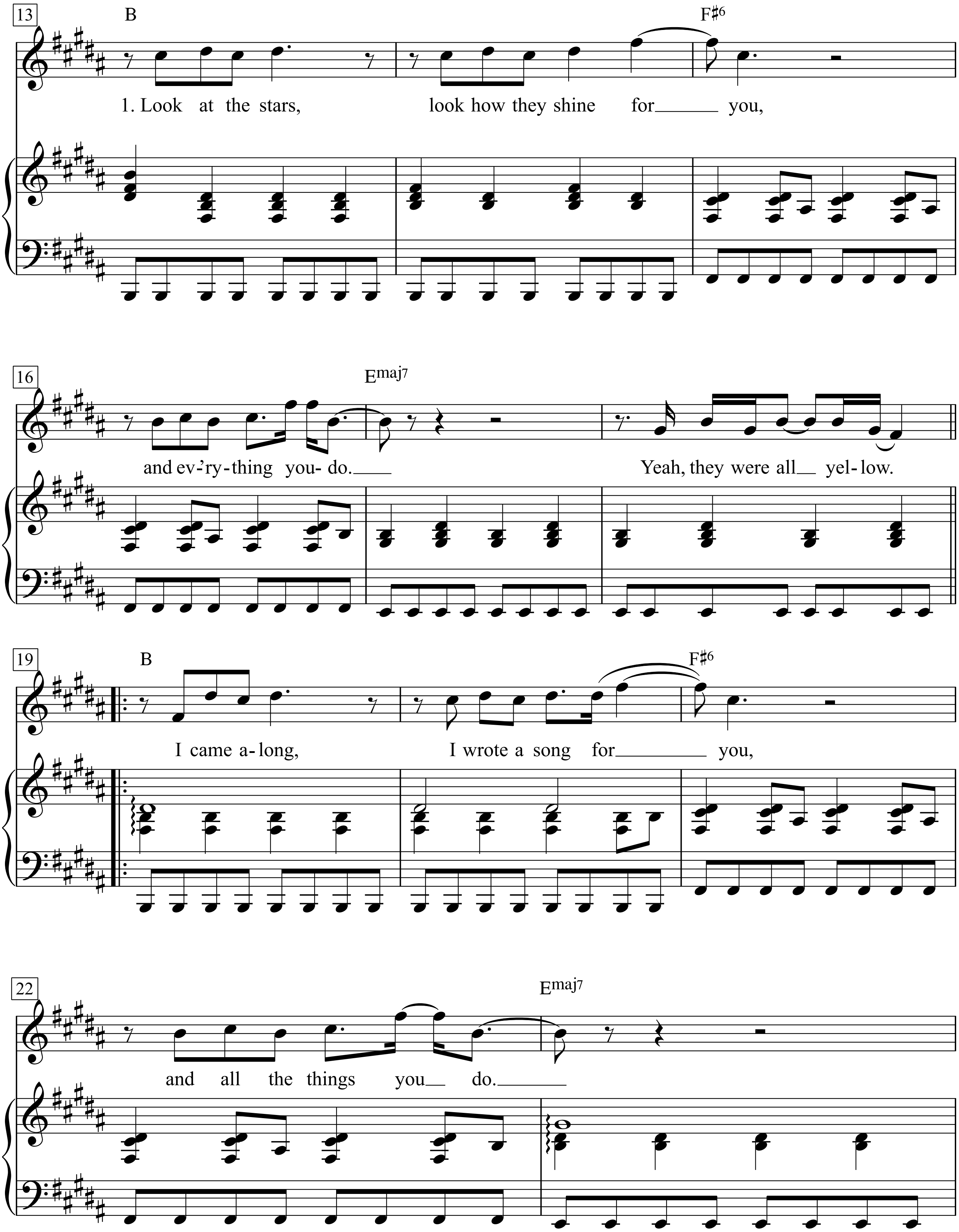


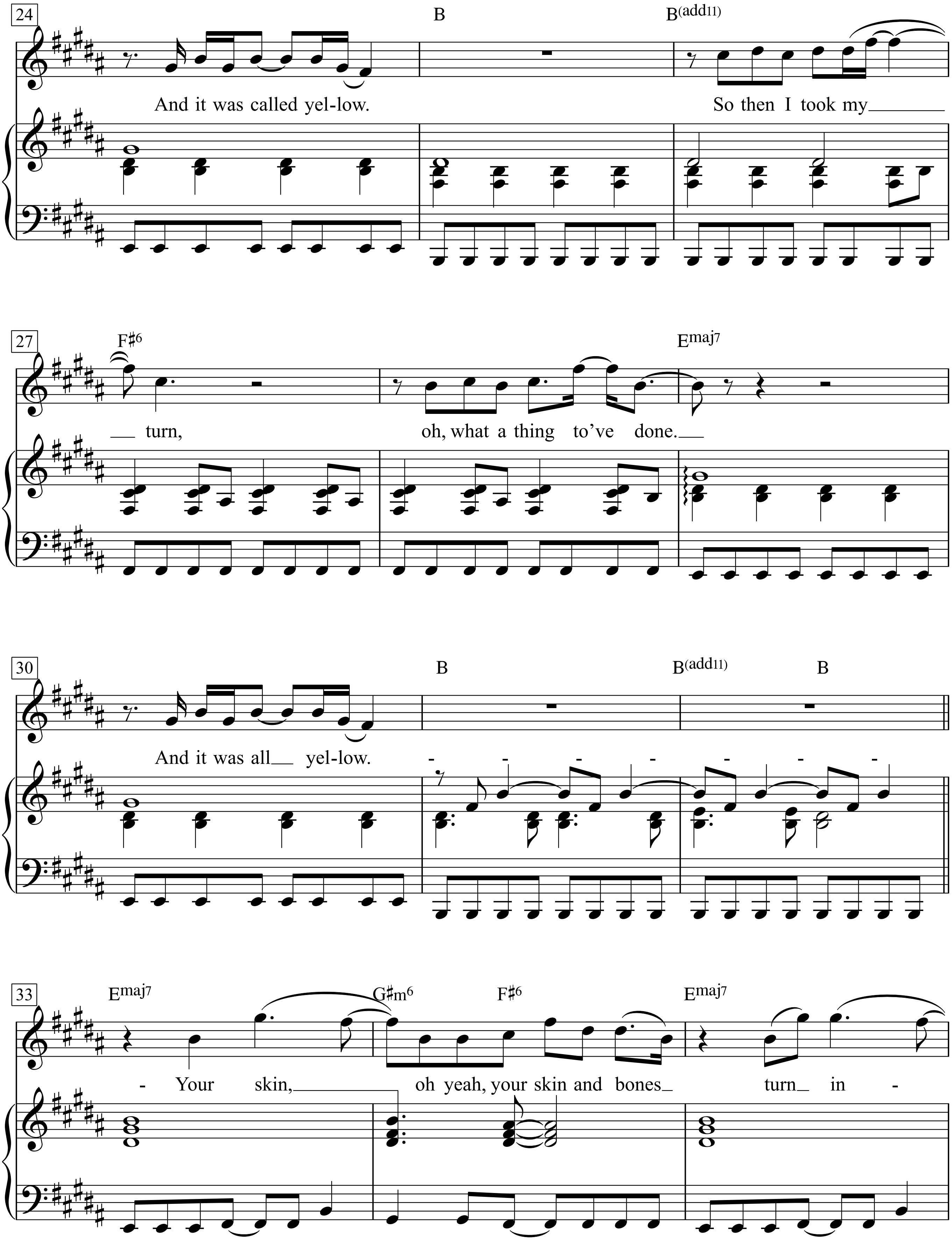
Yellow

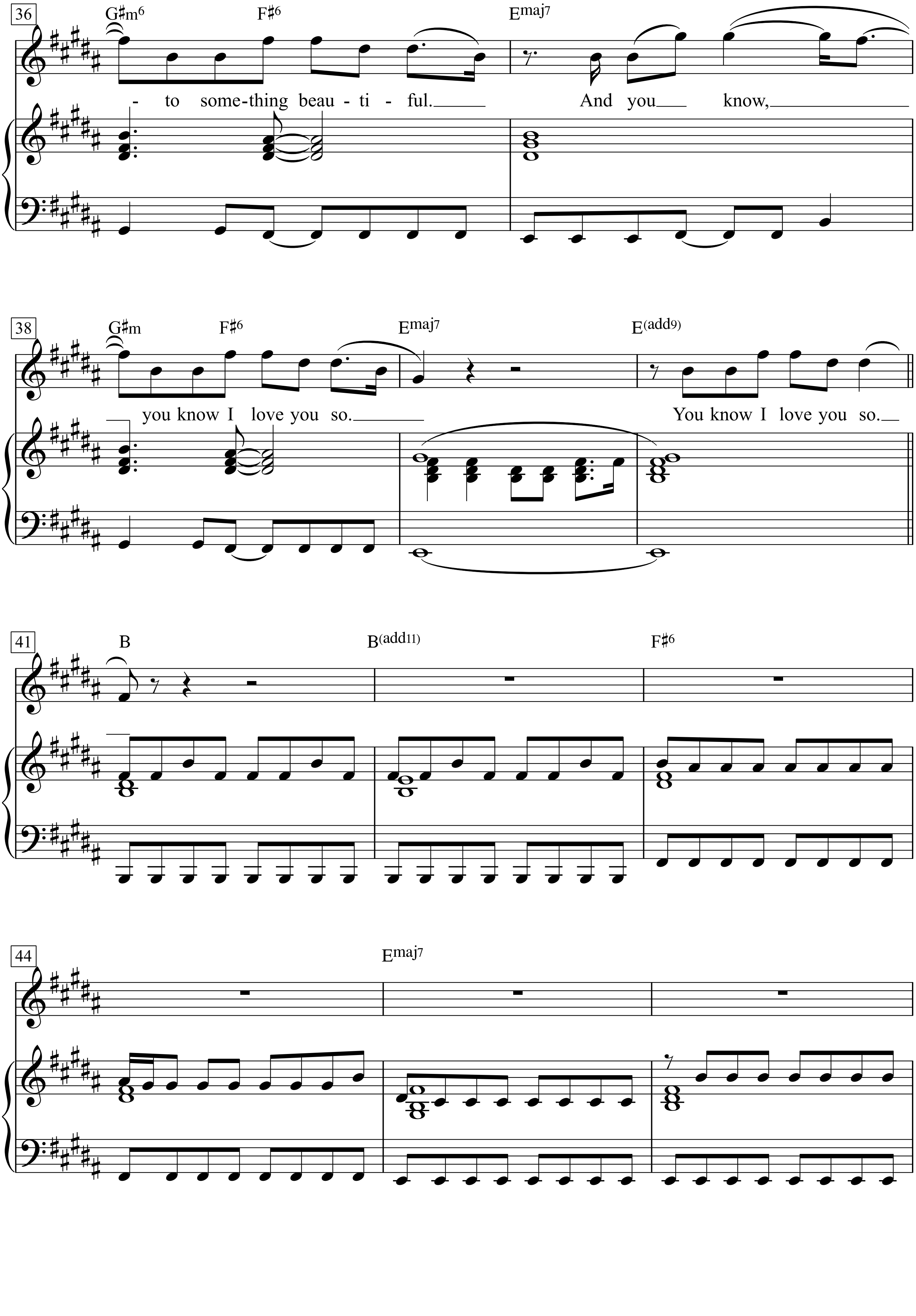
Words & Music by
Guy Berryman, Jon Buckland, Will Champion & Chris Martin
(Coldplay)

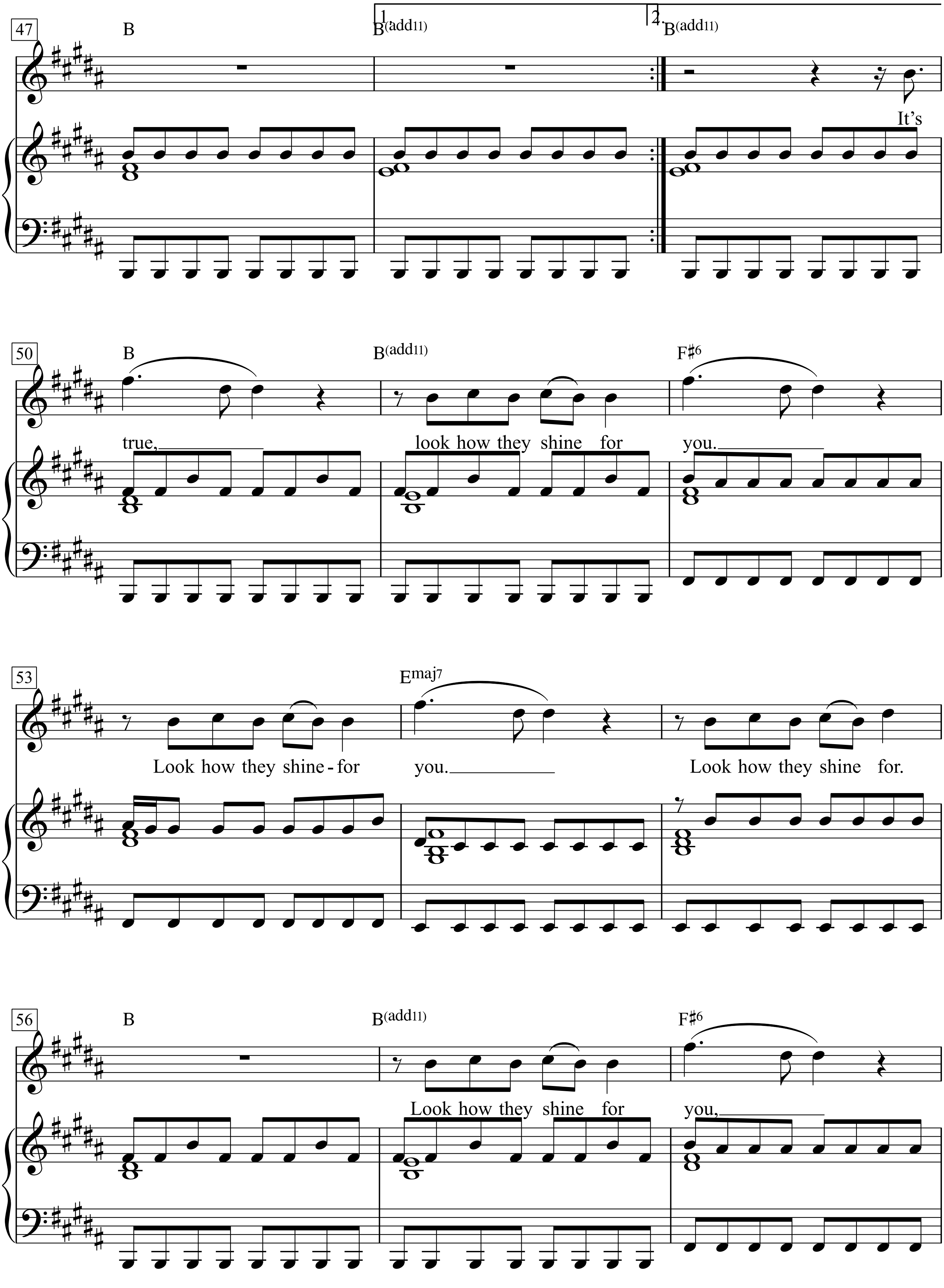


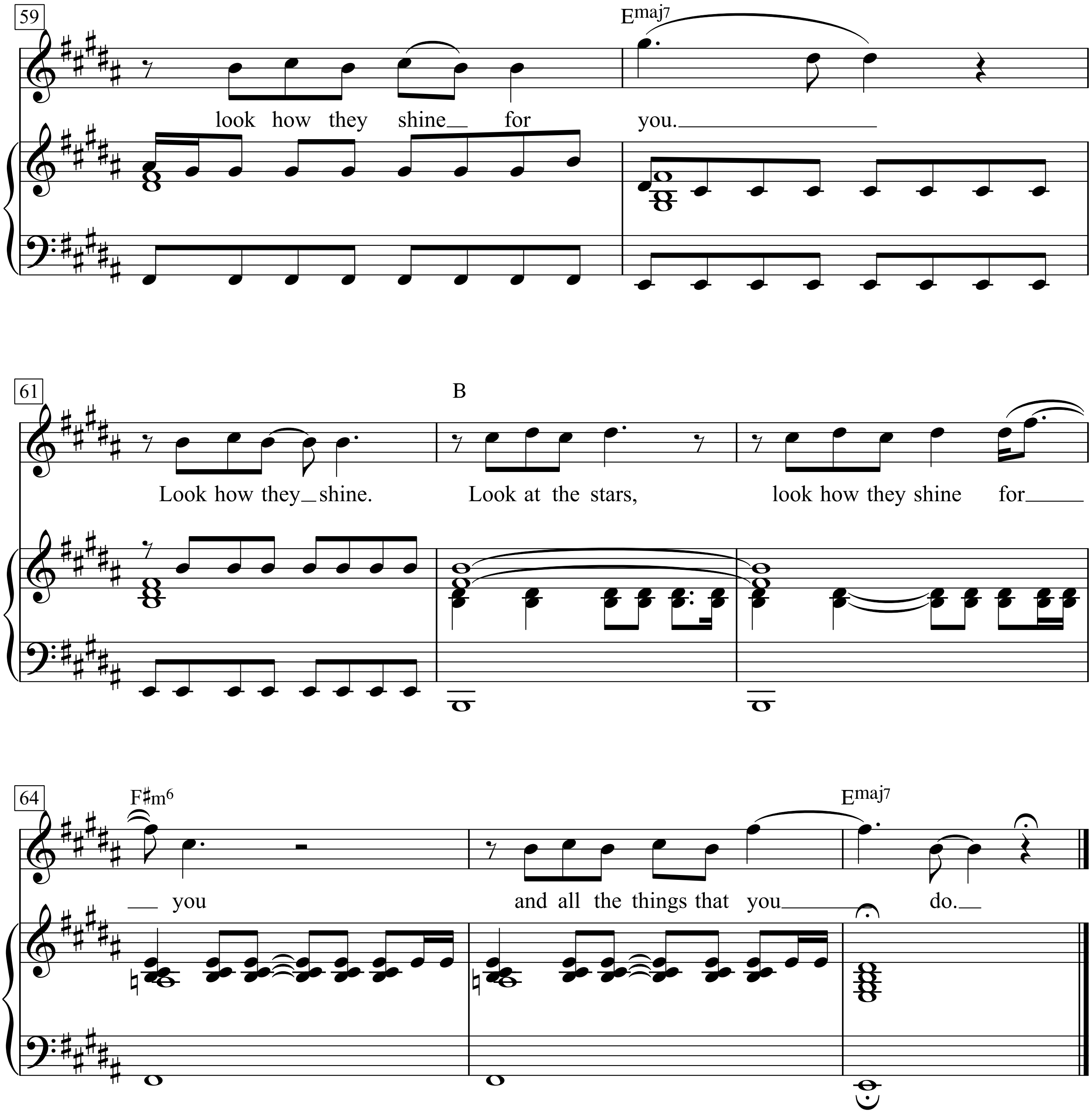
The Greatest Love Songs Of The 21st Century, p. 112-117


13
B
F♯6
1. Look at the stars, look how they shine for you,
16
Emaj7
and ev-'ry-thing you-do.
Yeah, they were all yel-low.
19
B
F♯6
I came a-long, I wrote a song for you,
22
Emaj7
and all the things you do.


24
B
B(add11)
And it was called yel-low.
So then I took my
27
F♯6
Emaj7
turn,
oh, what a thing to've done.
30
B
B(add11)
B
And it was all yel-low.
33
Emaj7
G♯m6
F♯6
Emaj7
Your skin,
oh yeah, your skin and bones
turn in -


36
G♯m6
F♯6
Emaj7
- to some-thing beau - ti - ful.
And you know,
38
G♯m
F♯6
Emaj7
E(add9)
you know I love you so.
You know I love you so.
41
B
B(add11)
F♯6
44
Emaj7


47
B
1. B(add11)
2. B(add11)
It's
50
B
B(add11)
F♯6
true,
look how they shine for
you.
53
Emaj7
Look how they shine - for
you.
Look how they shine for.
56
B
B(add11)
F♯6
Look how they shine for
you,


59
Emaj7
look how they shine for you.
61
B
Look how they shine. Look at the stars, look how they shine for
64
F♯m6
Emaj7
you and all the things that you do.

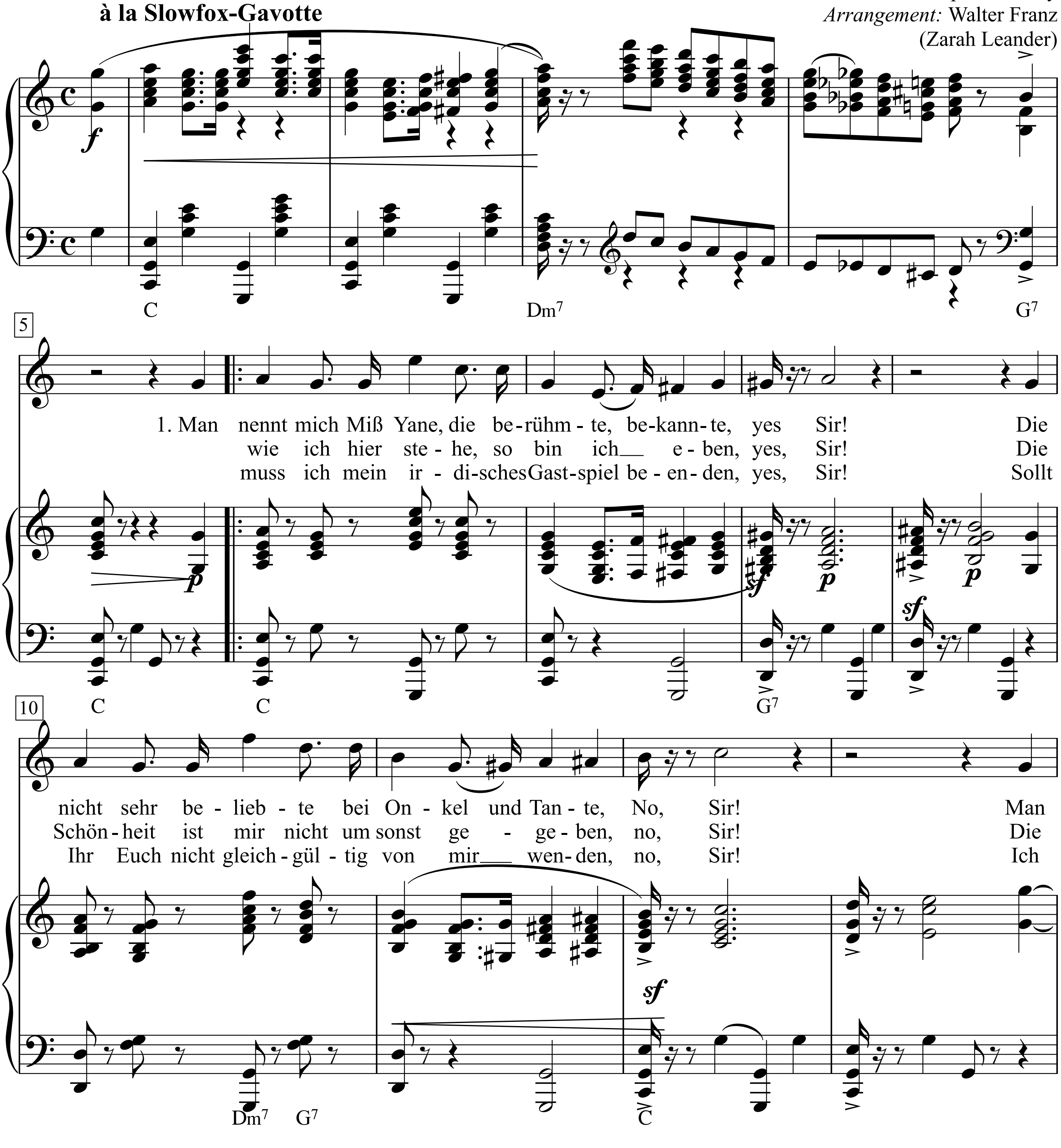
Verse 2:
I swam across, I jumped across for you.
Oh, what a thing to do.
’Cause you were all yellow,
I drew a line, I drew a line for you,
Oh, what a thing to do,
And it was all yellow.

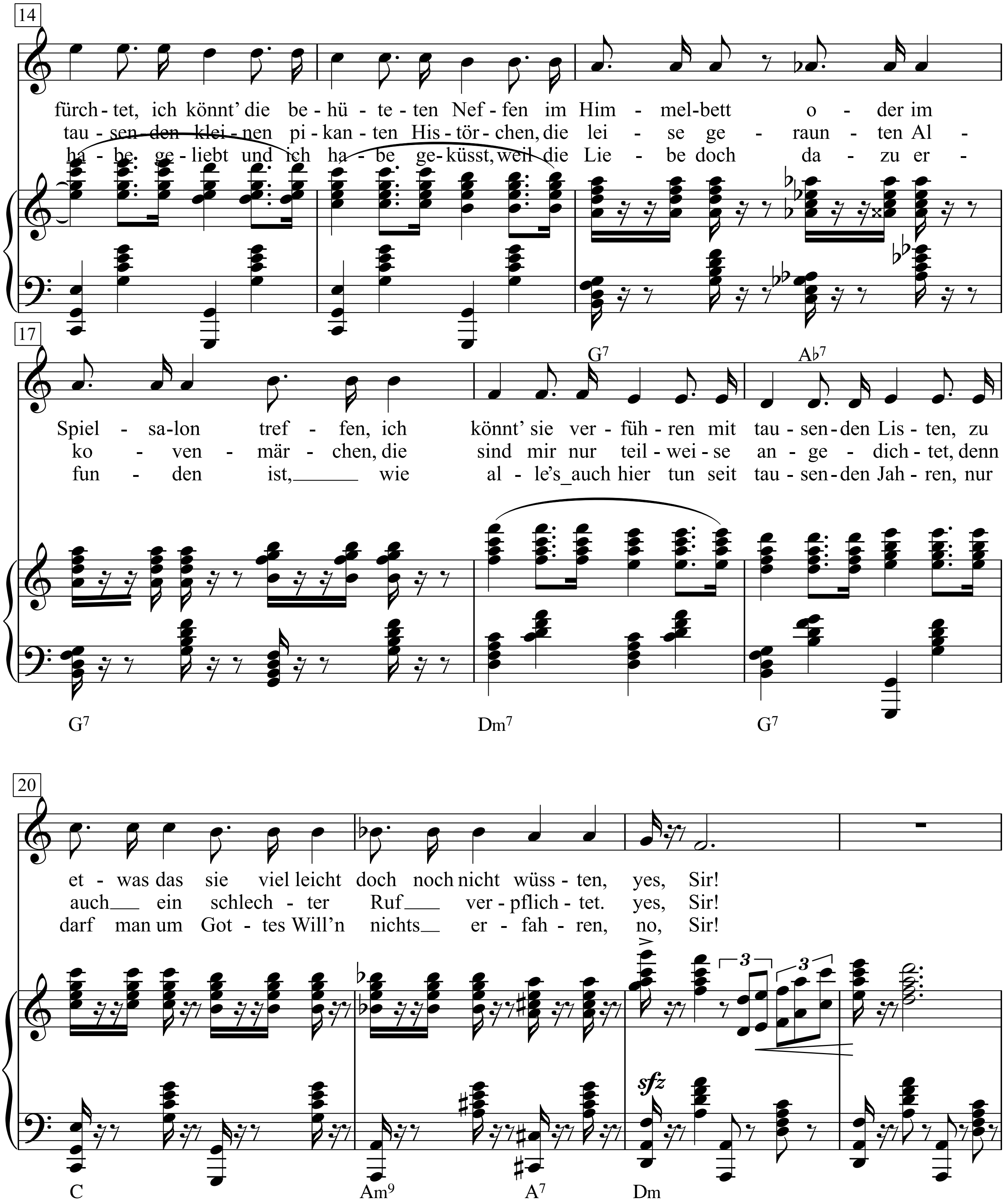
Your skin, oh yeah, your skin and bones
Turn into something beautiful,
And you know, for you I’d bleed myself dry,
For you I’d bleed myself dry.

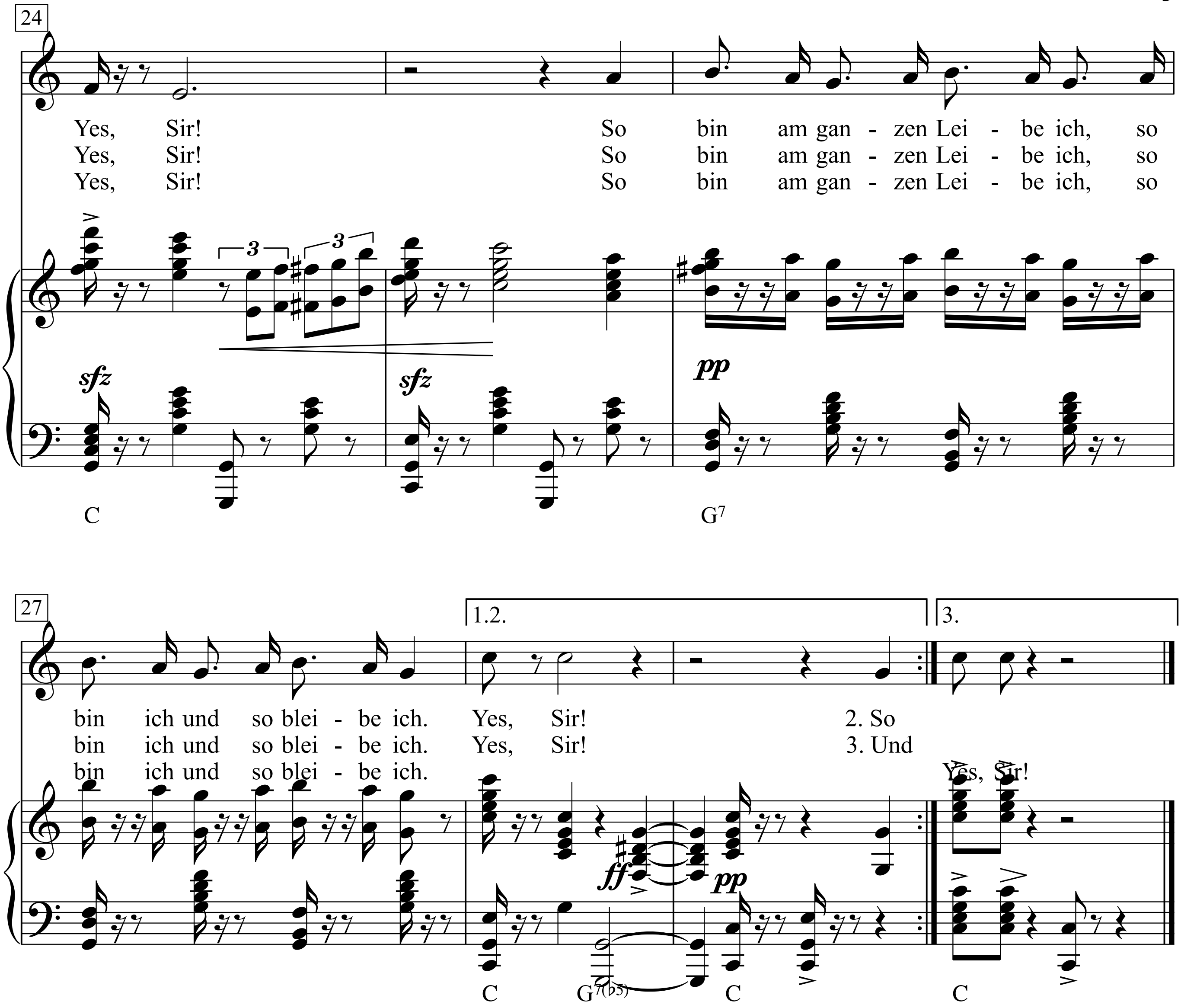
Yes, Sir!

Chanson und langsamer Foxtrot aus dem Ufa-Film
'Zu neuen Ufern'

Text & Musik: Ralph Benatzky
Arrangement: Walter Franz
(Zarah Leander)



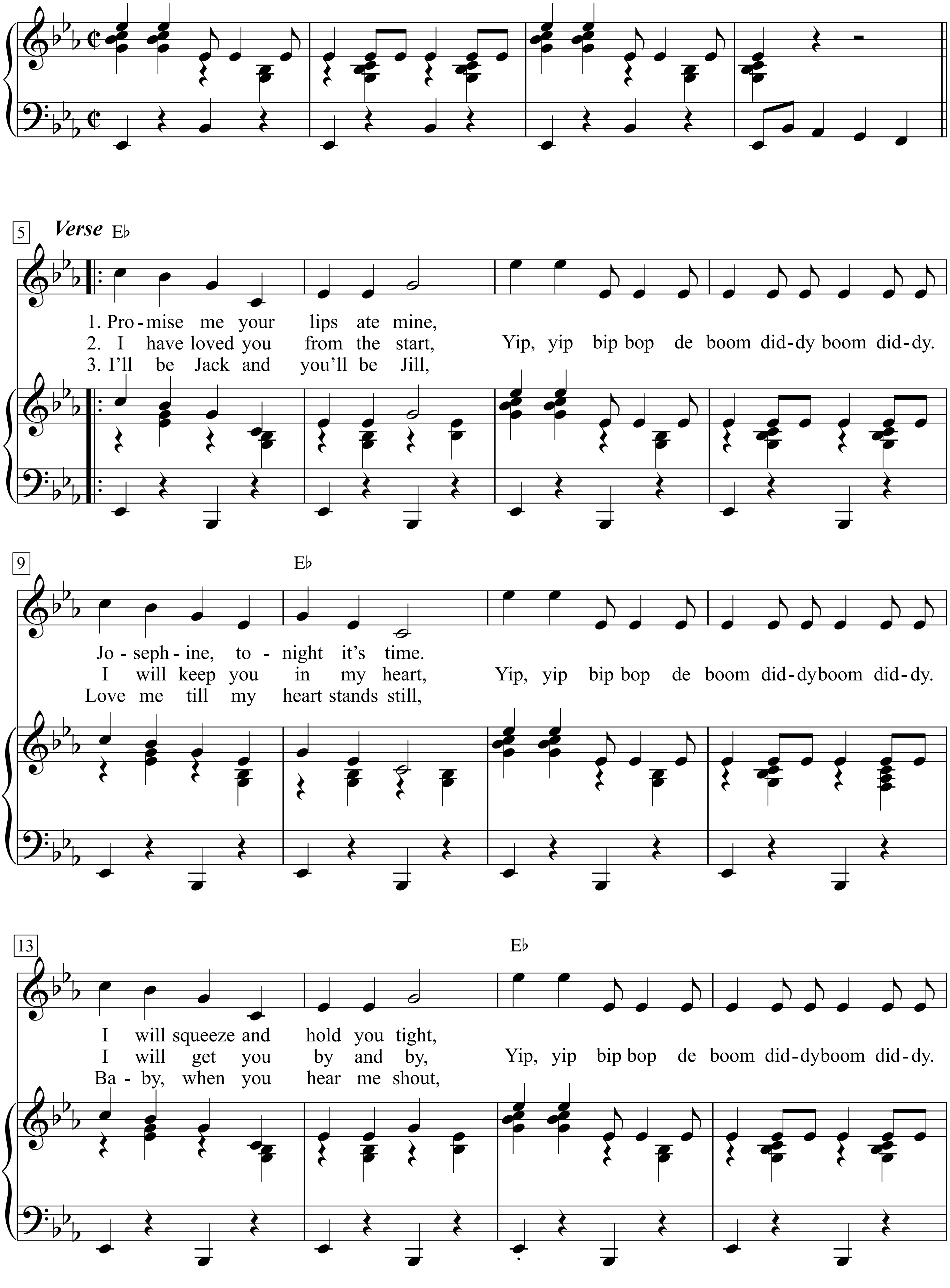

14
fürch - tet, ich könnt' die be - hü - te - ten Nef - fen im Him - mel-bett o - der im
tau - sen - den klei - nen pi - kan - ten His - tör - chen, die lei - se ge - raun - ten Al -
ha - be ge - liebt und ich ha - be ge - küsst, weil die Lie - be doch da - zu er -
17
G7
A♭7
Spiel - sa-lon tref - fen, ich könnt' sie ver - füh - ren mit tau - sen - den Lis - ten, zu
ko - ven - mär - chen, die sind mir nur teil - wei - se an - ge - dich - tet, denn
fun - den ist, wie al - le's_auch hier tun seit tau - sen - den Jah - ren, nur
G7
Dm7
G7
20
et - was das sie viel leicht doch noch nicht wüss - ten, yes, Sir!
auch ein schlech - ter Ruf ver - pflich - tet. yes, Sir!
darf man um Got - tes Will'n nichts er - fah - ren, no, Sir!
sfz
C
Am9
A7
Dm

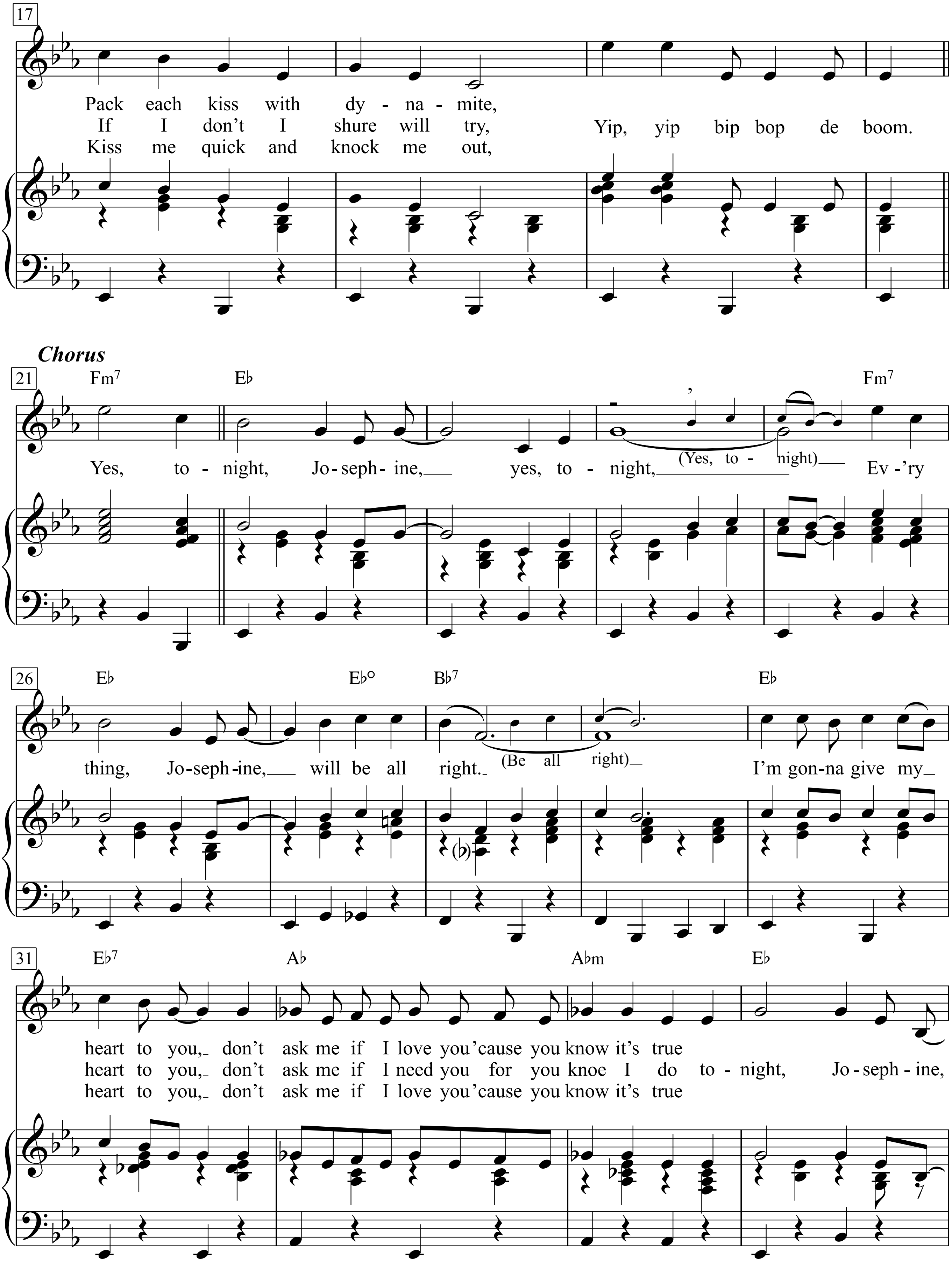

24
Yes, Sir! So bin am gan - zen Lei - be ich, so
Yes, Sir! So bin am gan - zen Lei - be ich, so
Yes, Sir! So bin am gan - zen Lei - be ich, so
sfz
sfz
pp
C
G7
27
1.2.
3.
bin ich und so blei - be ich. Yes, Sir! 2. So
bin ich und so blei - be ich. Yes, Sir! 3. Und
bin ich und so blei - be ich. Yes, Sir!
ff
pp
C G7(b5) C C

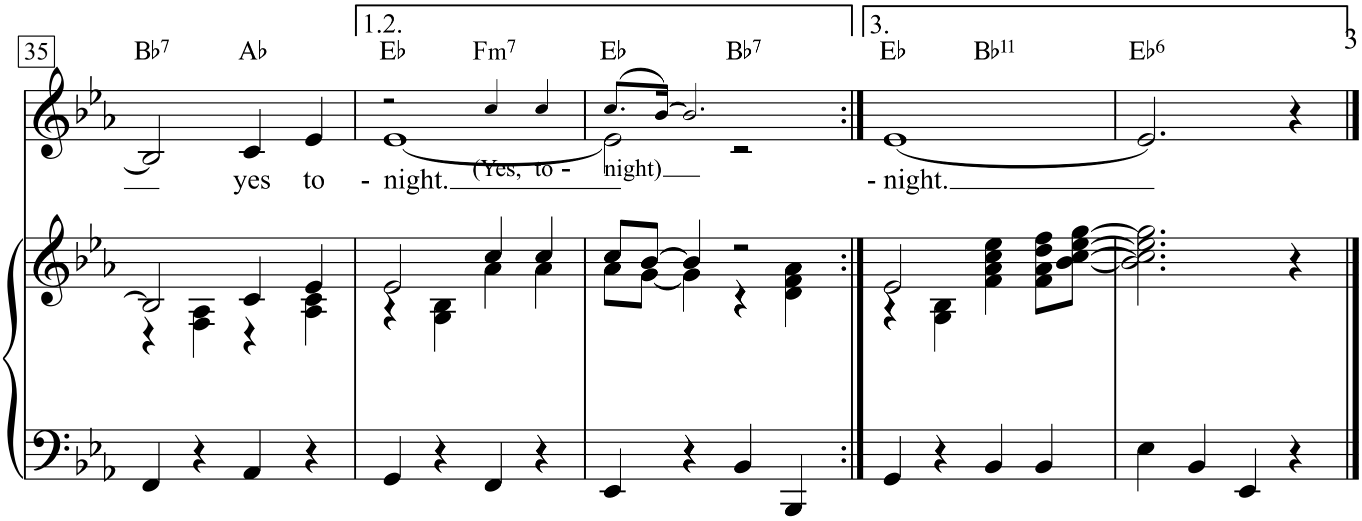
Yes, Tonight, Josephine

Words & Music by
Winfried Scott and Dorothy Goodman
(Johnnie Ray)

Moderate Bounce




17
Pack each kiss with dy - na - mite,
If I don't I shure will try, Yip, yip bip bop de boom.
Kiss me quick and knock me out,
Chorus
21
Fm7 Eb Fm7
Yes, to - night, Jo - seph - ine, yes, to - night, (Yes, to - night) Ev - 'ry
26
Eb Eb° Bb7 Eb
thing, Jo - seph - ine, will be all right. (Be all right) I'm gon - na give my
31
Eb7 Ab Abm Eb
heart to you, don't ask me if I love you 'cause you know it's true
heart to you, don't ask me if I need you for you knoe I do to - night, Jo - seph - ine,
heart to you, don't ask me if I love you 'cause you know it's true



1. Promise me your lips ate mine,
Yip, yip bip bop de boom diddy boom diddy.
Josephine, tonight it's time.
Yip, yip bip bop de boom diddy boom diddy.
I will squeeze and hold you tight,
Yip, yip bip bop de boom diddy boom diddy.
Pack each kiss with dynamite,
Yip, yip bip bop de boom.
Yes, tonight, Josephine, yes, tonight, (Yes, tonight)
Ev'ry thing, Josephine, will be all right. (Be all right)
I'm gonna give my heart to you,
don't ask me if I love you 'cause you know it's true
tonight, Josephine, yes tonight. (Yes, tonight)

2. I have loved you from the start,
Yip, yip bip bop de boom diddy boom diddy.
I will keep you in my heart,
Yip, yip bip bop de boom diddy boom diddy.
I will get you by and by,
Yip, yip bip bop de boom diddy boom diddy.
If I don't I shure will try,
Yip, yip bip bop de boom.
Yes, tonight, Josephine, yes, tonight, (Yes, tonight)
Ev'ry thing, Josephine, will be all right. (Be all right)
I'm gonna give my heart to you,
don't ask me if I need you for you knoe I do
tonight, Josephine, yes tonight. (Yes, tonight)

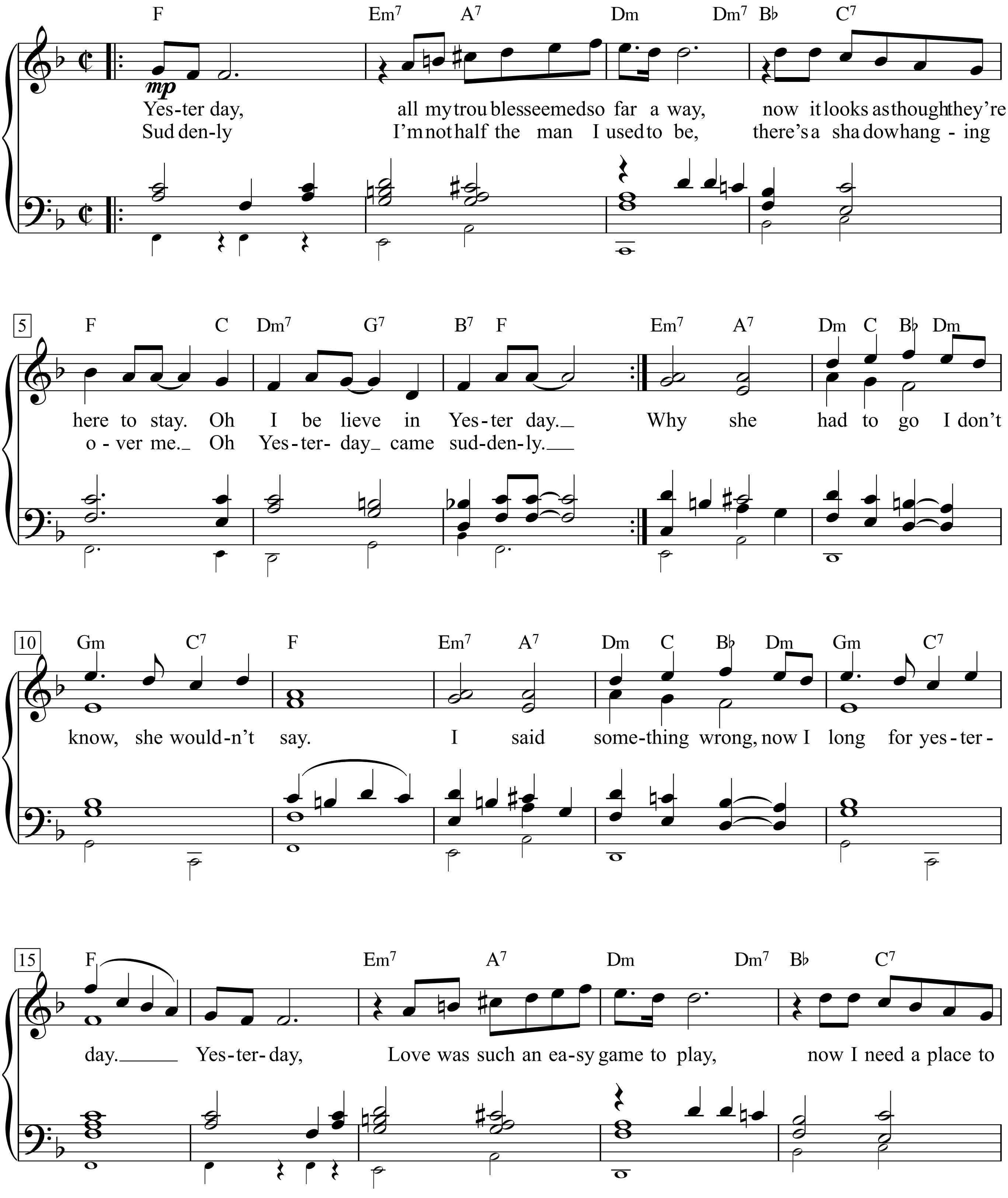
3. I'll be Jack and you'll be Jill,
Yip, yip bip bop de boom diddy boom diddy.
Love me till my heart stands still,
Yip, yip bip bop de boom diddy boom diddy.
Baby, when you hear me shout,
Yip, yip bip bop de boom diddy boom diddy.
Kiss me quick and knock me out,
Yip, yip bip bop de boom.
Yes, tonight, Josephine, yes, tonight, (Yes, tonight)
Ev'ry thing, Josephine, will be all right. (Be all right)
I'm gonna give my heart to you,
don't ask me if I love you 'cause you know it's true
tonight, Josephine, yes tonight. (Yes, tonight)

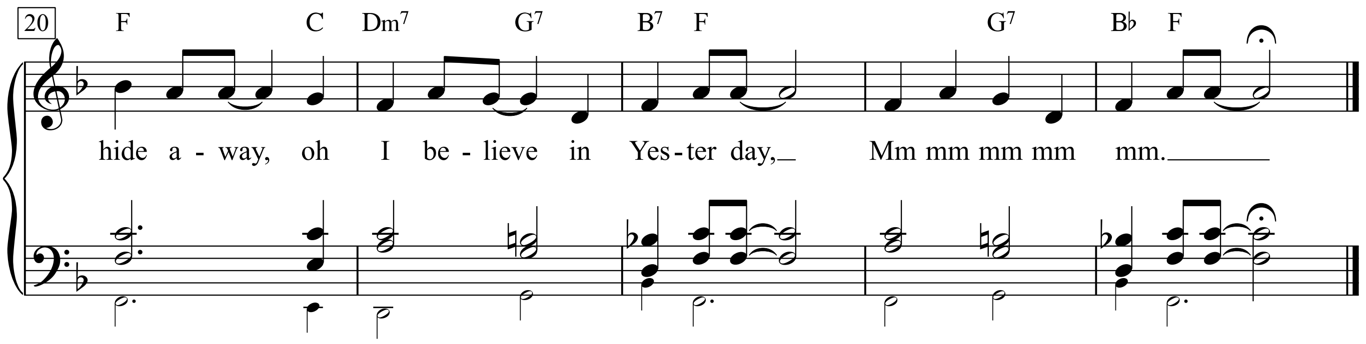
Yesterday

(For Organ: Registration No. 7)

Moderato

Words & Music:
John Lennon & Paul McCartney





Yesterday, all my troubles seemed so far away,
now it looks as though they're here to stay,
Oh, I believe in yesterday

Suddenly, I'm not half the man I used to be
There's a shadow hanging over me
oh, yesterday came suddenly

Why she had to go I don't know, she wouldn't say
I said something wrong, now I long for yesterday

Yesterday, love was such an easy game to play
Now I need a place to hide away
oh, I believe in yesterday

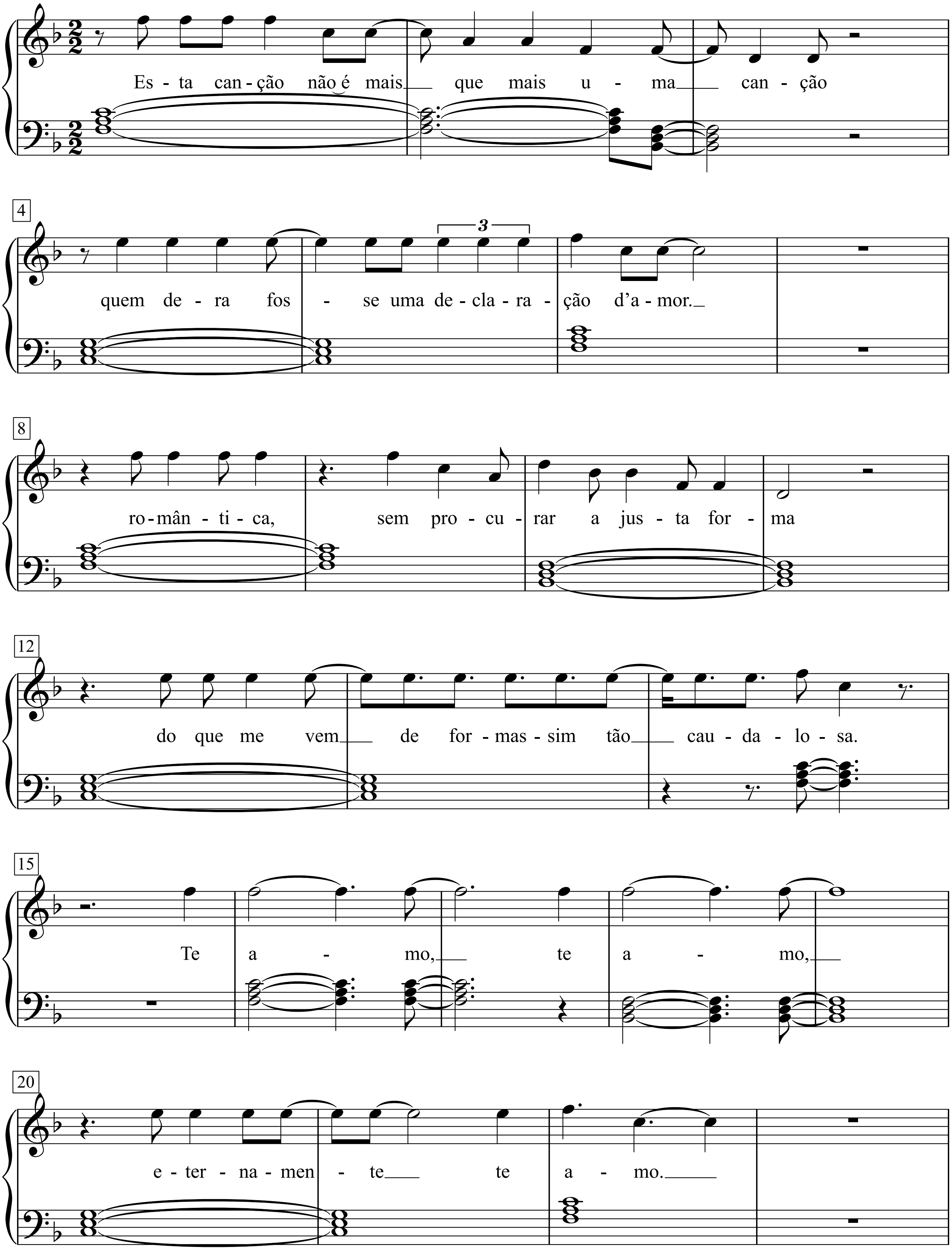
Why she had to go I don't know, she wouldn't say
I said something wrong, now I long for yesterday

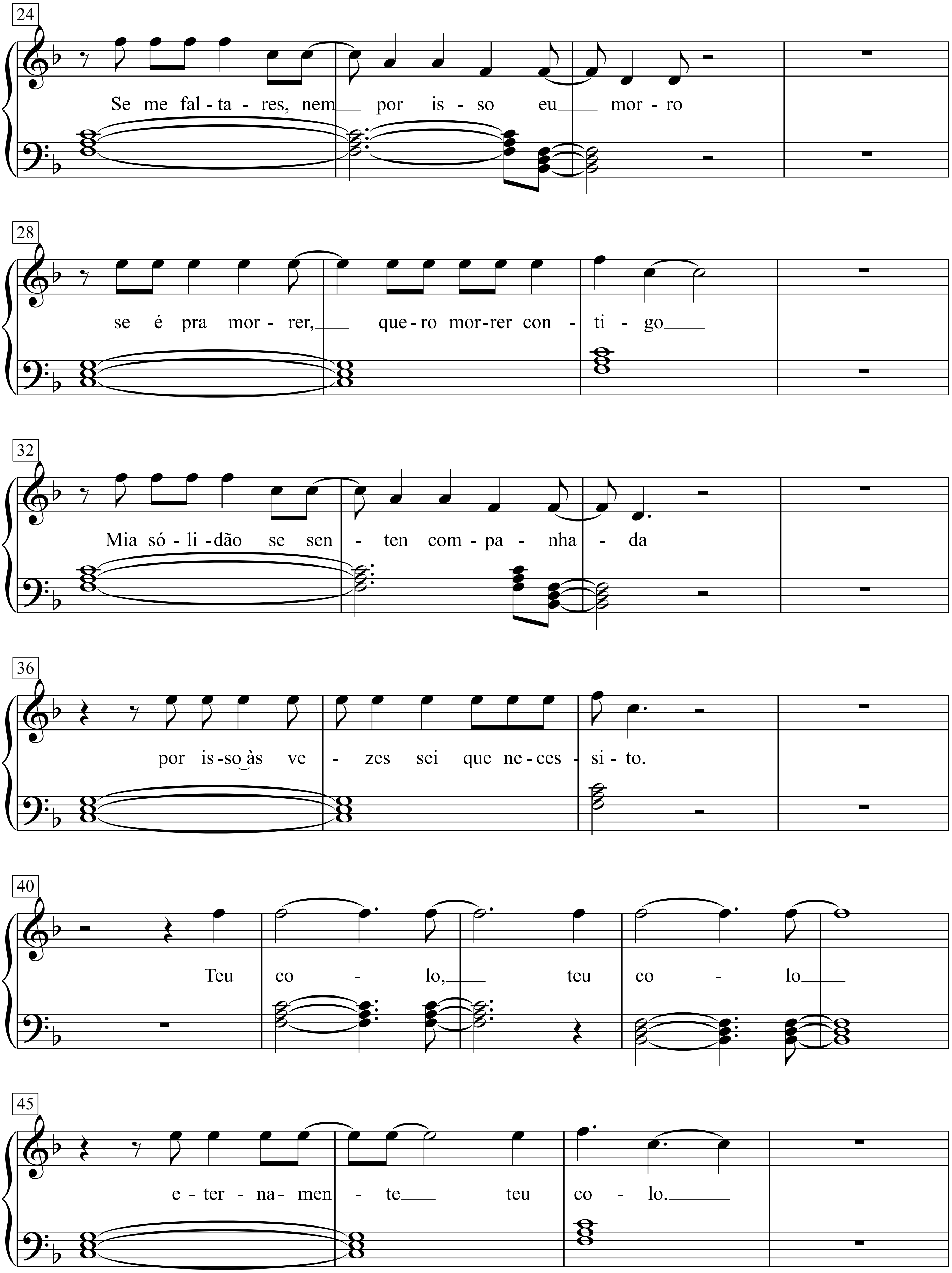
Yesterday, love was such an easy game to play
Now I need a place to hide away
oh, I believe in yesterday,
Mm mm mm mm mm.

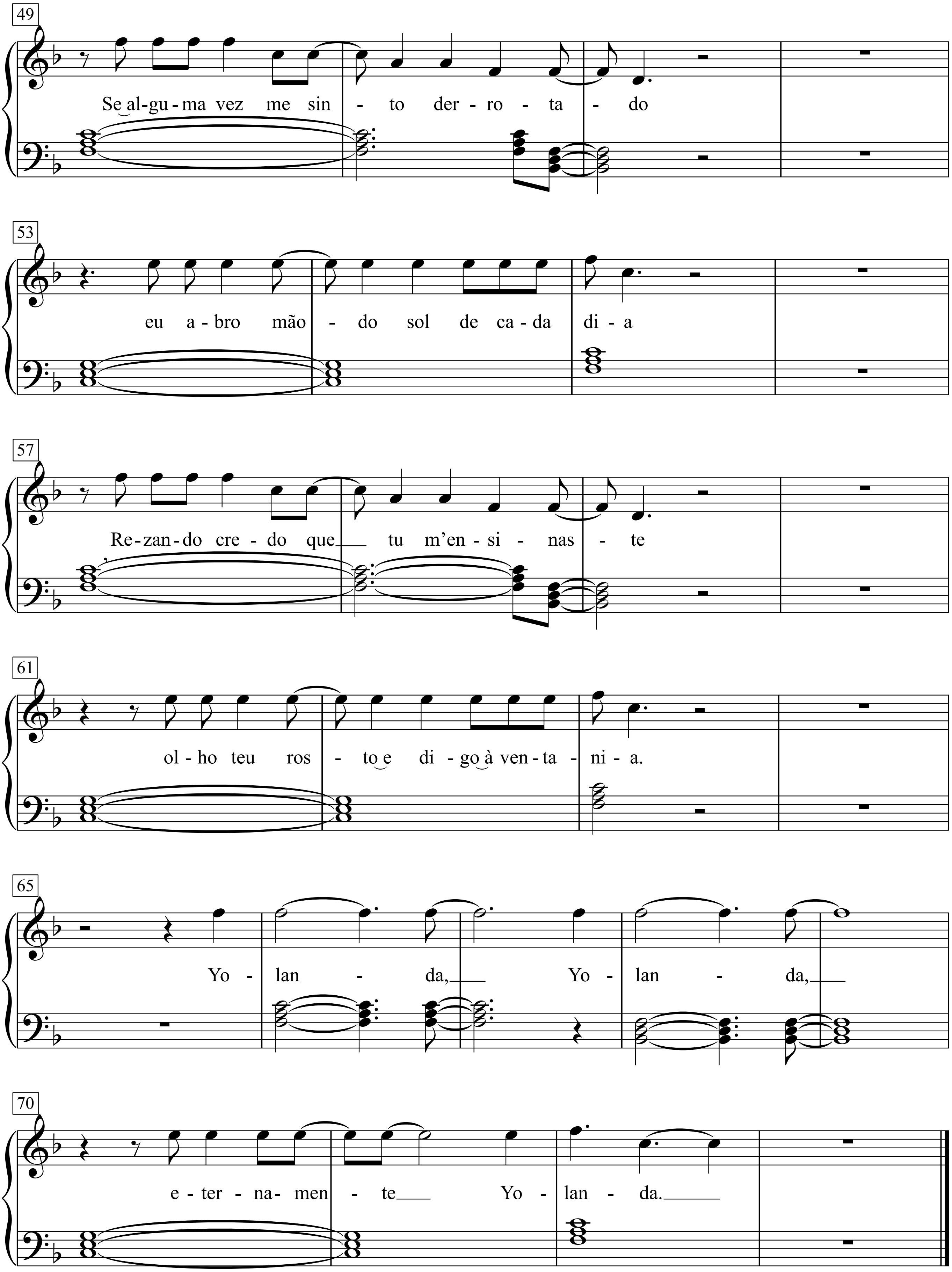
Gestern, da
schien mein Kummer noch unsagbar weit.
Nun sieht's aus, als blieb' er immer nah.
Oh ja, ich glaub' an gesternzeit.
Plötzlich jetzt
bin ich Teil nur, was ich früher war.
Ein Schatten hat sich auf mir festgesetzt.
Ach, gestern war ein schneller Tag.
Was sie von mir trieb, weiß ich nicht, sie wollt's nicht sagen
Ich sprach ein falsches Wort.
Sehn' mich jetzt nach gestern tagen.
Gestern noch
war die Liebe so ein leichtes Spiel.
Heut such' ich ein Stück Verborgenheit.
Oh ja, ich glaub' an gesternzeit.
Was sie von mir trieb, weiß ich nicht, sie wollt's nicht sagen
Ich sprach ein falsches Wort.
Sehn' mich jetzt nach gesterntagen.
Gestern noch
war die Liebe so ein leichtes Spiel.
Heut such' ich ein Stück Verborgenheit.
Oh ja, ich glaub' an gesternzeit.
Mm mm mm mm mm mm mm.

Yolanda

Pablo Milanés
Transcrição: Diogo Simões

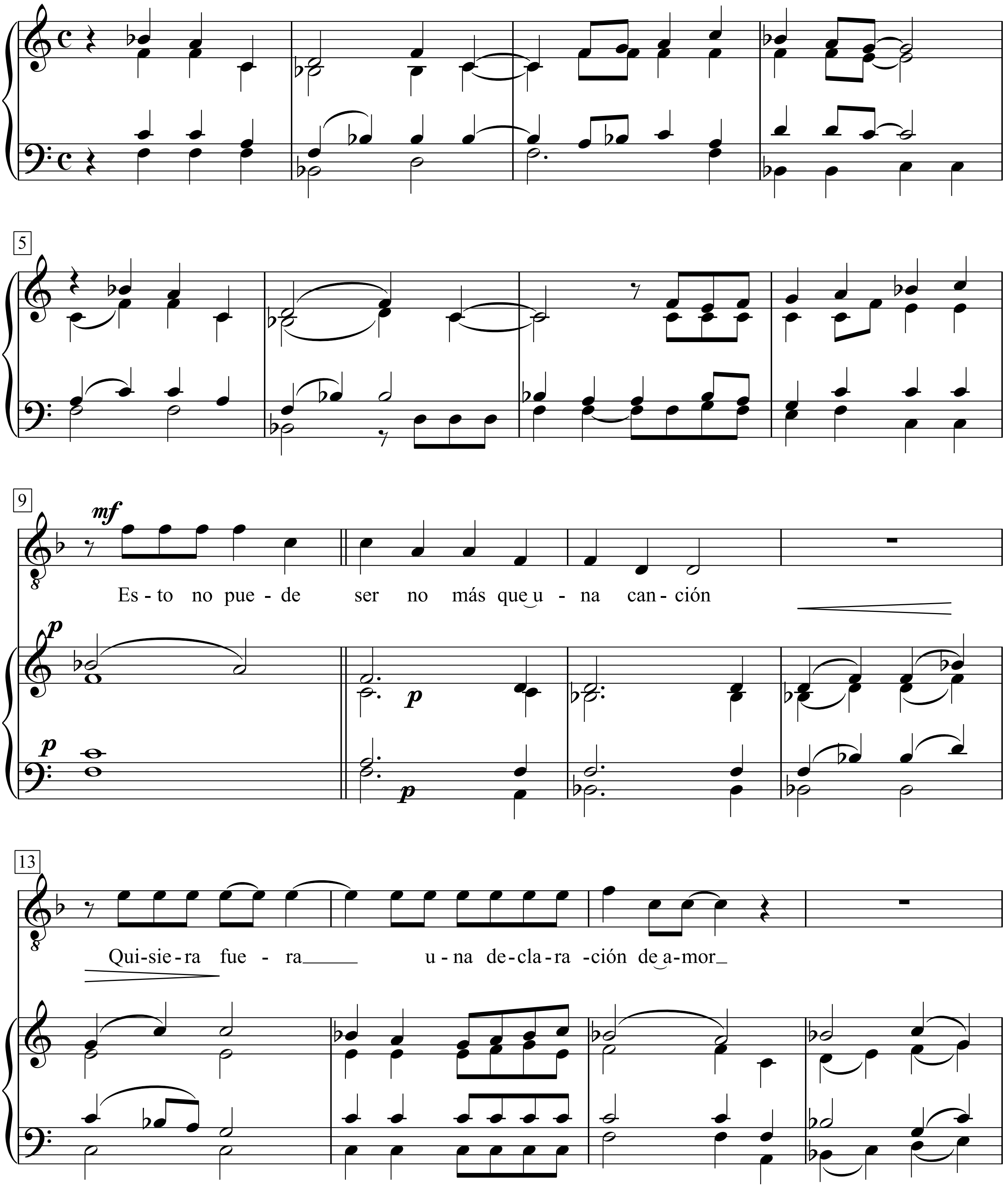


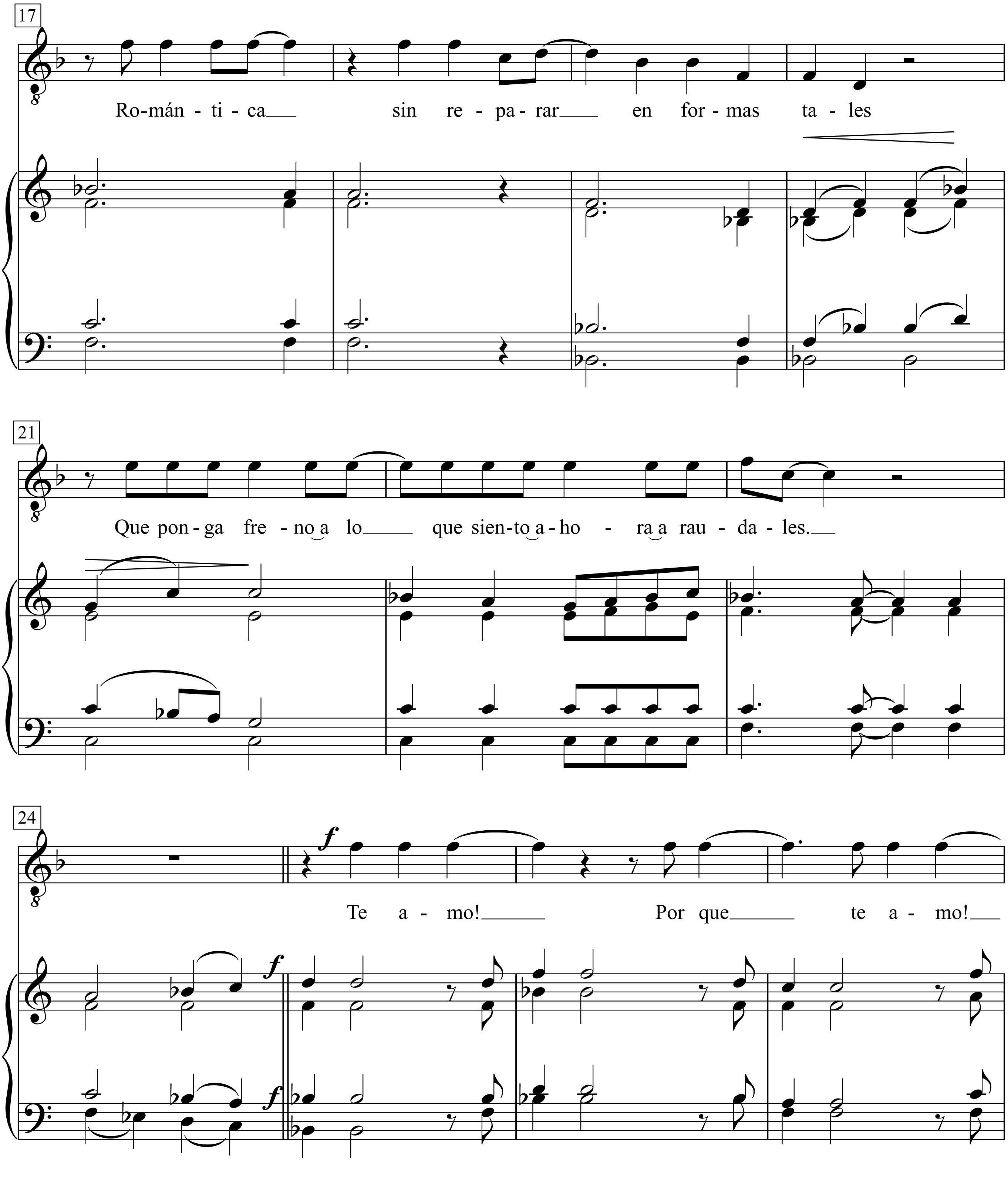

24
Se me fal - ta - res, nem por is - so eu mor - ro
28
se é pra mor - rer, que - ro mor - rer con - ti - go
32
Mia só - li - dão se sen - ten com - pa - nha - da
36
por is - so às ve - zes sei que ne - ces - si - to.
40
Teu co - lo, teu co - lo
45
e - ter - na - men - te teu co - lo.

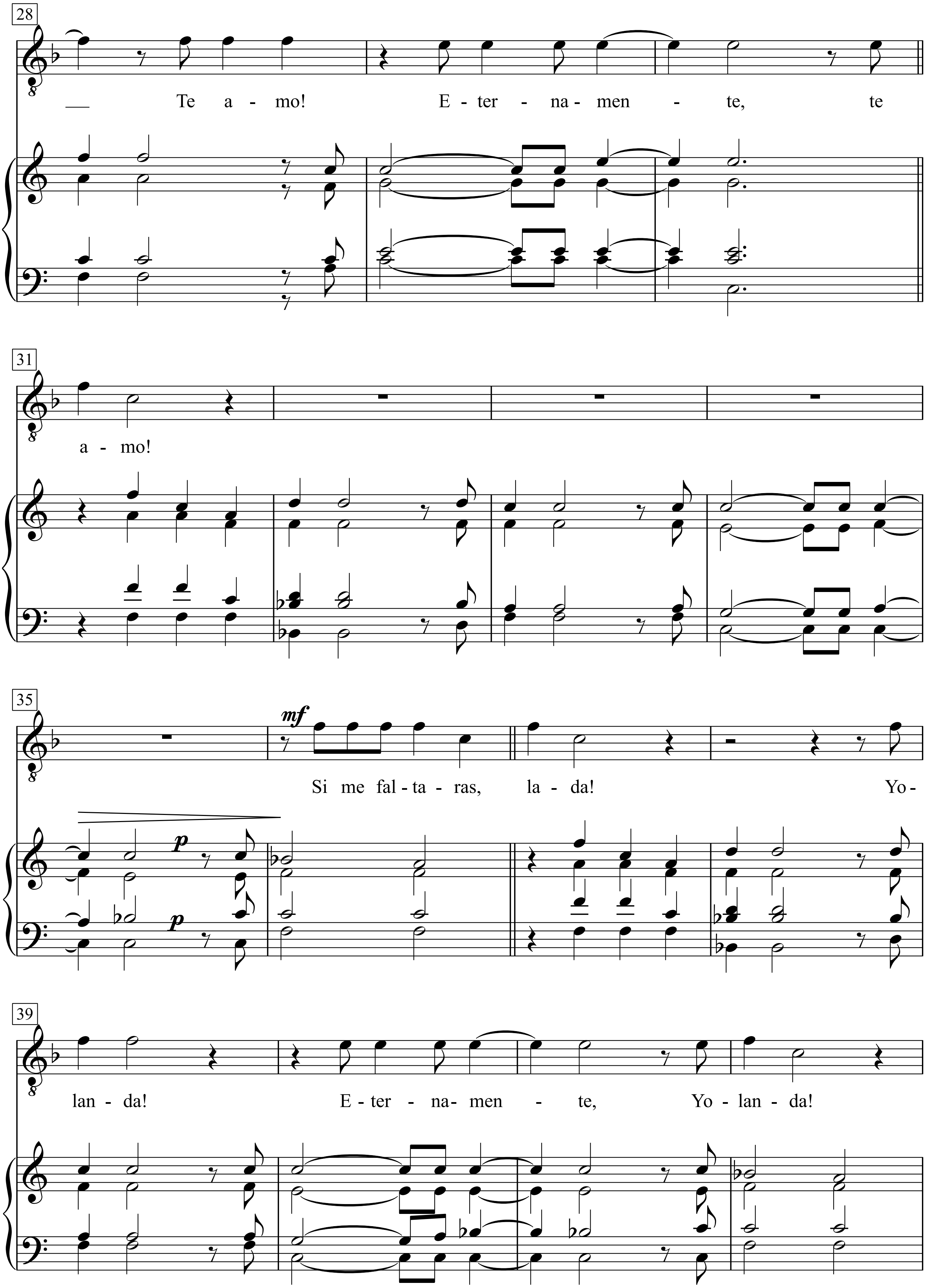

49
Se al-gu-ma vez me sin - to der - ro - ta - do
53
eu a - bro mão - do sol de ca - da di - a
57
Re-zan-do cre - do que tu m'en - si - nas - te
61
ol - ho teu ros - to e di - go à ven - ta - ni - a.
65
Yo - lan - da, Yo - lan - da,
70
e - ter - na - men - te Yo - lan - da.

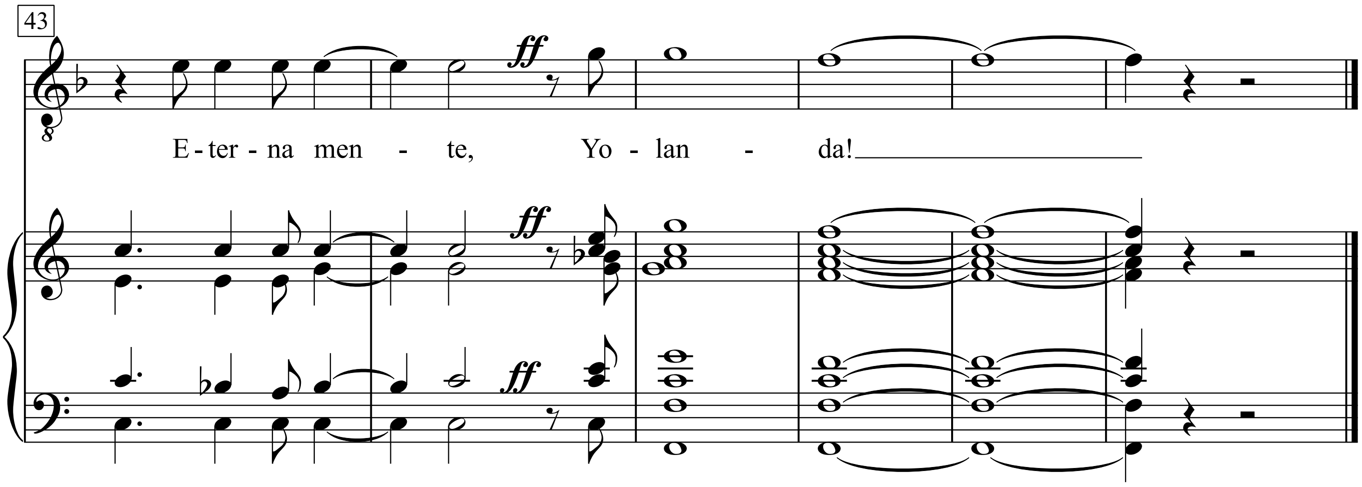
Yolanda

Pablo Milanés




17
Ro-mán - ti - ca sin re - pa - rar en for - mas ta - les
21
Que pon - ga fre - no a lo que sien - to a - ho - ra a rau - da - les.
24
f
Te a - mo! Por que te a - mo!
f
f


28
— Te a - mo! E - ter - na - men - te, te
31
a - mo!
35
mf
p
p
Si me fal - ta - ras, la - da! Yo -
39
lan - da! E - ter - na - men - te, Yo - lan - da!



Esto no puede ser no más que una canción;
quisiera fuera una declaración de amor,
romántica, sin reparar en formas tales
que pongan freno a lo que siento ahora a raudales.
Te amo,
te amo,
eternamente, te amo.

Si me faltaras, no voy a morirme;
si he de morir, quiero que sea contigo.
Mi soledad se siente acompañada,
por eso a veces sé que necesito
tu mano,
tu mano,
eternamente, tu mano.

Cuando te vi sabía que era cierto
este temor de hallarme descubierto.
Tú me desnudas con siete razones,
me abres el pecho siempre que me colmas
de amores,
de amores,
eternamente, de amores.

Si alguna vez me siento derrotado,
renuncio a ver el sol cada mañana;
rezando el credo que me has enseñado,
miro tu cara y digo en la ventana:
Yolanda,
Yolanda,
eternamente, Yolanda.

(1970)

Das ist vielleicht nicht mehr als ein Lied .
mochte doch ein Liebeserklärung sein.
rein romantisch ungeachtet derartigen Gestalten (meint die Reimen der Lied
Muss ich gleich jetzt meinen dringenden Gefühlen freien Lauf lassen.
Ich liebe dich
Ich liebe dich
Für immer (auf ewig) liebe ich dich

Falls du nicht da bist will ich nicht sterben
Wenn ich sterben sollte, möchte ich mit dir sein.
Meine Einsamkeit (Schwermut) fühlt sich (acompaÃ±ada?!?)
deshalb brauche ich manchmal deine Hand
deine Hand
deine Hand
für immer deine Hand

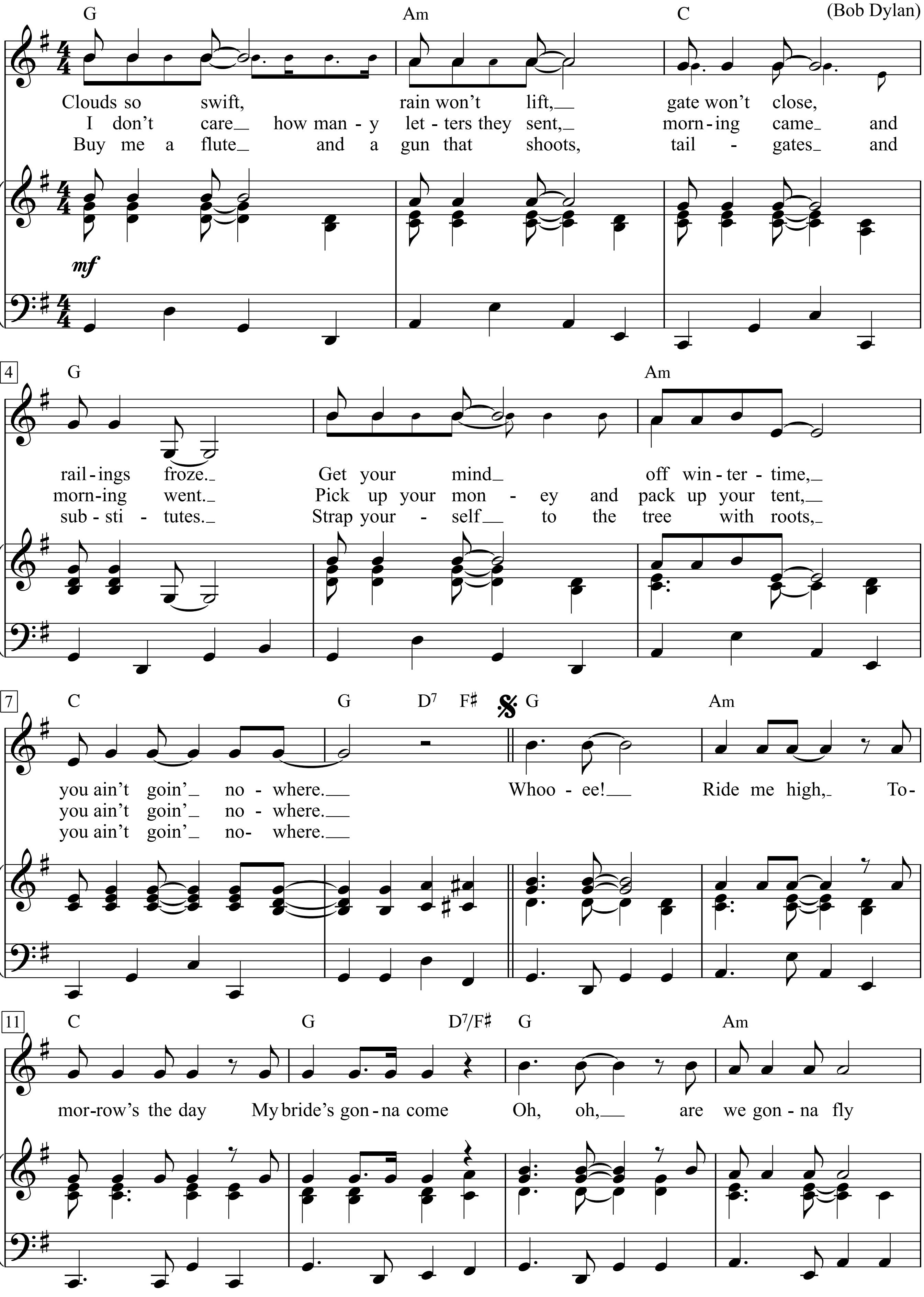
Als ich dich sah, hatte ich sicher Angst.
vor dir demaskiert zu werden.
Du enblößt mich mit sieben Grunden.(Dieser Satz ist eine wörtliche Überset
Du schickst mir dein Herz und immer überhäuft es mich
mit Liebe
mit Liebe
auf ewig mit Liebe

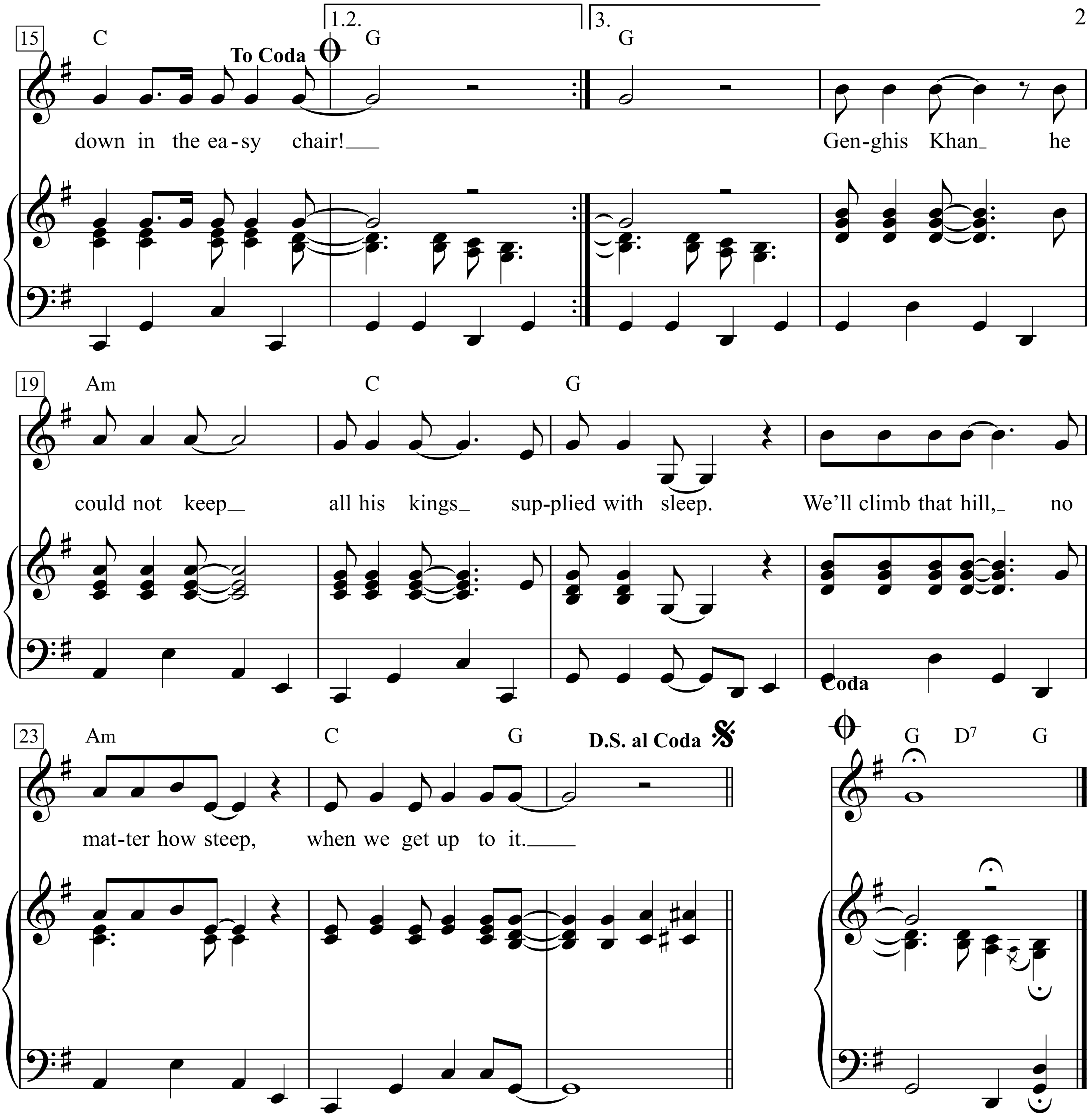
Wenn ich mich manchmal geschlagen gebe.
verzichte ich darauf, die Sonne jeden Morgen zu sehen.
und halte die Rede von den Glaubensbekenntnissen ,die du mir beigebracht h
Aus dem Fenster sehe ich dein Gesicht und rufe
Yolanda Yolanda
für immer Yolanda
Yolanda
für immer Yolanda
für immer Yolanda

You Ain't Goin' Nowhere

Moderately

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)




15
C
To Coda
1.2.
G
3.
G
down in the ea-sy chair!
Gen-ghis Khan he
19
Am
C
G
could not keep all his kings sup-plied with sleep.
We'll climb that hill, no
Coda
23
Am
C
G
D.S. al Coda
mat-ter how steep, when we get up to it.
G D7 G

1. Clouds so swift
Rain won't lift
Gate won't close
Railings froze
Get your mind off wintertime
You ain't goin' nowhere
Whooee! Ride me high
Tomorrow's the day
My bride's gonna come
Oh, oh, are we gonna fly
Down in the easy chair!

2. I don't care
How many letters they sent
Morning came and morning went
Pick up your money
And pack up your tent
You ain't goin' nowhere
Whooee! Ride me high
Tomorrow's the day
My bride's gonna come
Oh, oh, are we gonna fly
Down in the easy chair!

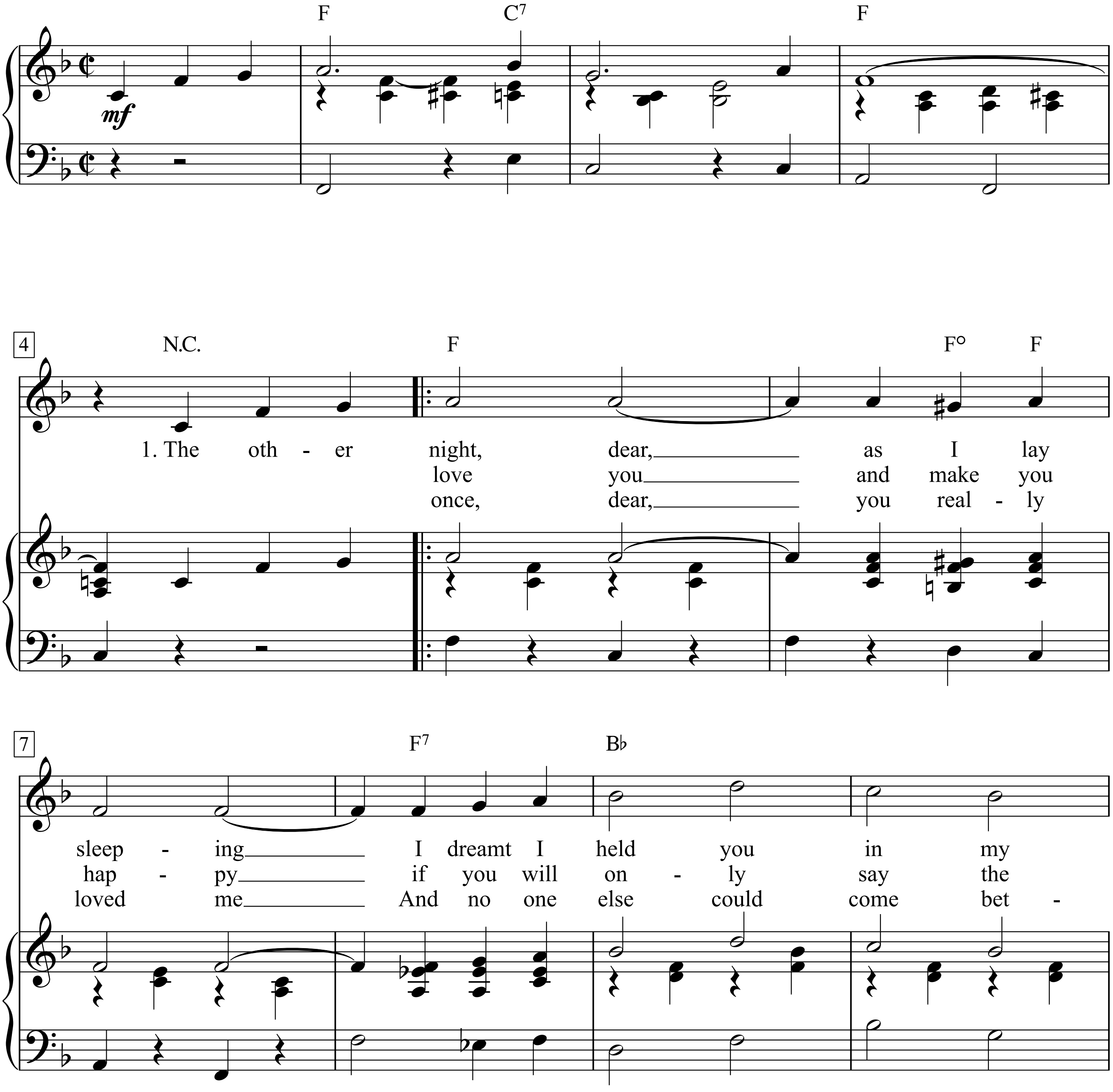
3. Buy me a flute
And a gun that shoots
Tailgates and substitutes
Strap ???ourself
To the tree with roots
You ain't goin' nowhere.
Whoo-ee! Ride me high
Tomorrow's the day
My bride's gonna come
Oh, oh, are we gonna fly
Down in the easy chair!

Genghis Khan
He could not keep
All his kings
Supplied with sleep
We'll climb that hill, no matter how steep
When we get up to it
Whoo-ee! Ride me high
Tomorrow's the day
My bride's gonna come
Oh, oh, are we gonna fly
Down in the easy chair!

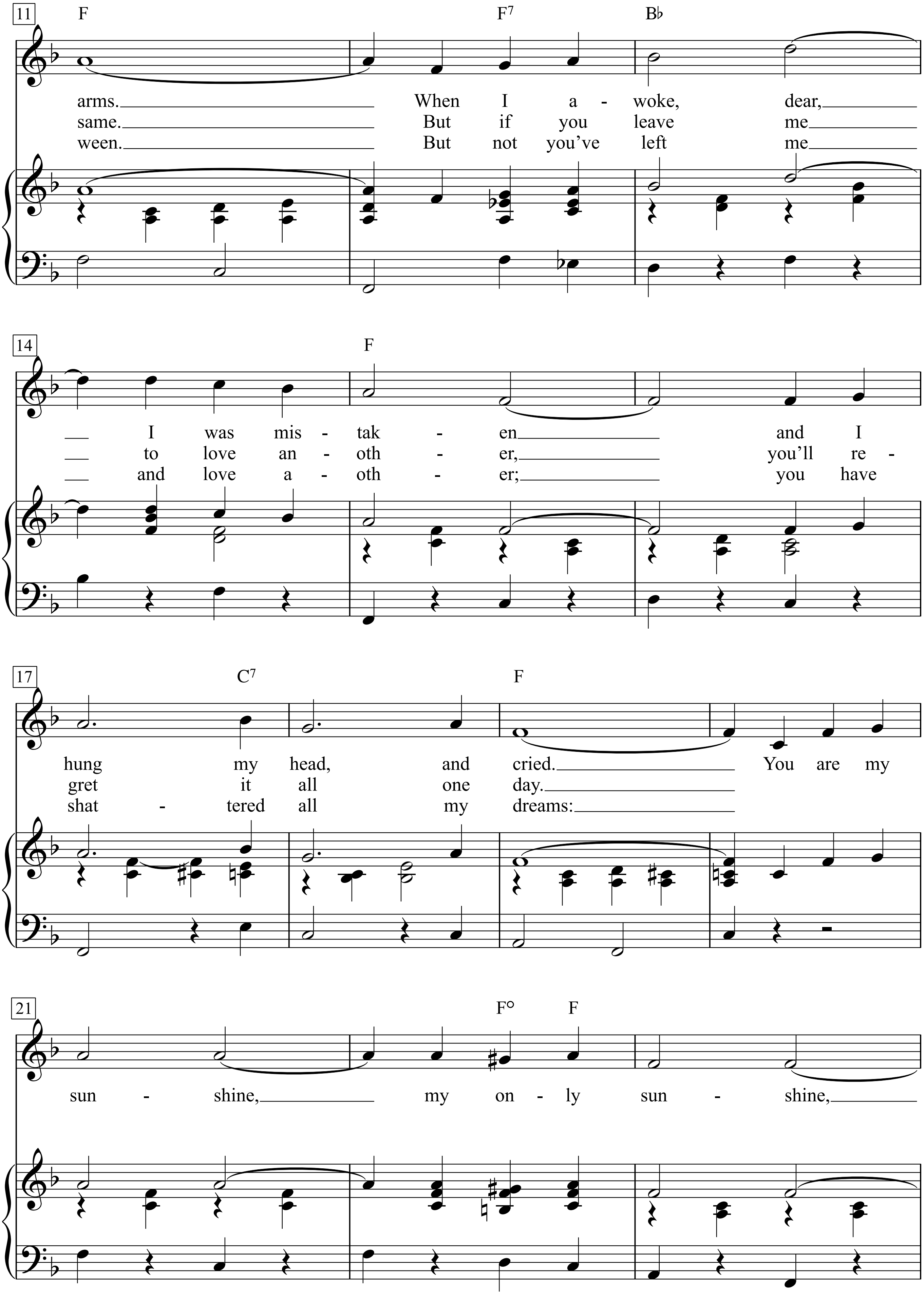
You Are My Sunshine

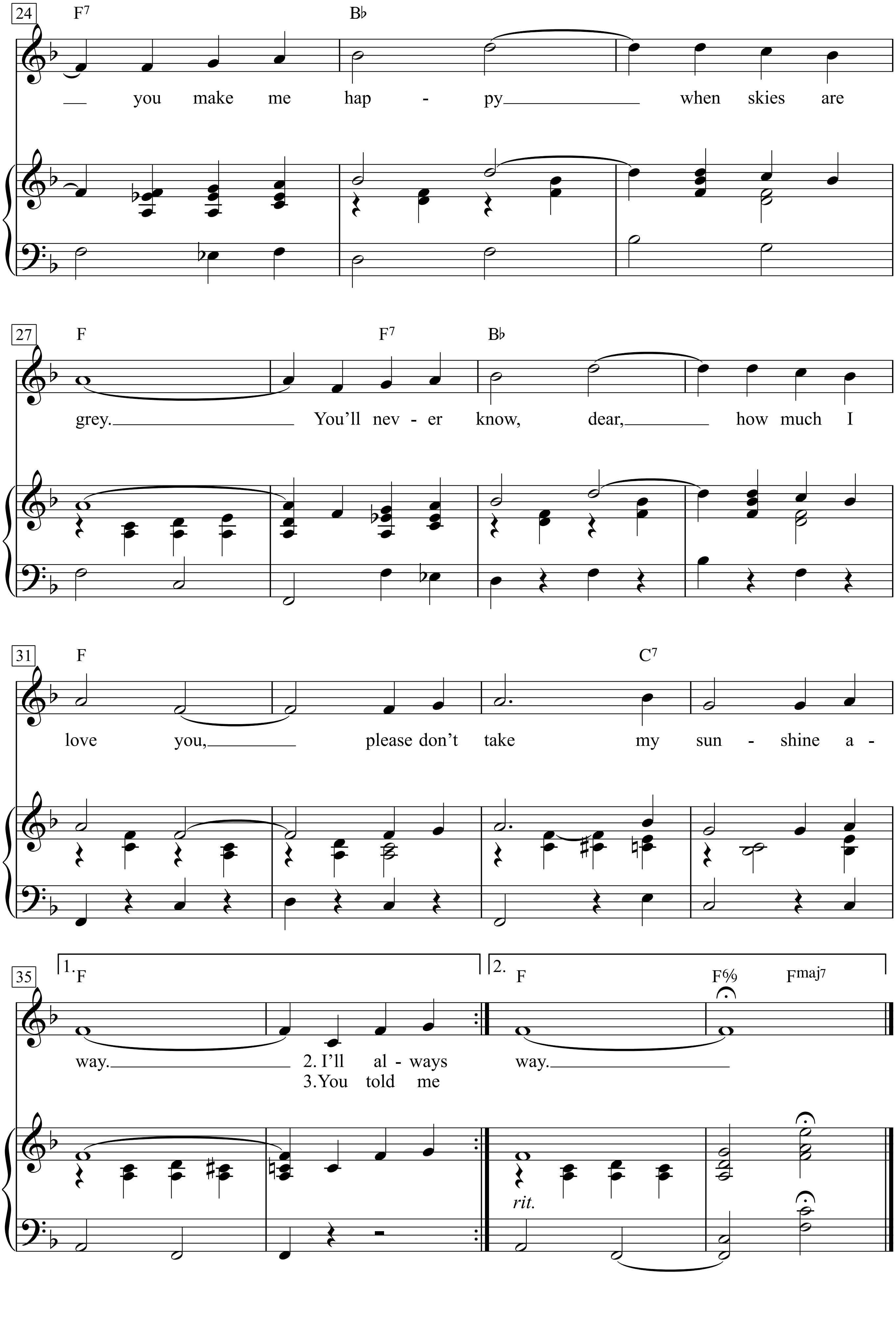
Words & Music by
Jimmie Davis and Charles Mitchell (offiziell)
Paul Rice (1937)

Tenderly



The Best Coutry Songs Ever, p. 255-257


11
F F7 B♭
arms. When I a - woke, dear,
same. But if you leave me
ween. But not you've left me
14
F
I was mis - tak - en and I
to love an - oth - er, you'll re -
and love a - oth - er; you have
17
C7 F
hung my head, and cried. You are my
gret it all one day.
shat - tered all my dreams:
21
F° F
sun - shine, my on - ly sun - shine,


24
F7
B♭
you make me hap - py when skies are
27
F
F7
B♭
grey. You'll nev - er know, dear, how much I
31
F
C7
love you, please don't take my sun - shine a -
35
1. F
2. F
F6/9
Fmaj7
way. 2. I'll al - ways way.
3.You told me
rit.

Entstehungsgeschichte

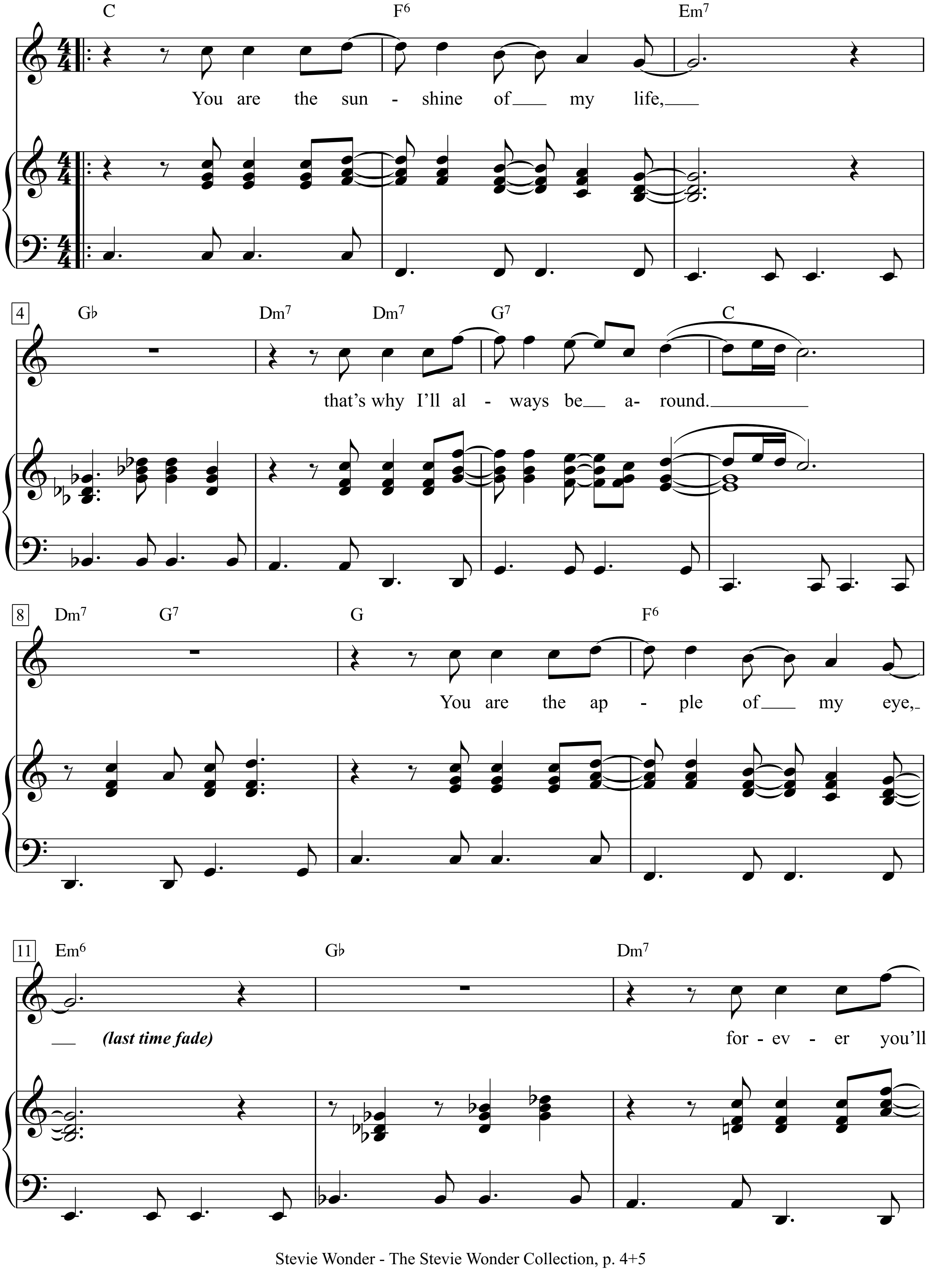
Rice Brothers Gang – *You Are My Sunshine*

Die Urheberschaft von *You Are My Sunshine* ist umstritten. Sicher ist, dass die Originalaufnahme von den Pine Ridge Boys stammt. Das aus Marvin Taylor und Douglas Spivey bestehende Duo war jedoch nicht Autor des Songs, sondern Paul Rice hat ihn 1937 verfasst.[1] Rice war mit seinem Bruder Hoke Rice Mitglied der Rice Brothers Gang, die den Song erst drei Wochen später aufnahm. Ein Artikel in der *Shreveport Times* aus 1956 bekräftigte, dass Paul Rice der Komponist gewesen sei. Der politisch einflussreiche Jimmie Davis habe 1939 die Radiostation KWKH angerufen, um in Kontakt mit Paul Rice zu kommen. Dessen Frau war krank, so dass er Geld benötigte. Der spätere Gouverneur von Louisiana, Jimmie Davies (* 11. September 1899, † 5. November 2001), hat die Rechte von Paul Rice gemäß Vertrag vom 16. Dezember 1939[2] zum Preis von 35 $ erworben. Laut Vertrag werden „Jimmie Davis und Charles Mitchell als Autoren der vorgenannten Komposition aufgelistet…" Die Fachliteratur ist sich einig, dass Jimmie Davis die Komposition für 35 $ von Rice gekauft habe.[3] Am 30. Januar 1940 wurde *You Are My Sunshine* vom Musikverlag Southern Music Publishing Inc. zum Copyright für den Texter Jimmie Davis mit Komponist Charles Mitchell angemeldet. Davis, der seit dem 4. Dezember 1928 auch Plattenaufnahmen machte, sang 1944 *You Are My Sunshine* während seiner Wahlveranstaltungen, als er auf einem Pferd namens „Sunshine" ritt. Er war 1944–1948 und 1960–1964 Gouverneur von Louisiana. Im Text spricht der Protagonist von seiner Geliebten als Sonnenschein, die ihn sogar bei grauem Himmel glücklich macht und bittet sie, ihm den Sonnenschein nicht wegzunehmen. Da eine weitere Präzisierung nicht erfolgte, ermöglichte der Text auch eine Interpretation als Kinderlied. Rice wiederum hatte in seiner Band Oliver Hood, der auch Komponist gewesen sein will. Zudem gilt als Indiz gegen Davis, dass er das Lied nicht als erster aufgenommen hatte. Charles Mitchell wiederum war bei den Aufnahmesessions von Jimmie Davis dessen Steelgitarrist.

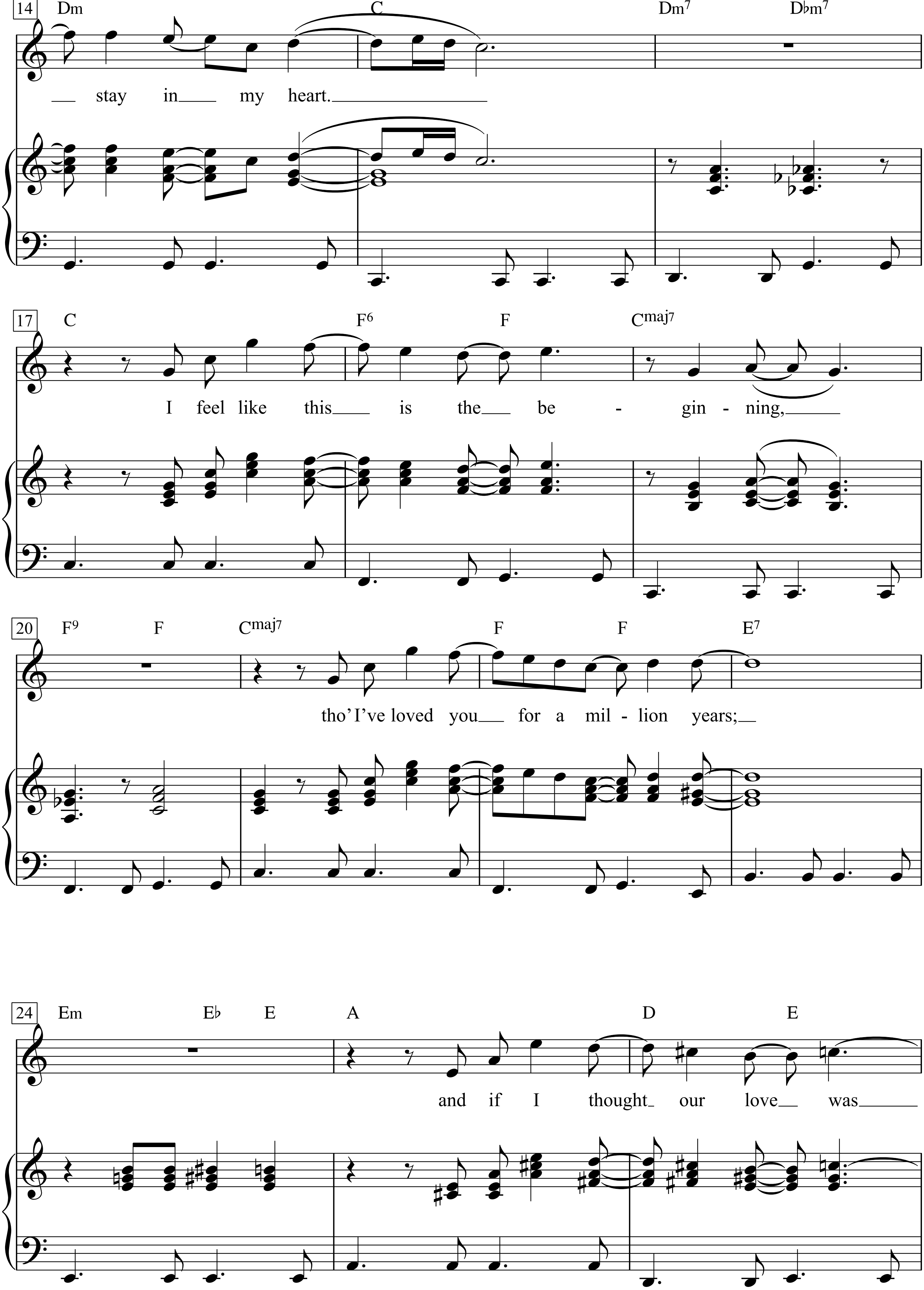
You Are The Sunshine Of My Life

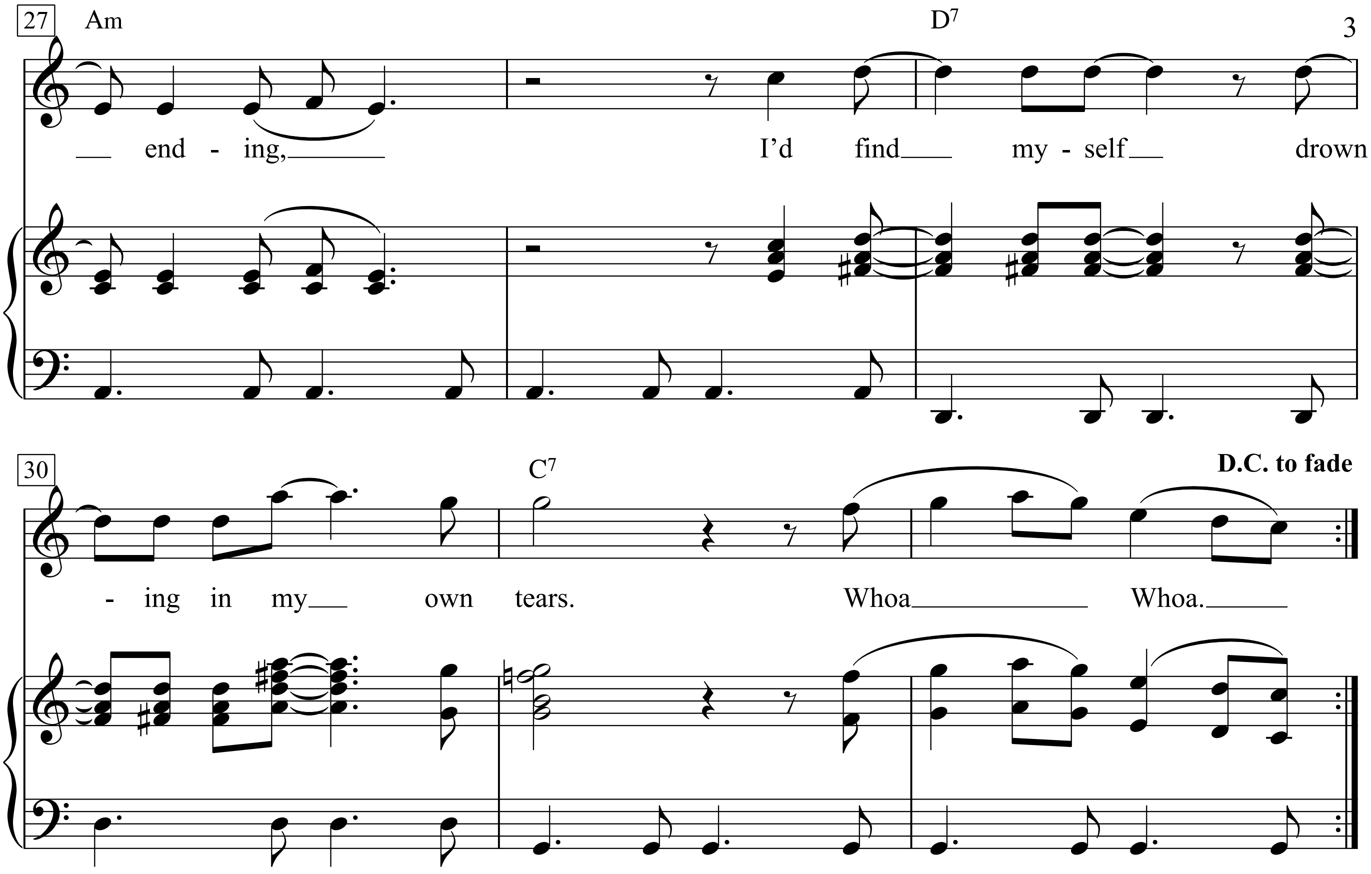
Moderately

Words & Music by Stevie Wonder
(Stevie Wonder)



Stevie Wonder - The Stevie Wonder Collection, p. 4+5


14
Dm C Dm7 D♭m7
stay in my heart.
17
C F6 F Cmaj7
I feel like this is the be - gin - ning,
20
F9 F Cmaj7 F F E7
tho' I've loved you for a mil - lion years;
24
Em E♭ E A D E
and if I thought our love was



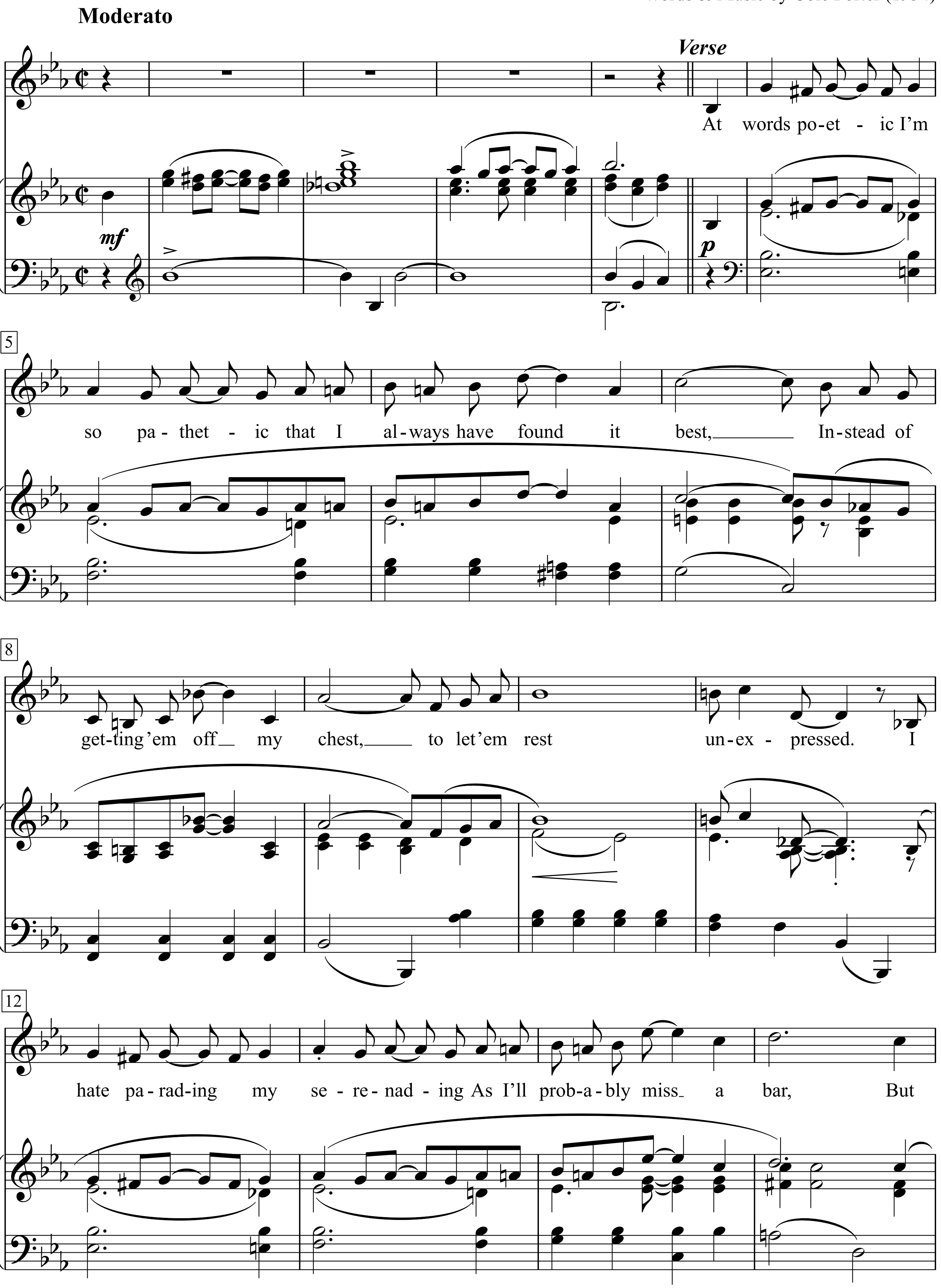
1. You are the sunshine of my life,
that's why I'll always be around.
You are the apple of my eye,
forever you'll stay in my heart.
I feel like this is the beginning,
tho' I've loved you for a million years;
and if I thought our love was ending,
I'd find myself drowning in my own tears.
Whoa Whoa.

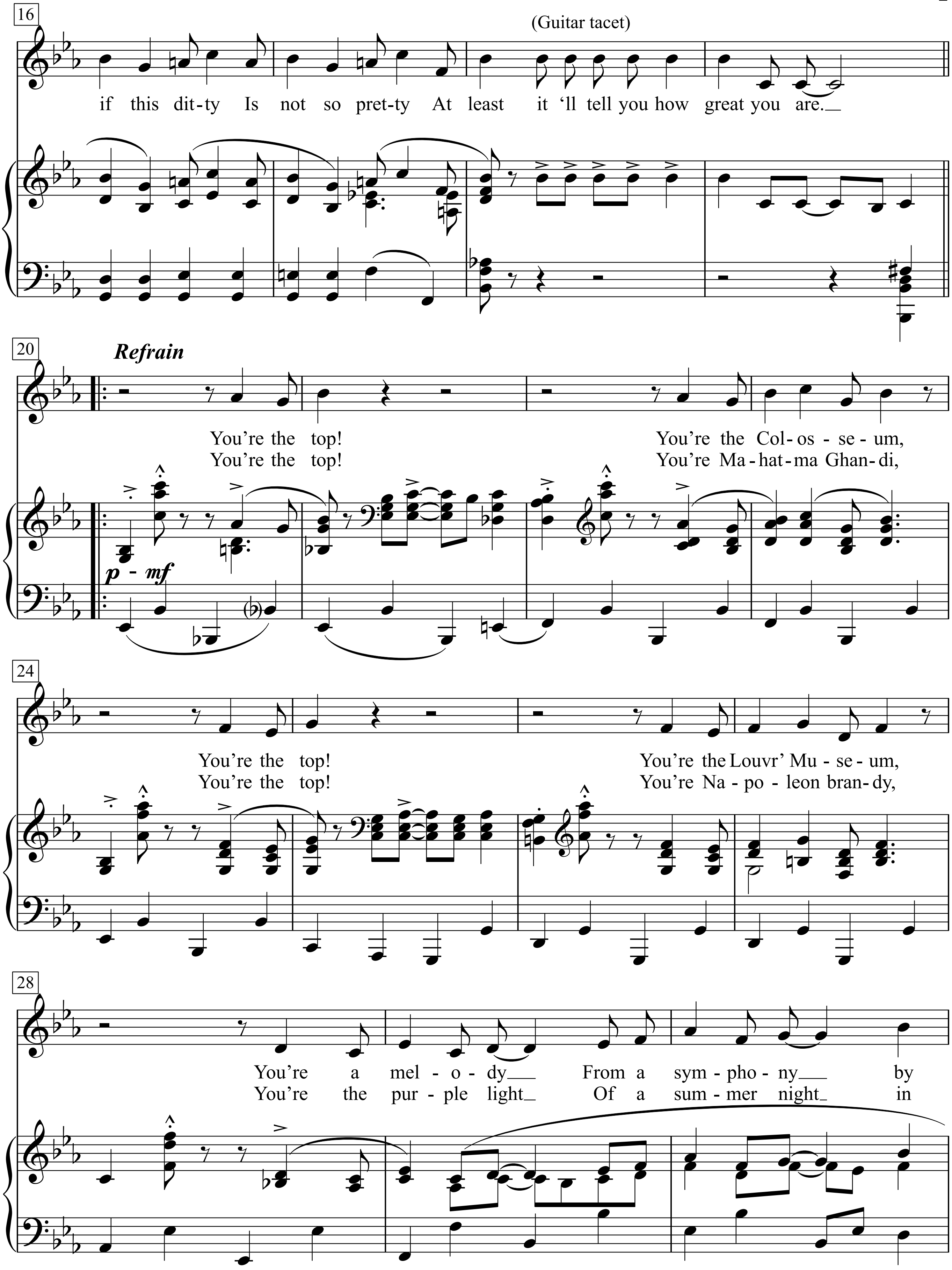
2. You must have known that I was lonely,
Because you came to my rescue.
And I know that this must be heaven;
How could so much love be inside of you?
Whoa.

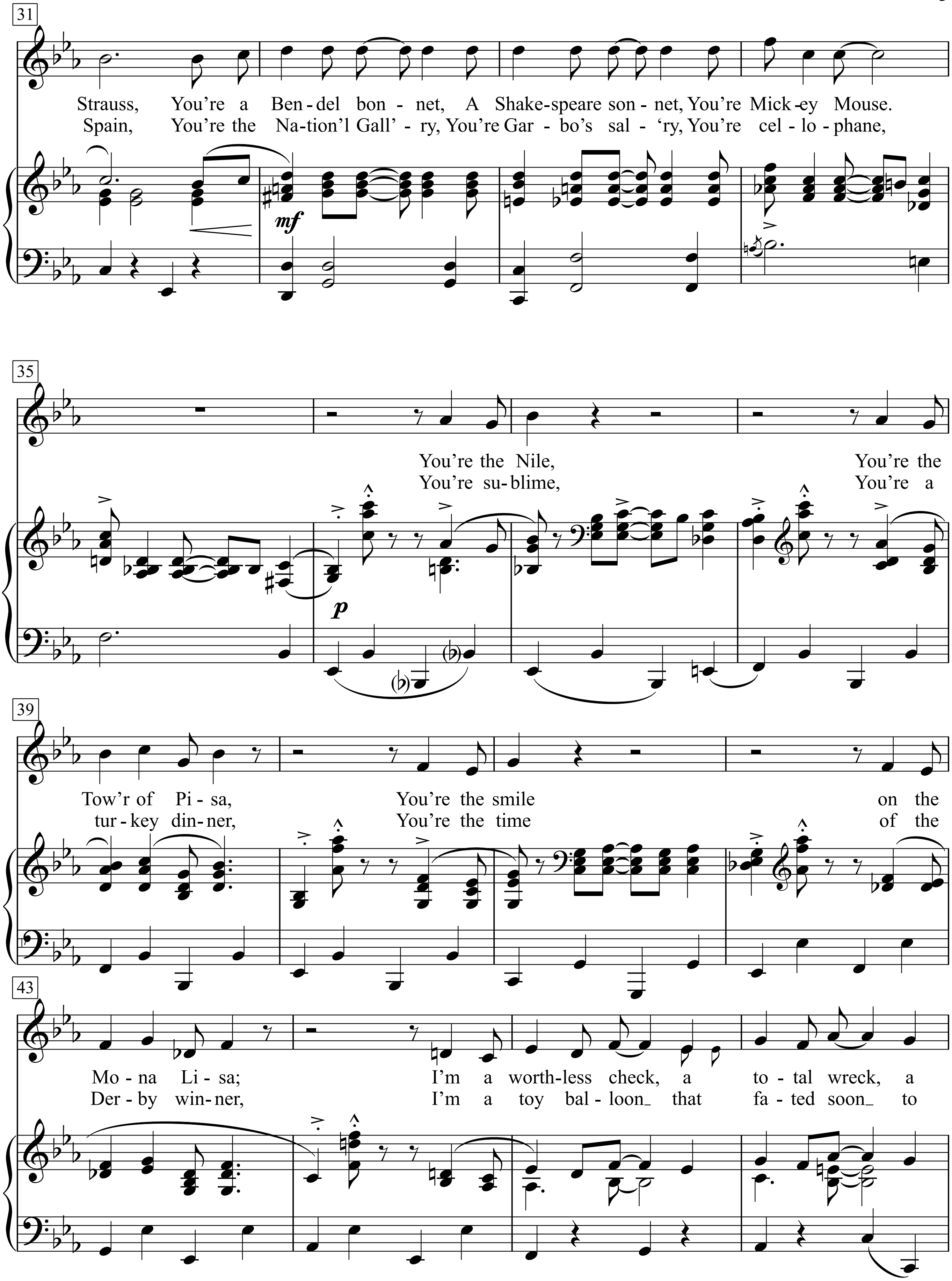
You Are The Top

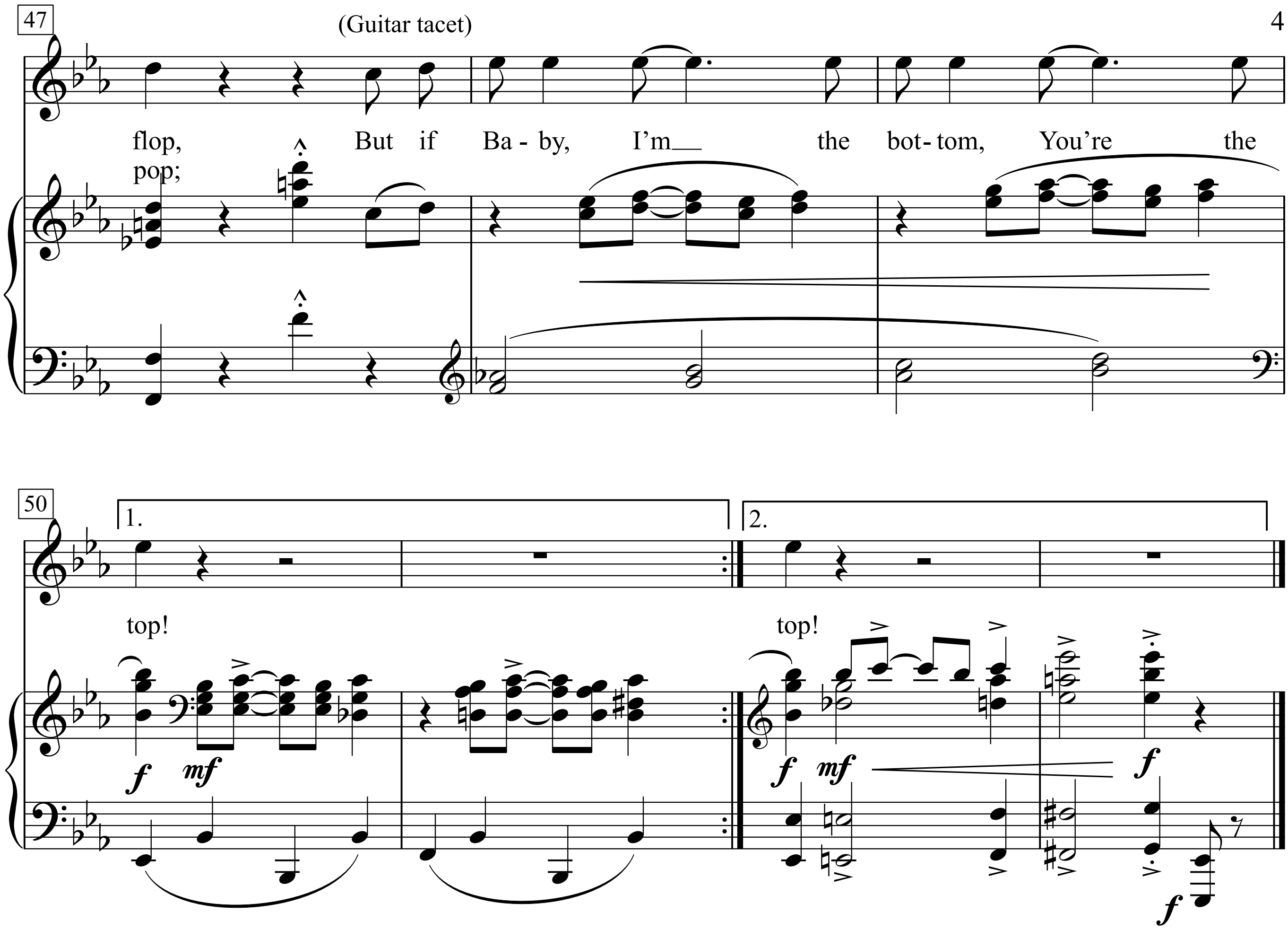
(*from* 'Anything Goes')

Words & Music by Cole Porter (1934)




16
(Guitar tacet)
if this dit-ty Is not so pret-ty At least it 'll tell you how great you are.
20
Refrain
You're the top! You're the Col-os-se-um,
You're the top! You're Ma-hat-ma Ghan-di,
p - mf
24
You're the top! You're the Louvr' Mu-se-um,
You're the top! You're Na-po-leon bran-dy,
28
You're a mel-o-dy From a sym-pho-ny by
You're the pur-ple light Of a sum-mer night in


31
Strauss, You're a Ben - del bon - net, A Shake-speare son - net, You're Mick -ey Mouse.
Spain, You're the Na-tion'l Gall' - ry, You're Gar - bo's sal - 'ry, You're cel - lo - phane,
mf
35
You're the Nile, You're the
You're su - blime, You're a
p
39
Tow'r of Pi - sa, You're the smile on the
tur - key din - ner, You're the time of the
43
Mo - na Li - sa; I'm a worth-less check, a to - tal wreck, a
Der - by win - ner, I'm a toy bal - loon_ that fa - ted soon_ to


47
(Guitar tacet)
flop, But if Ba - by, I'm the bot - tom, You're the
pop;
50
1.
top!
f mf
2.
top!
f mf f
f

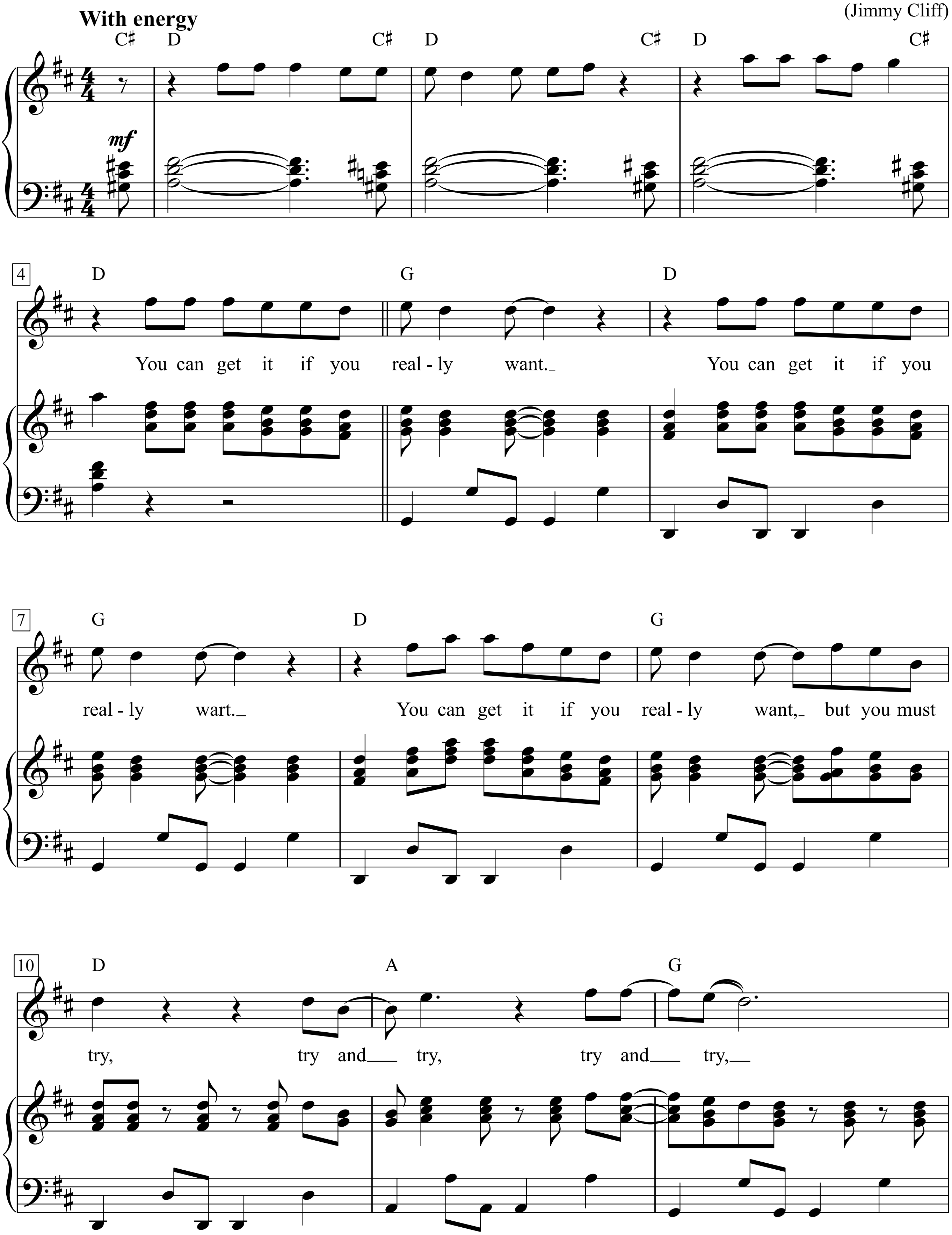
Verse:
At words poetic
I'm so pathetic
that I always have found it best,
Instead of getting 'em off my chest,
to let 'em rest unexpressed.
I hate parading
my serenading
As I'll probably miss a bar,
But if this ditty
Is not so pretty
At least it – 'll tell you how great you are.

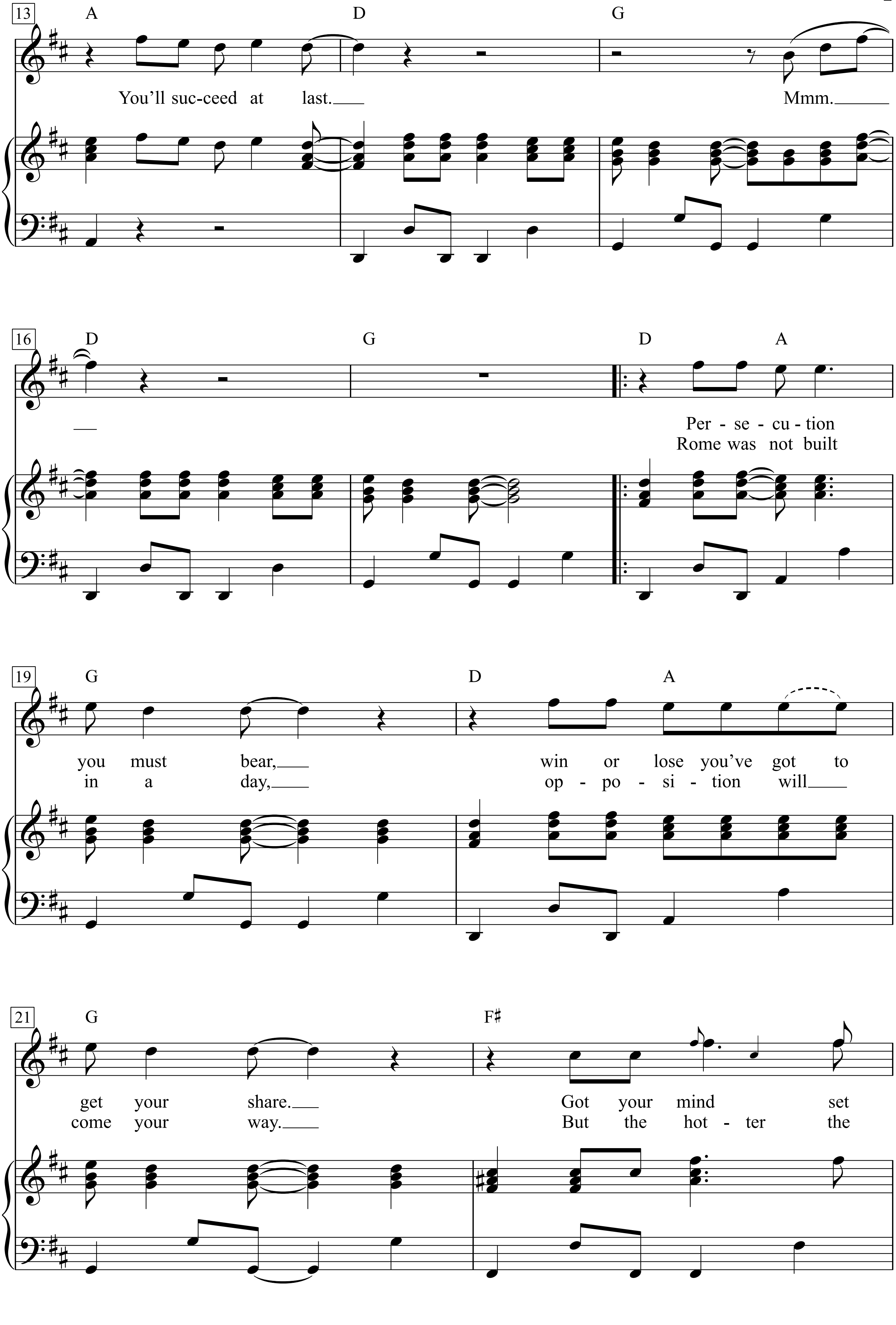
Refrain 1:
You're the top!
You're the Colosseum,
You're the top!
You're the Louvr' Museum,
You're a melody
From a symphony by Strauss,
You're a Bendel bonnet,
A Shakespeare sonnet,
You're Mickey Mouse.
You're the Nile,
You're the Tow'r of Pisa,
You're the smile on the Mona Lisa;
I'm a worthless check, a total wreck, a flop,
But if Baby,
I'm the bottom,
You're the top! top!

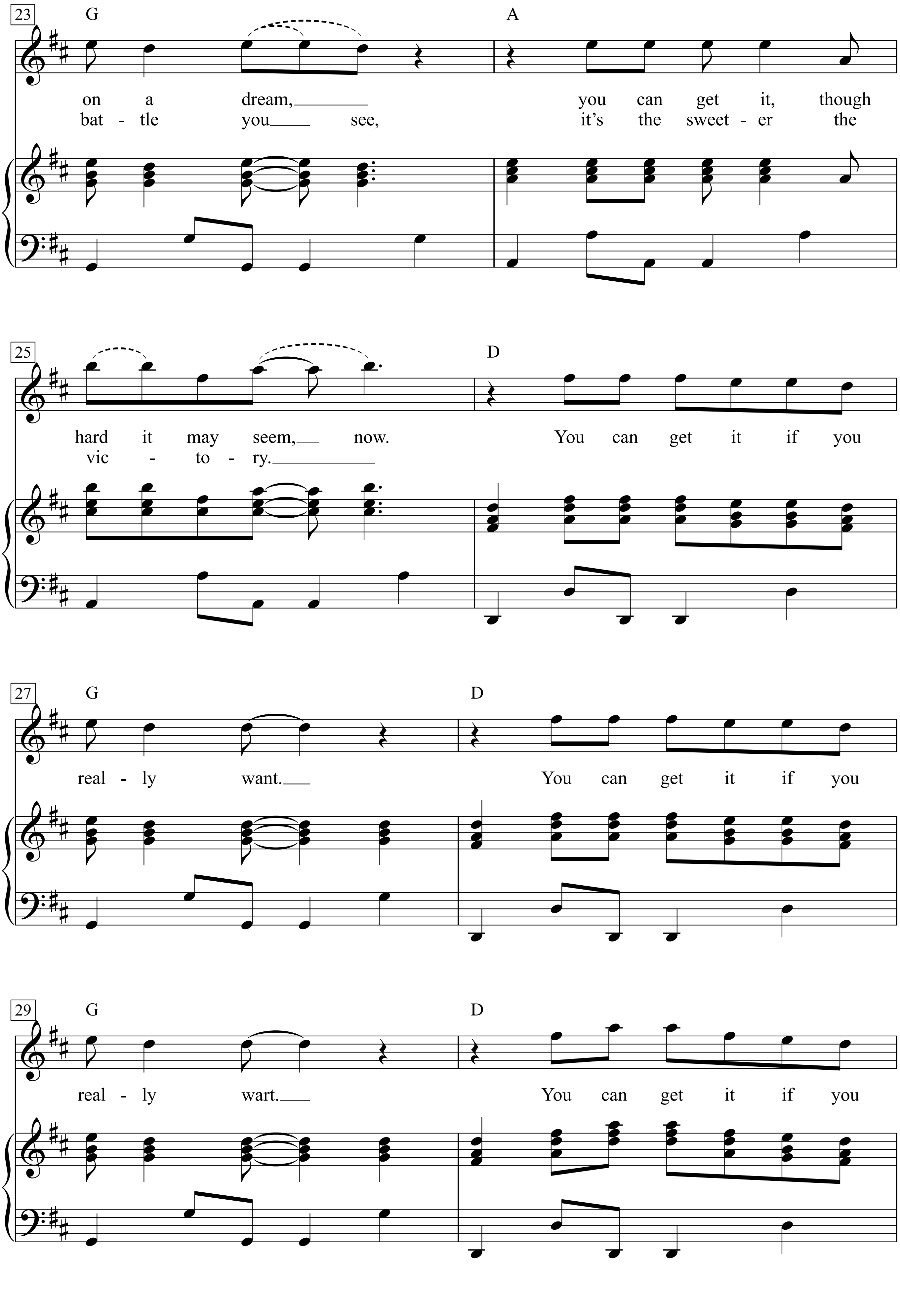
Refrain 2:
You're the top!
You're Mahatma Ghandi,
You're the top!
You're Napoleon brandy,
You're the purple light
Of a summer night in Spain,
You're the Nation'l Gall'ry,
You're Garbo's sal'ry,
You're cellophane,
You're sublime,
You're a turkey dinner,
You're the time of the Derby winner,
I'm a toy balloon that fated soon to pop;

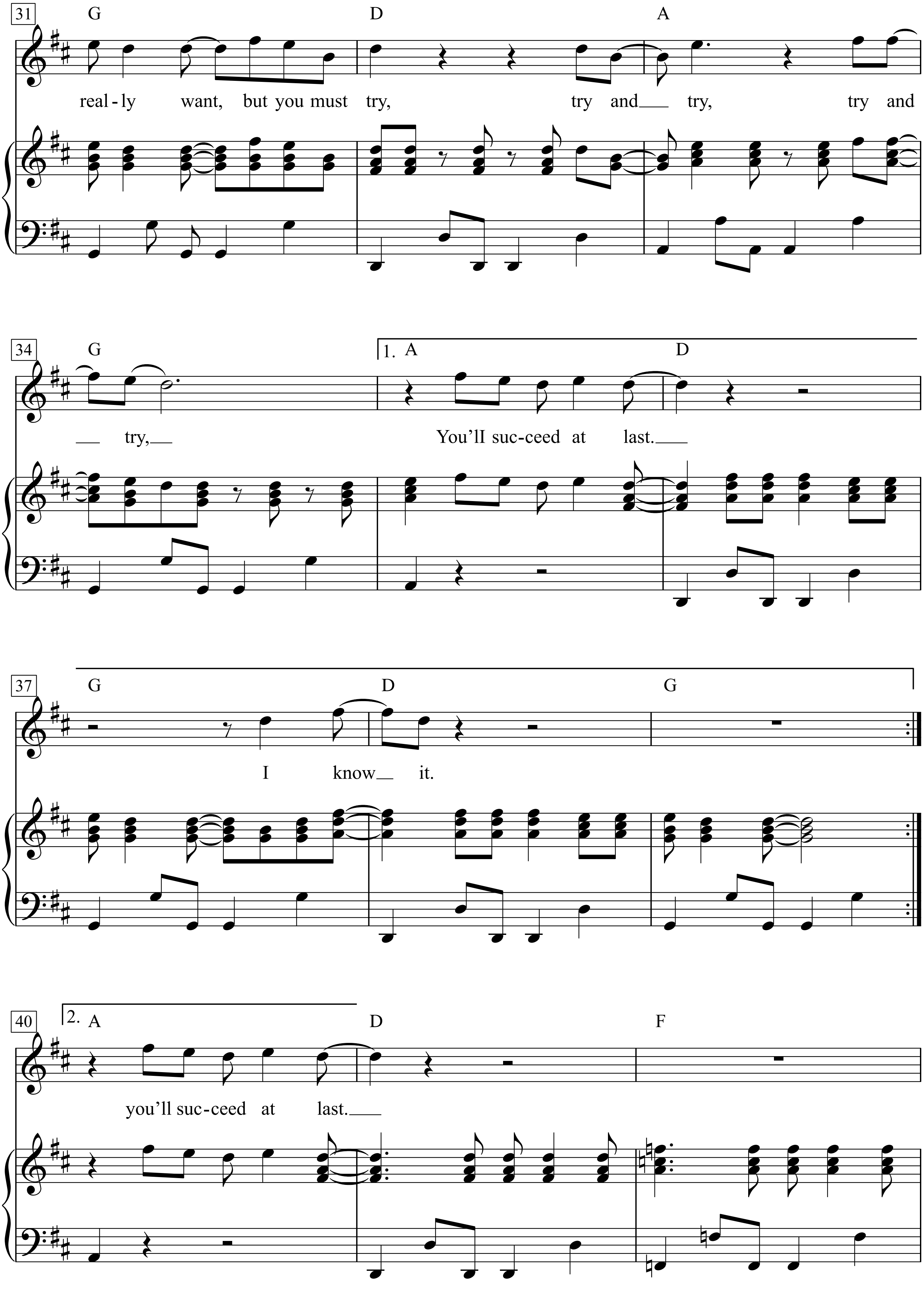
You Can Get It If You Really Want

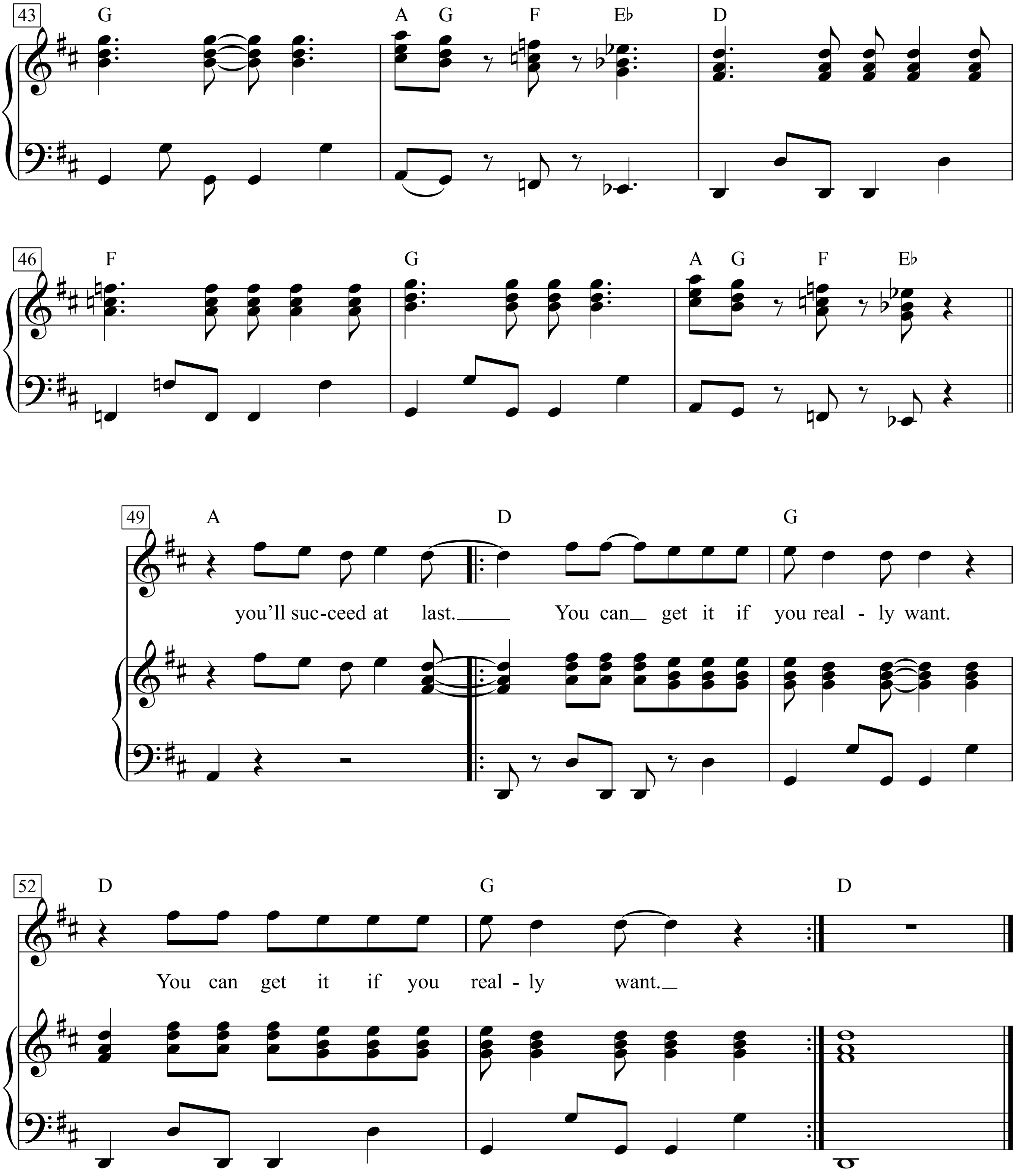
Words & Music by Jimmy Cliff
(Jimmy Cliff)




13
A
D
G
You'll suc-ceed at last.
Mmm.
16
D
G
D
A
Per - se - cu - tion
Rome was not built
19
G
D
A
you must bear,
in a day,
win or lose you've got to
op - po - si - tion will
21
G
F♯
get your share.
come your way.
Got your mind set
But the hot - ter the


23
G
A
on a dream, you can get it, though
bat - tle you see, it's the sweet - er the
25
D
hard it may seem, now. You can get it if you
vic - to - ry.
27
G
D
real - ly want. You can get it if you
29
G
D
real - ly wart. You can get it if you


31
G
D
A
real - ly want, but you must try, try and try, try and
34
G
1. A
D
try, You'll suc-ceed at last.
37
G
D
G
I know it.
40
2. A
D
F
you'll suc-ceed at last.


43
G
A G F E♭
D
46
F
G
A G F E♭
49
A
D
G
you'll suc-ceed at last.
You can get it if you real - ly want.
52
D
G
D
You can get it if you real - ly want.

You can get it if you really want.
You can get it if you really wart.
You can get it if you really want,
but you must try, try and try, try and try,
You'll succeed at last. Mmm.

Persecution you must bear,
win or lose you've got to get your share.
Got your mind set on a dream,
you can get it, though hard it may seem, now.
You can get it if you really want.
You can get it if you really wart.
You can get it if you really want,
but you must try, try and try, try and try,
You'lI succeed at last.
I know it. you'll succeed at last.
you'll succeed at last.
You can get it if you really want.
You can get it if you really want.

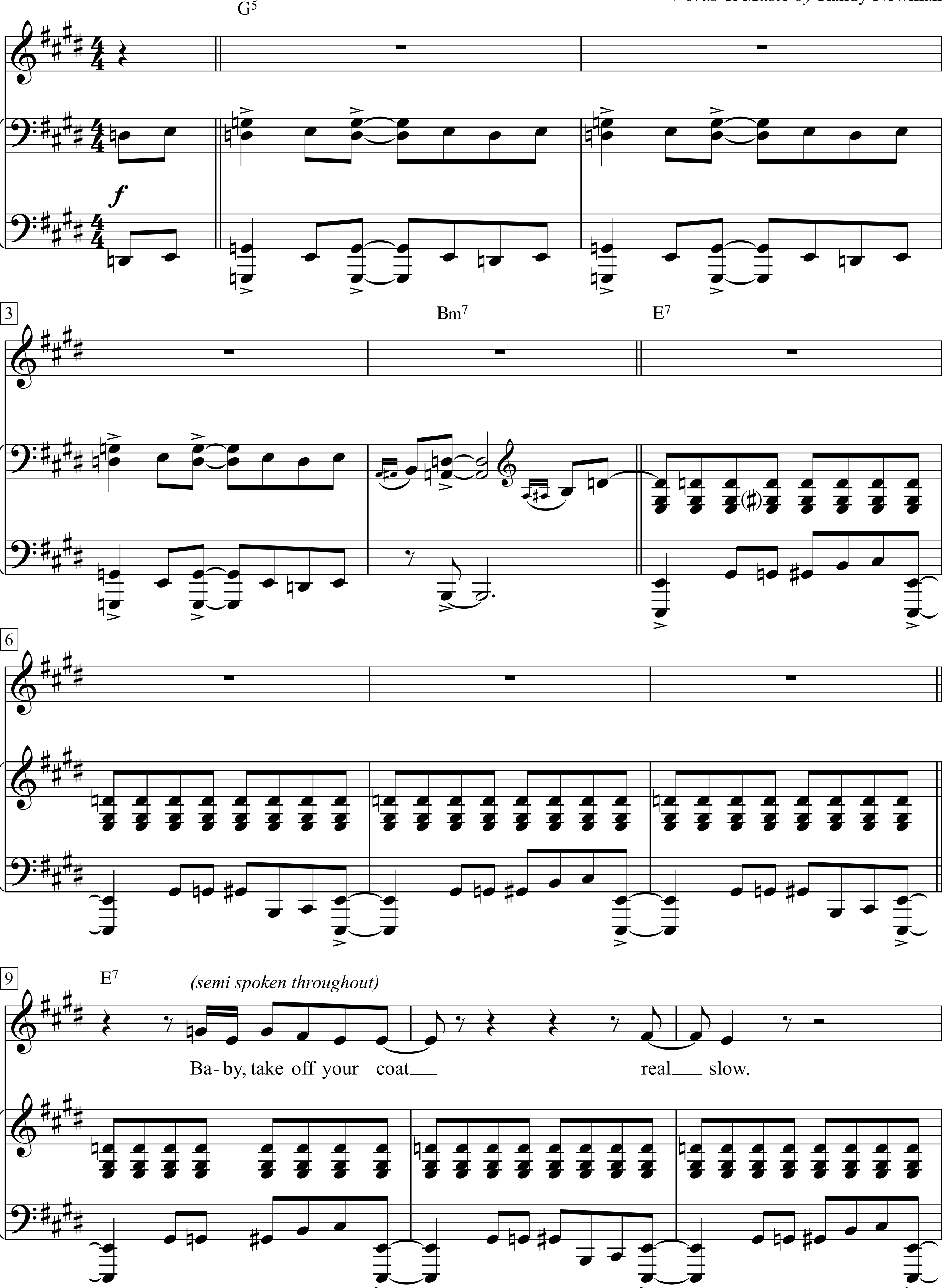
Rome was not built in a day,
opposition will come your way.
But the hotter the battle you see,
it's the sweeter the victory.

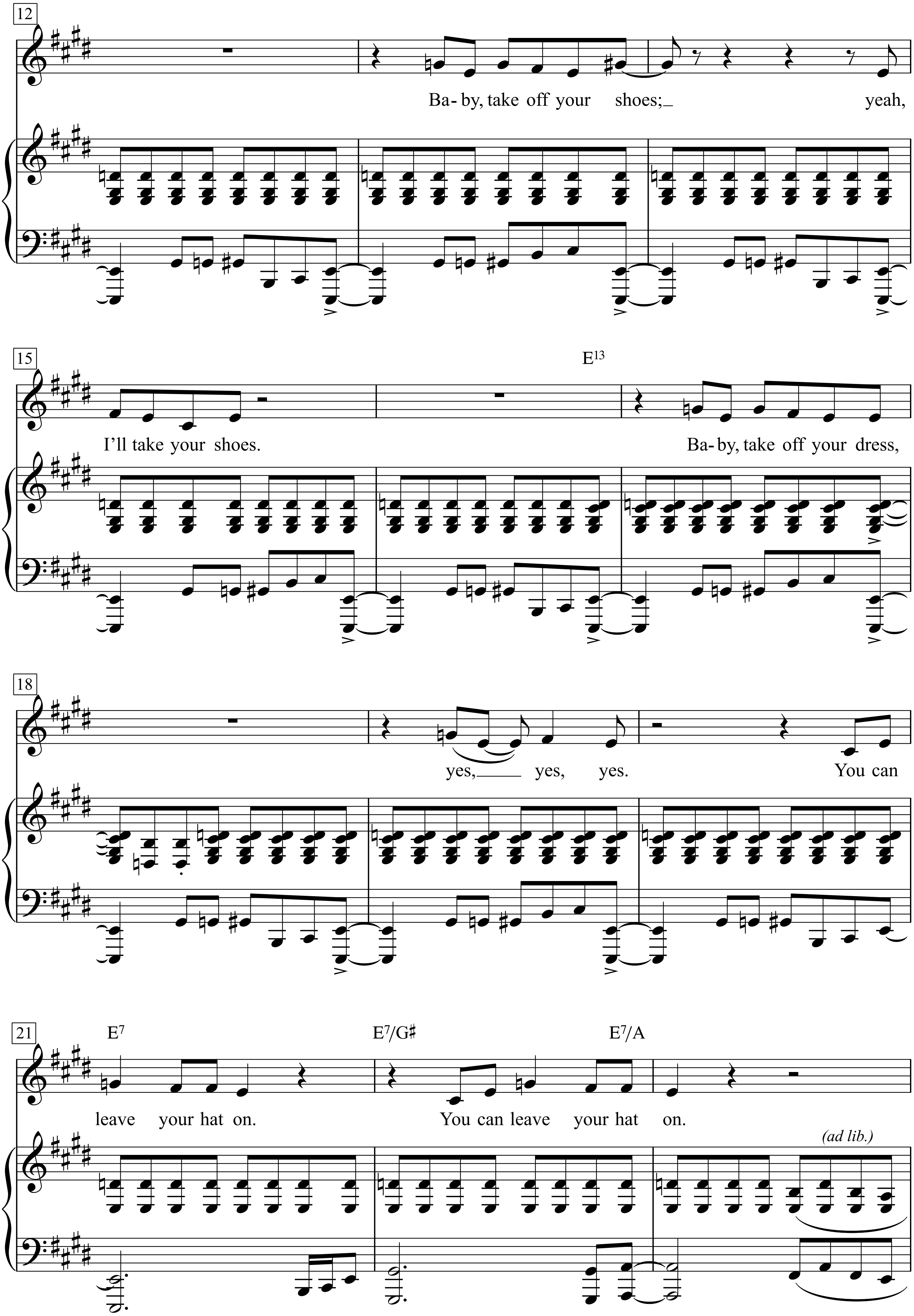
ou can get it if you really want.
You can get it if you really wart.
You can get it if you really want,
but you must try, try and try, try and try,
You'lI succeed at last.
I know it. you'll succeed at last.
you'll succeed at last.
You can get it if you really want.
You can get it if you really want.

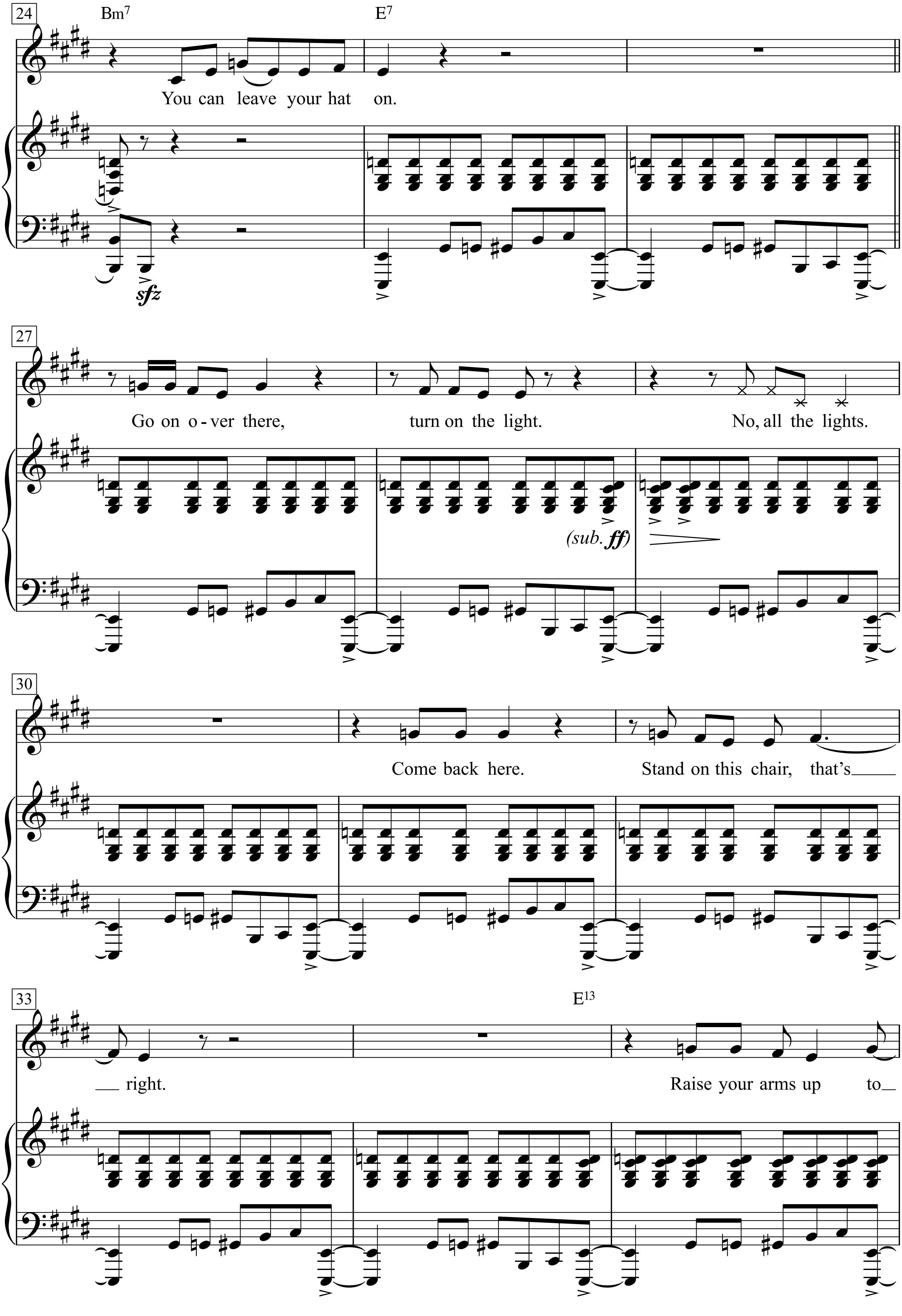
You Can Leave Your Hat On

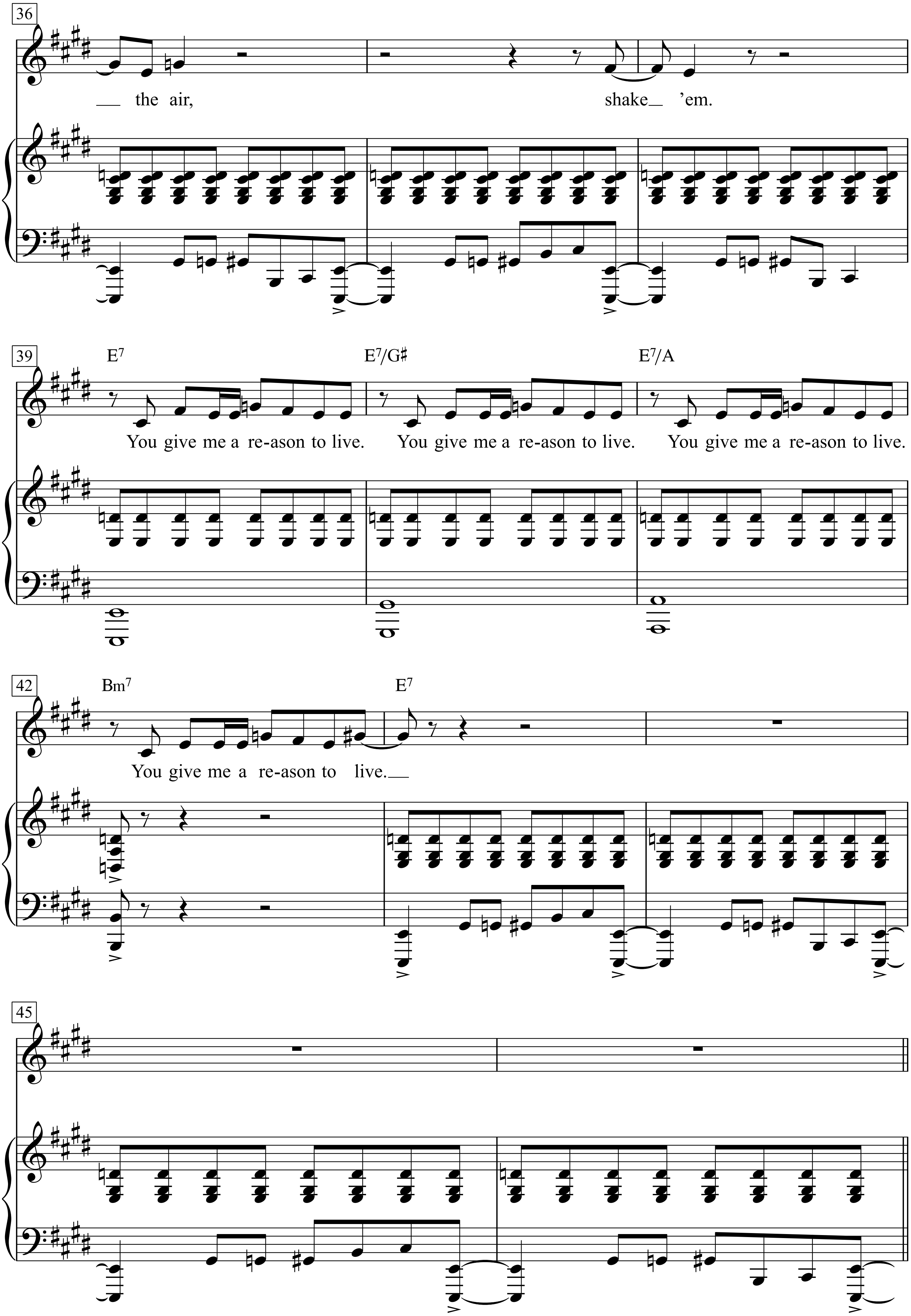
Moderate rock ♩ = 92

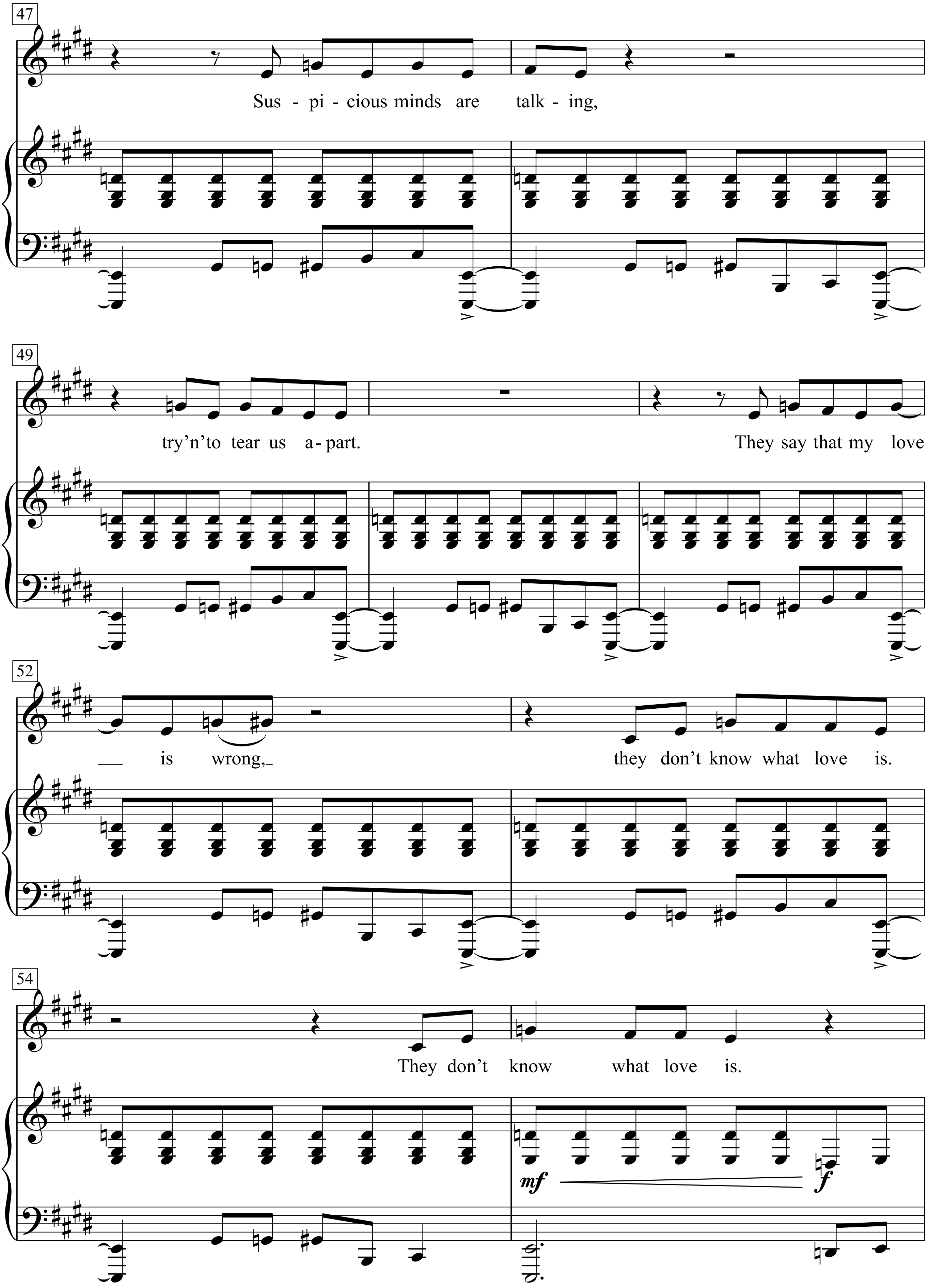
Words & Music by Randy Newman

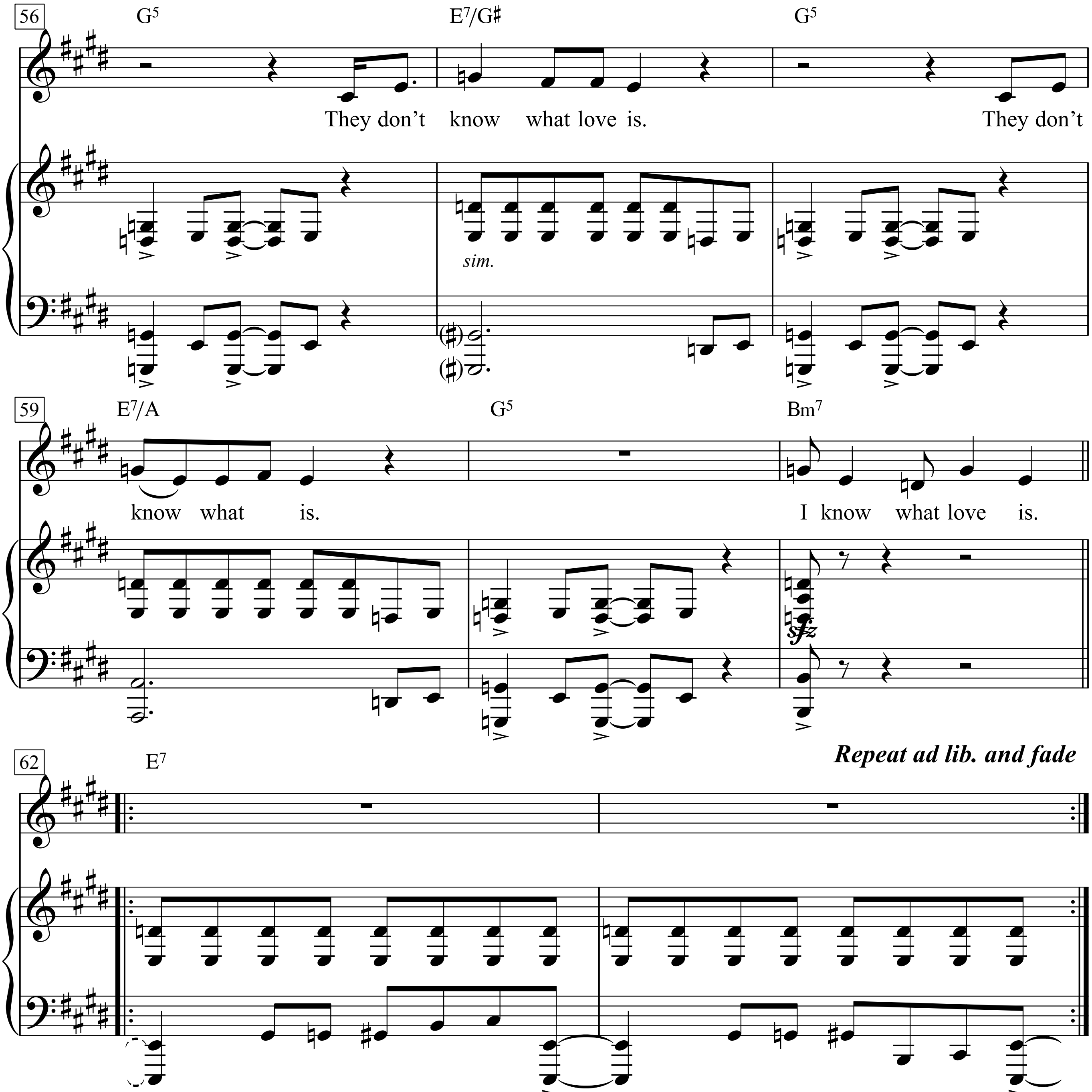



12
Ba- by, take off your shoes;_ yeah,
15
E13
I'll take your shoes. Ba- by, take off your dress,
18
yes,___ yes, yes. You can
21
E7 E7/G♯ E7/A
leave your hat on. You can leave your hat on.
(ad lib.)


24
Bm7
E7
You can leave your hat on.
sfz
27
Go on o - ver there, turn on the light. No, all the lights.
(sub. ff)
30
Come back here. Stand on this chair, that's
33
E13
right. Raise your arms up to


36
the air,
shake 'em.
39
E7
E7/G♯
E7/A
You give me a re-ason to live.
You give me a re-ason to live.
You give me a re-ason to live.
42
Bm7
E7
You give me a re-ason to live.
45

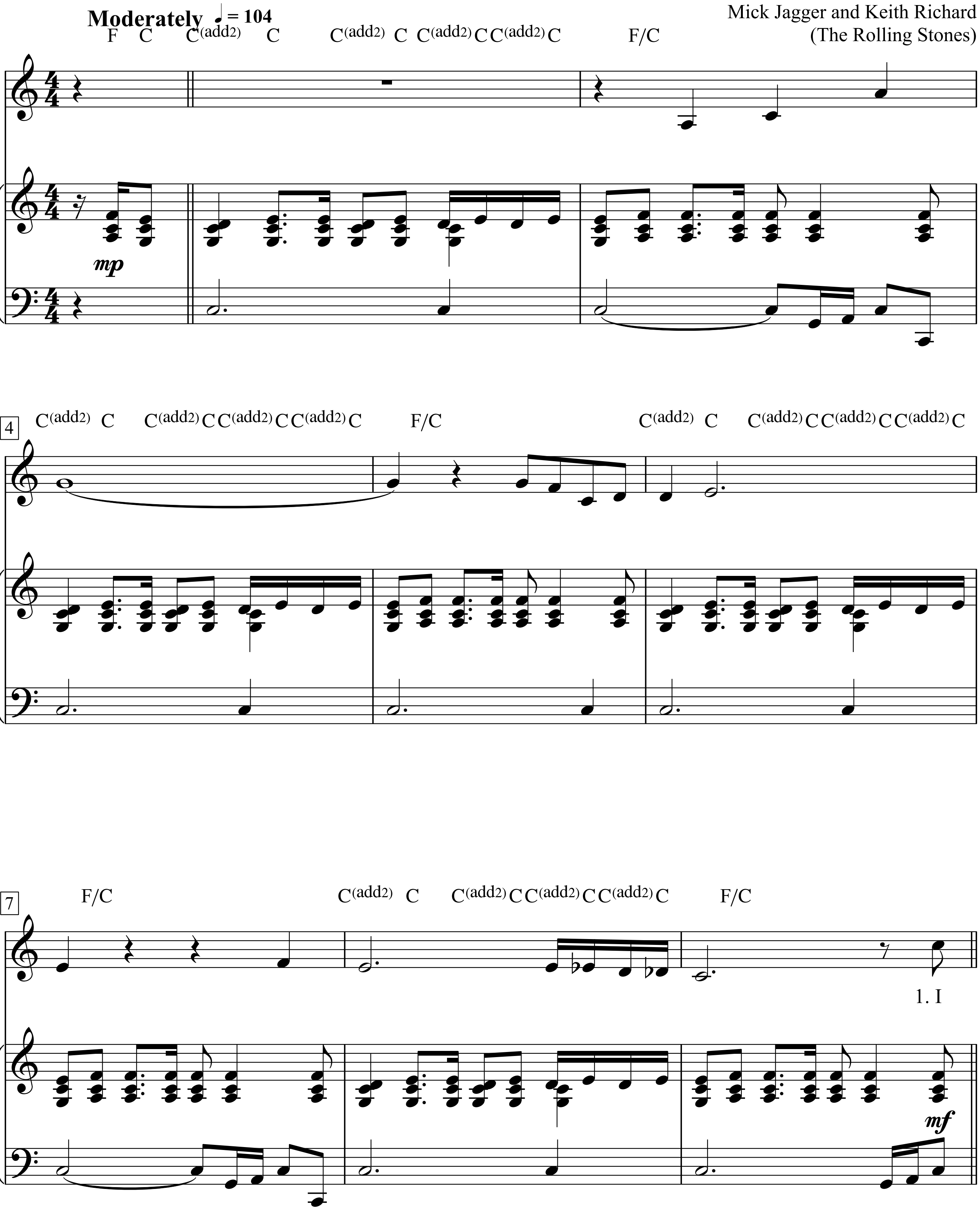

47
Sus - pi - cious minds are talk - ing,
49
try'n'to tear us a - part.
They say that my love
52
is wrong,
they don't know what love is.
54
They don't know what love is.
mf
f

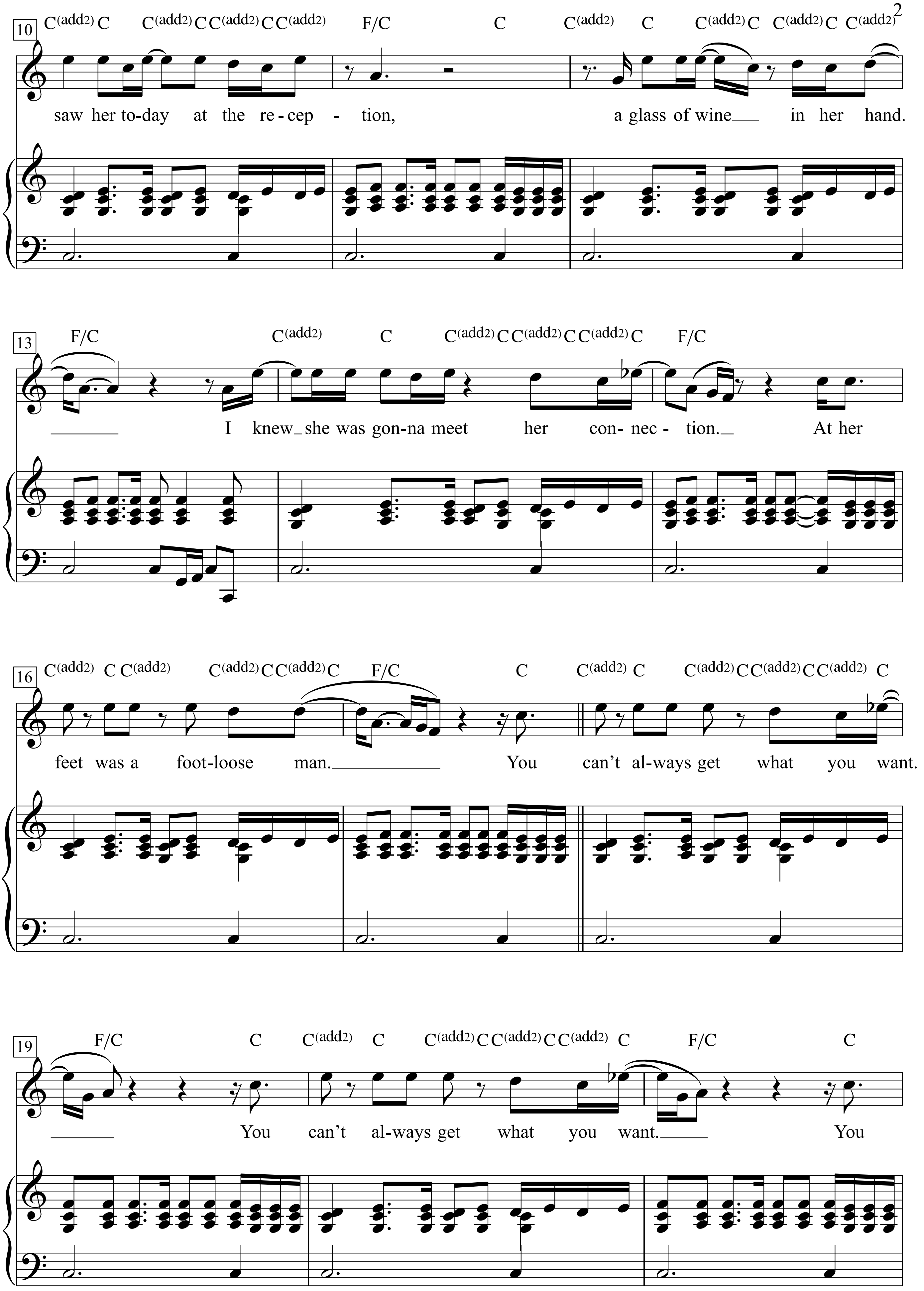

56
G5
E7/G♯
G5
They don't know what love is. They don't
sim.
(♯)
59
E7/A
G5
Bm7
know what is.
I know what love is.
sfz
62
E7
Repeat ad lib. and fade

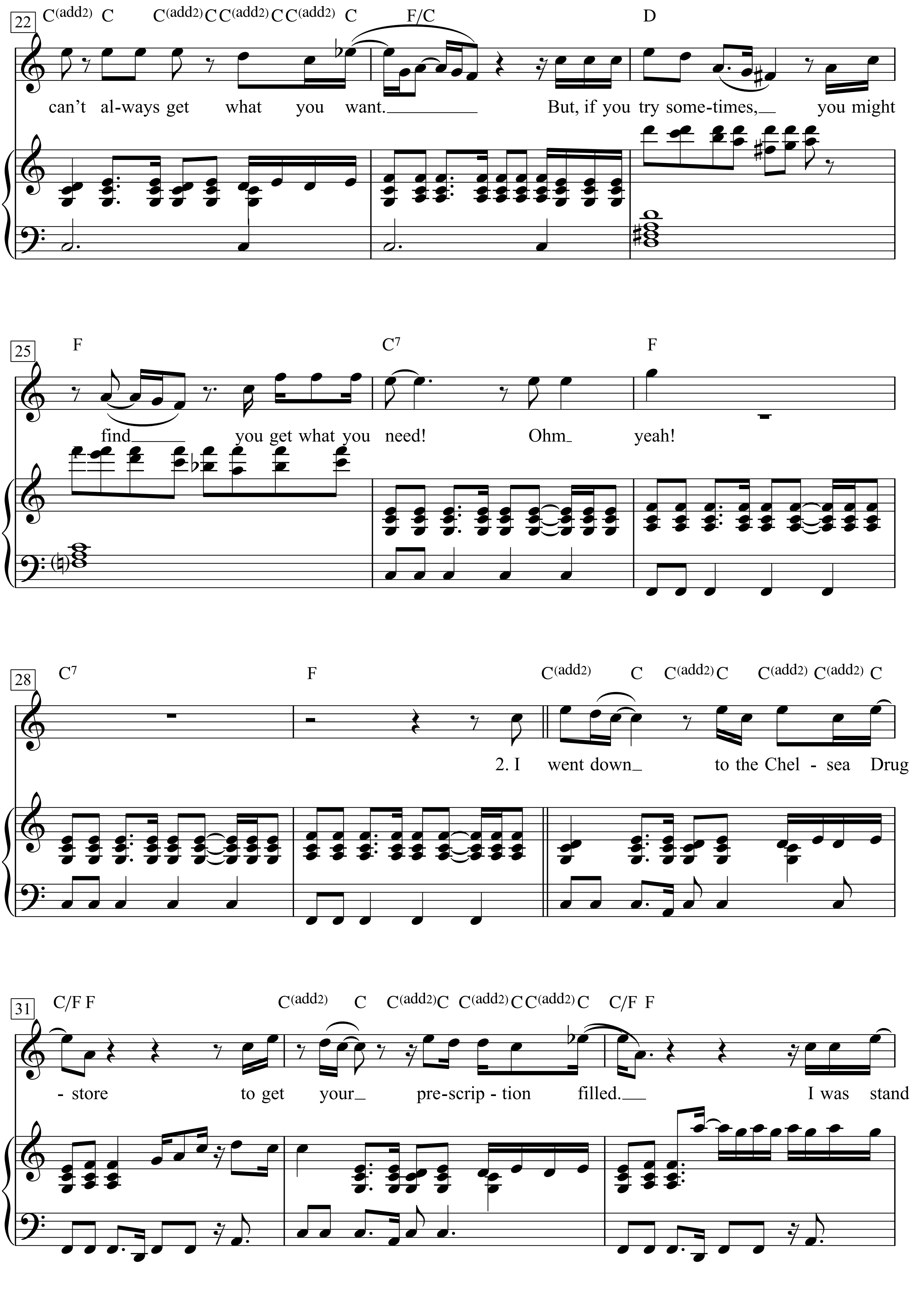
Baby, take off your coat real slow.
Baby, take off your shoes; yeah,
I’ll take your shoes.
Baby, take off your dress, yes, yes, yes.
You can leave your hat on.
You can leave your hat on.
You can leave your hat on.
Go on over there, turn on the light.
No, all the lights.
Come back here.
Stand on this chair, that’s right.
Raise your arms up to the air, shake ’em.
You give me a reason to live.
You give me a reason to live.
You give me a reason to live.
You give me a reason to live.
Suspicious minds are talking,
try’n’ to tear us apart.
They say that my love is wrong,
they don’t know what love is.
They don’t know what love is.
They don’t know what love is.
They don’t know what love is.
I know what love is.

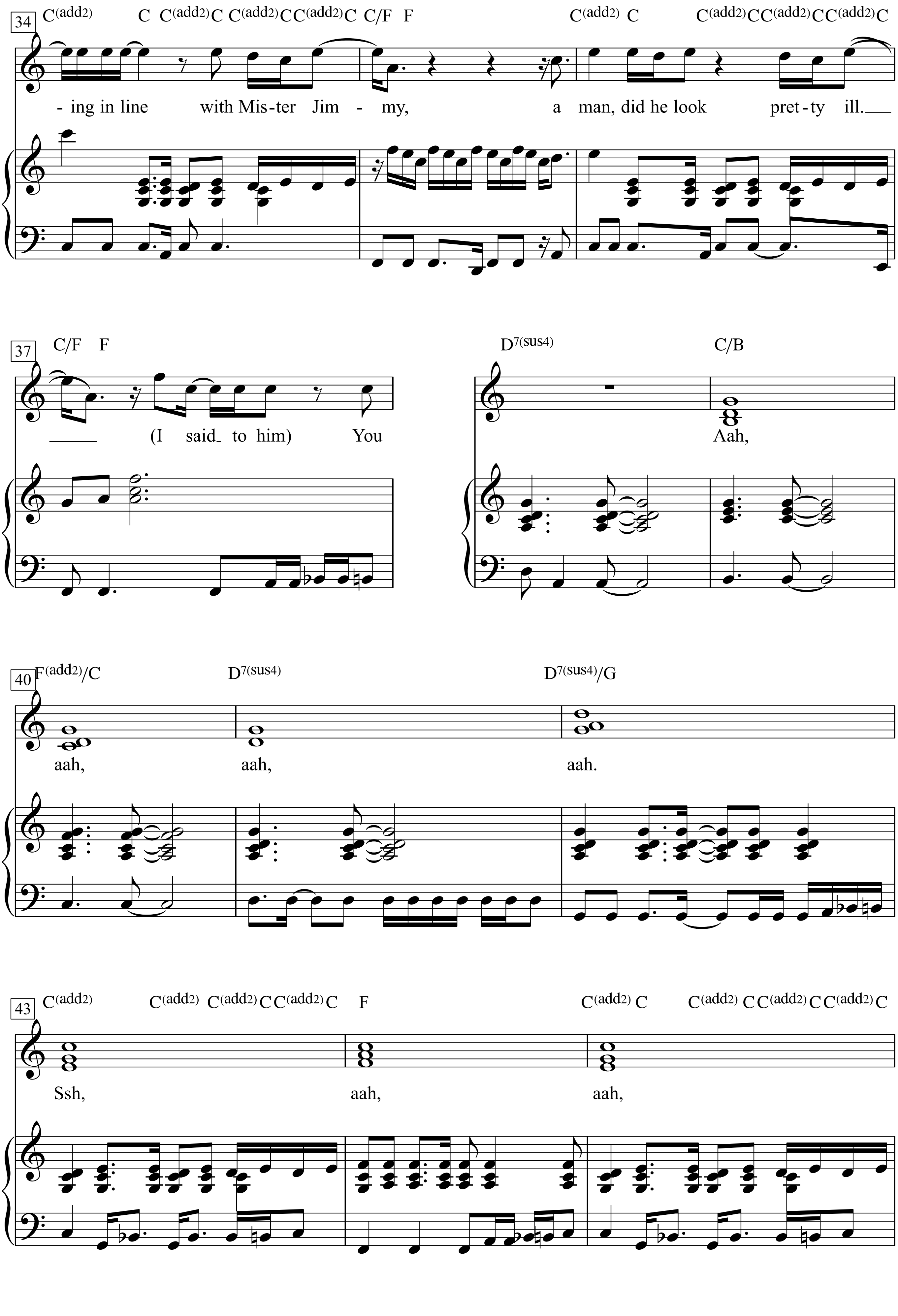
You Can’t Always Get What You Want

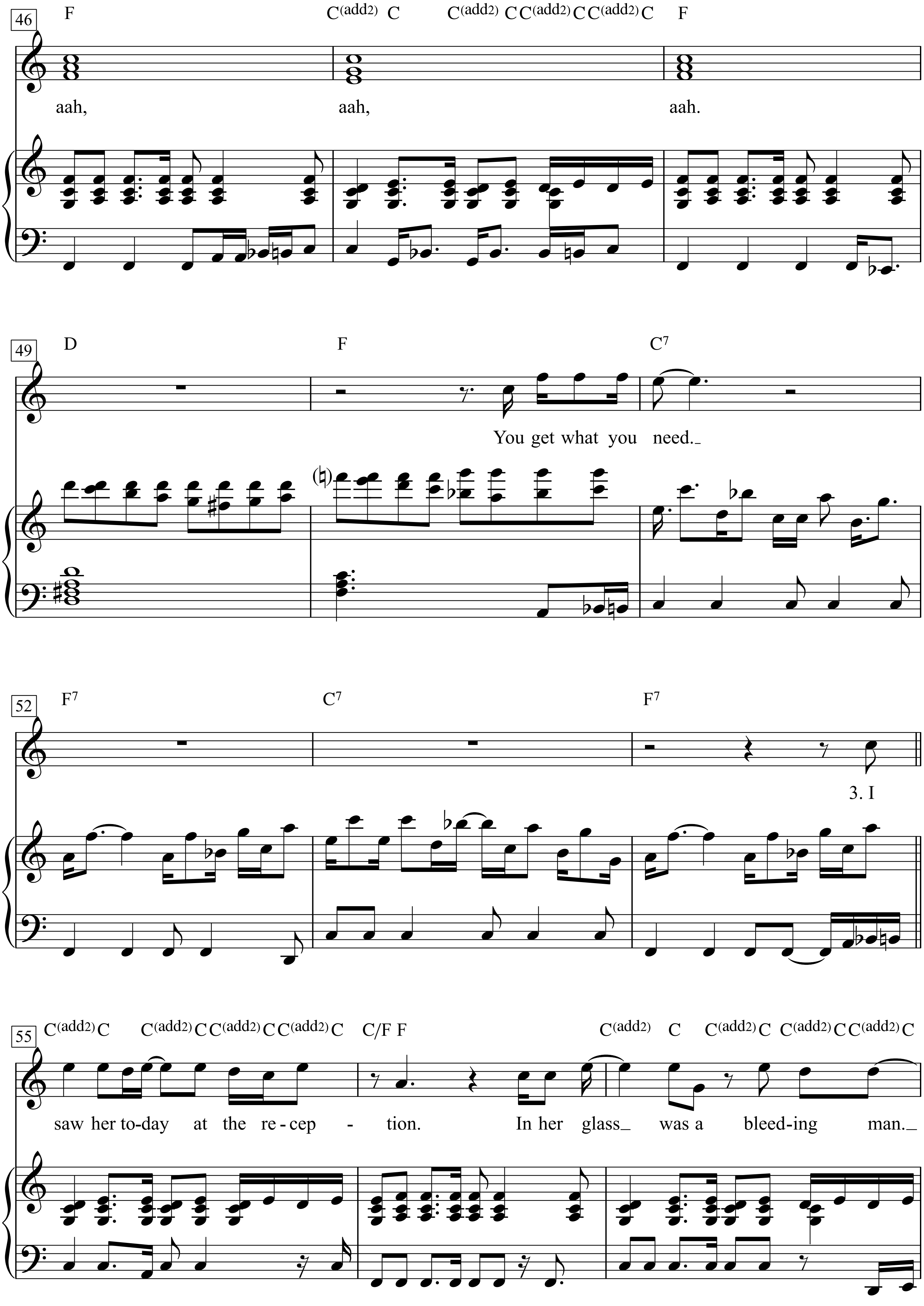
Words & Music by
Mick Jagger and Keith Richard
(The Rolling Stones)

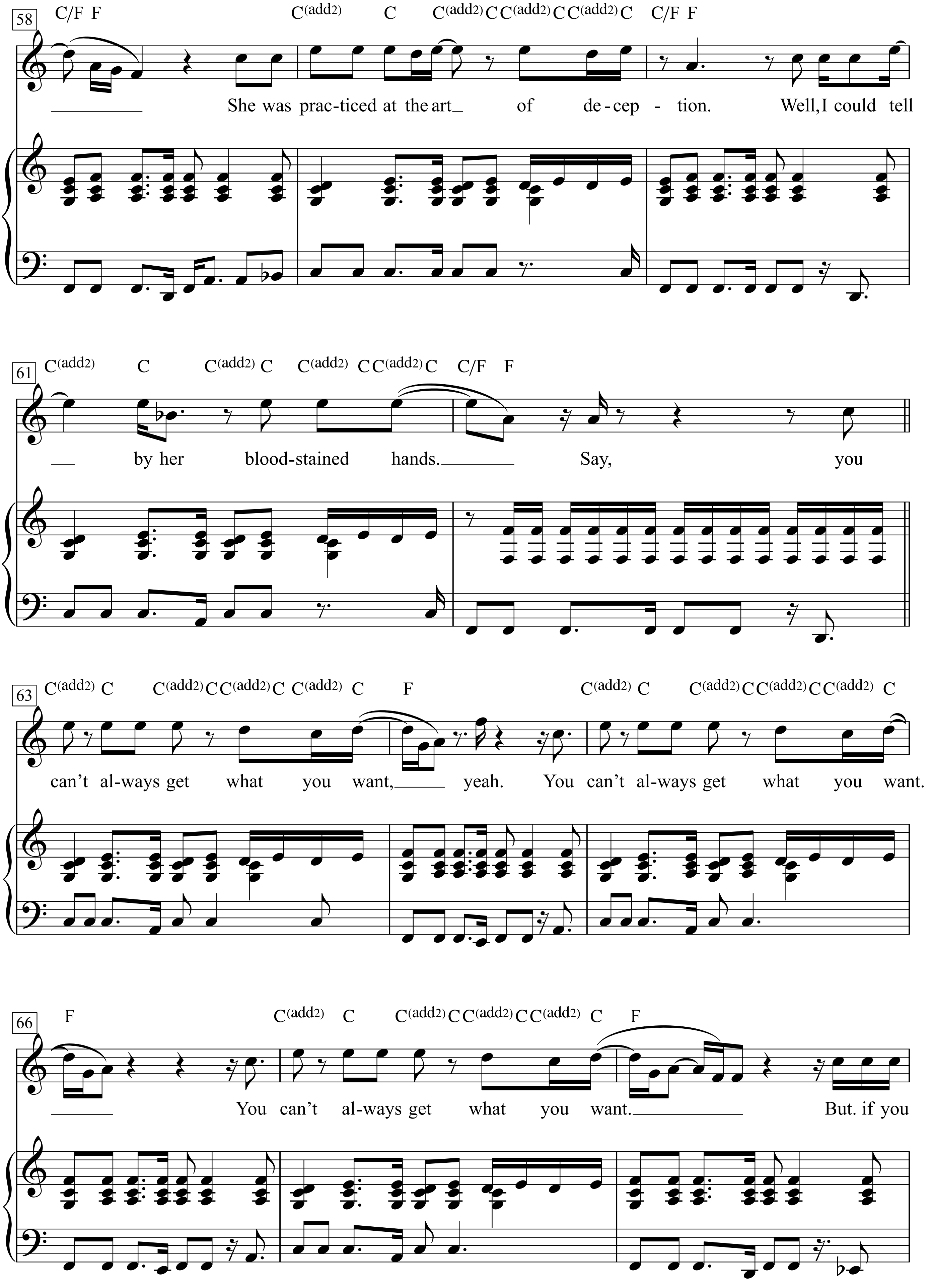


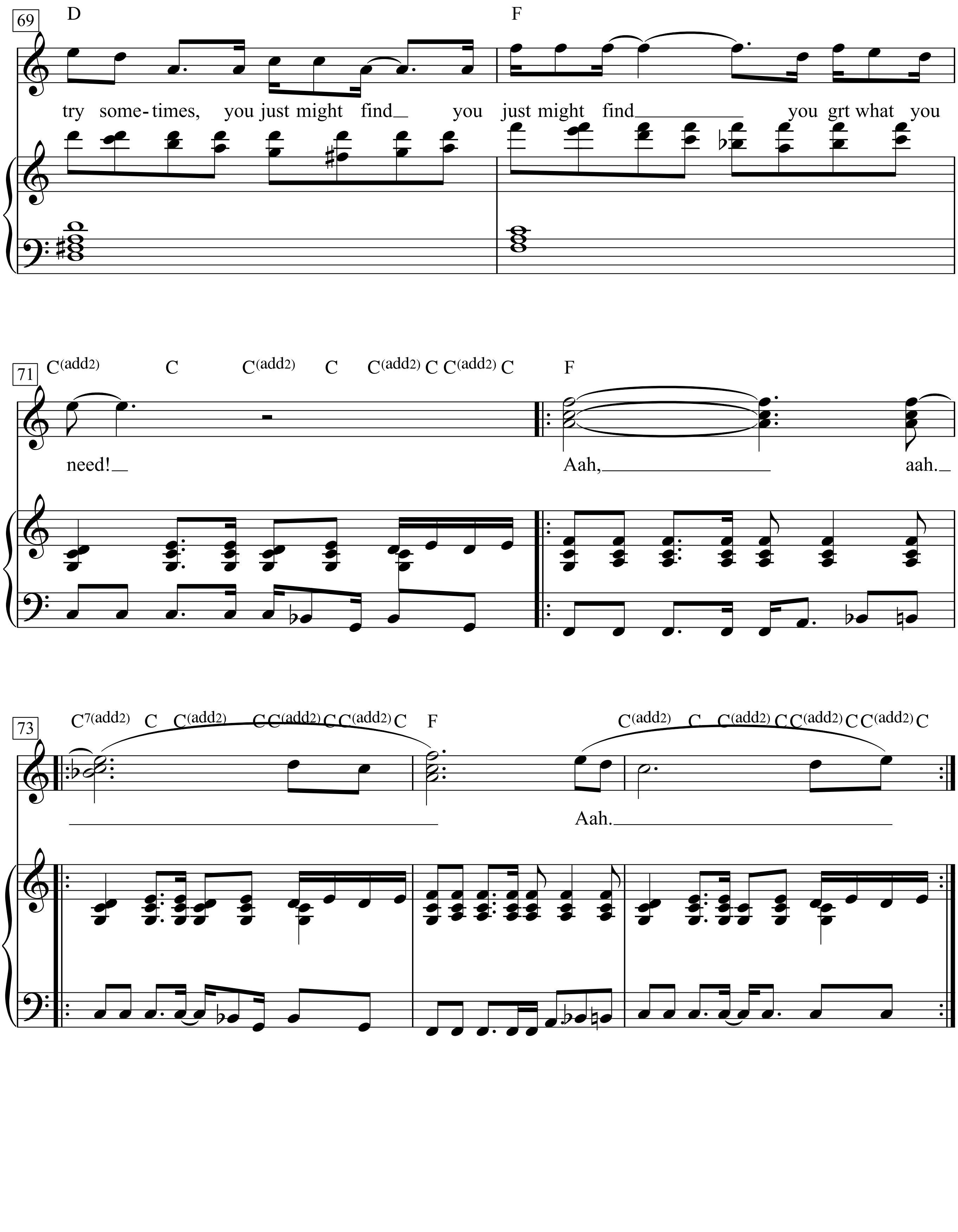

10
C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) F/C C C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2)
saw her to-day at the re-cep - tion, a glass of wine in her hand.
13
F/C C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C F/C
I knew she was gon-na meet her con- nec - tion. At her
16
C(add2) C C(add2) C(add2) C C(add2) C F/C C C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C
feet was a foot-loose man. You can't al-ways get what you want.
19
F/C C C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C F/C C
You can't al-ways get what you want. You


22
C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C F/C D
can't al-ways get what you want.___ But, if you try some-times,__ you might
25
F C7 F
find___ you get what you need! Ohm_ yeah!
28
C7 F C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C(add2) C
2. I went down_ to the Chel - sea Drug
31
C/F F C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C C/F F
- store to get your_ pre-scrip - tion filled.__ I was stand


34
C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C C/F F C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C
- ing in line with Mis - ter Jim - my, a man, did he look pret - ty ill.
37
C/F F D7(sus4) C/B
(I said to him) You Aah,
40
F(add2)/C D7(sus4) D7(sus4)/G
aah, aah, aah.
43
C(add2) C(add2) C(add2) C C(add2) C F C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C
Ssh, aah, aah,


46
F
C(add2) C
C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C
F
aah,
aah,
aah.
49
D
F
C7
You get what you need.
52
F7
C7
F7
3. I
55
C(add2) C
C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C
C/F F
C(add2)
C
C(add2) C
C(add2) C C(add2) C
saw her to-day at the re-cep - tion.
In her glass was a bleed-ing man.

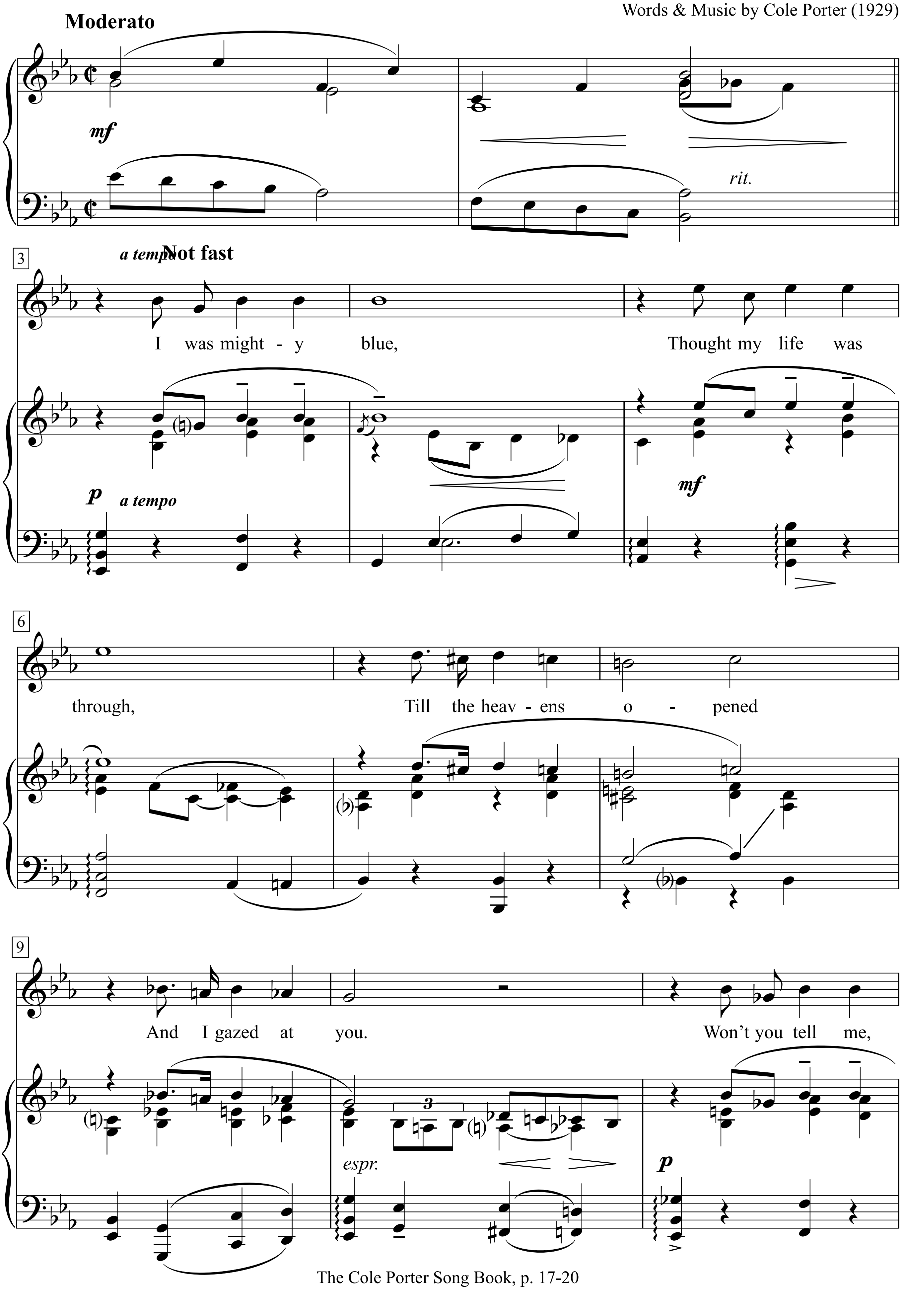

58
C/F F C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C C/F F
She was prac-ticed at the art of de-cep - tion. Well, I could tell
61
C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C C/F F
by her blood-stained hands. Say, you
63
C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C F C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C
can't al-ways get what you want, yeah. You can't al-ways get what you want.
66
F C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C F
You can't al-ways get what you want. But. if you

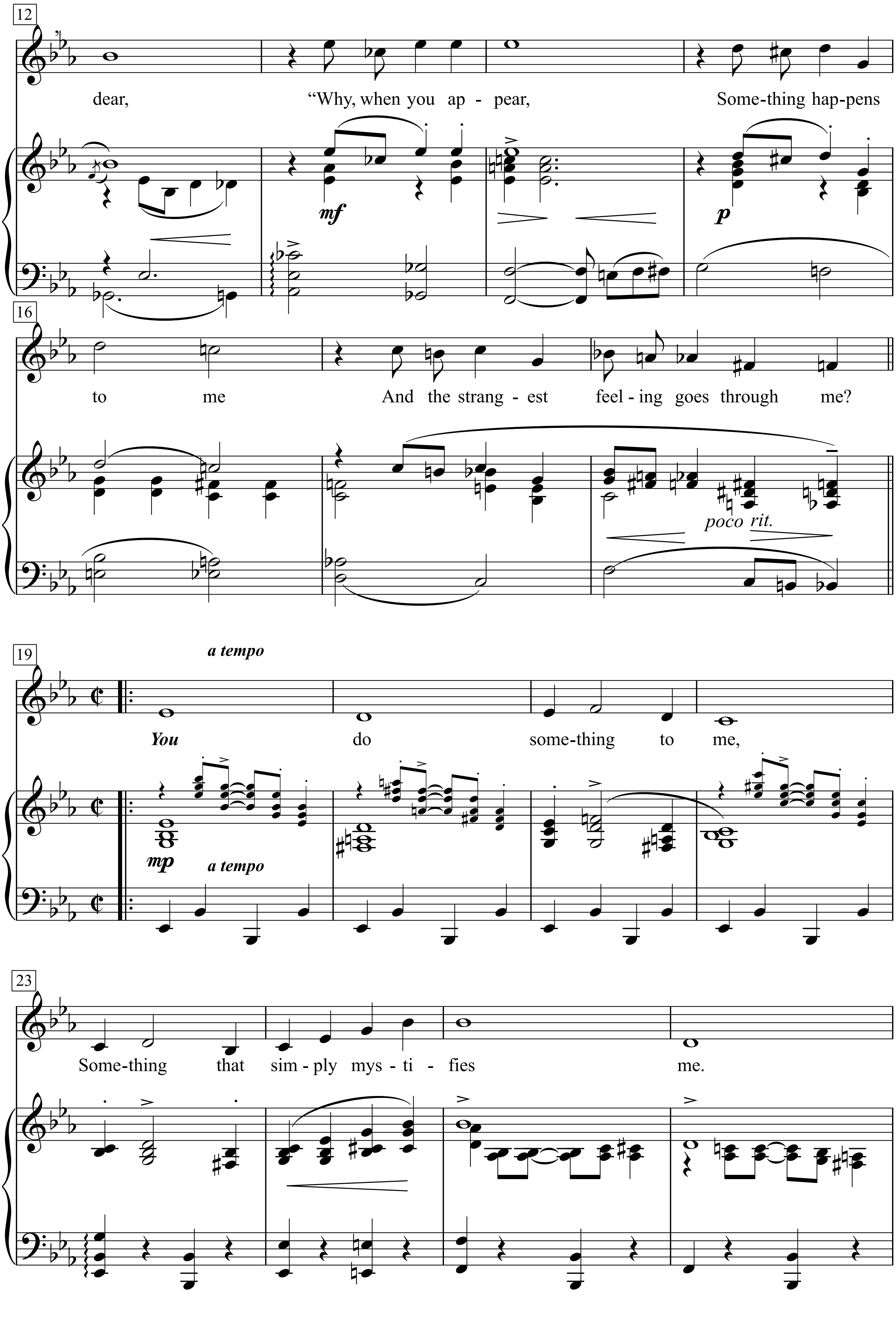

69
D
F
try some- times, you just might find_ you just might find_ you grt what you
71
C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C
F
need!_
Aah,_ aah._
73
C7(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C
F
C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C C(add2) C
Aah._

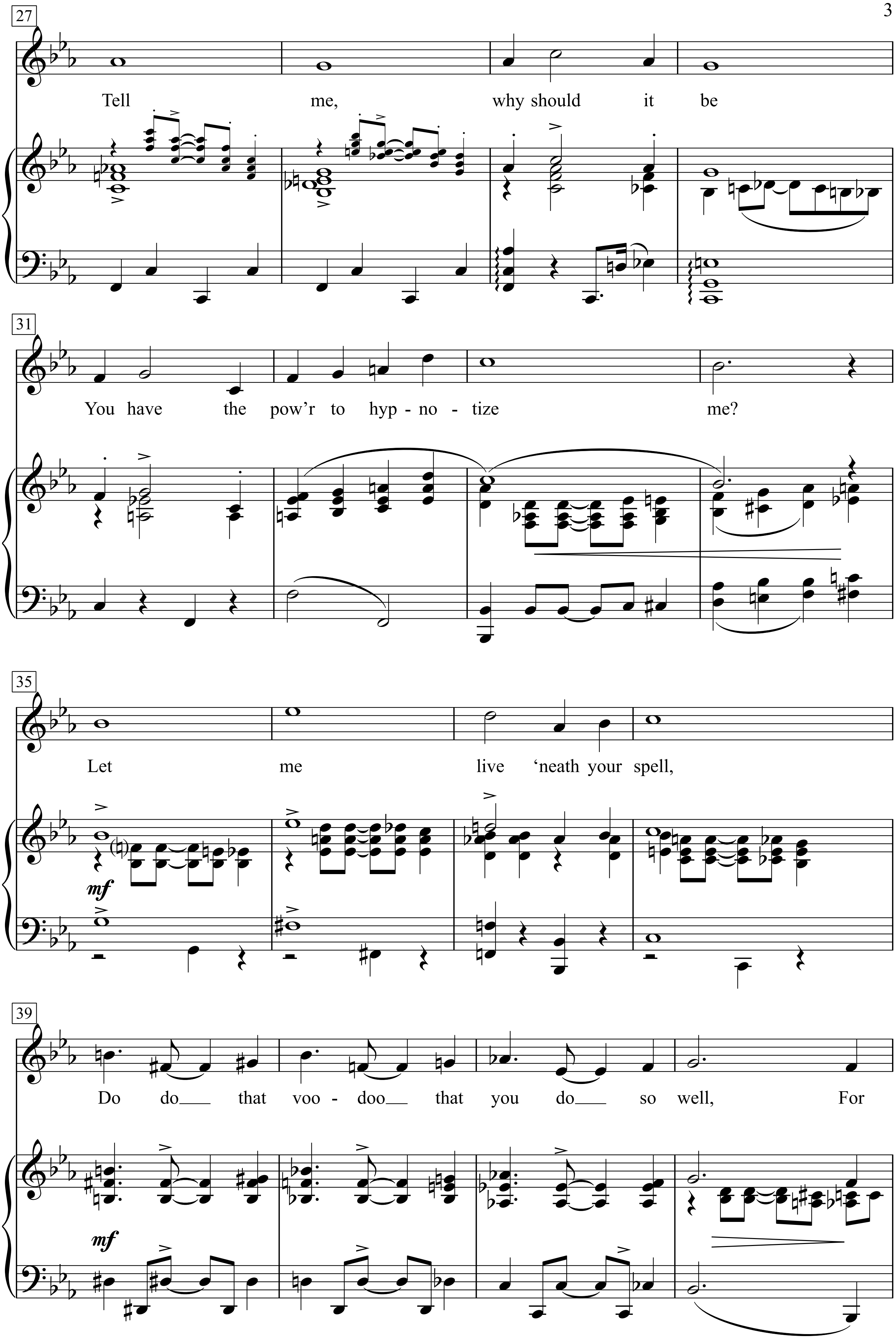
You Do Something To Me

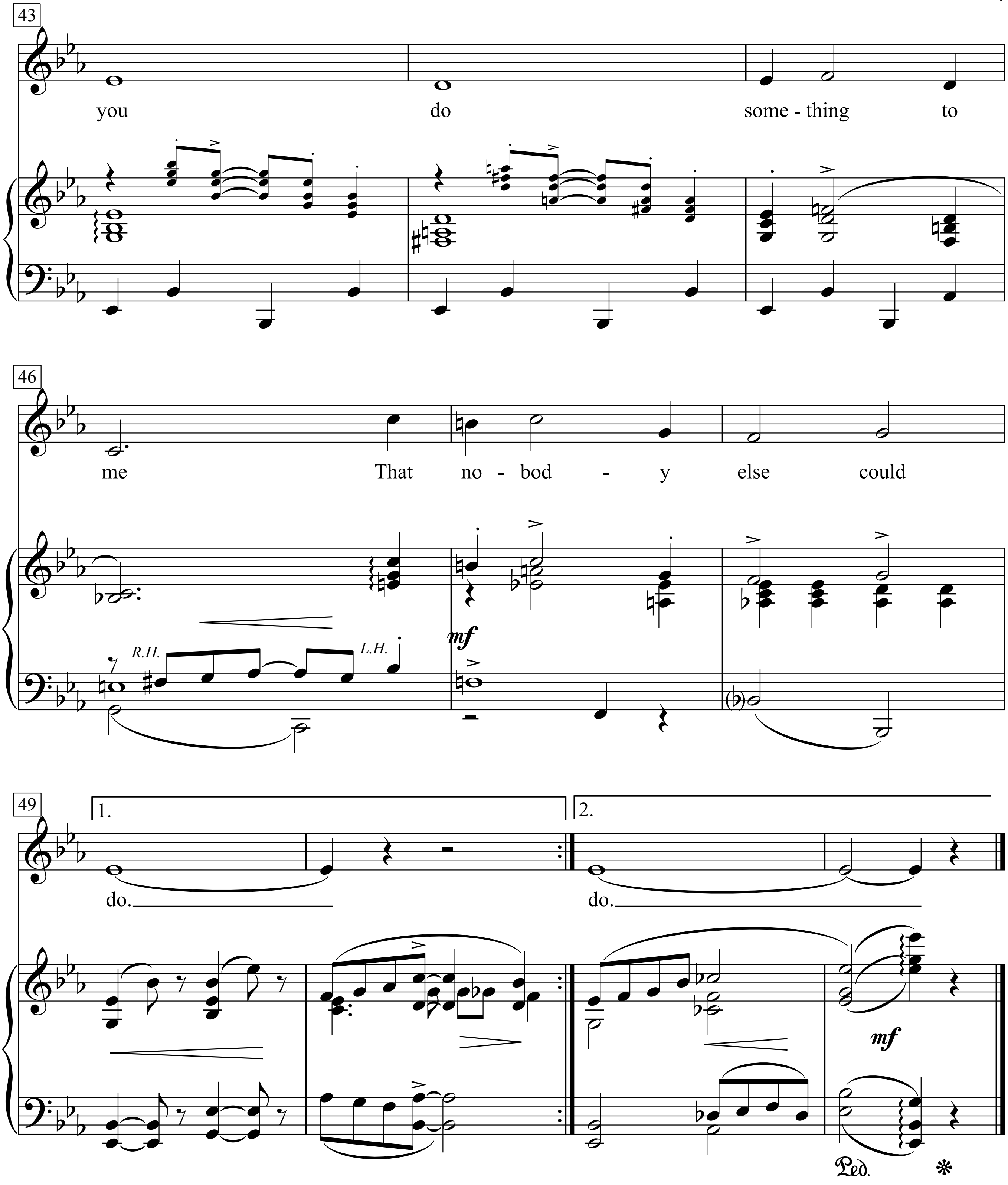
(*from* 'Fifty Million Frenchmen')

Words & Music by Cole Porter (1929)




12
dear, "Why, when you ap - pear, Some-thing hap-pens
mf
p
16
to me And the strang - est feel - ing goes through me?
poco rit.
19
a tempo
You do some-thing to me,
mp
a tempo
23
Some-thing that sim - ply mys - ti - fies me.


27
Tell me, why should it be
31
You have the pow'r to hyp - no - tize me?
35
Let me live 'neath your spell,
mf
39
Do do that voo - doo that you do so well, For
mf

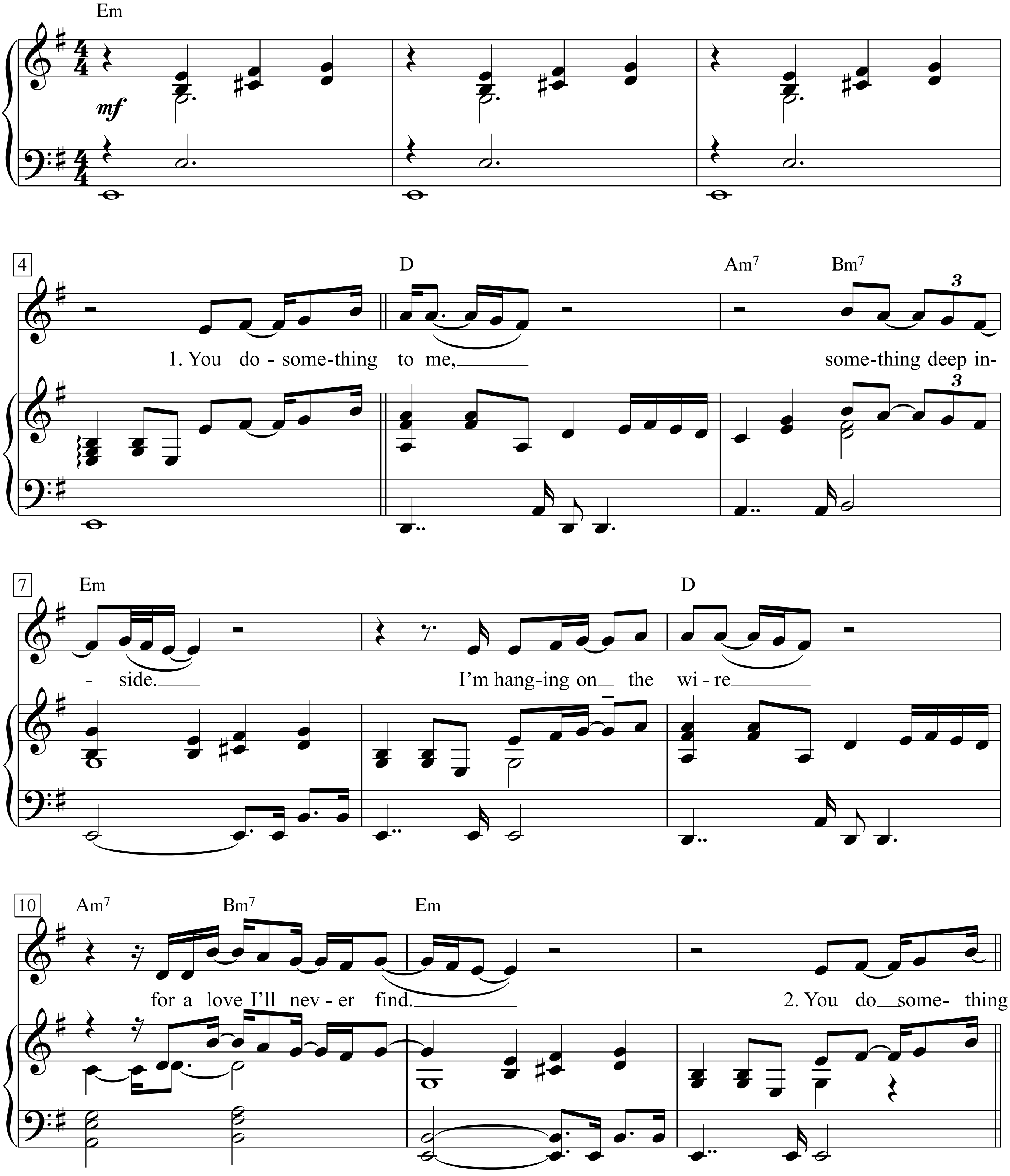

43
you
do
some - thing
to
46
me
That
no - bod
-
y
else
could
R.H.
L.H.
mf
49
1.
2.
do.
do.
mf
Ped.

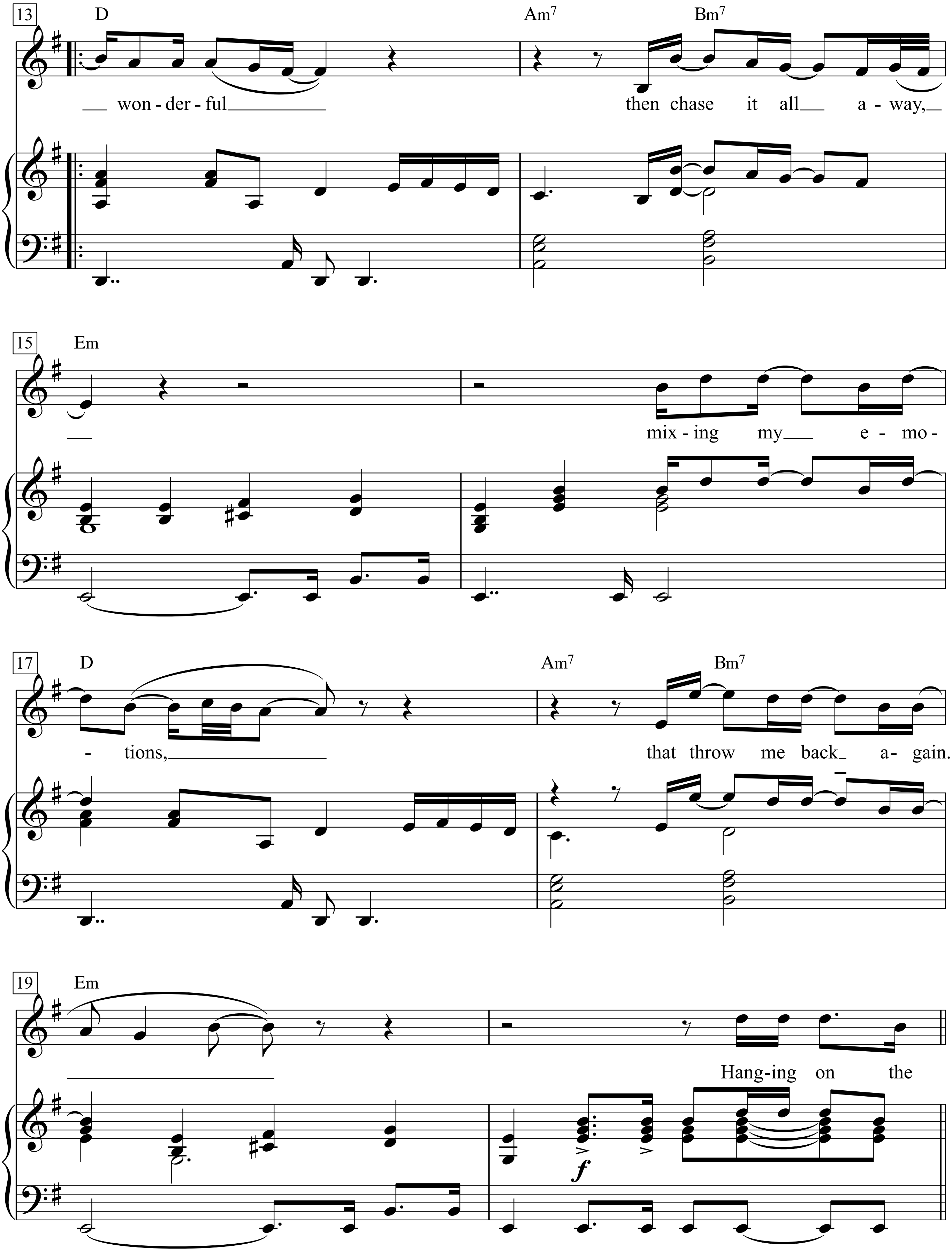
I was mighty blue,
Thought my life was through,
Till the heavens opened
And I gazed at you.
Won’t you tell me, dear,
“Why, when you appear,
Something happens to me
And the strangest feeling goes through me?

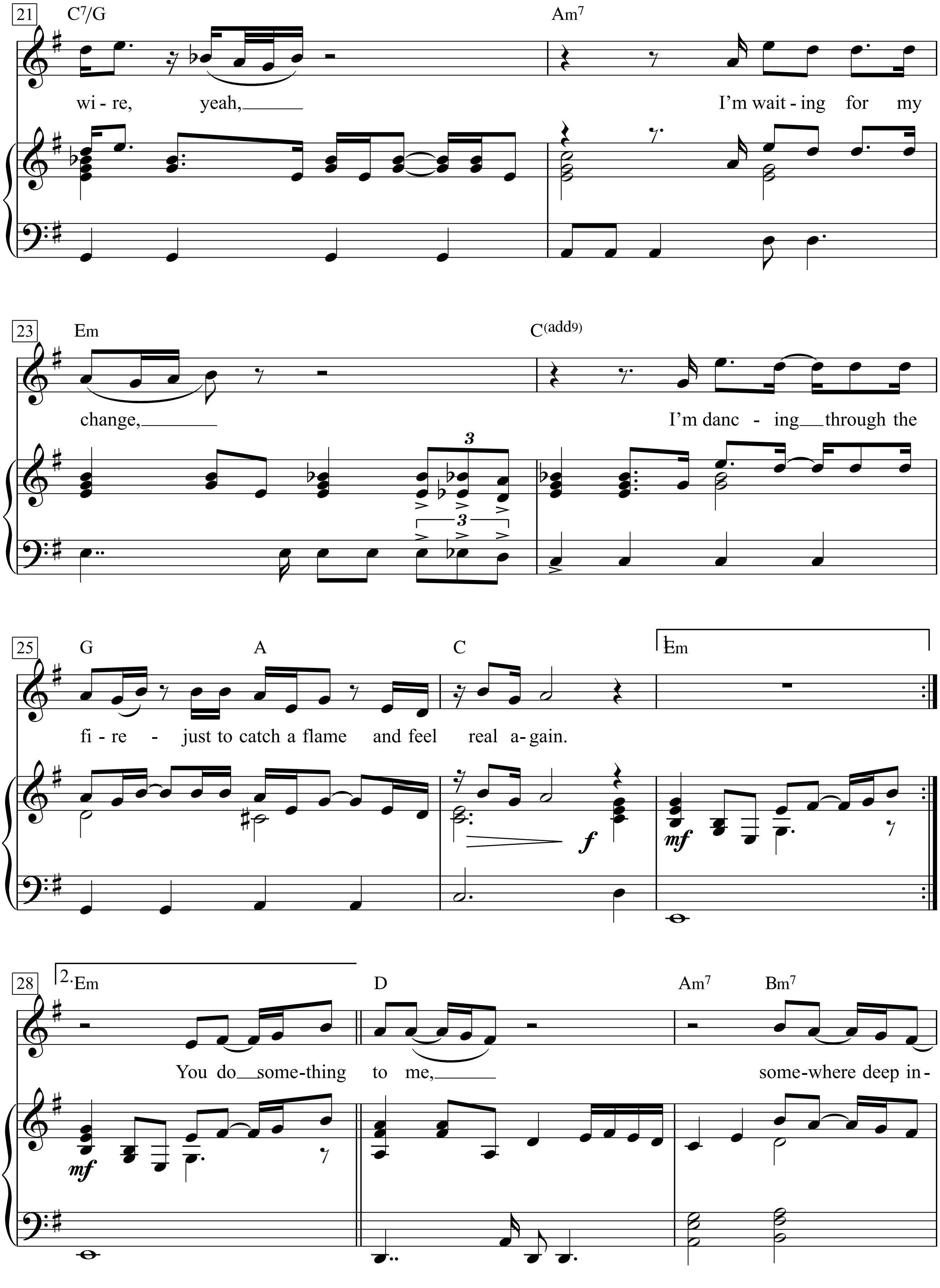
Regrain:
You do something to me,
Some thing that simply mystifies me.
Tell me, why should it be
You have the pow’r to hypnotize me?
Let me live ‘neath your spell,
Do do that voodoo that you do so well,
For you do something to me
That nobody else could do.

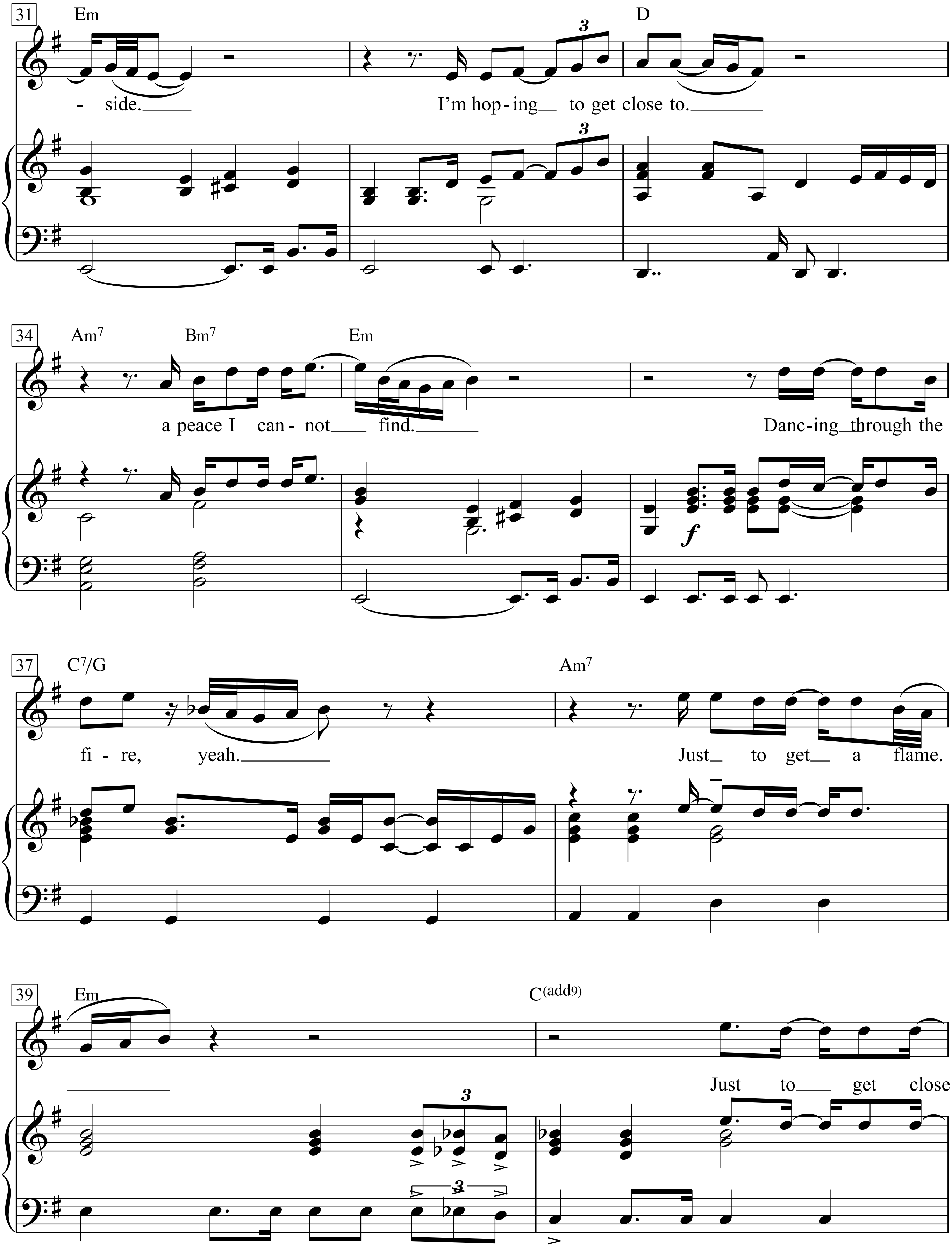
You Do Something To Me

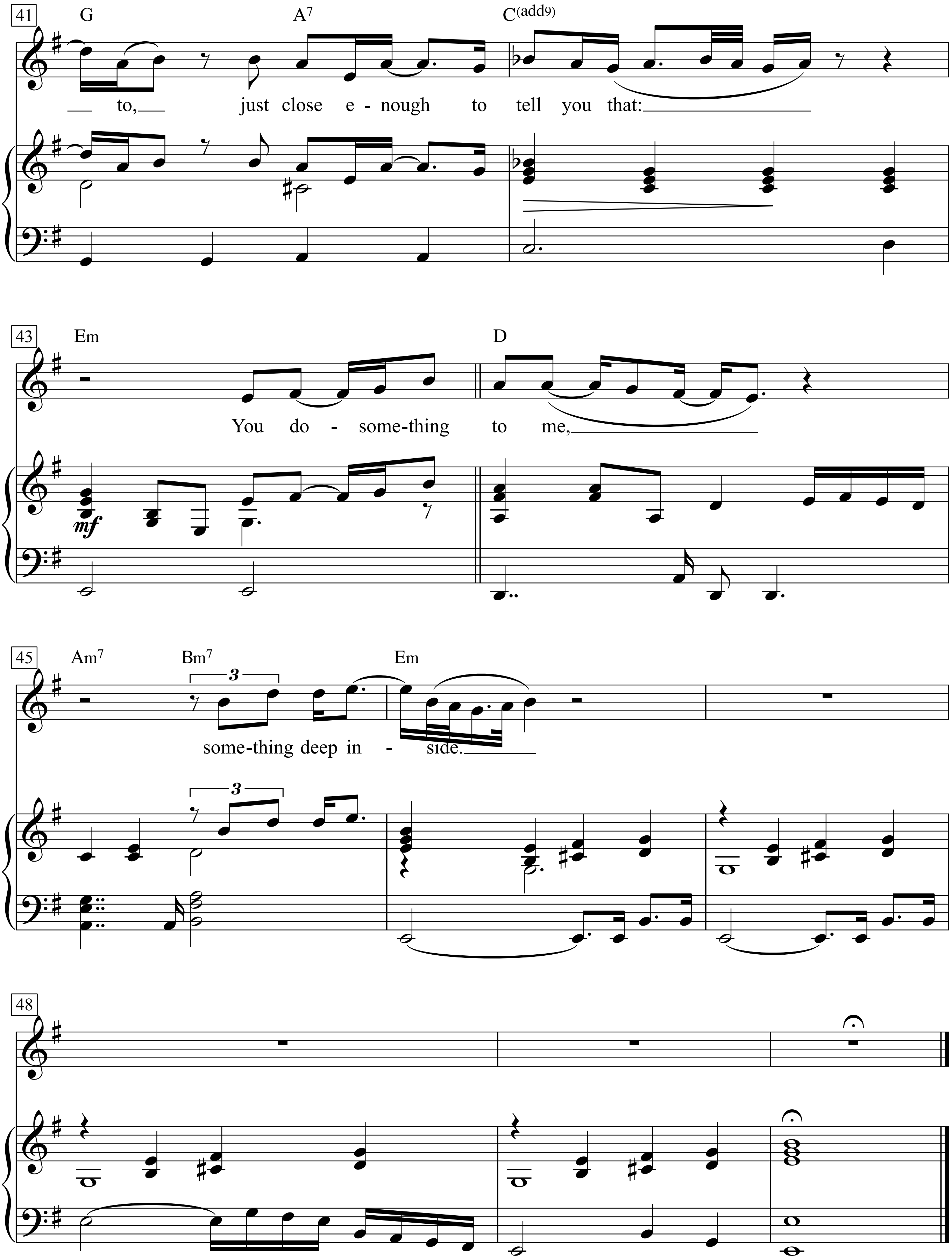
Words & Music by Paul Weller
(Paul Weller)




13
D
Am7
Bm7
wonder-ful
then chase it all a-way,
15
Em
mix-ing my e-mo-
17
D
Am7
Bm7
tions,
that throw me back a-gain.
19
Em
f
Hang-ing on the


21
C7/G
Am7
wi - re, yeah,
I'm wait - ing for my
23
Em
C(add9)
change,
I'm danc - ing through the
3
3
25
G
A
C
1.Em
fi - re - just to catch a flame and feel real a - gain.
f
mf
28
2.Em
D
Am7
Bm7
You do some-thing to me,
some-where deep in -
mf

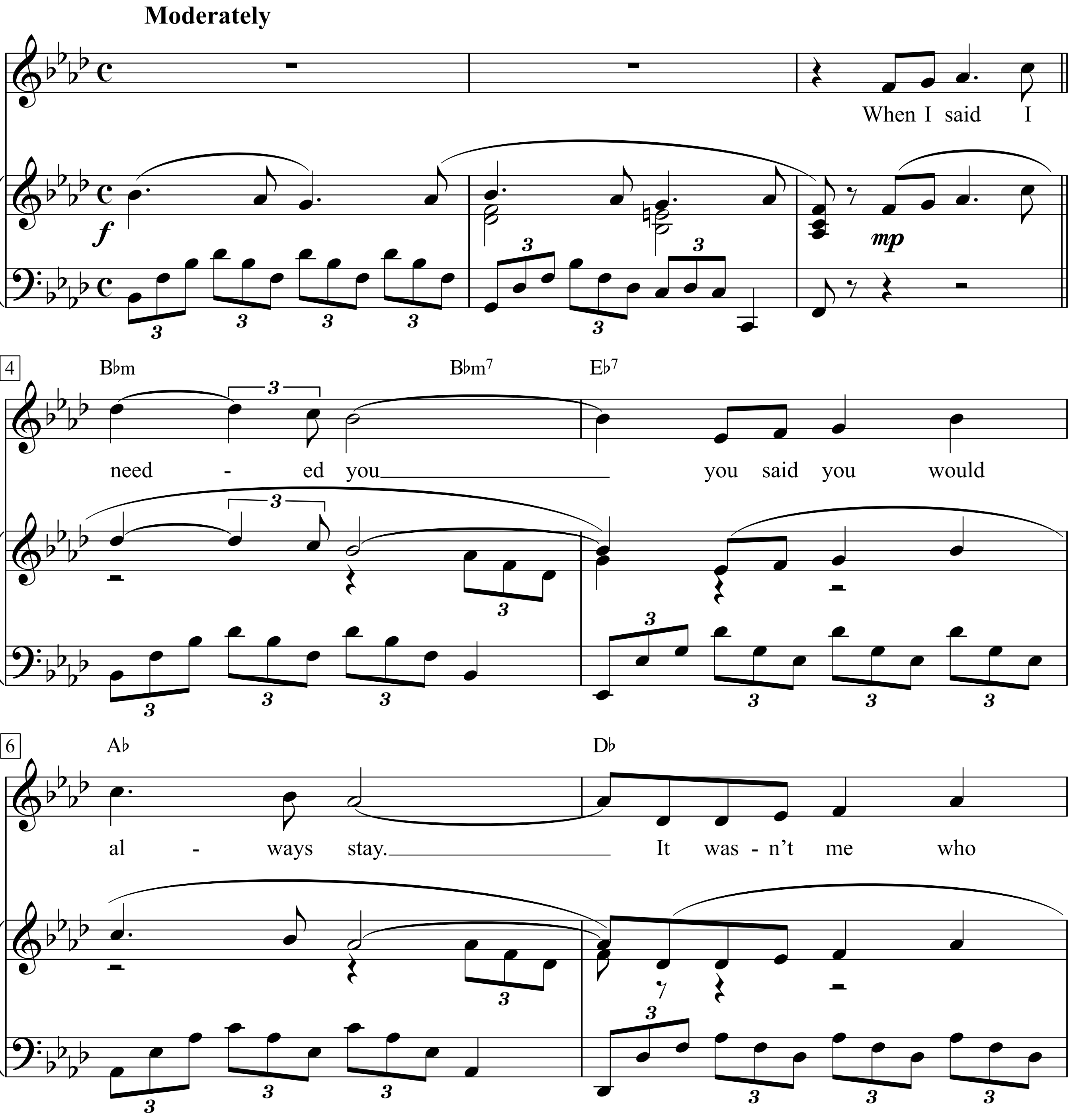

31
Em
- side.
I'm hop - ing to get close to.
D
34
Am7
Bm7
Em
a peace I can - not find.
Danc - ing through the
f
37
C7/G
fi - re, yeah.
Am7
Just to get a flame.
39
Em
C(add9)
Just to get close


41
G
A7
C(add9)
to, just close e - nough to tell you that:
43
Em
D
You do - some-thing to me,
mf
45
Am7
Bm7
3
Em
some-thing deep in - side.
48

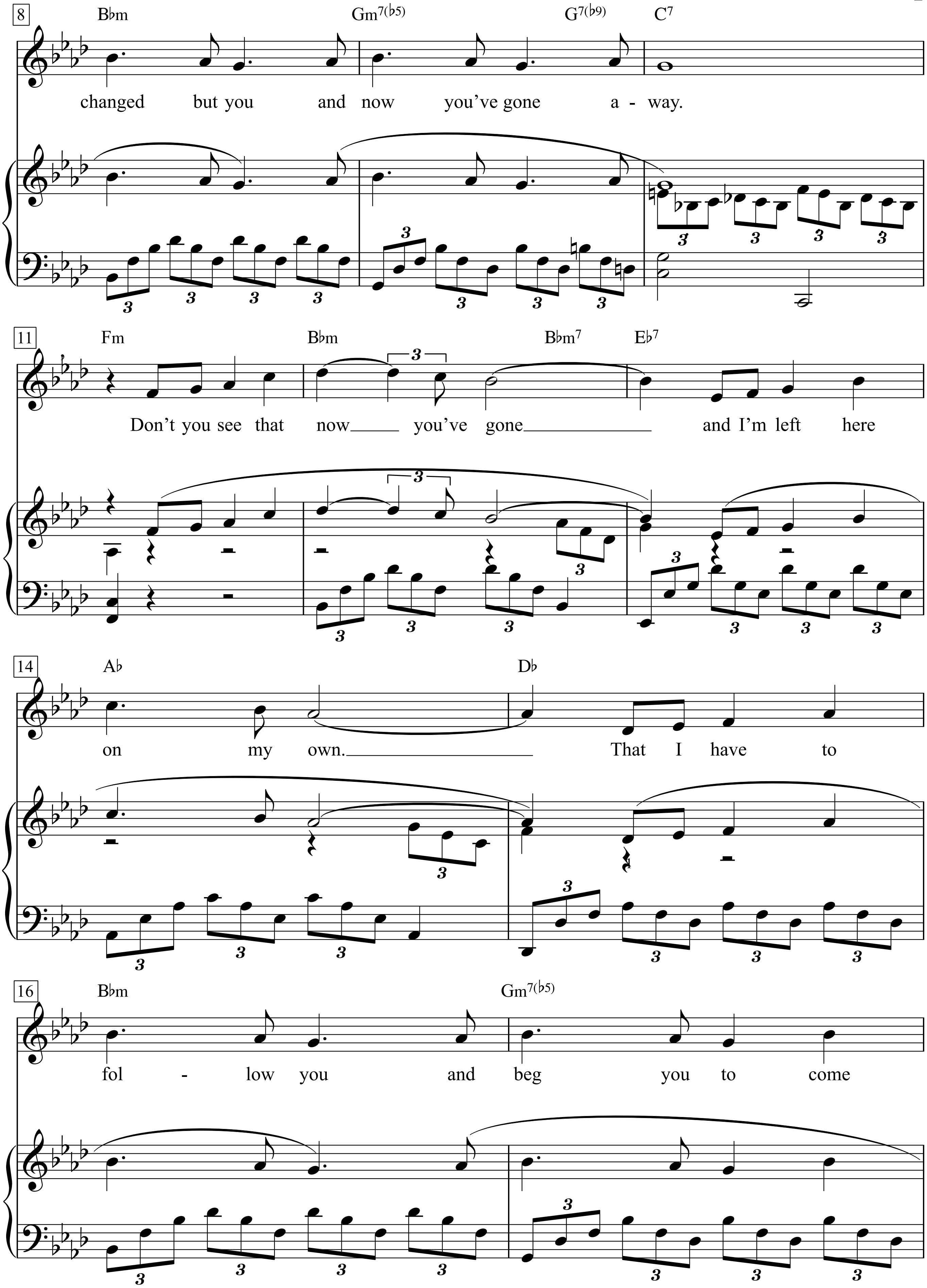
You Don’t Have To Say You Love Me

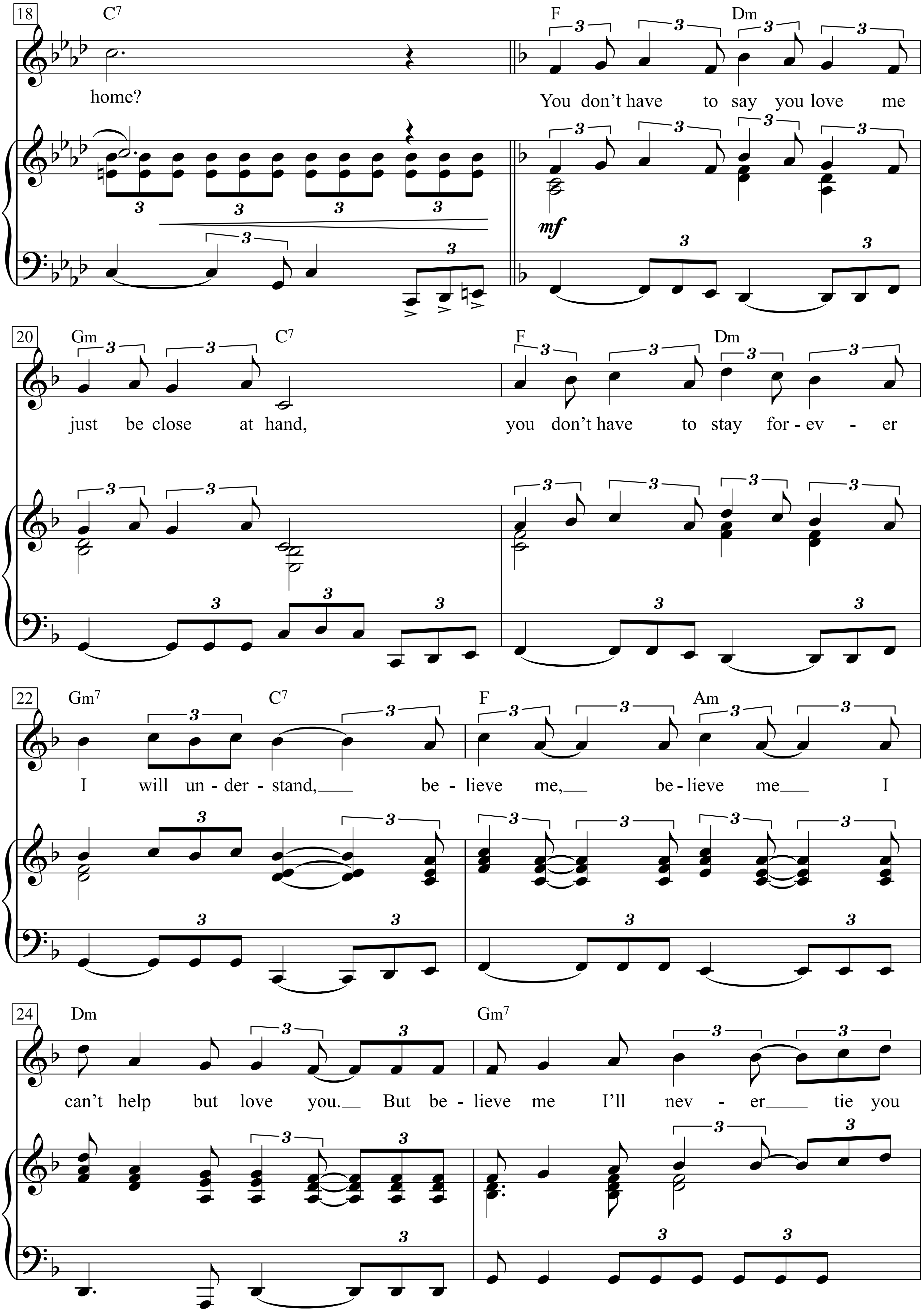
(Io che non vivo (senza te))

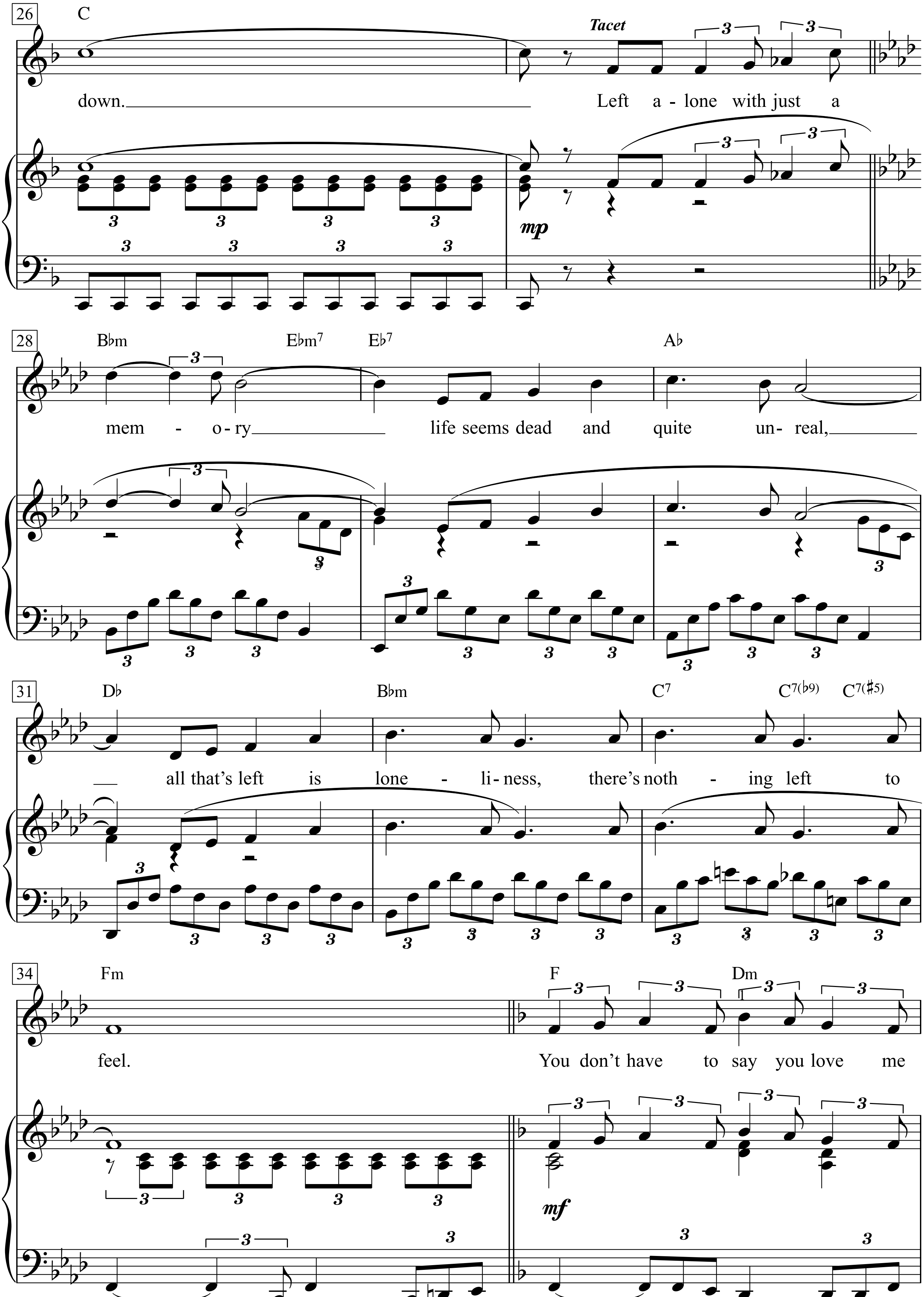
Original Words by Vito Pallavicini
English Words by Simon Napier-Bell and Vicki Wickham
Music by Pino Donaggio

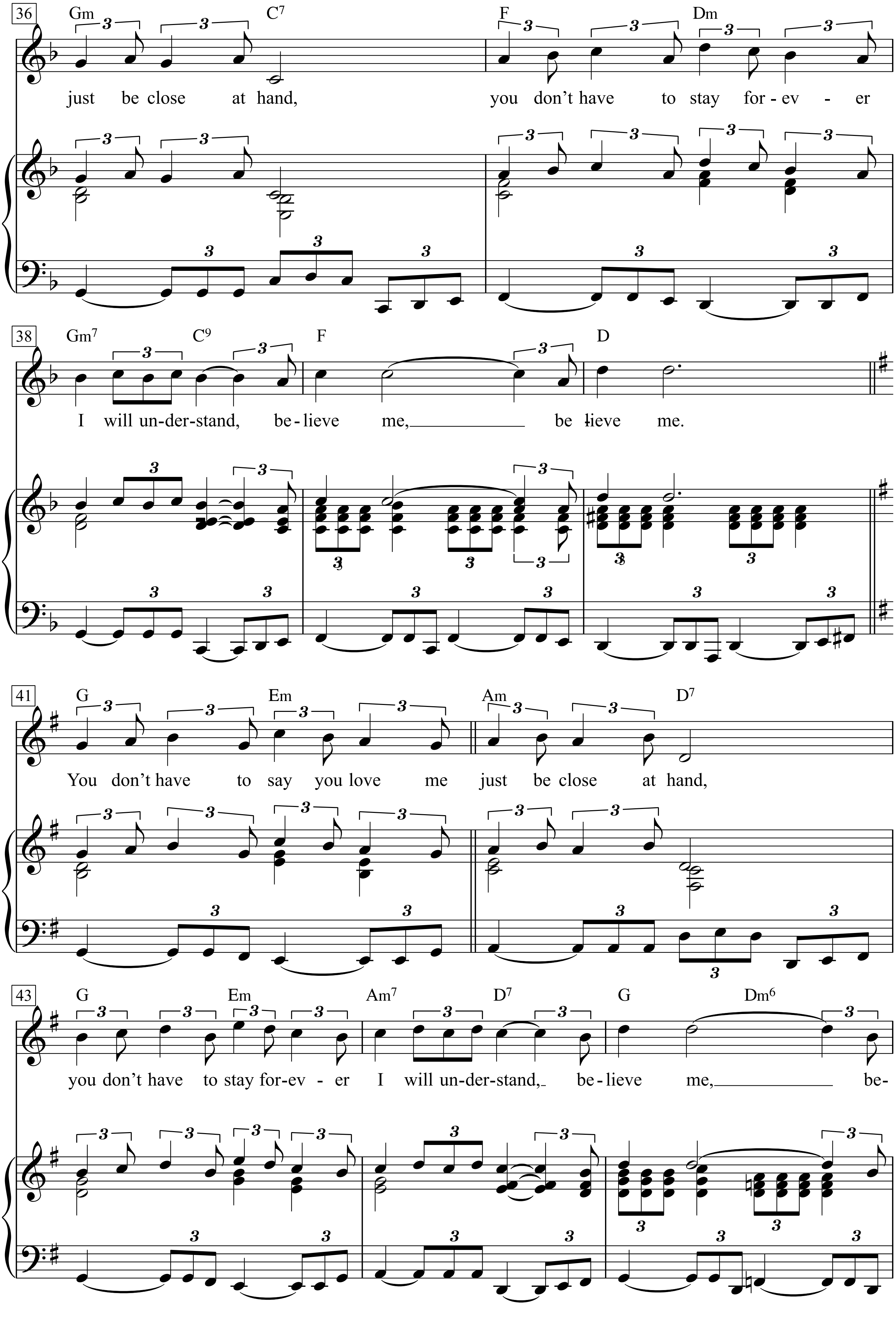


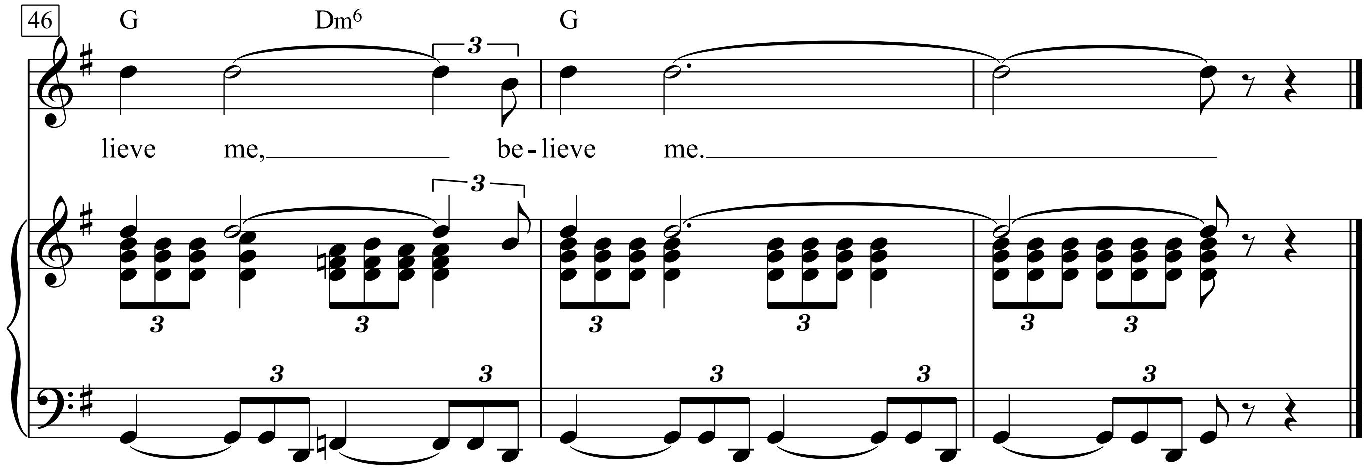
Dusty Springfield - The Very Best of, p. 35-38


8
B♭m
Gm7(♭5)
G7(♭9)
C7
changed but you and now you've gone a - way.
11
Fm
B♭m
B♭m7
E♭7
Don't you see that now you've gone and I'm left here
14
A♭
D♭
on my own. That I have to
16
B♭m
Gm7(♭5)
fol - low you and beg you to come


18
C7
F
Dm
home?
You don't have to say you love me
mf
20
Gm
C7
F
Dm
just be close at hand,
you don't have to stay for - ev - er
22
Gm7
C7
F
Am
I will un - der - stand,
be - lieve me,
be - lieve me
I
24
Dm
Gm7
can't help but love you.
But be - lieve me I'll nev - er tie you


26
C
Tacet
down. Left a - lone with just a
mp
28
B♭m
E♭m7
E♭7
A♭
mem - o - ry life seems dead and quite un- real,
31
D♭
B♭m
C7
C7(♭9)
C7(♯5)
all that's left is lone - li - ness, there's noth - ing left to
34
Fm
F
Dm
feel. You don't have to say you love me
mf

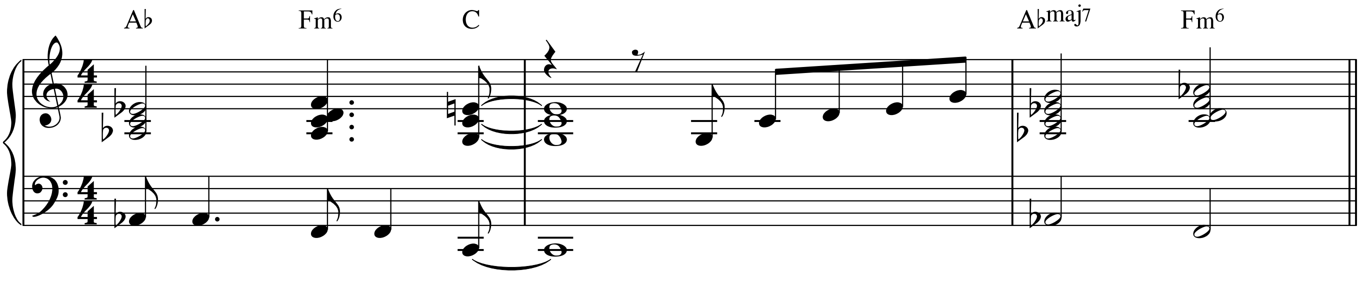

36
Gm C7 F Dm
just be close at hand, you don't have to stay for - ev - er
38
Gm7 C9 F D
I will un-der-stand, be - lieve me, be lieve me.
41
G Em Am D7
You don't have to say you love me just be close at hand,
43
G Em Am7 D7 G Dm6
you don't have to stay for-ev - er I will un-der-stand, be - lieve me, be-

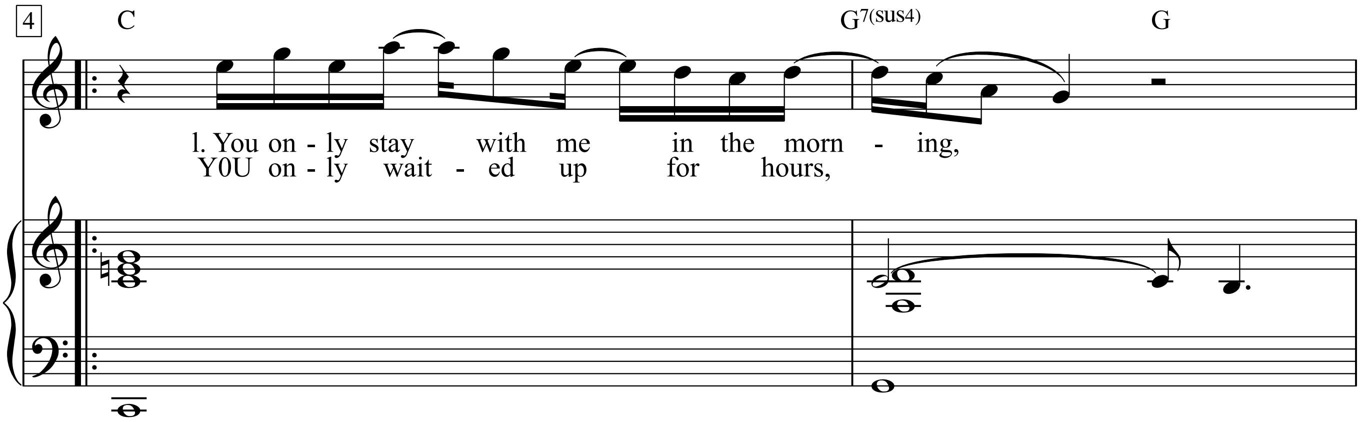


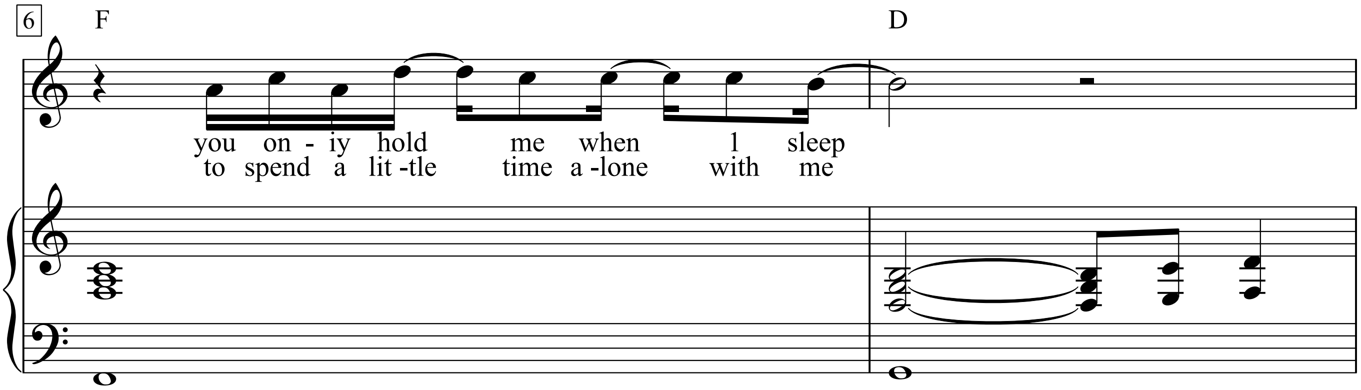
When I said I needed you
you said you would always stay.
It wasn’t me who changed
but you and now you’ve gone away.
Don’t you see that now you’ve gone
and I’m left here on my own.
That I have to follow you
and beg you to come home?
You don’t have to say you love me
just be close at hand,
you don’t have to stay forever
I will understand,
believe me, believe me
I can’t help but love you.
But believe me I’ll never tie you down.
Left alone with just a memory
life seems dead and quite unreal,
all that’s left is loneliness,
there’s nothing left to feel.
You don’t have to say you love me
just be close at hand,
you don’t have to stay forever
I will understand,
believe me, believe me.
You don’t have to say you love me
just be close at hand,
you don’t have to stay forever
I will understand,
believe me, believe me,
believe me.

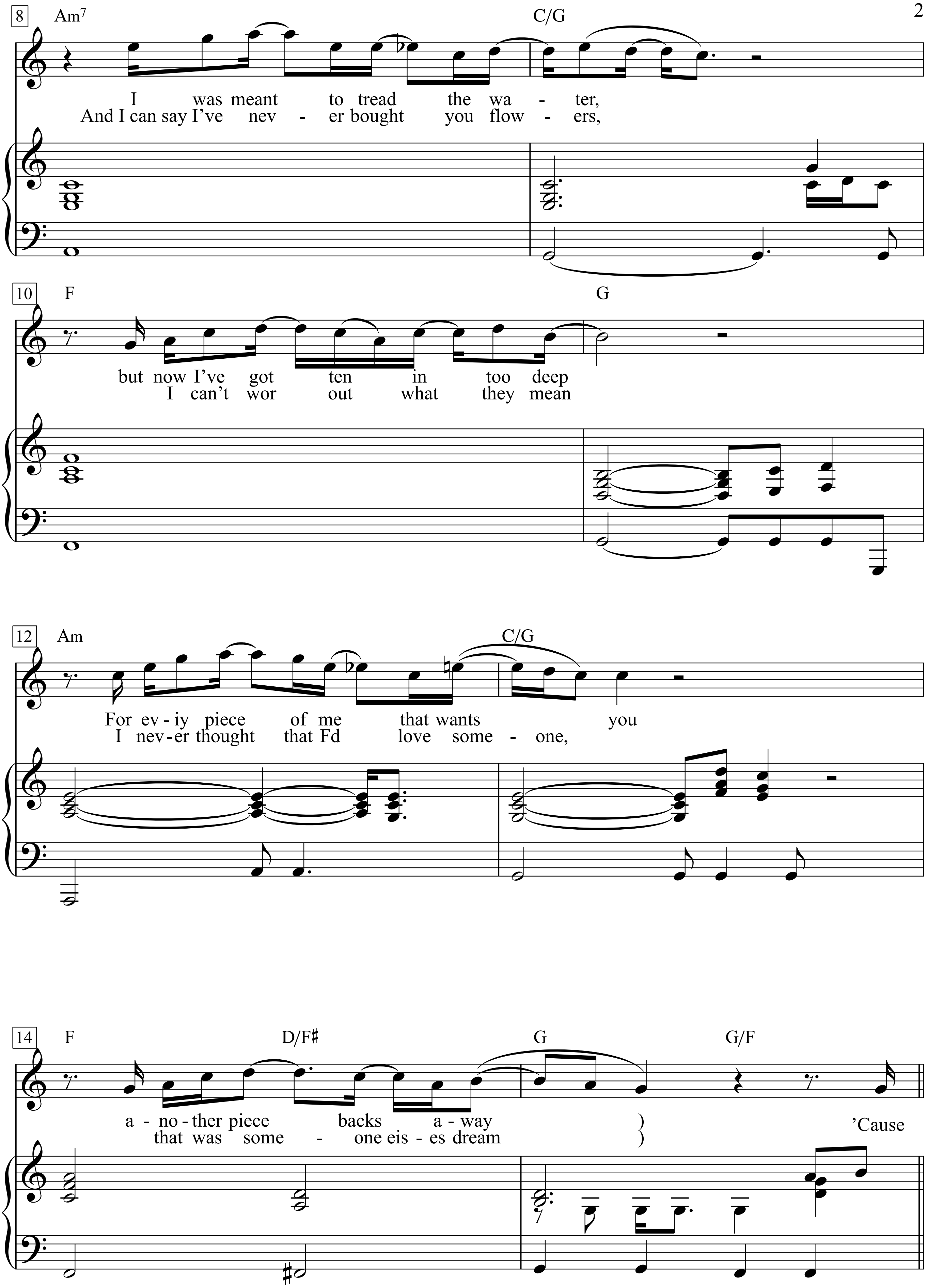
You Give Me Something

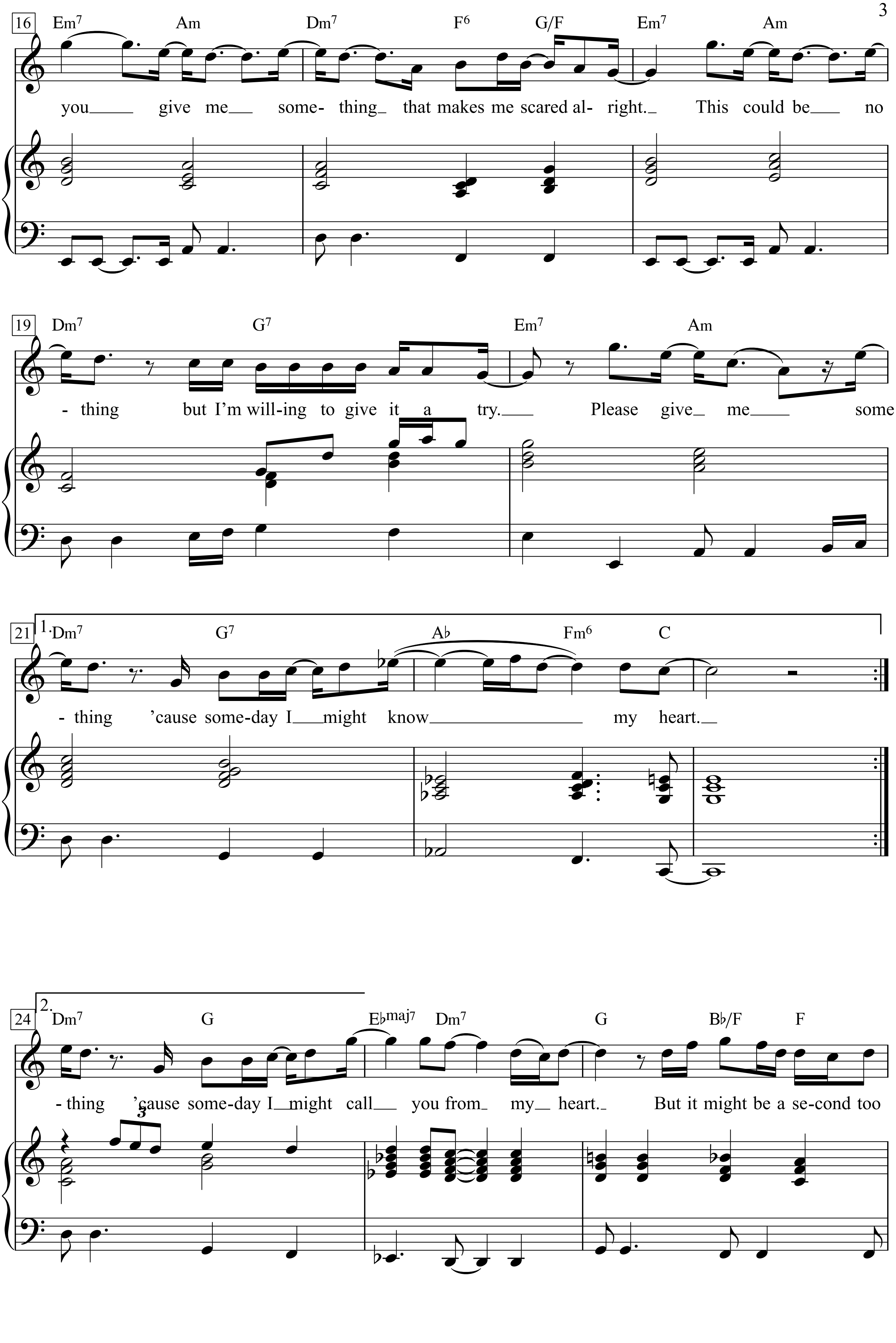
Words & Music by
Francis White & James Morrison
(James Morrison)

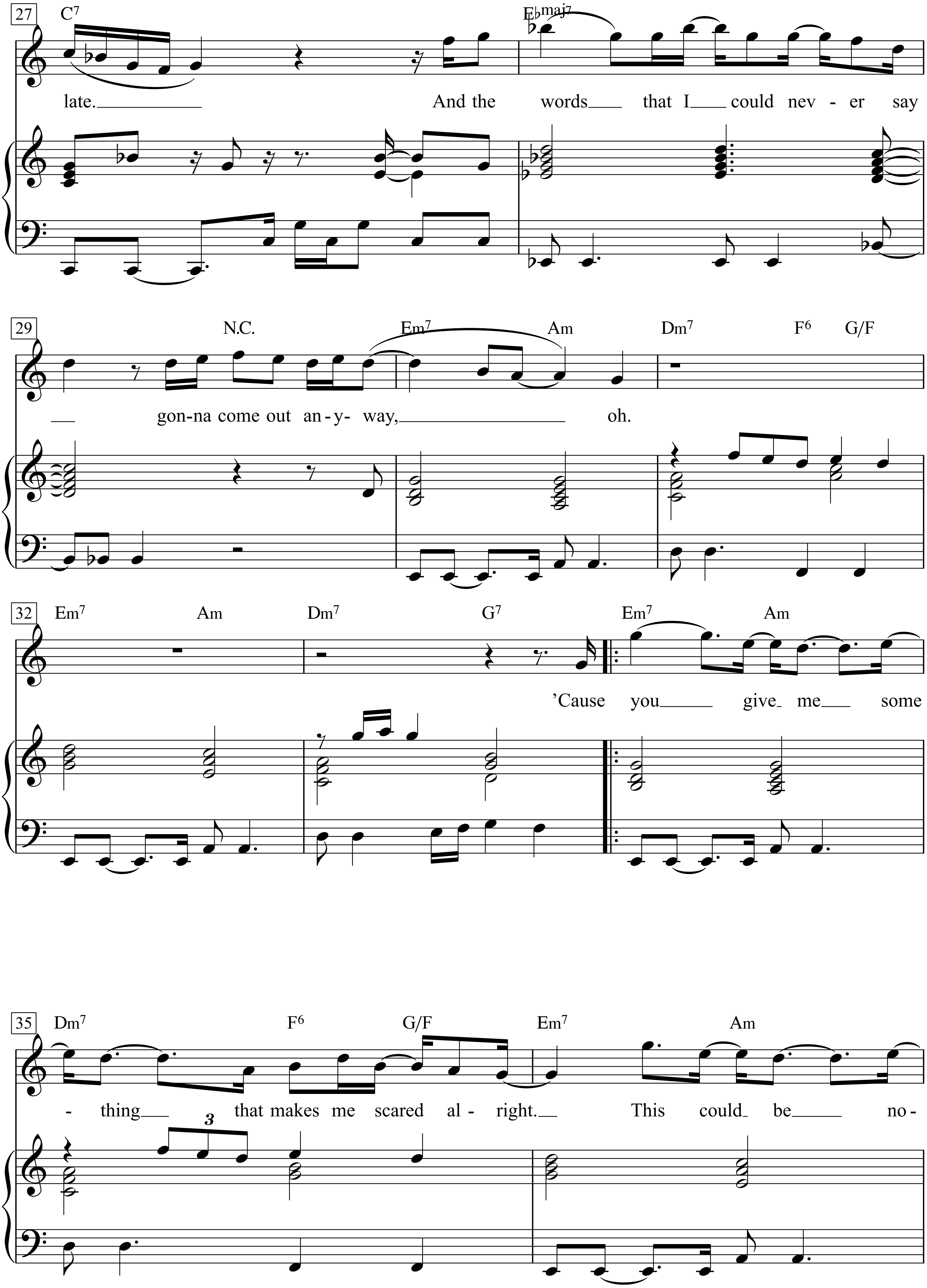


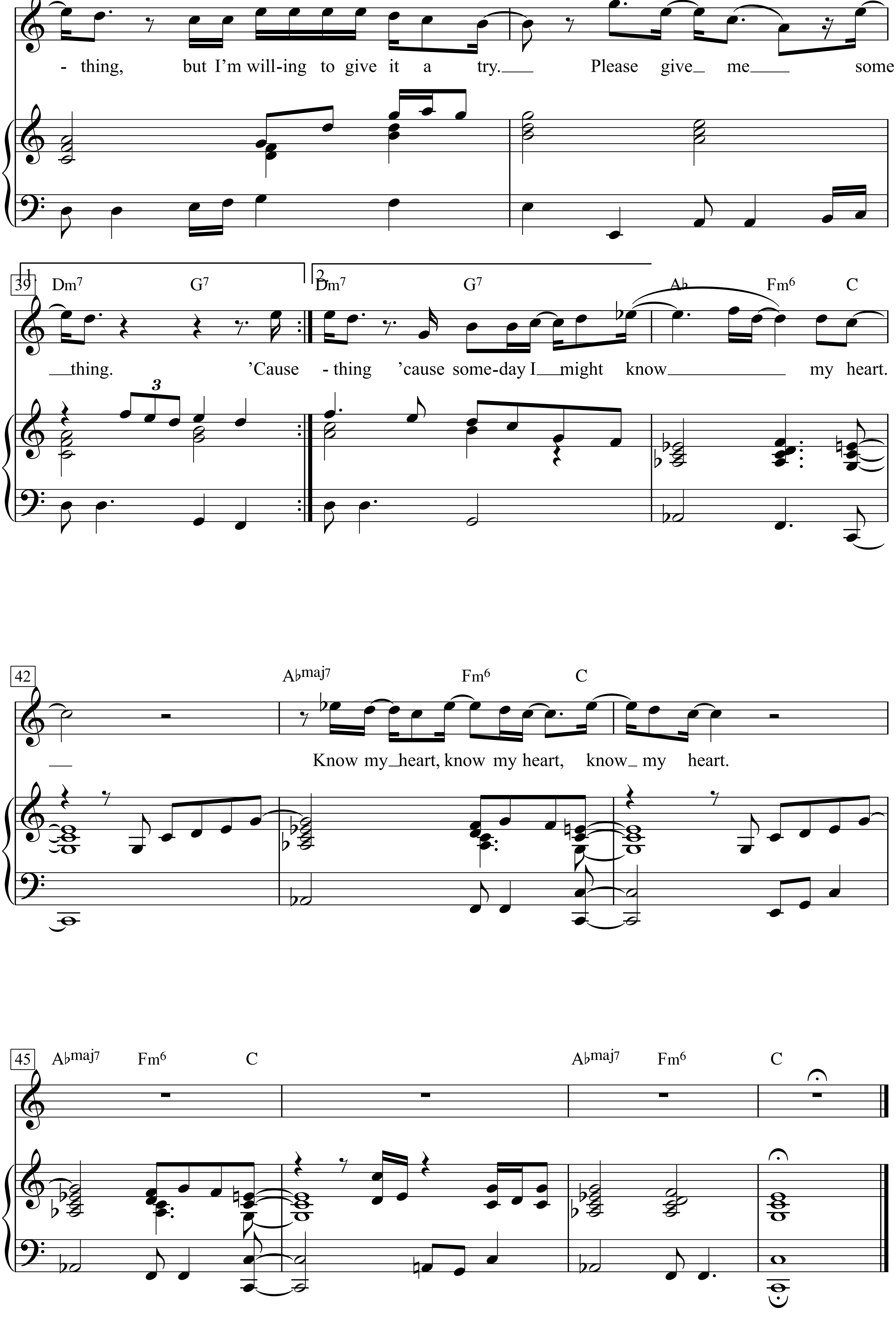





8
Am7
C/G
I was meant to tread the wa - ter,
And I can say I've nev - er bought you flow - ers,
10
F
G
but now I've got ten in too deep
I can't wor out what they mean
12
Am
C/G
For ev - iy piece of me that wants you
I nev - er thought that Fd love some - one,
14
F
D/F♯
G
G/F
a - no - ther piece backs a - way
that was some - one eis - es dream
'Cause


16
Em7 Am Dm7 F6 G/F Em7 Am
you give me some- thing that makes me scared al- right. This could be no
19
Dm7 G7 Em7 Am
- thing but I'm will-ing to give it a try. Please give me some
21
1.
Dm7 G7 A♭ Fm6 C
- thing 'cause some-day I might know my heart.
24
2.
Dm7 G E♭maj7 Dm7 G B♭/F F
- thing 'cause some-day I might call you from my heart. But it might be a se-cond too
3

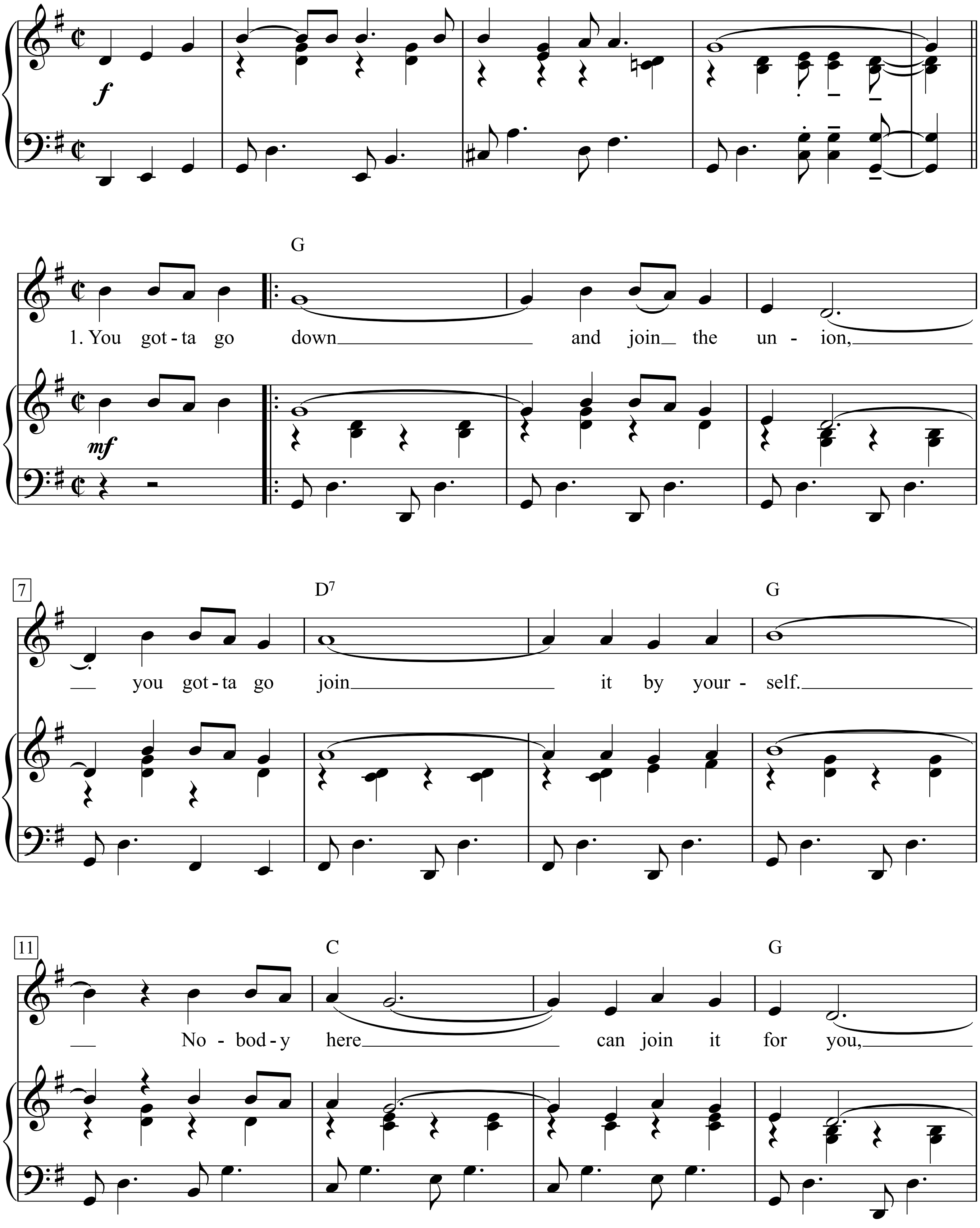

27
C7
Ebmaj7
late.
And the words that I could nev - er say
29
N.C.
Em7
Am
Dm7
F6
G/F
gon-na come out an-y- way,
oh.
32
Em7
Am
Dm7
G7
Em7
Am
'Cause you give me some
35
Dm7
F6
G/F
Em7
Am
- thing that makes me scared al - right.
This could be no -
3

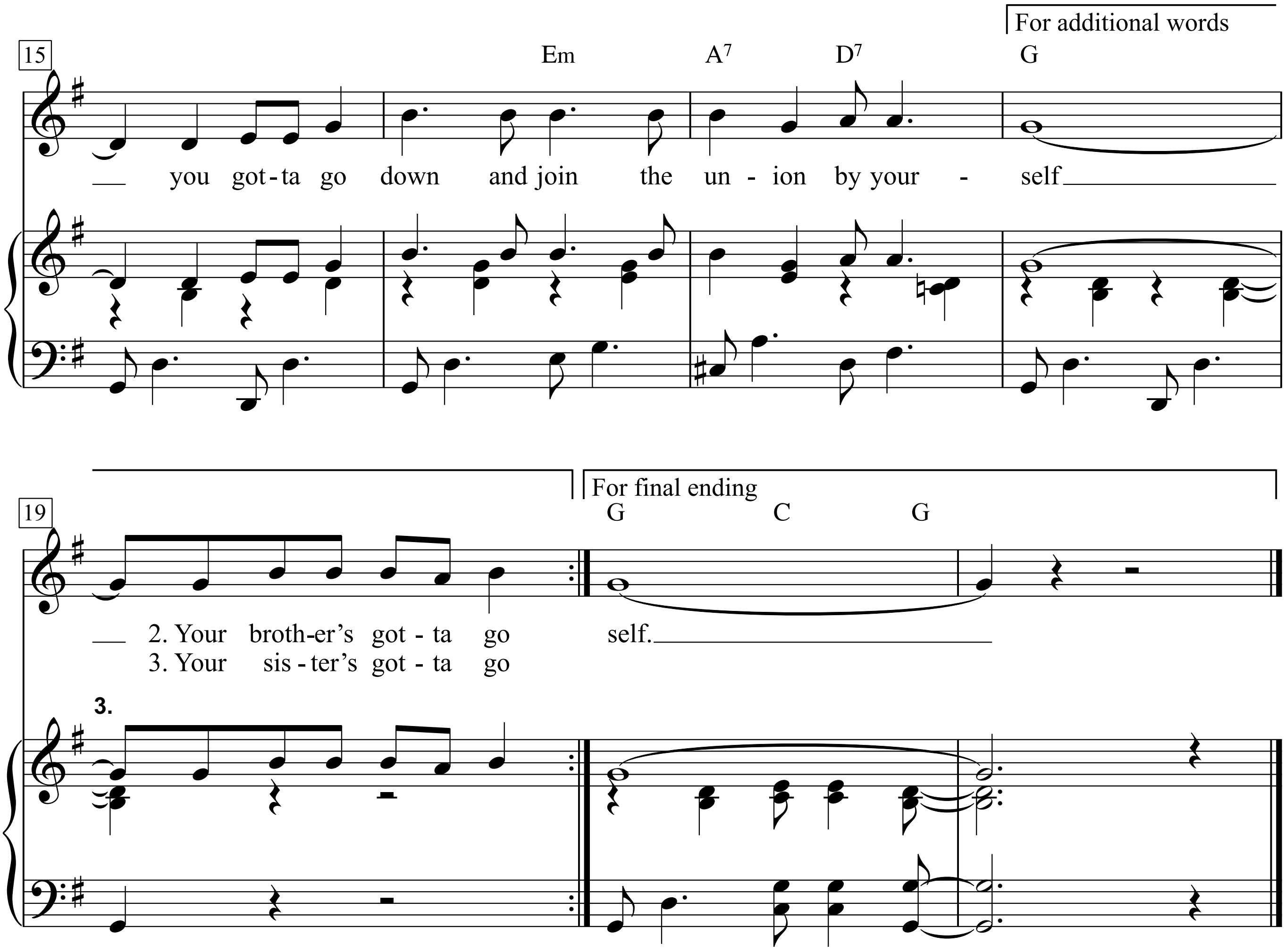

37
Dm7 G7 Em7 Am
- thing, but I'm will-ing to give it a try. Please give me some
39
Dm7 G7
thing. 'Cause
Dm7 G7 A♭ Fm6 C
- thing 'cause some-day I might know my heart.
3
42
A♭maj7 Fm6 C
Know my heart, know my heart, know my heart.
45
A♭maj7 Fm6 C A♭maj7 Fm6 C

You Gotta Go Down and Join the Union

Words & New Music Adaptation by Woody Guthrie
(Woody Guthrie)

Jaunty and confident





1. You gotta go down and join the union,
You gotta go join it by yourself.
Nobody here can join it for you,
You gotta go down and join the union by yourself

2. Your brother's gotta go down and join the union,
You gotta go join it by yourself.
Nobody here can join it for you,
You gotta go down and join the union by yourself

3. Your sister's gotta go down and join the union,
You gotta go join it by yourself.
Nobody here can join it for you,
You gotta go down and join the union by yourself

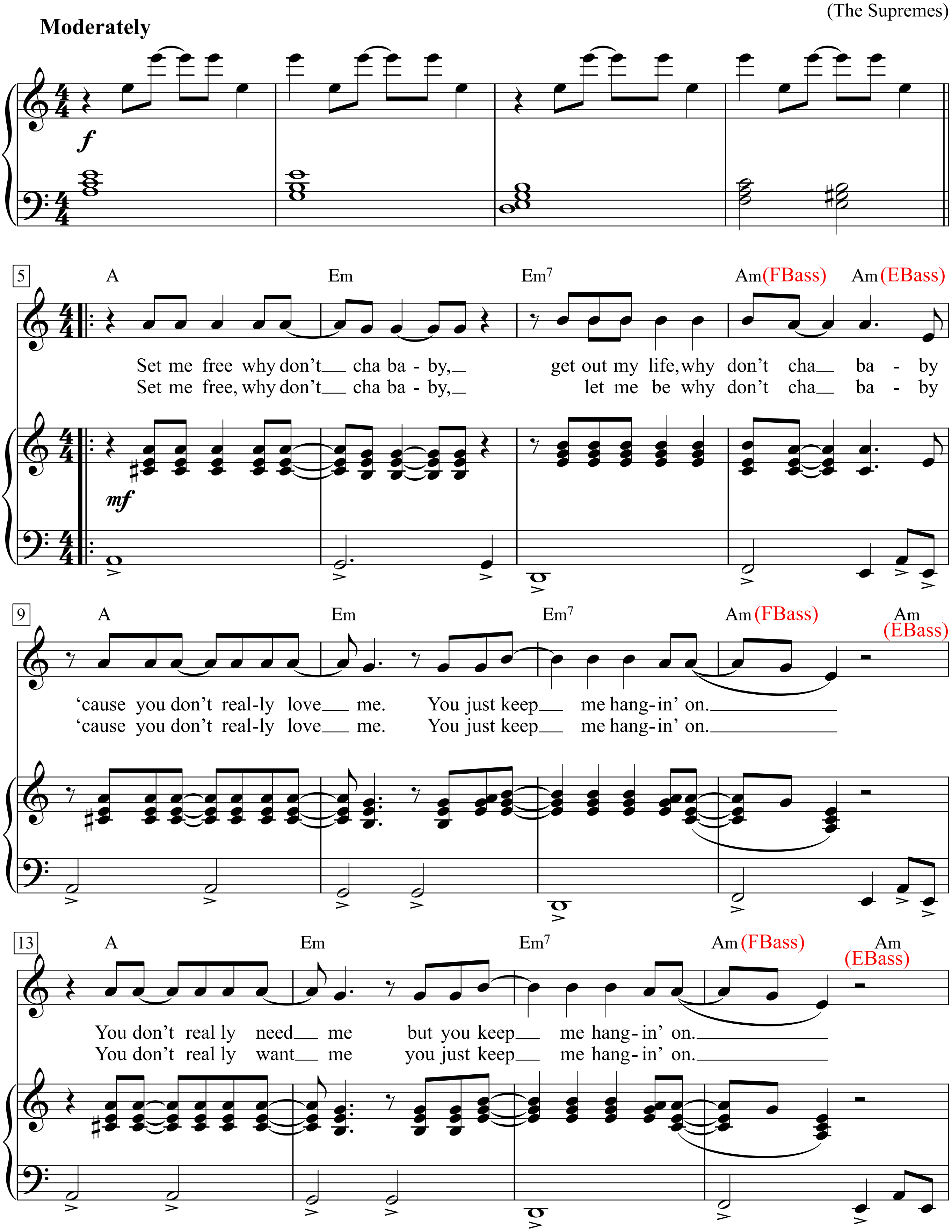
4. I'm gonna go down and join the union, (etc.)

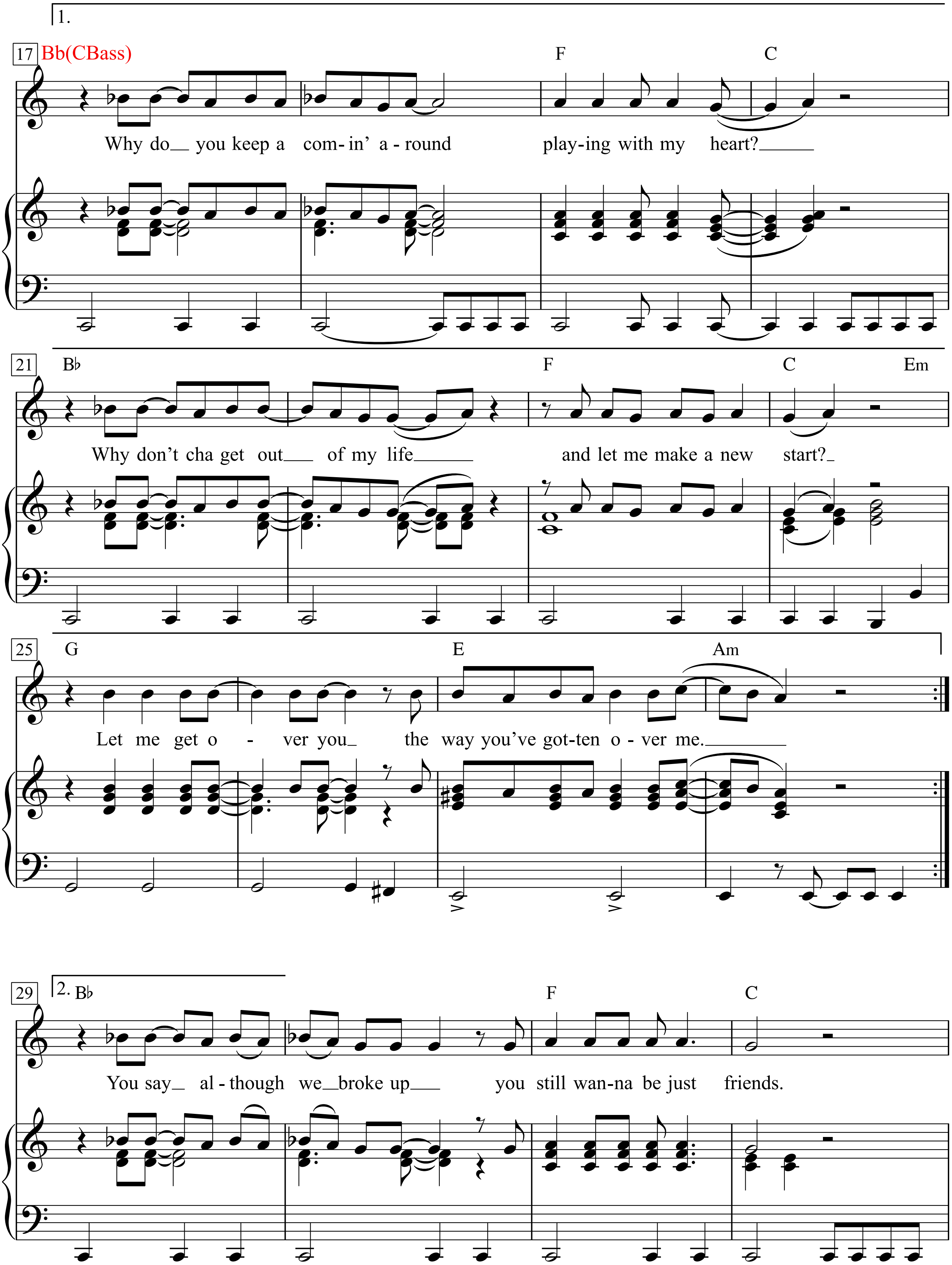
5. And when the road gets rough and rocky,
And the hills get steep and high
We can sing as we go marching
And we'll win our big union by and by..

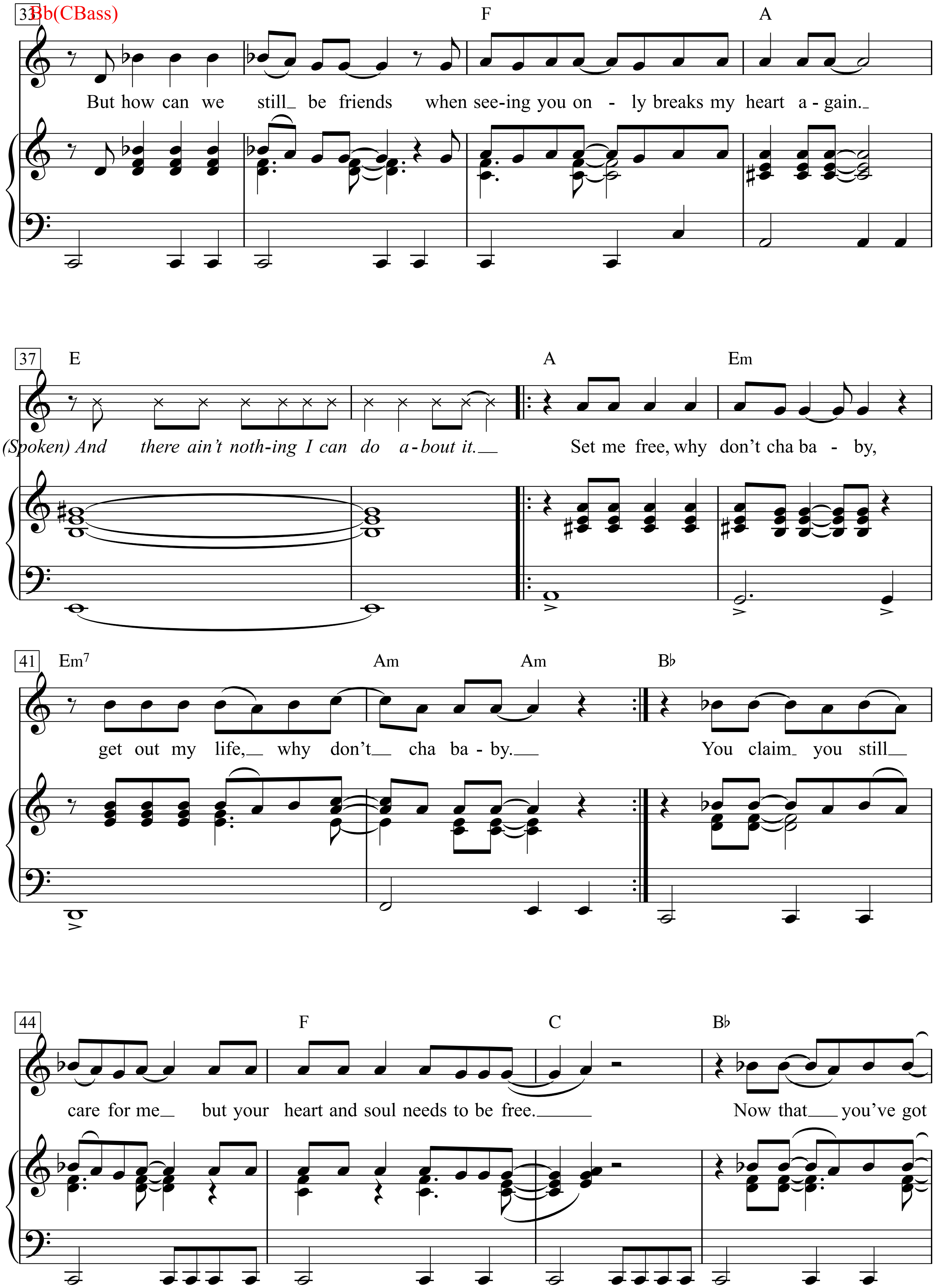
6. *Repeat first verse.*

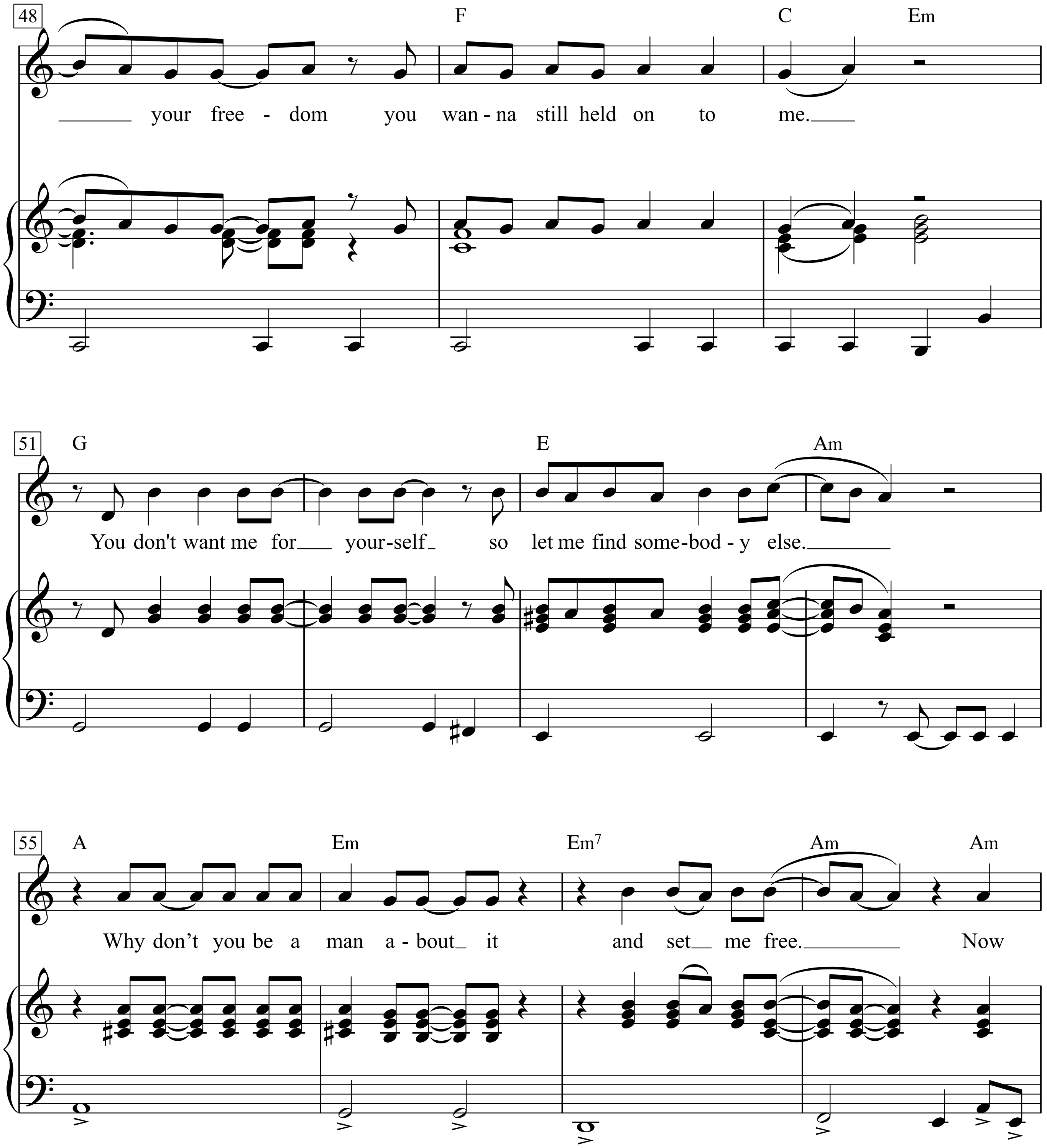
You Keep Me Hangin' On

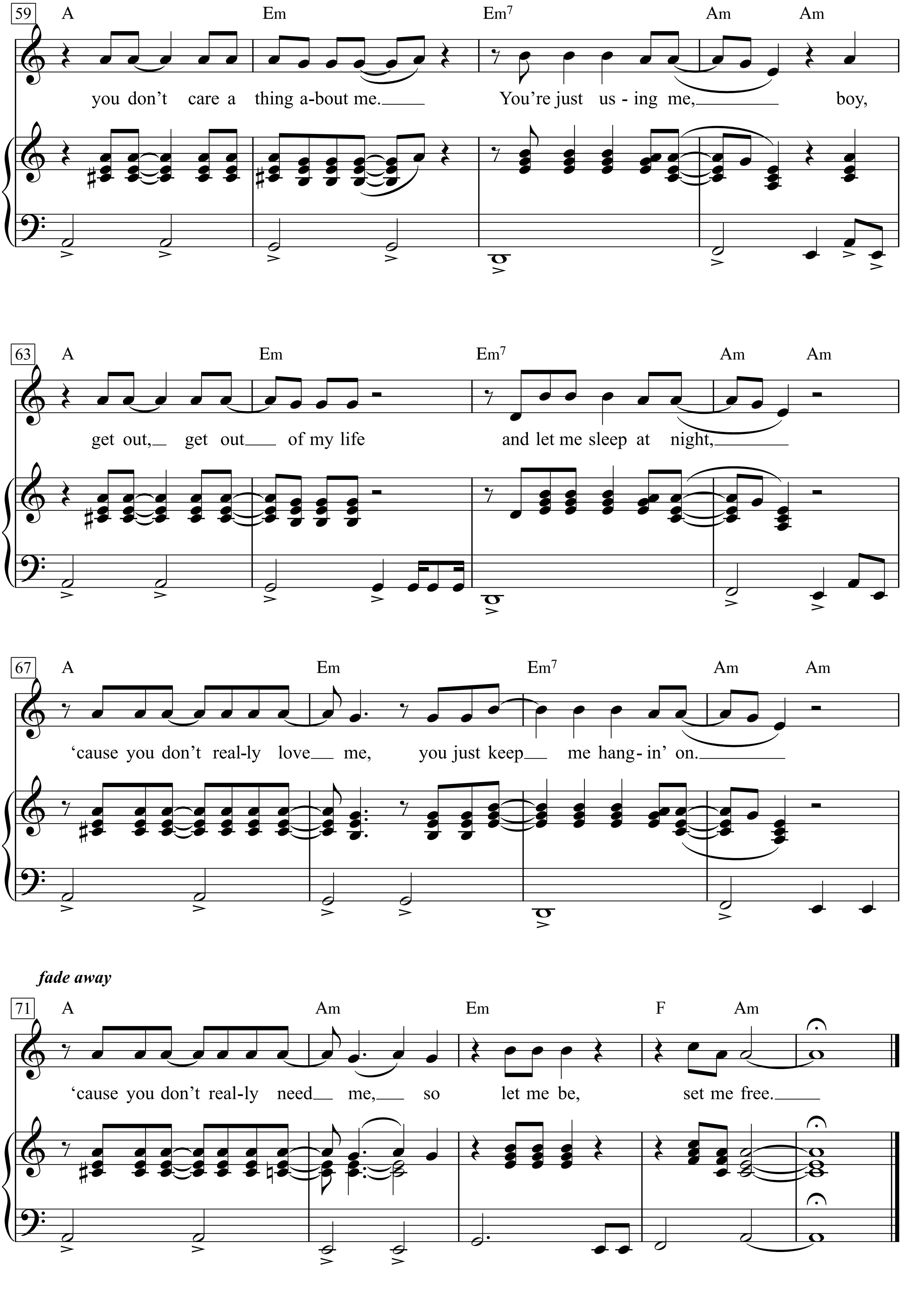
Words & Music by
Eddie Holland, Lamont Dozier
and Brian Holland
(The Supremes)




1.
17 Bb(CBass)
F
C
Why do__ you keep a com- in' a - round play-ing with my heart?____
21 B♭
F
C
Em
Why don't cha get out__ of my life____ and let me make a new start?_
25 G
E
Am
Let me get o - ver you_ the way you've got-ten o - ver me.______
29 2. B♭
F
C
You say_ al - though we__broke up___ you still wan-na be just friends.


33 Bb(CBass)
F
A
But how can we still_ be friends when see-ing you on - ly breaks my heart a - gain._
37 E
A
Em
(Spoken) And there ain't noth-ing I can do a-bout it.__
Set me free, why don't cha ba - by,
41 Em7
Am
Am
B♭
get out my life,__ why don't__ cha ba - by.__
You claim_ you still__
44
F
C
B♭
care for me__ but your heart and soul needs to be free.______
Now that___ you've got


48
F
C
Em
your free - dom you wan - na still held on to me.
51
G
E
Am
You don't want me for your-self so let me find some-bod - y else.
55
A
Em
Em7
Am
Am
Why don't you be a man a - bout it and set me free. Now


59
A Em Em7 Am Am
you don't care a thing a-bout me.
You're just us - ing me, boy,
63
A Em Em7 Am Am
get out, get out of my life
and let me sleep at night,
67
A Em Em7 Am Am
'cause you don't real-ly love me,
you just keep me hang- in' on.
fade away
71
A Am Em F Am
'cause you don't real-ly need me, so
let me be, set me free.

Set me free, why don’t cha baby,
get out my life, why don’t cha baby
‘cause you don’t really love me.
You just keep me hangin’ on.
You don’t really need me
but you keep me hangin’ on.
Why do you keep a comin’ around
playing with my heart?
Why don’t cha get out of my life
and let me make a new start?
Let me get over you the way
you’ve gotten over me.
You say although we broke up
you still wanna be just friends.
But how can we still be friends
when seeing you only breaks my heart again.

(Spoken)
And there ain't noth-ing I can do about it.

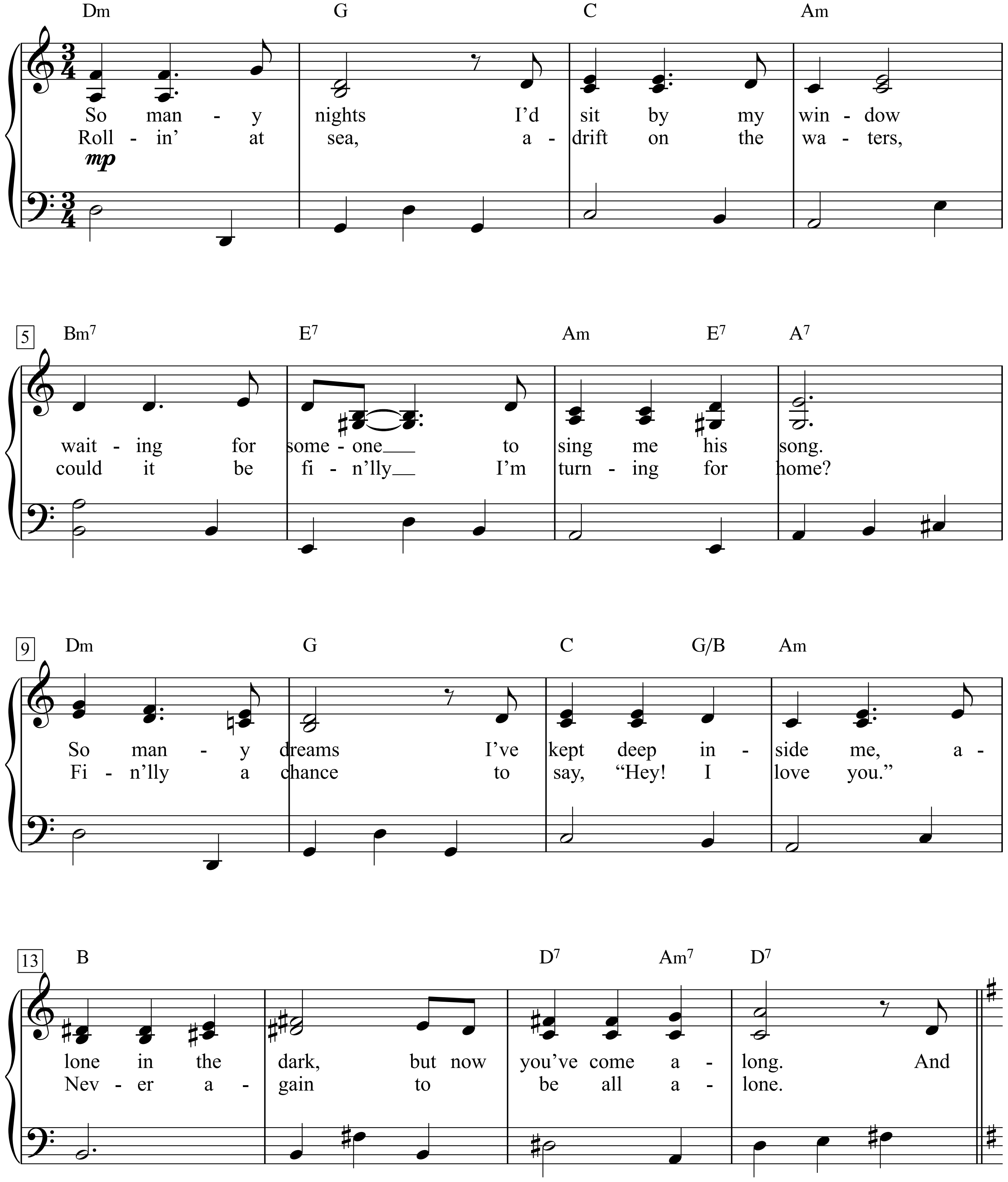
You claim you still care for me
but your heart and soul needs to be free.
Now that you’ve got your freedom
you wanna still held on to me.
You don't want me for yourself
so let me find somebody else.
Set me free, why don’t cha baby,
get out my life, why don’t cha baby.
Why don’t you be a man
about it and set me free.
Now you don’t care a thing about me.
You’re just using me, boy,
get out, get out of my life
and let me sleep at night,
’cause you don‘t really love me,
you just keep me hangin’ on.
’cause you don‘t really need me,
so let me be, set me free.

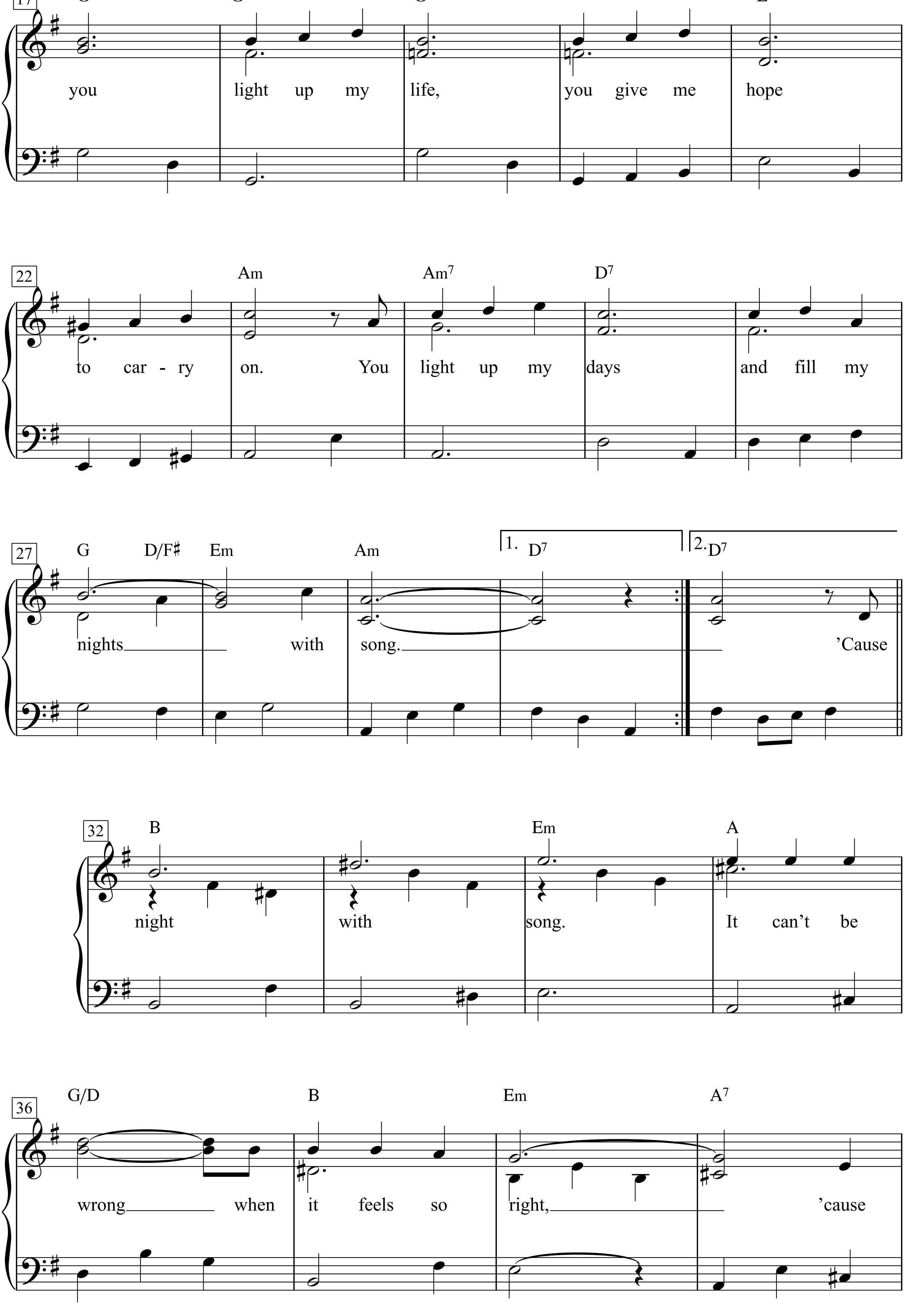
2. Set me free, why don’t cha baby,
let me be why don’t cha baby
’cause you don‘t really love me.
You just keep me hangin’ on.
You don’t really want me
you just keep me hangin’ on.

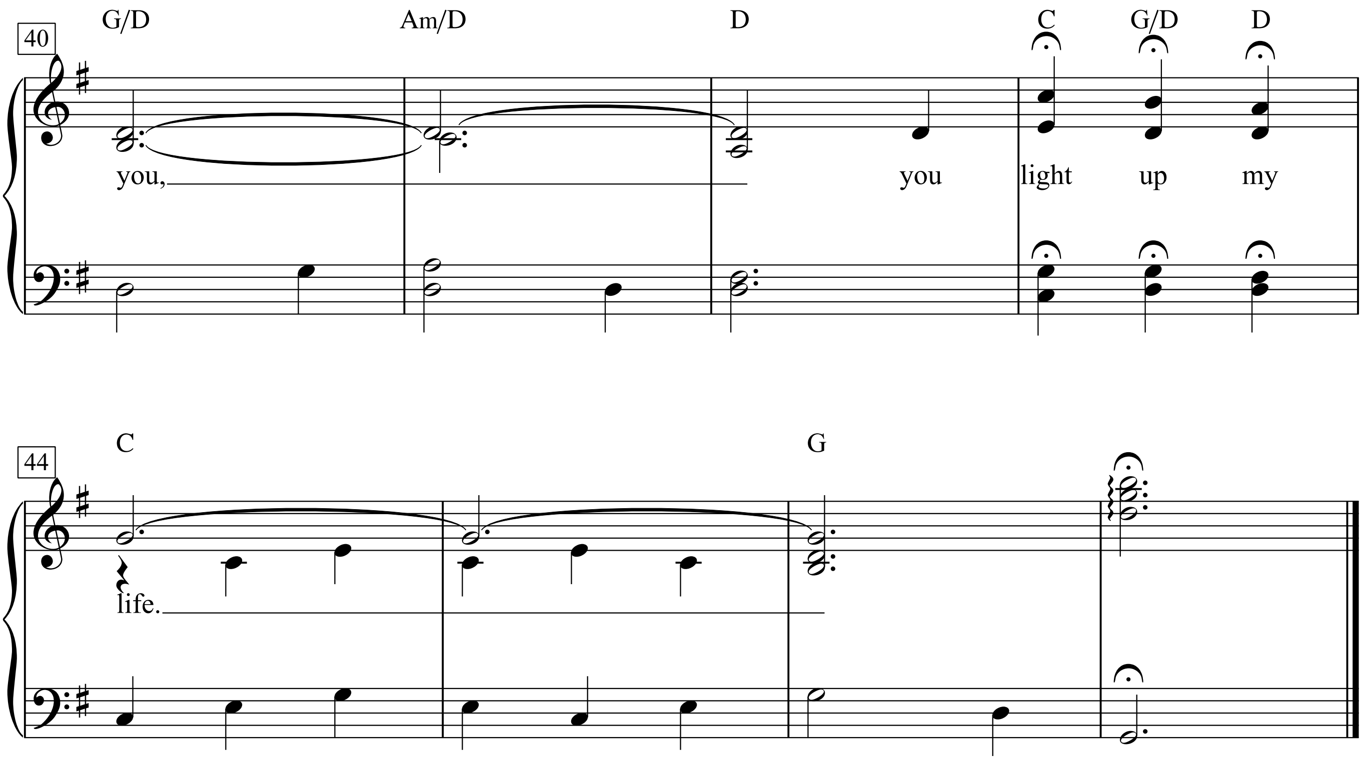
You Light Up My Life

Moderately slow

Words & Music by Joseph Brooks
(Debby Boone)



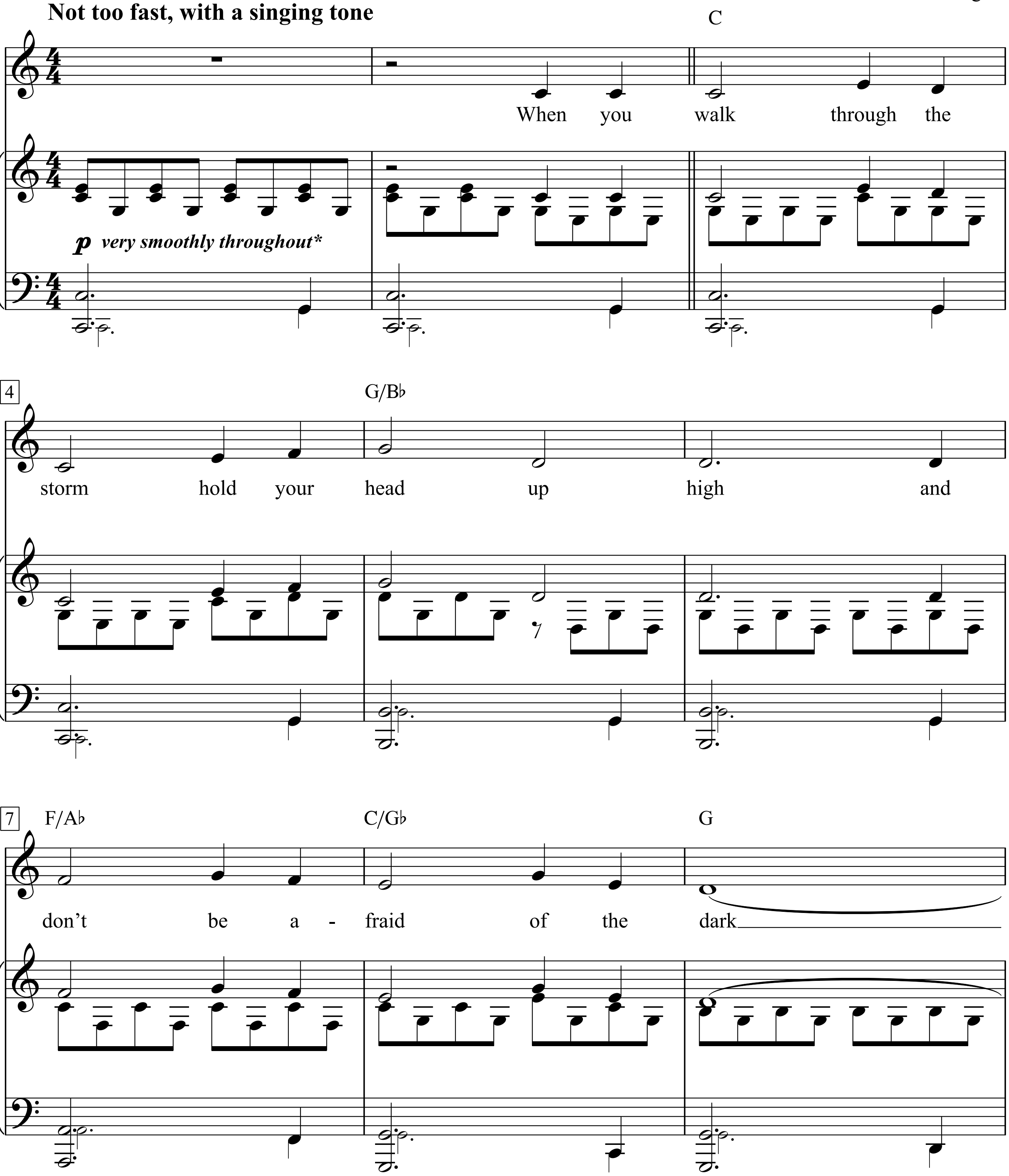

17
G
Gmaj7
G7
E7
you light up my life, you give me hope
22
Am
Am7
D7
to car - ry on. You light up my days and fill my
27
G
D/F♯
Em
Am
1. D7
2. D7
nights with song. 'Cause
32
B
Em
A
night with song. It can't be
36
G/D
B
Em
A7
wrong when it feels so right, 'cause


40
G/D
Am/D
D
C
G/D
D
you,
you
light
up
my
44
C
G
life.

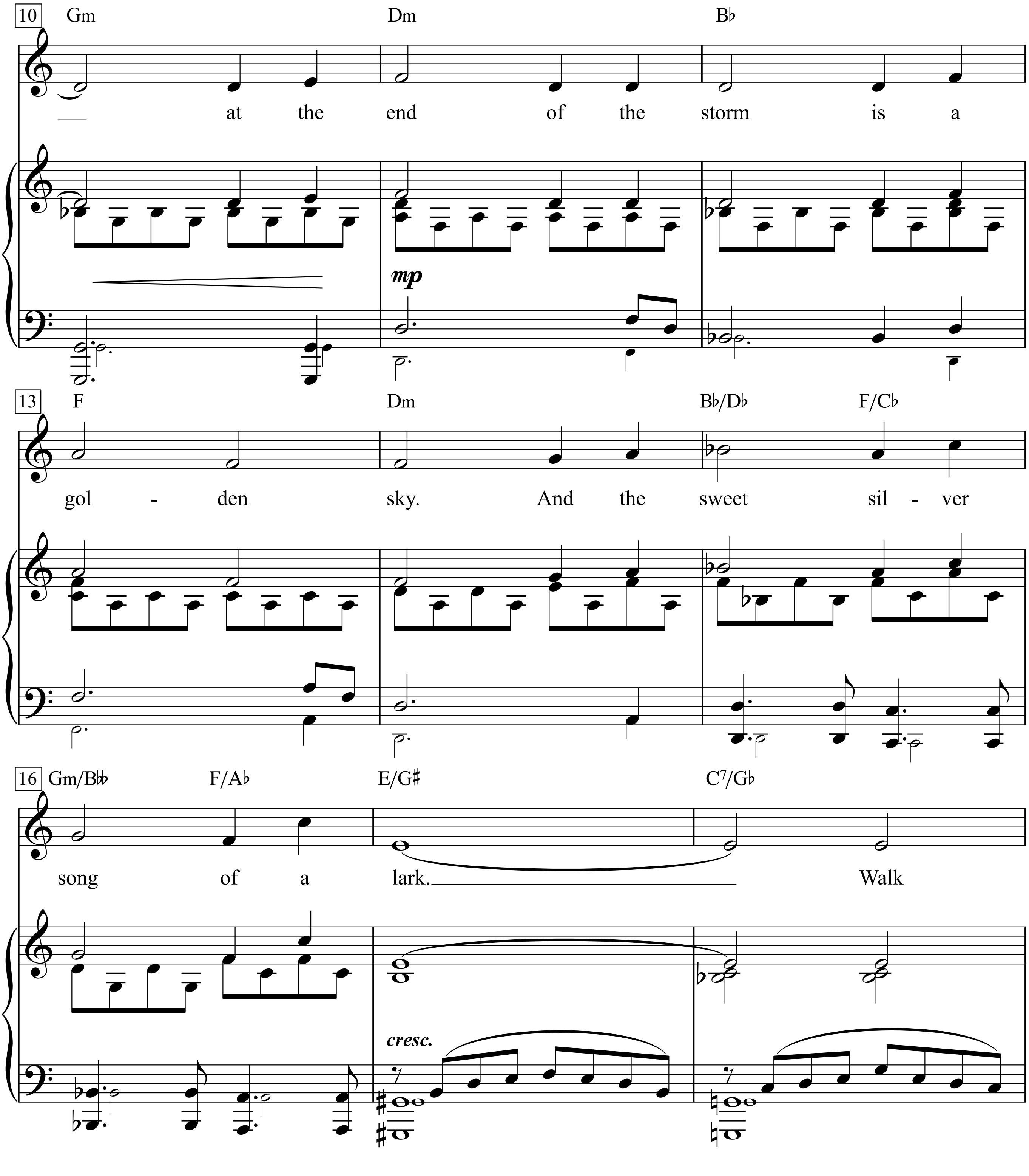
You never walk alone

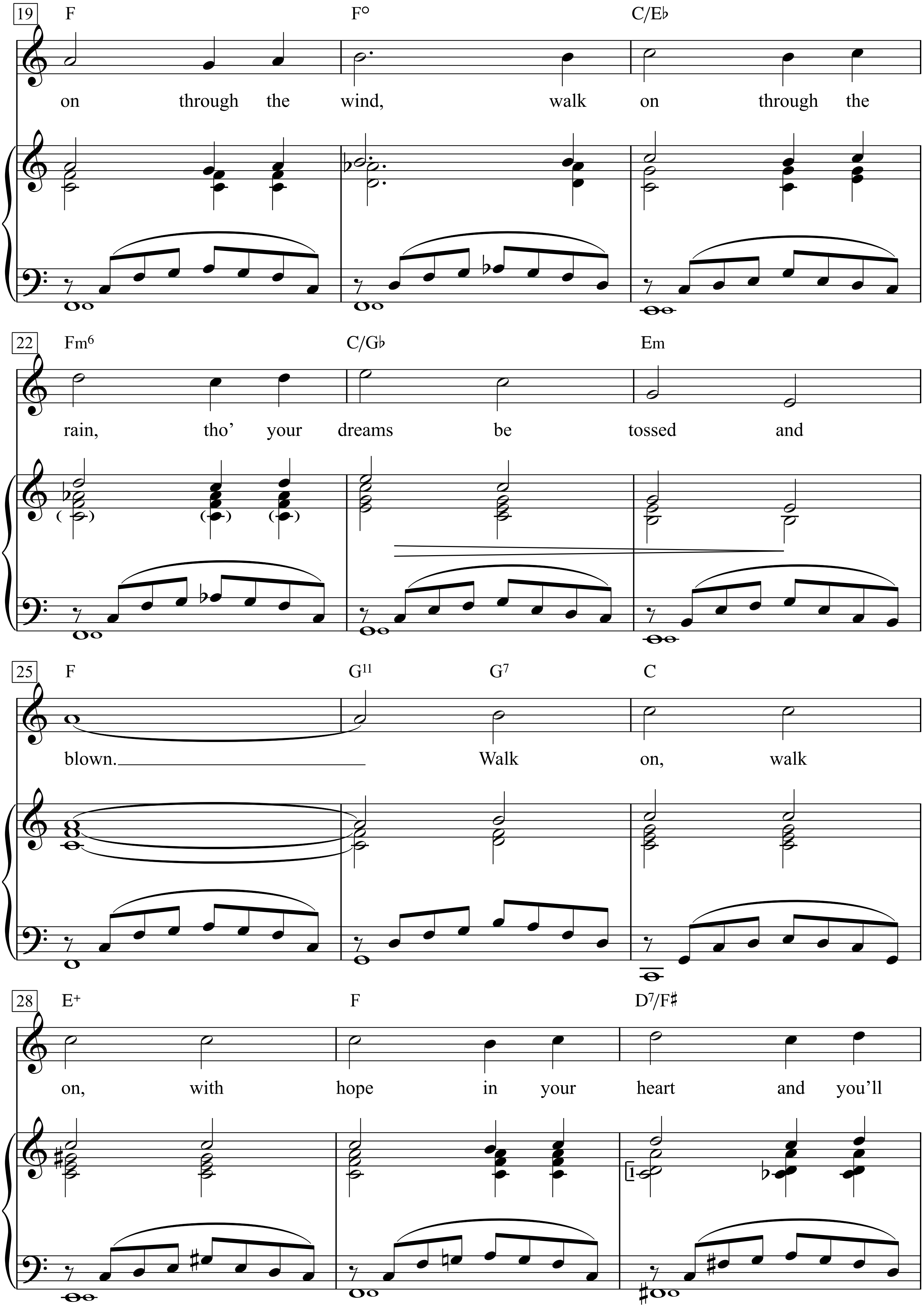
Oscar Hammerstein II

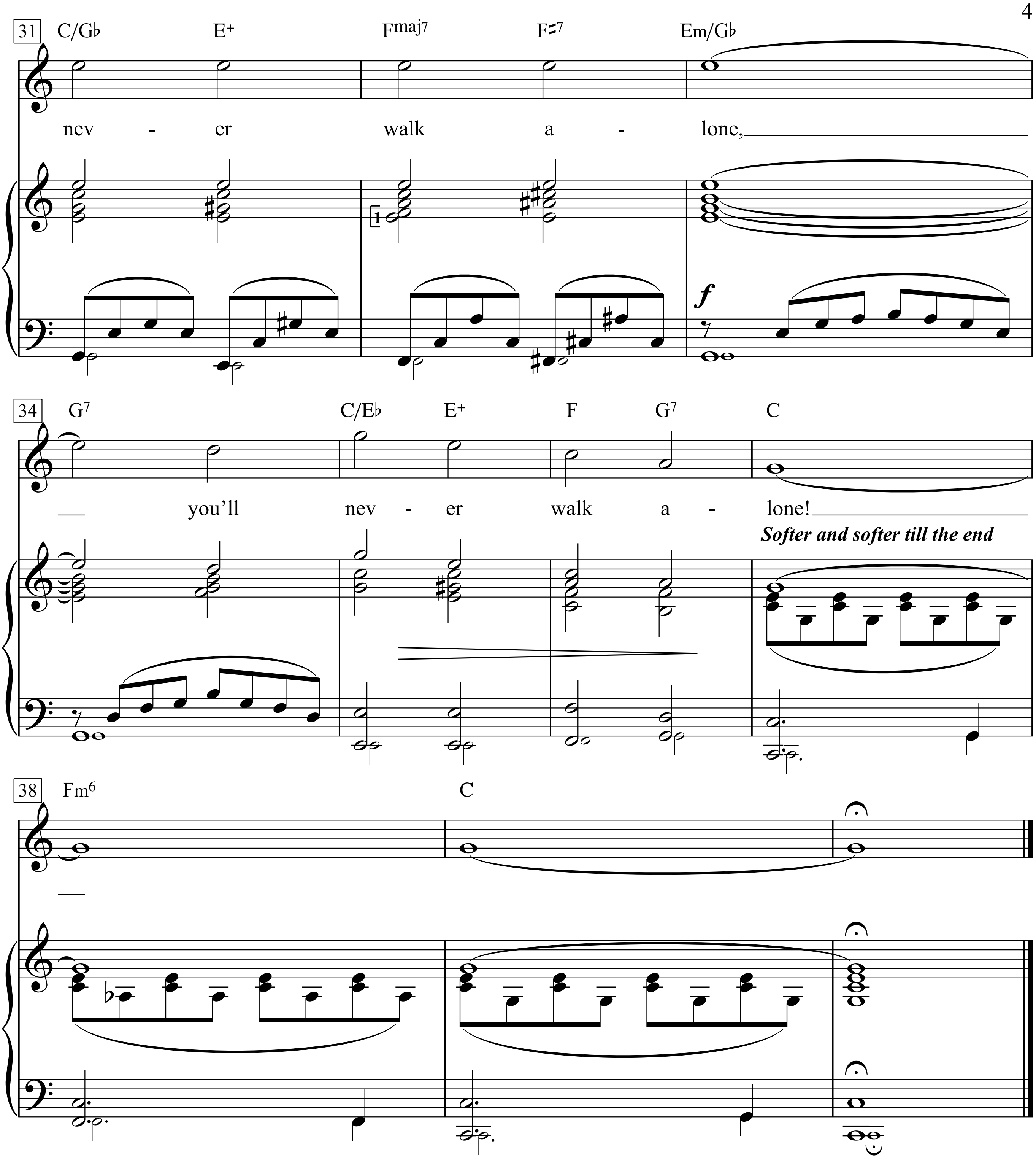
Richard Rodgers



Treasury Of Best Loved Songs (Reader's Digest), p. 154-156


10
Gm
Dm
B♭
at the end of the storm is a
mp
13
F
Dm
B♭/D♭
F/C♭
gol - den sky. And the sweet sil - ver
16
Gm/B♭♭
F/A♭
E/G♯
C7/G♭
song of a lark. Walk
cresc.


19
F
F°
C/E♭
on through the wind, walk on through the
22
Fm6
C/G♭
Em
rain, tho' your dreams be tossed and
25
F
G11
G7
C
blown. Walk on, walk
28
E+
F
D7/F♯
on, with hope in your heart and you'll



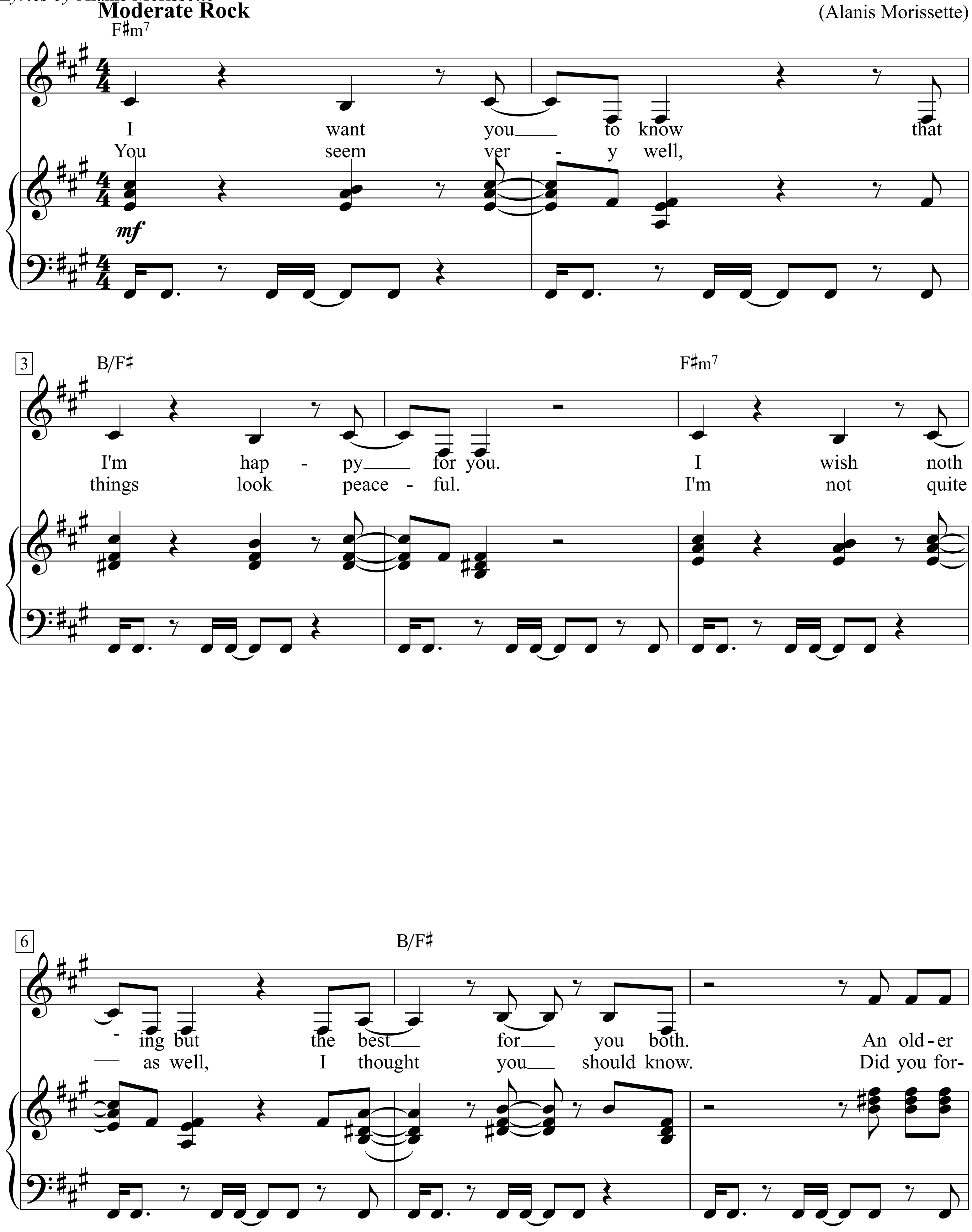
When you walk through the storm
hold your head up high
and don't be afraid of the dark
at the end of the storm
is a golden sky.
And the sweet silver song of a lark.
Walk on through the wind,
walk on through the rain,
tho' your dreams be tossed and blown.
Walk on, walk on, with hope in your heart
and you'll never walk alone,
you'll never walk alone!

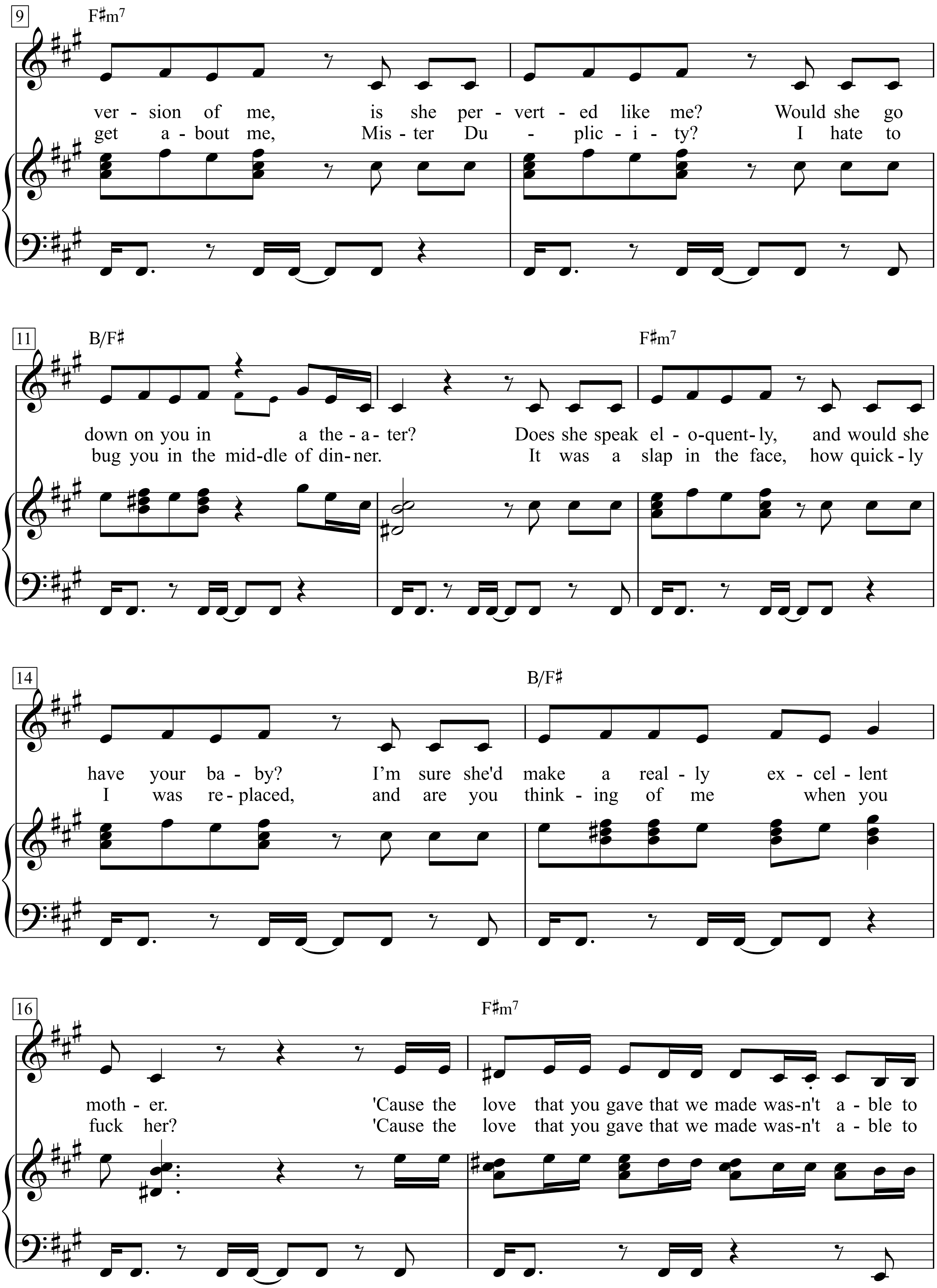
Wenn du durch einen Sturm gehst
Geh erhobenen Hauptes
Und habe keine Angst vor der Dunkelheit
Am Ende des Sturms
Gibt es einen goldenen Himmel
Und das süße, silberhelle Lied einer Lerche
Geh weiter, durch den Wind
Geh weiter, durch den Regen
Auch wenn sich alle Deine Träume in Luft auflösen
Geh weiter, geh weiter, mit Hoffnung in deinem Herzen
Und du wirst niemals alleine gehen
Du wirst niemals alleine gehen

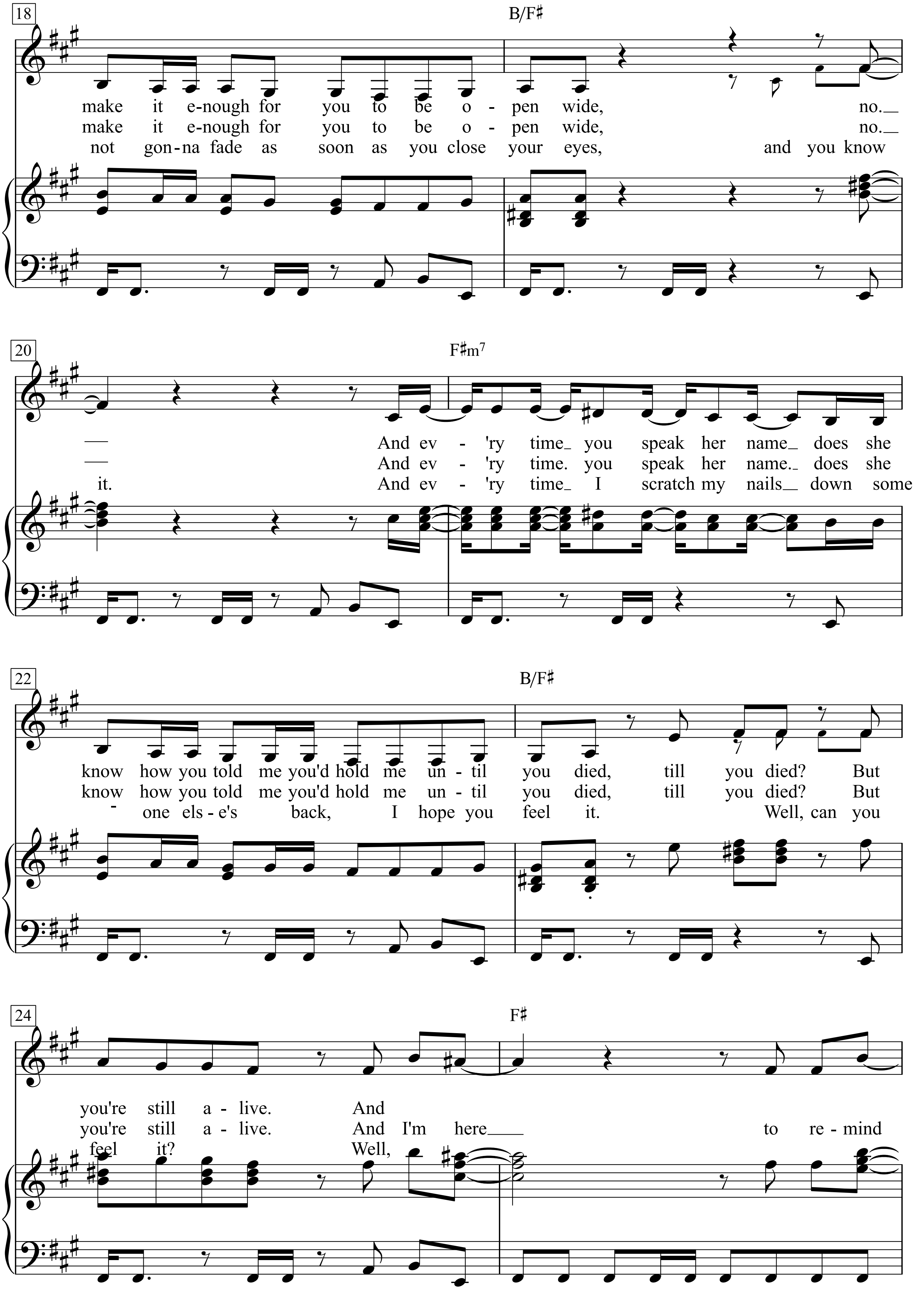
You Oughta Know

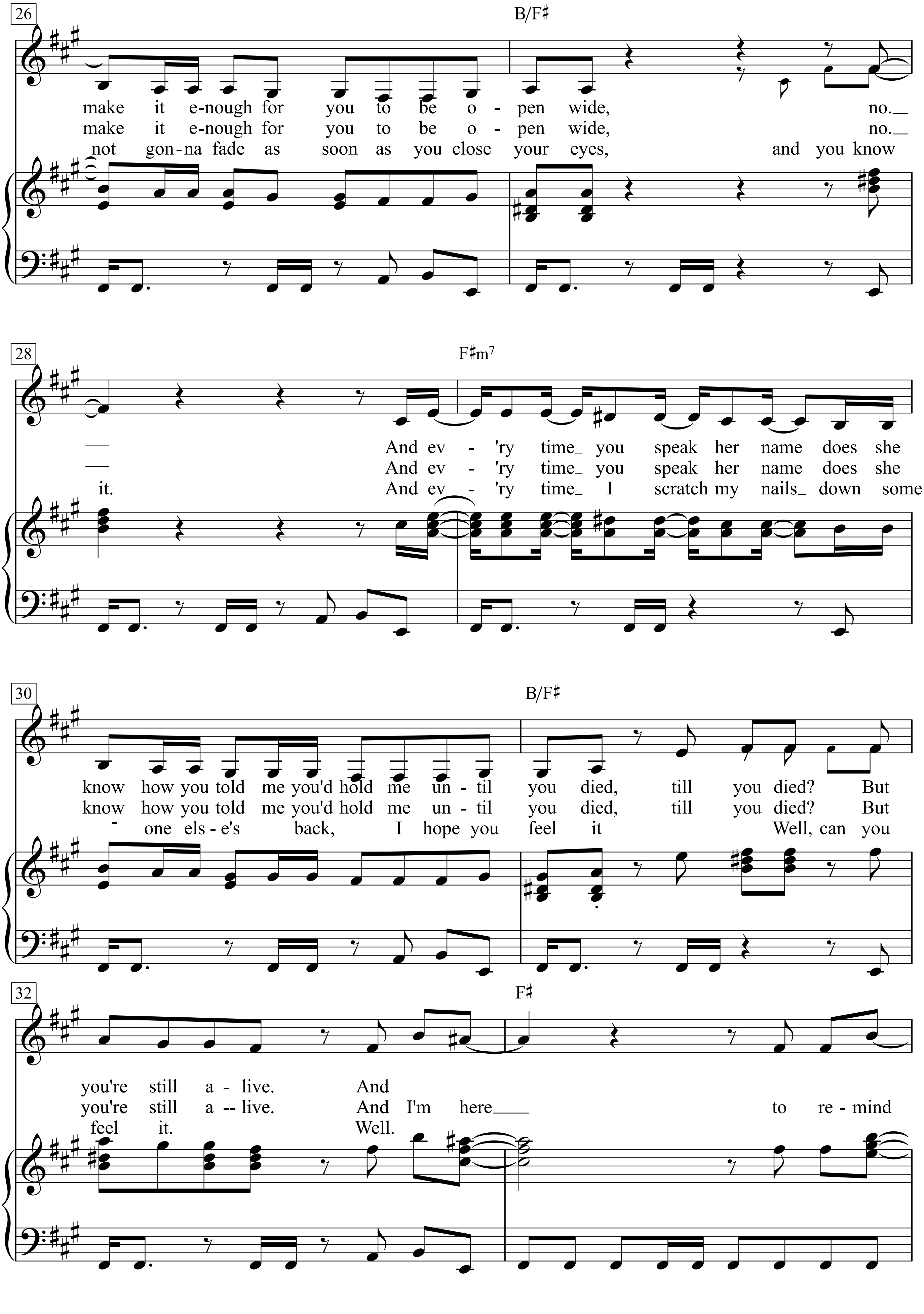
Lyrics by Alanis Morissette

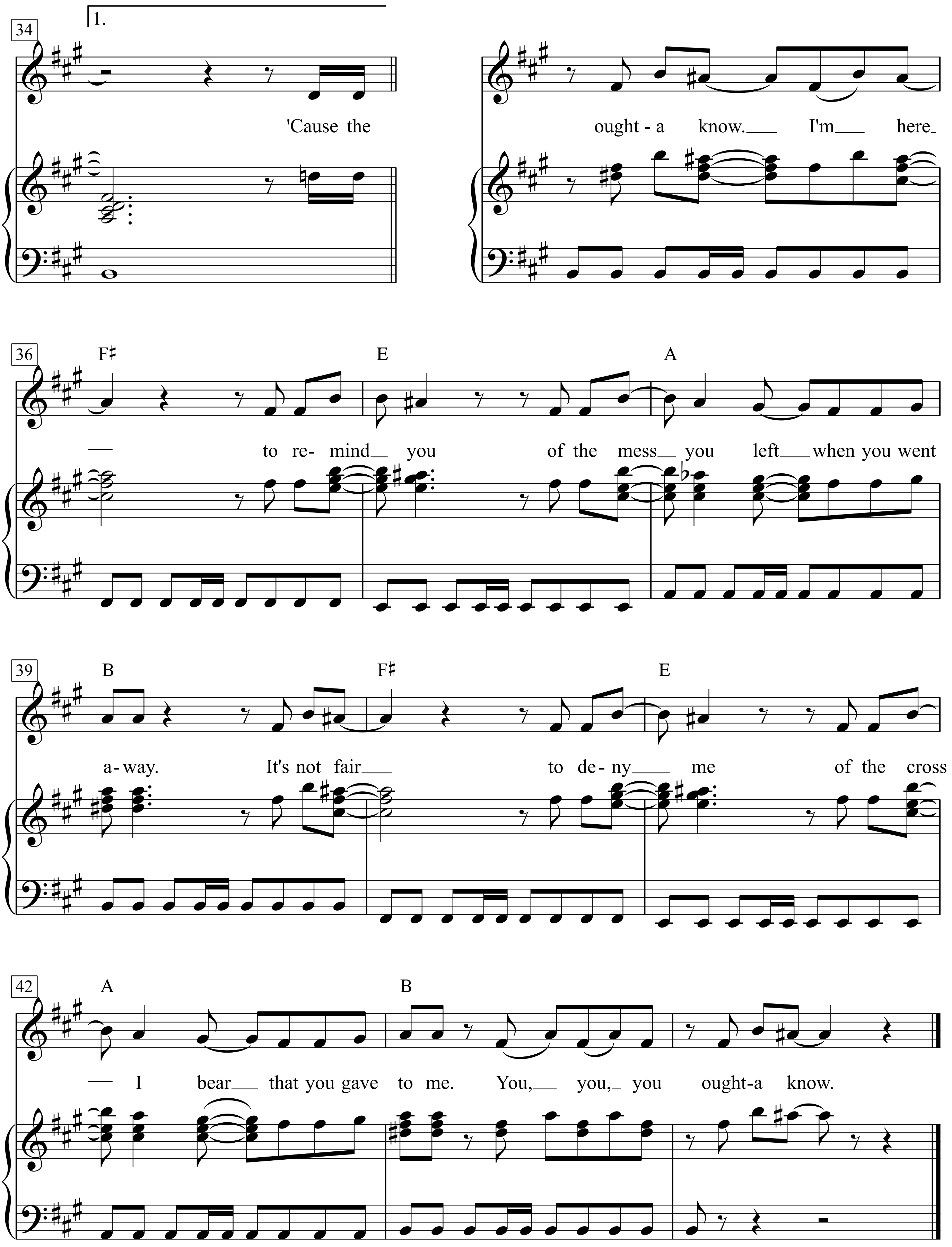
Music by
Alanis Morissette and Glen Ballard
(Alanis Morissette)




9
F♯m7
ver - sion of me, is she per - vert - ed like me? Would she go
get a - bout me, Mis - ter Du - plic - i - ty? I hate to
11
B/F♯
F♯m7
down on you in a the - a - ter? Does she speak el - o-quent - ly, and would she
bug you in the mid-dle of din - ner. It was a slap in the face, how quick - ly
14
B/F♯
have your ba - by? I'm sure she'd make a real - ly ex - cel - lent
I was re - placed, and are you think - ing of me when you
16
F♯m7
moth - er. 'Cause the love that you gave that we made was-n't a - ble to
fuck her? 'Cause the love that you gave that we made was-n't a - ble to


18
B/F♯
make it e-nough for you to be o - pen wide, no.
make it e-nough for you to be o - pen wide, no.
not gon-na fade as soon as you close your eyes, and you know
20
F♯m7
And ev - 'ry time you speak her name does she
And ev - 'ry time. you speak her name. does she
it. And ev - 'ry time I scratch my nails down some
22
B/F♯
know how you told me you'd hold me un - til you died, till you died? But
know how you told me you'd hold me un - til you died, till you died? But
- one els - e's back, I hope you feel it. Well, can you
24
F♯
you're still a - live. And
you're still a - live. And I'm here to re - mind
feel it? Well,


26
B/F♯
make it e-nough for you to be o - pen wide, no.
make it e-nough for you to be o - pen wide, no.
not gon-na fade as soon as you close your eyes, and you know
28
F♯m7
And ev - 'ry time you speak her name does she
And ev - 'ry time you speak her name does she
it. And ev - 'ry time I scratch my nails down some
30
B/F♯
know how you told me you'd hold me un - til you died, till you died? But
know how you told me you'd hold me un - til you died, till you died? But
one els - e's back, I hope you feel it Well, can you
32
F♯
you're still a - live. And
you're still a -- live. And I'm here to re - mind
feel it. Well.

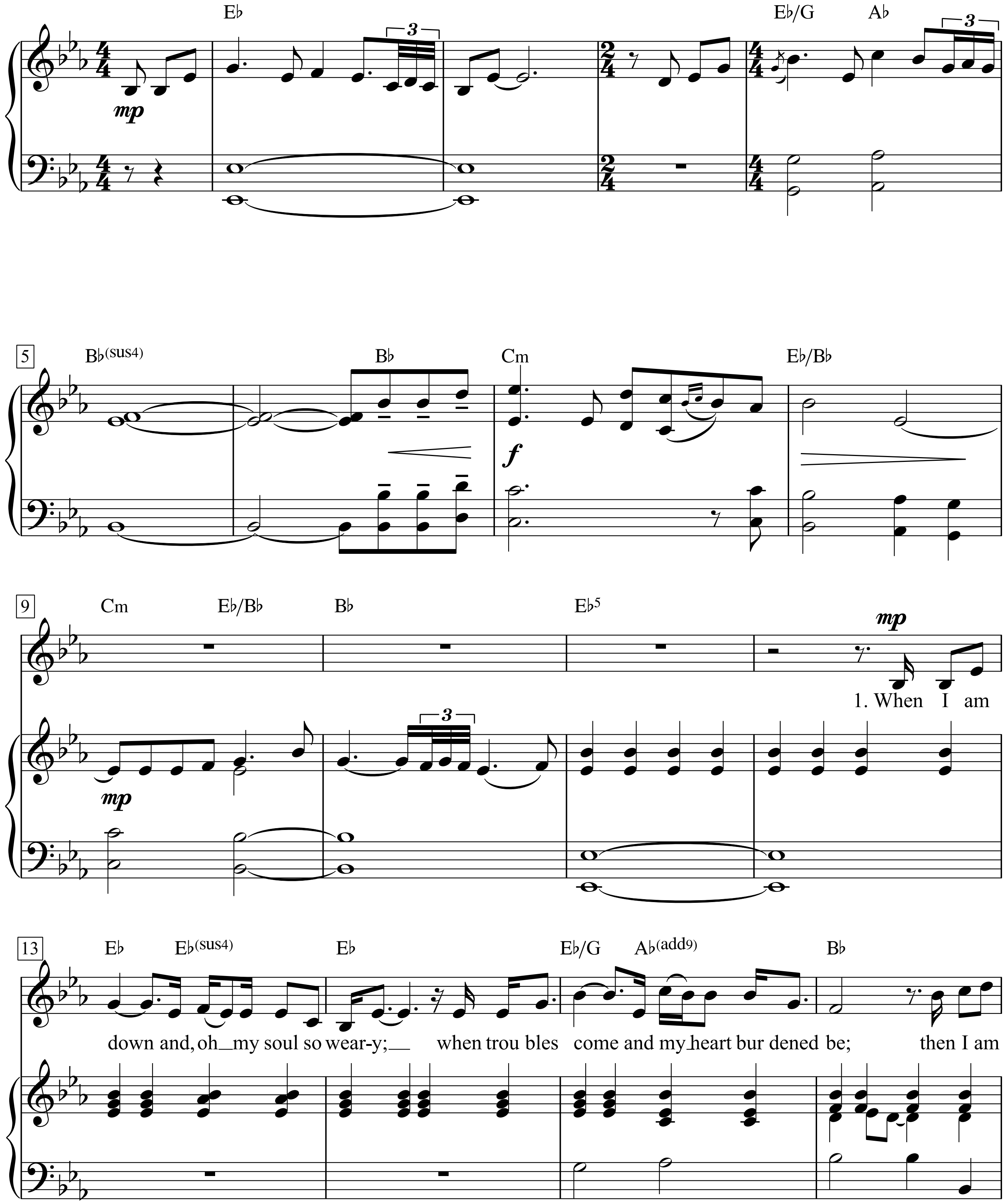

34
1.
'Cause the
ought - a know. I'm here
36
F♯
E
A
to re- mind you of the mess you left when you went
39
B
F♯
E
a-way. It's not fair to de-ny me of the cross
42
A
B
I bear that you gave to me. You, you, you ought-a know.

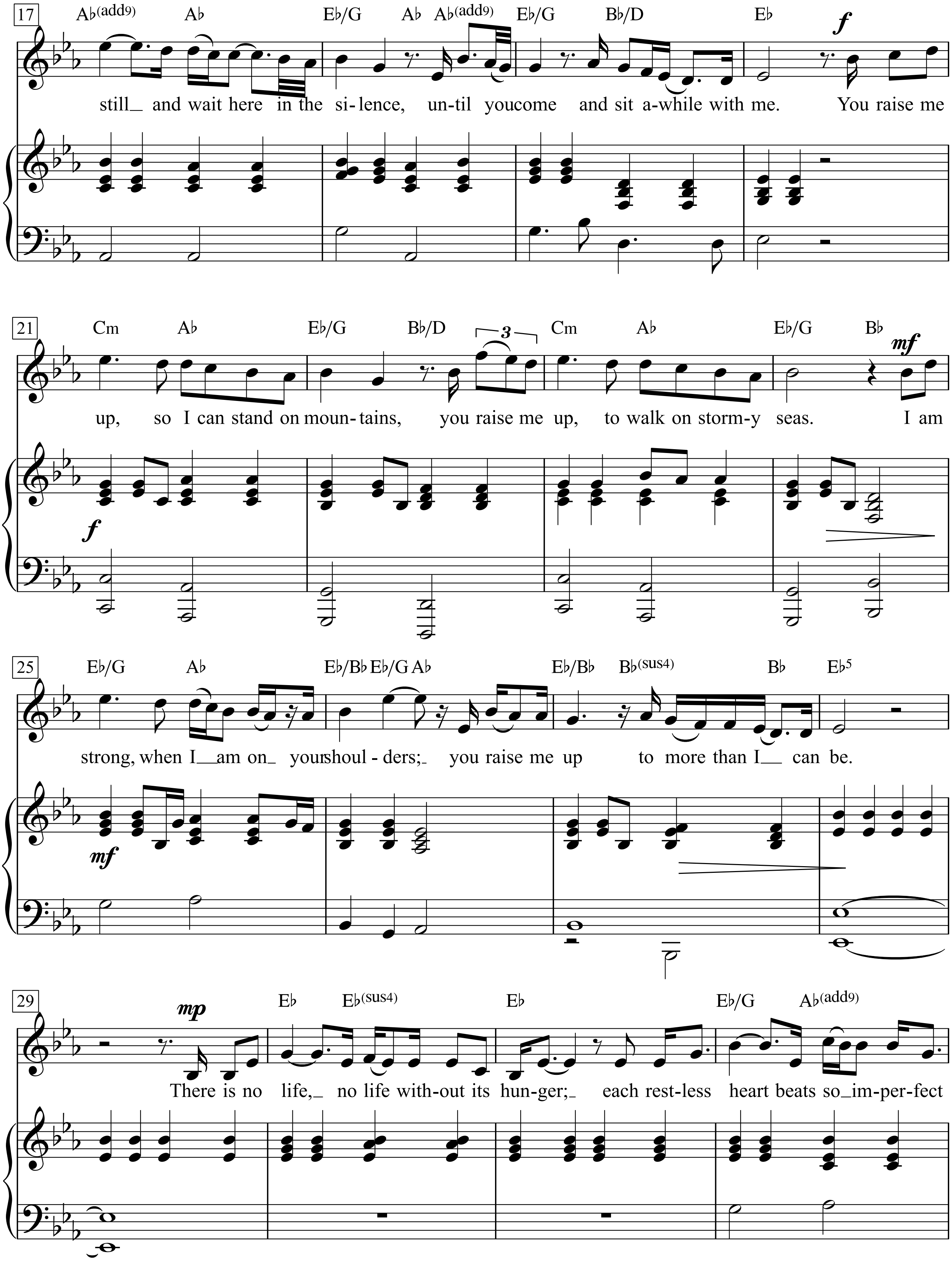
You Raise me Up

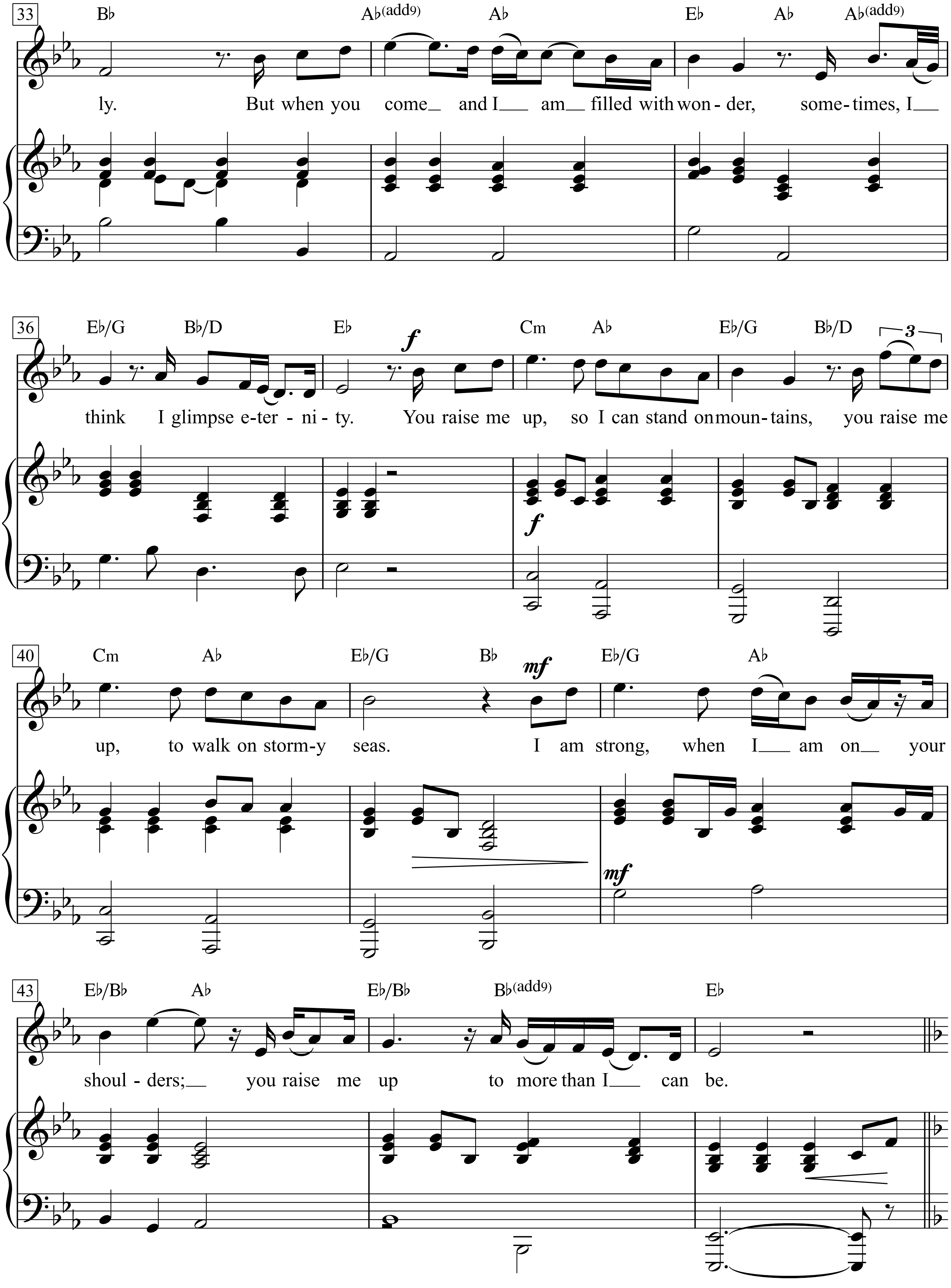
Words by Brendan Graham

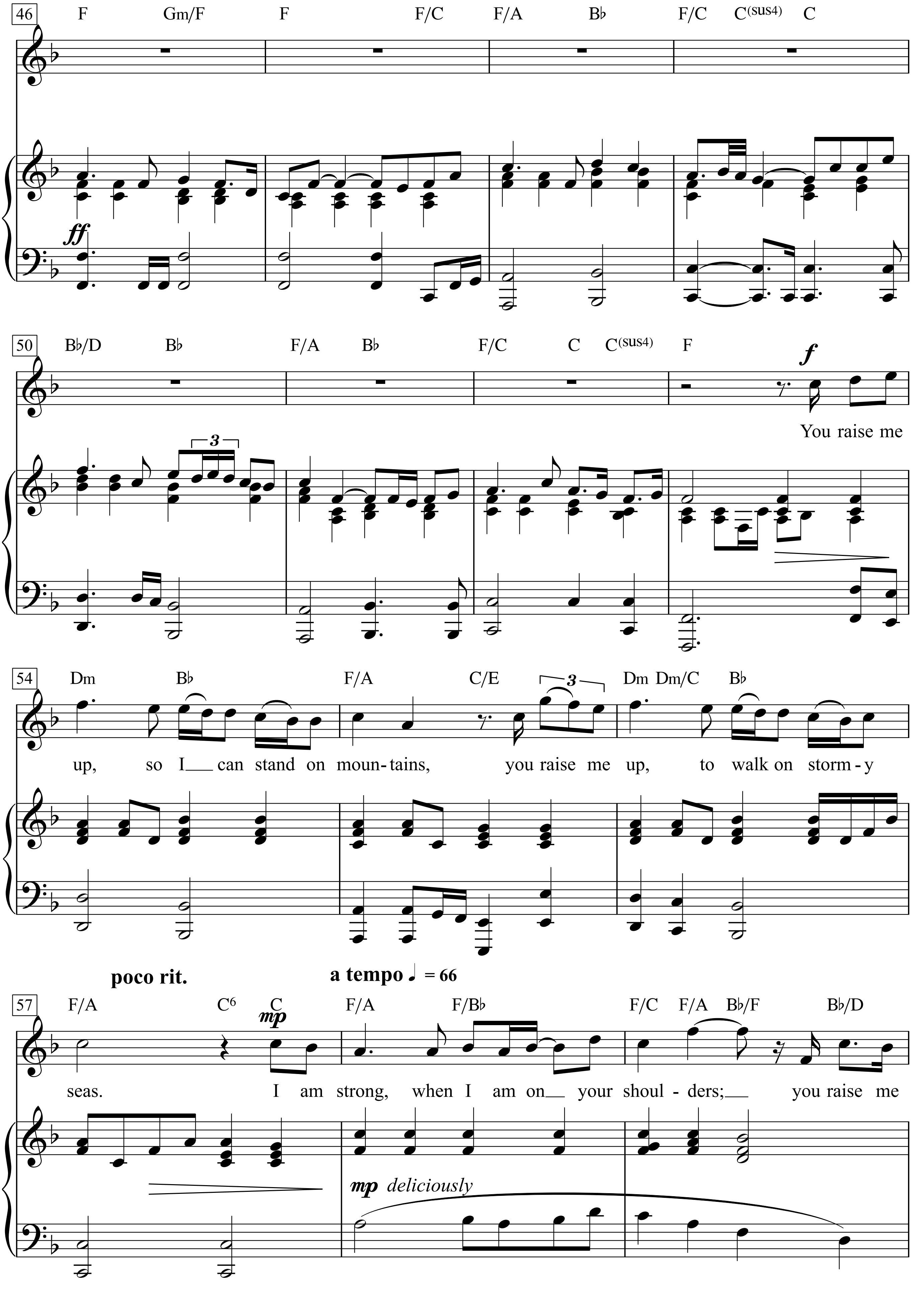
Music by Rolf Løvland

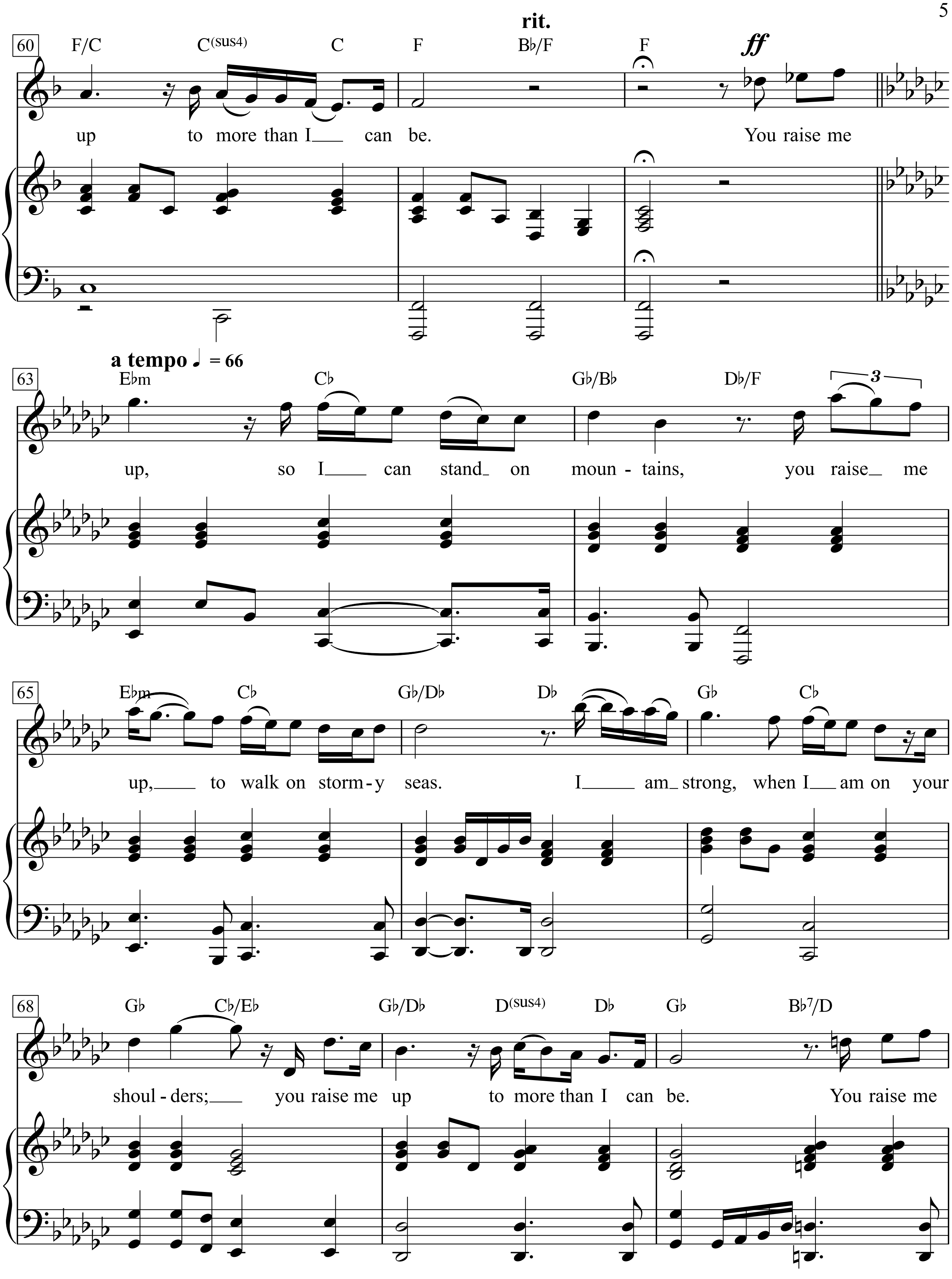
With much expression (♩ = 66)

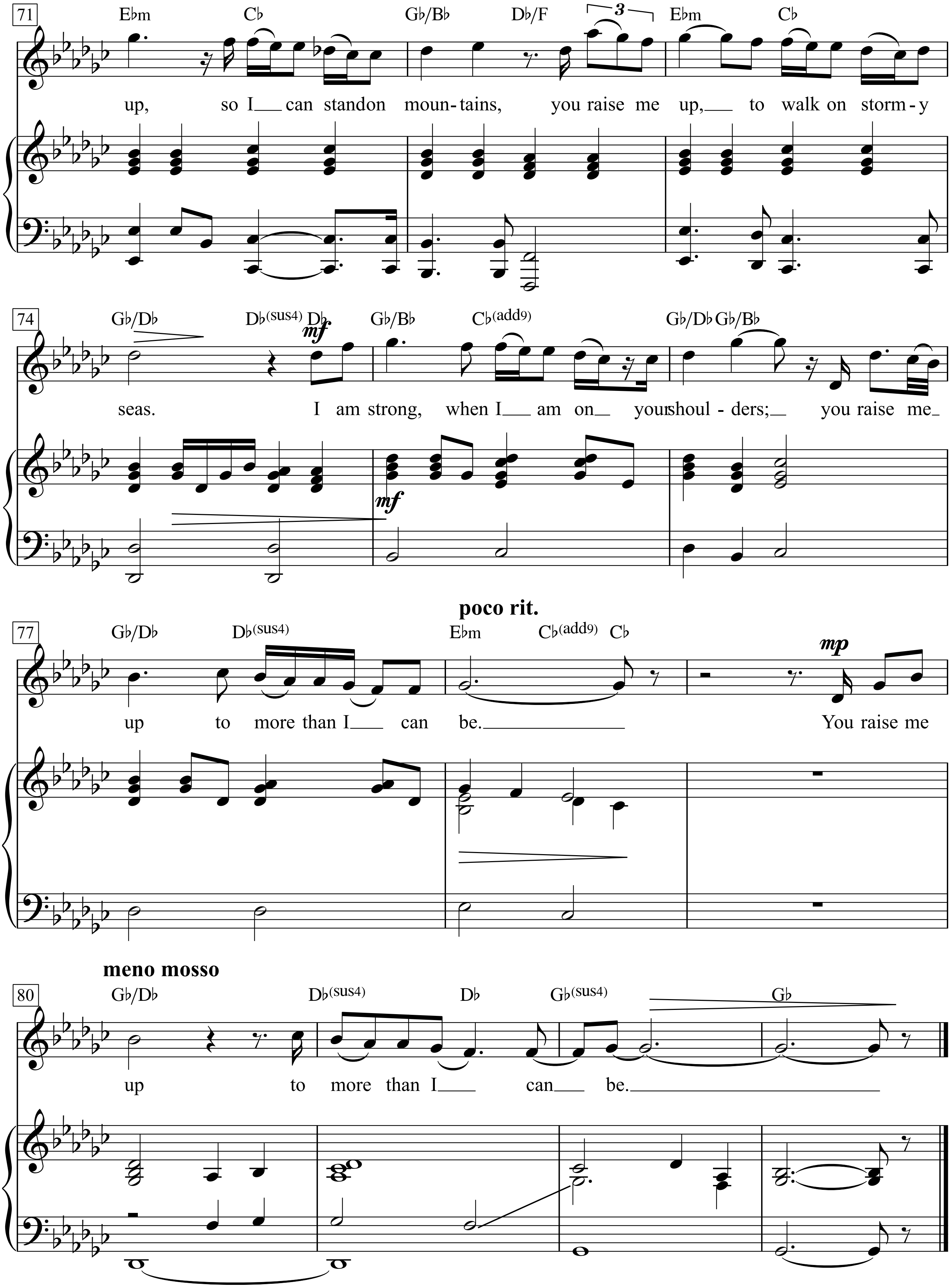



17
A♭(add9) A♭ E♭/G A♭ A♭(add9) E♭/G B♭/D E♭
f
still_ and wait here in the si-lence, un-til youcome and sit a-while with me. You raise me
21
Cm A♭ E♭/G B♭/D 3 Cm A♭ E♭/G B♭
mf
up, so I can stand on moun-tains, you raise me up, to walk on storm-y seas. I am
f
25
E♭/G A♭ E♭/B♭ E♭/G A♭ E♭/B♭ B♭(sus4) B♭ E♭5
strong, when I__am on_ yourshoul-ders;_ you raise me up to more than I__ can be.
mf
29
mp
E♭ E♭(sus4) E♭ E♭/G A♭(add9)
There is no life,_ no life with-out its hun-ger;_ each rest-less heart beats so_im-per-fect


33
B♭ A♭(add9) A♭ E♭ A♭ A♭(add9)
ly. But when you come_ and I__ am_ filled with won - der, some- times, I__
36
E♭/G B♭/D E♭ Cm A♭ E♭/G B♭/D
f
3
think I glimpse e-ter - ni - ty. You raise me up, so I can stand on moun- tains, you raise me
40
Cm A♭ E♭/G B♭ E♭/G A♭
mf
up, to walk on storm-y seas. I am strong, when I__ am on_ your
43
E♭/B♭ A♭ E♭/B♭ B♭(add9) E♭
shoul - ders;_ you raise me up to more than I__ can be.


46
F Gm/F F F/C F/A B♭ F/C C(sus4) C
ff
50
B♭/D B♭ F/A B♭ F/C C C(sus4) F
f
You raise me
54
Dm B♭ F/A C/E Dm Dm/C B♭
up, so I can stand on moun-tains, you raise me up, to walk on storm-y
poco rit.
a tempo ♩ = 66
57
F/A C6 C F/A F/B♭ F/C F/A B♭/F B♭/D
mp
seas. I am strong, when I am on your shoul-ders; you raise me
mp deliciously

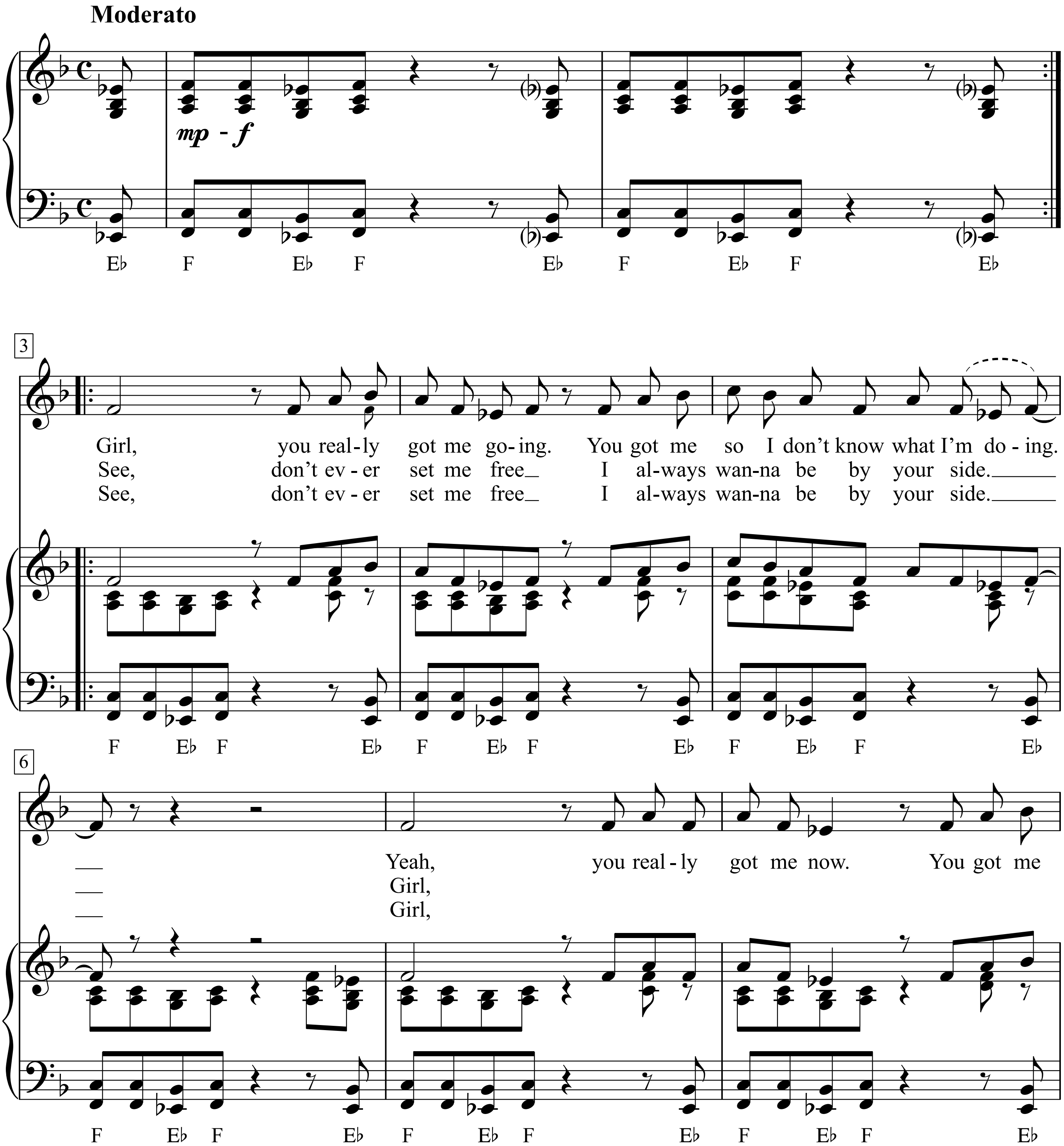

rit.
60
F/C C(sus4) C F B♭/F F
ff
up to more than I can be. You raise me
a tempo ♩ = 66
63
E♭m C♭ G♭/B♭ D♭/F
3
up, so I can stand on moun - tains, you raise me
65
E♭m C♭ G♭/D♭ D♭ G♭ C♭
up, to walk on storm - y seas. I am strong, when I am on your
68
G♭ C♭/E♭ G♭/D♭ D(sus4) D♭ G♭ B♭7/D
shoul - ders; you raise me up to more than I can be. You raise me

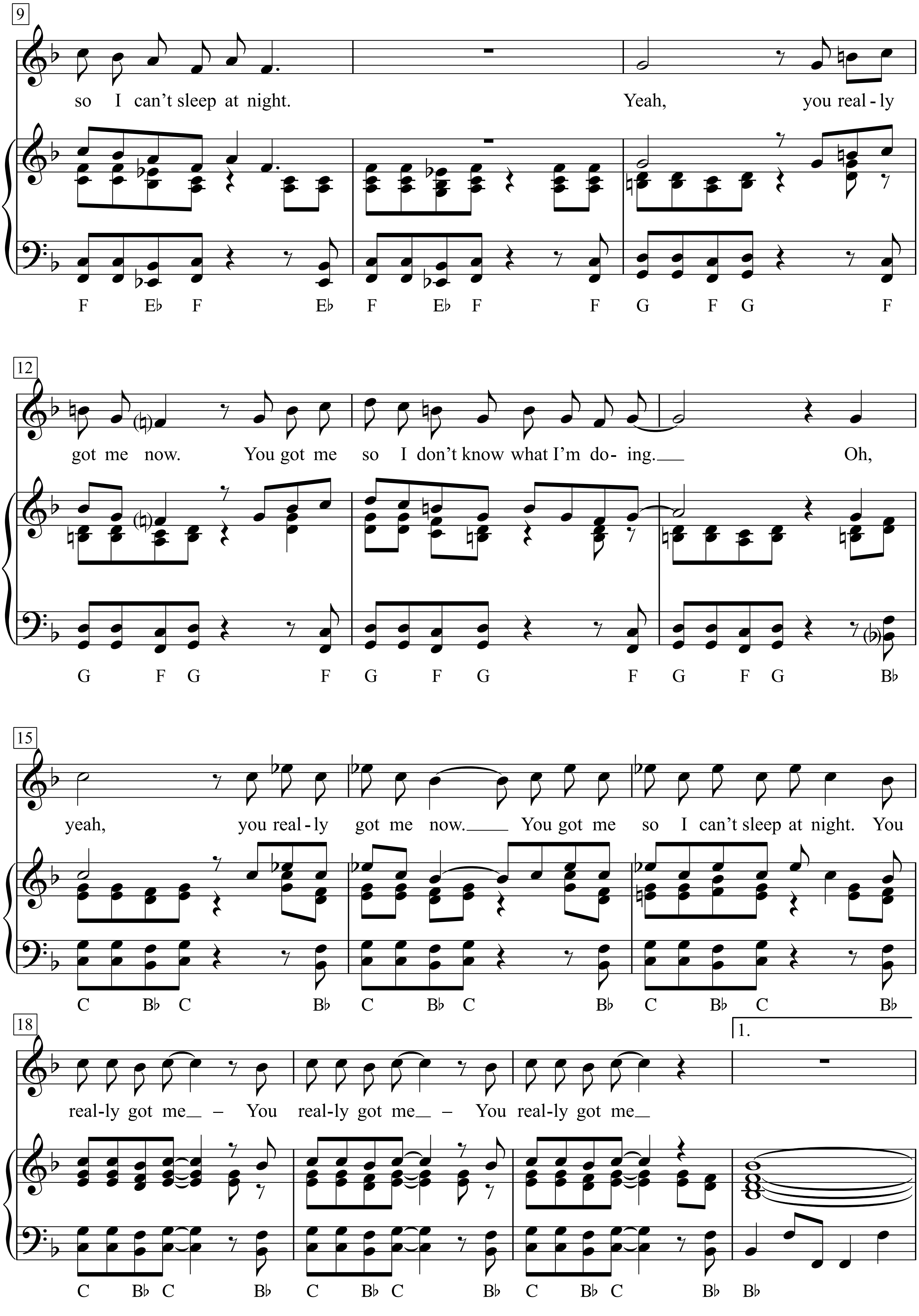

71
E♭m C♭ G♭/B♭ D♭/F E♭m C♭
up, so I can stand on mountains, you raise me up, to walk on storm-y
74
G♭/D♭ D♭(sus4) D♭ G♭/B♭ C♭(add9) G♭/D♭ G♭/B♭
seas. I am strong, when I am on your shoul-ders; you raise me
poco rit.
77
G♭/D♭ D♭(sus4) E♭m C♭(add9) C♭
up to more than I can be. You raise me
meno mosso
80
G♭/D♭ D♭(sus4) D♭ G♭(sus4) G♭
up to more than I can be.

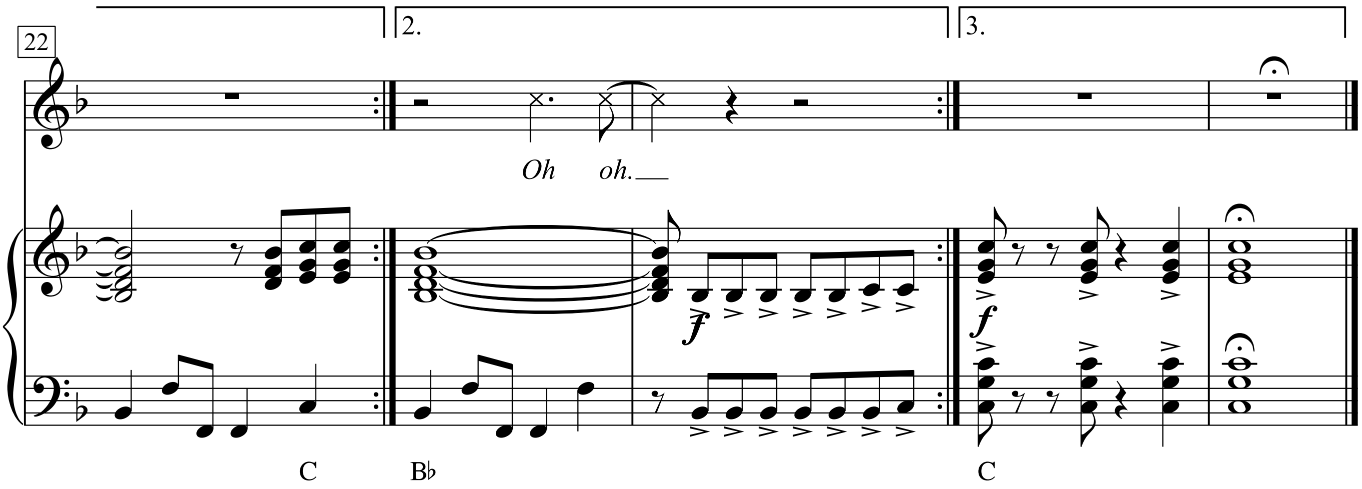
When I am down and, oh my soul so weary;
when troubles come and my heart burdened be;
then I am still and wait here in the silence,
until you come and sit awhile with me.
You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains,
you raise me up, to walk on stormy seas.
I am strong, when I am on your shoulders;
you raise me up to more than I can be.
There is no life, no life without its hunger;
each restless heart beats so imperfectly.
But when you come and I am filled with wonder, sometimes,
I think I glimpse eternity.
You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains,
you raise me up, to walk on stormy seas.
I am strong, when I am on your shoulders;
you raise me up to more than I can be.
You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains,
you raise me up, to walk on stormy seas.
I am strong, when I am on your shoulders;
you raise me up to more than I can be.
You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains,
you raise me up, to walk on stormy seas.
I am strong, when I am on your shoulders;
you raise me up to more than I can be.
You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains,
you raise me up, to walk on stormy seas.
I am strong, when I am on your shoulders;
you raise me up to more than I can be.
You raise me up to more than I can be.

You Really Got Me

Words & Music ***by*** Ray Davis
(The Kinks)




9
so I can't sleep at night.
Yeah, you real - ly
F Eb F Eb F Eb F F G F G F
12
got me now. You got me so I don't know what I'm do- ing.
Oh,
G F G F G F G F G F G Bb
15
yeah, you real - ly got me now. You got me so I can't sleep at night. You
C Bb C Bb C Bb C Bb C Bb C Bb
18
1.
real-ly got me – You real-ly got me – You real-ly got me
C Bb C Bb C Bb C Bb C Bb C Bb Bb


22
2.
3.
Oh oh.
f
f
C
B♭
C

1.
Girl, you really got me going.
You got me so I don’t know what I’m doing.
Yeah, you really got me now.
You got me so I can’t sleep at night.
Yeah, you really got me now.
You got me so I don’t know what I’m doing.
Oh, yeah, you really got me now.
You got me so I can’t sleep at night.
You really got me –
You really got me –
You really got me Oh oh.

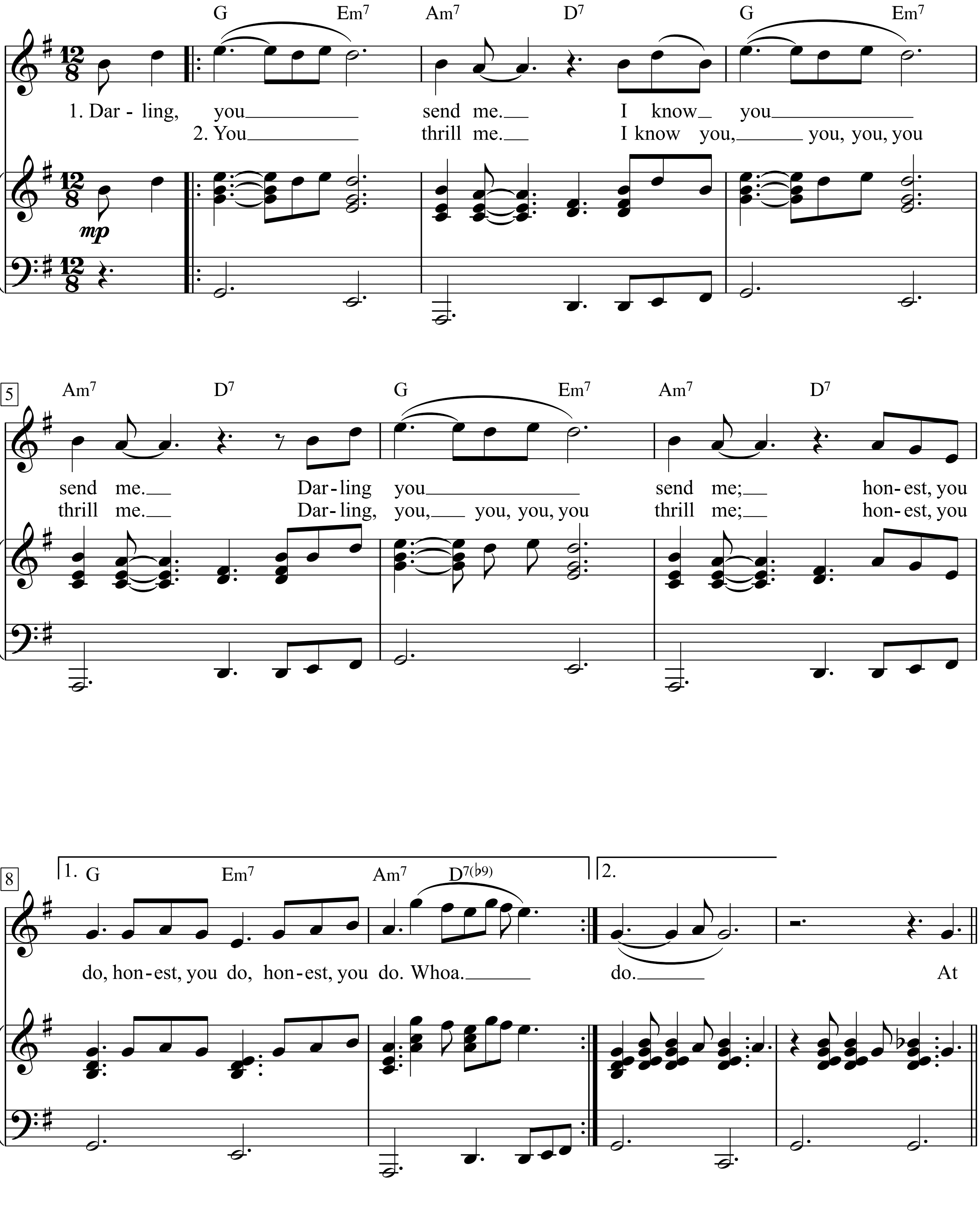
2.
See, don’t ever set me free I always wanna be by your side.
Girl,

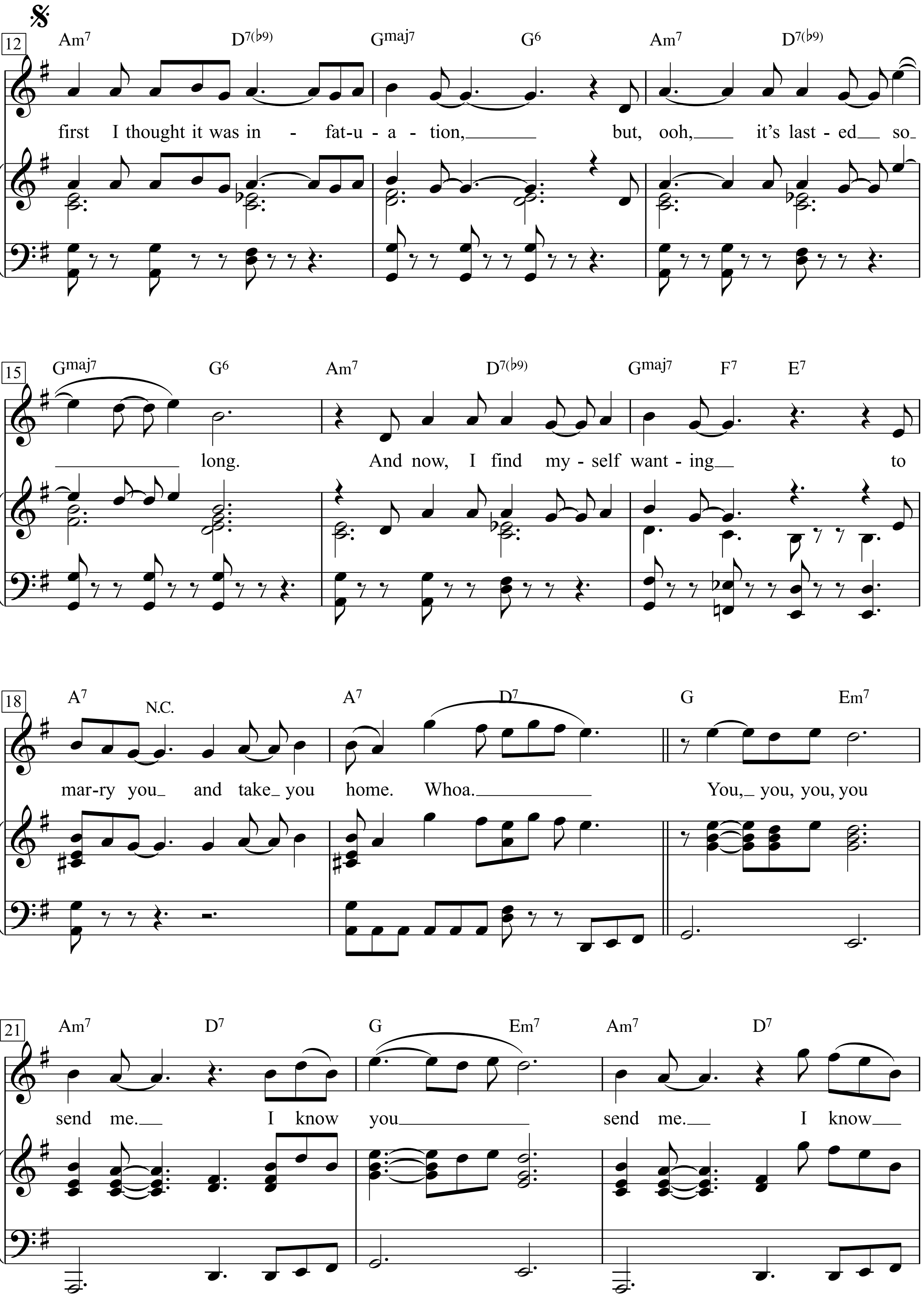
3.
See, don’t ever set me free I always wanna be by your side.
Girl,

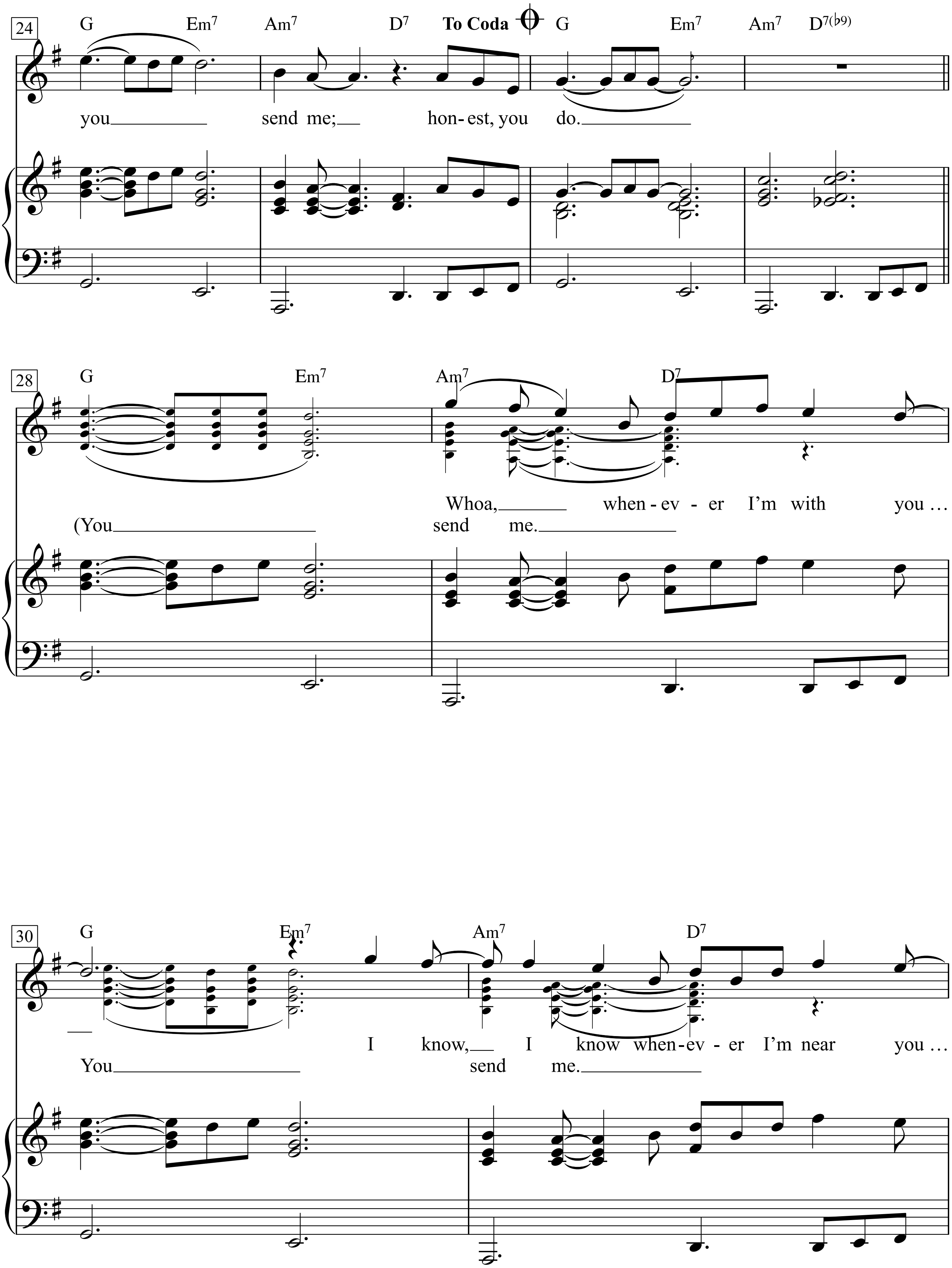
You Send Me

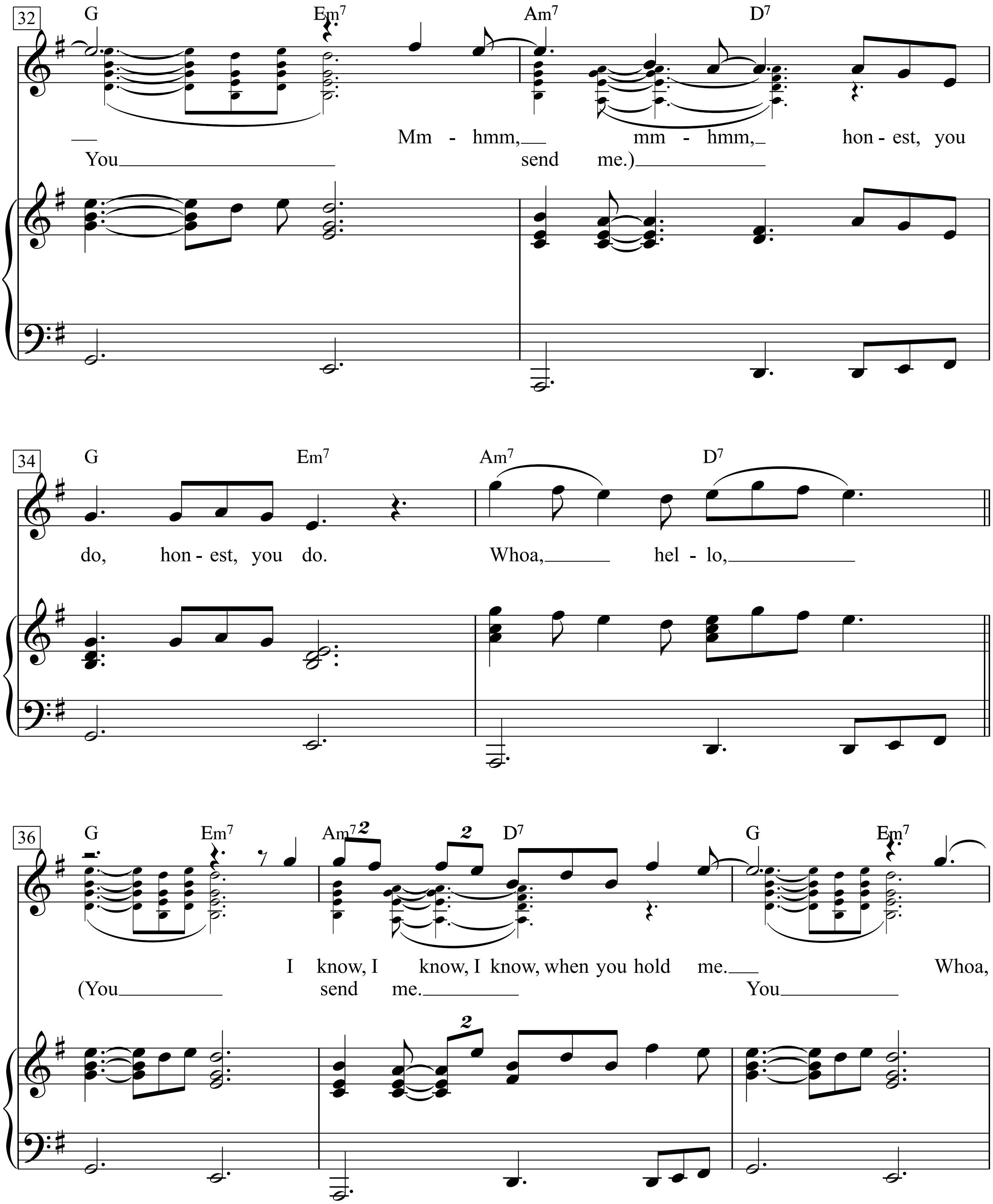
Words & Music by Sam Cooke
(Sam Cooke)

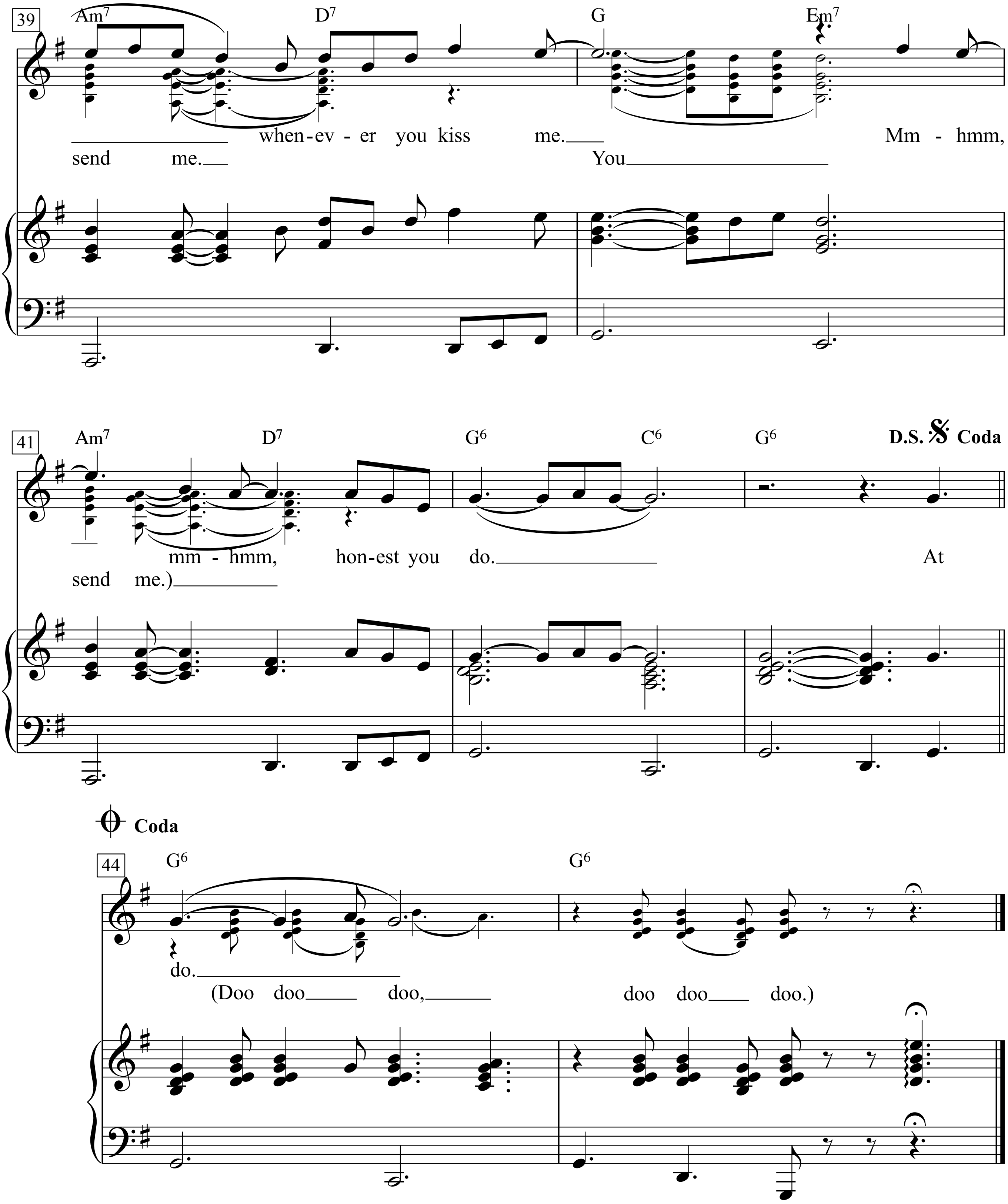
Moderately ♩. = 96




12
Am7 D7(♭9) Gmaj7 G6 Am7 D7(♭9)
first I thought it was in - fat-u - a - tion, but, ooh, it's last - ed so
15
Gmaj7 G6 Am7 D7(♭9) Gmaj7 F7 E7
long. And now, I find my - self want - ing to
18
A7 N.C. A7 D7 G Em7
mar-ry you and take you home. Whoa. You, you, you, you
21
Am7 D7 G Em7 Am7 D7
send me. I know you send me. I know


24
G Em7 Am7 D7 To Coda G Em7 Am7 D7(♭9)
you send me; hon-est, you do.
28
G Em7 Am7 D7
Whoa, when-ev-er I'm with you…
(You send me.
30
G Em7 Am7 D7
I know, I know when-ev-er I'm near you…
You send me.


32
G Em7 Am7 D7
Mm - hmm, mm - hmm, hon - est, you
You send me.)
34
G Em7 Am7 D7
do, hon - est, you do. Whoa, hel - lo,
36
G Em7 Am7 D7 G Em7
I know, I know, I know, when you hold me. Whoa,
(You send me. You


39
Am7 D7 G Em7
when-ev - er you kiss me. Mm - hmm,
send me. You
41
Am7 D7 G6 C6 G6 D.S. 𝄋 Coda
mm - hmm, hon-est you do. At
send me.)
Coda
44
G6 G6
do.
(Doo doo doo, doo doo doo.)

1. Darling, you send me. I know you send me.
Darling you send me; honest, you do,
honest, you do, honest, you do. Whoa.
At first I thought it was infatuation,
but, ooh, it's lasted so long.
And now, I find myself wanting
to marry you and take you home.
Whoa. You, you, you, you send me.
I know you send me.
I know you send me; honest, you do.
Whoa, whenever I'm with you …
I know, I know whenever I'm near you …
Mm-hmm, mm-hmm, honest, you do, honest, you do.
Whoa, hello,
I know, I know, I know, when you hold me.
Whoa, whenever you kiss me.
Mm-hmm, mm-hmm, honest you do.

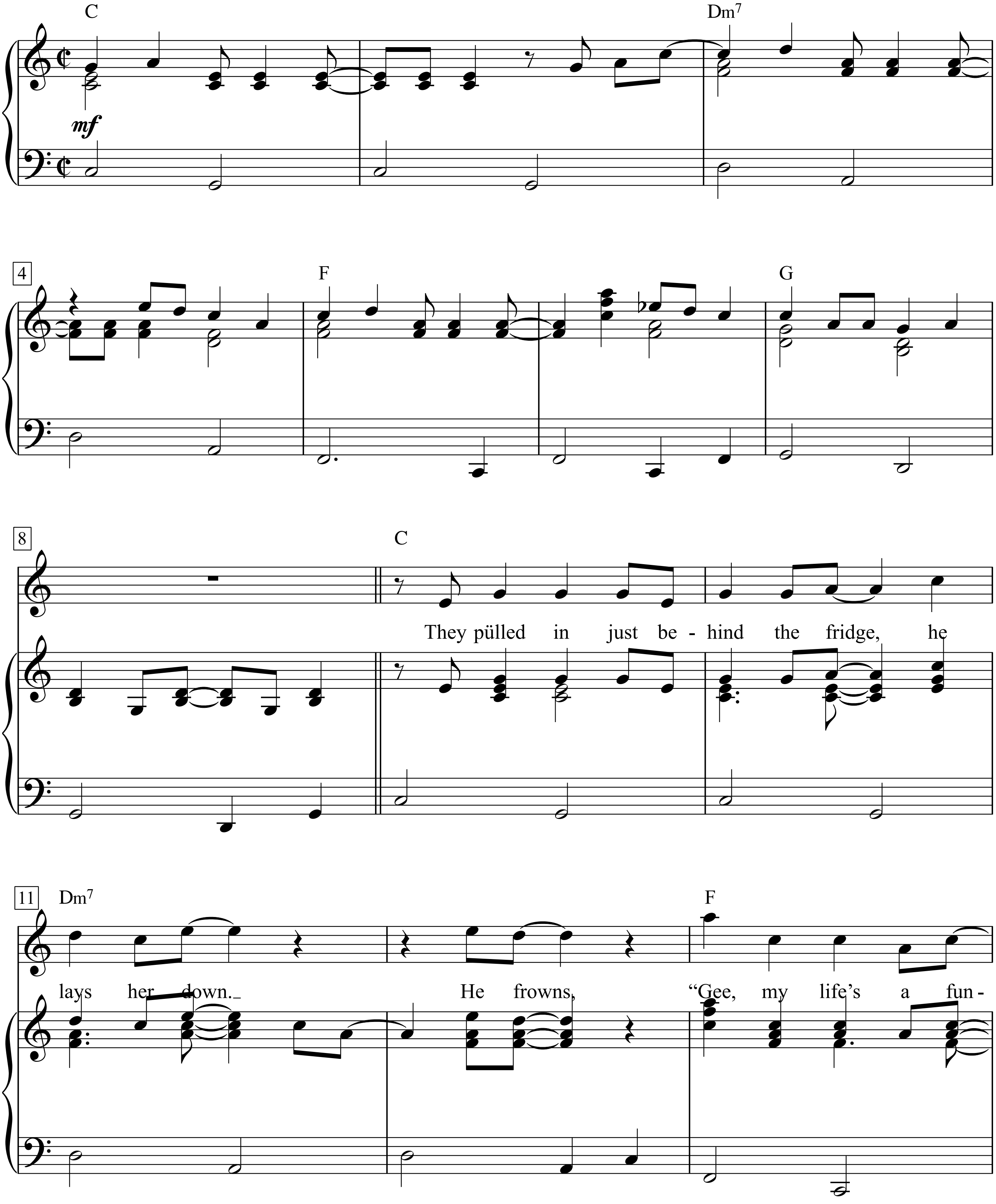
At
do.

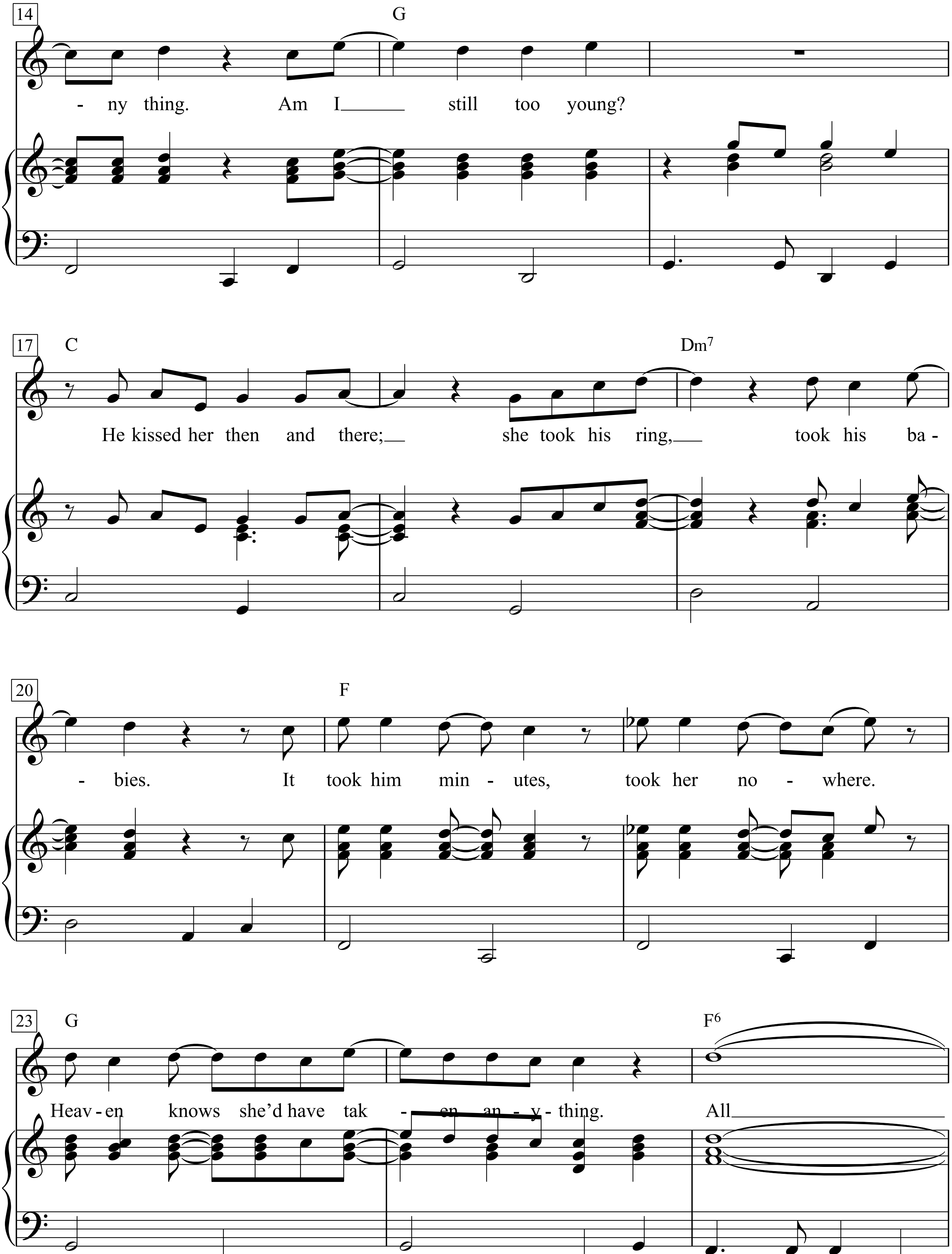
2. You thrill me. I know you, you, you, you thrill me.
Darling, you, you, you, you thrill me; honest, you do,
(You send me. You send me. You send me.)
(You send me. You send me. You send me.)
(Doo doo doo, doo doo doo.)

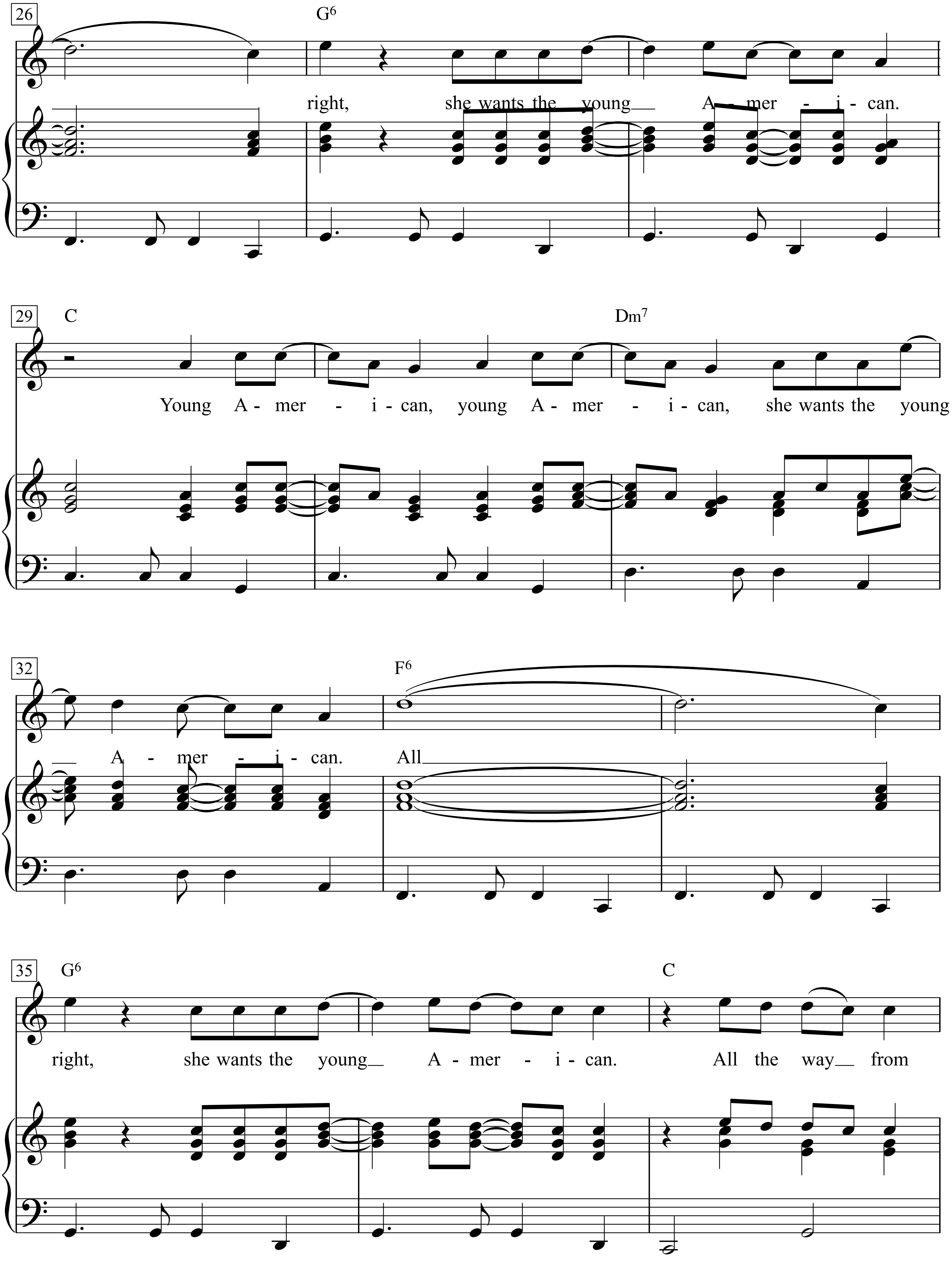
Young Americans

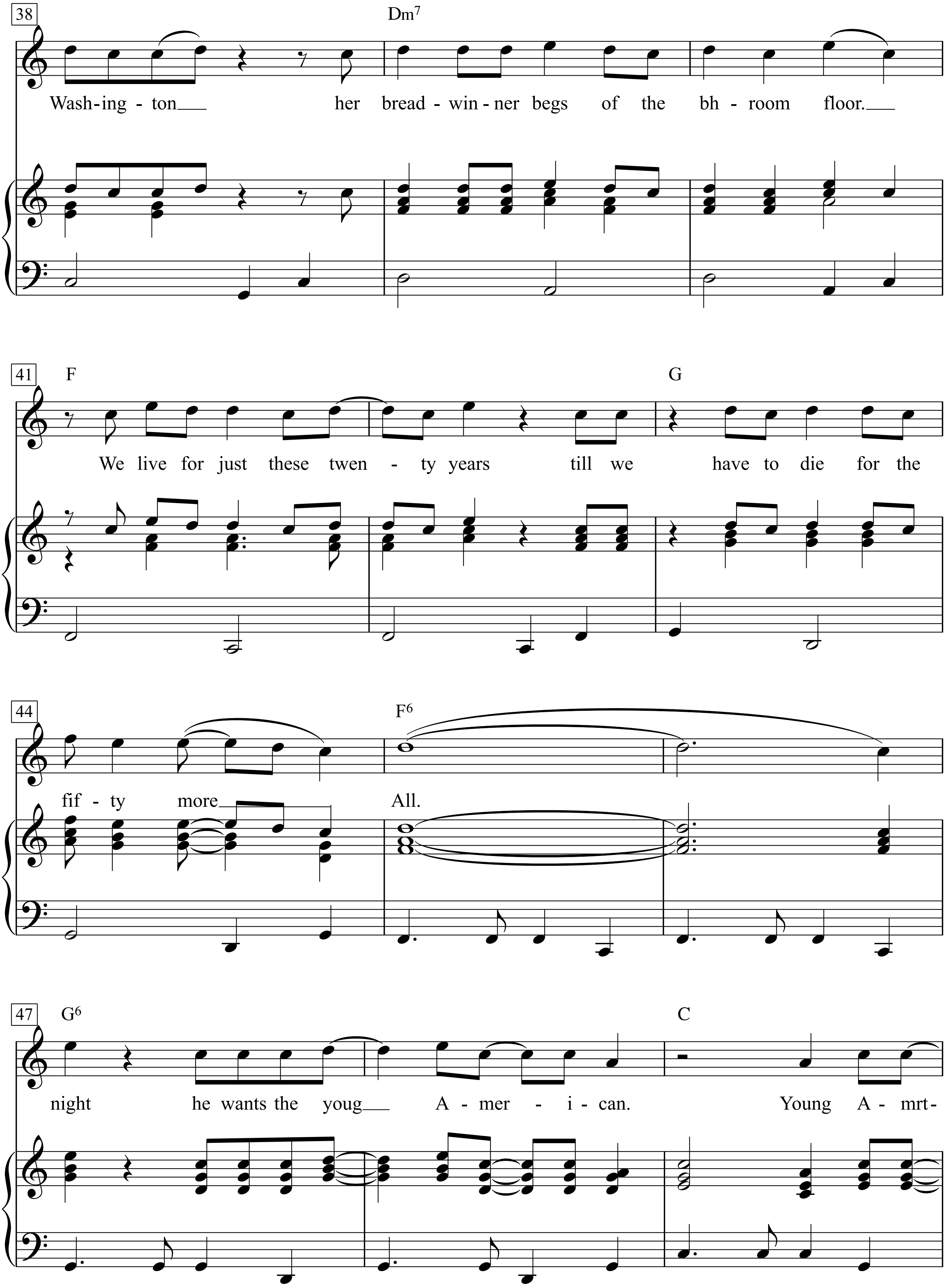
Words & Music by David Bowie
(David Bowie)

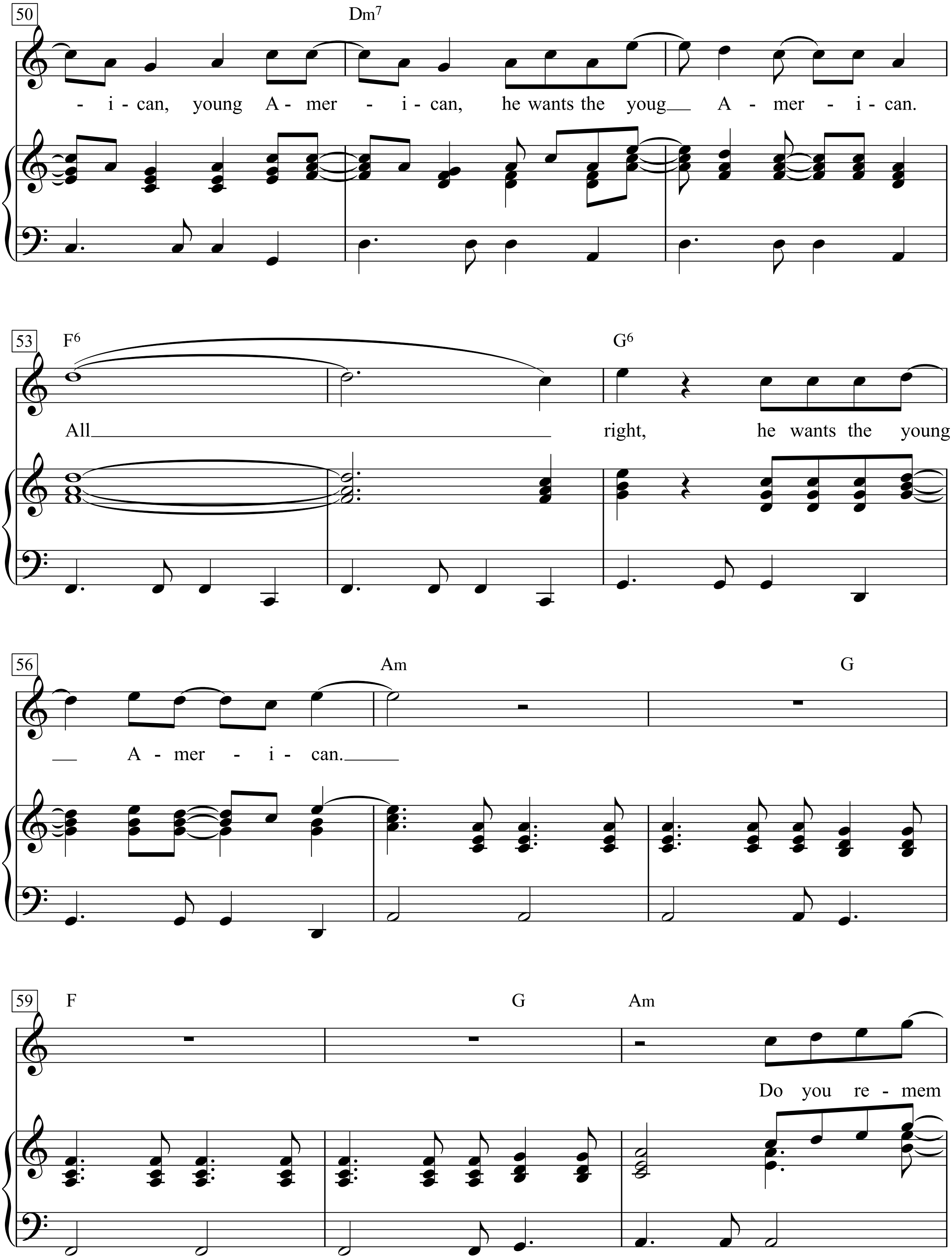
With a heavy beat

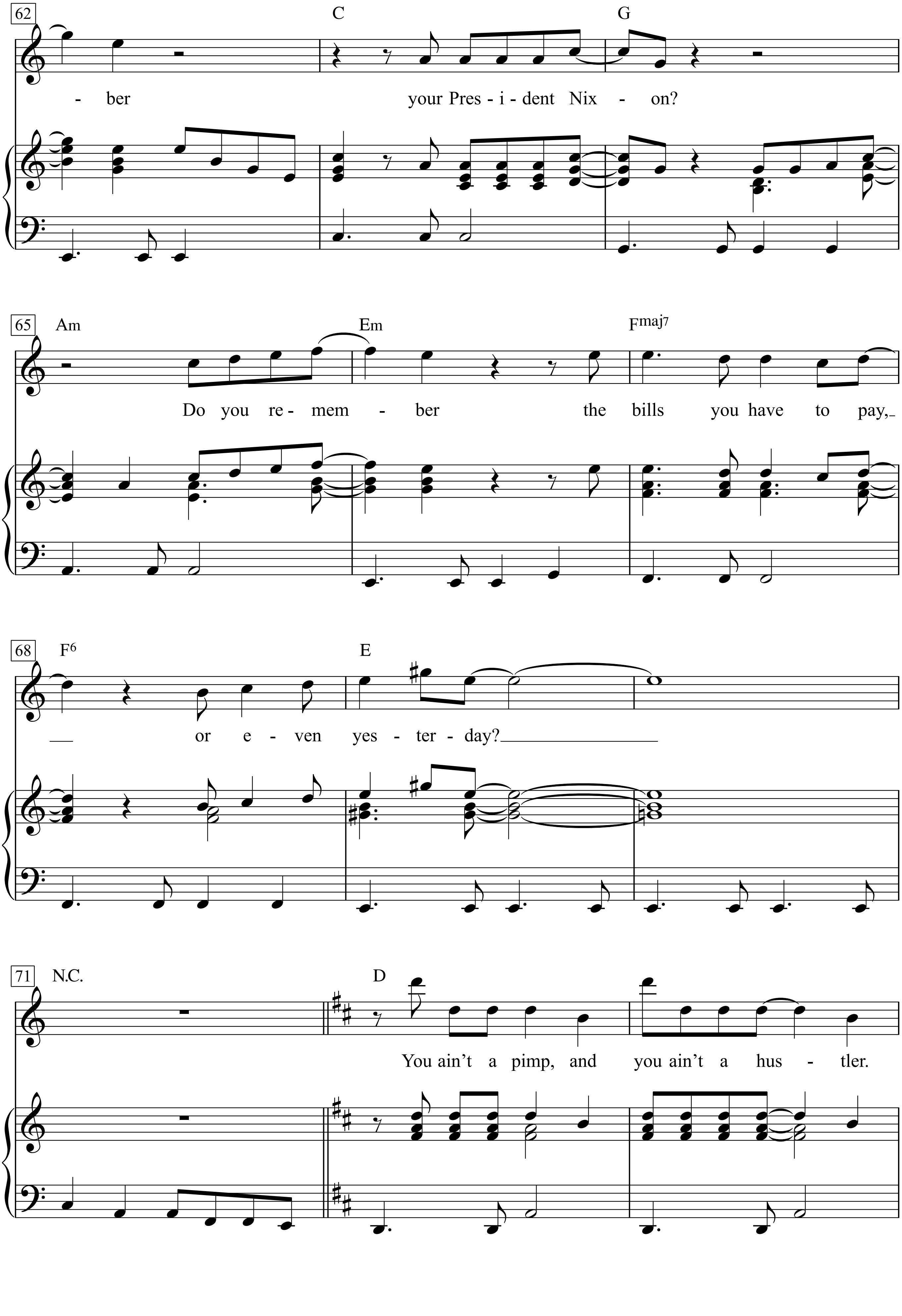


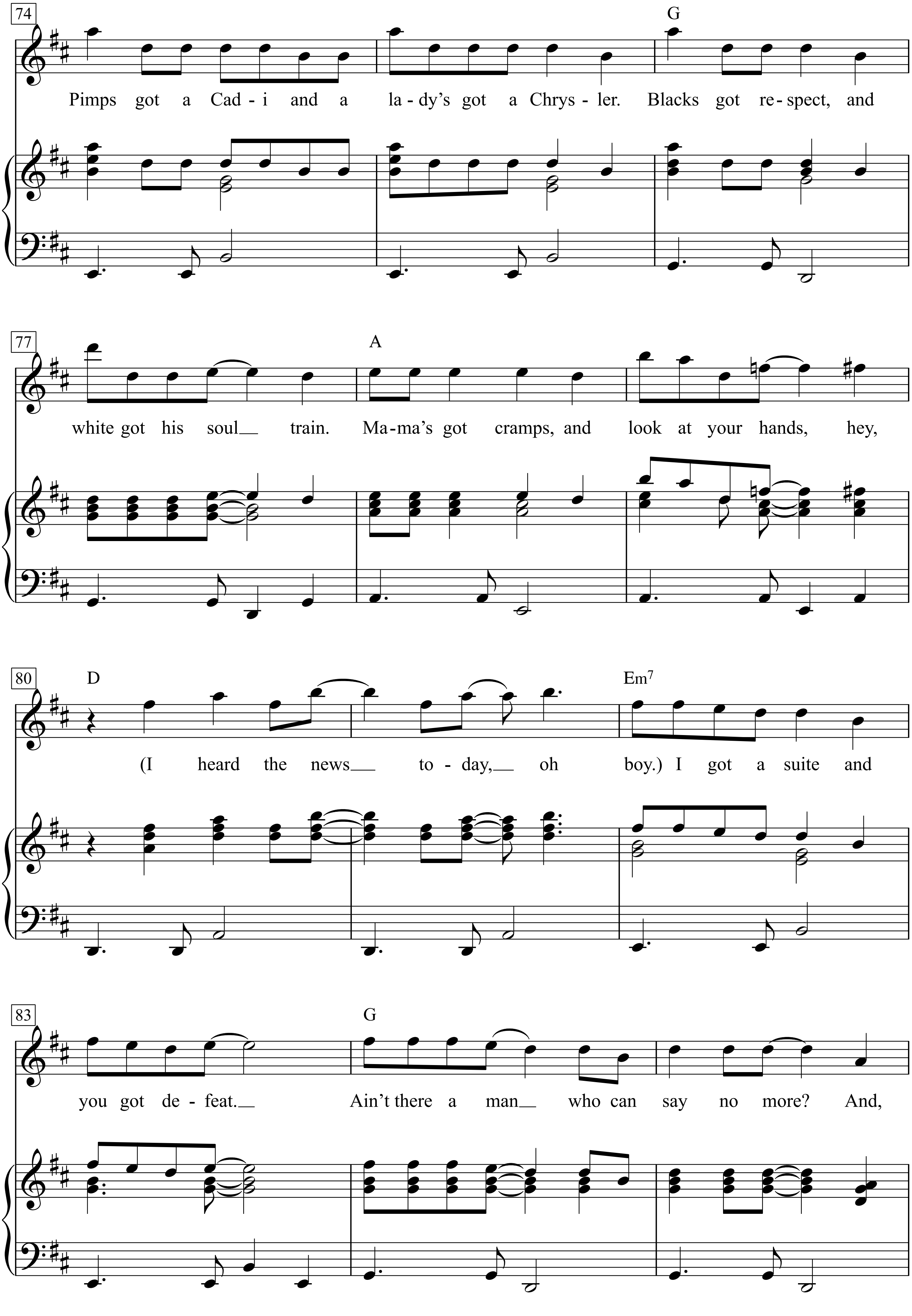

14
G
- ny thing. Am I still too young?
17
C
Dm7
He kissed her then and there; she took his ring, took his ba -
20
F
- bies. It took him min - utes, took her no - where.
23
G
F6
Heav - en knows she'd have tak - en an - y - thing. All

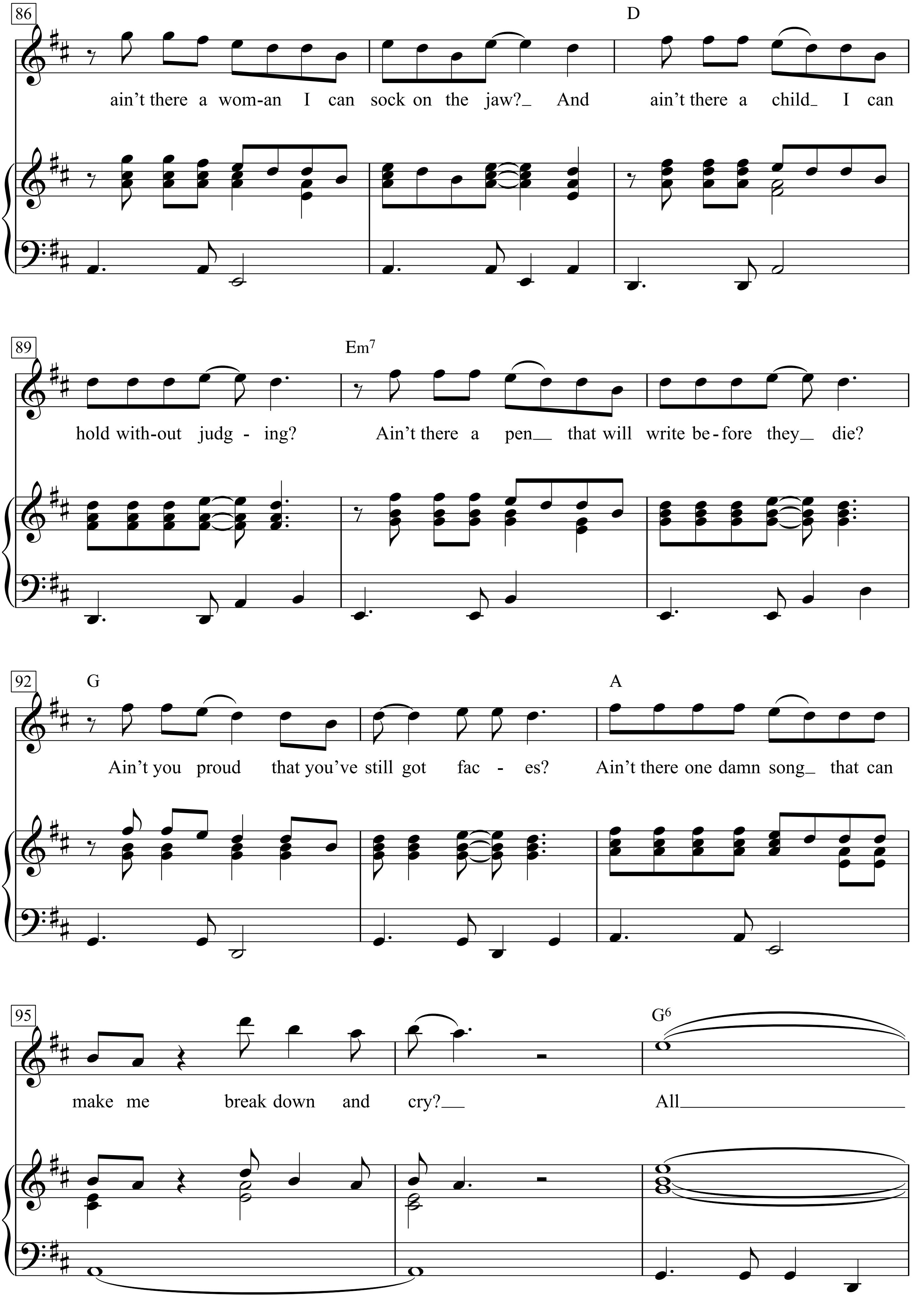

26
G6
right, she wants the young A - mer - i - can.
29
C
Dm7
Young A - mer - i - can, young A - mer - i - can, she wants the young
32
F6
A - mer - i - can. All
35
G6
C
right, she wants the young A - mer - i - can. All the way from

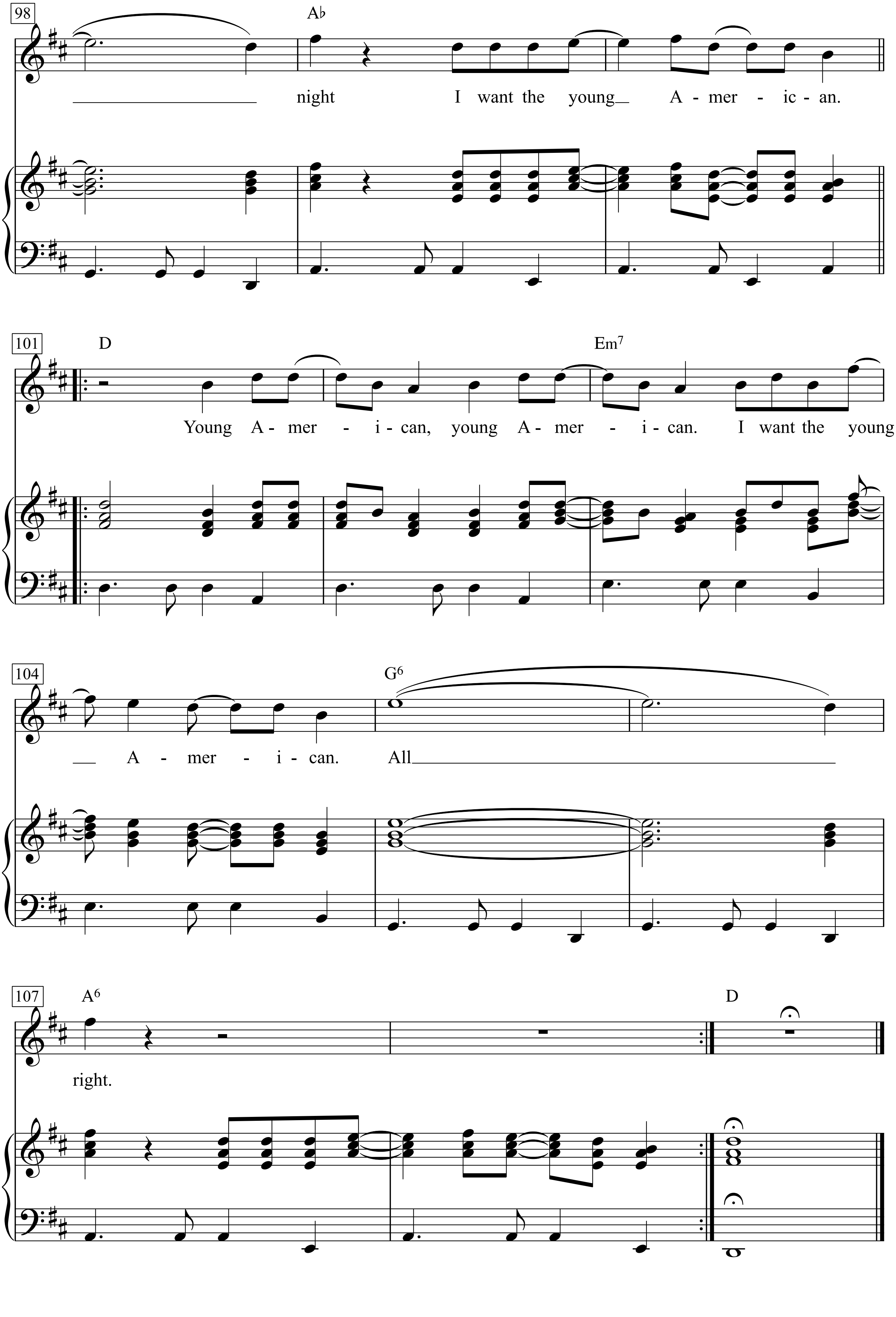

38
Dm7
Wash-ing - ton her bread - win - ner begs of the bh - room floor.
41
F
G
We live for just these twen - ty years till we have to die for the
44
F6
fif - ty more All.
47
G6
C
night he wants the youg A - mer - i - can. Young A - mrt-


50
Dm7
- i - can, young A - mer - i - can, he wants the youg A - mer - i - can.
53
F6
G6
All right, he wants the young
56
Am
G
A - mer - i - can.
59
F
G
Am
Do you re - mem


62
C
G
- ber your Pres - i - dent Nix - on?
65
Am
Em
Fmaj7
Do you re - mem - ber the bills you have to pay,
68
F6
E
or e - ven yes - ter - day?
71
N.C.
D
You ain't a pimp, and you ain't a hus - tler.


74
G
Pimps got a Cad - i and a la - dy's got a Chrys - ler. Blacks got re - spect, and
77
A
white got his soul train. Ma - ma's got cramps, and look at your hands, hey,
80
D
Em7
(I heard the news to - day, oh boy.) I got a suite and
83
G
you got de - feat. Ain't there a man who can say no more? And,

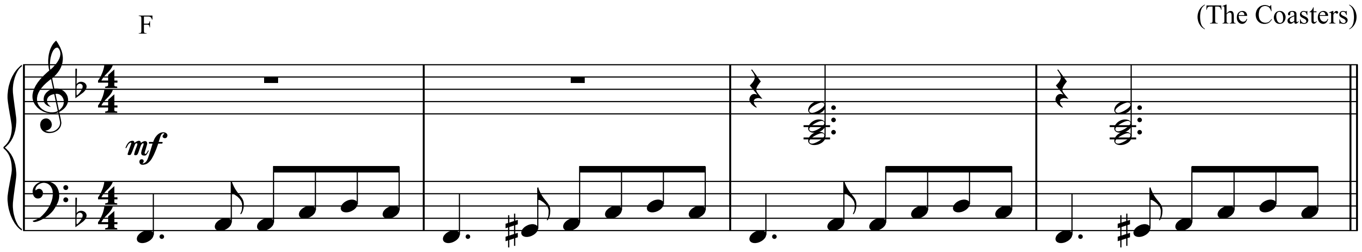

86
D
ain't there a wom-an I can sock on the jaw? And ain't there a child I can
89
Em7
hold with-out judg - ing? Ain't there a pen that will write be-fore they die?
92
G
A
Ain't you proud that you've still got fac - es? Ain't there one damn song that can
95
G6
make me break down and cry? All

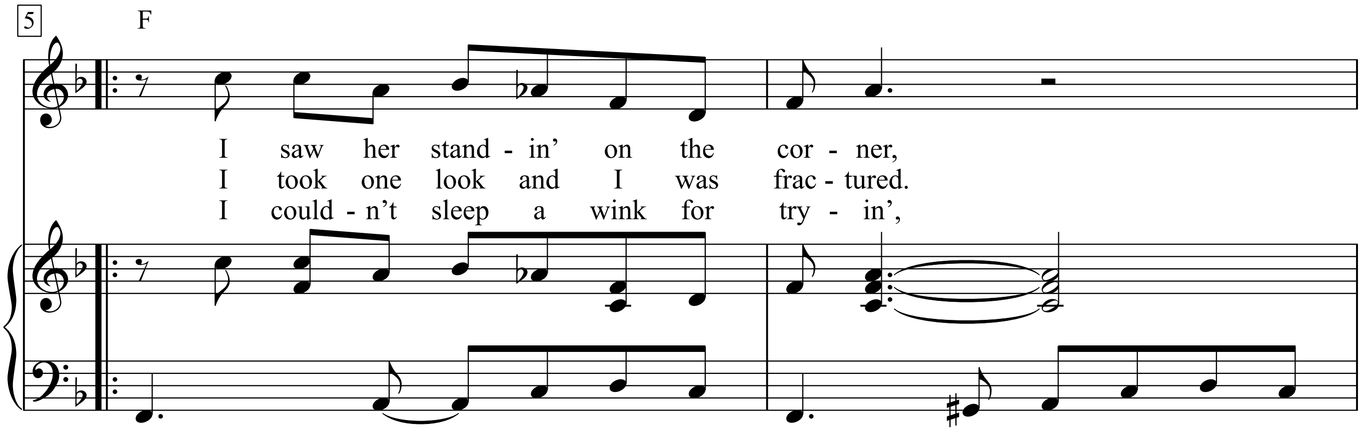

98
A♭
night I want the young A - mer - ic - an.
101
D
Em7
Young A - mer - i - can, young A - mer - i - can. I want the young
104
G6
A - mer - i - can. All
107
A6
D
right.

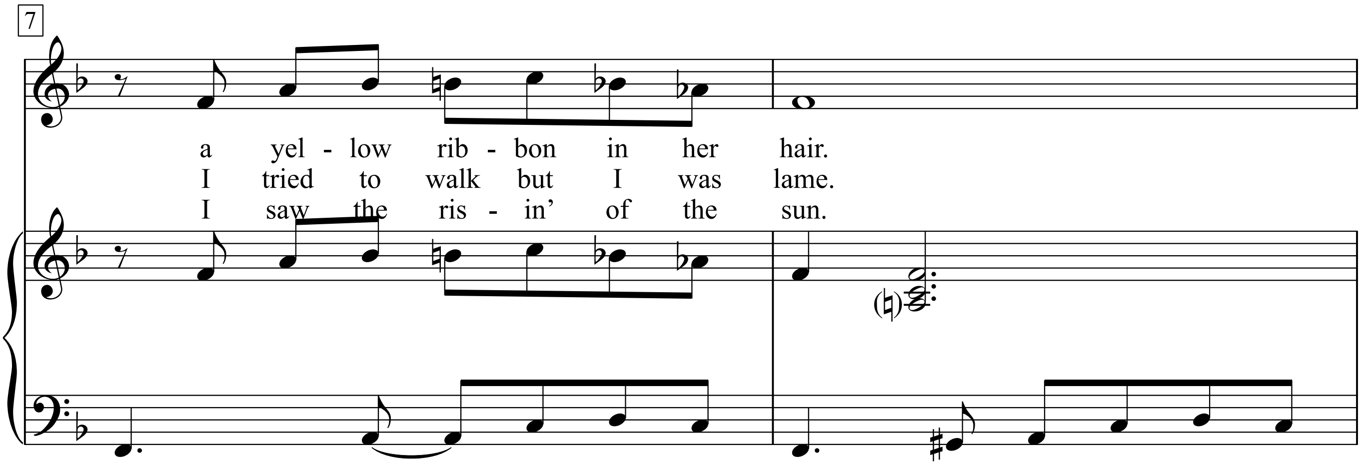
Young Blood

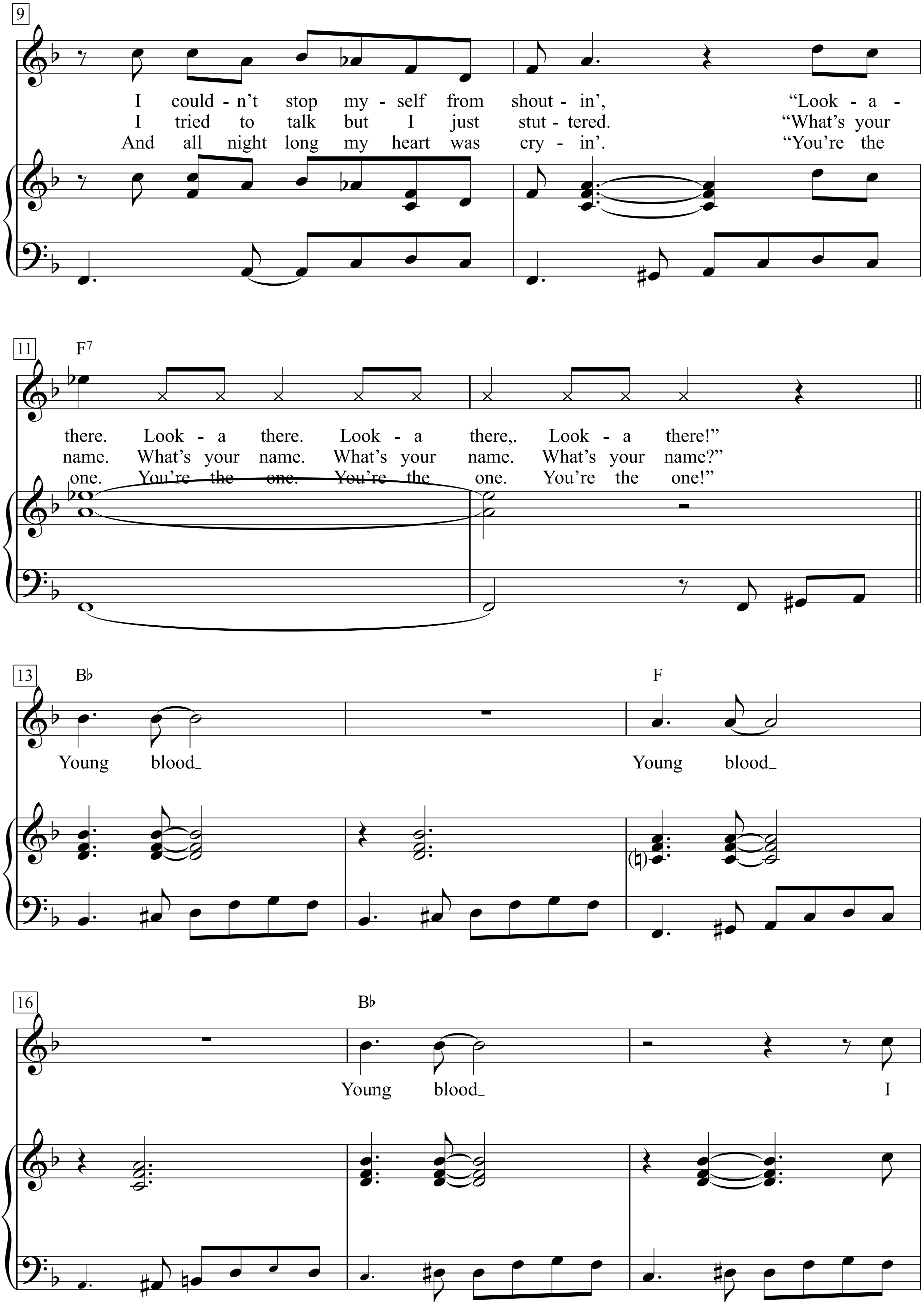
Medium Tempo

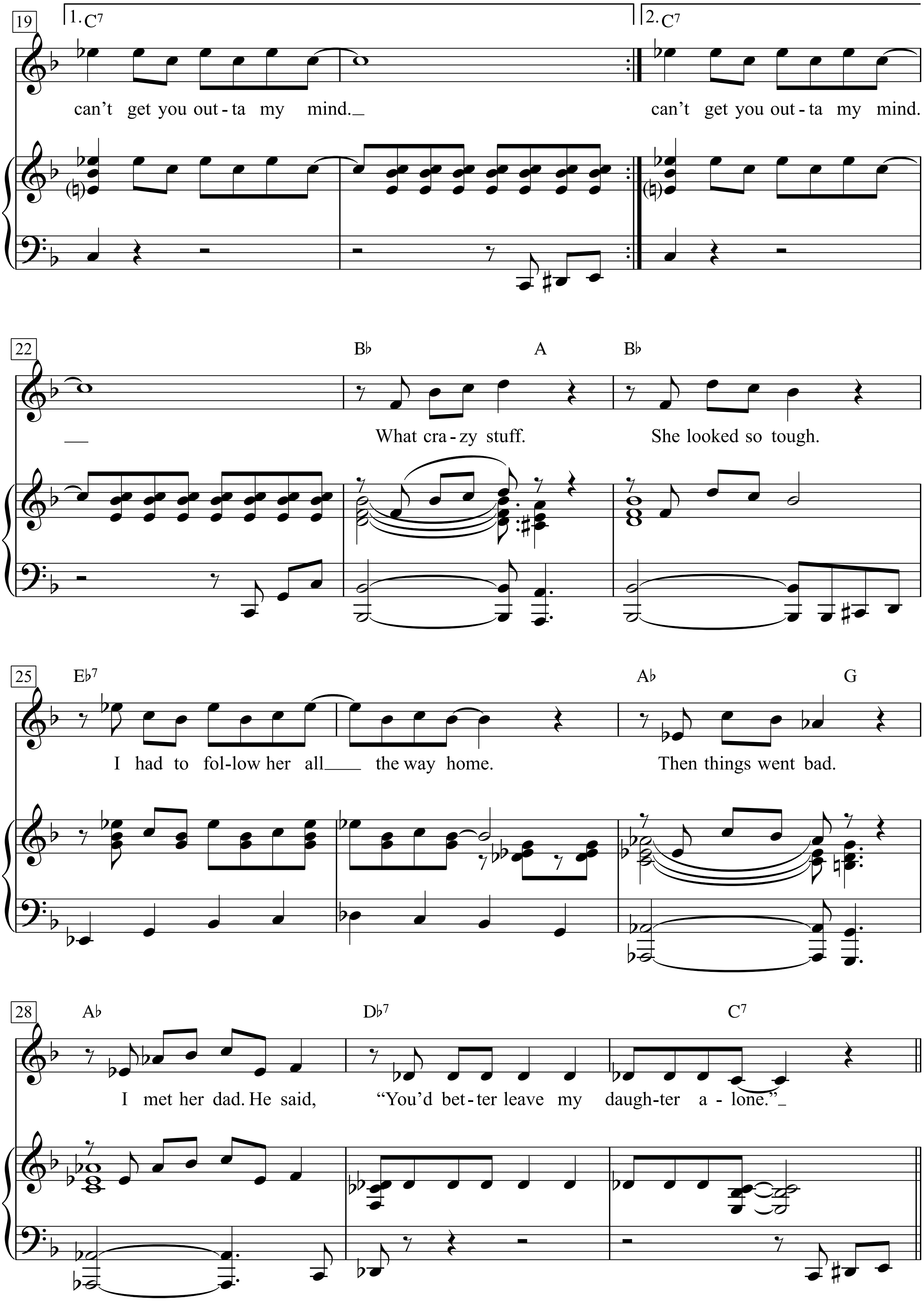
Words & Music by
Jerry Leiber, Mike Stoller and Doc Pomus
(The Coasters)

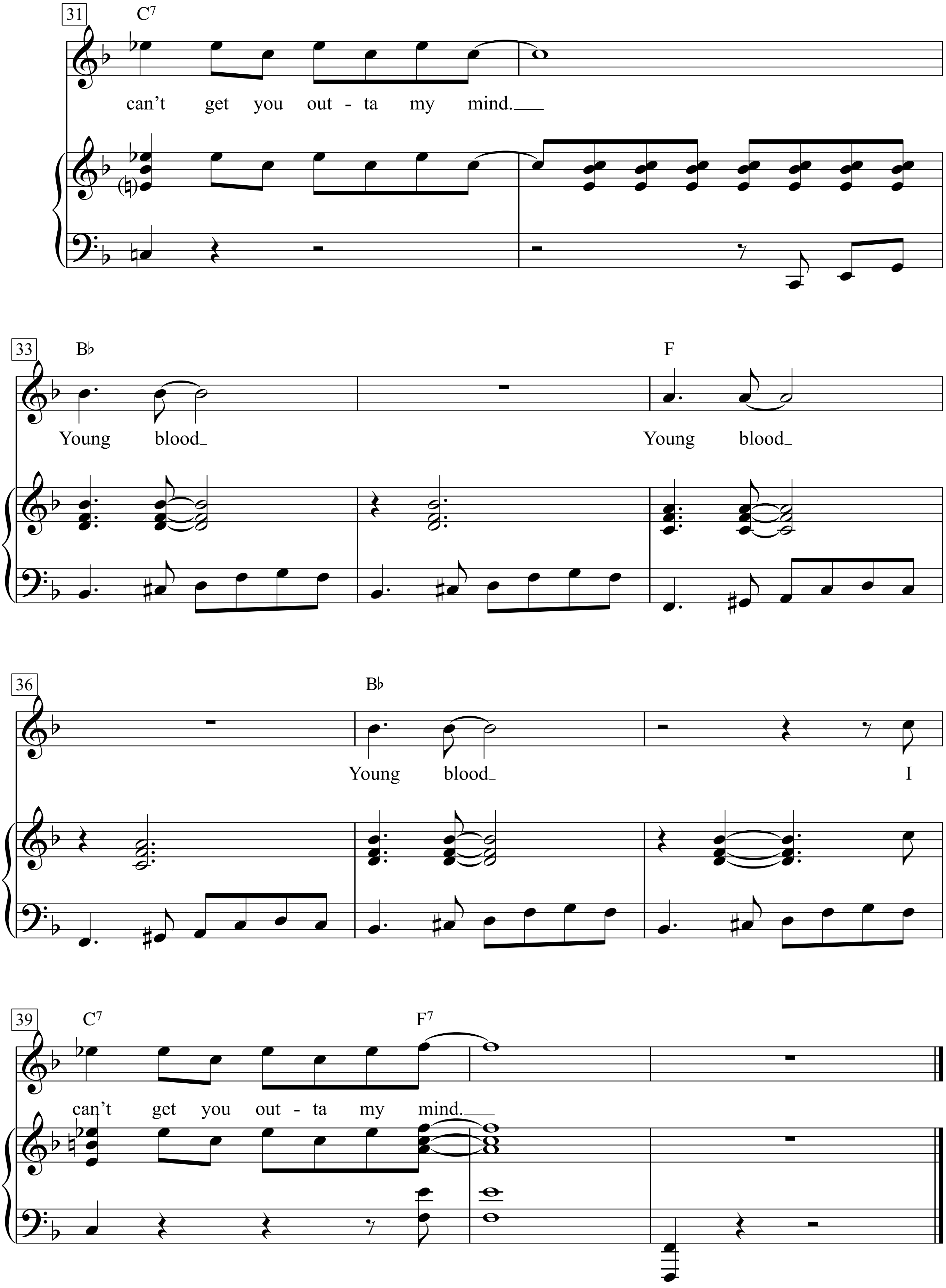







9
I could - n't stop my - self from shout - in', "Look - a -
I tried to talk but I just stut - tered. "What's your
And all night long my heart was cry - in'. "You're the
11
F7
there. Look - a there. Look - a there,. Look - a there!"
name. What's your name. What's your name. What's your name?"
one. You're the one. You're the one. You're the one!"
13
B♭
Young blood_
F
Young blood_
16
B♭
Young blood_
I

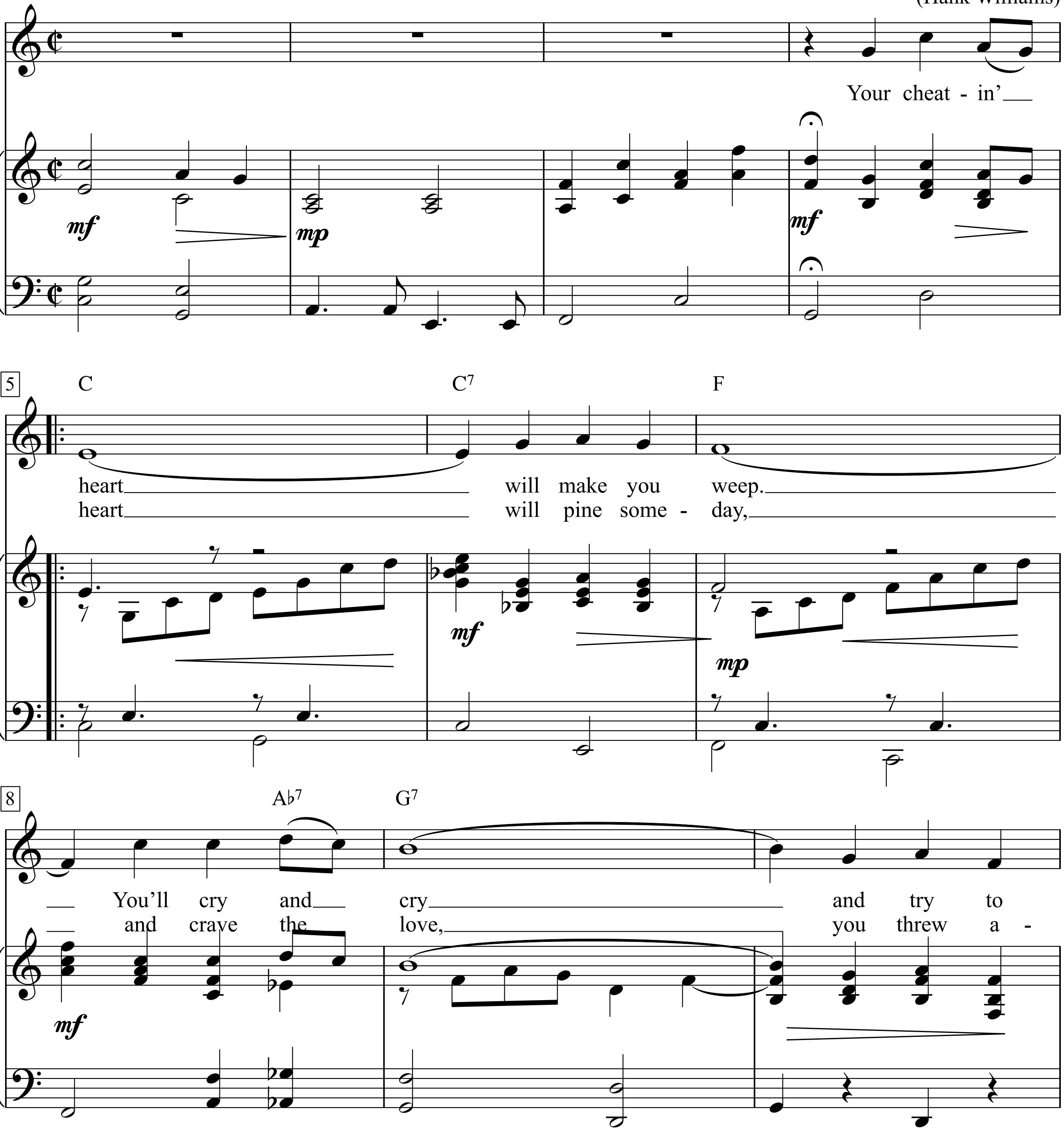

19
1. C7
can't get you out - ta my mind.
2. C7
can't get you out - ta my mind.
22
B♭ A B♭
What cra - zy stuff. She looked so tough.
25
E♭7 A♭ G
I had to fol - low her all the way home. Then things went bad.
28
A♭ D♭7 C7
I met her dad. He said, "You'd bet - ter leave my daugh - ter a - lone."

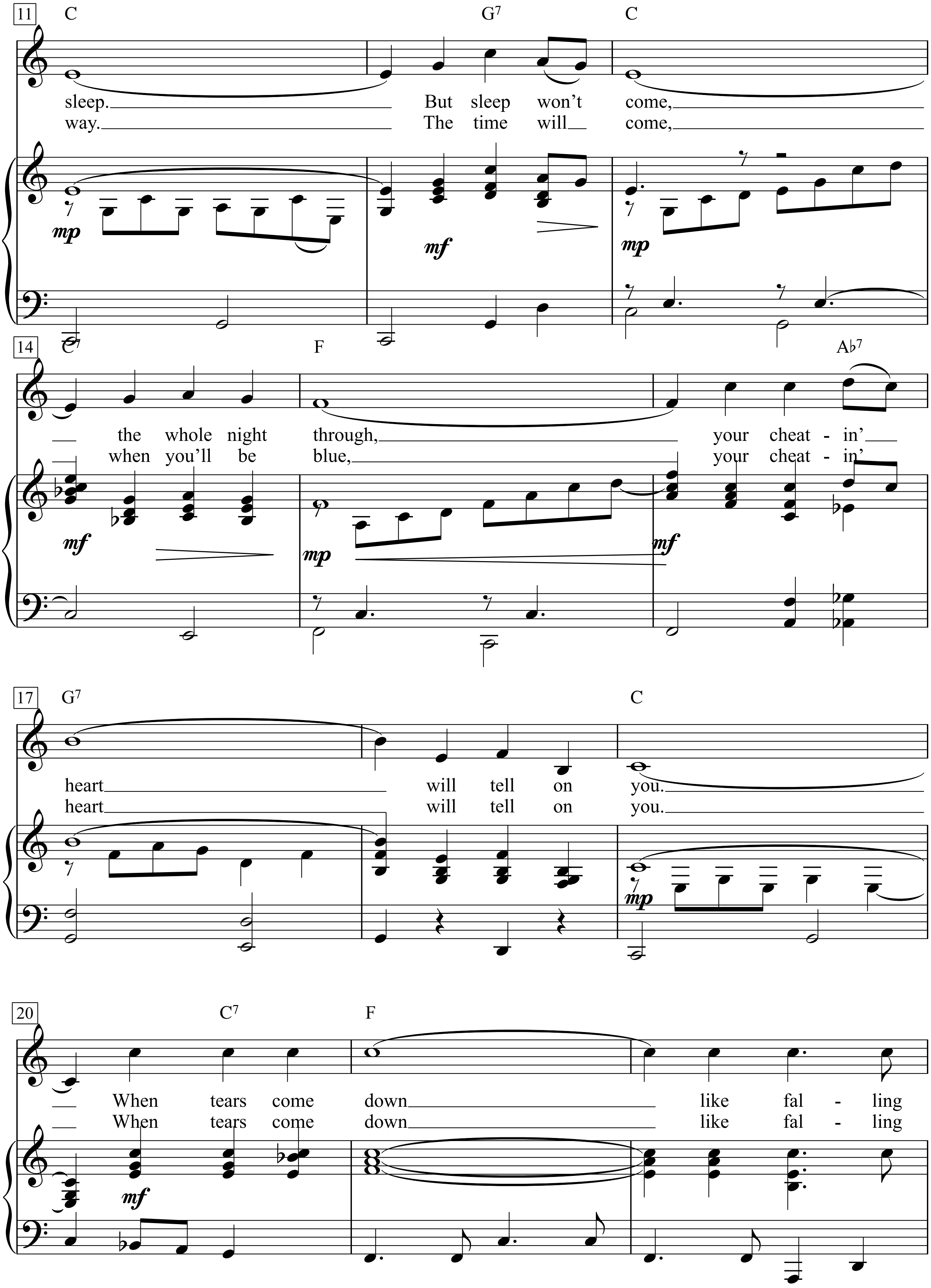

31
C7
can't get you out - ta my mind.
33
B♭
Young blood
F
Young blood
36
B♭
Young blood
I
39
C7
F7
can't get you out - ta my mind.

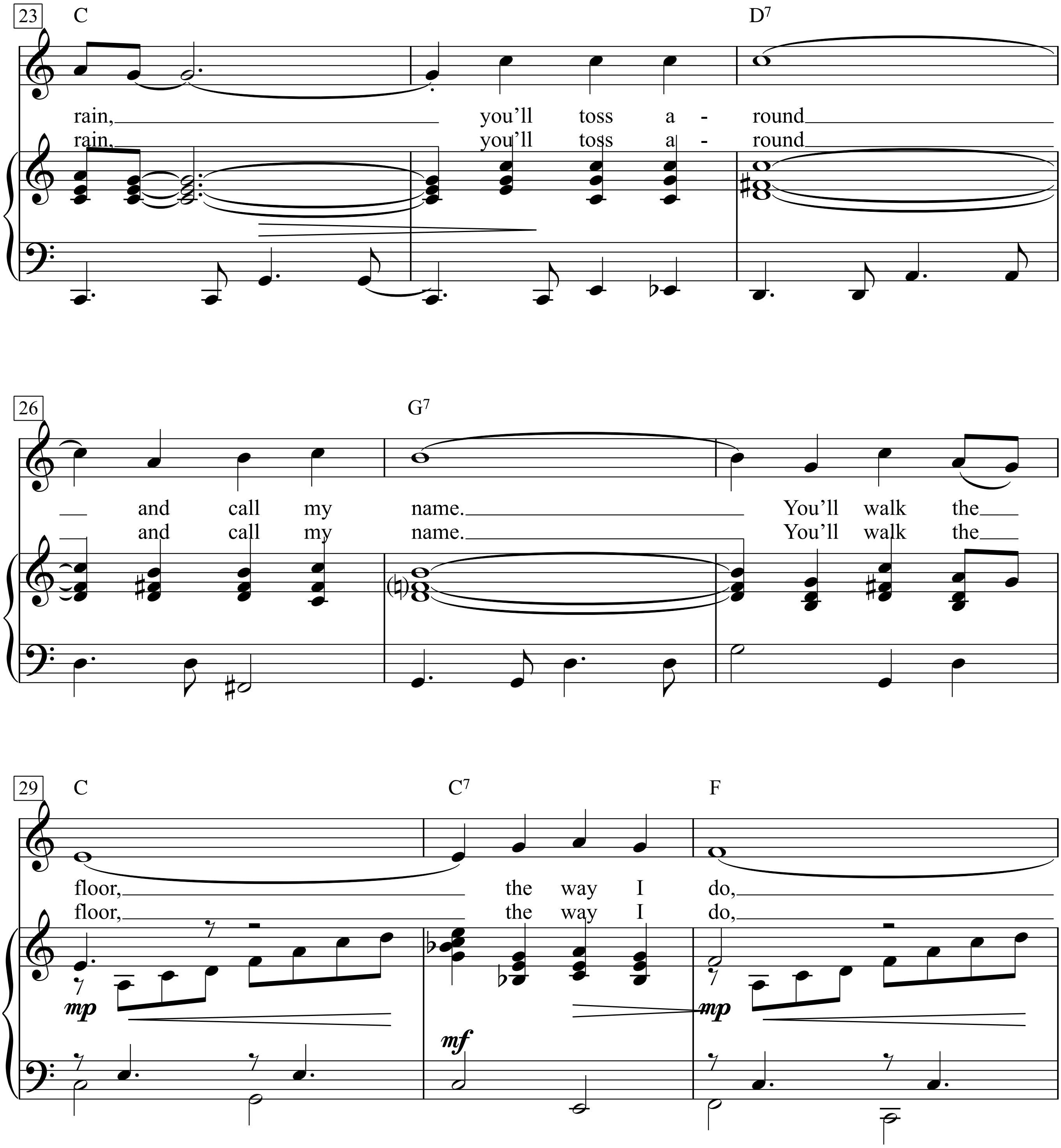
Your Cheatin' Heart

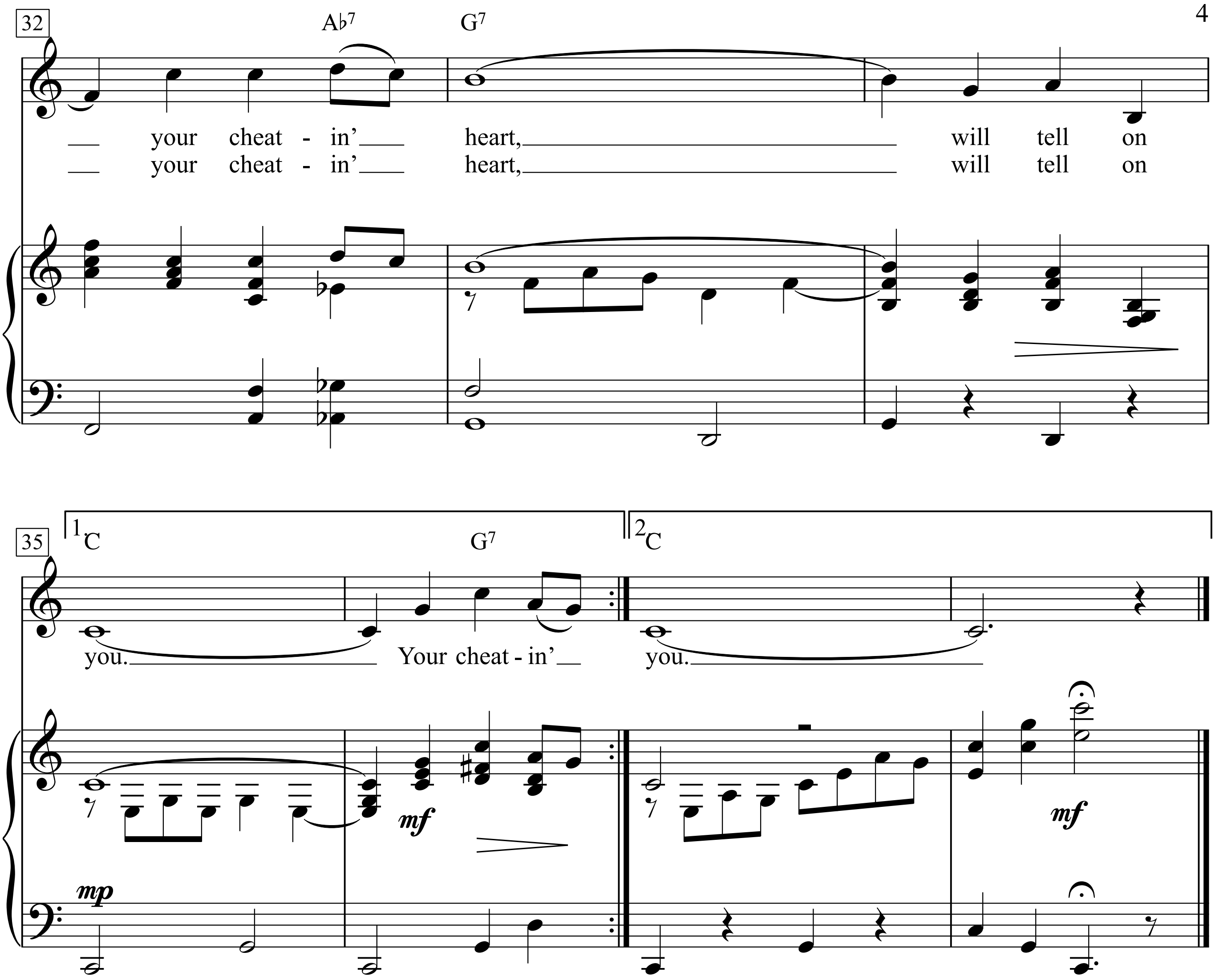
Words & Music by
Hank Williams
(Hank Williams)

Moderately




11
C
G7
C
sleep. But sleep won't come,
way. The time will come,
mp
mf
mp
14
C7
F
A♭7
the whole night through, your cheat - in'
when you'll be blue, your cheat - in'
mf
mp
mf
17
G7
C
heart will tell on you.
heart will tell on you.
mp
20
C7
F
When tears come down like fal - ling
When tears come down like fal - ling
mf


23
C
D7
rain, you'll toss a - round
rain, you'll toss a - round
26
G7
and call my name. You'll walk the
and call my name. You'll walk the
29
C
C7
F
floor, the way I do,
floor, the way I do,
mp
mf
mp

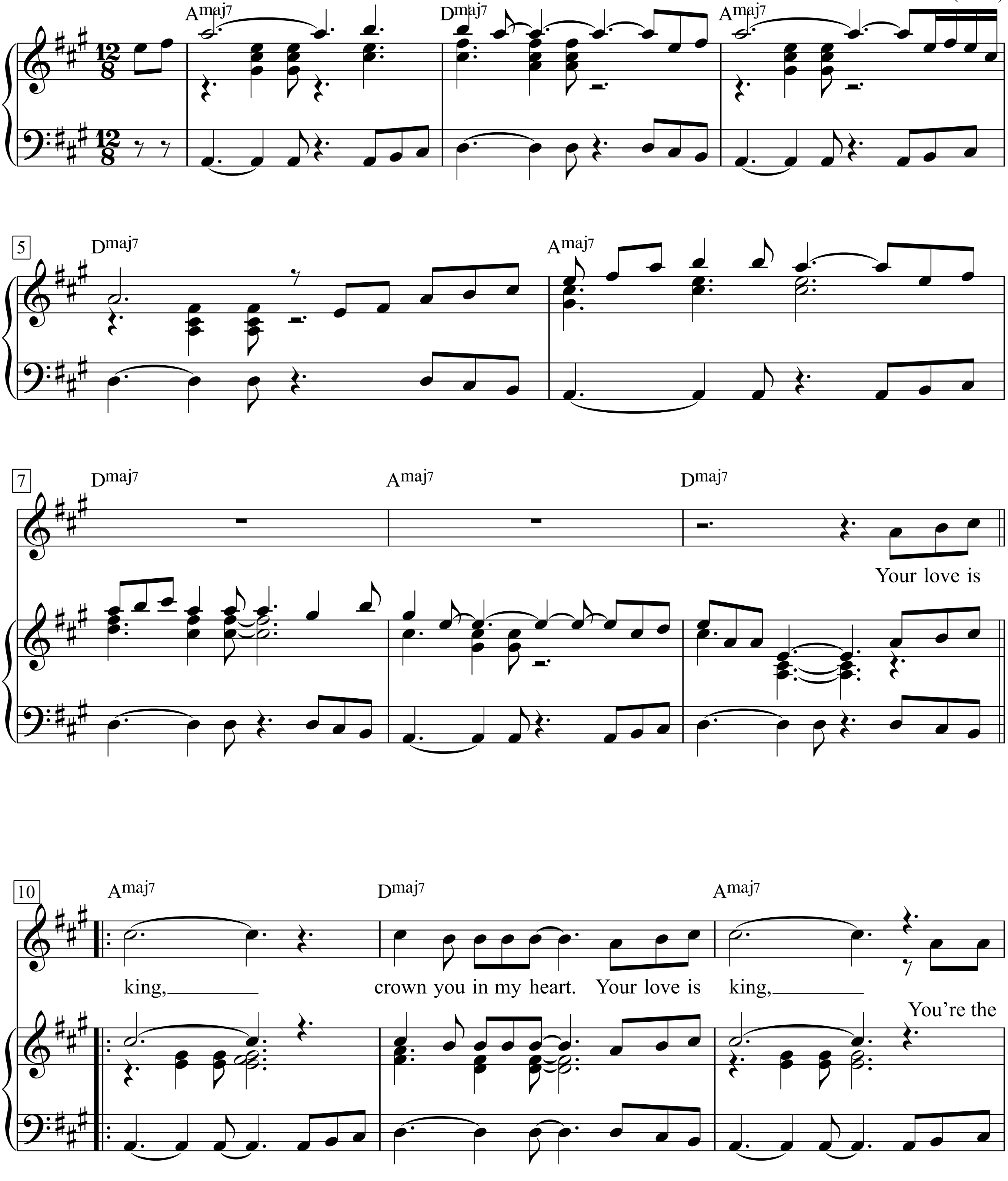

32
A♭7
G7
— your cheat - in' — heart, — will tell on
— your cheat - in' — heart, — will tell on
35
1. C
G7
2. C
you. — Your cheat - in' — you. —
mp
mf
mf

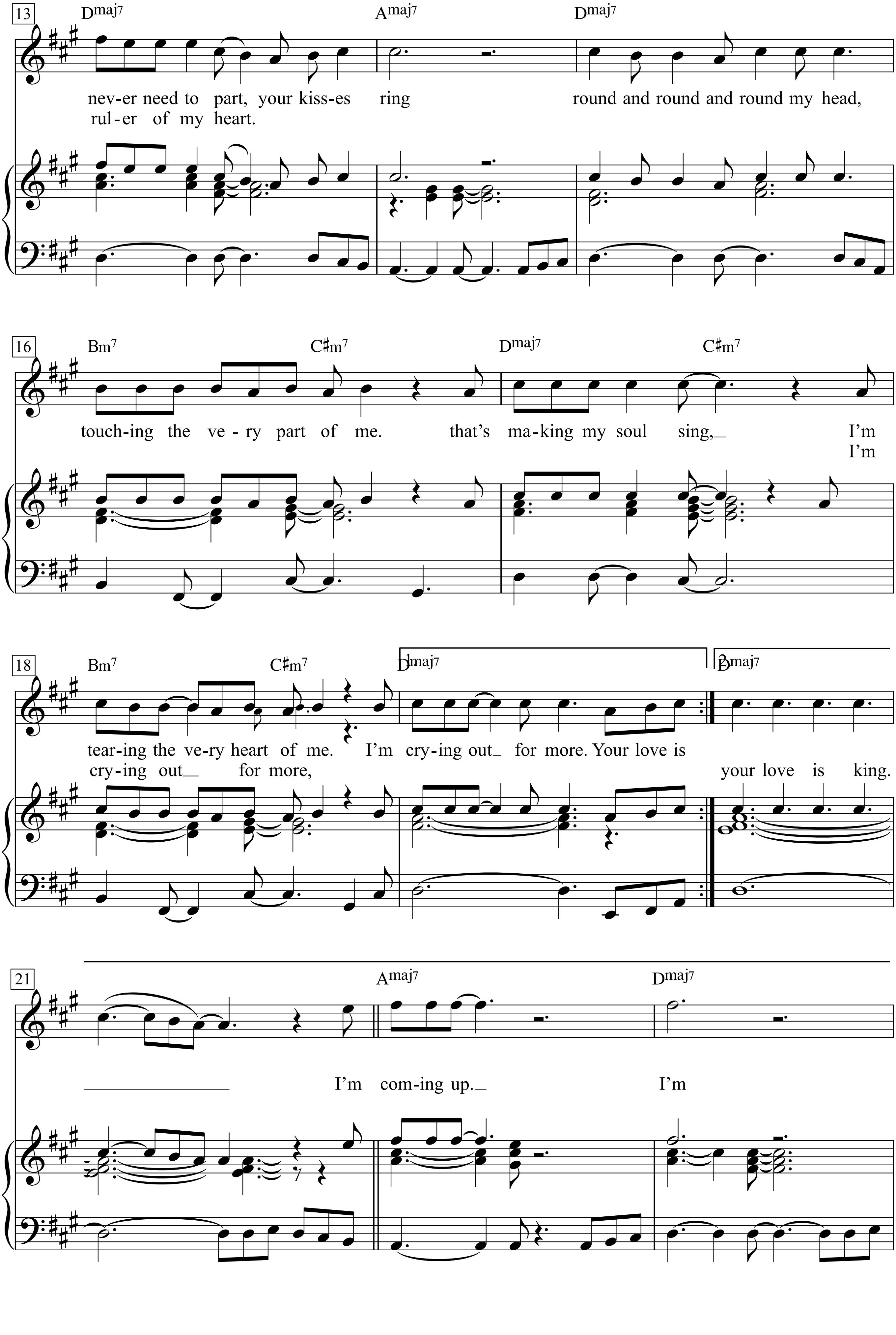
1.
Your cheatin' heart will make you weep.
You'll cry and cry and try to sleep.
But sleep won't come, the whole night through,
your cheatin' heart will tell on you.
When tears come down like falling rain,
you'll toss around and call my name.
You'll walk the floor, the way I do,
your cheatin' heart, will tell on you.
Your cheatin' you.

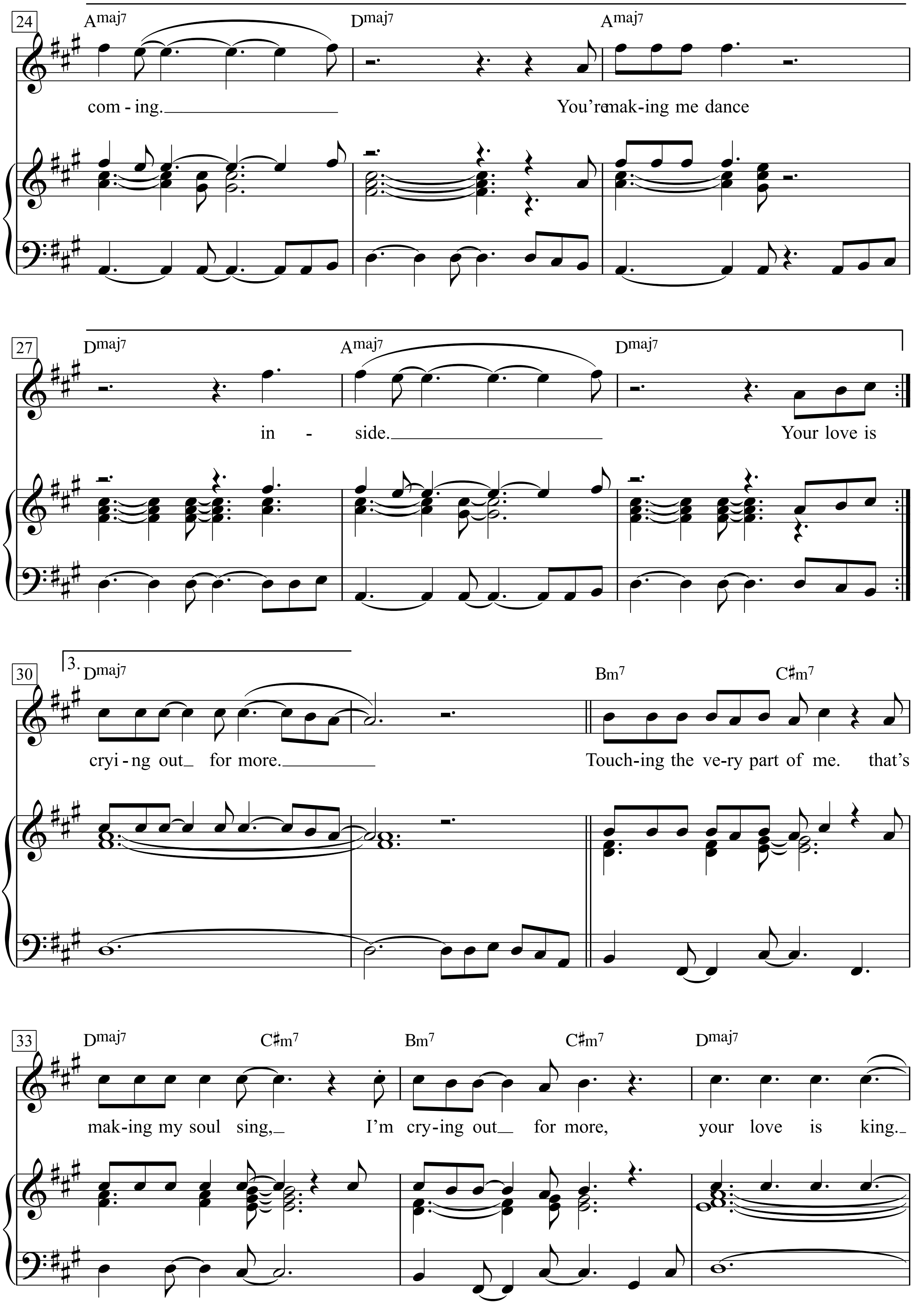
2. heart will pine someday,
and crave the love, you threw away.
The time will come, when you'll be blue,
your cheatin' heart will tell on you.
When tears come down like falling rain,
you'll toss around and call my name.
You'll walk the floor, the way I do,
your cheatin' heart, will tell on

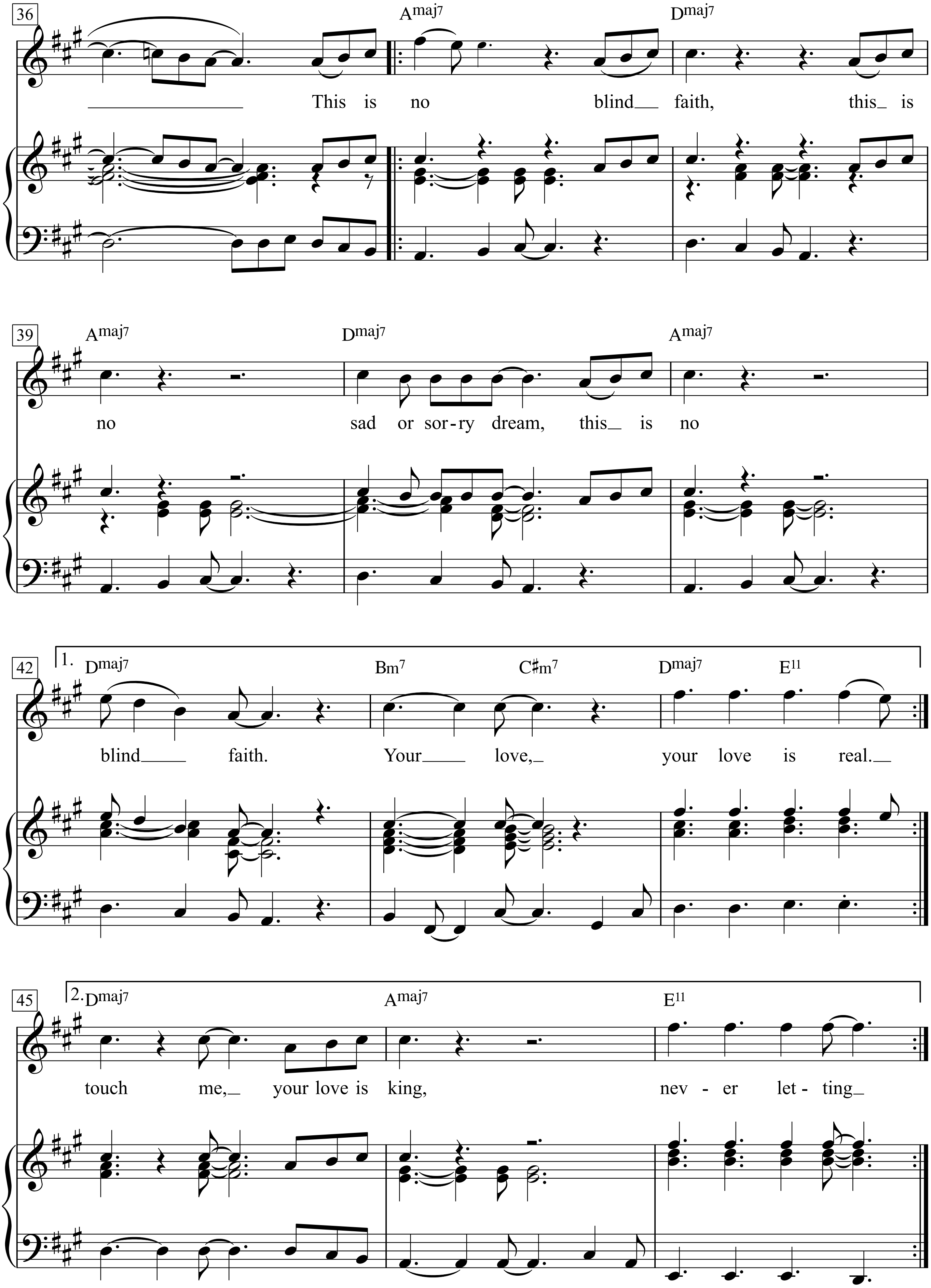
Your Love Is King

Words & Music by
Adu and St, John
(Sade)




13
Dmaj7 Amaj7 Dmaj7
nev-er need to part, your kiss-es ring round and round and round my head,
rul-er of my heart.
16
Bm7 C♯m7 Dmaj7 C♯m7
touch-ing the ve-ry part of me. that's ma-king my soul sing,_ I'm
I'm
18
Bm7 C♯m7 1. Dmaj7 2. Dmaj7
tear-ing the ve-ry heart of me. I'm cry-ing out_ for more. Your love is
cry-ing out_ for more, your love is king.
21
Amaj7 Dmaj7
I'm com-ing up._ I'm

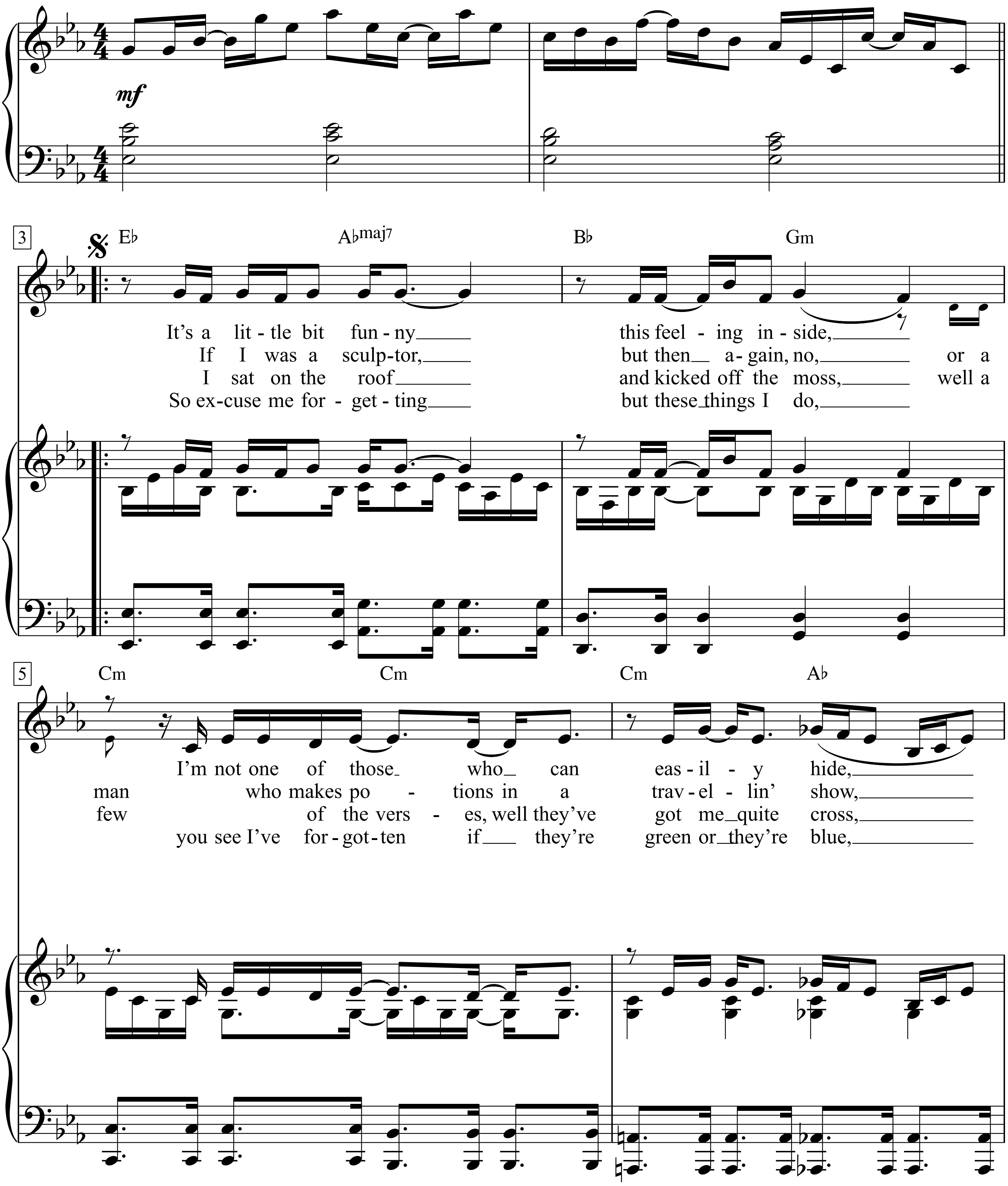

24
Amaj7 Dmaj7 Amaj7
com - ing. You're mak-ing me dance
27
Dmaj7 Amaj7 Dmaj7
in - side. Your love is
30
3.
Dmaj7 Bm7 C#m7
cryi - ng out for more. Touch-ing the ve-ry part of me. that's
33
Dmaj7 C#m7 Bm7 C#m7 Dmaj7
mak-ing my soul sing, I'm cry-ing out for more, your love is king.

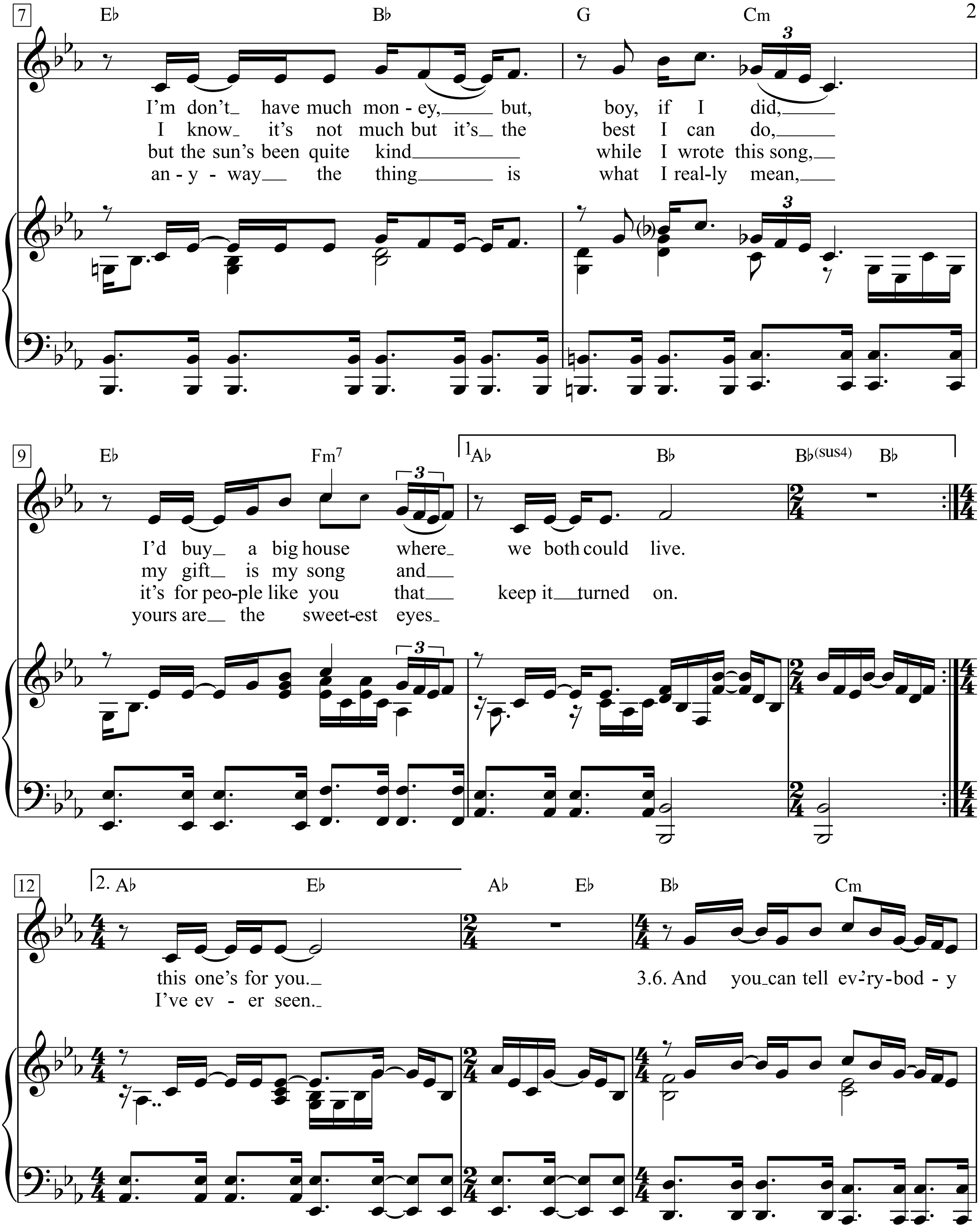

36
Amaj7
Dmaj7
This is no blind__ faith, this_ is
39
Amaj7
Dmaj7
Amaj7
no sad or sor-ry dream, this_ is no
42
1.
Dmaj7
Bm7
C♯m7
Dmaj7
E11
blind____ faith. Your____ love,_ your love is real.__
45
2.
Dmaj7
Amaj7
E11
touch me,_ your love is king, nev - er let - ting_

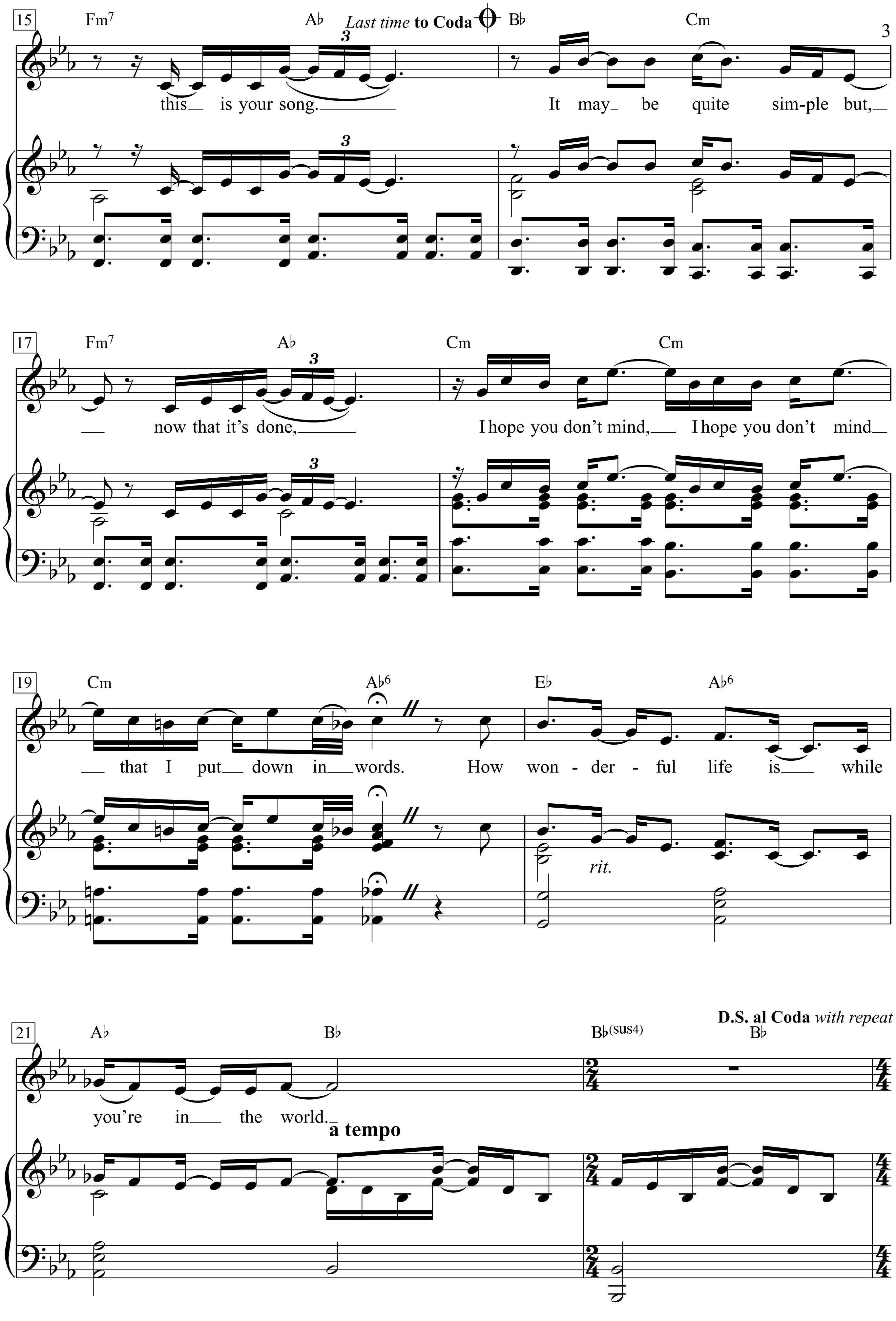
Your Song

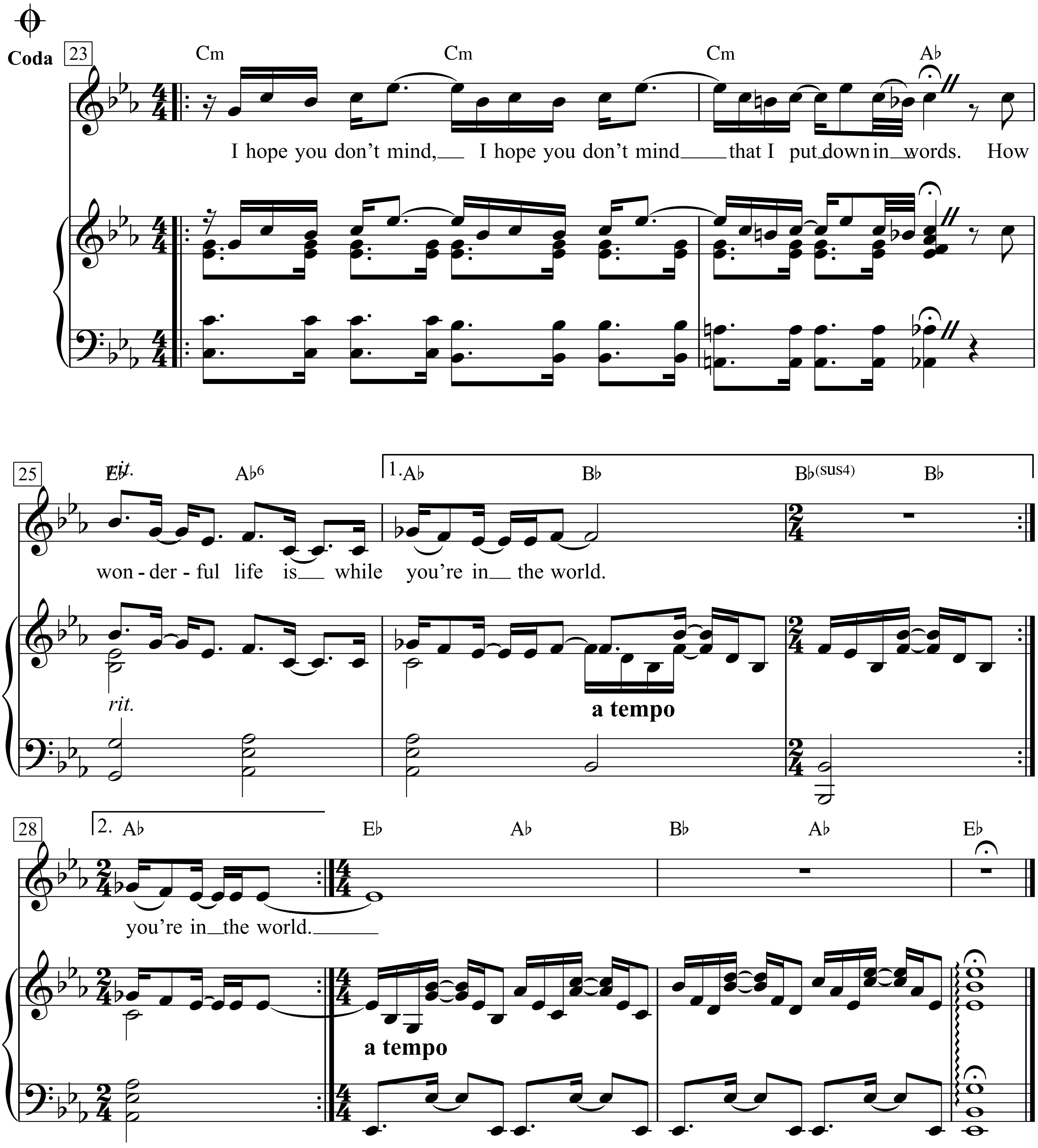
Words & Music by
Elton John and Bernie Taupin
(Elton John)

Slow, but with a beat




7
E♭ B♭ G Cm
I'm don't have much mon - ey, but, boy, if I did,
I know it's not much but it's the best I can do,
but the sun's been quite kind while I wrote this song,
an - y - way the thing is what I real-ly mean,
9
E♭ Fm7 1 A♭ B♭ B♭(sus4) B♭
I'd buy a big house where we both could live.
my gift is my song and
it's for peo-ple like you that keep it turned on.
yours are the sweet-est eyes
12
2. A♭ E♭ A♭ E♭ B♭ Cm
this one's for you.
I've ev - er seen.
3.6. And you can tell ev'ry-bod - y


15
Fm7
Ab
Last time to Coda
Bb
Cm
this is your song.
It may be quite simple but,
17
Fm7
Ab
Cm
Cm
now that it's done,
I hope you don't mind, I hope you don't mind
19
Cm
Ab6
Eb
Ab6
that I put down in words. How won - der - ful life is while
rit.
21
Ab
Bb
D.S. al Coda with repeat
Bb(sus4)
Bb
you're in the world.
a tempo


Coda
23
Cm Cm Cm A♭
I hope you don't mind, I hope you don't mind that I put down in words. How
25
rit.
E♭ A♭6
1. A♭ B♭ B♭(sus4) B♭
won - der - ful life is while you're in the world.
rit.
a tempo
28
2. A♭ E♭ A♭ B♭ A♭ E♭
you're in the world.
a tempo

1. It's a little bit funny this feeling inside,
I'm not one of those who can easily hide,
I'm don't have much money, but, boy, if I did,
I'd buy a big house where we both could live.
this one's for you.

2. If I was a sculptor, but then again, no,
or a man who makes potions in a travellin' show,
I know it's not much but it's the best I can do,
my gift is my song and I've ever seen.

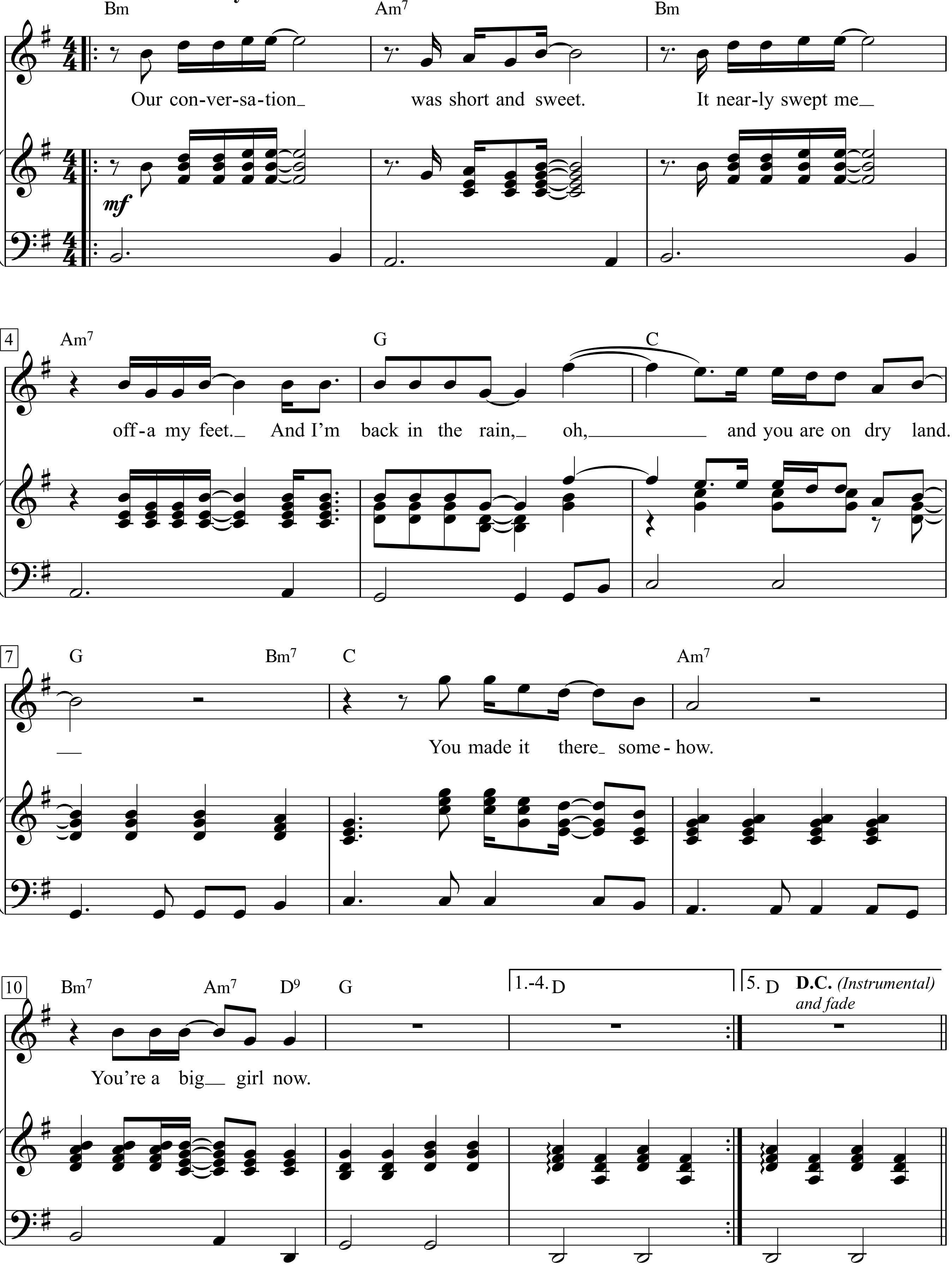
3.6. And you can tell ev'rybody this is your song.
It may be quite simple but, now that it's done,
I hope you don't mind,
I hope you don't mind that I put down in words.
How wonderful life is while you're in the world.
I hope you don't mind,
I hope you don't mind that I put down in words.
How wonderful life is while you're in the world.
you're in the world.

4. I sat on the roof and kicked off the moss,
well a few of the verses, well they've got me quite cross,
but the sun's been quite kind while I wrote this song,
it's for people like you that keep it turned on.

5. So excuse me forgetting but these things I do,
you see I've forgotten if they're green or they're blue,
anyway the thing is what I real-ly mean,
yours are the sweet-est eyes

You’re A Big Girl Now

Words & Music by Bob Dylan
(Bob Dylan)



1. Our conversation
Was short and sweet.
It nearly swept me off-a my feet.
And I'm back in the rain,
Oh, and you are on dry land.
You made it there somehow.
You're a big girl now.

2. Bird on the horizon
Sittin' on a fence
He's singin' his song for me
At his own expense
And I'm just like that bird Oh-oh
Singin' just for you
I hope that you can hear
Hear me singin' through these tears

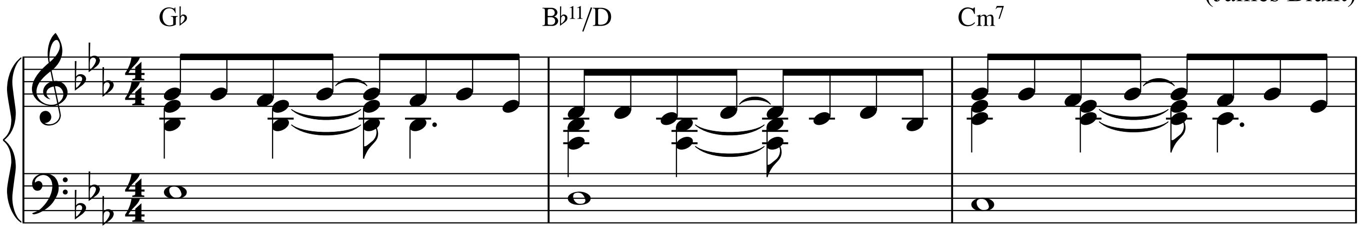
3. Time is a jet plane
It moves too fast
Oh, but what a shame
If all we've shared can't last
I can change, I swear Oh-oh
See what you can do
I can make it through
You can make it too

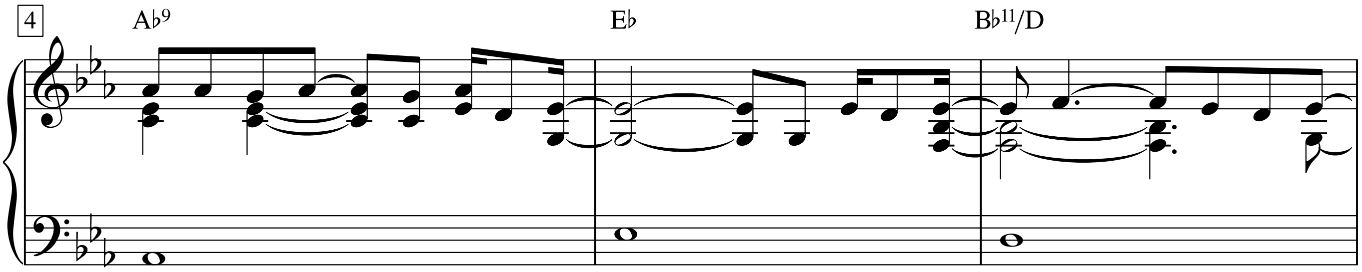
4. Love is so simple
To quote a phrase
You've known it all the time
I'm earnin' it these days
Oh, I know where I can find you
Oh-oh
In somebody's room
It's a price I have to pay
You're a big girl all the way

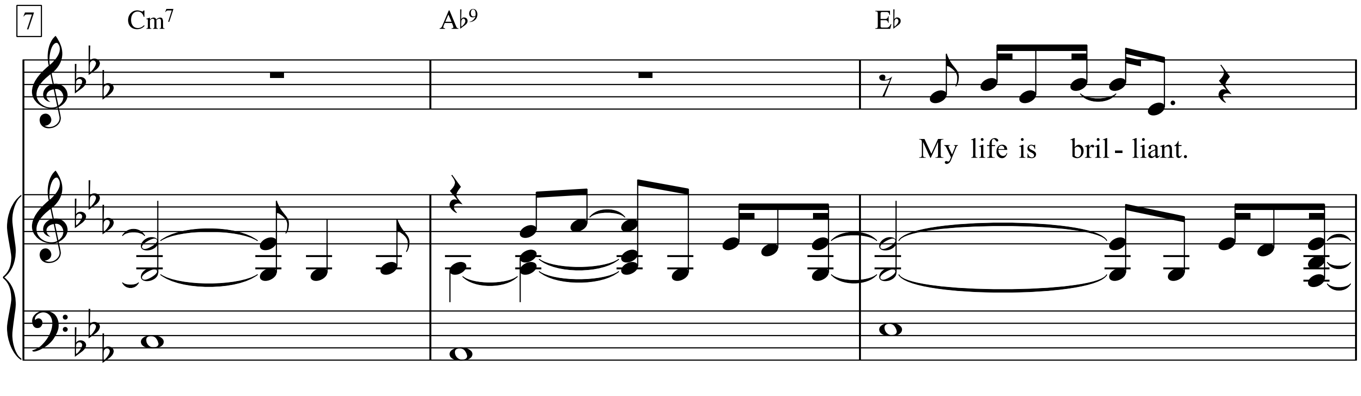
5. A change in the weather
Is known to be extreme
But what's the sense of changing
Horses in midstream
I'm going out of my mind
Oh-oh
With a pain that stops and starts
Like a corkscrew to my heart
Ever since we've been apart

You're Beautiful

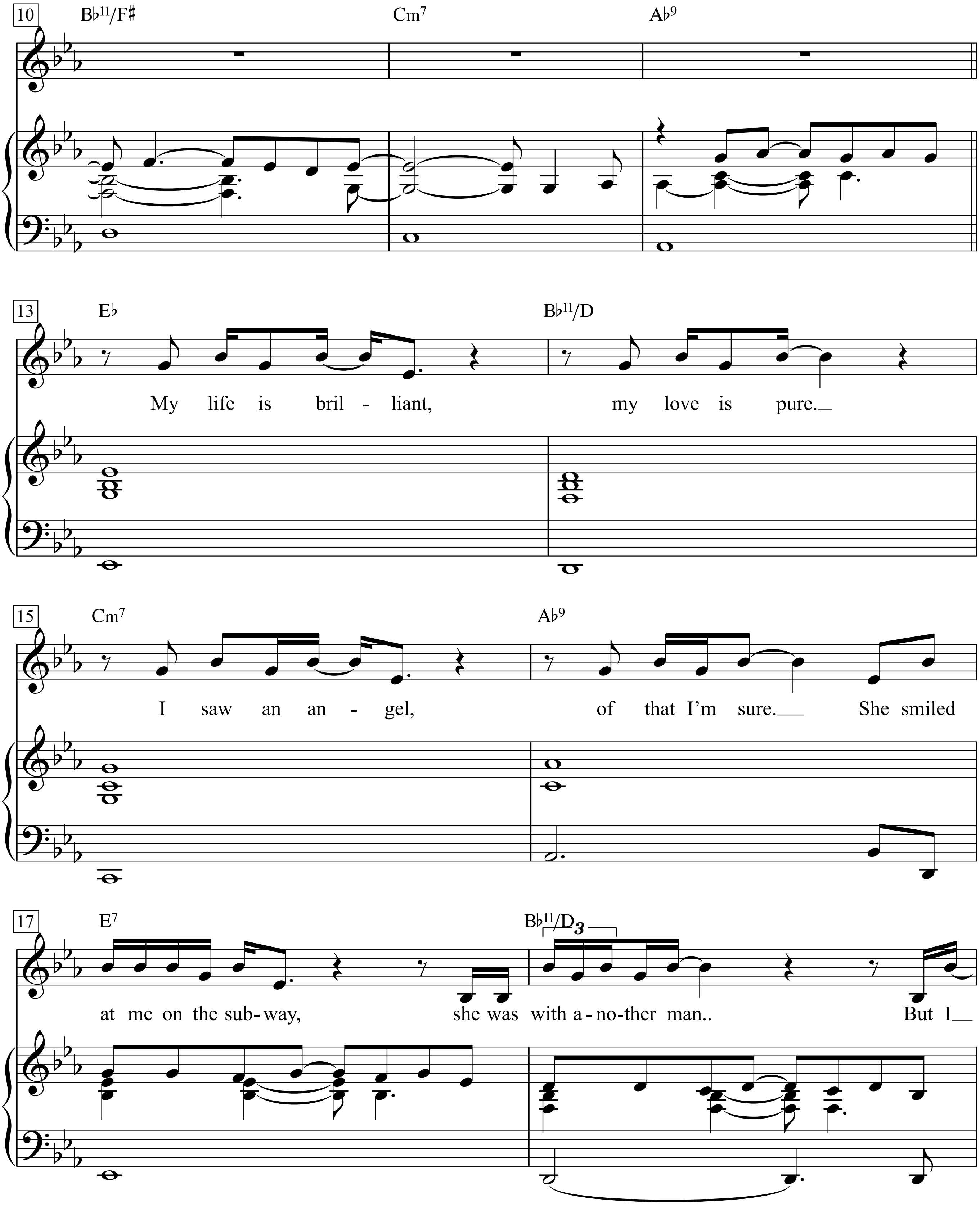
Words & Music by
Sacha Skarbek, James Blunt & Amanda Ghost
(James Blunt)

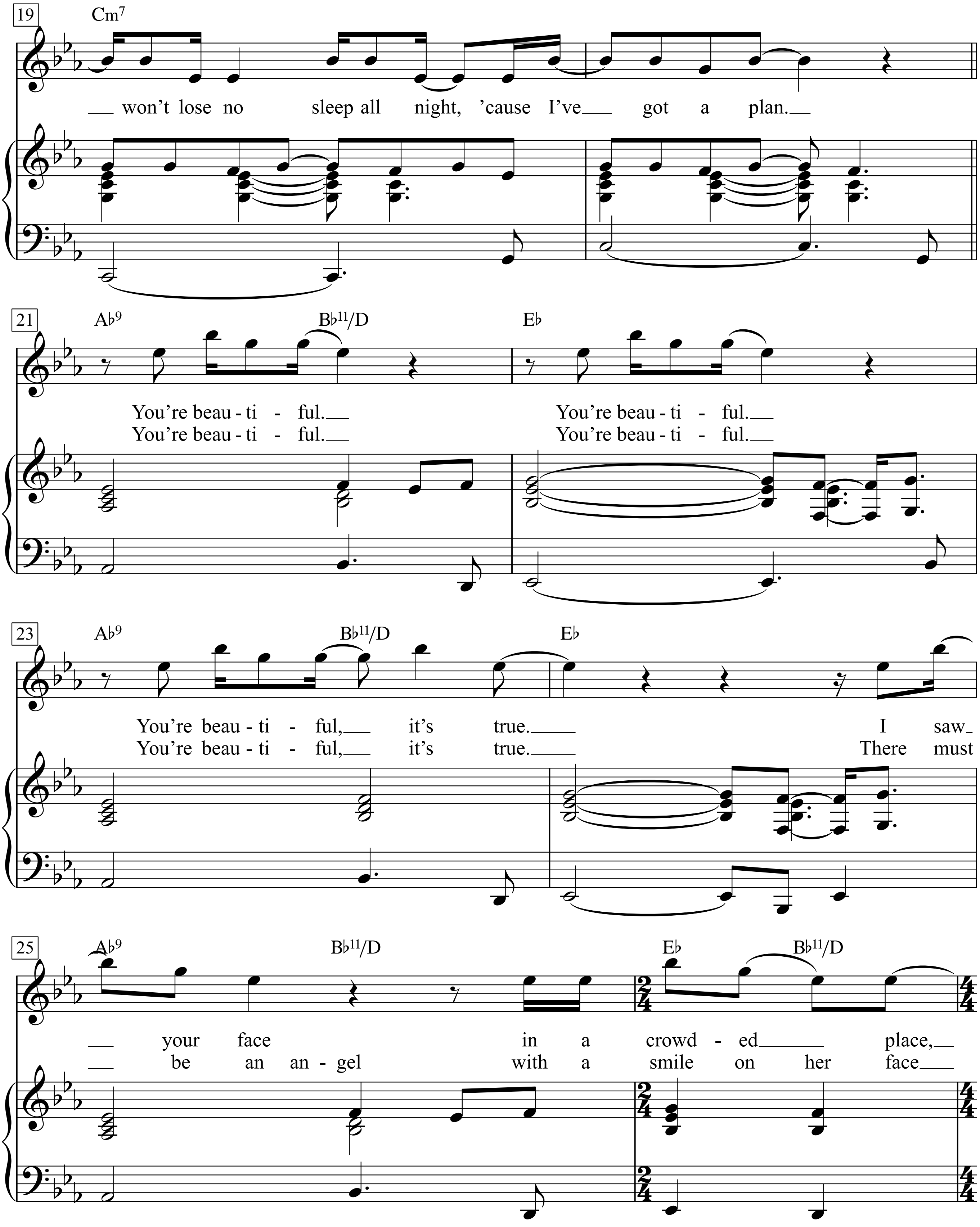


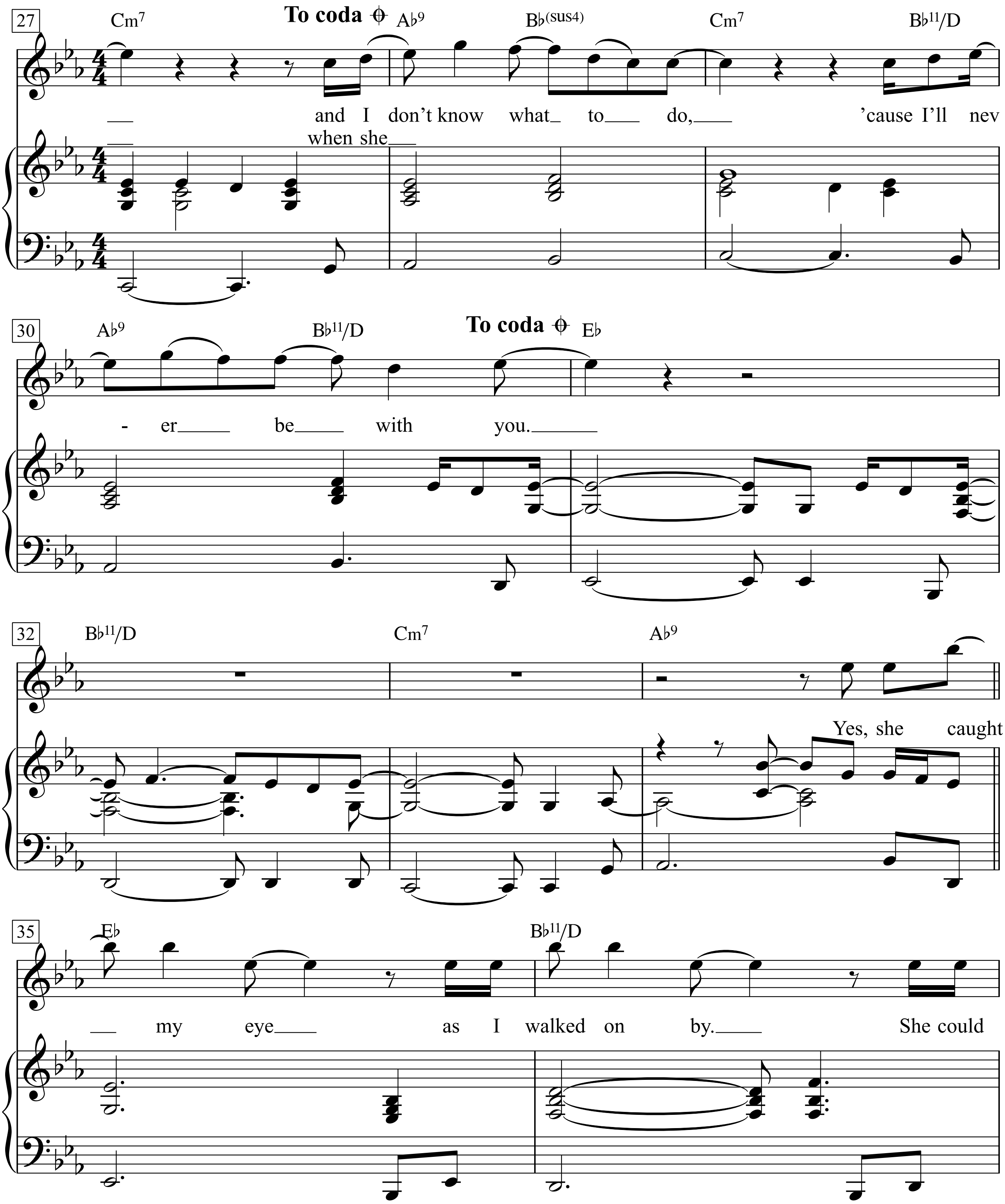


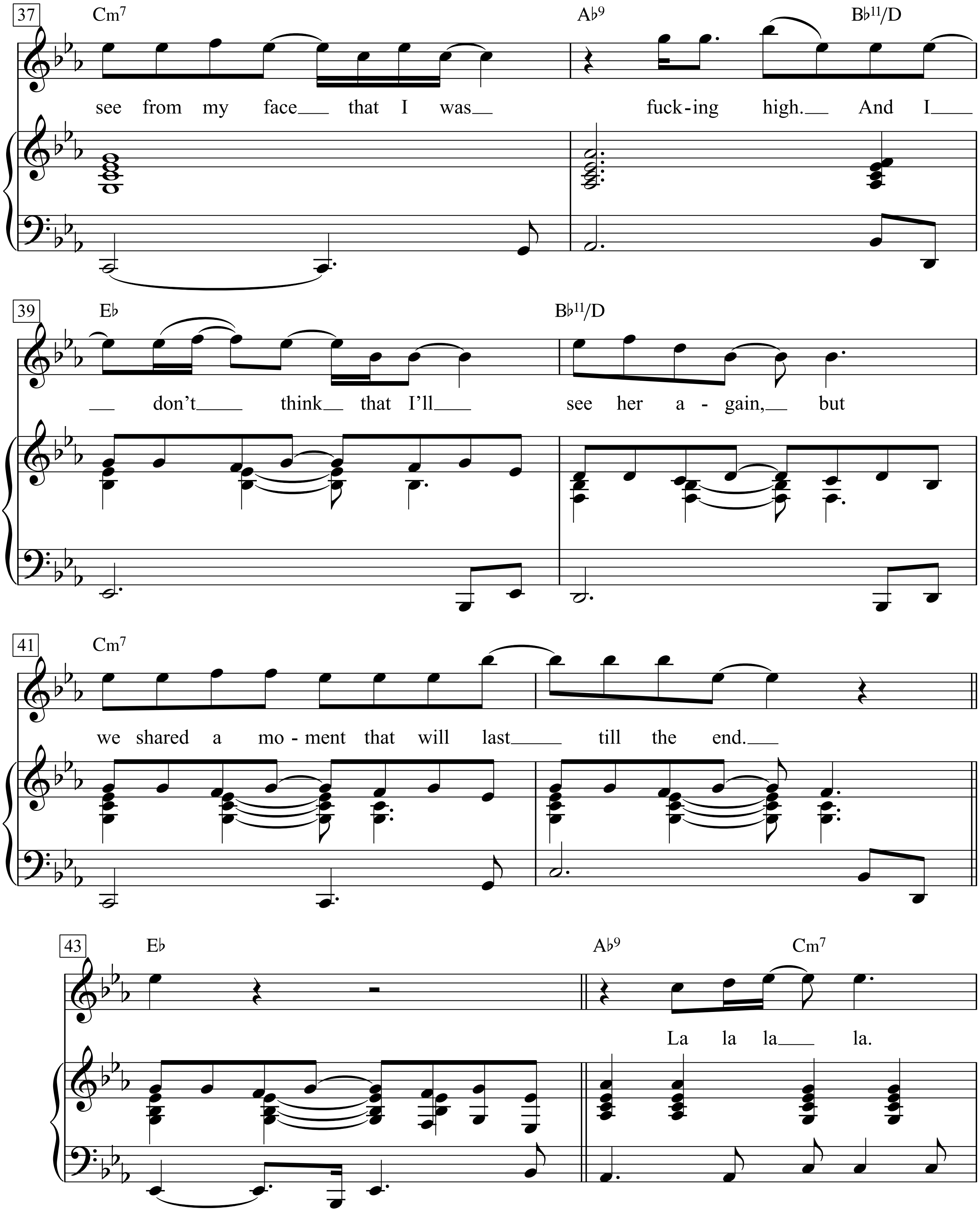


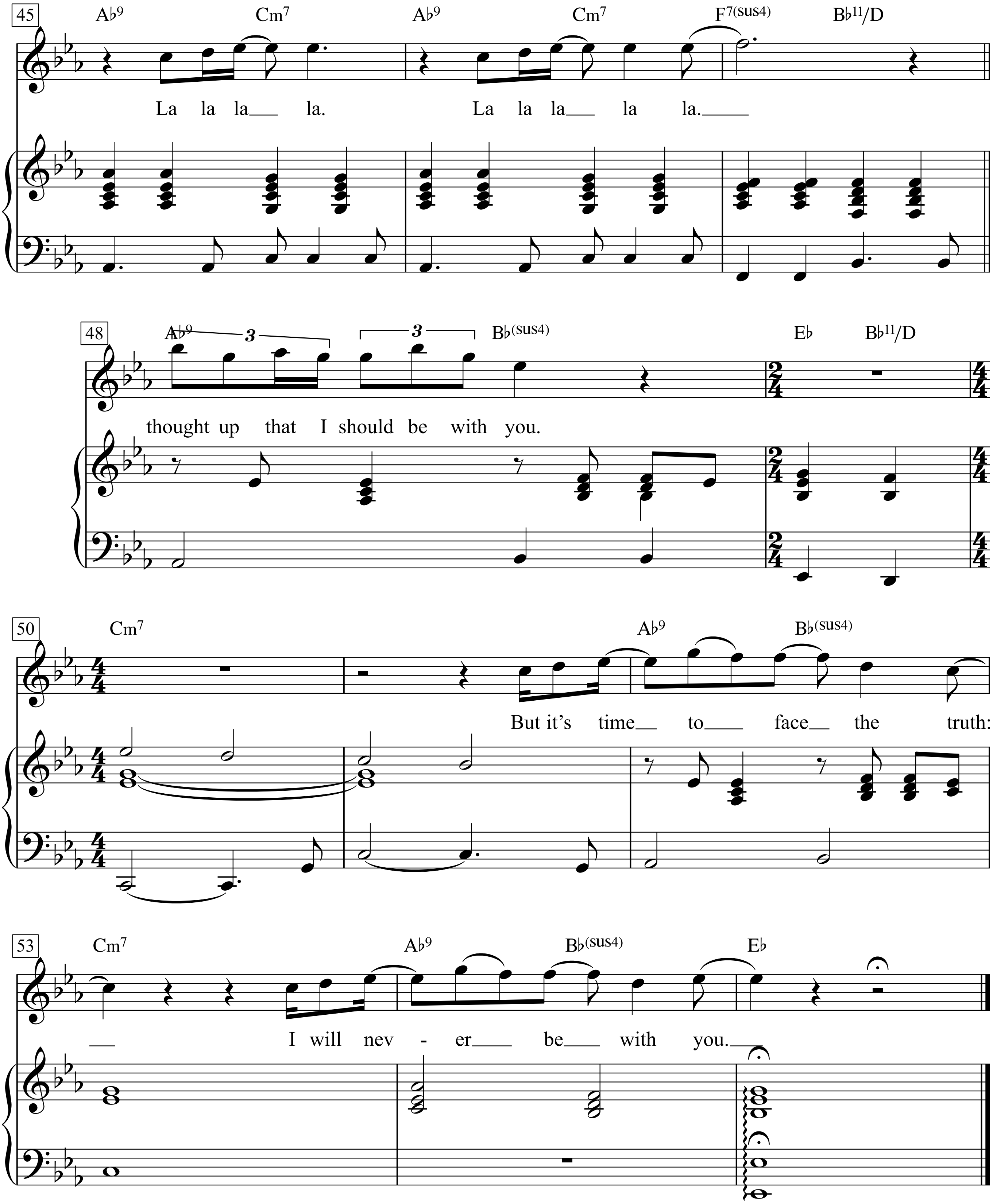
The Greatest Love Songs Of The 21st Century, p. 118-123


10
B♭11/F♯
Cm7
A♭9
13
E♭
My life is bril - liant,
B♭11/D
my love is pure.
15
Cm7
I saw an an - gel,
A♭9
of that I'm sure.
She smiled
17
E7
at me on the sub-way,
B♭11/D
3
she was with a-no-ther man..
But I


19
Cm7
__ won't lose no sleep all night, 'cause I've__ got a plan.__
21
A♭9
B♭11/D
E♭
You're beau - ti - ful.__ You're beau - ti - ful.__
You're beau - ti - ful.__ You're beau - ti - ful.__
23
A♭9
B♭11/D
E♭
You're beau - ti - ful,__ it's true.____ I saw_
You're beau - ti - ful,__ it's true.____ There must
25
A♭9
B♭11/D
E♭
B♭11/D
__ your face in a crowd - ed____ place,__
__ be an an - gel with a smile on her face___

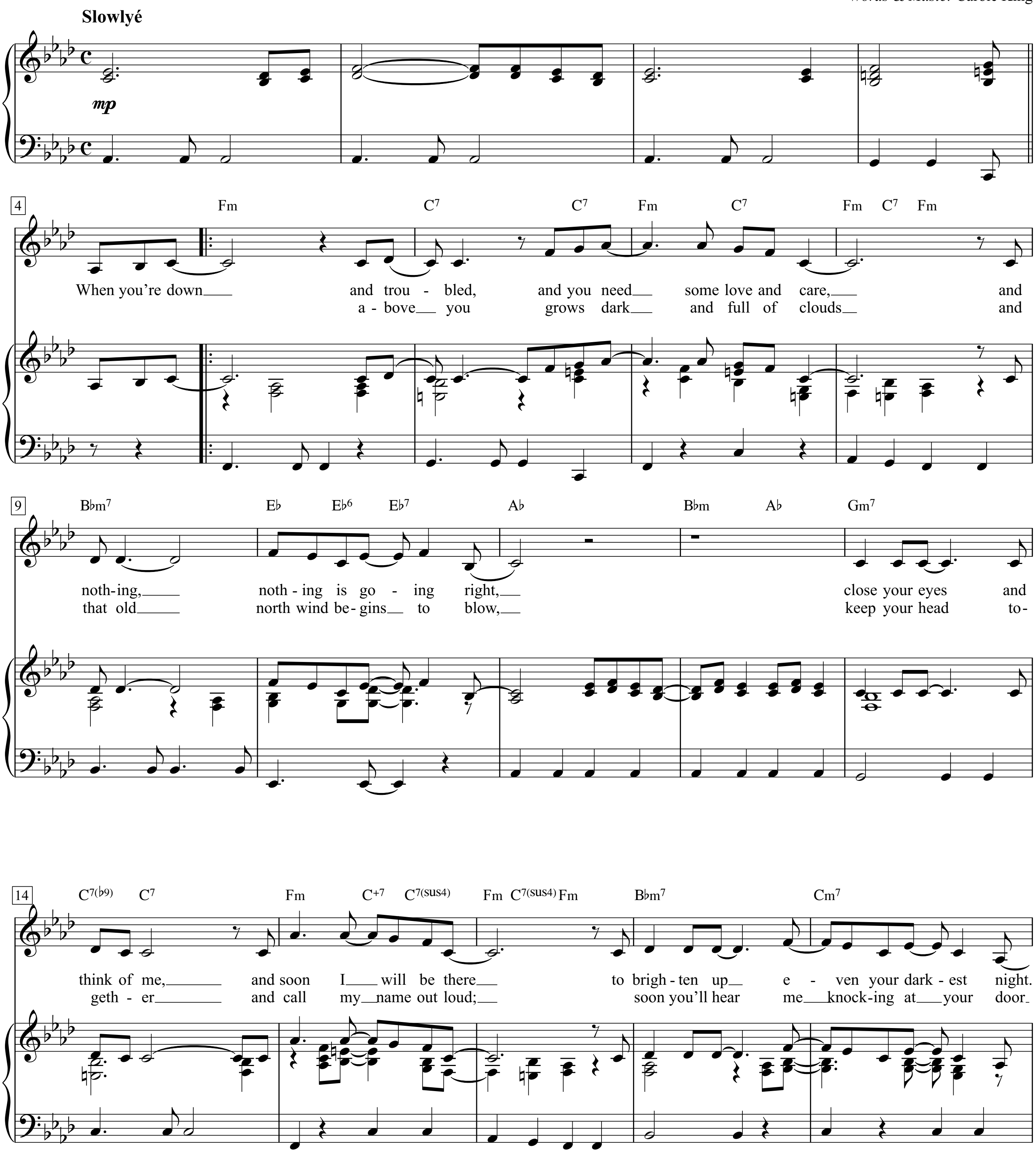

27
Cm7
To coda
Ab9
Bb(sus4)
Cm7
Bb11/D
and I don't know what_ to___ do,___ 'cause I'll nev
when she___
30
Ab9
Bb11/D
To coda
Eb
- er___ be___ with you.___
32
Bb11/D
Cm7
Ab9
Yes, she caught
35
Eb
Bb11/D
___ my eye___ as I walked on by.___ She could

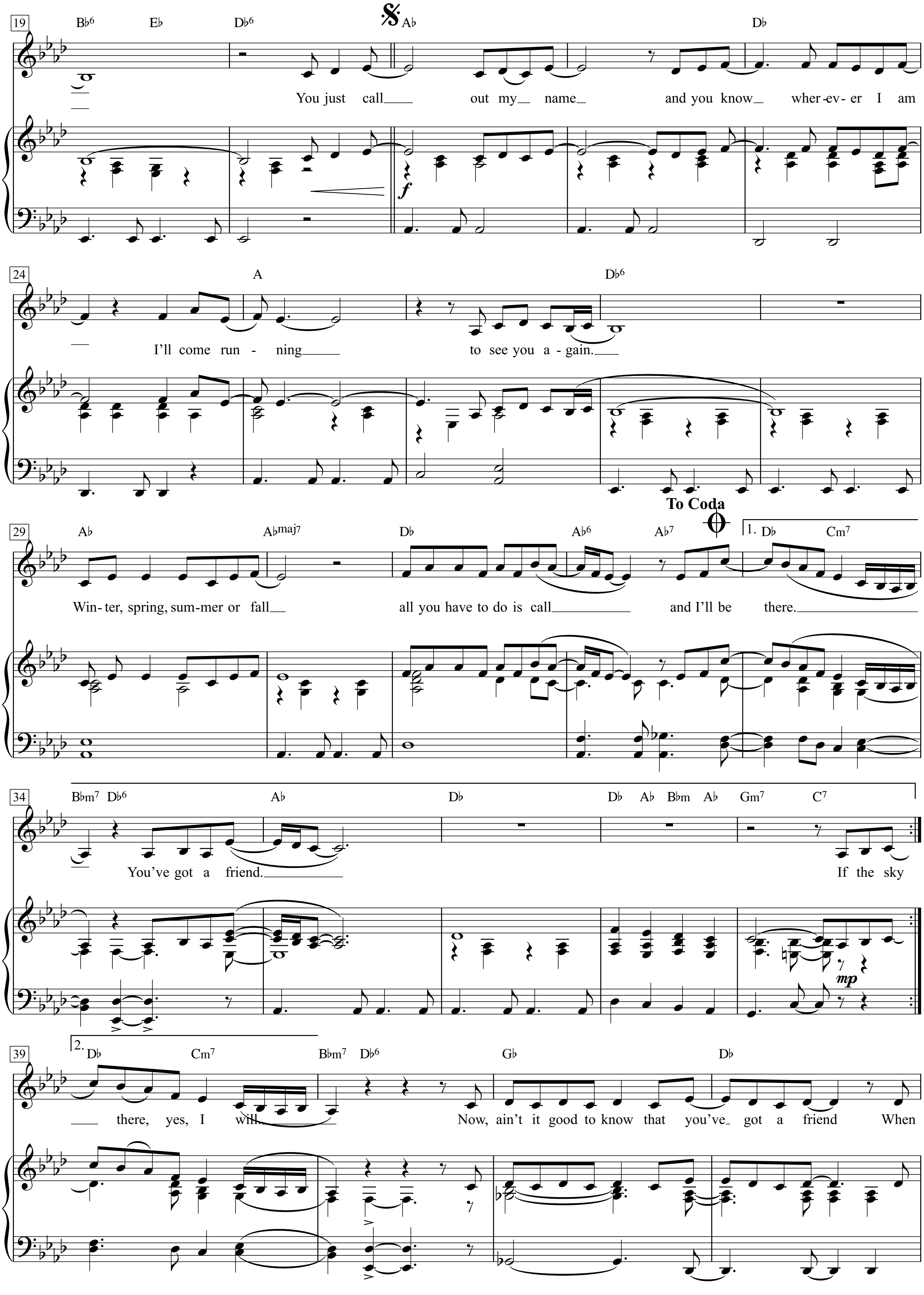

37
Cm7
Ab9
Bb11/D
see from my face that I was fuck-ing high. And I
39
Eb
Bb11/D
don't think that I'll see her a-gain, but
41
Cm7
we shared a mo-ment that will last till the end.
43
Eb
Ab9
Cm7
La la la la.

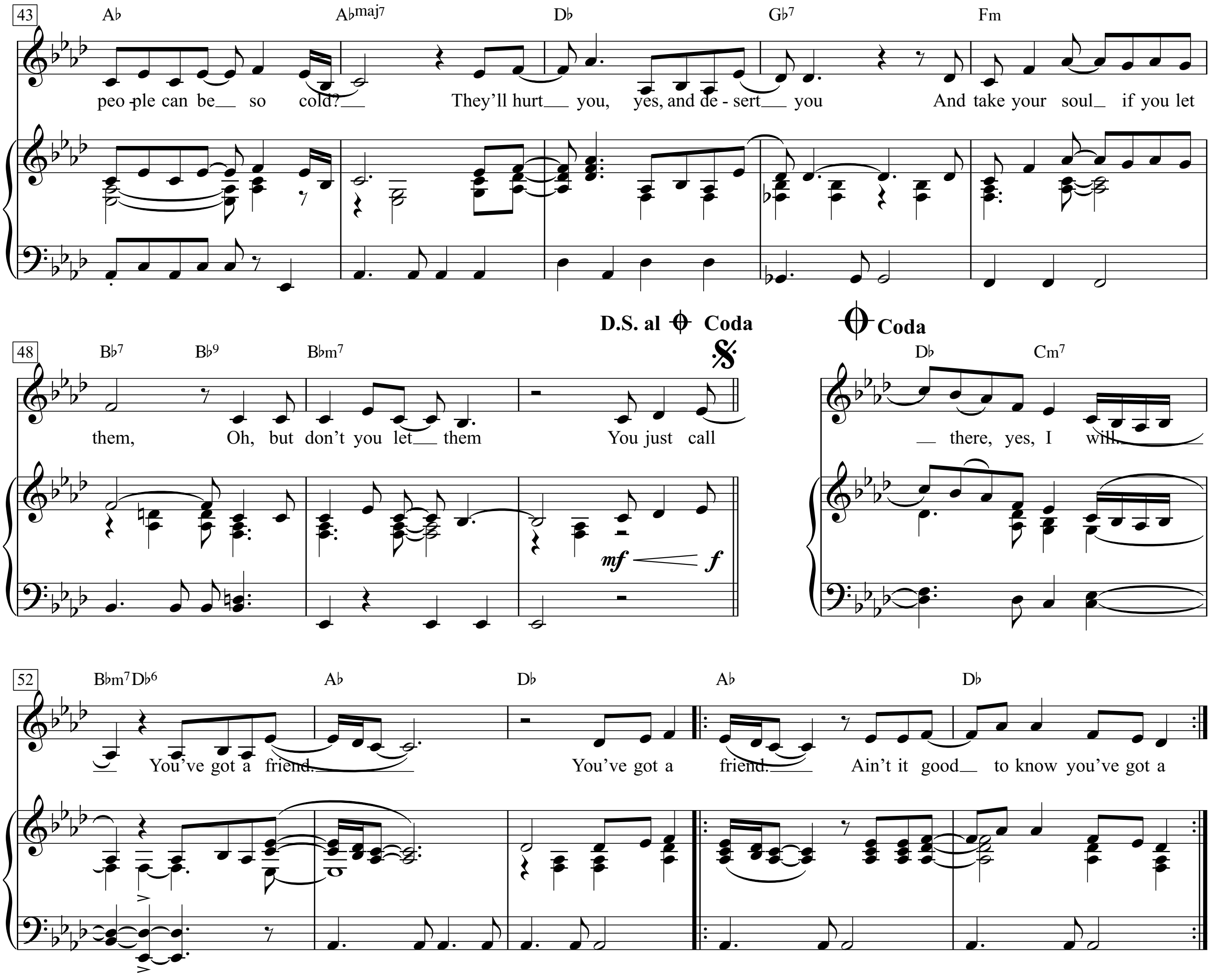

45
A♭9 Cm7 A♭9 Cm7 F7(sus4) B♭11/D
La la la___ la. La la la___ la la.____
48
A♭9 B♭(sus4) E♭ B♭11/D
thought up that I should be with you.
50
Cm7 A♭9 B♭(sus4)
But it's time__ to___ face__ the truth:
53
Cm7 A♭9 B♭(sus4) E♭
__ I will nev - er___ be___ with you.___

You’ve got a friend

Words & Music: Carole King




19
B♭6 E♭ D♭6 A♭ D♭
You just call out my name and you know wher-ev-er I am
24
A D♭6
I'll come run - ning to see you a-gain.
29
A♭ A♭maj7 D♭ A♭6 A♭7
To Coda
1. D♭ Cm7
Win-ter, spring, sum-mer or fall all you have to do is call and I'll be there.
34
B♭m7 D♭6 A♭ D♭ D♭ A♭ B♭m A♭ Gm7 C7
You've got a friend. If the sky
mp
39
2. D♭ Cm7 B♭m7 D♭6 G♭ D♭
there, yes, I will. Now, ain't it good to know that you've got a friend When


43
A♭ A♭maj7 D♭ G♭7 Fm
peo-ple can be so cold? They'll hurt you, yes, and de-sert you And take your soul if you let
D.S. al Coda
Coda
48
B♭7 B♭9 B♭m7
them, Oh, but don't you let them You just call
mf f
D♭ Cm7
there, yes, I will.
52
B♭m7 D♭6 A♭ D♭ A♭ D♭
You've got a friend. You've got a friend. Ain't it good to know you've got a

When you’re down and troubled,
And you need some love and care,
And nothing, nothing is going right
Close your eyes and think of me,
And soon I will be there
To brighten up even your darkest night.

You just call out my name
And you know wherever I am
I’ll come running to see you again
Winter, spring, summer or fall
All you have to do is call
And I’ll be there
You’ve got a friend

If the sky above you grows dark and full of clouds
And that old north wind begins to blow
Keep your head together and call my name out loud
Soon you’ll hear me knocking at your door

You just call out my name
And you know wherever I am
I’ll come running, running, yeah, yeah, to see you again
Winter, spring, summer or fall
All you have to do is call
And I’ll be there
And I’ll be there, yes I will.

Now, ain’t it good to know that you’ve got a friend
When people can be so cold?
They’ll hurt you, yes, and desert you
And take your soul if you let them,
Oh, but don’t you let them

You just call out my name
And you know wherever I am
I’ll come running, running, yeah, yeah, yeah, to see you again.
Winter, spring, summer or fall
All you have to do is call
And I’ll be there, yes I will.
You’ve got a friend

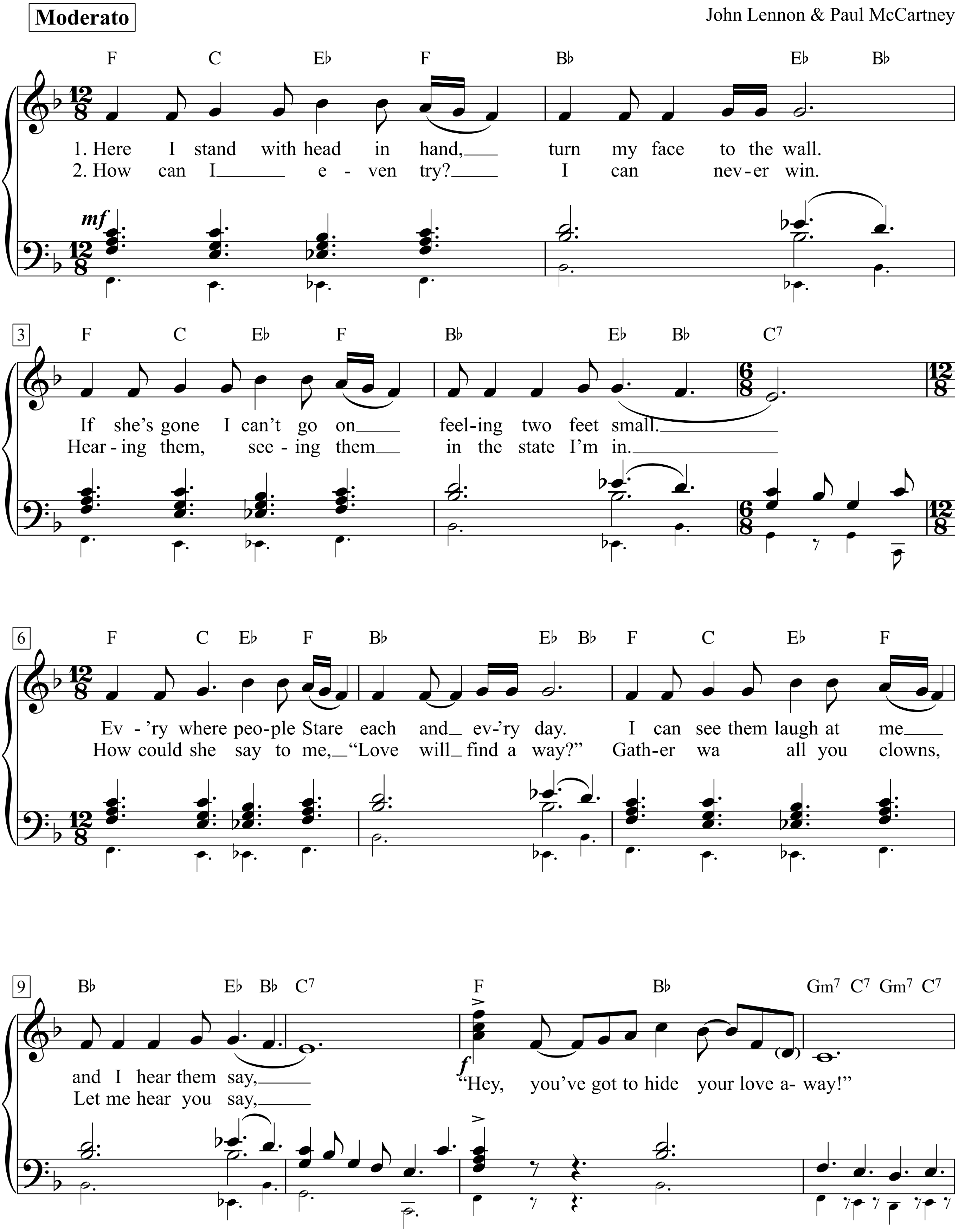
You’ve got a friend
Ain’t it good to know, you’ve got a friend?
Ain’t it good to know?
Ain’t it good to know?
Ain’t it good to know, you’ve got a friend?

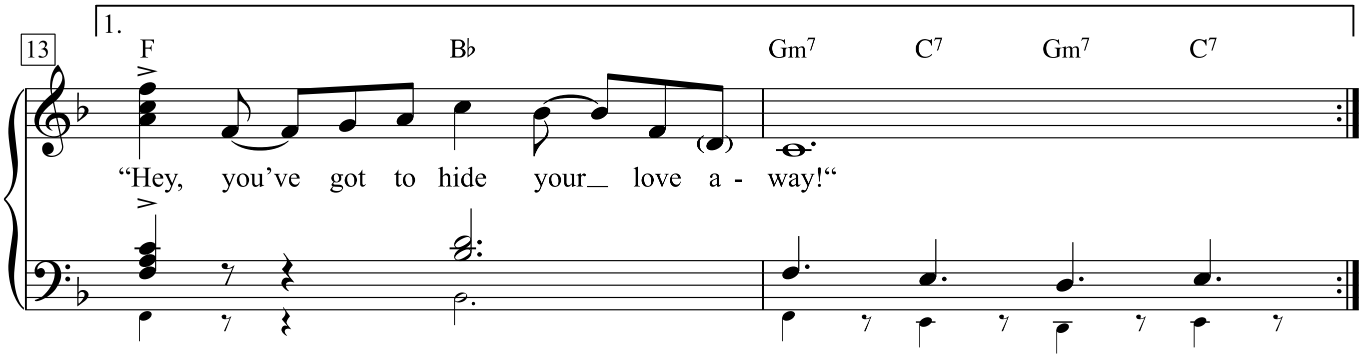
Oh yeah, now
Oh, you’ve got a friend
Yeah, baby
You’ve got a friend
Oh yeah...
You’ve got a friend

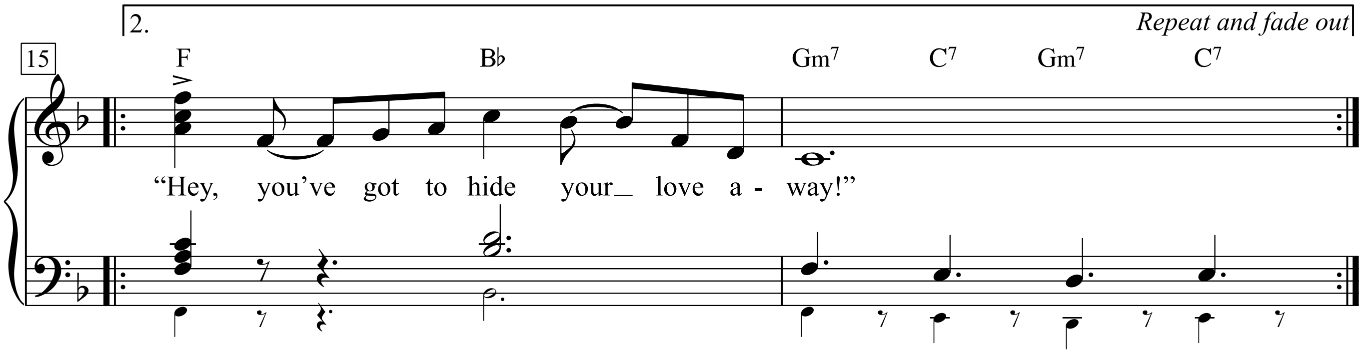
You’ve Got To Hide Your Love Away

(Organ: Registration No. 7)

Words & Music:
John Lennon & Paul McCartney







Here I stand, head in hand,
turn my face to the wall.
If she's gone, I can't go on,
feeling two foot small.

Ev'rywhere people stare,
each and ev'ryday.
I can see them laugh at me,
and I hear them say:

Hey! You've got to hide your love away.
Hey! You've got to hide your love away.

How can I even try?
I can never win.
Hearing them, seeing them,
In the state I'm in.

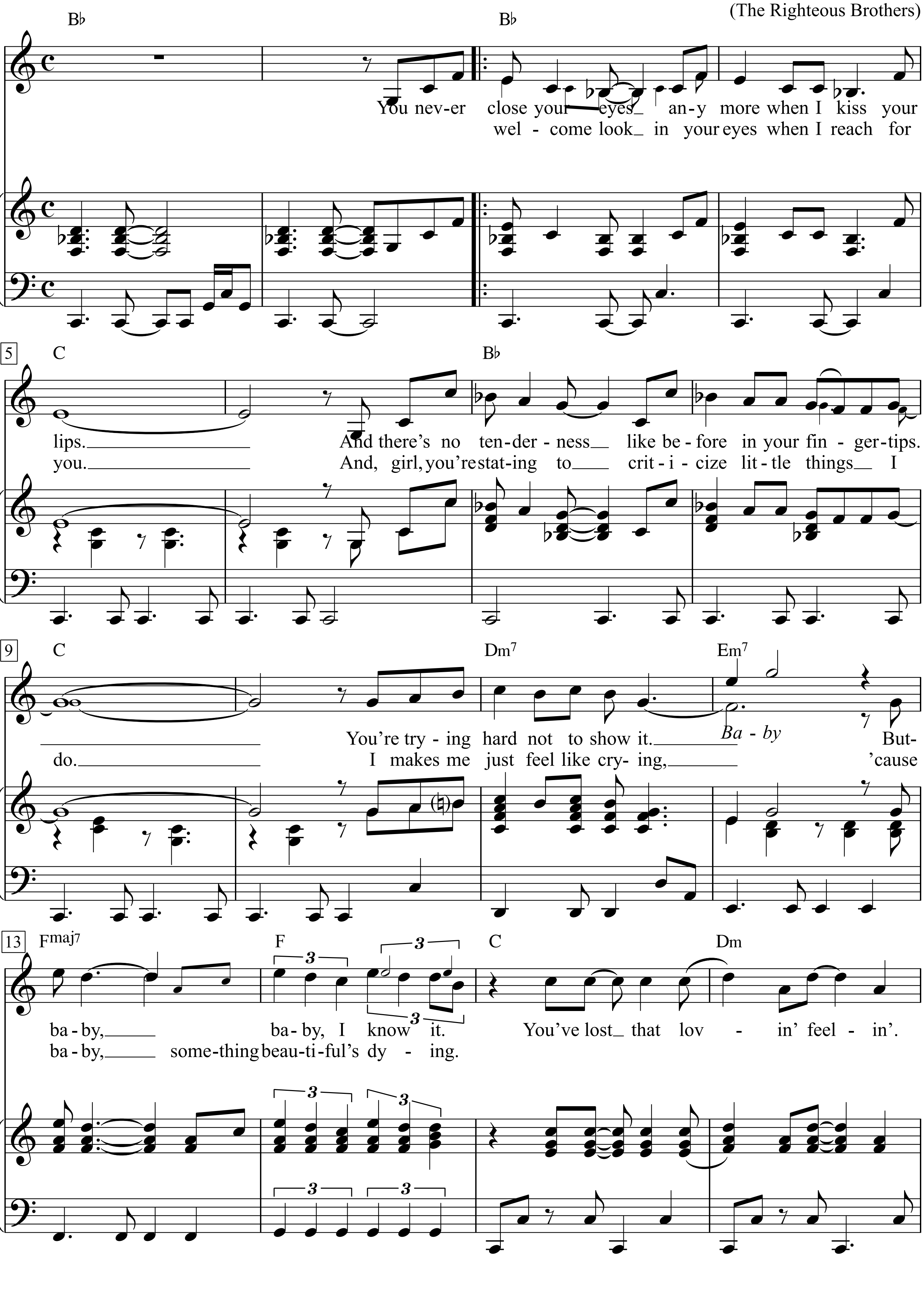
How could she say to me
Love will find a way?
Gather 'round all you clowns,
Let me hear you say:

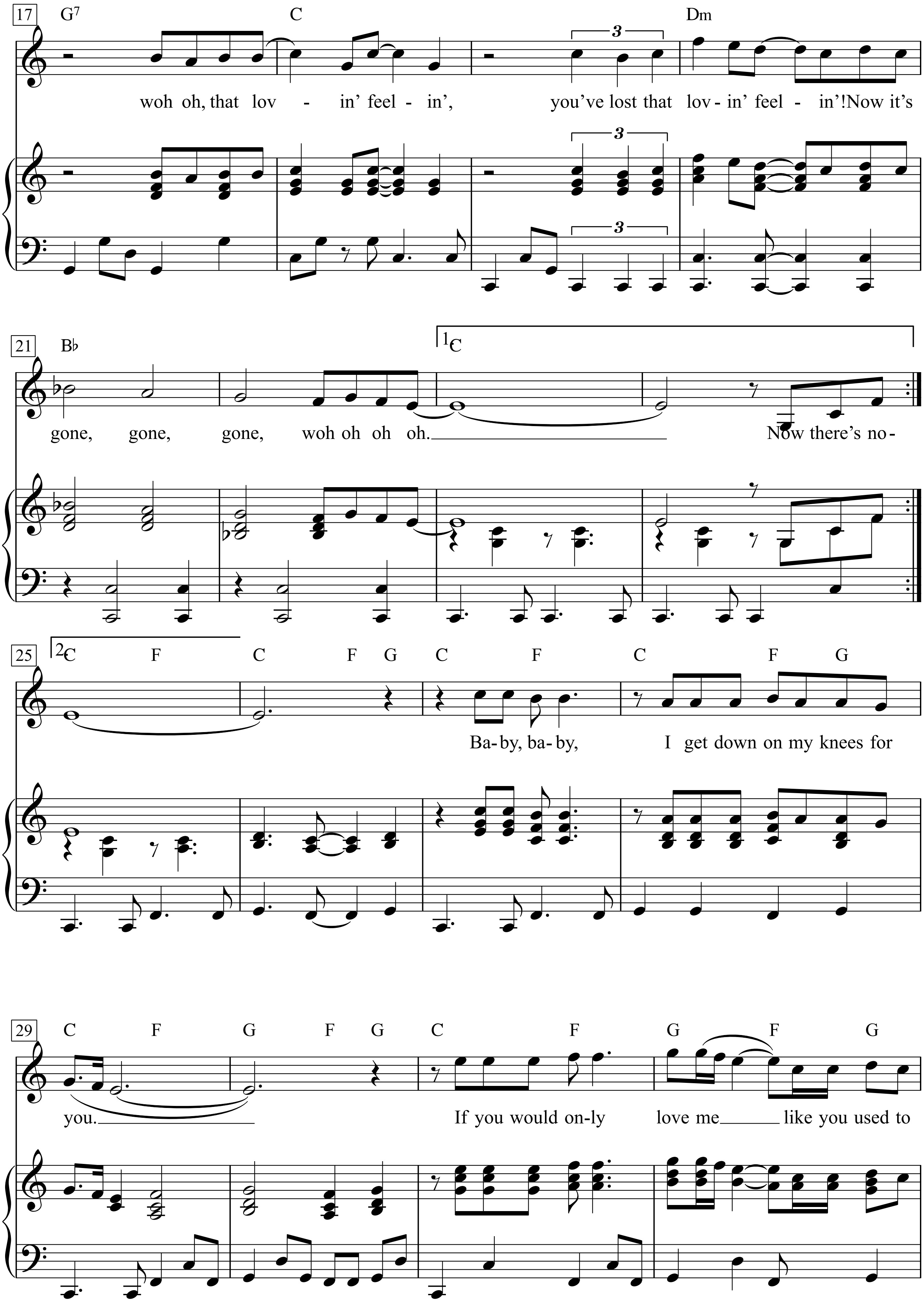
Hey! You've got to hide your love away.
Hey! You've got to hide your love away.

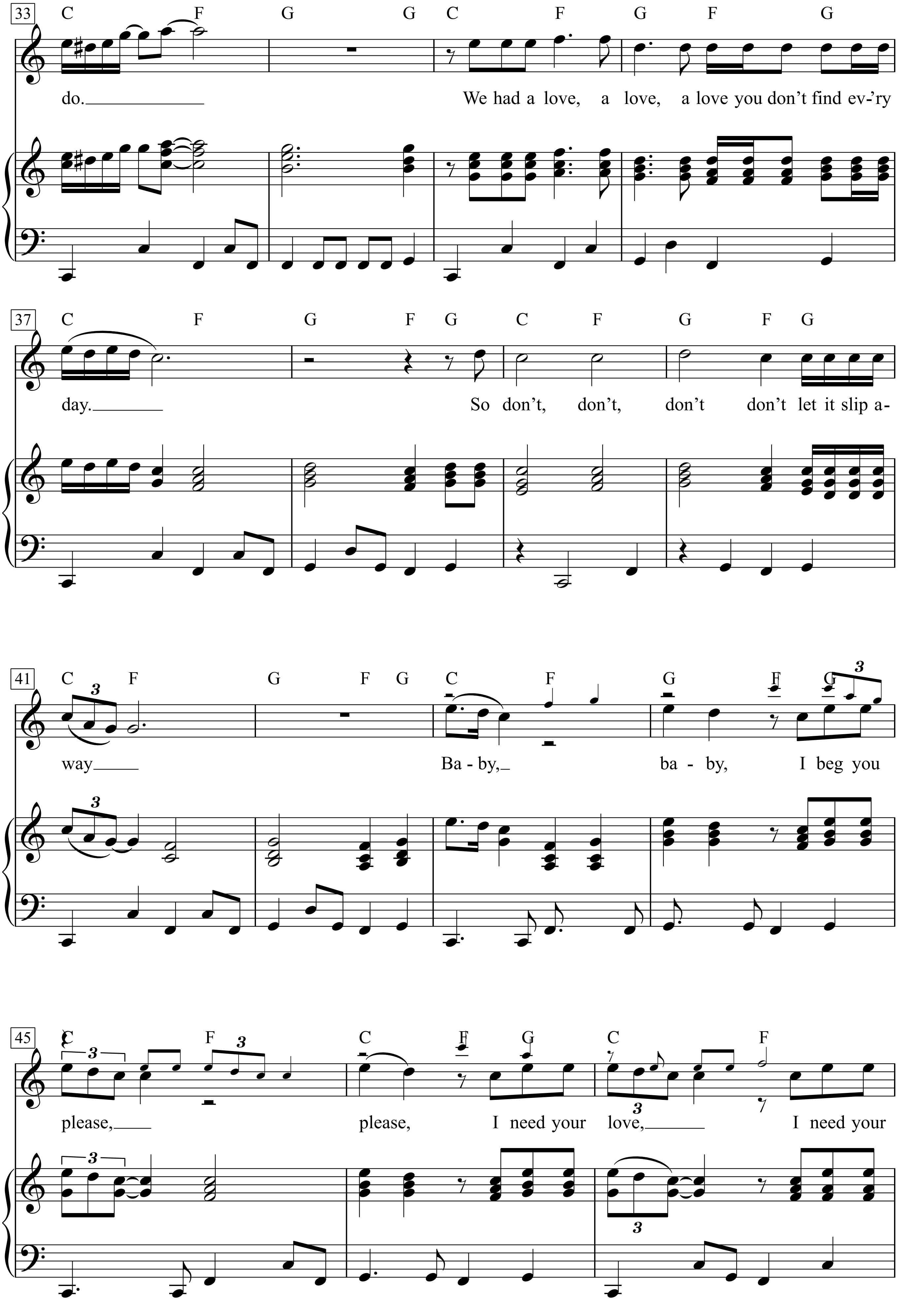
You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling

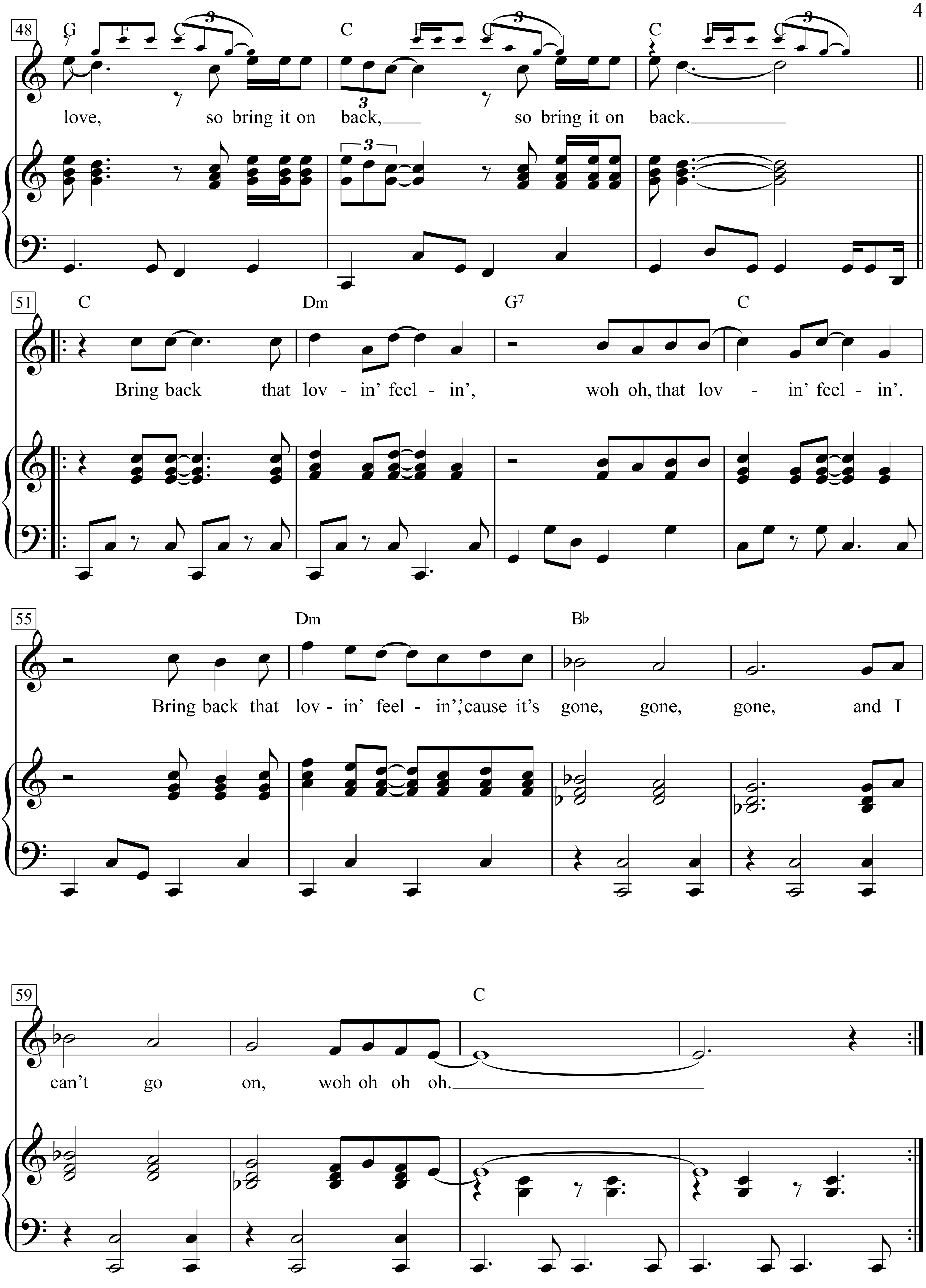
Slowly

Words & Music by
Barry Mann, Cynthia Weil and Phil Spector
(The Righteous Brothers)




17 G7 C Dm
woh oh, that lov - in' feel - in', you've lost that lov - in' feel - in'! Now it's
21 B♭ 1 C
gone, gone, gone, woh oh oh oh. Now there's no -
25 2 C F C F G C F C F G
Ba - by, ba - by, I get down on my knees for
29 C F G F G C F G F G
you. If you would on - ly love me like you used to

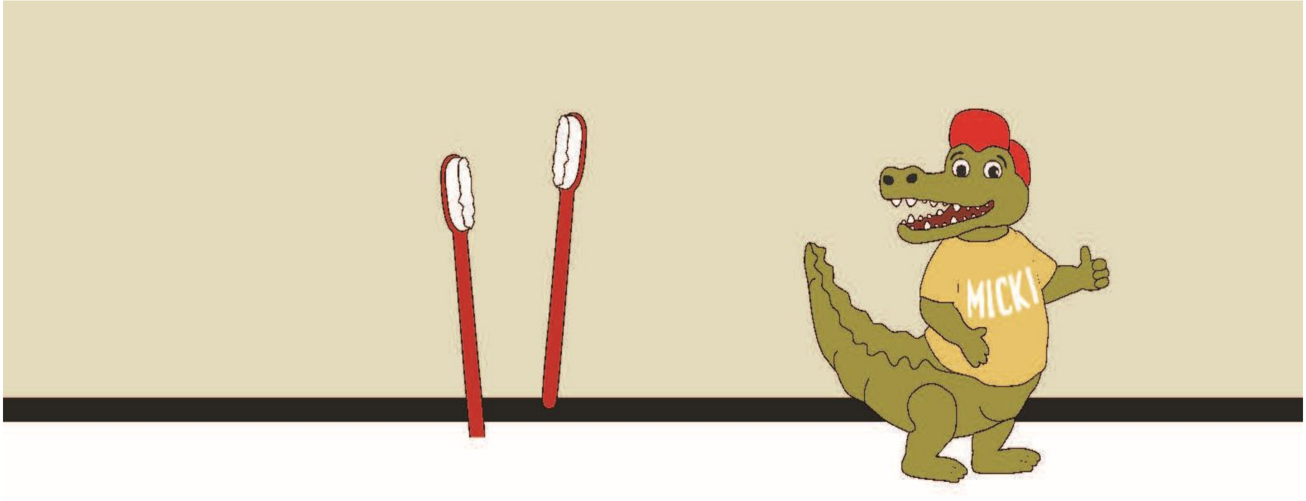

33
C F G G C F G F G
do. We had a love, a love, a love you don't find ev-'ry
37
C F G F G C F G F G
day. So don't, don't, don't don't let it slip a-
41
C F G F G C F G F G
way Ba - by, ba - by, I beg you
45
C F C F G C F
please, please, I need your love, I need your

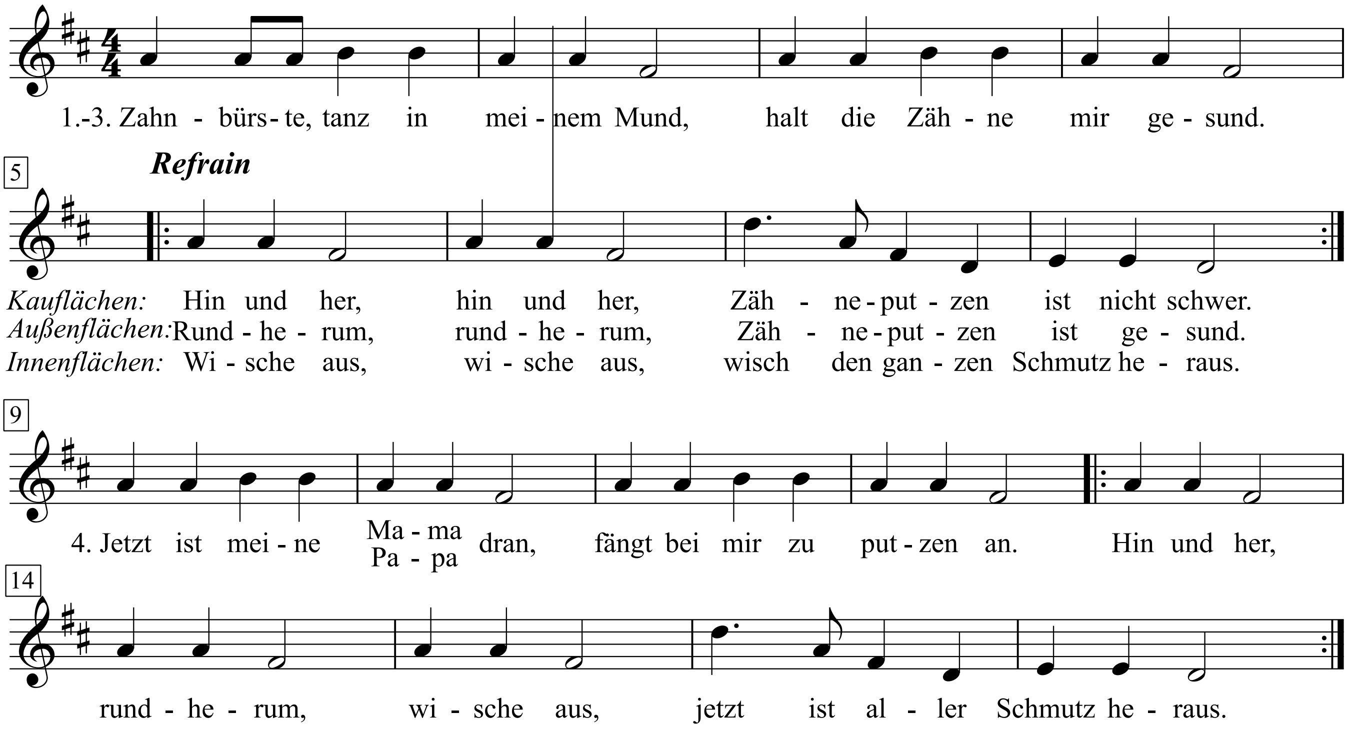

48
G F C
C F C
C F C
love, so bring it on back, so bring it on back.
51
C Dm G7 C
Bring back that lov - in' feel - in', woh oh, that lov - in' feel - in'.
55
Dm B♭
Bring back that lov - in' feel - in', 'cause it's gone, gone, gone, and I
59
C
can't go on, woh oh oh oh.

1.
You never close your eyes any more when I kiss your lips.
And there’s no tenderness like before in your fingertips.
You’re trying hard not to show it.
But, baby, baby, I know it.
You’ve lost that lovin’ feelin’. woh oh, that lovin’ feelin’,
you’ve lost that lovin’ feelin’!
Now it’s gone, gone, gone, woh oh oh oh.
Now there’s no
Baby, baby,
I get down on my knees for you.
If you would only love me like you used to do.
We had a love, a love, a love you don’t find ev’ry day.
So don’t, don’t, don’t don’t let it slip away Baby, baby,
I beg you please, please,
I need your love,
I need your love, so bring it on back, so bring it on back.
Bring back that lovin’ feelin’, woh oh, that lovin’ feelin’.
Bring back that lovin’ feelin’, ’cause it’s gone, gone, gone,
and I can’t go on, woh oh oh oh.

2. welcome look in your eyes when I reach for you.
And, girl, you’re stating to criticize little things I do.
I makes me just feel like crying, ’cause baby, something beautiful’s dying.

Das Zahnputzlied





1.-3. Zahnbürste, tanz in meinem Mund,
halt die Zähne mir gesund.

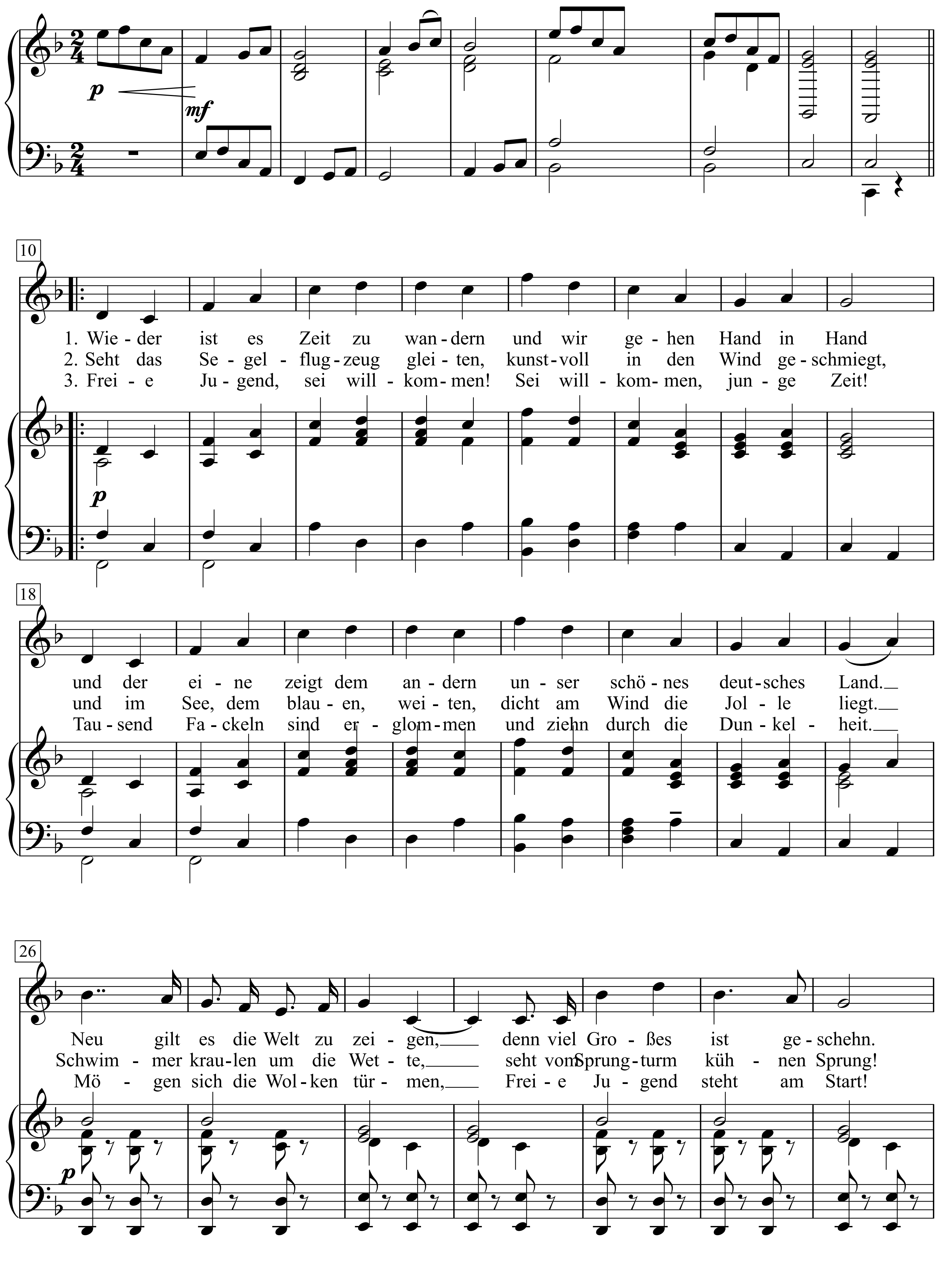
Refrain:
Kauflächen:
Hin und her, hin und her,
Zähneputzen ist nicht schwer.
Außenflächen:
Rundherum, rundherum,
Zähneputzen ist gesund.
Innenflächen:
Wische aus, wische aus,
wisch den ganzen Schmutz heraus.

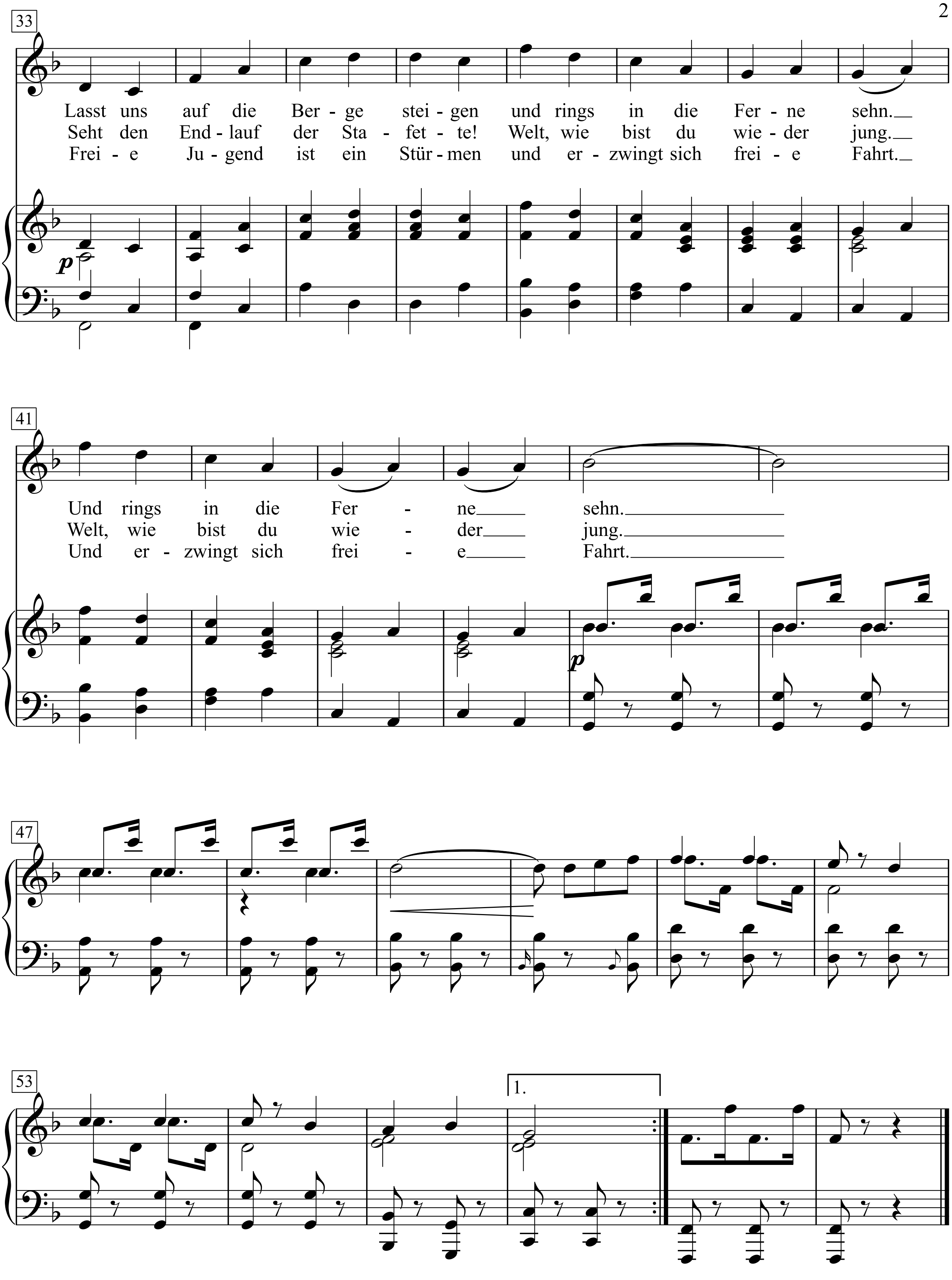
4. Jetzt ist meine Mama (Papa) dran,
fängt bei mir zu putzen an.
Hin und her, rundherum,
wische aus, jetzt ist aller Schmutz heraus.

Zeit zum Wandern

Johannes R. Becher

Hanns Eisler




33
Lasst uns auf die Ber - ge stei - gen und rings in die Fer - ne sehn.
Seht den End - lauf der Sta - fet - te! Welt, wie bist du wie - der jung.
Frei - e Ju - gend ist ein Stür - men und er - zwingt sich frei - e Fahrt.
41
Und rings in die Fer - ne sehn.
Welt, wie bist du wie - der jung.
Und er - zwingt sich frei - e Fahrt.
47
53
1.

1. Wieder ist es Zeit zu wandern
und wir gehen Hand in Hand
und der eine zeigt dem andern
unser schönes deutsches Land.
Neu gilt es die Welt zu zeigen,
denn viel Großes ist geschehn[G1] .
Lasst uns auf die Berge steigen
und rings in die Ferne sehn.
Und rings in die Ferne sehn.

2. Seht das Segelflugzeug gleiten,
kunstvoll in den Wind geschmiegt,
und im See, dem blauen, weiten,
dicht am Wind die Jolle liegt.
Schwimmer kraulen um die Wette,
seht vom Sprungturm kühnen Sprung!
Seht den Endlauf der Stafette!
Welt, wie bist du wieder jung.
Welt, wie bist du wieder jung.

3. Freie Jugend, sei willkommen!
Sei willkommen, junge Zeit!
Tausend Fackeln sind erglommen
und ziehn durch die Dunkelheit.
Mögen sich die Wolken türmen,
Freie Jugend steht am Start!
Freie Jugend ist ein Stürmen
und erzwingt sich freie Fahrt.
Und erzwingt sich freie Fahrt.

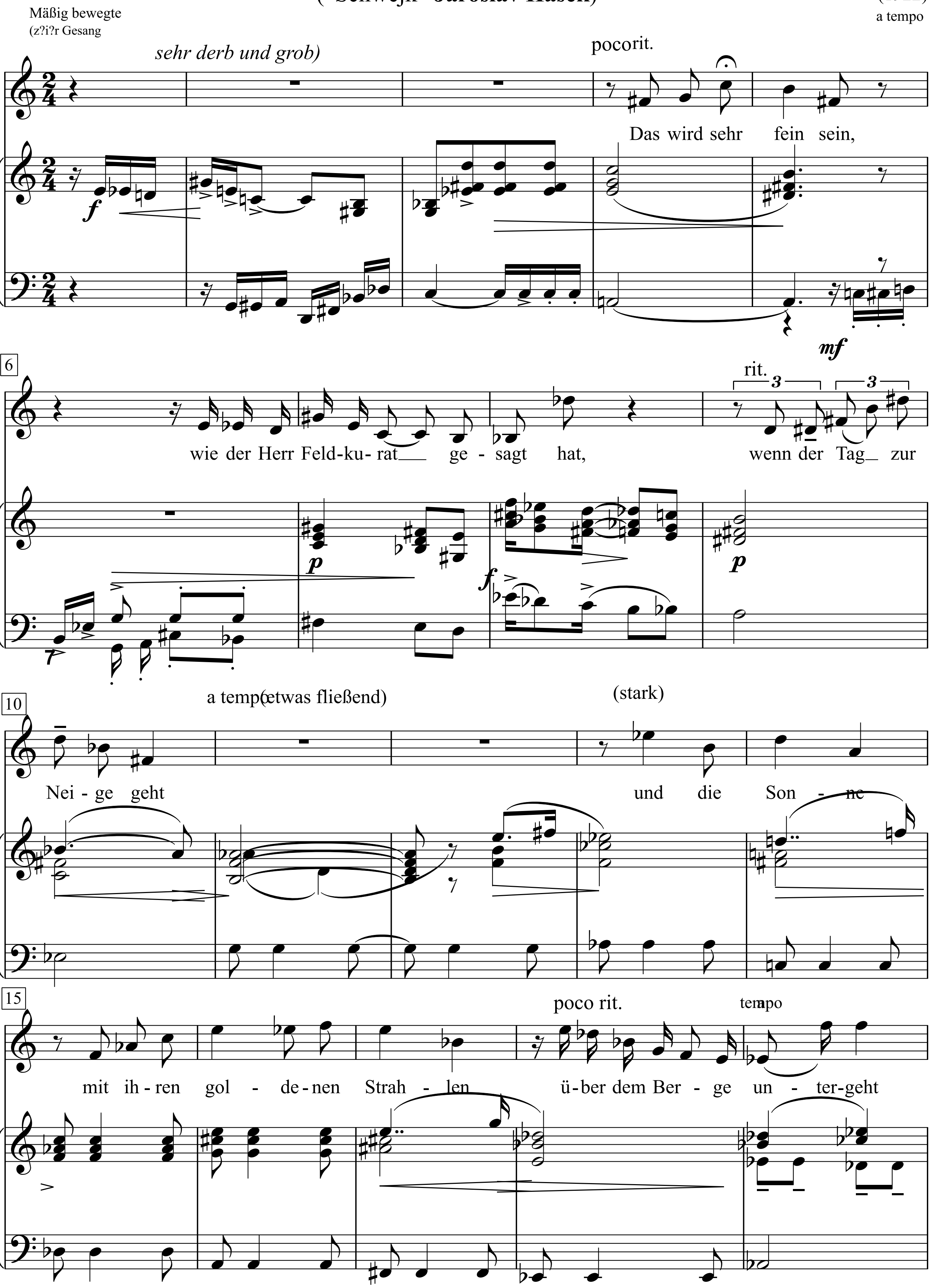
[G1]

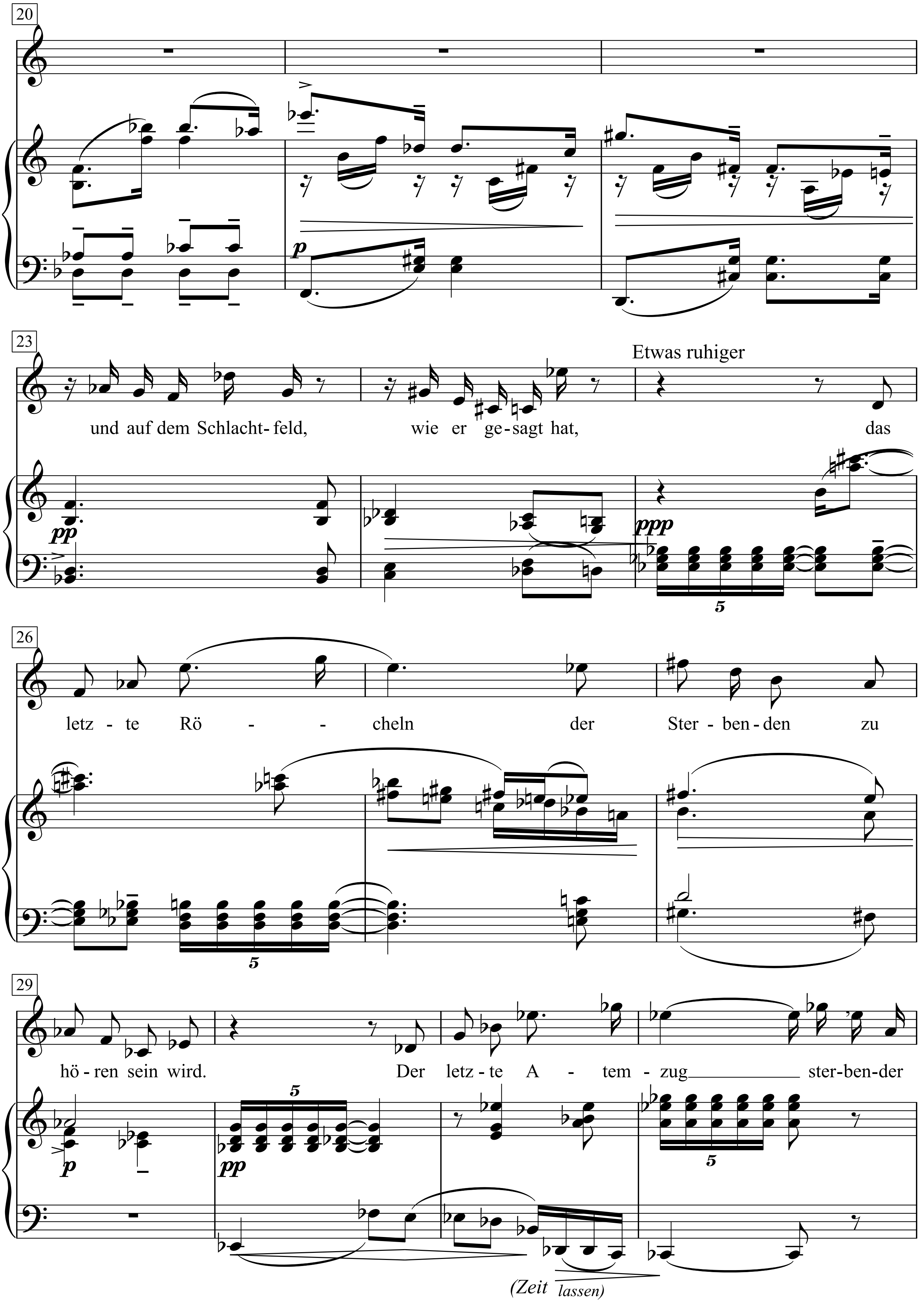
27. Der Feldprediger

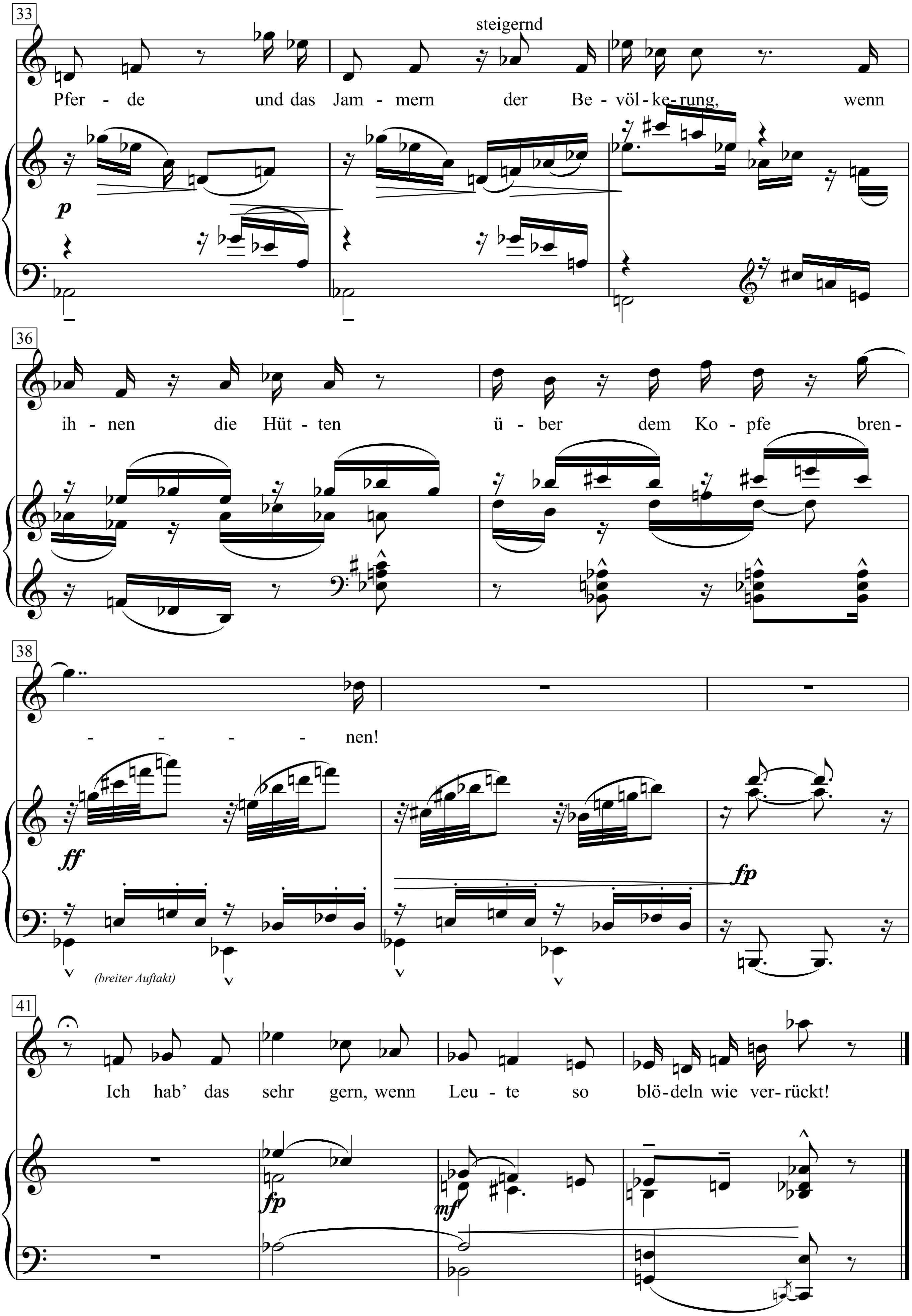
("Schwejk" **Jaroslav Hašek**)

Hanns Eisler

(1922)




20
23
Etwas ruhiger
und auf dem Schlacht- feld, wie er ge- sagt hat, das
26
letz - te Rö - - cheln der Ster - ben - den zu
29
hö - ren sein wird. Der letz - te A - tem - zug ster-ben-der
(Zeit lassen)

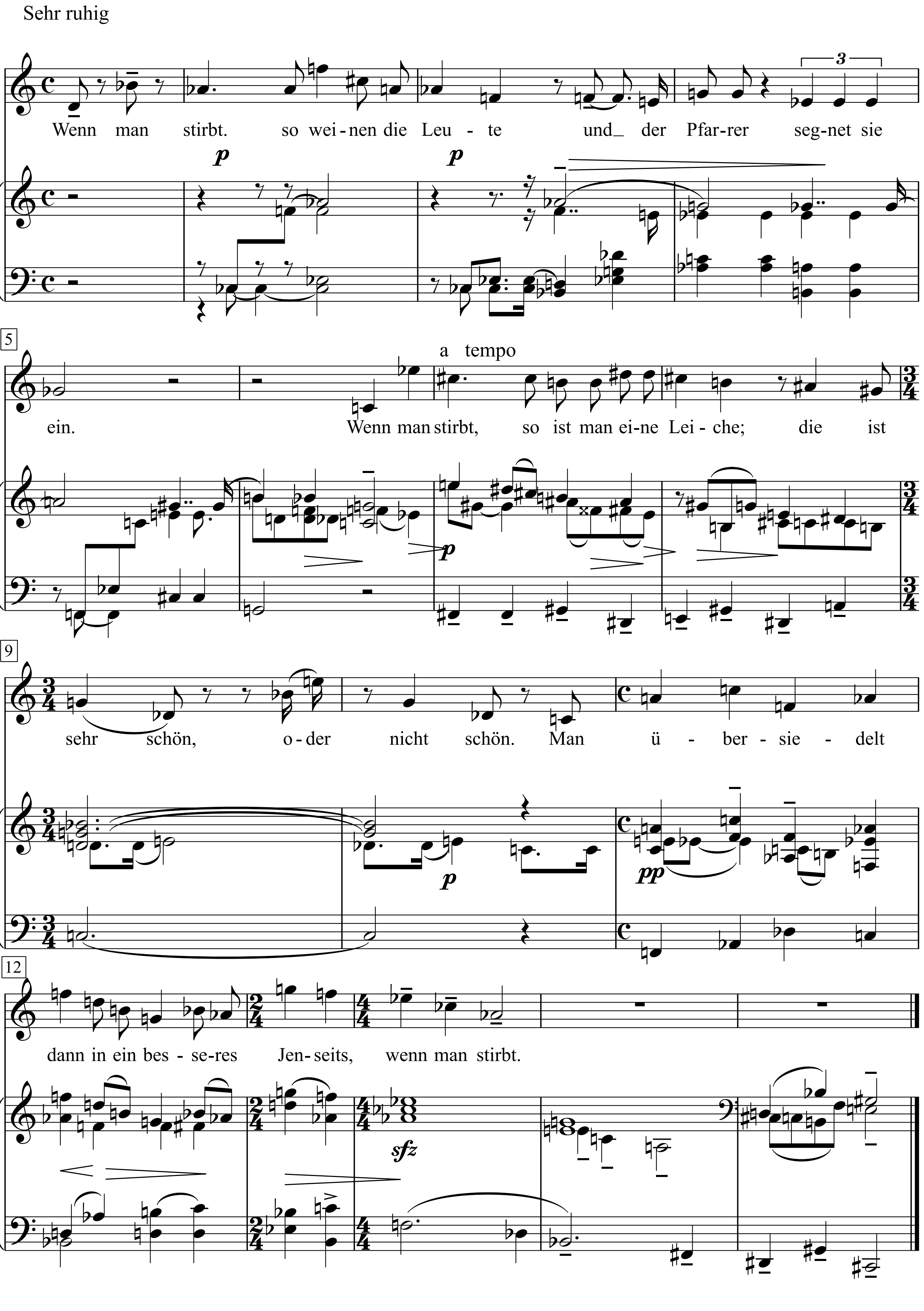

33
steigernd
Pfer - de und das Jam - mern der Be - völ - ke - rung, wenn
p
36
ih - nen die Hüt - ten ü - ber dem Ko - pfe bren -
38
- - - - nen!
ff
fp
(breiter Auftakt)
41
Ich hab' das sehr gern, wenn Leu - te so blö - deln wie ver - rückt!
fp
mf

Das wird sehr fein sein,
wie der Herr Feldkurat gesagt hat,
wenn der Tag zur Neige geht
und die Sonne mit ihren goldenen Strahlen
über dem Berge untergeht
und auf dem Schlachtfeld,
wie er gesagt hat,
das letzte Röcheln der Sterbenden zu hören sein wird.
Der letzte Atemzug sterbender Pferde
und das Jammern der Bevölkerung,
wenn ihnen die Hütten über dem Kopfe brennen!
Ich hab' das sehr gern, w
enn Leute so blödeln wie verrückt!

29. Der Tod

Aus einer Enquête

Hanns Eisler
1922

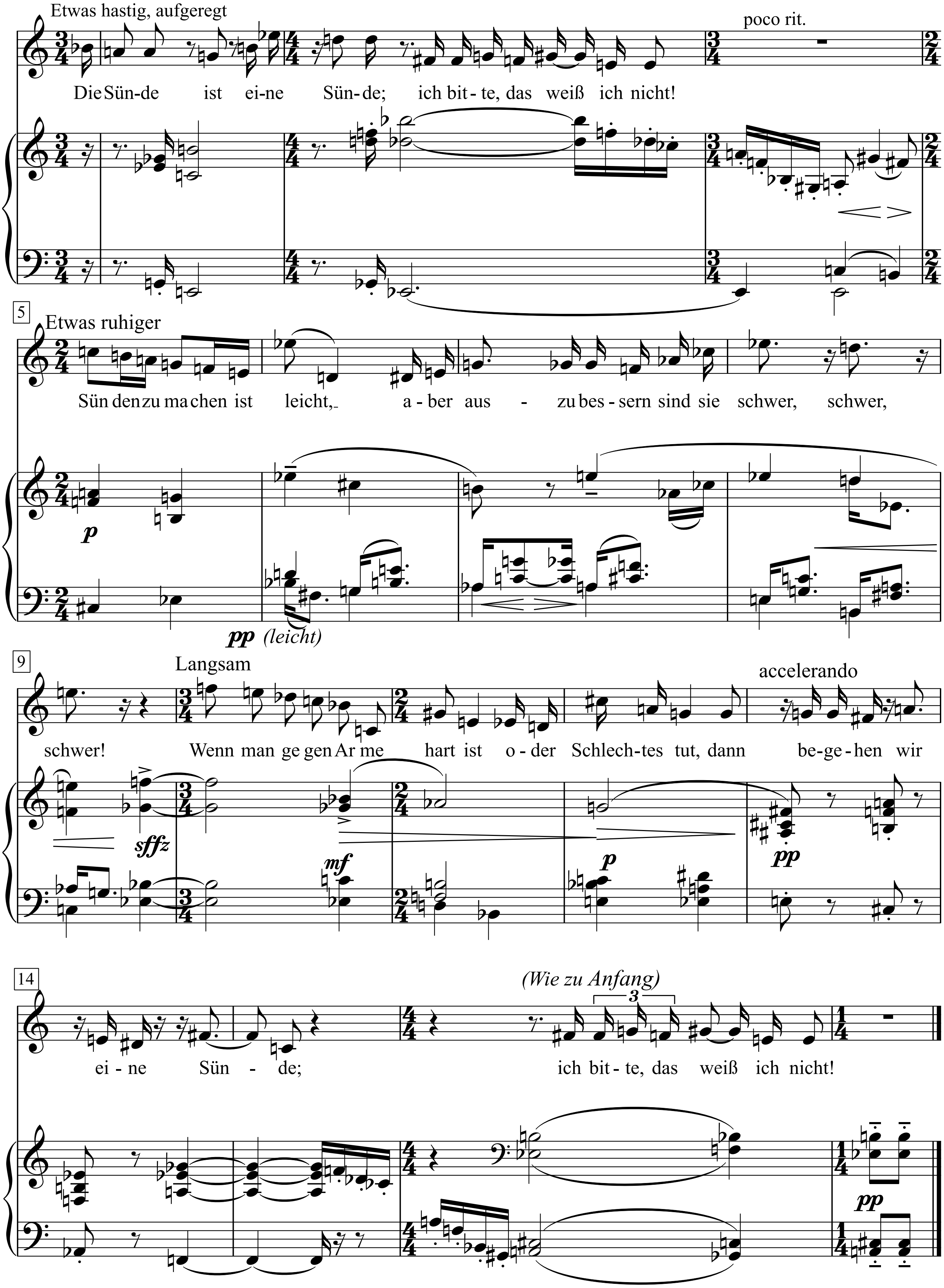


Wenn man stirbt. so weinen die Leute
und der Pfarrer segnet sie ein.
Wenn man stirbt, so ist man eine Leiche;
die ist sehr schön, oder nicht schön.
Man übersiedelt dann in ein besseres Jenseits,
wenn man stirbt.

30. Die Sünde

Aus einer Enquête *)

Hanns Eisler



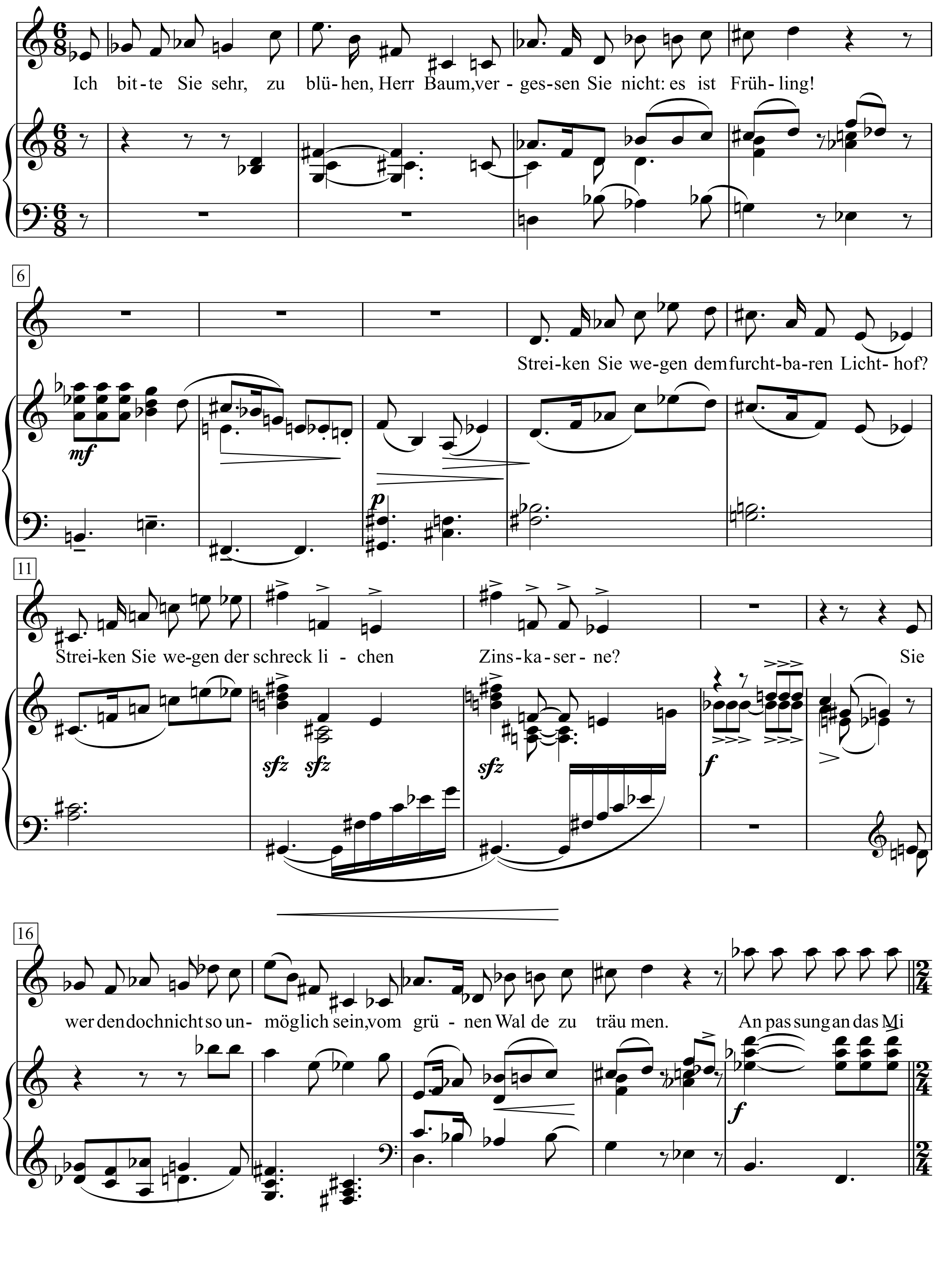
*) an die Kinder der unteren Volksschulklassen

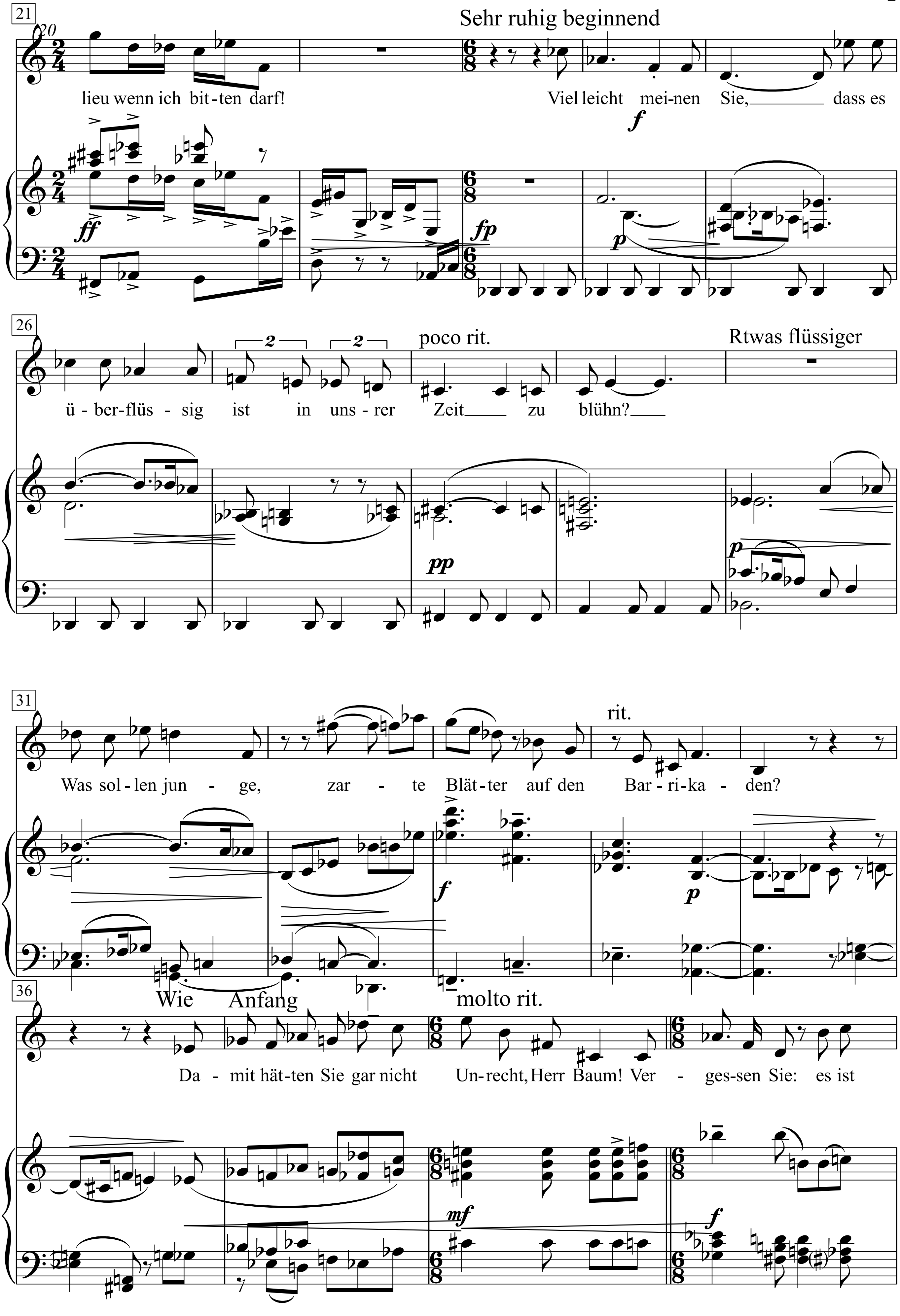
Die Sünde ist eine Sünde; ich bitte, das weiß ich nicht!
Sünden zu machen ist leicht,
aber auszubessern sind sie schwer, schwer, schwer!
Wenn man gegen Arme hart ist oder Schlechtes tut,
dann begehen wir eine Sünde; ich bitte, das weiß ich nicht!

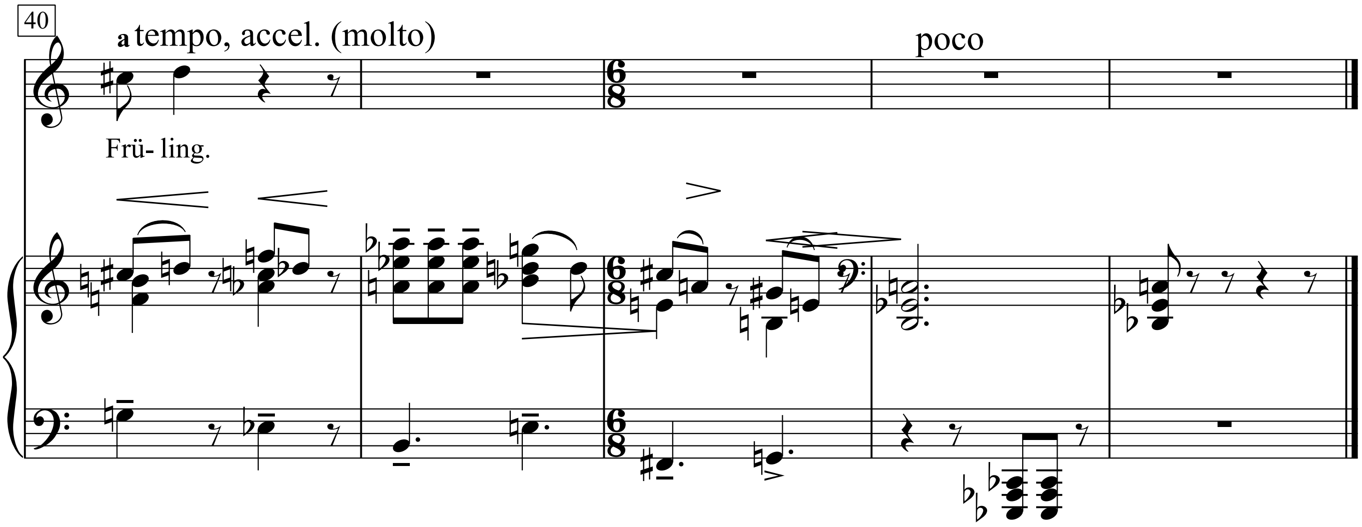
Frühlingsrede an einen Baum im Hinterhof

Erwin Ratz

Hanns Eisler




Sehr ruhig beginnend
lieu wenn ich bit-ten darf! Viel leicht mei-nen Sie, dass es
poco rit.
Rtwas flüssiger
ü-ber-flüs-sig ist in uns-rer Zeit zu blühn?
rit.
Was sol-len jun-ge, zar-te Blät-ter auf den Bar-ri-ka-den?
Wie Anfang
molto rit.
Da-mit hät-ten Sie gar nicht Un-recht, Herr Baum! Ver-ges-sen Sie: es ist

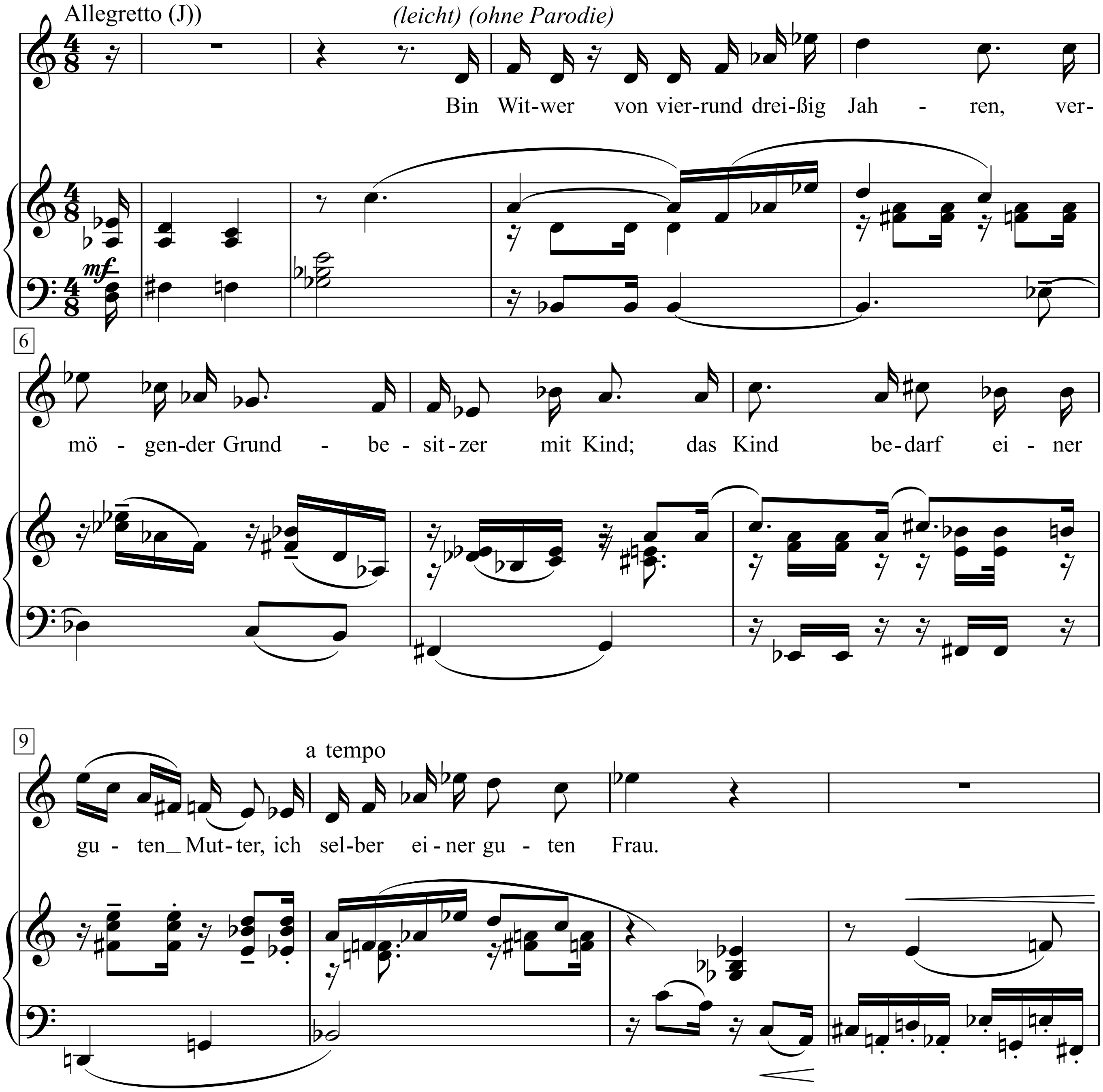


Ich bitte Sie sehr, zu blühen, Herr Baum,
vergessen Sie nicht: es ist Frühling!
Streiken Sie wegen dem furchtbaren Lichthof?
Streiken Sie wegen der schrecklichen Zinskaserne?
Sie werden doch nicht so unmöglich sein,
vom grünen Walde zu träumen.
Anpassung an das Milieu wenn ich bitten darf!
Vielleicht meinen Sie, dass es überflüssig ist
in unsrer Zeit zu blühn?
Was sollen junge, zarte Blätter auf den Barrikaden?
Damit hätten Sie gar nicht Unrecht, Herr Baum!
Vergessen Sie: es ist Früling.

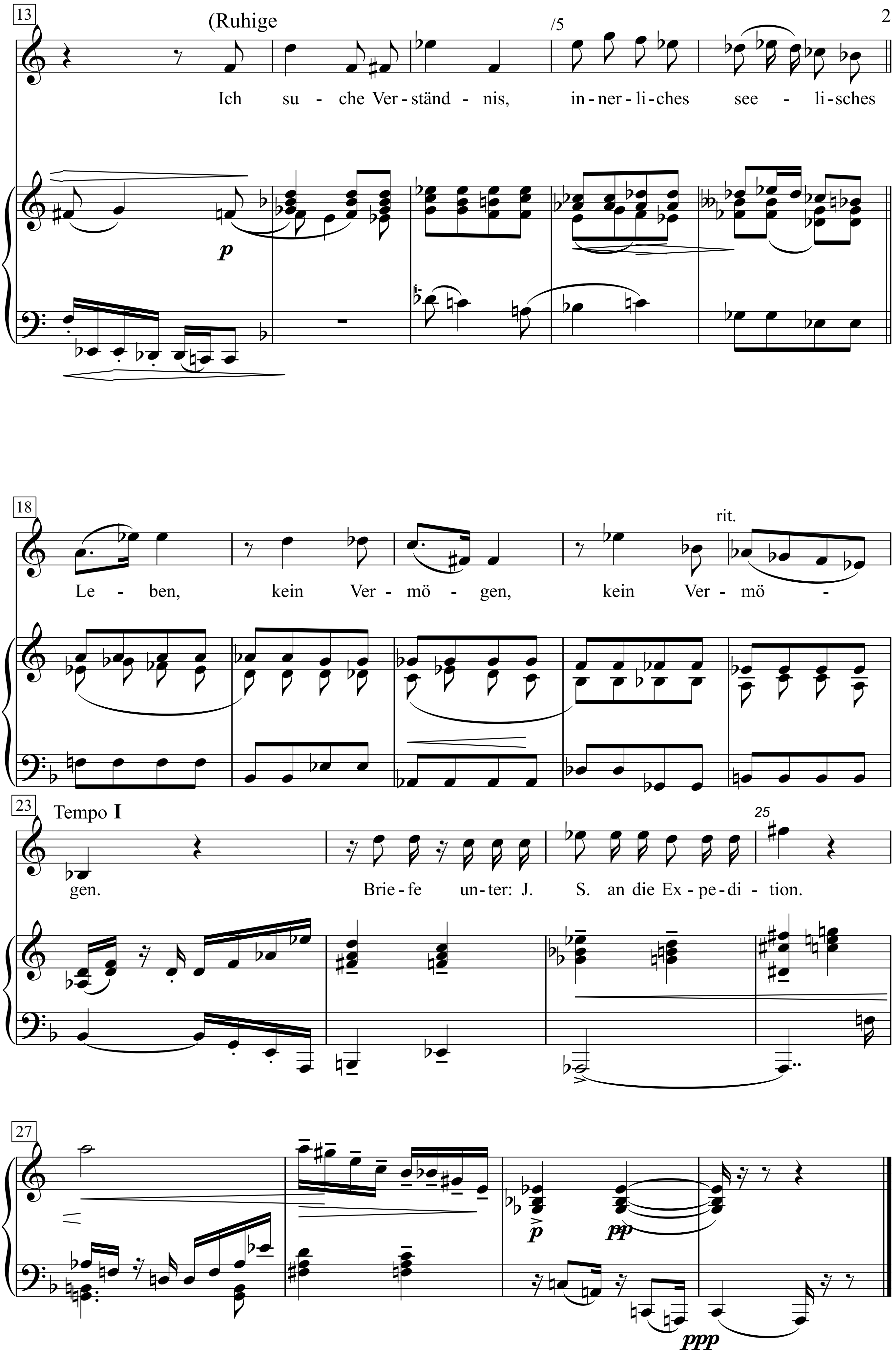
Nr. 5. Heiratsannonce

(Liebeslied eines Grundbesitzers)

Hanns Eisler



*) Zitat aus „Tristan und Isolde”

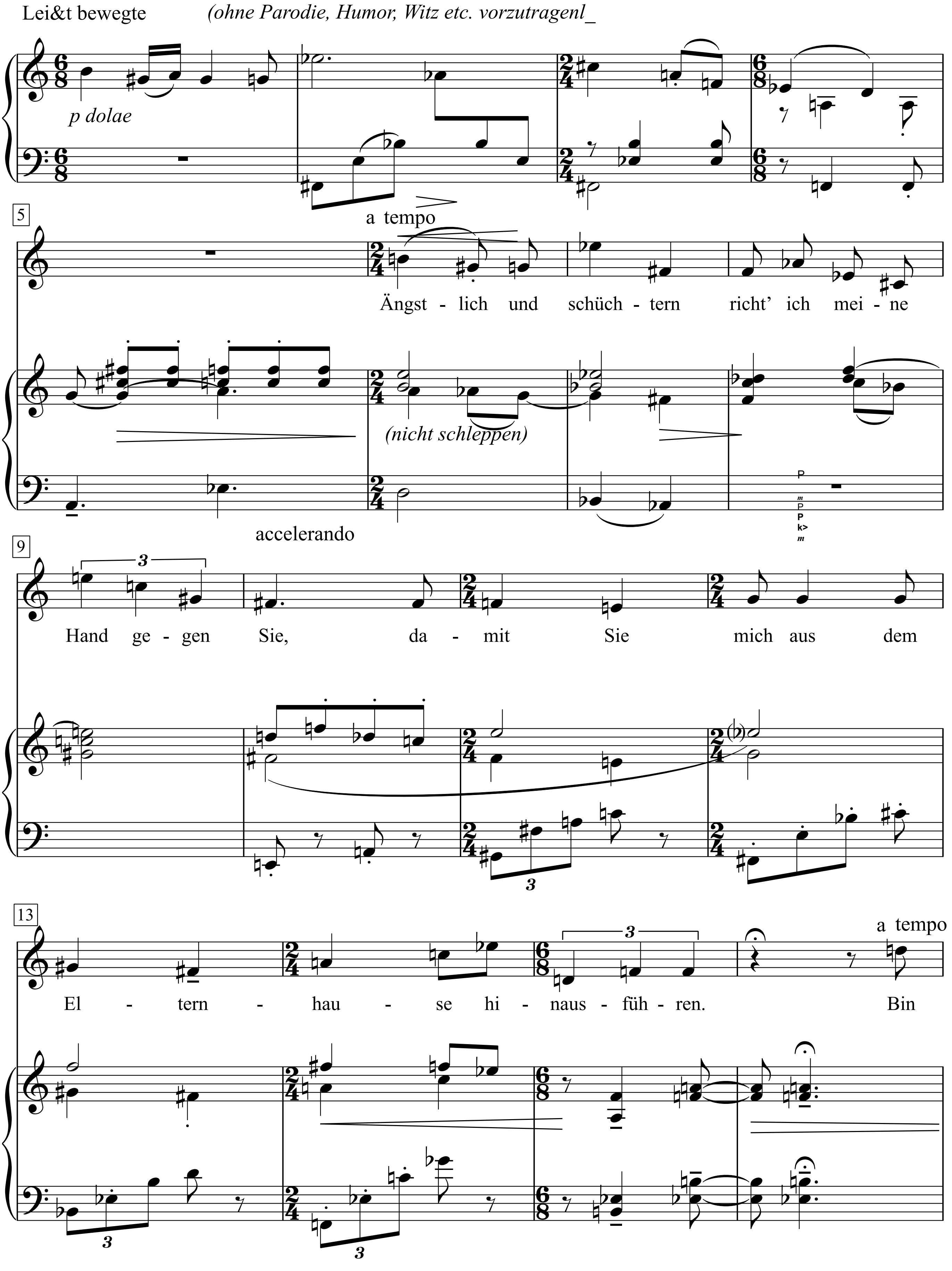

13
(Ruhige
/5
Ich su - che Ver - ständ - nis, in - ner - li - ches see - li - sches
p
18
rit.
Le - ben, kein Ver - mö - gen, kein Ver - mö -
23
Tempo I
25
gen. Brie - fe un - ter: J. S. an die Ex - pe - di - tion.
27
p
pp
ppp

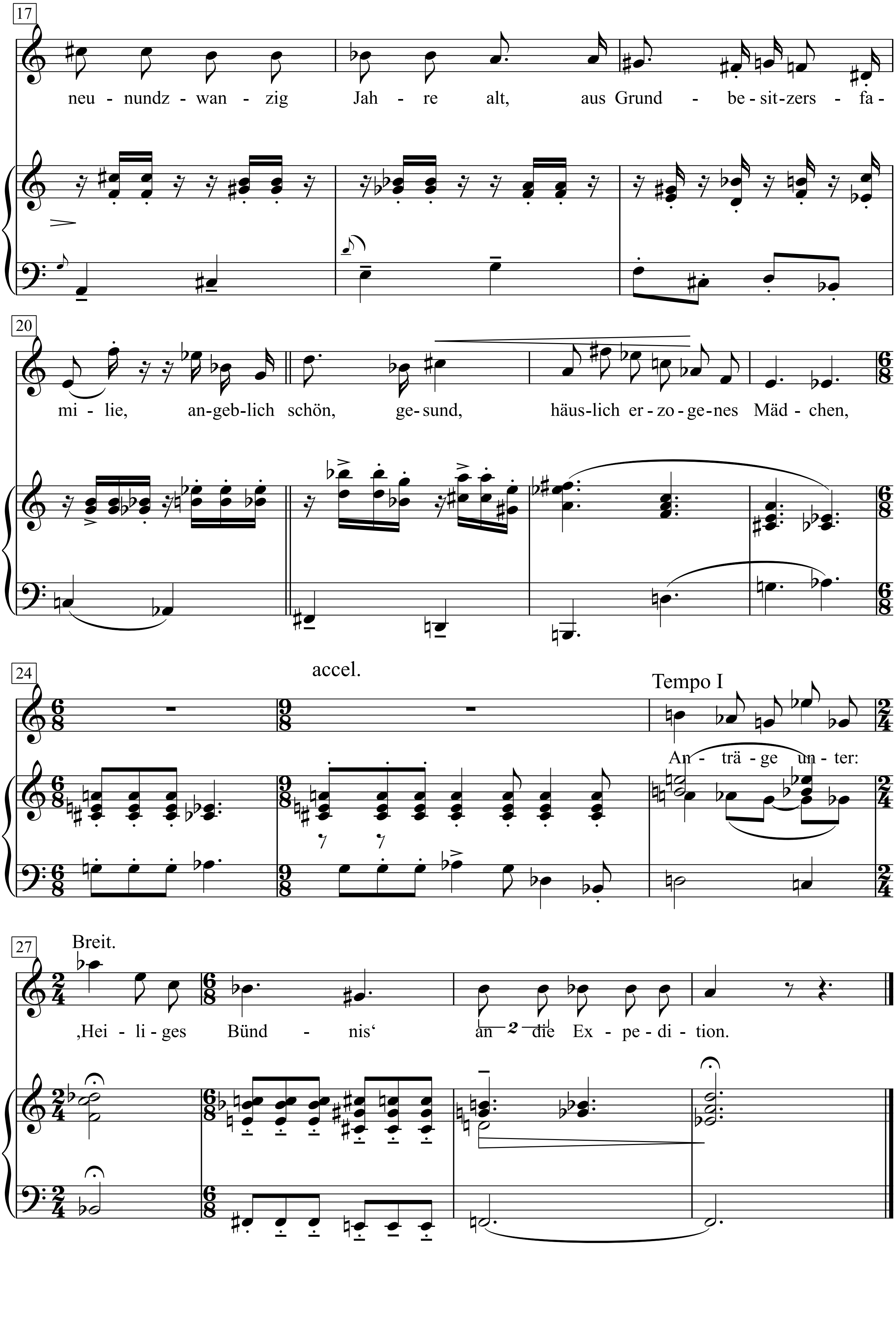
Bin Witwer von vierrunddreißig Jahren,
vermögender Grundbesitzer mit Kind;
das Kind bedarf einer guten Mutter,
ich selber einer guten Frau.
Ich suche Verständnis,
innerliches seelisches Leben,
kein Vermögen, kein Vermögen.
Briefe unter: J. S. an die Expedition.

Nr. 3 Heiratsannonce

(Liebeslied eines Kleinbürgermädchens)

Hanns Eisler



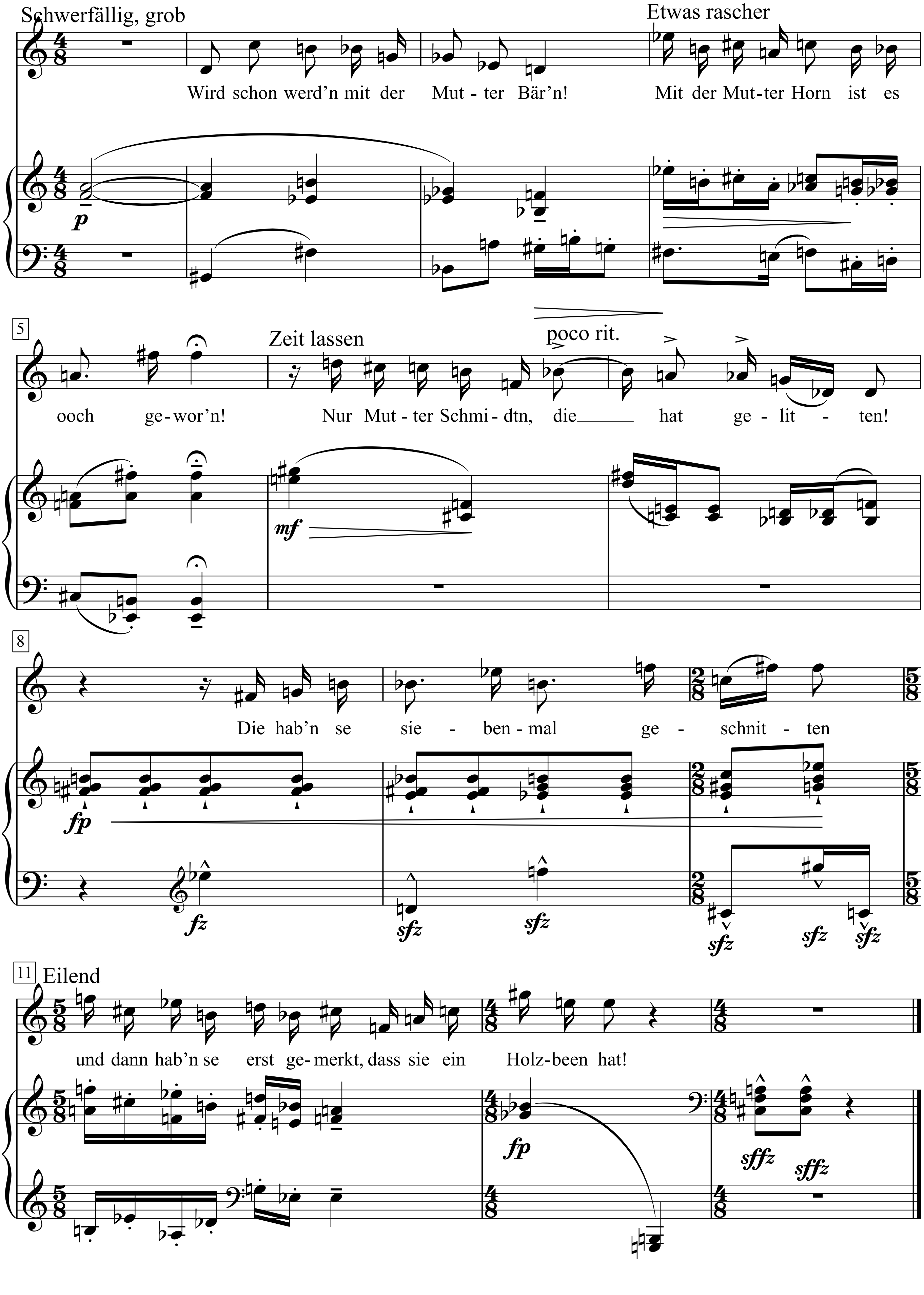

17
neu - nundz - wan - zig Jah - re alt, aus Grund - be - sit - zers - fa -
20
mi - lie, an - geb - lich schön, ge - sund, häus - lich er - zo - ge - nes Mäd - chen,
24
accel.
Tempo I
An - trä - ge un - ter:
27
Breit.
‚Hei - li - ges Bünd - nis‘ an die Ex - pe - di - tion.

Ängstlich und schüchtern richt' ich meine Hand gegen Sie,
da mit Sie mich aus dem Elternhause hinausführen.
Bin neunundzwanzig Jahre alt, aus Grundbesitzersfamilie,
angeblich schön, gesund, häuslich erzogenes Mädchen,
Anträge unter: ‚Heiliges Bündnis' an die Expedition.

27. Kinderlied aus dem Wedding

Hanns Eisler

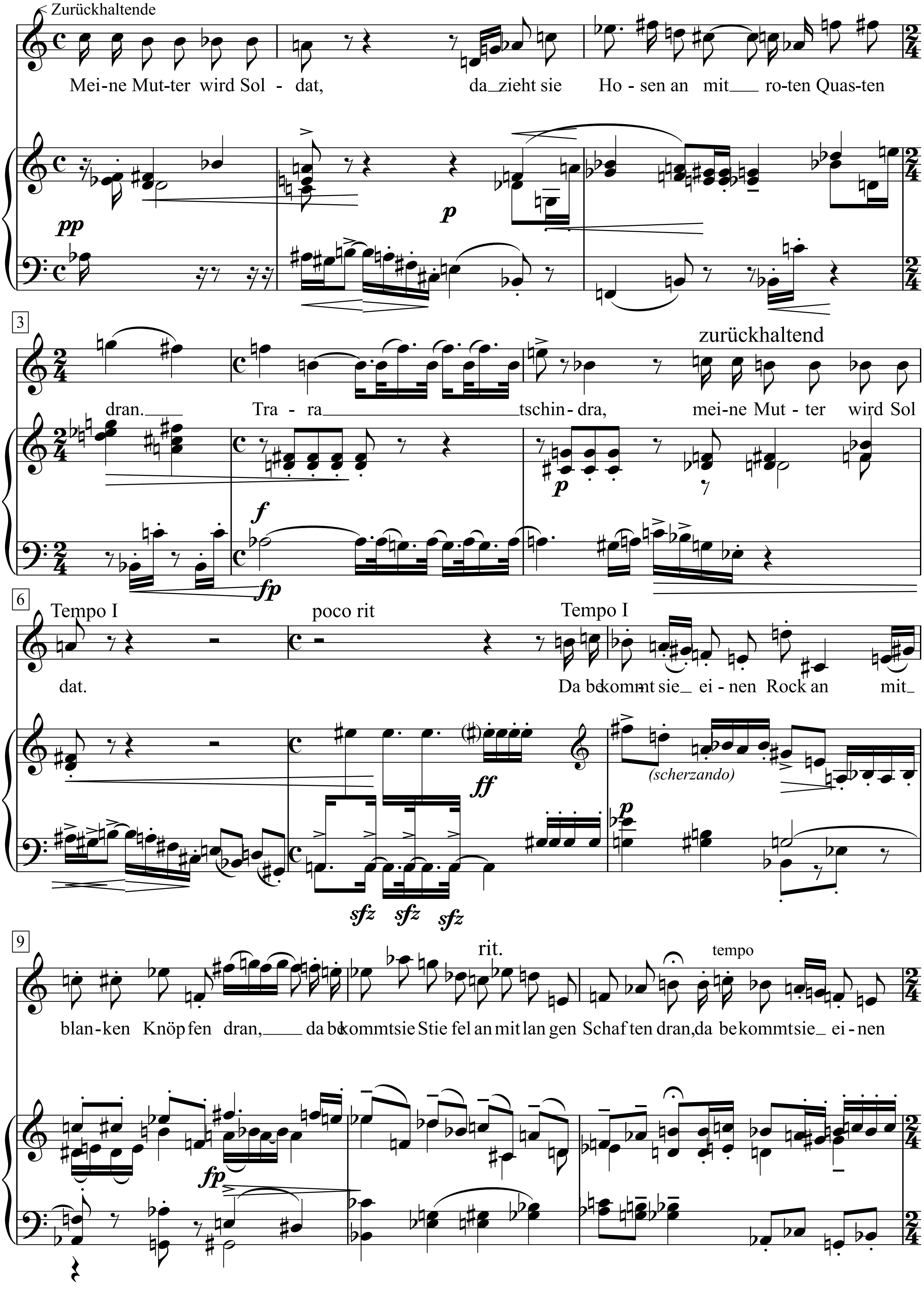
1922

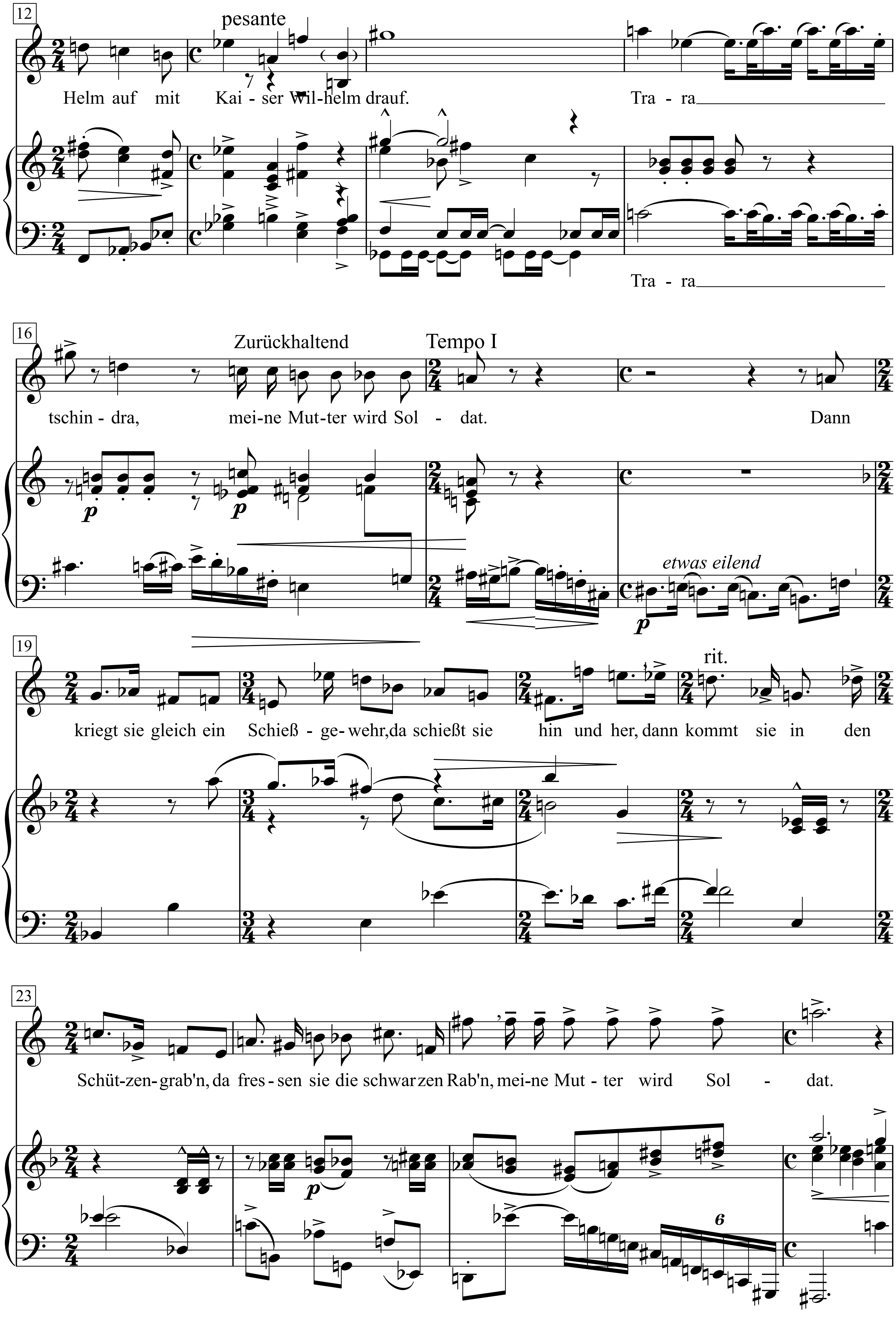


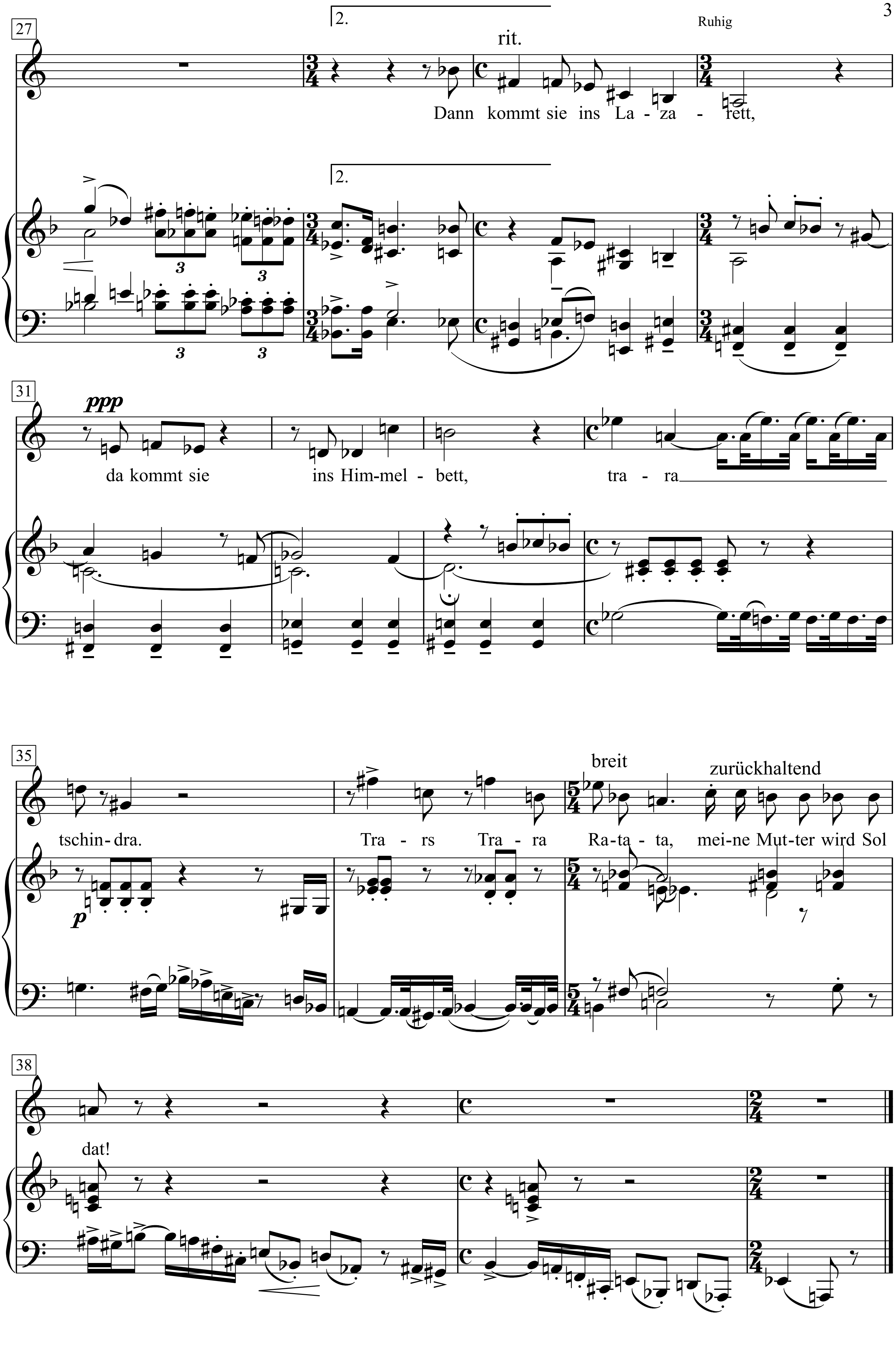
Wird schon werd’n mit der Mutter Bär’n!
Mit der Mutter Horn ist es ooch gewor’n!
Nur Mutter Schmidtn, die hat gelitten!
Die hab’n se sie benmal geschnitten
und dann hab’n se erst gemerkt,
dass sie ein Holzbeen hat!

26. Kriegslied eines Kindes <1916>

Hanns Eisler



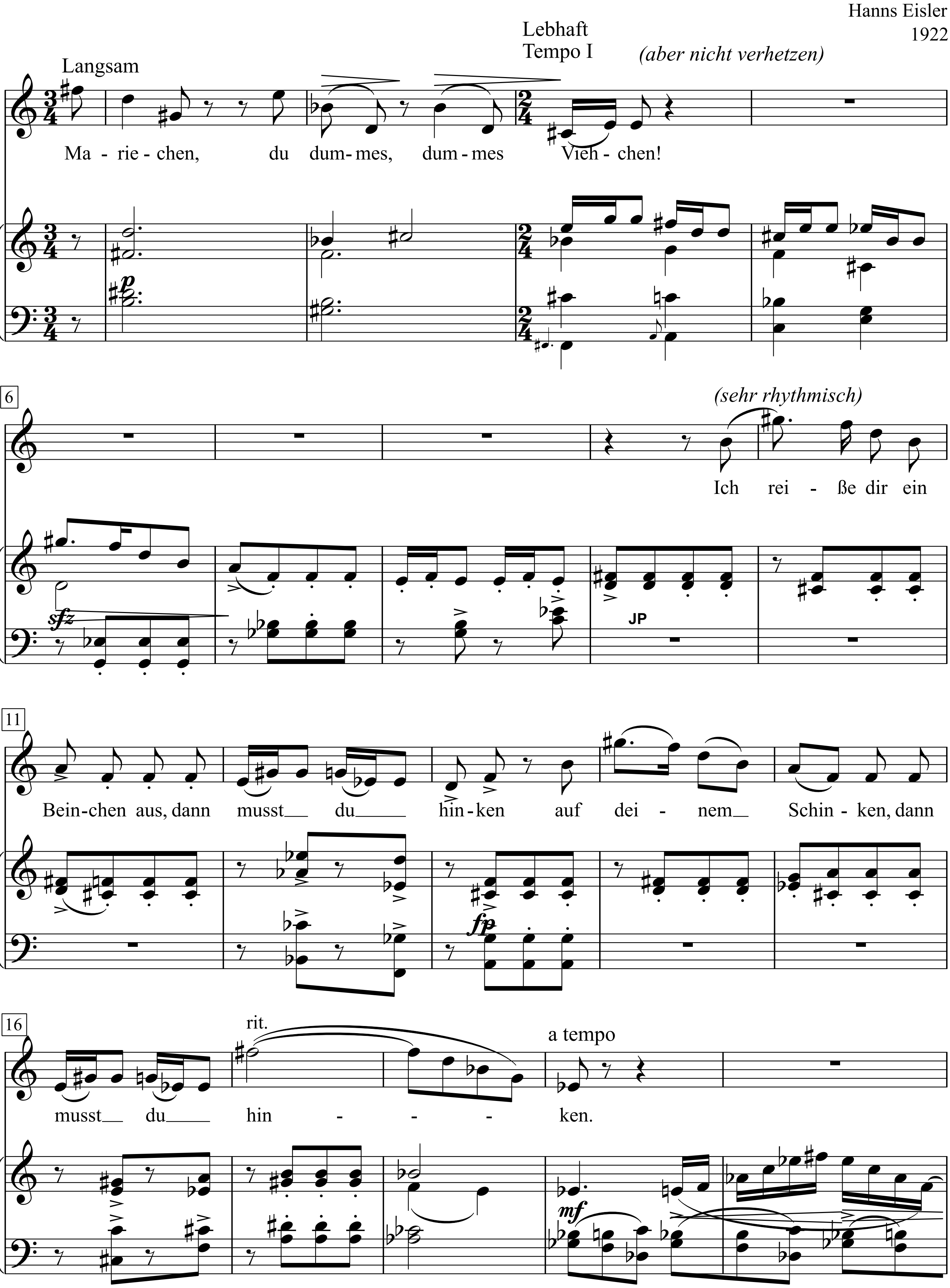

12
pesante
Helm auf mit Kai - ser Wil-helm drauf. Tra - ra
Tra - ra
16
Zurückhaltend
Tempo I
tschin - dra, mei-ne Mut-ter wird Sol - dat. Dann
p
etwas eilend
19
rit.
kriegt sie gleich ein Schieß - ge- wehr, da schießt sie hin und her, dann kommt sie in den
23
Schüt-zen-grab'n, da fres - sen sie die schwar zen Rab'n, mei-ne Mut - ter wird Sol - dat.
6

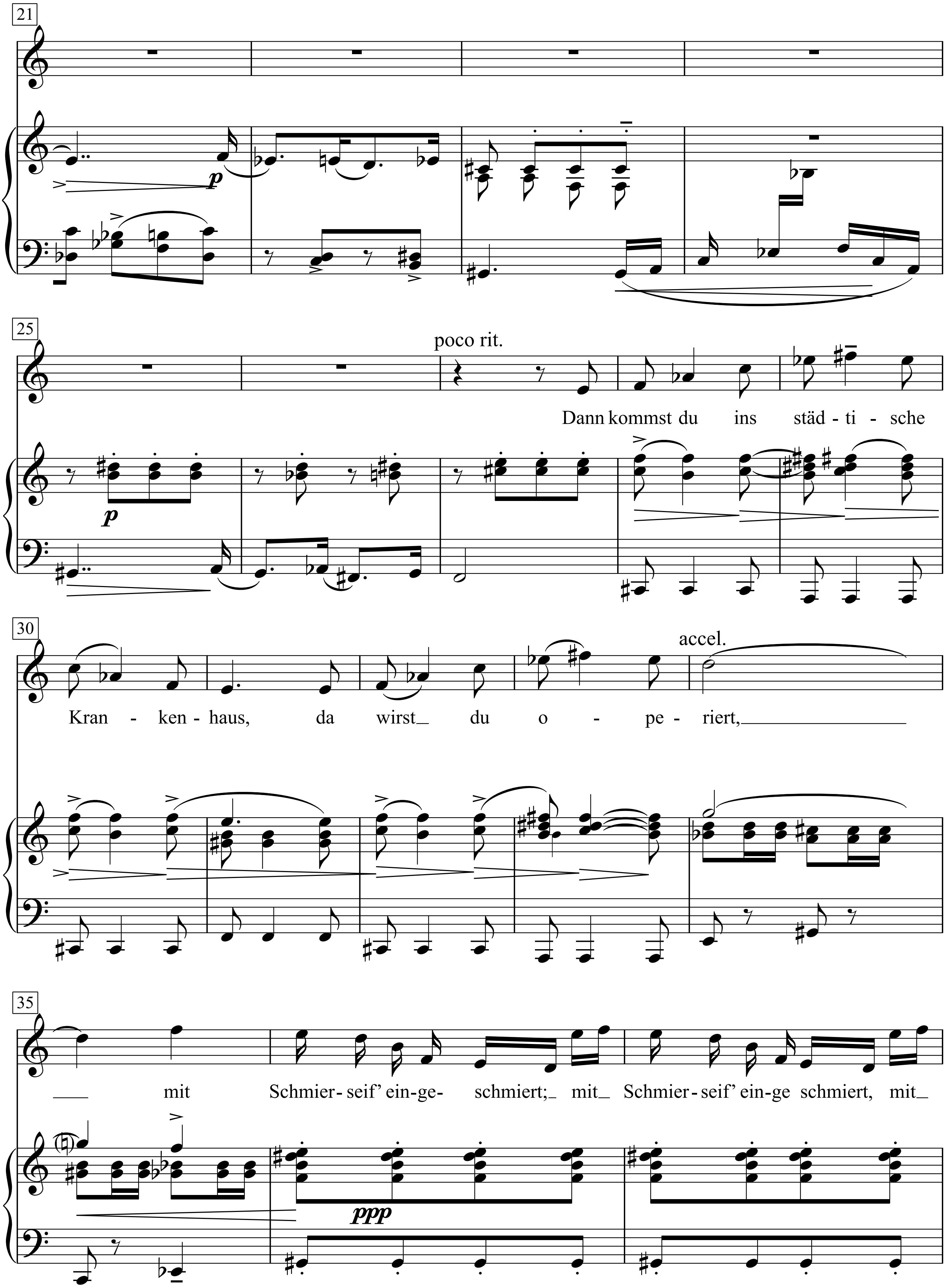

27
2.
Ruhig
rit.
Dann kommt sie ins La - za - rett,
2.
3
3
3
3
31
ppp
da kommt sie ins Him-mel - bett, tra - ra
35
breit
zurückhaltend
tschin - dra. Tra - rs Tra - ra Ra - ta - ta, mei - ne Mut - ter wird Sol
p
38
dat!

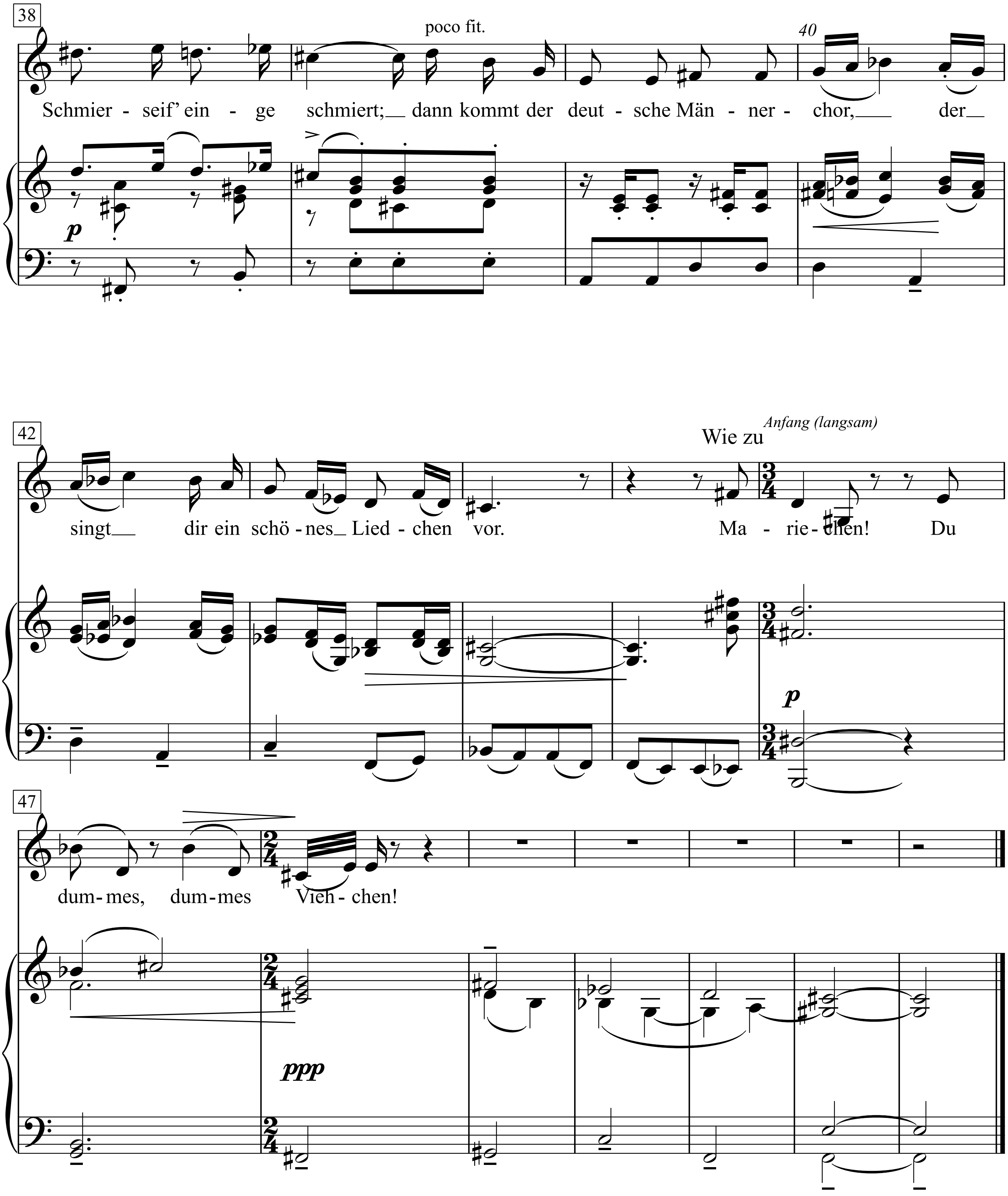
Meine Mutter wird Soldat,
da zieht sie Hosen an mit roten Quasten dran.
Trara tschindra,
meine Mutter wird Soldat.
Da bekommt sie einen Rock an mit blanken Knöpfen dran,
da bekommt sie Stiefel an mit langen Schaften dran,
da bekommt sie einen Helm auf mit Kaiser Wilhelm drauf.
Trara tschindra,
meine Mutter wird Soldat.
Dann kriegt sie gleich ein Schießgewehr,
da schießt sie hin und her,
dann kommt sie in den Schützengrab'n,
da fressen sie die schwarzen Rab'n,
meine Mutter wird Soldat.
Dann kommt sie ins Lazarett,
da kommt sie ins Himmelbett,
trara tschindra. Trara Trara Ratata,
meine Mutter wird Soldat!

26. Mariechen

Hanns Eisler
1922




21
p
25
poco rit.
Dann kommst du ins städ - ti - sche
p
30
accel.
Kran - ken - haus, da wirst du o - pe - riert,
35
mit Schmier - seif' ein - ge - schmiert; mit Schmier - seif' ein - ge schmiert, mit
ppp


38
poco fit.
40
Schmier - seif' ein - ge schmiert; dann kommt der deut - sche Män - ner - chor, der
p
42
Anfang (langsam)
Wie zu
singt dir ein schö - nes Lied - chen vor. Ma - rie - chen! Du
p
47
dum - mes, dum - mes Vieh - chen!
ppp

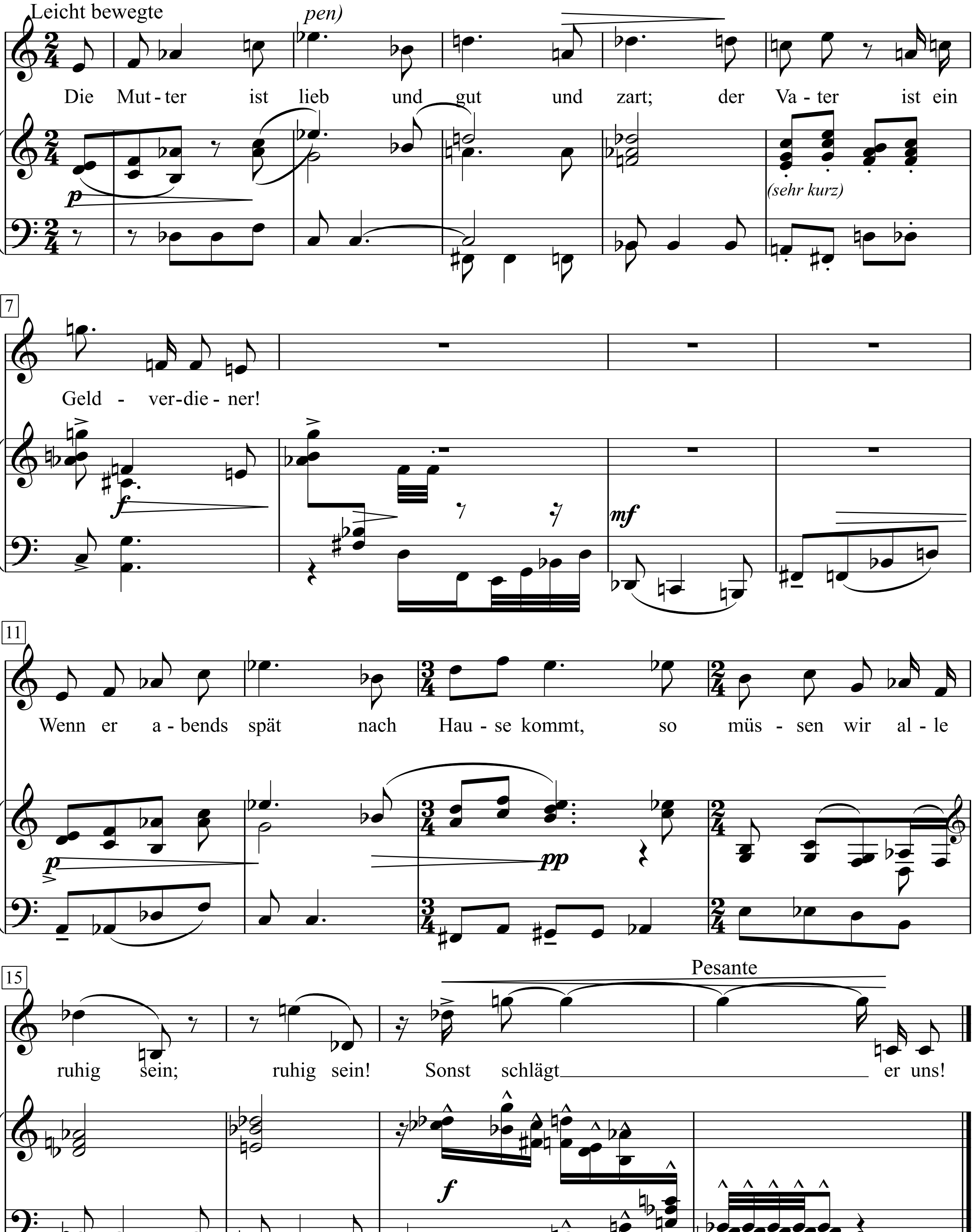
Mariechen, du dummes, dummes Viehchen!
Ich reiße dir ein Beinchen aus,
dann musst du hinken auf deinem Schinken,
dann musst du hinken.
Dann kommst du ins städtische Krankenhaus,
da wirst du operiert, mit Schmierseif' eingeschmiert;
mit Schmierseif'eingeschmiert,
mit Schmierseif' eingeschmiert;
dann kommt der deutsche Männerchor,
der singt dir ein schönes Liedchen vor.
Mariechen! Du dummes, dummes Viehchen!

28. Mutter und Vater

Aus einer Enquête

1922

Hanns Eisler

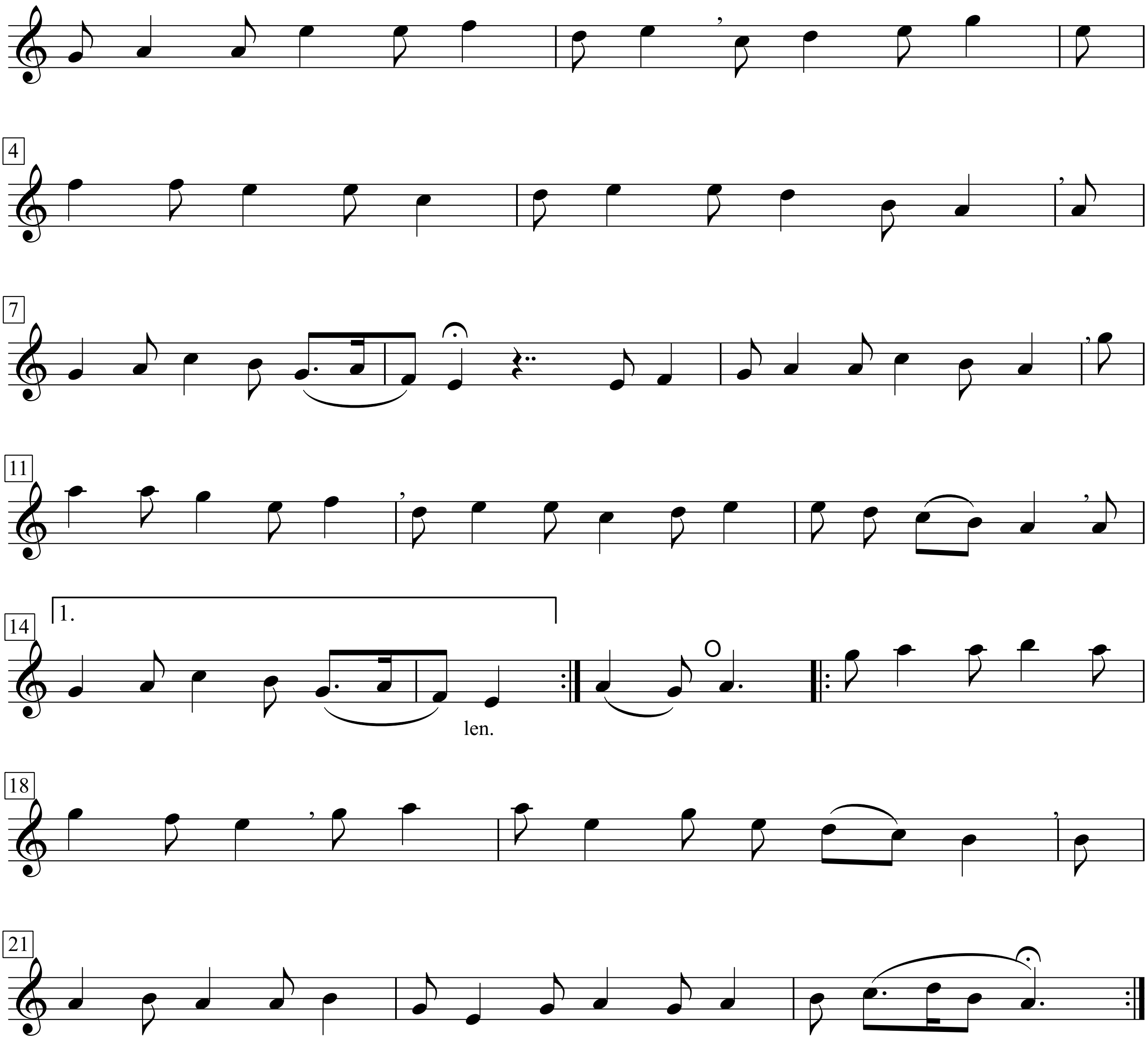


Die Mutter ist lieb und gut und zart;
der Vater ist ein Geldverdiener!
Wenn er abends spät nach Hause kommt,
so müssen wir alle ruhig sein; ruhig sein!
Sonst schlägt er uns!

Zergangen ist meins hertzen we

Text & Melodie: Oskar von Wolkenstein

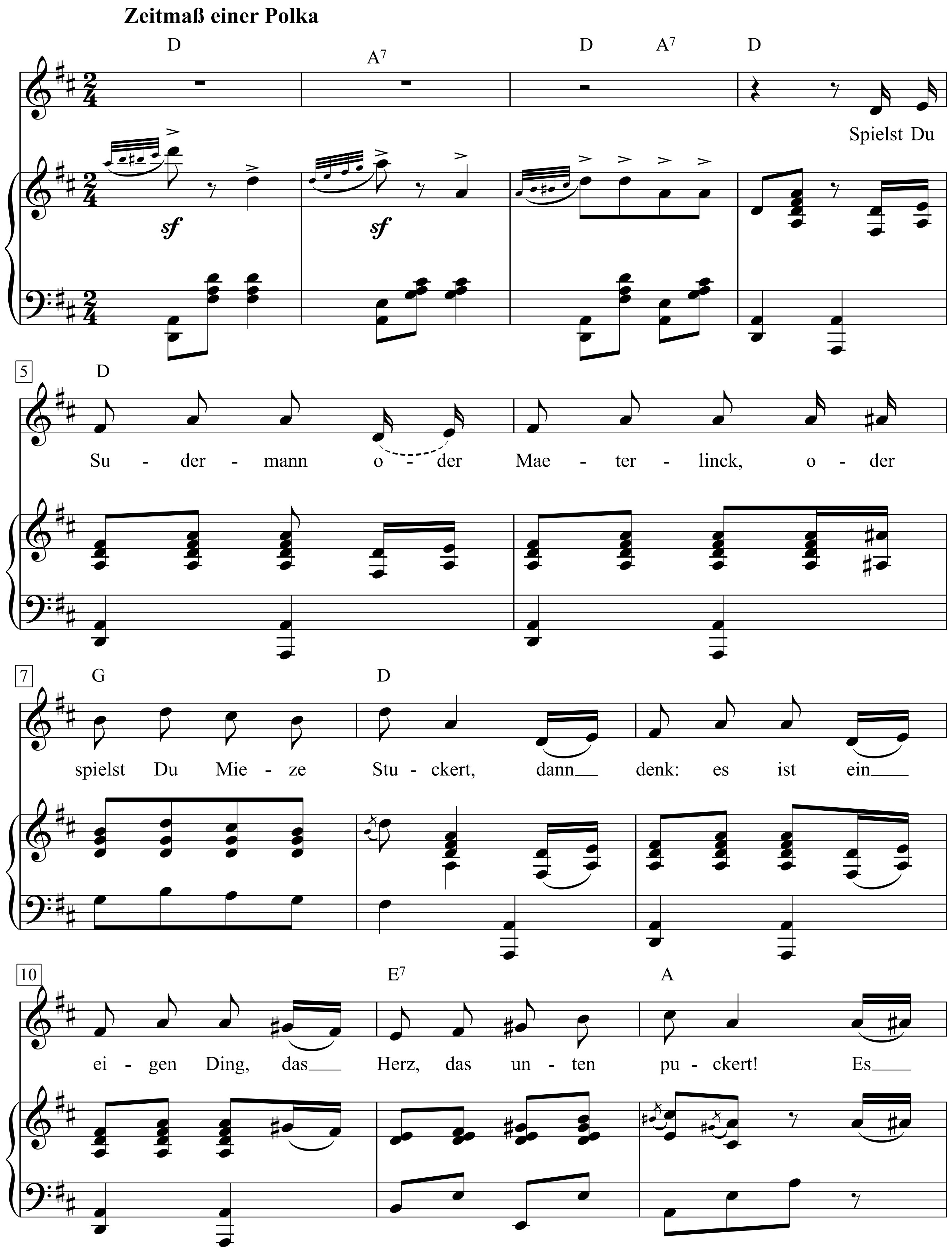
Frei vortragend

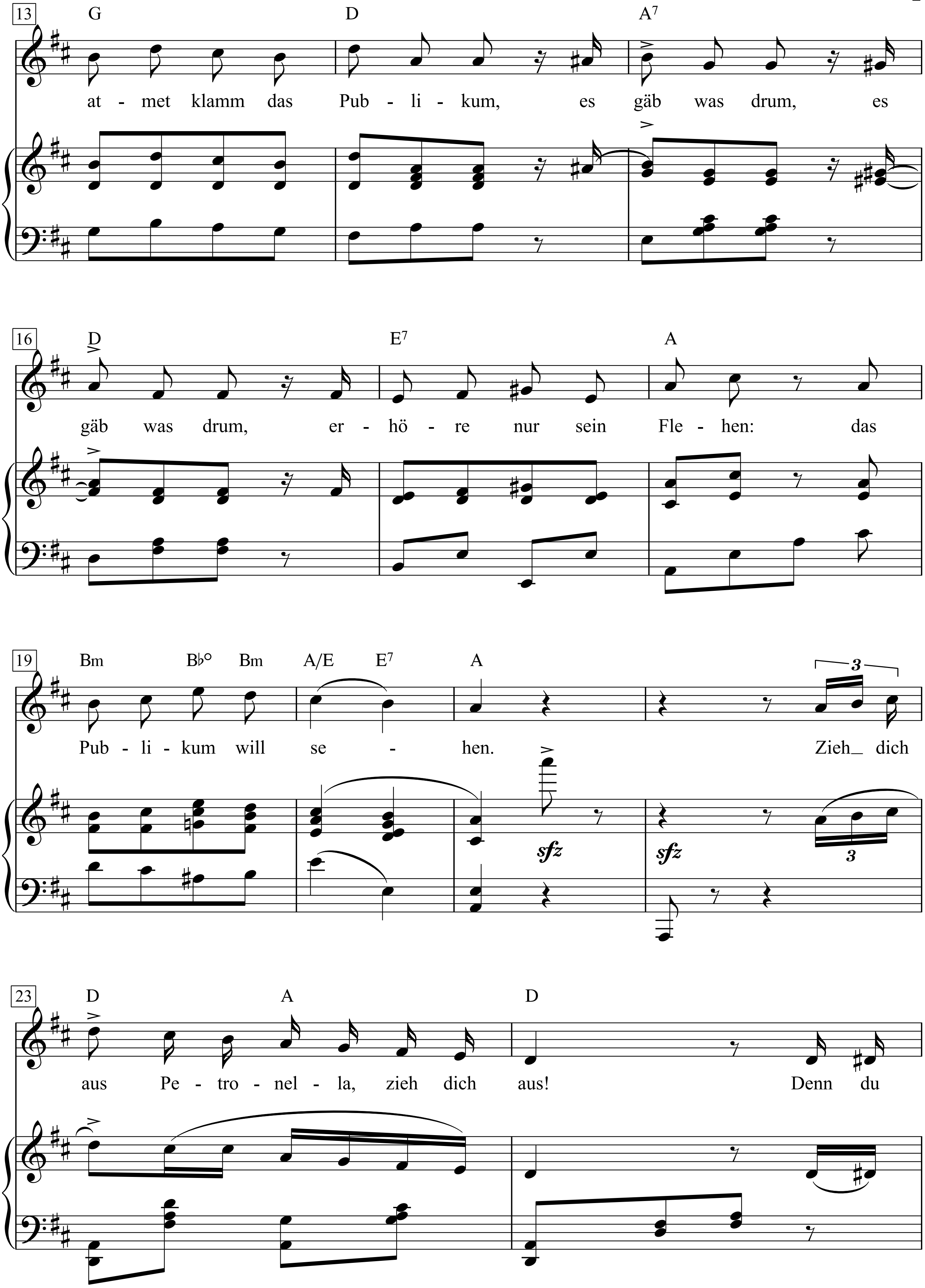


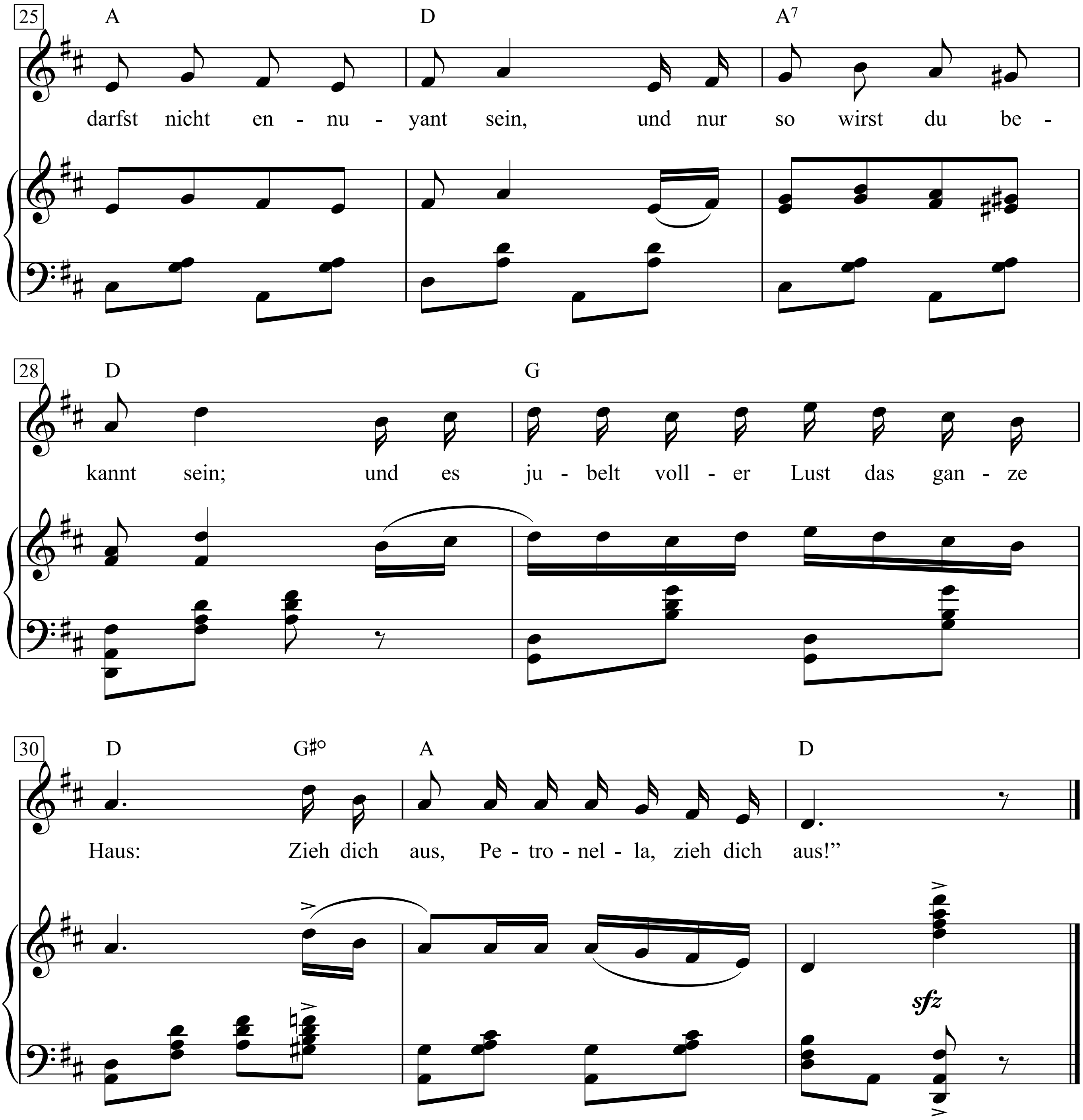
Zieh dich aus, Petronella!

Kurt Tucholsky

Friedrich Hollaender




13
G D A7
at - met klamm das Pub - li - kum, es gäb was drum, es
16
D E7 A
gäb was drum, er - hö - re nur sein Fle - hen: das
19
Bm B♭° Bm A/E E7 A
Pub - li - kum will se - hen. Zieh_ dich
sfz
sfz
3
23
D A D
aus Pe - tro - nel - la, zieh dich aus! Denn du



Friedrich Hollaender

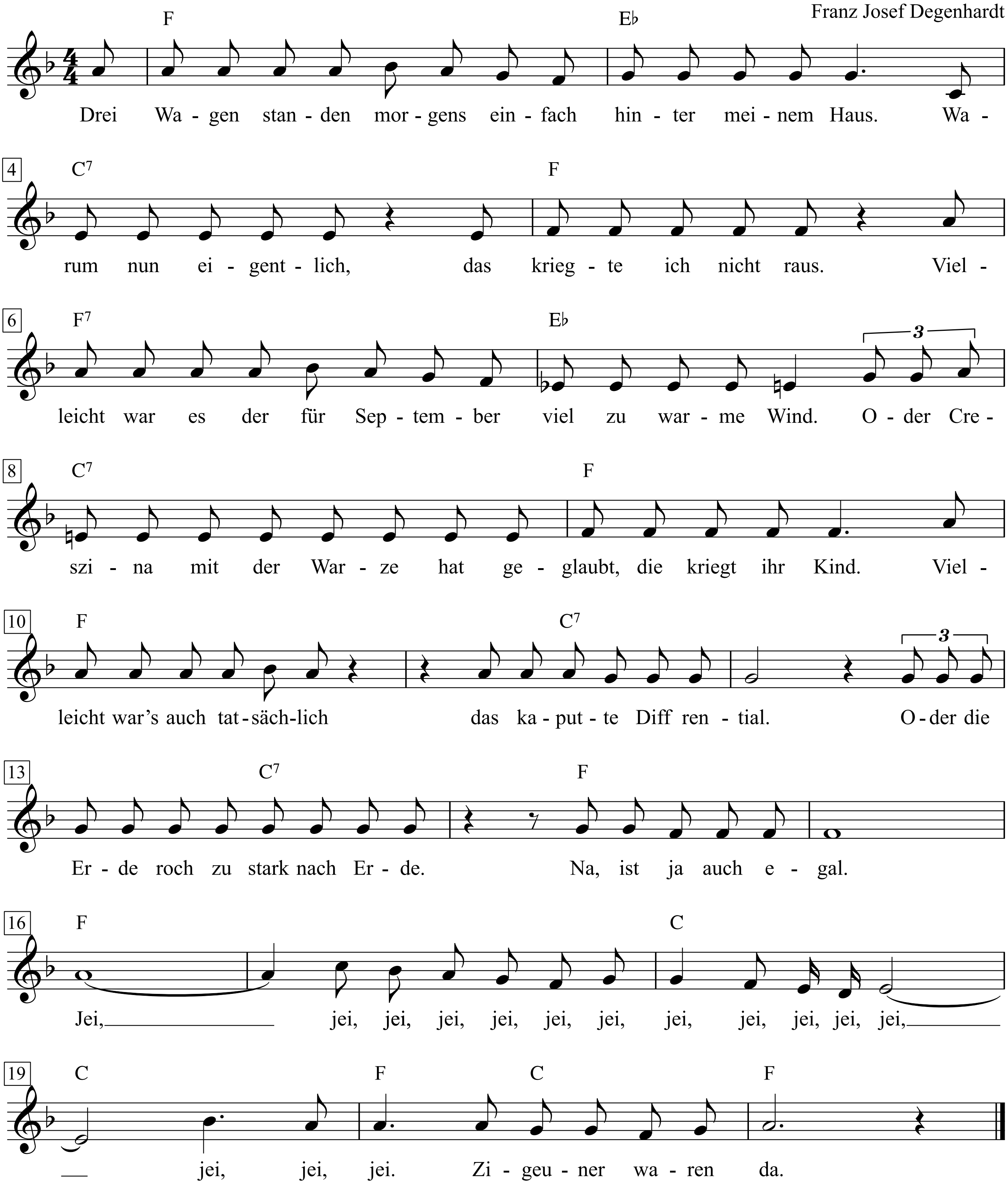
1. Spielst du Sudermann oder Maeterlinck,
oder spielst du Mietze Stuckert:
dann denk, es ist ein eigen Ding
das Herz, das unten puckert.
Es atmet klamm das Publikum,
es gäb was drum, es gäb was drum –
    Erhöre nur sein Flehen:
    Das Publikum will sehen …
        Zieh dich aus, Petronella, zieh dich aus!
        Denn du darfst nicht ennuyant sein,
        und nur so wirst du bekannt sein –
        Und es jubelt voller Lust das ganze Haus:
        Zieh dich aus, Petronella, zieh dich aus!

2. Nicht bei Lulu nur, nicht bei Wedekind,
ist der Platz für deine Reize.
Je nackter deine Schultern sind,
je mehr sagt man: „Das kleid se!“
Es aalt sich wohlig das Parkett:
Wie ist die nett! Wie ist die nett!
    Das Hemd kann sie vergessen –
    Das sind doch Kunstinteressen …
        Zieh dich aus, Petronella, zieh dich aus!
        Denn du darfst nicht ennuyant sein,
        und nur so wirst du bekannt sein –
        Und es jubelt voller Lust das ganze Haus:
        Zieh dich aus, Petronella, zieh dich aus –!

3. Was in alter Zeit nur ein einziger sah,
ja, das solln jetzt alle sehen!
Der Gymnasiast, die Großmama:
vom Kopf bis zu den Zehen!
Die Orléanssche gibts nicht mehr:
Zeig alles her! Zeig alles her!
    Trag du als Iphigenie
    Dessous, und zwar recht wenige …
        Zieh dich aus, Petronella, zieh dich aus!
        Denn du darfst nicht sündenbar sein,
        und nur so wirst du ein Star sein –
        Und es jubelt voller Lust das ganze Haus:
        Zieh dich aus, Petronella, zieh dich aus –!

Zigeuner hinterm Haus des Sängers

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



Franz Josef Degenhardt: Lasst nicht die roten Hähne flattern ehe der Habicht schreit, S. 108-111

1. Drei Wagen standen morgens
einfach hinter meinem Haus.
Warum nun eigentlich,
das kriegte ich nicht raus.
Vielleicht war es der für
September viel zu warme Wind.
Oder Creszina mit der Warze
hat geglaubt, die kriegt ihr Kind.
Vielleicht war's auch tatsächlich
das kaputte Differential.
Oder die Erde roch zu stark
nach Erde. Na, ist ja auch egal.
Jei, jei, jei, jei, jei, jei, jei, jei,
jei, jei, jei, jei, jei, jei, jei.
Zigeuner waren da.

2. Natürlich hab ich ihnen
einen Kessel Tee gebracht.
Dann haben wir geziert geraucht
und uns sehr höflich angelacht.
Die Alte las mir aus der Hand
und hat mich „guter Rom“ getauft.
Am Mittag hatten sie mir schon
drei Teppiche verkauft.
Dann habe ich mit Janos
das Getriebe repariert,
die anderen haben zugeschaut,
drei Kästen Bier dabei geleert.
Jei, jei, jei, jei, jei, jei, jei, jei,
jei, jei, jei, jei, jei, jei, jei.
Zigeuner waren da.

3. Wir haben meine Bank zersägt,
ein Feuerchen gemacht.
Ein Kater schrie. Die Alte rief:
„Gegrüßet seist du, Nacht.“
Im Feuerscheine funkelten
die Zähne aus Platin.
Aus dem Transistorradio
erklangen Pusztamelodien.
Jeanette tauschte meine Uhr
gegen ihren Nickelring.
Creszina mit der Warze
sang dann „Puppet on the string“
Jei, jei, jei, jei, jei, jei, jei, jei,
jei, jei, jei, jei, jei, jei, jei.
Zigeuner waren da.

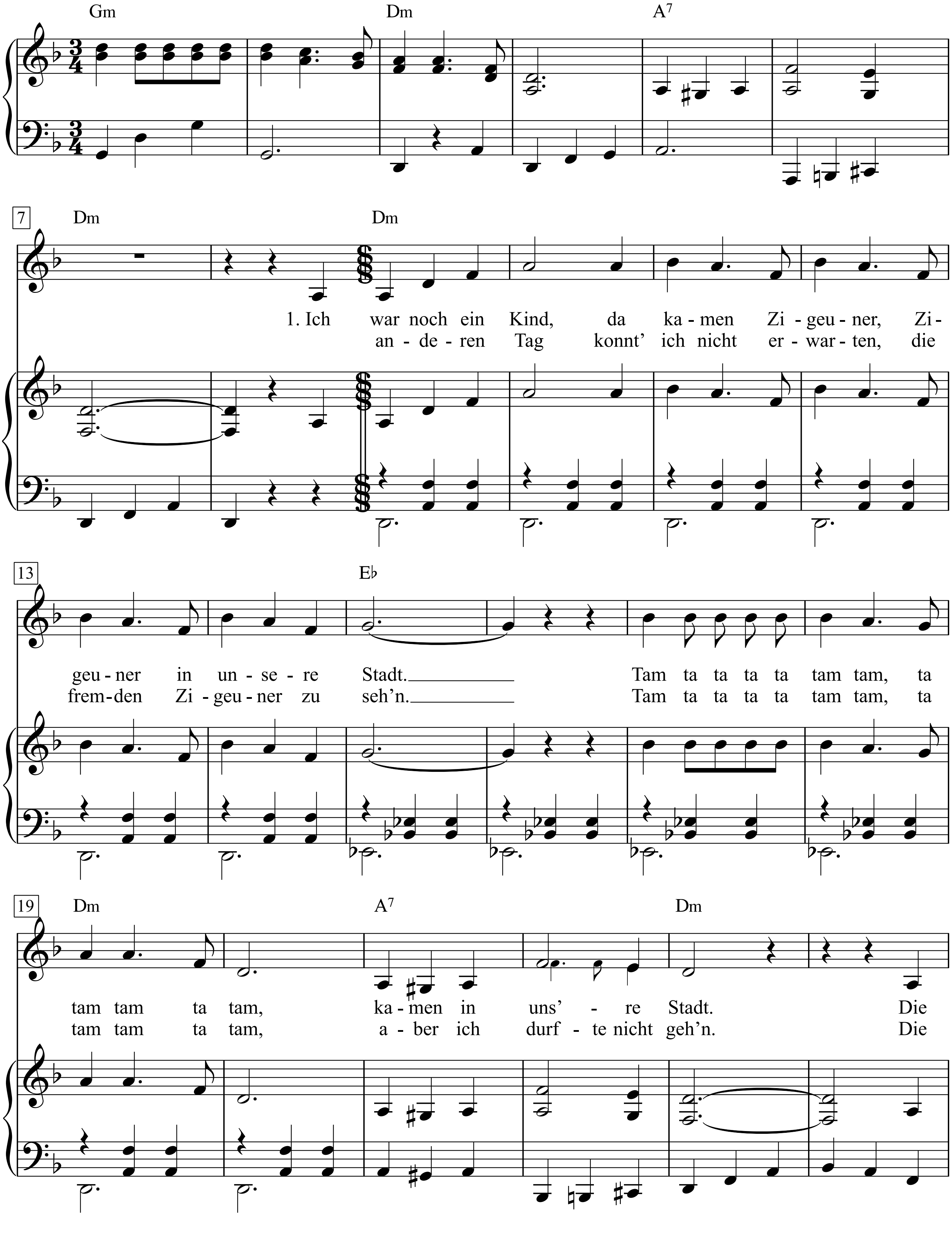
4. Wir waren alle fröhlich
von Wacholder und von Bier
und aßen heiße Bockwurst
und ein unbekanntes Tier.
Der Chef, der Gold im Munde trug,
am Schlips und an der Hand,
erklärte seine Narben,
wo und wie er sie erstand.
Ich schenkte ihm drei Flaschen
von dem allerbesten Wein,
er gab mir dafür seinen
allerschönsten Nierenstein.
Jei, jei, jei, jei, jei, jei, jei, jei,
jei, jei, jei, jei, jei, jei, jei.
Zigeuner waren da.

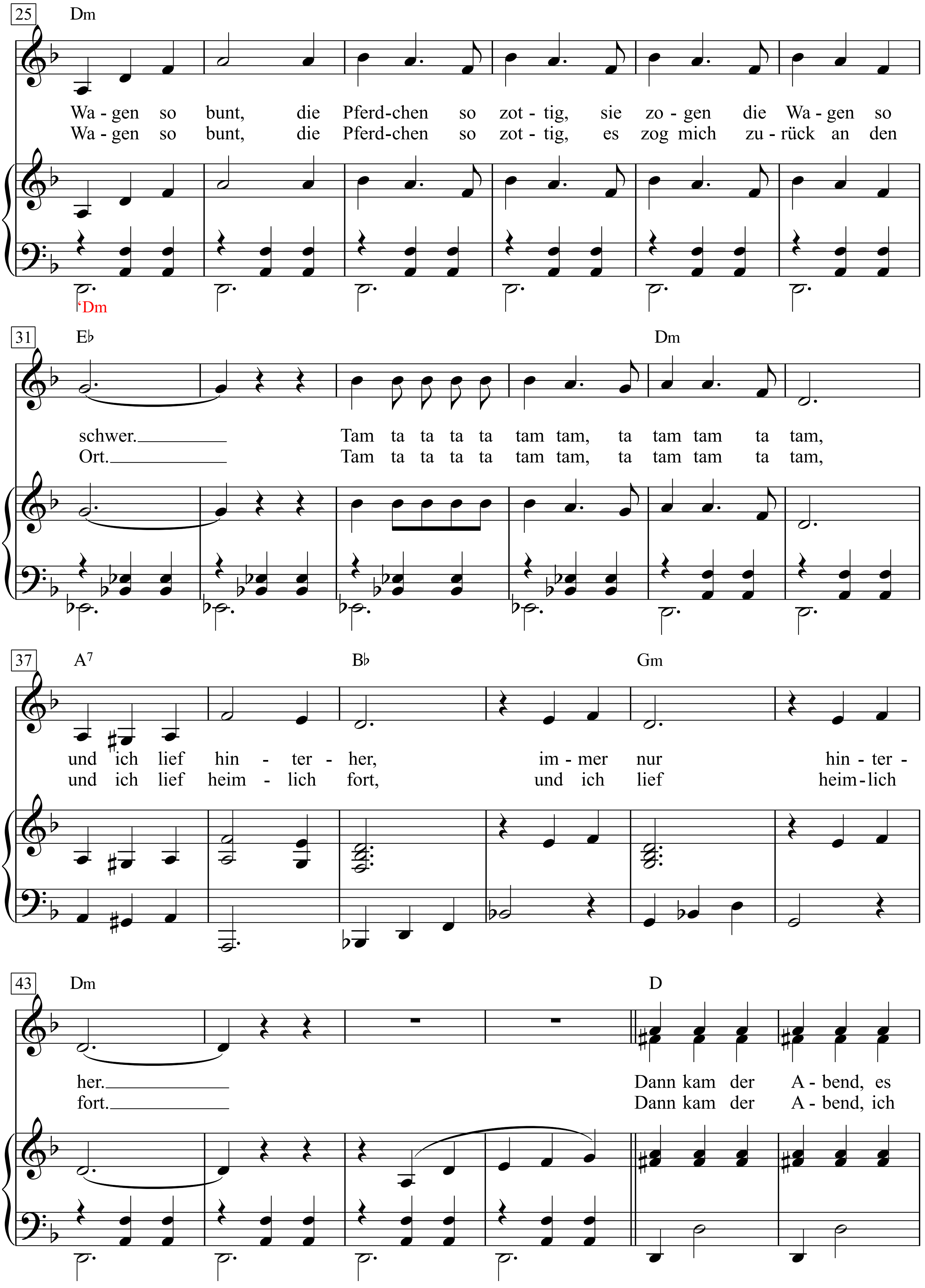
5. Am nächsten Morgen fehlten
die drei Wagen hinterm Haus.
Warum nun eigentlich,
das kriegte ich nicht raus.
Egal, denn dreifach haben
die Zigeuner mir gezeigt,
wie man einem Romantiker
die Träume schön vergeigt.
Da hockt das Haustier, abgerichtet,
und es wird ihm klar:
Es gibt da noch das andere,
nicht versklavte Exemplar.
Jei, jei, jei, jei, jei, jei, jei, jei,
jei, jei, jei, jei, jei, jei, jei.
Zigeuner waren da.

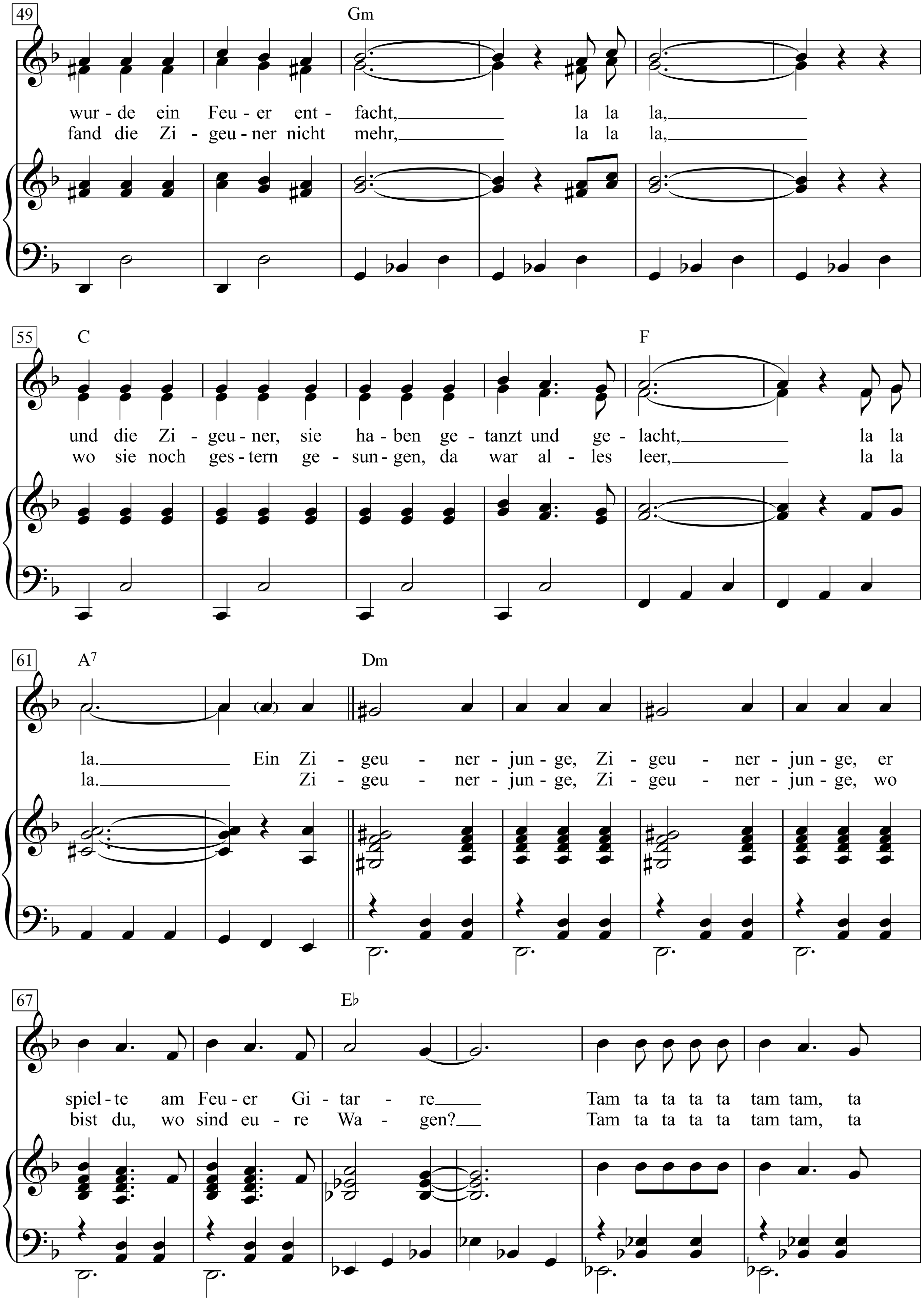
Zigeunerjunge

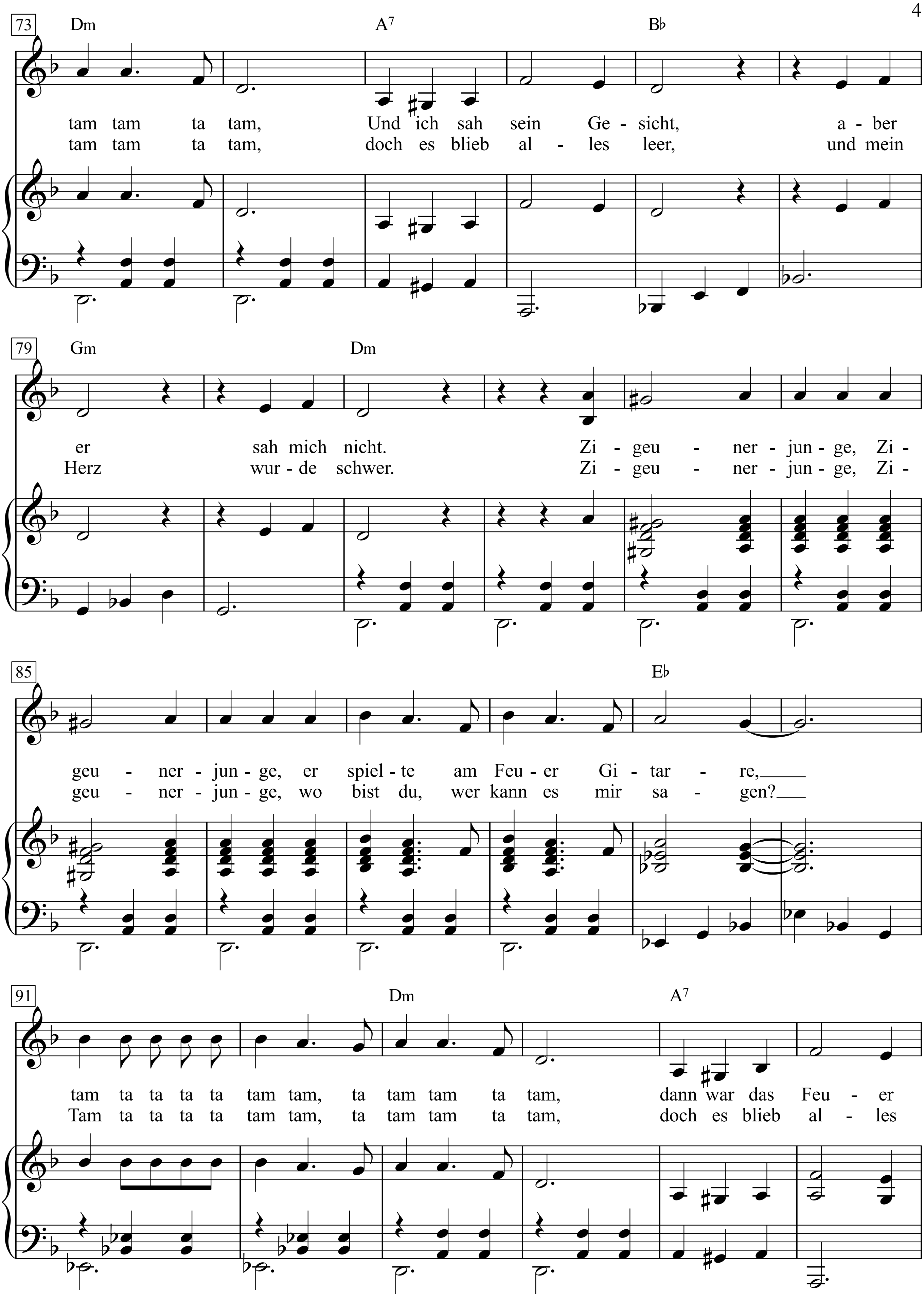
Text & Musik: Hans Blum

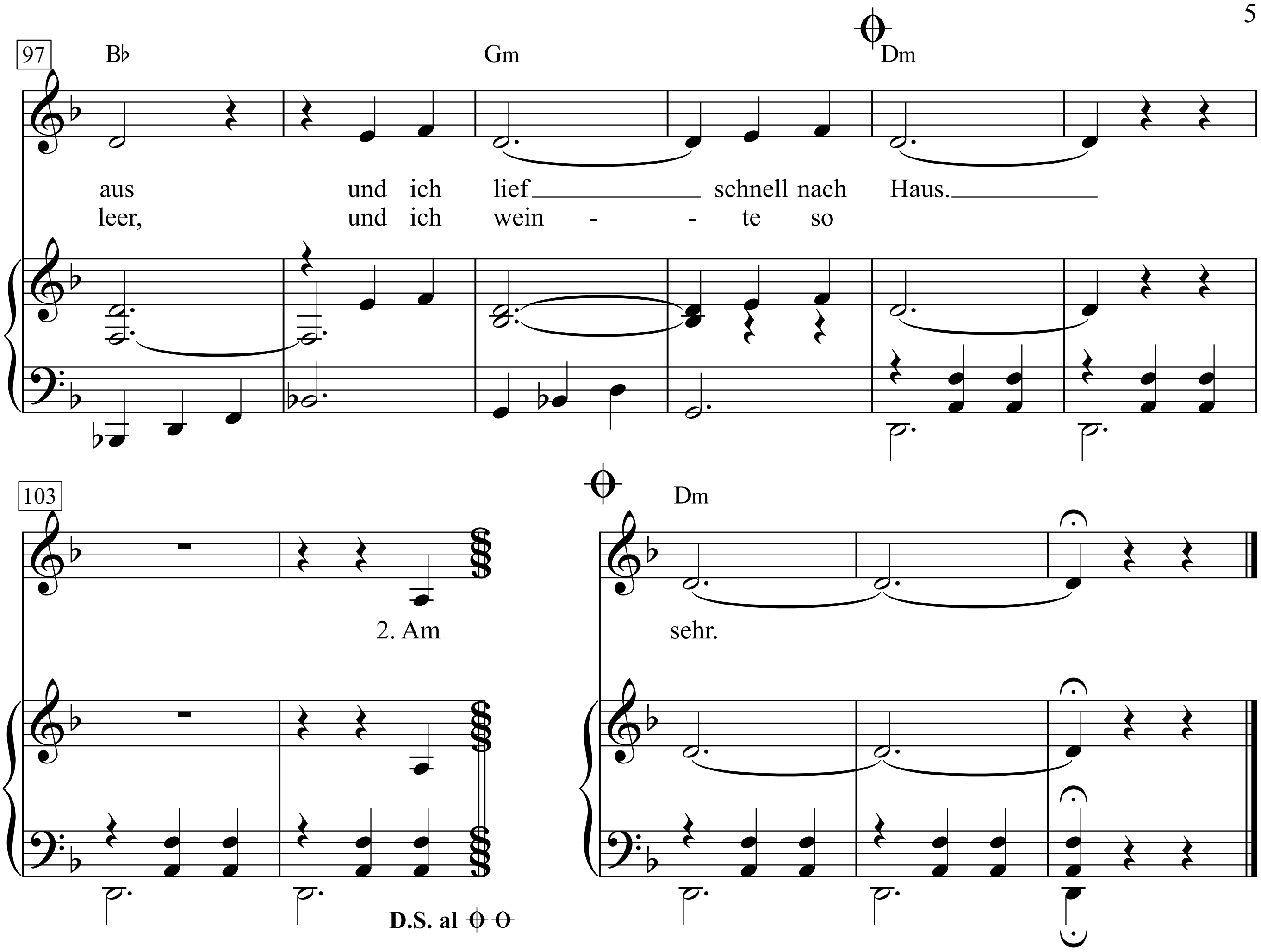
Walzer-Tempo




25
Dm
Wa - gen so bunt, die Pferd-chen so zot - tig, sie zo - gen die Wa - gen so
Wa - gen so bunt, die Pferd-chen so zot - tig, es zog mich zu - rück an den
'Dm
31
E♭
Dm
schwer. Tam ta ta ta ta tam tam, ta tam tam ta tam,
Ort. Tam ta ta ta ta tam tam, ta tam tam ta tam,
37
A7
B♭
Gm
und ich lief hin - ter - her, im - mer nur hin - ter -
und ich lief heim - lich fort, und ich lief heim-lich
43
Dm
D
her. Dann kam der A - bend, es
fort. Dann kam der A - bend, ich


49
Gm
wur - de ein Feu - er ent - facht, la la la,
fand die Zi - geu - ner nicht mehr, la la la,
55
C
F
und die Zi - geu - ner, sie ha - ben ge - tanzt und ge - lacht, la la
wo sie noch ges - tern ge - sun - gen, da war al - les leer, la la
61
A7
Dm
la. Ein Zi - geu - ner - jun - ge, Zi - geu - ner - jun - ge, er
la. Zi - geu - ner - jun - ge, Zi - geu - ner - jun - ge, wo
67
E♭
spiel - te am Feu - er Gi - tar - re Tam ta ta ta ta tam tam, ta
bist du, wo sind eu - re Wa - gen? Tam ta ta ta ta tam tam, ta


73
Dm A7 B♭
tam tam ta tam, Und ich sah sein Ge - sicht, a - ber
tam tam ta tam, doch es blieb al - les leer, und mein
79
Gm Dm
er sah mich nicht. Zi - geu - ner - jun - ge, Zi -
Herz wur - de schwer. Zi - geu - ner - jun - ge, Zi -
85
E♭
geu - ner - jun - ge, er spiel - te am Feu - er Gi - tar - re,
geu - ner - jun - ge, wo bist du, wer kann es mir sa - gen?
91
Dm A7
tam ta ta ta ta tam tam, ta tam tam ta tam, dann war das Feu - er
Tam ta ta ta ta tam tam, ta tam tam ta tam, doch es blieb al - les



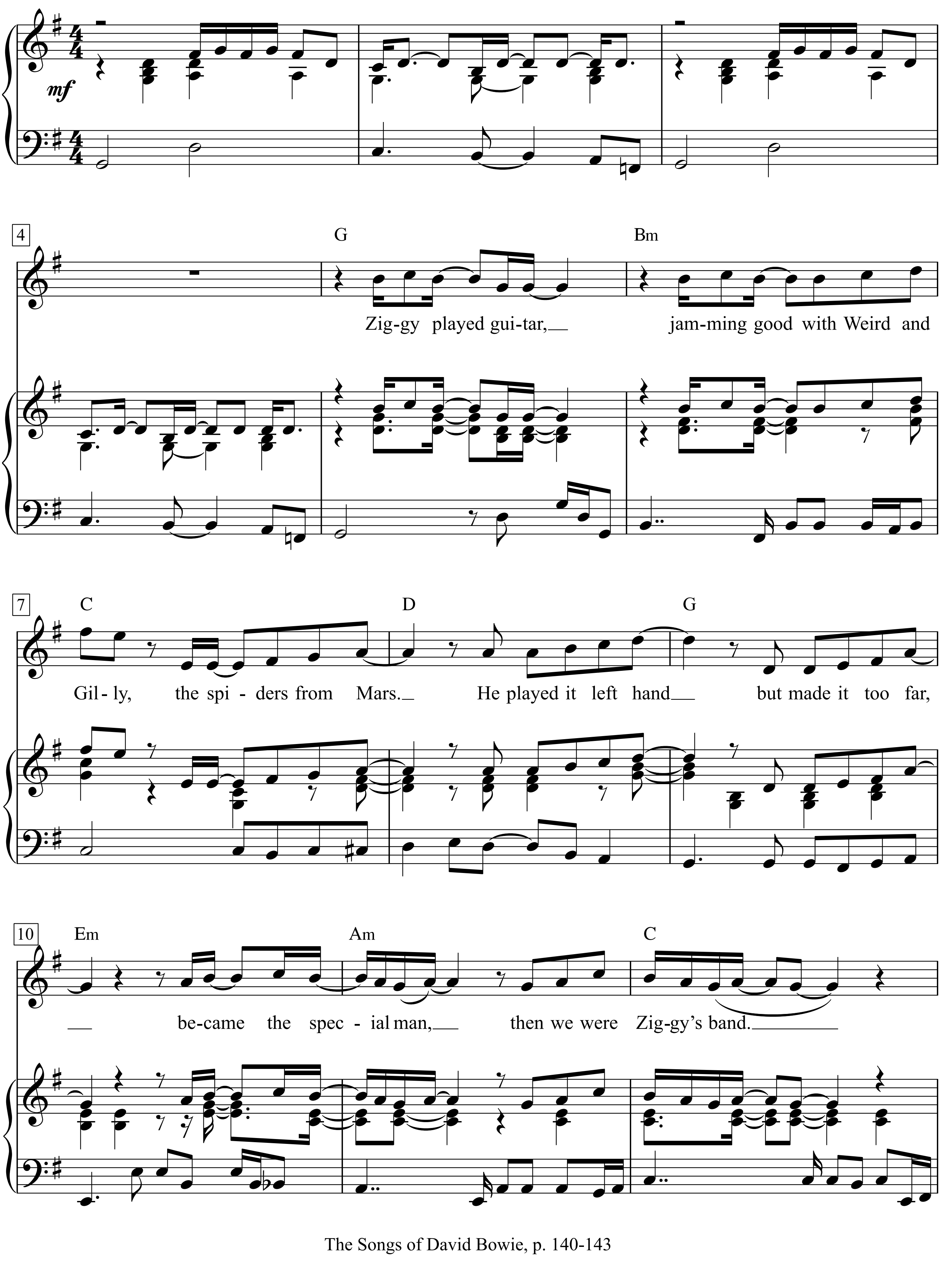
1. Ich war noch ein Kind, da kamen Zigeuner, Zigeuner in unsere Stadt.
Tam ta ta ta ta tam tam, ta tam tam ta tam, kamen in uns're Stadt.
Die Wagen so bunt, die Pferdchen so zottig, sie zogen die Wagen so schwer.
Tam ta ta ta ta tam tam, ta tam tam ta tam,
und ich lief hinterher, immer nur hinterher.
Dann kam der Abend, es wurde ein Feuer entfacht, la la la,
und die Zigeuner, sie haben getanzt und gelacht, la la la.
Ein Zigeunerjunge, Zigeunerjunge, er spielte am Feuer Gitarre
Tam ta ta ta ta tam tam, ta tam tam ta tam,
Und ich sah sein Gesicht, aber er sah mich nicht.
Zigeunerjunge, Zigeunerjunge, er spielte am Feuer Gitarre,
tam ta ta ta ta tam tam, ta tam tam ta tam,
dann war das Feuer aus und ich lief schnell nach Haus.

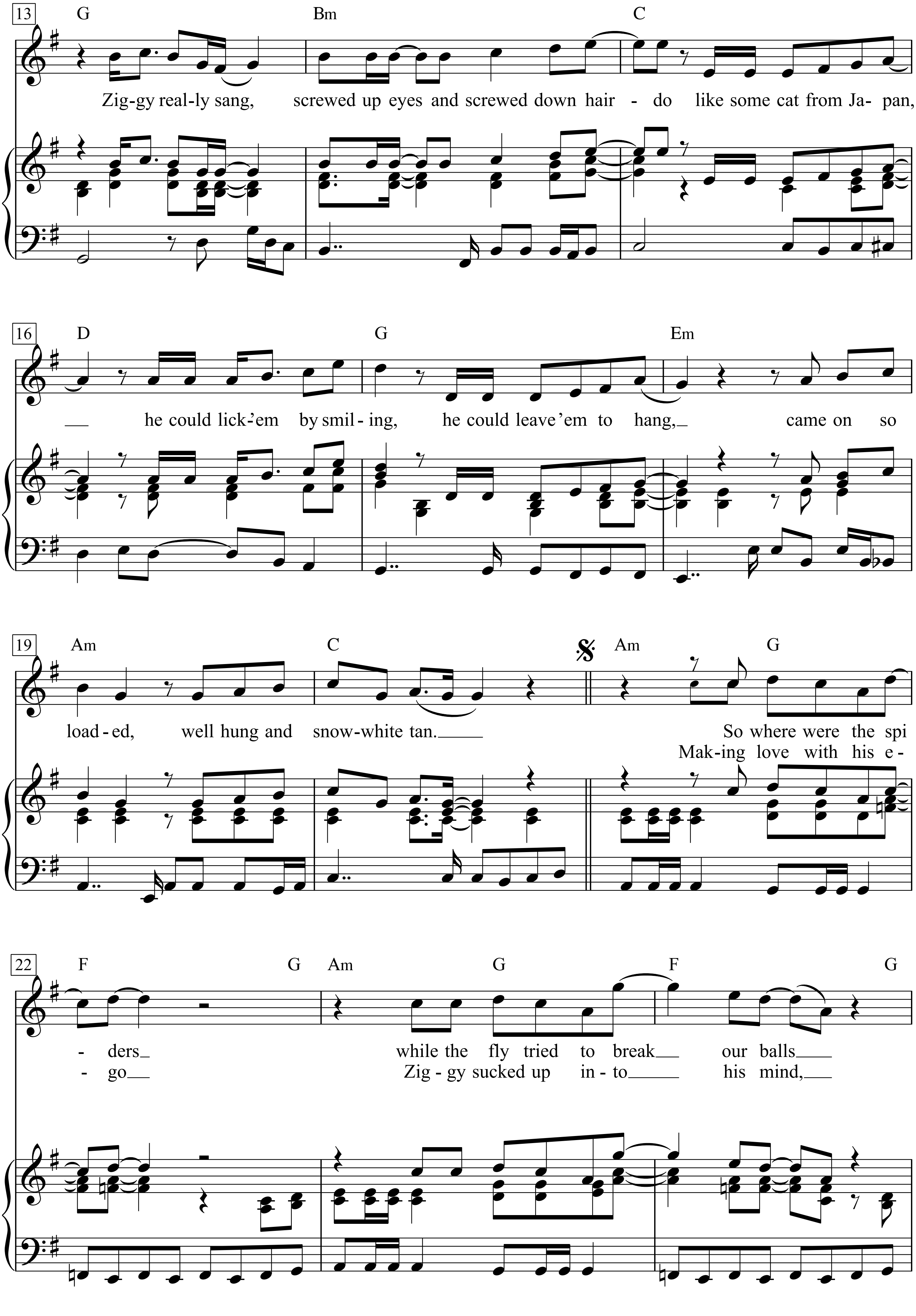
2. Am anderen Tag konnt' ich nicht erwarten, die fremden Zigeuner zu seh'n.
Tam ta ta ta ta tam tam, ta tam tam ta tam, aber ich durfte nicht geh'n.
Die Wagen so bunt, die Pferdchen so zottig, es zog mich zurück an den Ort.
Tam ta ta ta ta tam tam, ta tam tam ta tam, und ich lief heimlich fort,
und ich lief heimlich fort.
Dann kam der Abend, ich fand die Zigeuner nicht mehr, la la la,
wo sie noch gestern gesungen, da war alles leer, la la la.
Zigeunerjunge, Zigeunerjunge, wo bist du, wo sind eure Wagen?
Tam ta ta ta ta tam tam, ta tam tam ta tam,
doch es blieb alles leer, und mein Herz wurde schwer.
Zigeunerjunge, Zigeunerjunge, wo bist du, wer kann es mir sagen?
Tam ta ta ta ta tam tam, ta tam tam ta tam,
doch es blieb alles leer, und ich weinte so sehr.

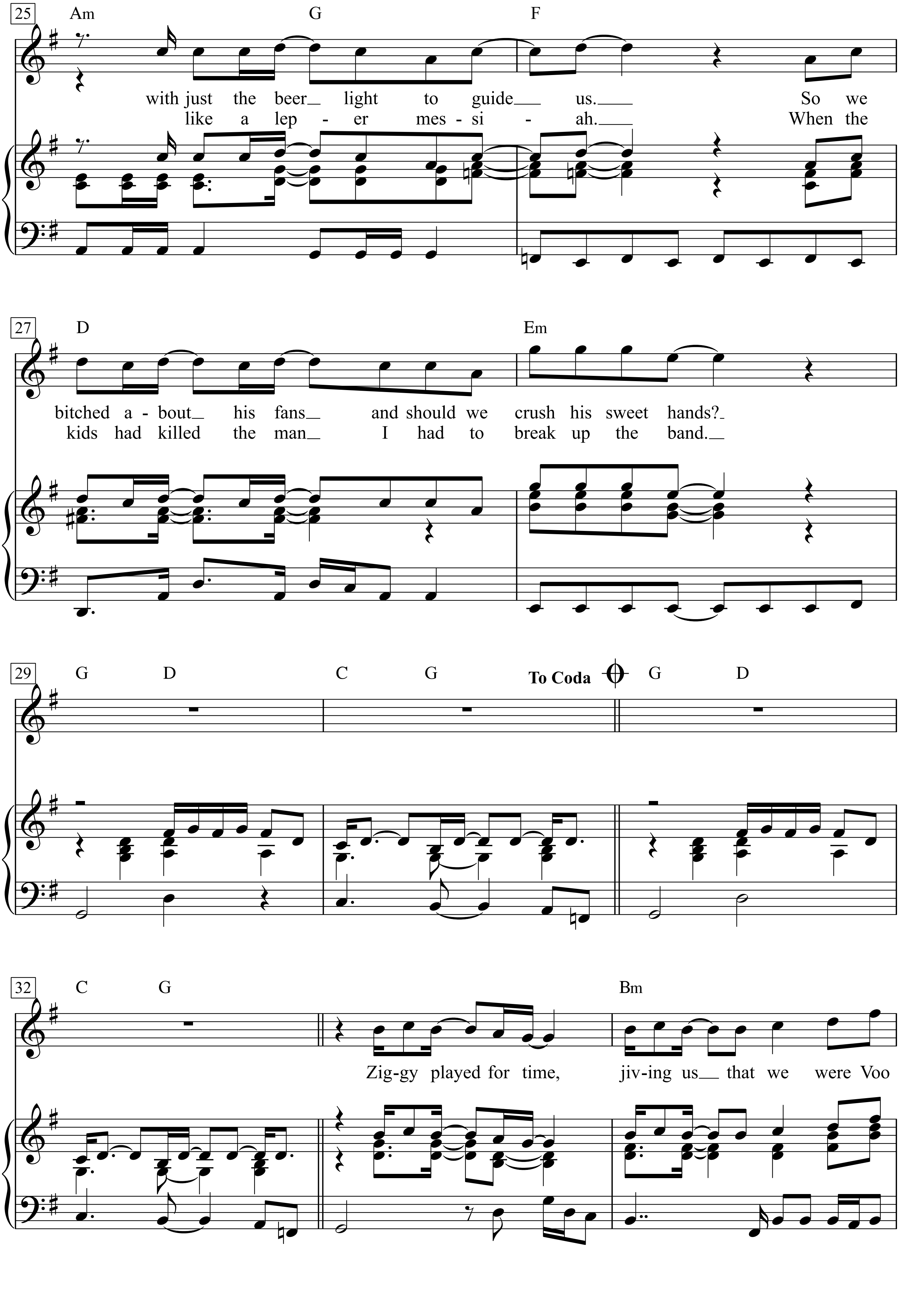
Ziggy Stardust

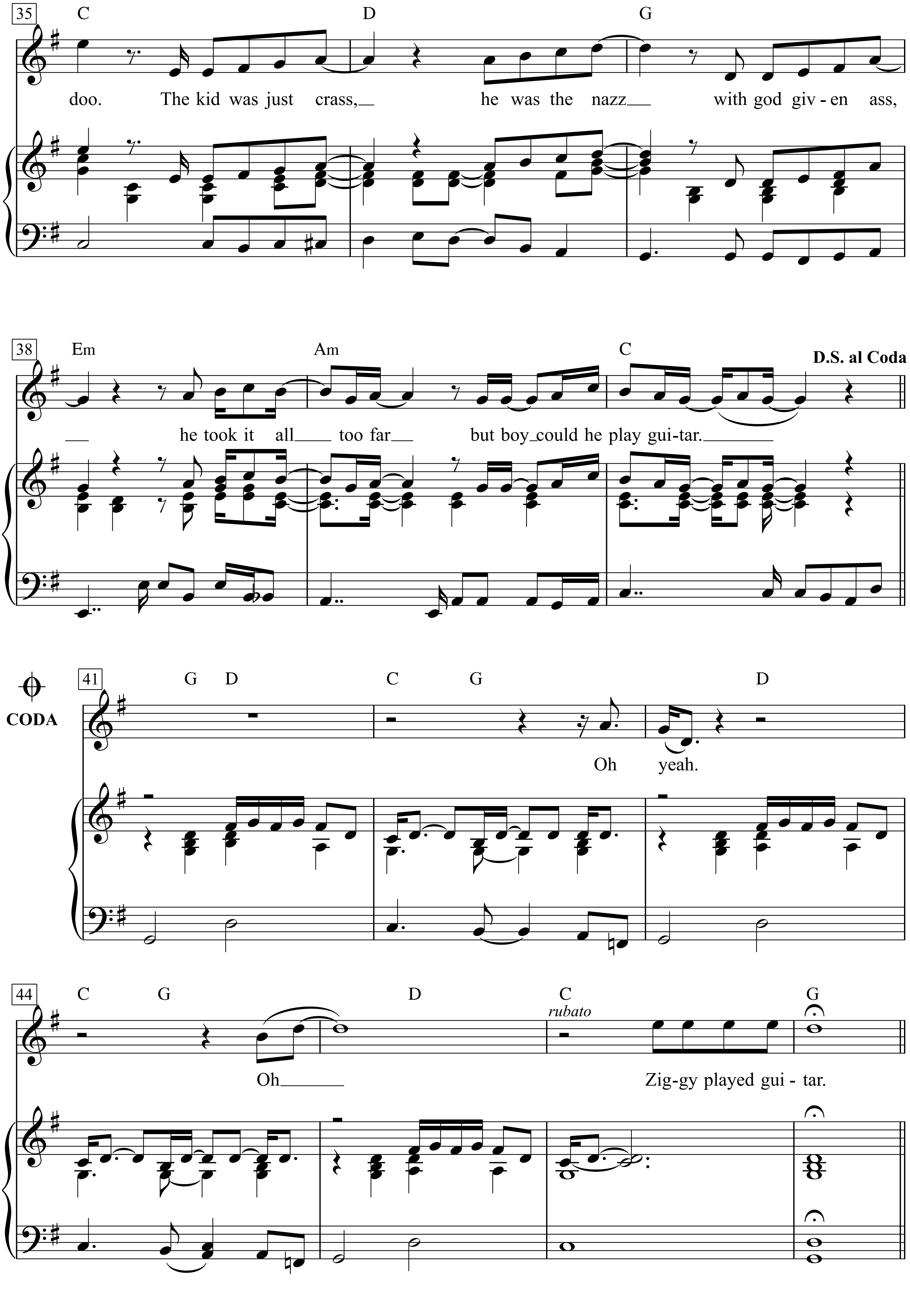
Words & Music by David Bowie
(David Bowie)

Slow beat




13
G
Bm
C
Zig-gy real-ly sang, screwed up eyes and screwed down hair - do like some cat from Ja- pan,
16
D
G
Em
he could lick-'em by smil - ing, he could leave 'em to hang, came on so
19
Am
C
Am
G
load - ed, well hung and snow-white tan.
So where were the spi
Mak-ing love with his e -
22
F
G
Am
G
F
G
- ders while the fly tried to break our balls
- go Zig - gy sucked up in - to his mind,


25
Am G F
with just the beer light to guide us. So we
like a lep - er mes - si - ah. When the
27
D Em
bitched a - bout his fans and should we crush his sweet hands?
kids had killed the man I had to break up the band.
29
G D C G
To Coda
G D
32
C G Bm
Zig-gy played for time, jiv-ing us that we were Voo

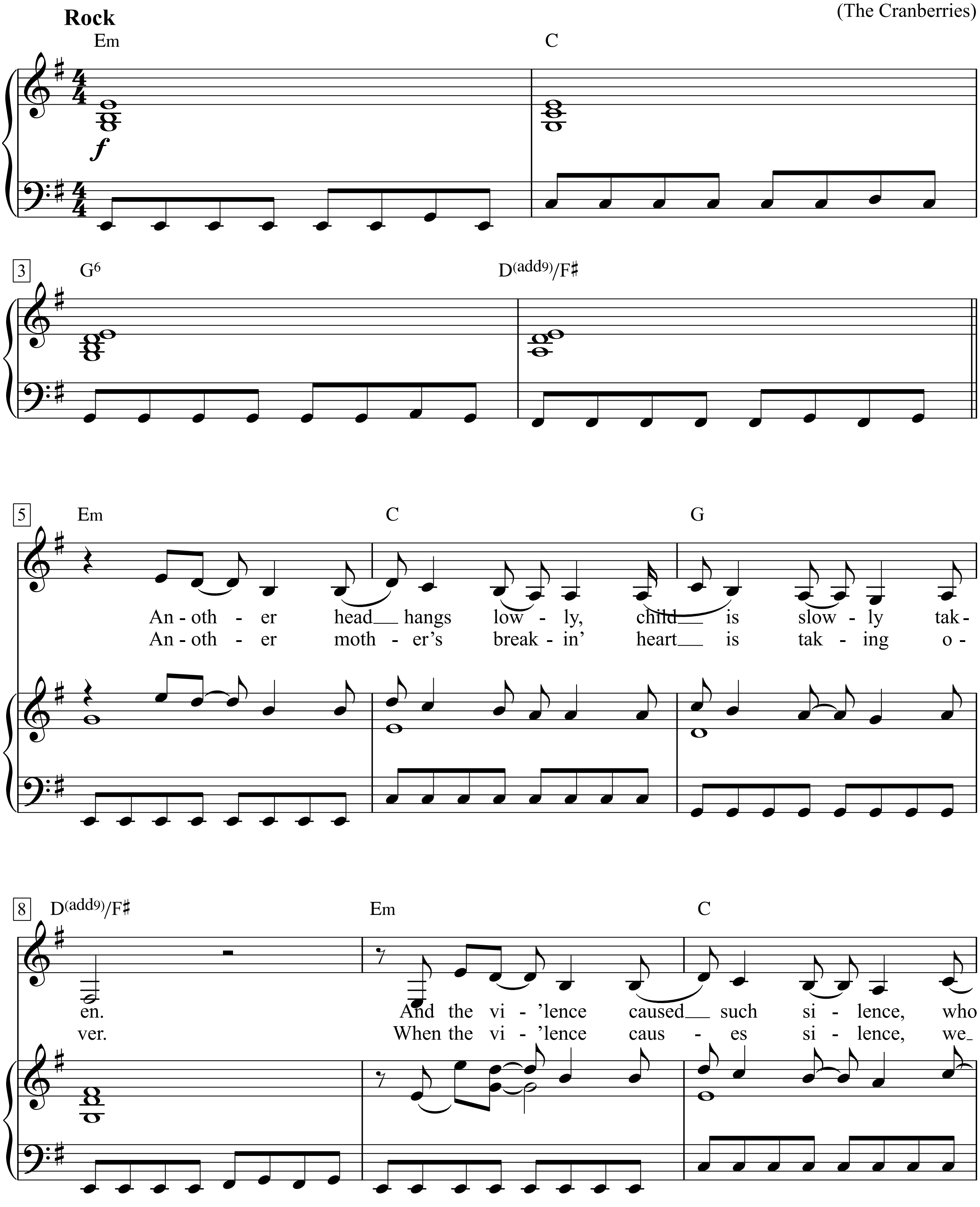

35
C
D
G
doo. The kid was just crass, he was the nazz with god giv - en ass,
38
Em
Am
C
D.S. al Coda
he took it all too far but boy could he play gui-tar.
CODA
41
G D
C G
D
Oh yeah.
44
C G
D
C
rubato
G
Oh
Zig-gy played gui - tar.

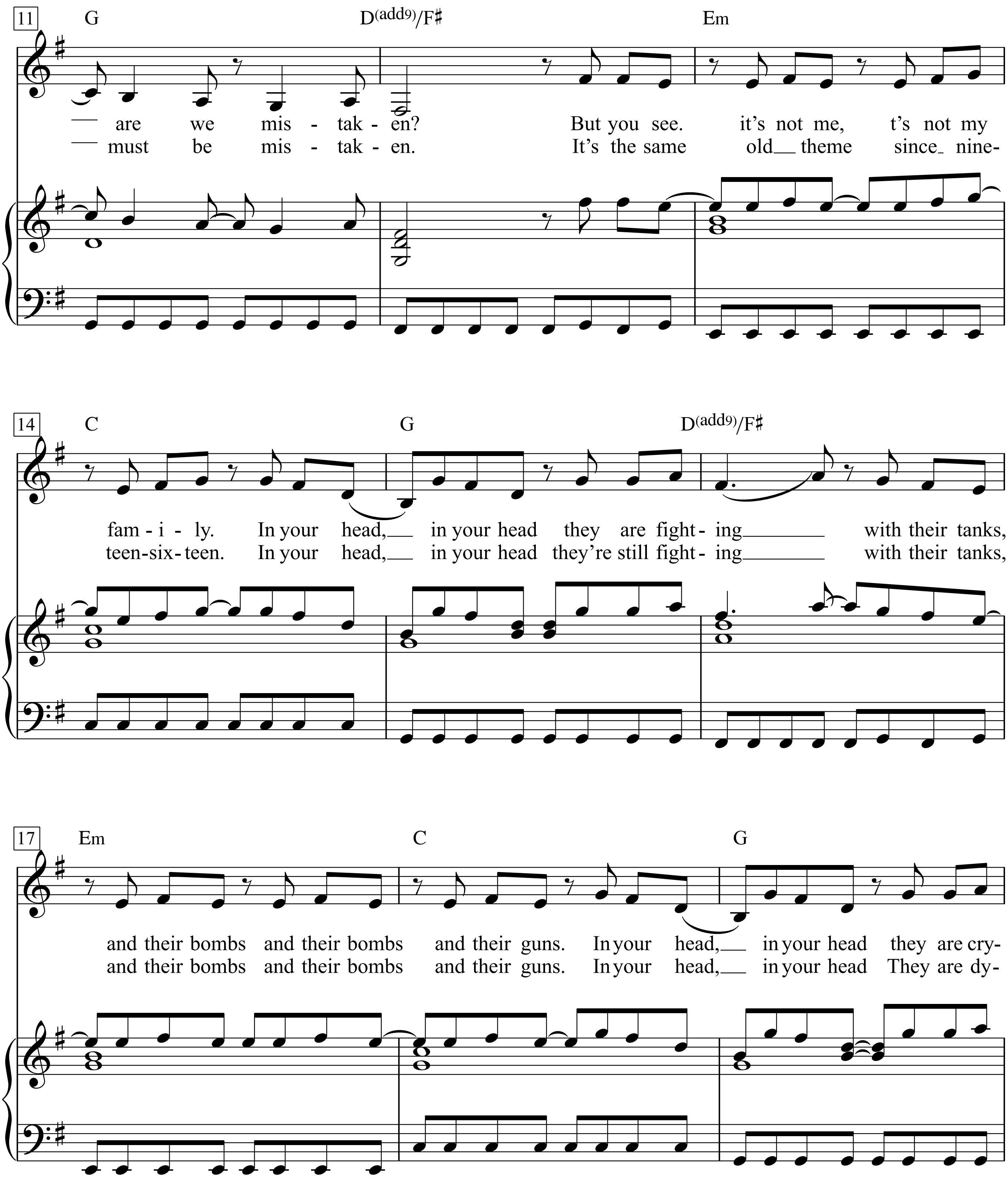
Ziggy played guitar, jamming good
with weird and Gilly, the spiders from Mars.
He played it left hand but made it too far,
became the special man, then we were Ziggy’s band.
Ziggy really sang, screwed up eyes and screwed down hairdo
like some cat from Japan, he could lick’em by smiling,
he could leave ’em to hang, came on so loaded,
well hung and snowwhite tan.
So where were the spiders while the fly tried to break our balls
with just the beer light to guide us.
So we bitched about his fans and should we crush his sweet hands?
Ziggy played for time, jiving us that we were Voodoo.
The kid was just crass, he was the nazz with god given ass,
he took it all too far but boy could he play guitar.
Oh yeah. Oh Ziggy played guitar.

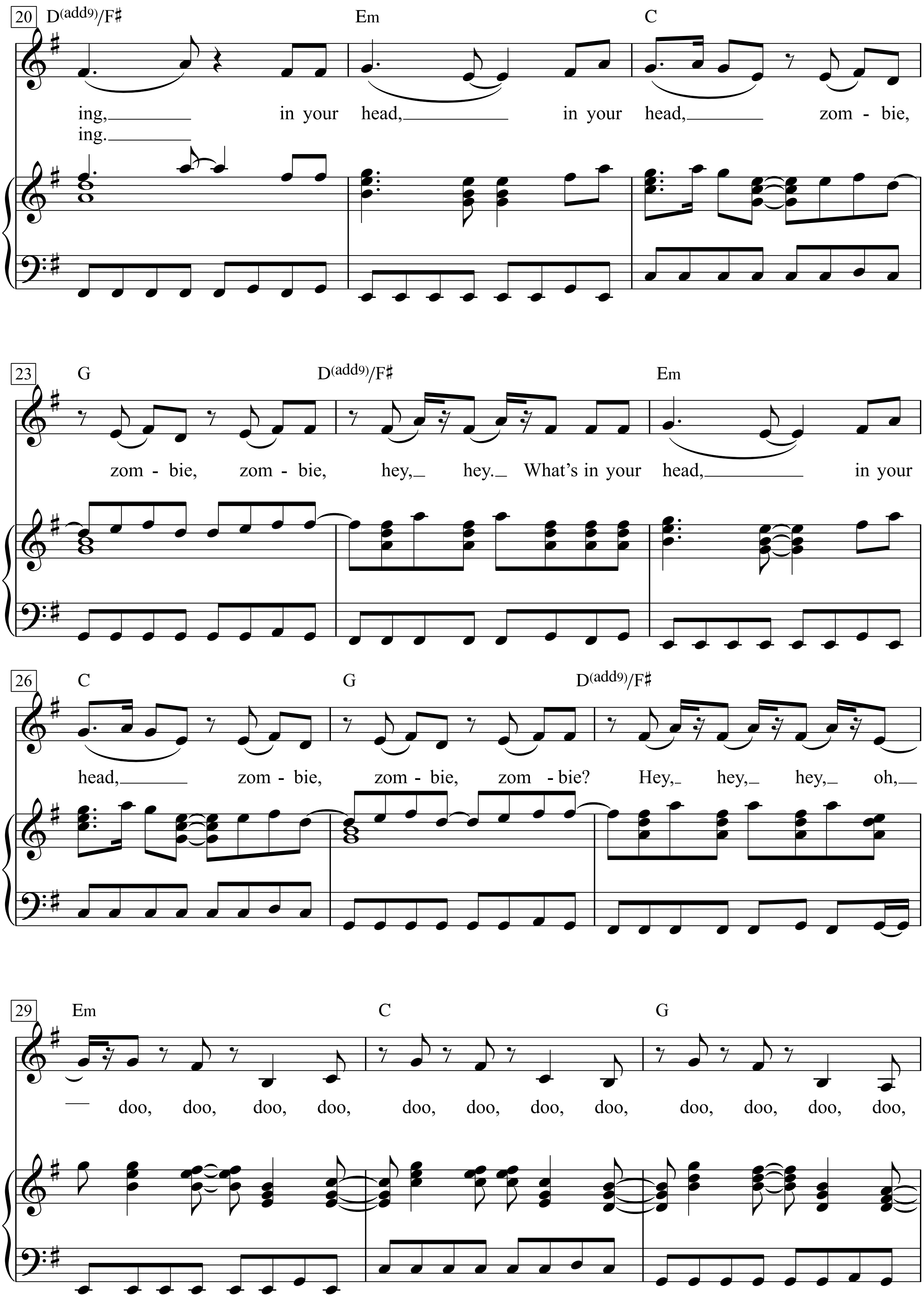
Making love with his ego Ziggy sucked up into his mind,
like a leper messiah.
When the kids had killed the man I had to break up the band.

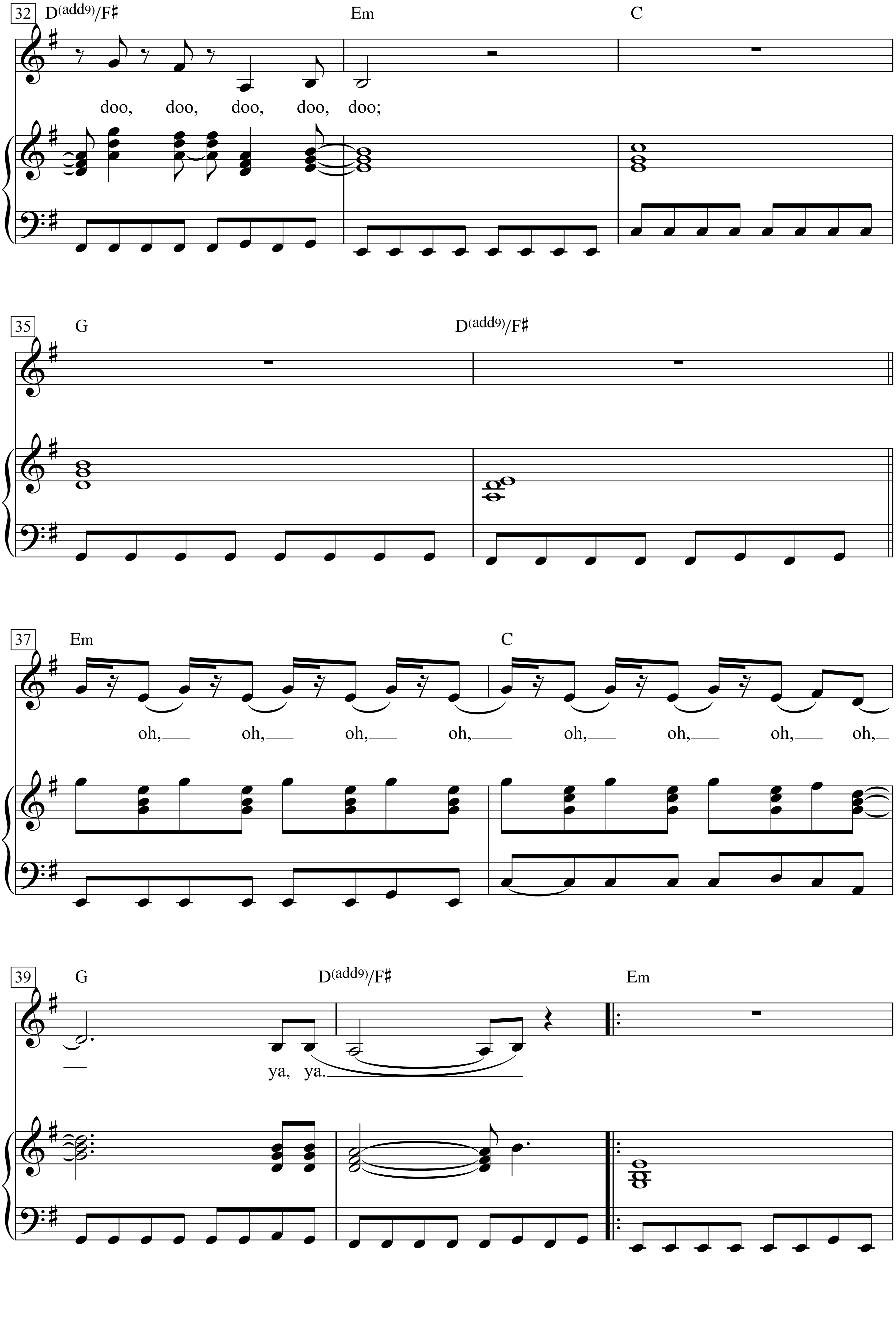
Zombie

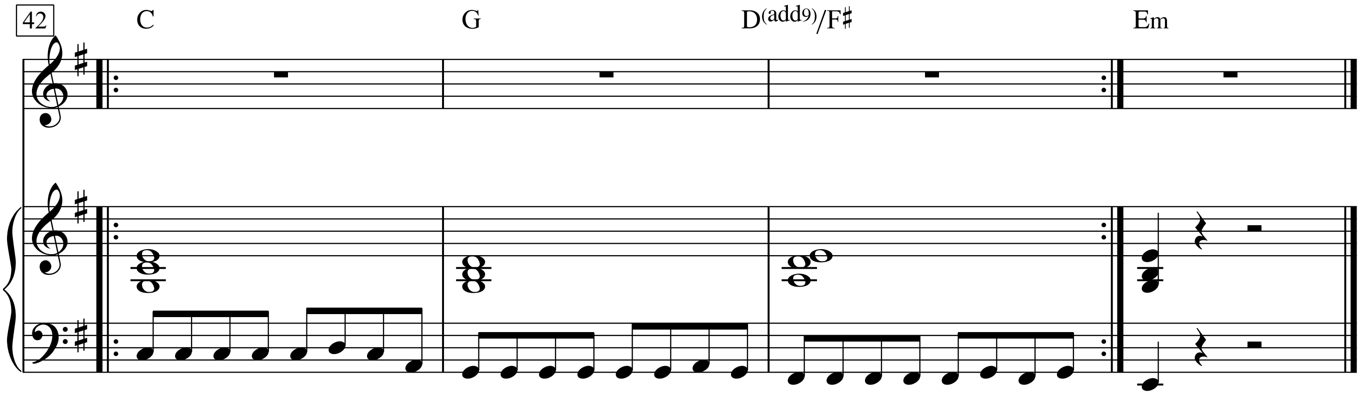
Lyris & Music by Dolores O'Riodan
(The Cranberries)




11
G
D(add9)/F♯
Em
are we mis - tak - en? But you see. it's not me, t's not my
must be mis - tak - en. It's the same old theme since nine-
14
C
G
D(add9)/F♯
fam - i - ly. In your head, in your head they are fight - ing with their tanks,
teen-six - teen. In your head, in your head they're still fight - ing with their tanks,
17
Em
C
G
and their bombs and their bombs and their guns. In your head, in your head they are cry-
and their bombs and their bombs and their guns. In your head, in your head They are dy-


20
D(add9)/F♯
Em
C
ing, in your head, in your head, zom - bie,
ing.
23
G
D(add9)/F♯
Em
zom - bie, zom - bie, hey, hey. What's in your head, in your
26
C
G
D(add9)/F♯
head, zom - bie, zom - bie, zom - bie? Hey, hey, hey, oh,
29
Em
C
G
doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo,

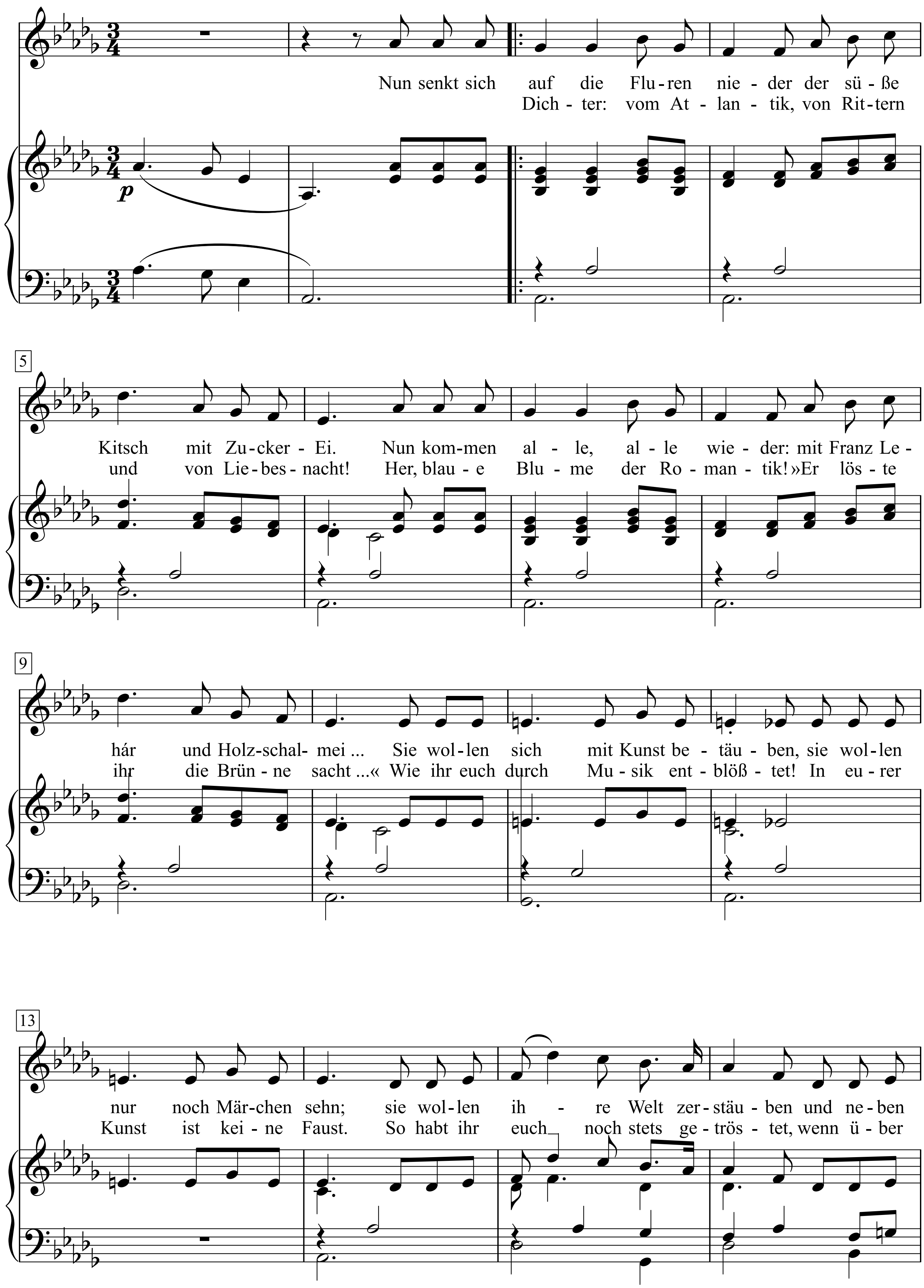

32
D(add9)/F♯
Em
C
doo, doo, doo, doo, doo;
35
G
D(add9)/F♯
37
Em
C
oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh,
39
G
D(add9)/F♯
Em
ya, ya.

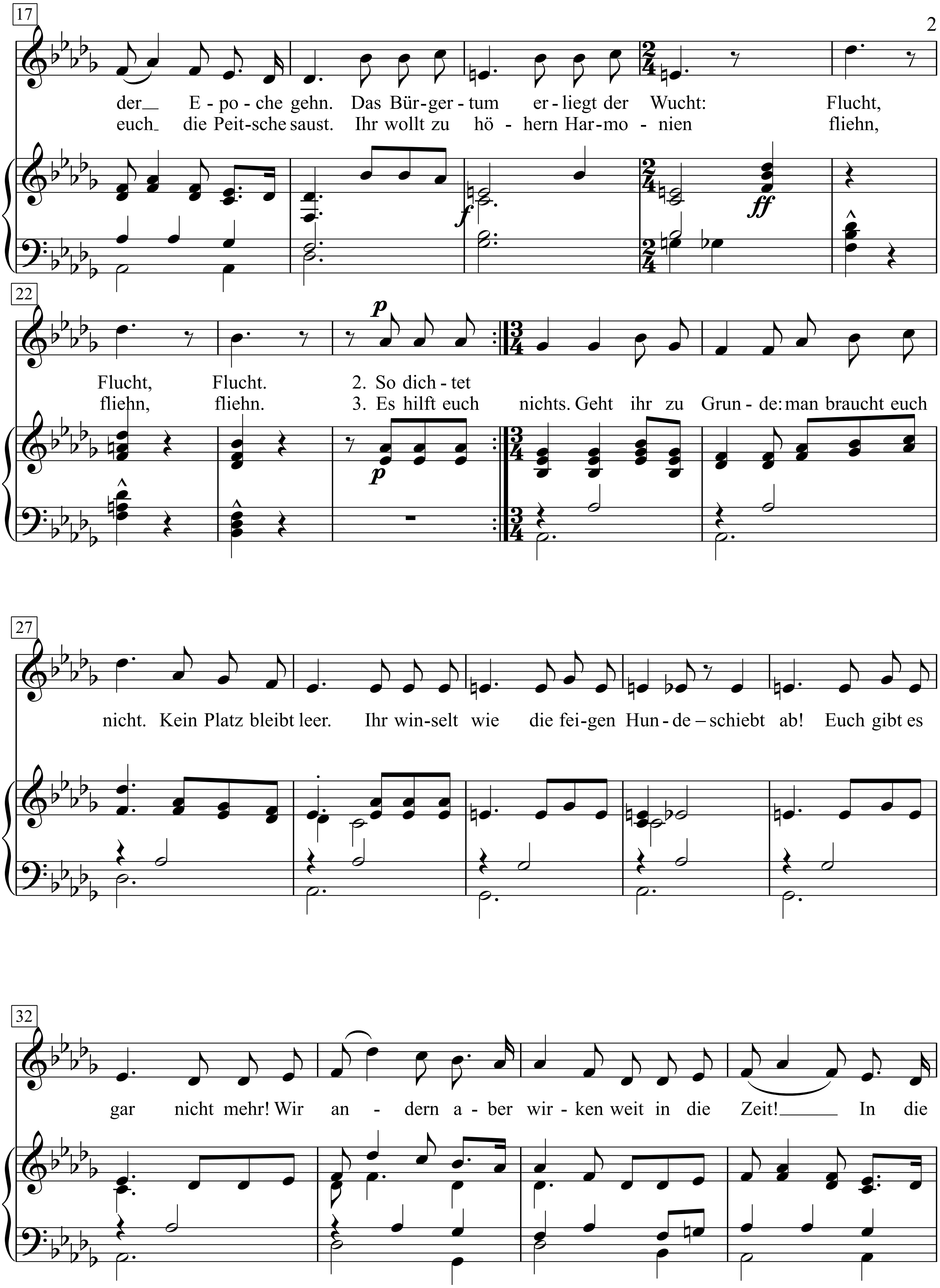

42
C
G
D(add9)/F♯
Em

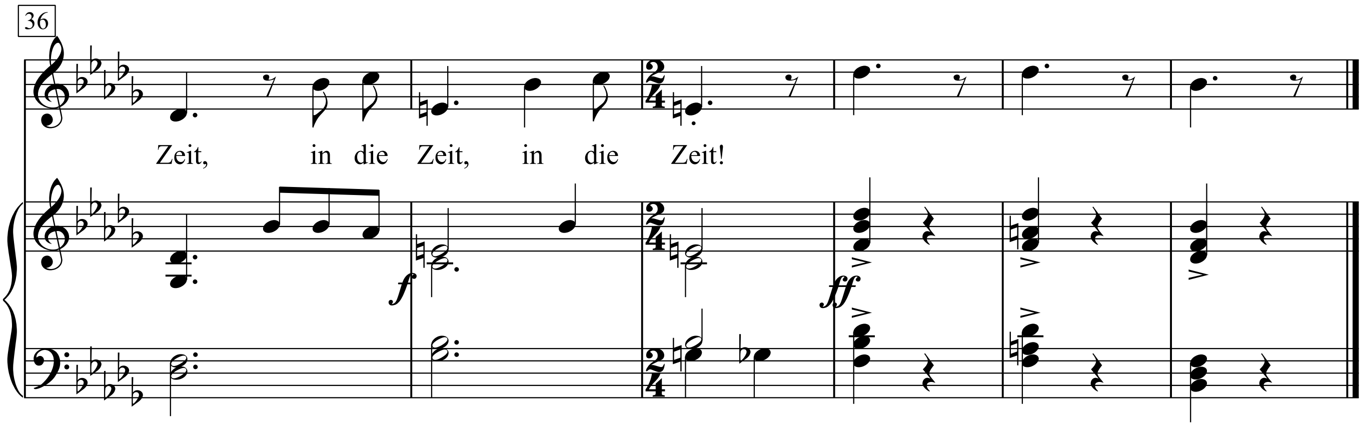
Kurt Tucholsky

Zuckerbrot und Peitsche

Hanns Eisler




17
der E - po - che gehn. Das Bür - ger - tum er - liegt der Wucht: Flucht,
euch die Peit - sche saust. Ihr wollt zu hö - hern Har - mo - nien fliehn,
22
Flucht, Flucht. 2. So dich - tet
fliehn, fliehn. 3. Es hilft euch nichts. Geht ihr zu Grun - de: man braucht euch
27
nicht. Kein Platz bleibt leer. Ihr win - selt wie die fei - gen Hun - de – schiebt ab! Euch gibt es
32
gar nicht mehr! Wir an - dern a - ber wir - ken weit in die Zeit! In die



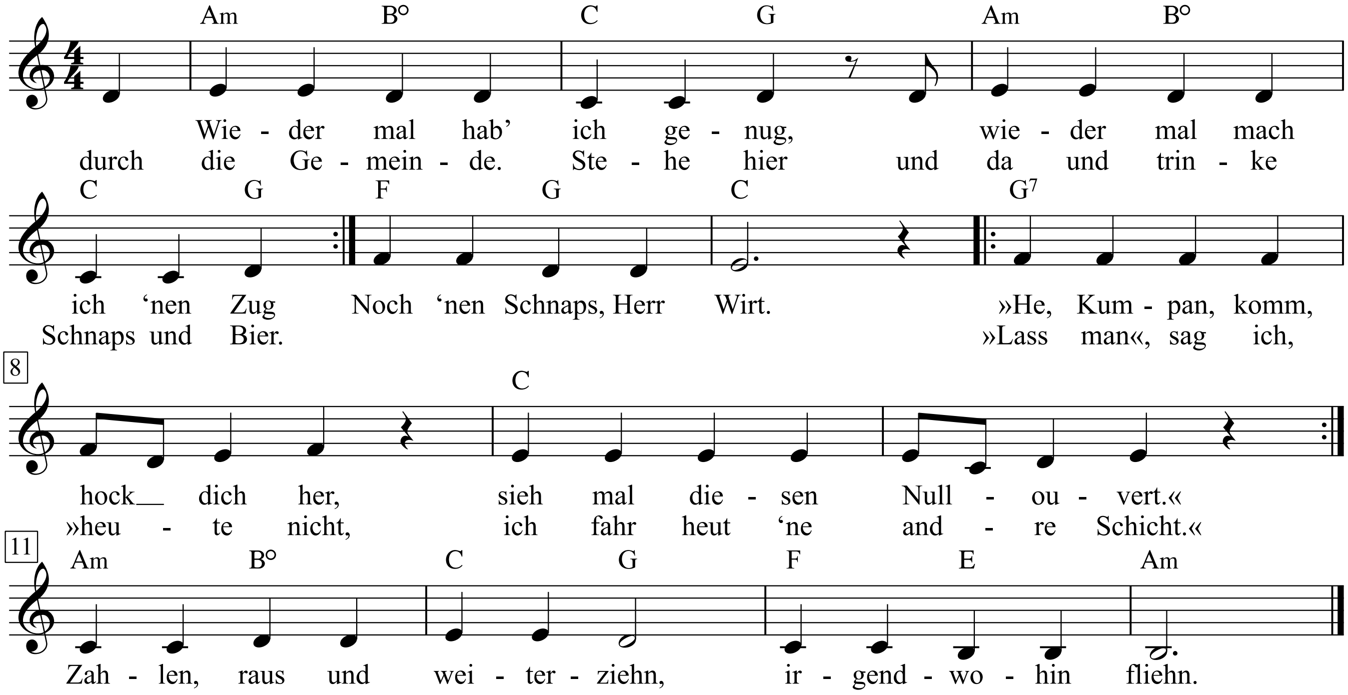
1. Nun senkt sich auf die Fluren nieder
der süße Kitsch mit Zucker-Ei.
Nun kommen alle, alle wieder:
mit Franz Lehár und Holzschalmei ...
Sie wollen sich mit Kunst betäuben,
sie wollen nur noch Märchen sehn;
sie wollen ihre Welt zerstäuben
und neben der Epoche gehn.
Das Bürgertum erliegt der Wucht:
Flucht, Flucht, Flucht.

2. So dichtet Dichter: vom Atlantik,
von Rittern und von Liebesnacht!
Her, blaue Blume der Romantik!
»Er löste ihr die Brünne sacht …«
Wie ihr euch durch Musik entblößtet!
In eurer Kunst ist keine Faust.
So habt ihr euch noch stets getröstet,
wenn über euch die Peitsche saust.
Ihr wollt zu höhern Harmonien
fliehn, fliehn, fliehn.

3. Es hilft euch nichts.
Geht ihr zu Grunde: man braucht euch nicht.
Kein Platz bleibt leer.
Ihr winselt wie die feigen Hunde – schiebt ab!
Euch gibt es gar nicht mehr!
Wir andern aber wirken weit in die Zeit!
In die Zeit, in die Zeit, in die Zeit!

Zug durch die Gemeinde

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



1. Wieder mal hab' ich genug,
wieder mal mach ich 'nen Zug
durch die Gemeinde. Stehe hier
und da und trinke Schnaps und Bier.
Noch 'nen Schnaps, Herr Wirt.
«He, Kumpan, komm, hock dich her,
sieh mal diesen Nullouvert.«
»Lass man«, sag ich, »heute nicht,
ich fahr heut 'ne andre Schicht.«
Zahlen, raus und weiterziehn,
irgendwohin fliehn.

2. Bei Paula sind sie schon soweit,
sie grölen aus der braunen Zeit.
Lieber also weitergehn
zu Kurt, wo die Propheten stehn.
Noch 'nen Schnaps, Herr Wirt.
Eugen sagt: »Drei Jährchen, dann
ist China da, und dann geht's ran.
Falsch war damals Stalingrad,
wartet, auch der Iwan zahlt.«
Zahlen, raus und weiterziehn.

3. Im Bürgerstübchen hocken die
Notabeln, trinken Wein, und sie
erzählen von Frau Wirtin, und
sie wischen sich den vollen Mund.
Noch 'nen Schnaps, Herr Wirt.
Nee, den Witz kennt man noch nicht,
Frau Wirtin mitten ins Gesicht.
Lachen, Mensch, schau, da ist er,
komm, hock dich hin, schon lang nicht mehr.
Zahlen, raus und weiterziehn.

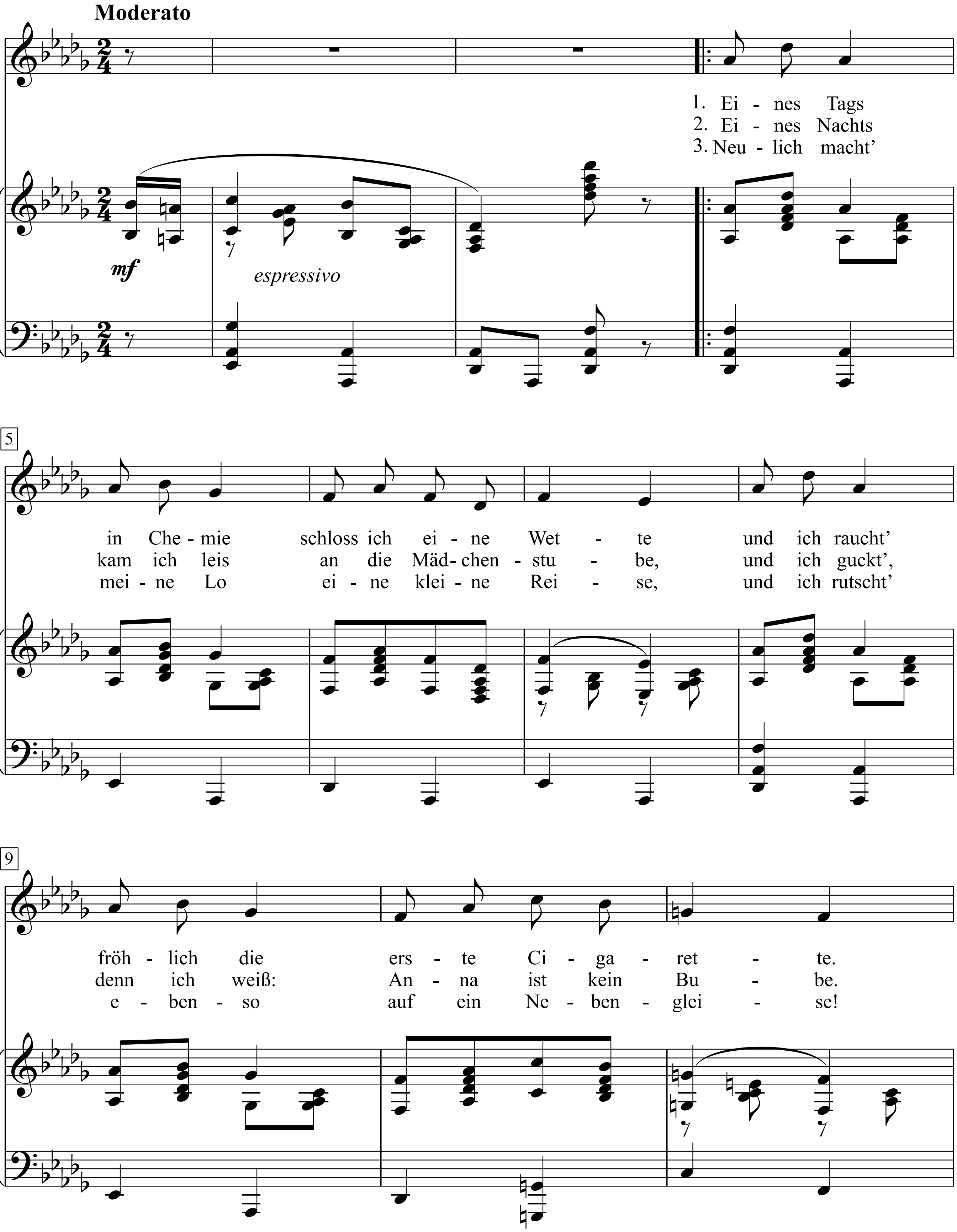
4. Chez Lieselotte tanzen sie.
Ein Dicker sitzt auf Inges Knie,
seine Frau hätt' Krebs, schluchzt er,
und Rita fragt, wie's mit uns wär.
Noch 'nen Schnaps, Herr Wirt.
»Lass man, sag ich, heute nicht,
ich fahr heut 'ne andre Schicht.«
Der Dicke tanzt jetzt einen Twist,
wobei er eine Bockwurst isst.
Zahlen, raus und weiterziehn.

5. Speckmond im Antennenwald,
ein Italiener torkelt, lallt
und schimpft auf diese dreck'ge Stadt,
die zu viele Kneipen hat.
Noch 'nen Schnaps, Herr Wirt.
Ob er noch am Bahndamm steht,
der Ginster, ob er jetzt wohl blüht?
'türlich, sagt der Wirt und gähnt,
die Kellnerin am Ecktisch pennt.
Zahlen, raus und weiterziehn.

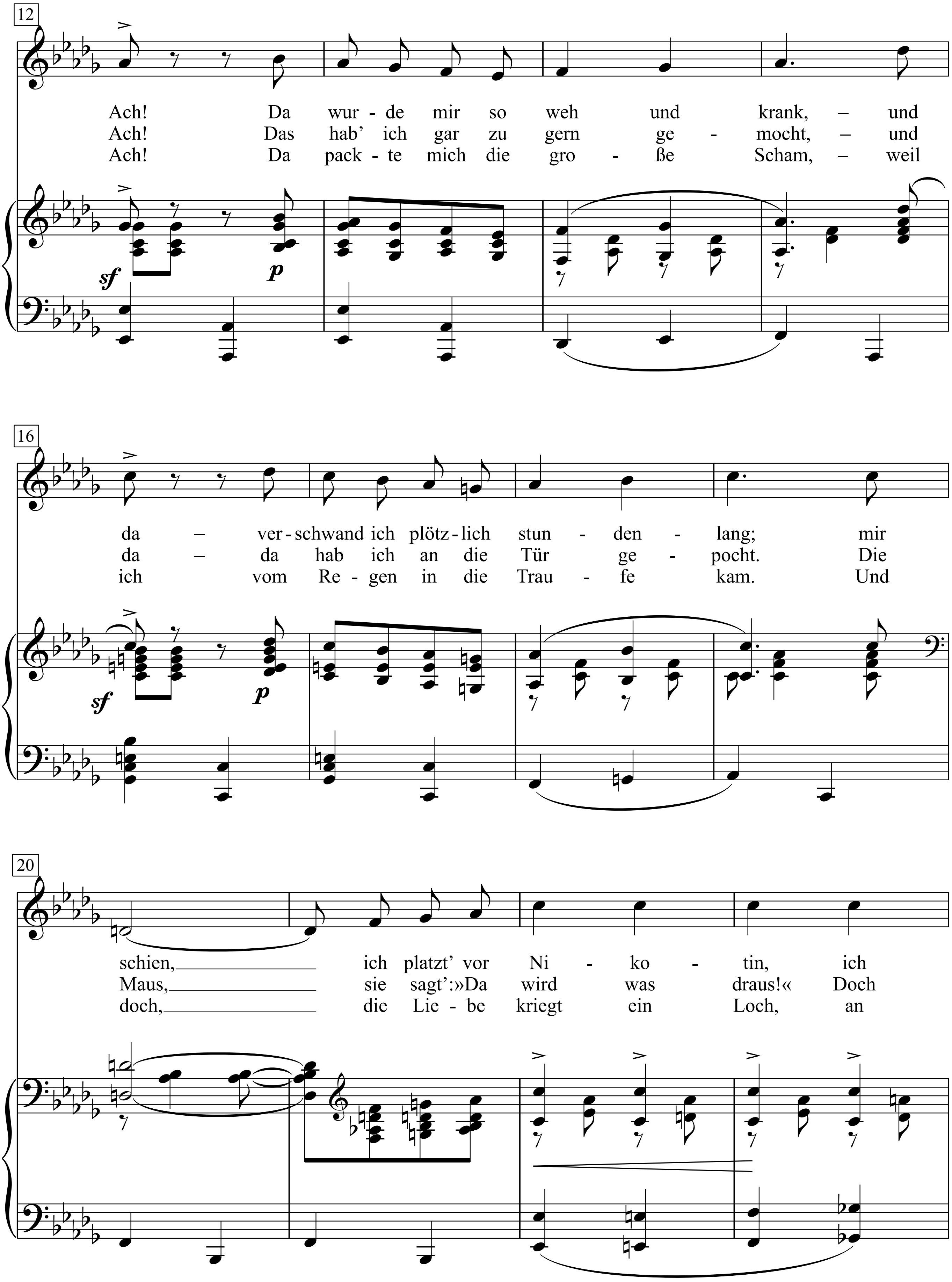
6. Am letzten Tresen stehen drei
Kumpel Arm in Arm, dabei
singen sie, dass ein Tag so schön
wie heute dürfte nie vergehn.
Noch 'nen Schnaps, Herr Wirt.
Morgen früh, da dusche ich,
turne und rasiere mich,
so wie jeden Tag, und dann
heißt es wieder: Life is fun.
Zahlen, raus und weiterziehn,
irgendwohin fliehn.

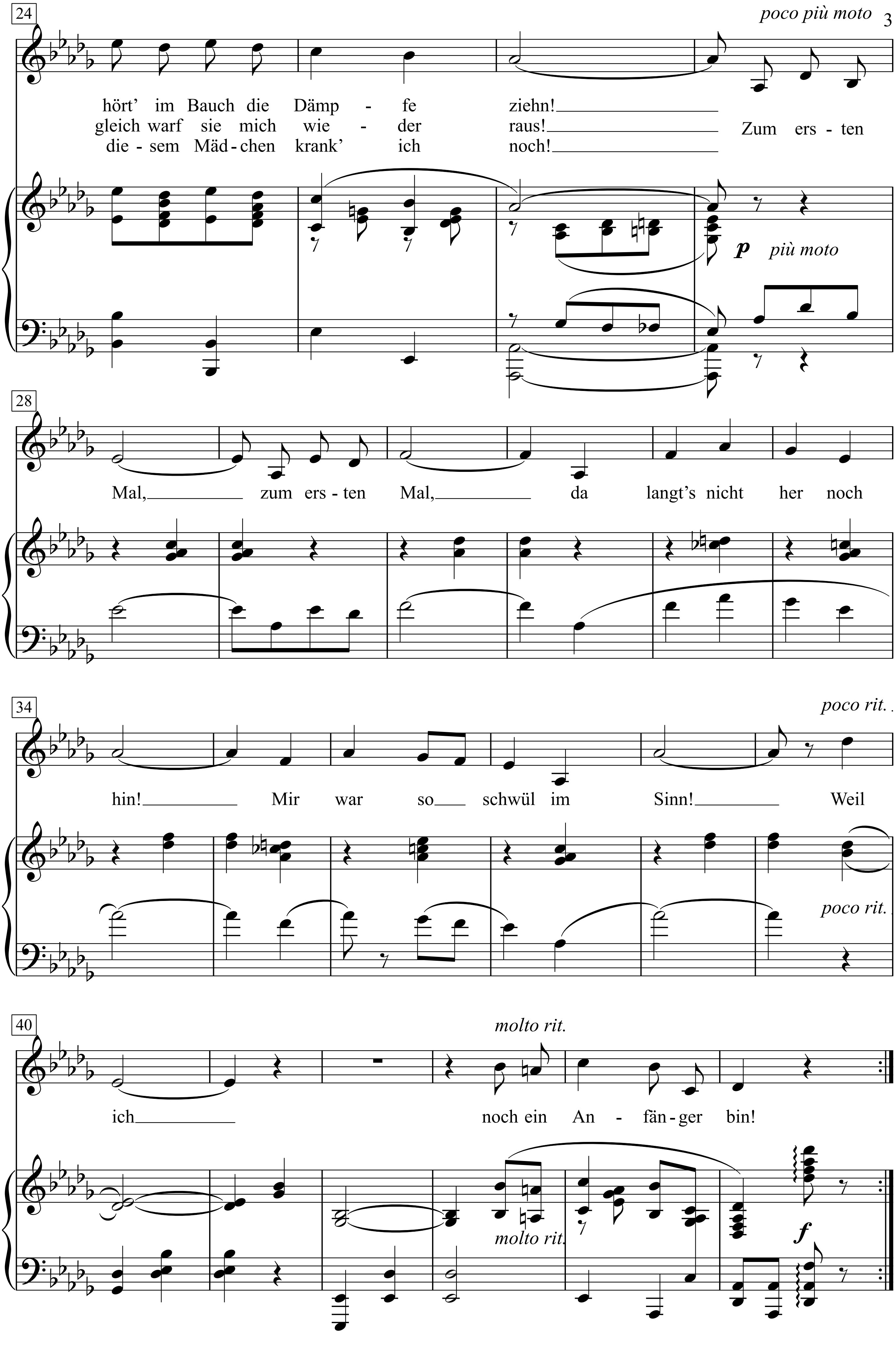
Zum ersten Mal ...

Text: Theobald Tiger (Kurt Tucholsky) — *Musik:* Friedrich Hollaender



Friedrich Hollaender: Schall und Rauch, S. 79-81


12
Ach! Da wur - de mir so weh und krank, – und
Ach! Das hab' ich gar zu gern ge - mocht, – und
Ach! Da pack - te mich die gro - ße Scham, – weil
sf
p
16
da – ver - schwand ich plötz - lich stun - den - lang; mir
da – da hab ich an die Tür ge - pocht. Die
ich vom Re - gen in die Trau - fe kam. Und
sf
p
20
schien, ich platzt' vor Ni - ko - tin, ich
Maus, sie sagt':»Da wird was draus!« Doch
doch, die Lie - be kriegt ein Loch, an


24
poco più moto
hört' im Bauch die Dämp - fe ziehn!
gleich warf sie mich wie - der raus! Zum ers - ten
die - sem Mäd - chen krank' ich noch!
p più moto
28
Mal, zum ers - ten Mal, da langt's nicht her noch
34
poco rit.
hin! Mir war so schwül im Sinn! Weil
40
molto rit.
ich noch ein An - fän - ger bin!
f

1. Eines Tags in Chemie schloss ich eine Wette
und ich raucht' fröhlich die erste Cigarette.
Ach! Da wurde mir so weh und krank –
und da – verschwand ich plötzlich stundenlang;
mir schien, ich platzt' vor Nikotin,
ich hört' im Bauch die Dämpfe ziehn!

Zum ersten Mal, zum ersten Mal,
da langt's nicht her noch hin!
Mir war so schwül im Sinn!
Weil ich noch ein Anfänger bin!

2. Eines Nachts kam ich leis an die Mädchenstube,
und ich guckt', denn ich weiß: Anna ist kein Bube.
Ach! Das hab' ich gar zu gern gemocht –
und da – da hab ich an die Tür gepocht.
Die Maus, sie sagt': »Da wird was draus!«
Doch gleich warf sie mich wieder raus!

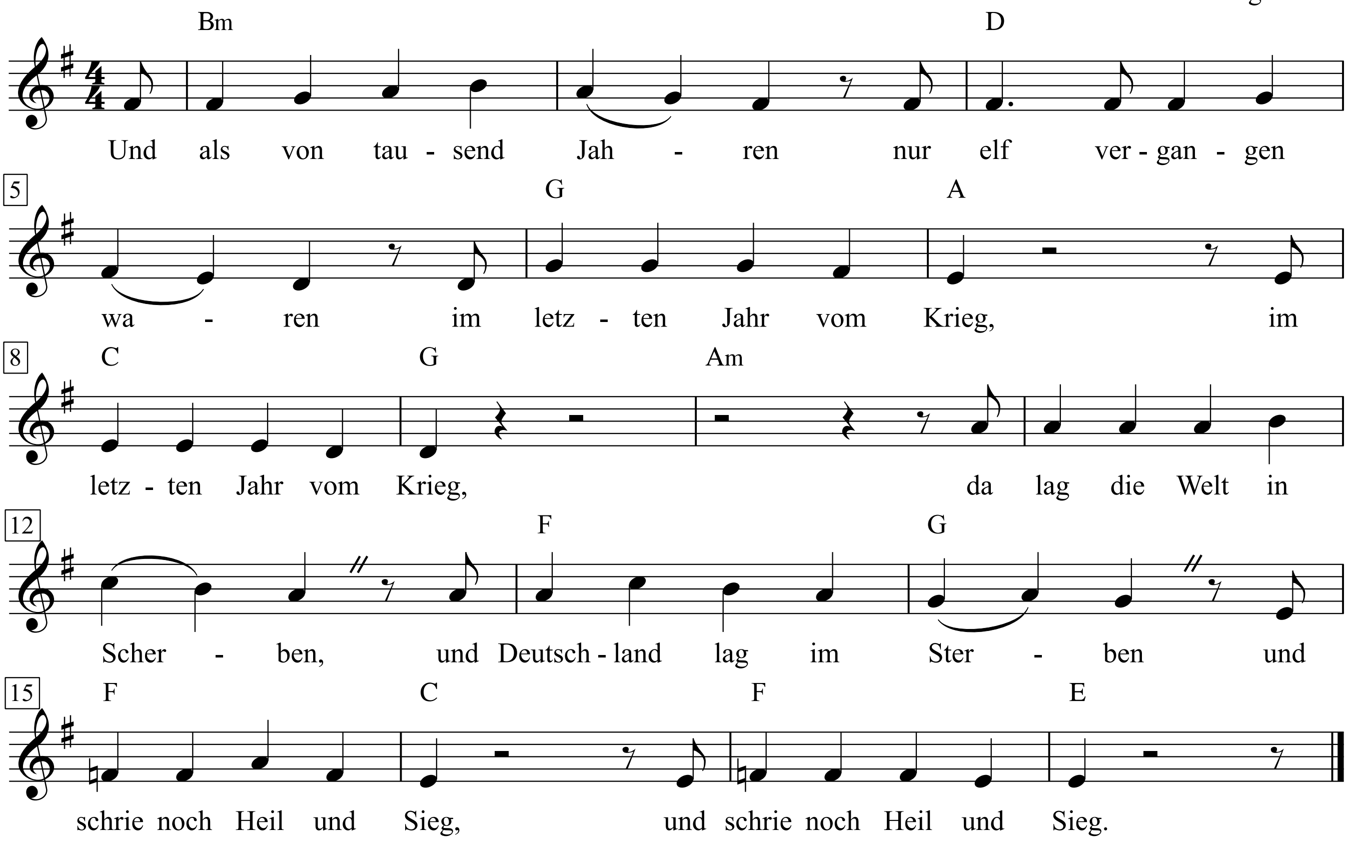
Zum ersten Mal, zum ersten Mal ...

3. Neulich macht' meine Lo eine kleine Reise,
und ich rutscht' ebenso auf ein Nebengleise!
Ach! Da packte mich die große Scham, –
weil ich vom Regen in die Traufe kam.
Und doch, die Liebe kriegt ein Loch,
an diesem Mädchen krank' ich noch!

Zum ersten Mal, zum ersten Mal ...

Zündschnüre-Song

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



1. Und als von tausend Jahren
nur elf vergangen waren
|: im letzten Jahr vom Krieg, :|
da lag die Welt in Scherben,
und Deutschland lag im Sterben
|: und schrie noch Heil und Sieg. :|

2. Der Mensch war sehr zerbrochen,
und nicht nur seine Knochen.
|: Der Mensch zerbricht auch schnell. :|
Und die von den Faschisten
sich nicht zerbrechen ließen,
|: die waren nicht mehr viel. :|

3. Gefoltert und geschunden,
geknebelt und gebunden,
|: und gingen aufrecht doch. :|
Und auch in den Fabriken,
in Lagern und Verstecken
|: lebten, kämpften sie noch. :|

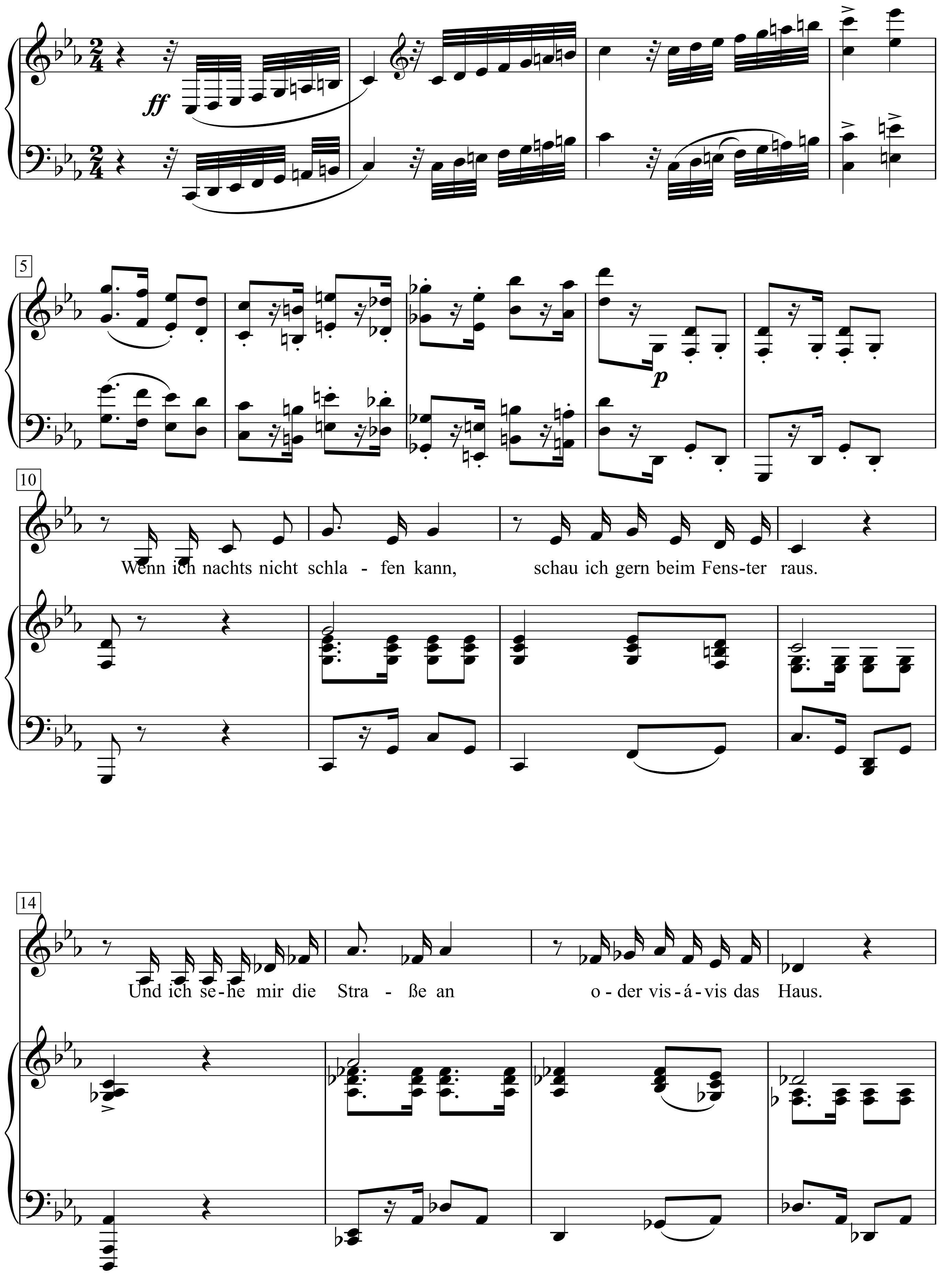
4. Die Masken, die sie tarnten,
die Stimmen, die sie warnten,
die wusste nur der Wind.
|: Und Horcher gab es viele. :|
Und Kinder spielten Spiele,
|: die sehr gefährlich sind. :|

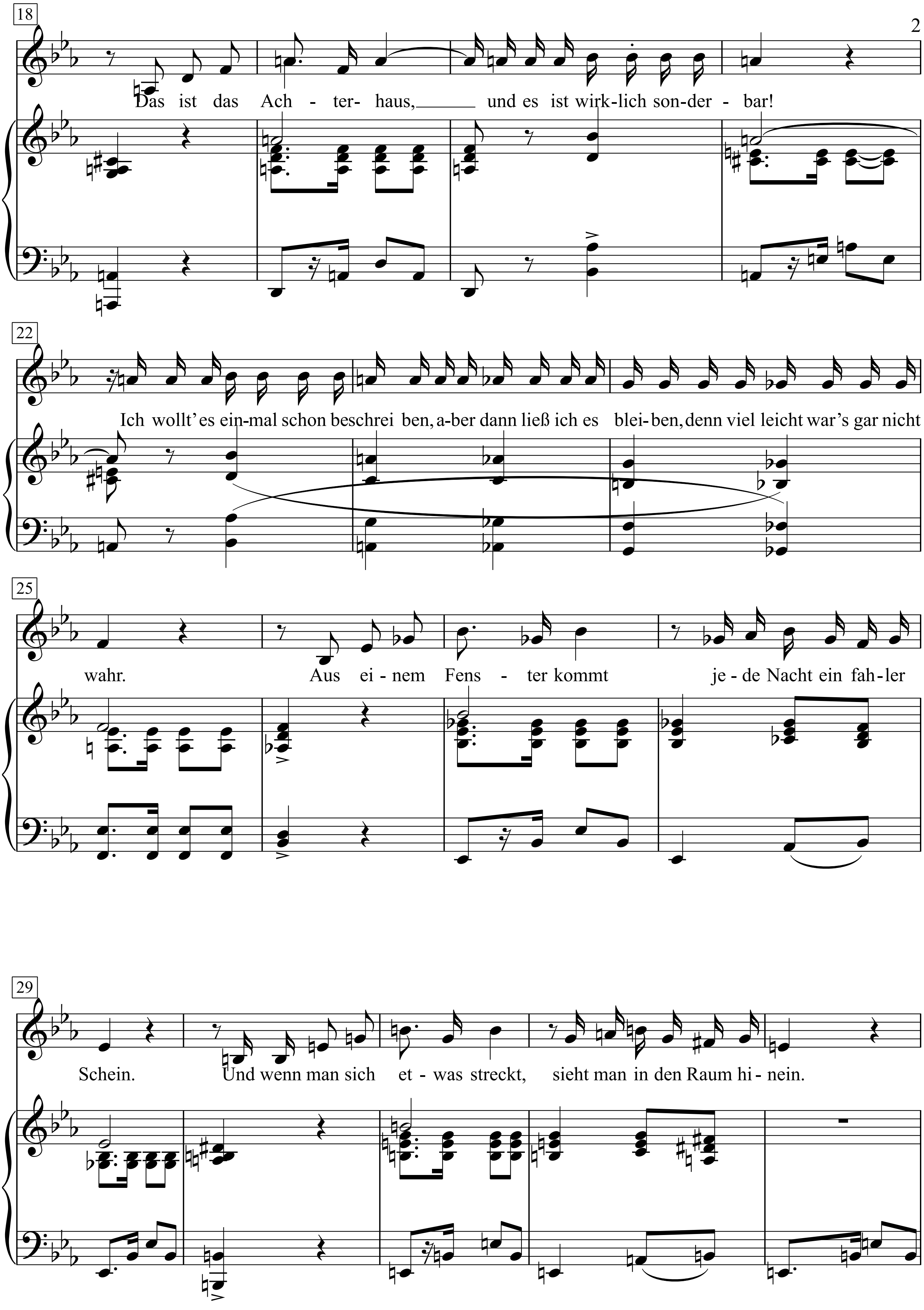
5. Und in den Bombennächten
in Höhlen und in Schächten
|: teilten sie ihre Not. :|
Und teilten ihre Freuden
und teilten ihre Leiden
|: und auch den Bissen Brot. :|

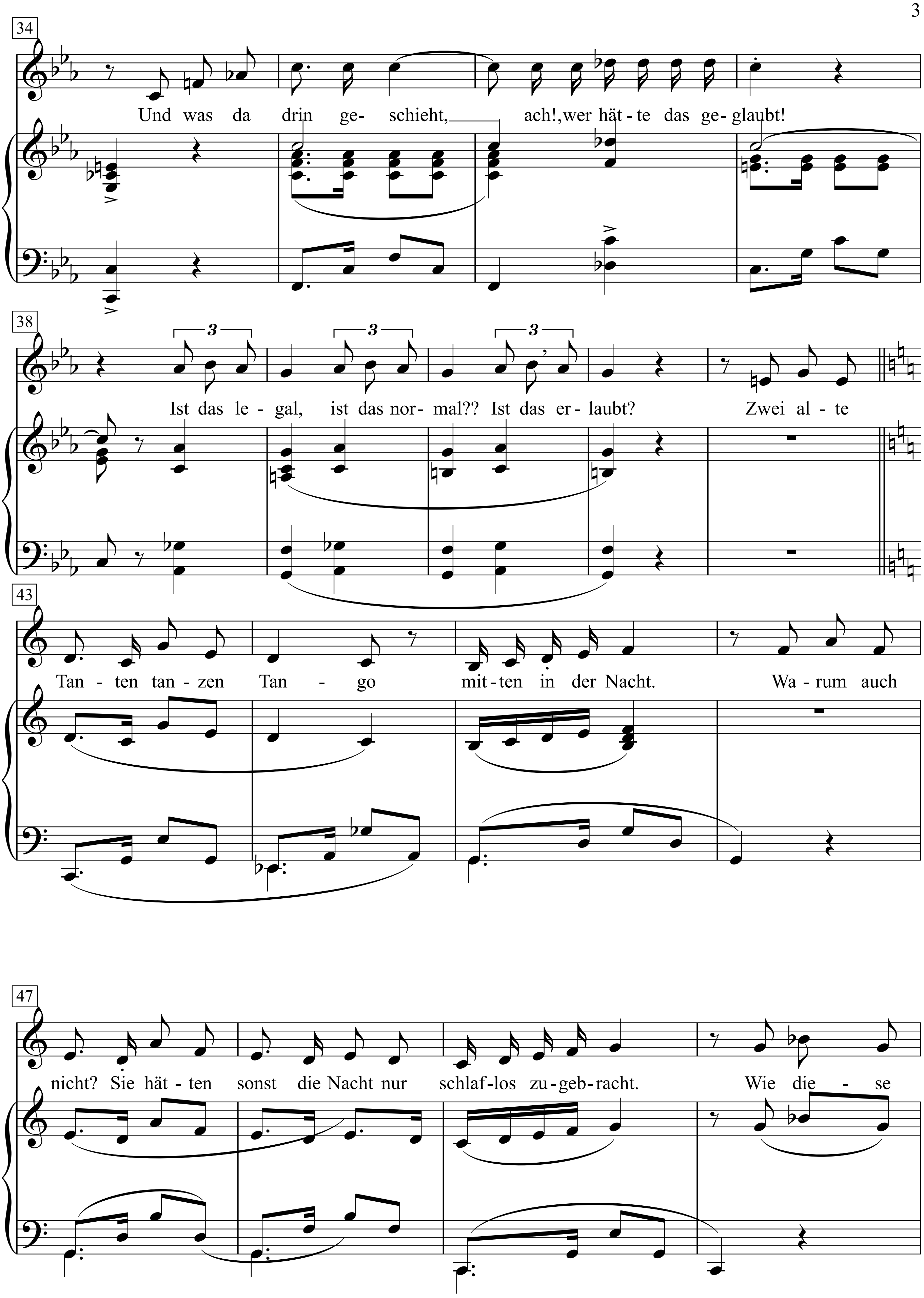
6. Sie hatten eine Lehre
und hatten auch Gewehre
|: und hatten ihre List. :|
In mehr als tausend Jahren,
da hatten sie erfahren,
|: wann ihre Stunde ist. :|

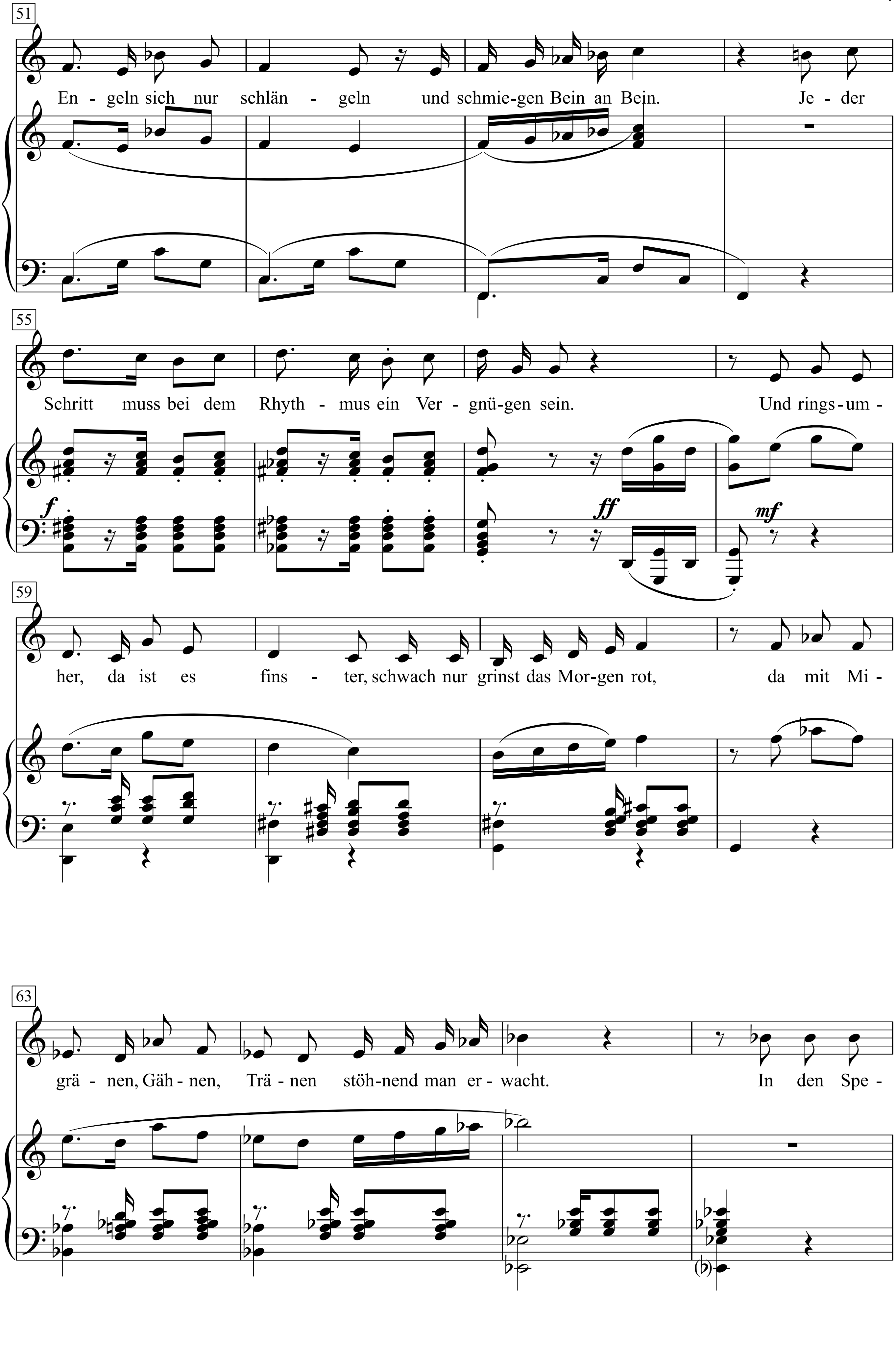
Zwei alte Tanten tanzen Tango

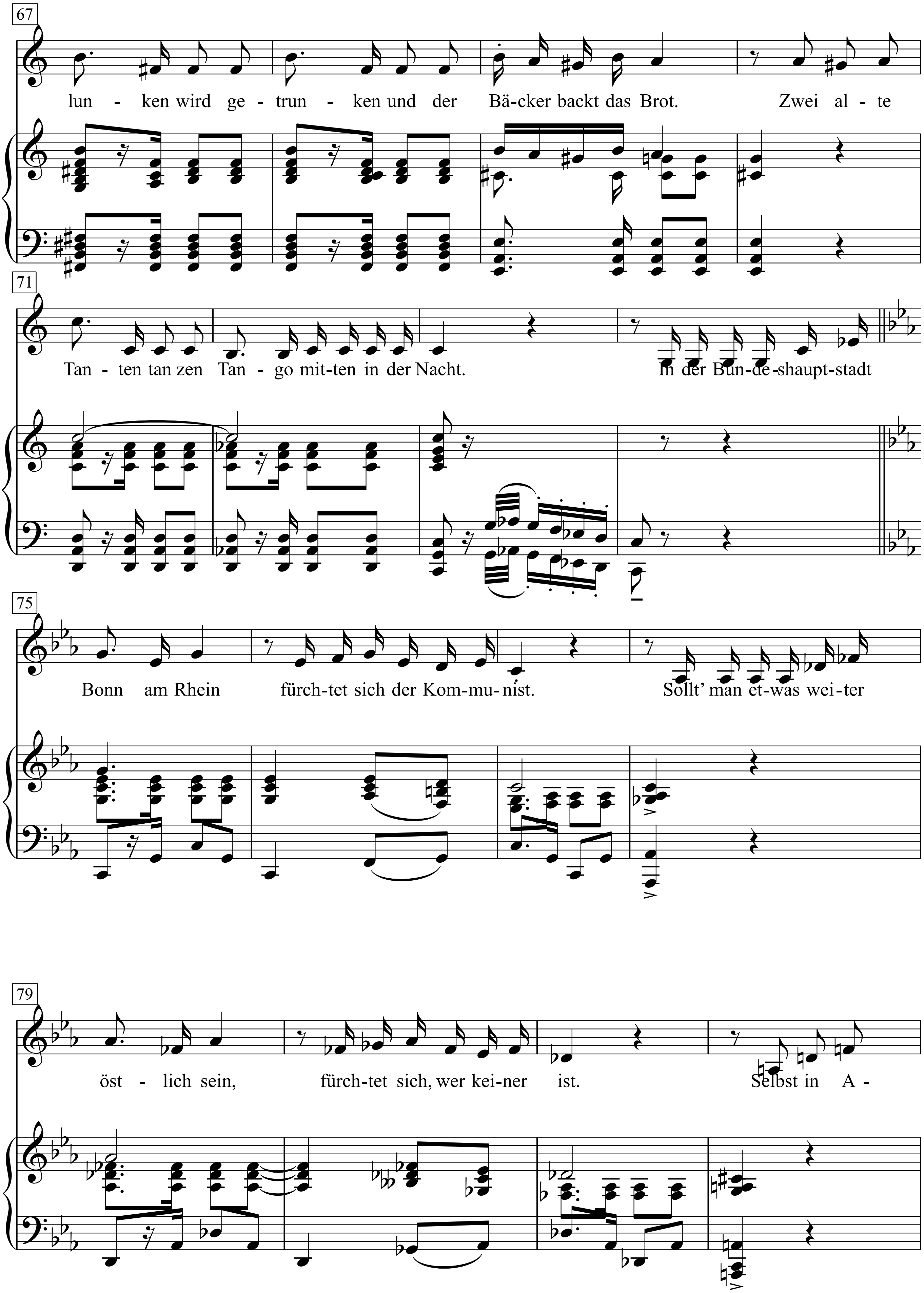
Text & Musik: Georg Kreisler

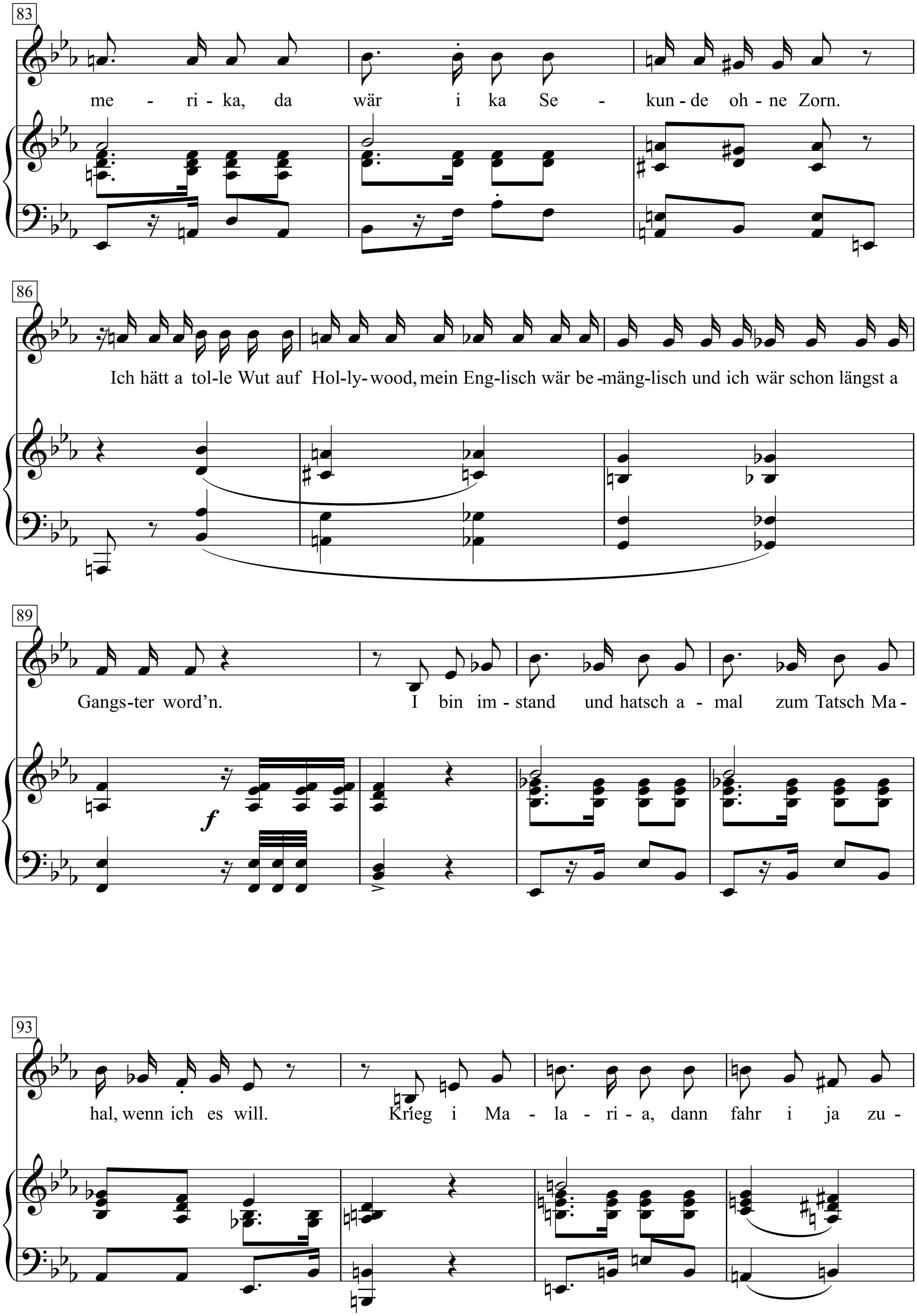


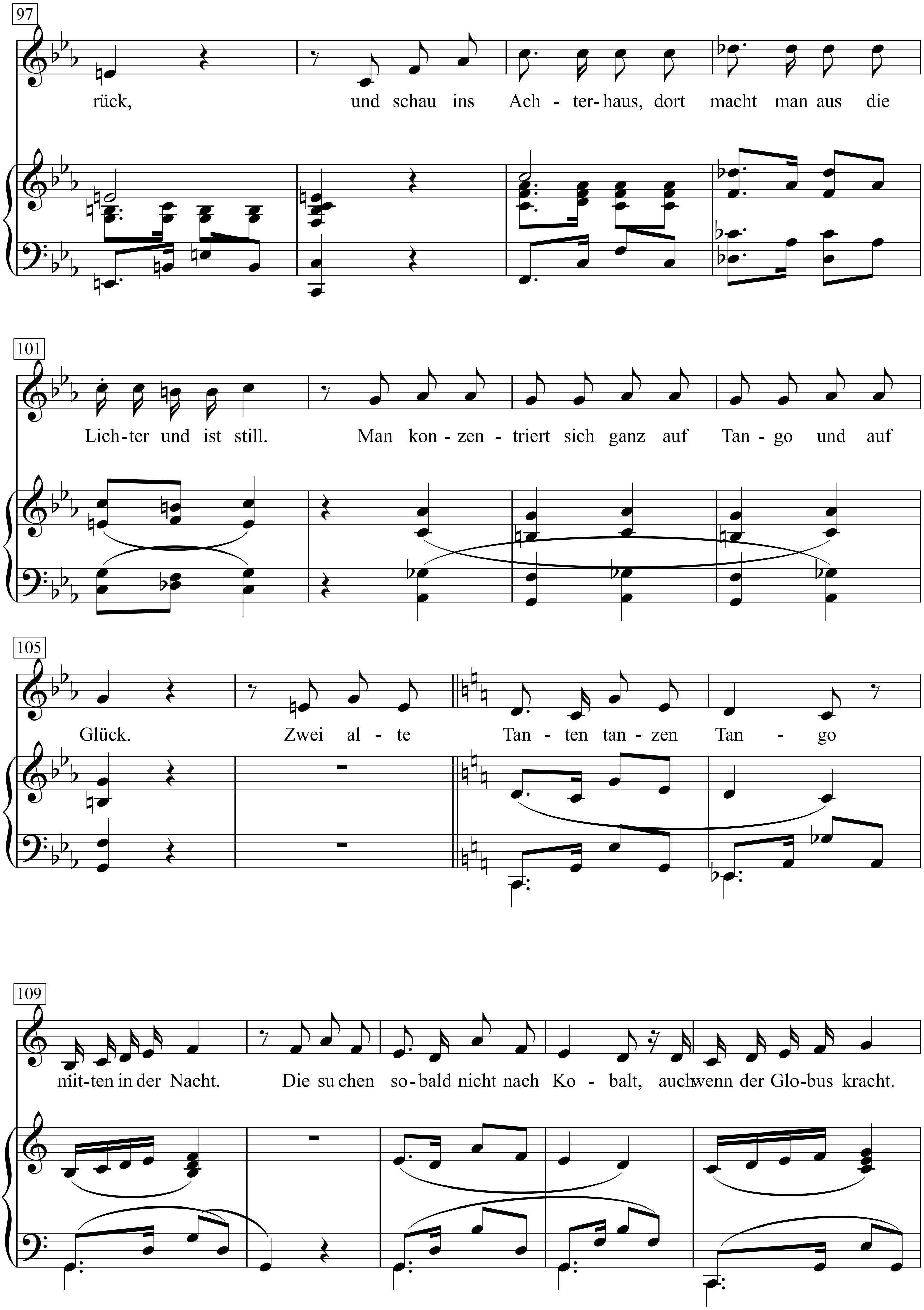

18
Das ist das Ach - ter- haus, und es ist wirk-lich son-der - bar!
22
Ich wollt' es ein-mal schon beschrei ben, a-ber dann ließ ich es blei-ben, denn viel leicht war's gar nicht
25
wahr. Aus ei - nem Fens - ter kommt je - de Nacht ein fah-ler
29
Schein. Und wenn man sich et - was streckt, sieht man in den Raum hi - nein.

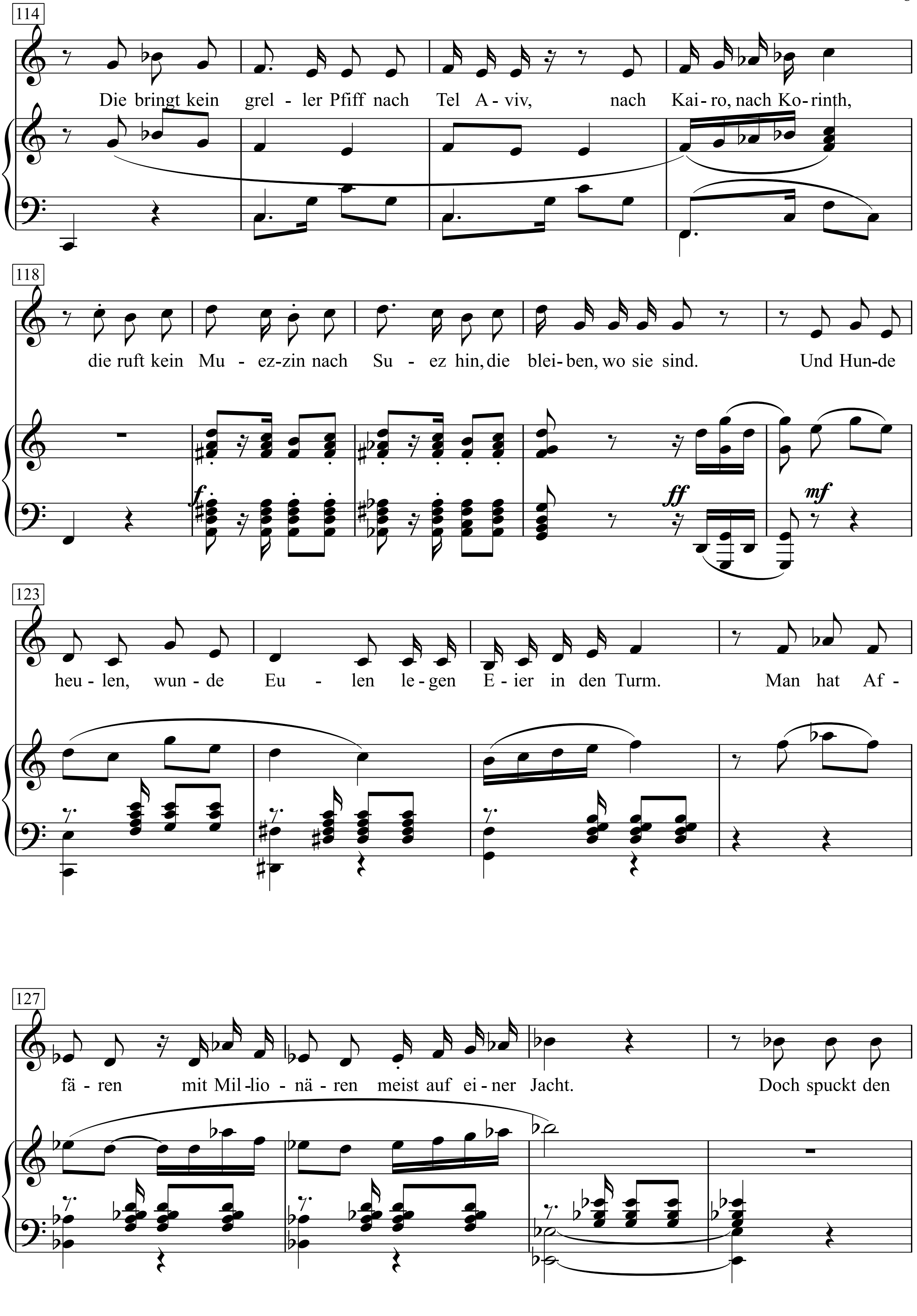

34
Und was da drin ge- schieht, ach!,wer hät-te das ge-glaubt!
38
Ist das le - gal, ist das nor- mal?? Ist das er- laubt? Zwei al - te
43
Tan - ten tan - zen Tan - go mit-ten in der Nacht. Wa - rum auch
47
nicht? Sie hät - ten sonst die Nacht nur schlaf-los zu-geb-racht. Wie die - se

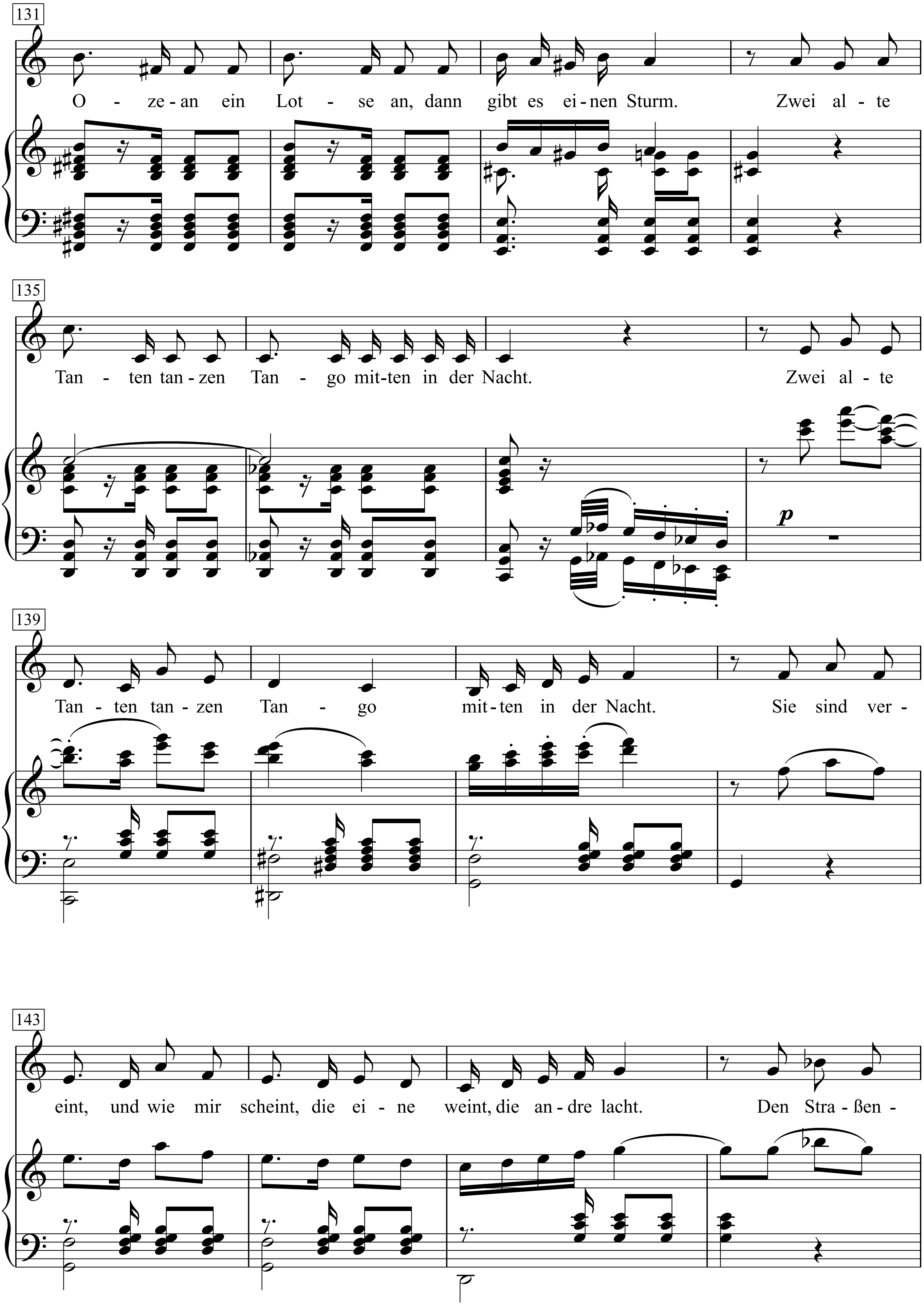

51
En - geln sich nur schlän - geln und schmie-gen Bein an Bein. Je - der
55
Schritt muss bei dem Rhyth - mus ein Ver - gnü-gen sein. Und rings-um -
f
ff
mf
59
her, da ist es fins - ter, schwach nur grinst das Mor-gen rot, da mit Mi -
63
grä - nen, Gäh - nen, Trä - nen stöh-nend man er - wacht. In den Spe -

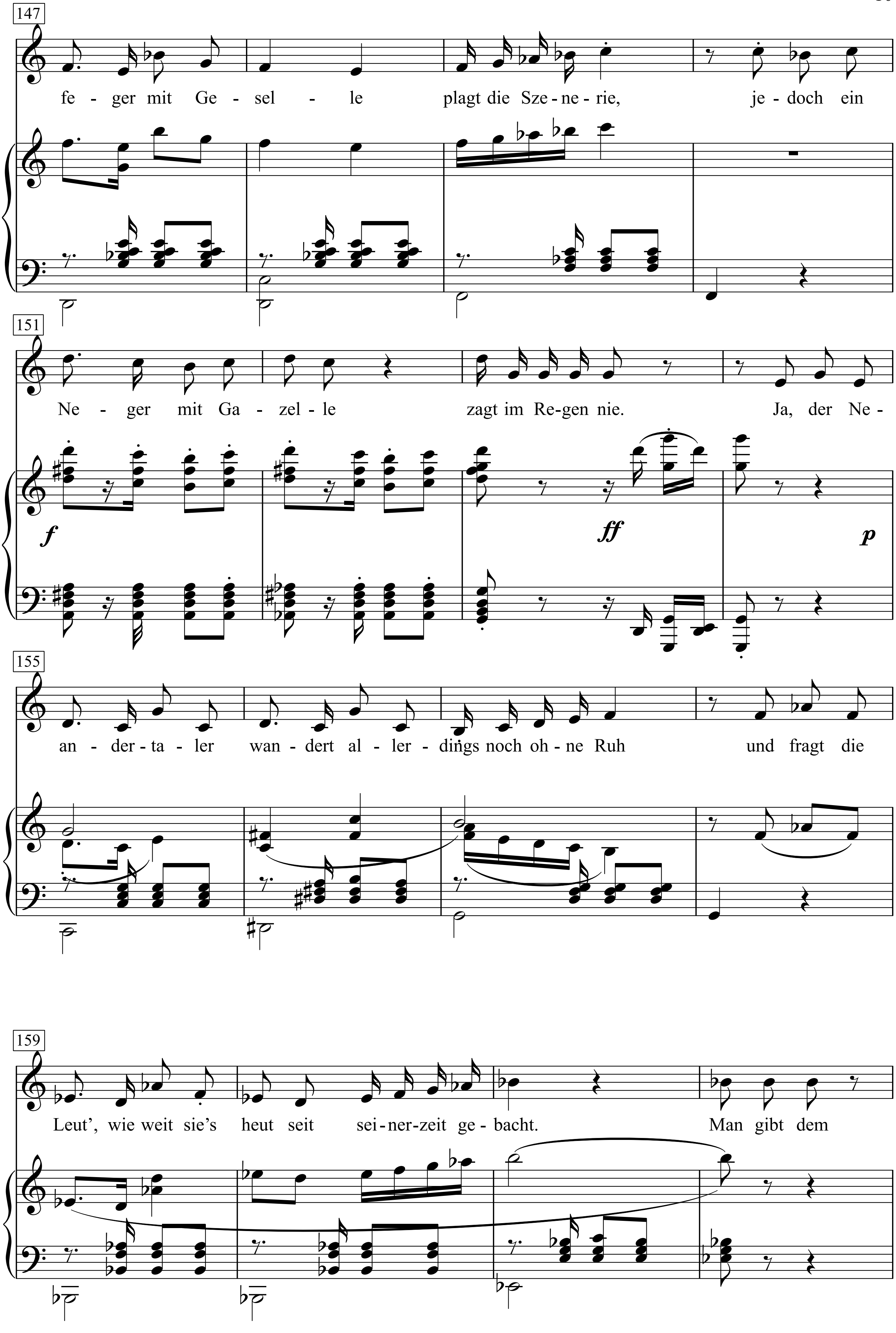

67
lun - ken wird ge - trun - ken und der Bä-cker backt das Brot. Zwei al - te
71
Tan - ten tan zen Tan - go mit-ten in der Nacht. In der Bun-de-shaupt-stadt
75
Bonn am Rhein fürch-tet sich der Kom-mu-nist. Sollt' man et-was wei-ter
79
öst - lich sein, fürch-tet sich, wer kei-ner ist. Selbst in A -

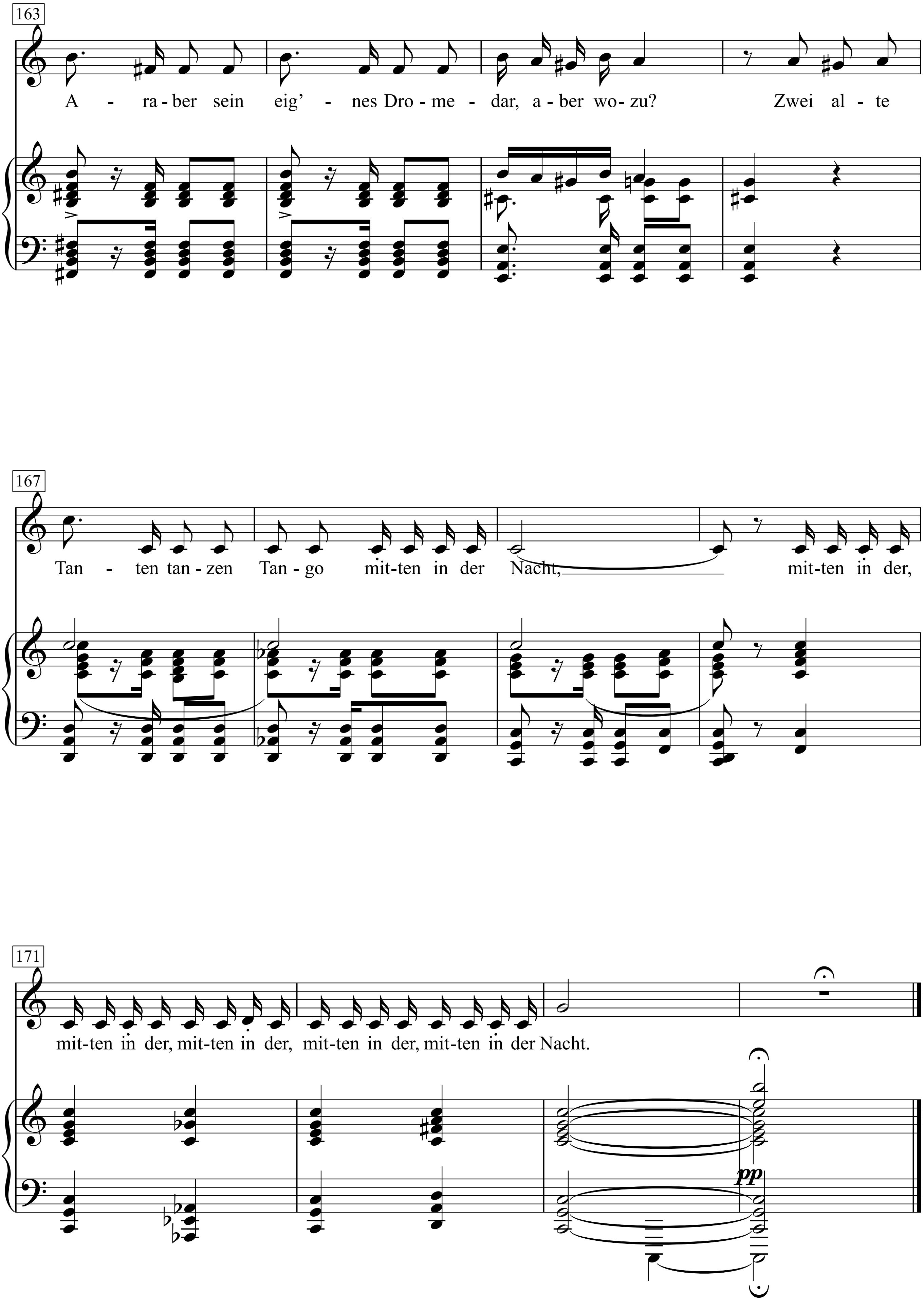

83
me - ri - ka, da wär i ka Se - kun - de oh - ne Zorn.
86
Ich hätt a tol-le Wut auf Hol-ly-wood, mein Eng-lisch wär be -mäng-lisch und ich wär schon längst a
89
Gangs-ter word'n. I bin im - stand und hatsch a - mal zum Tatsch Ma -
93
hal, wenn ich es will. Krieg i Ma - la - ri - a, dann fahr i ja zu -


97
rück, und schau ins Ach - ter-haus, dort macht man aus die
101
Lich-ter und ist still. Man kon - zen - triert sich ganz auf Tan - go und auf
105
Glück. Zwei al - te Tan - ten tan - zen Tan - go
109
mit-ten in der Nacht. Die su chen so - bald nicht nach Ko - balt, auch wenn der Glo - bus kracht.


114
Die bringt kein grel - ler Pfiff nach Tel A - viv, nach Kai - ro, nach Ko - rinth,
118
die ruft kein Mu - ez - zin nach Su - ez hin, die blei - ben, wo sie sind. Und Hun - de
f
ff
mf
123
heu - len, wun - de Eu - len le - gen E - ier in den Turm. Man hat Af -
127
fä - ren mit Mil - lio - nä - ren meist auf ei - ner Jacht. Doch spuckt den


131
O - ze - an ein Lot - se an, dann gibt es ei - nen Sturm. Zwei al - te
135
Tan - ten tan - zen Tan - go mit - ten in der Nacht. Zwei al - te
p
139
Tan - ten tan - zen Tan - go mit - ten in der Nacht. Sie sind ver -
143
eint, und wie mir scheint, die ei - ne weint, die an - dre lacht. Den Stra - ßen -

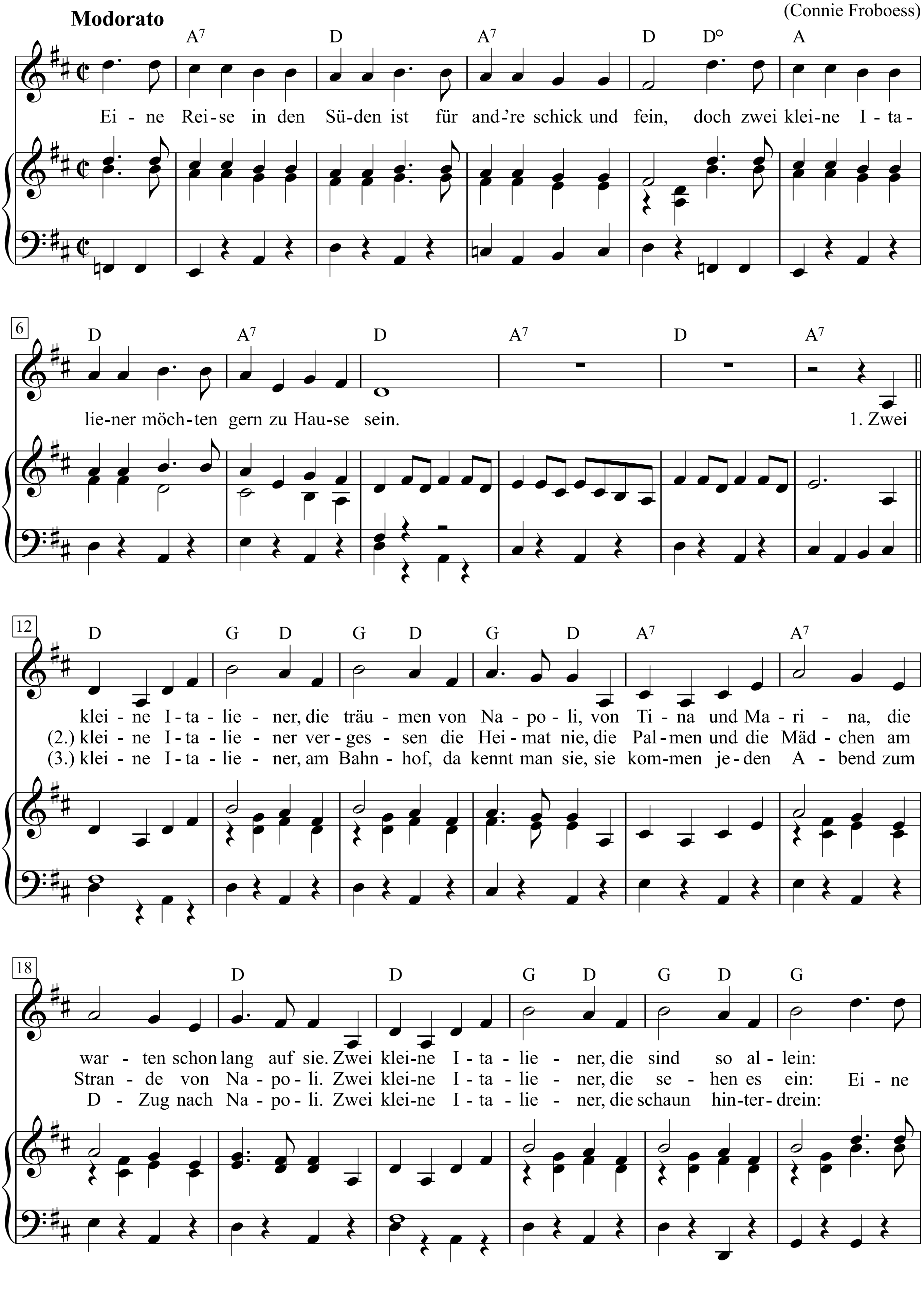

147
fe - ger mit Ge - sel - le plagt die Sze - ne - rie, je - doch ein
151
Ne - ger mit Ga - zel - le zagt im Re - gen nie. Ja, der Ne -
f
ff
p
155
an - der - ta - ler wan - dert al - ler - dings noch oh - ne Ruh und fragt die
159
Leut', wie weit sie's heut seit sei - ner - zeit ge - bacht. Man gibt dem

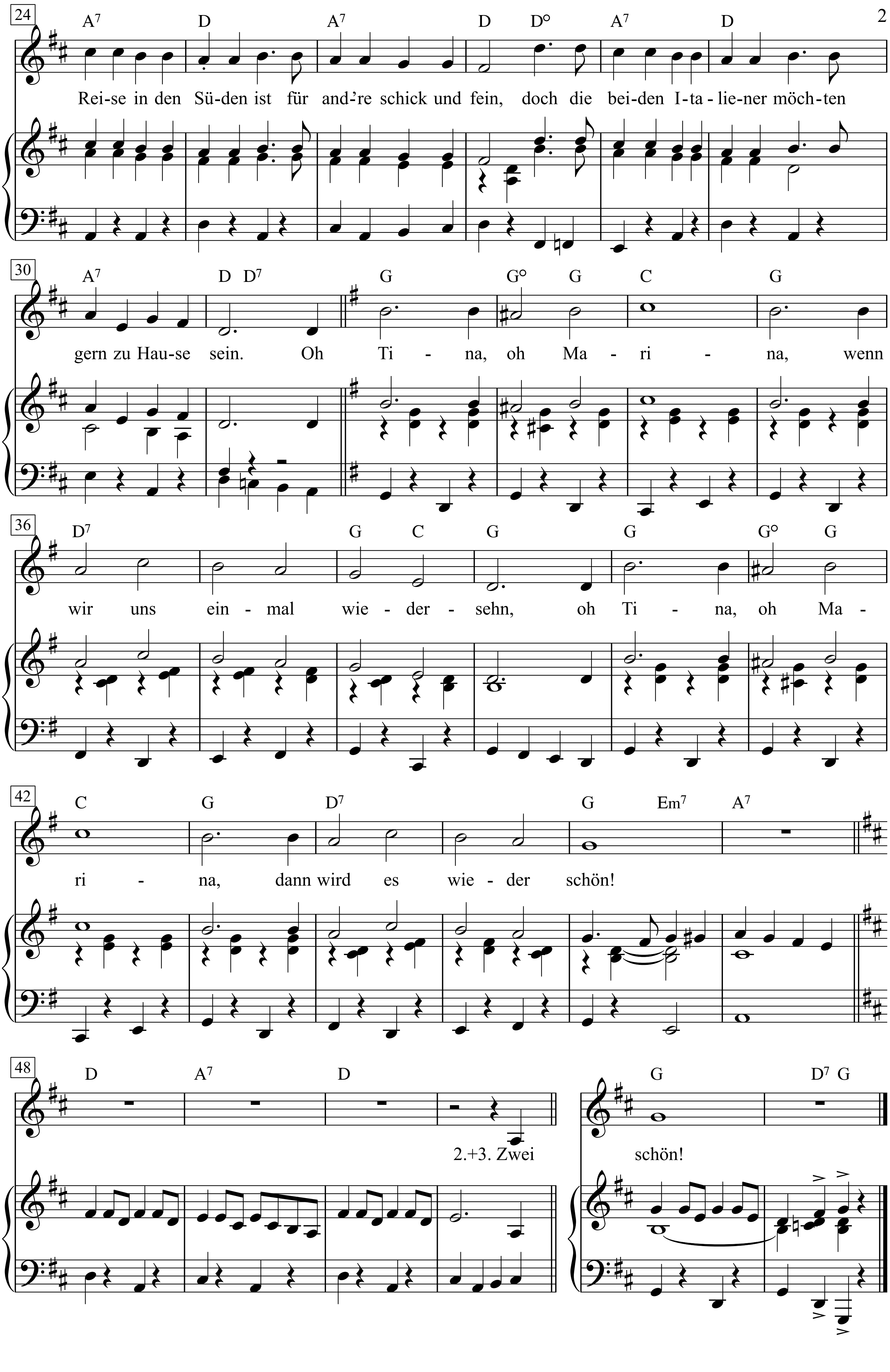

163
A - ra-ber sein eig' - nes Dro-me - dar, a-ber wo-zu? Zwei al-te
167
Tan - ten tan-zen Tan-go mit-ten in der Nacht, mit-ten in der,
171
mit-ten in der, mit-ten in der, mit-ten in der, mit-ten in der Nacht.
pp

Zwei kleine Italiener

Georg Buschor

Christian Bruhn
(Connie Froboess)




Rei-se in den Sü-den ist für and're schick und fein, doch die bei-den I-ta-lie-ner möch-ten
gern zu Hau-se sein. Oh Ti - na, oh Ma - ri - na, wenn
wir uns ein - mal wie - der - sehn, oh Ti - na, oh Ma -
ri - na, dann wird es wie - der schön!
2.+3. Zwei
schön!

Eine Reise in den Süden ist für and're schick und fein,
doch zwei kleine Italiener möchten gern zu Hause sein.

1. Zwei kleine Italiener, die träumen von Napoli,
von Tina und Marina, die warten schon lang auf sie.
Zwei kleine Italiener, die sind so allein:
Refrain:
Eine Reise in den Süden ist für and're schick und fein,
doch die beiden Italiener möchten gern zu Hause sein.
Oh Tina, oh Marina, wenn wir uns einmal wiedersehn,
oh Tina, oh Marina, dann wird es wieder schön!

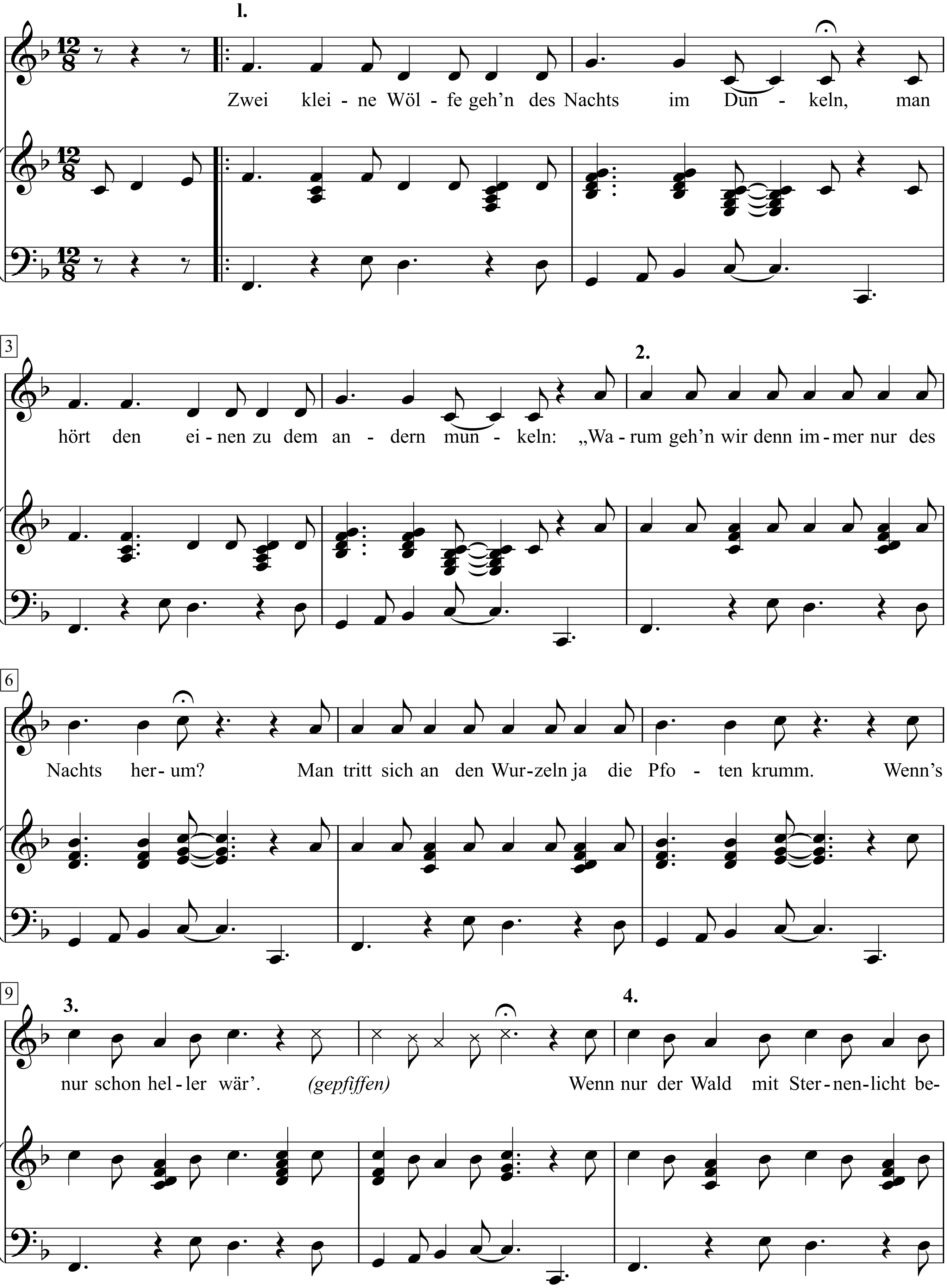
2. Zwei kleine Italiener vergessen die Heimat nie,
die Palmen und die Mädchen am Strande von Napoli.
Zwei kleine Italiener, die sehen es ein:
Refrain:

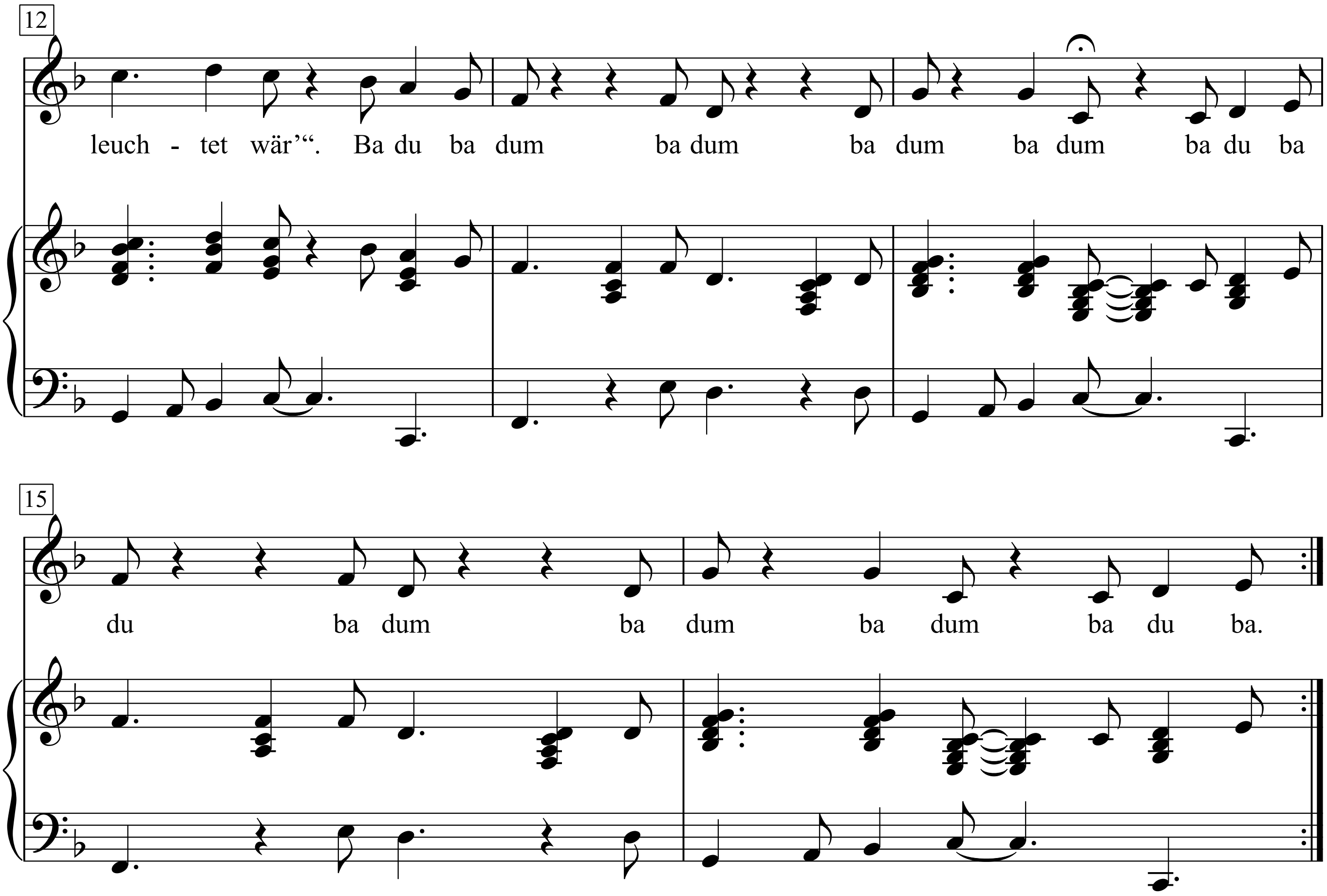
3. Zwei kleine Italiener, am Bahnhof, da kennt man sie,
sie kommen jeden Abend zum D-Zug nach Napoli.
Zwei kleine Italiener, die schaun hinterdrein:
Refrain:

Zwei kleine Wölfe

Kanon

Text & Musik: mündl. überliefert
Satz: Gerd-Peter Münden



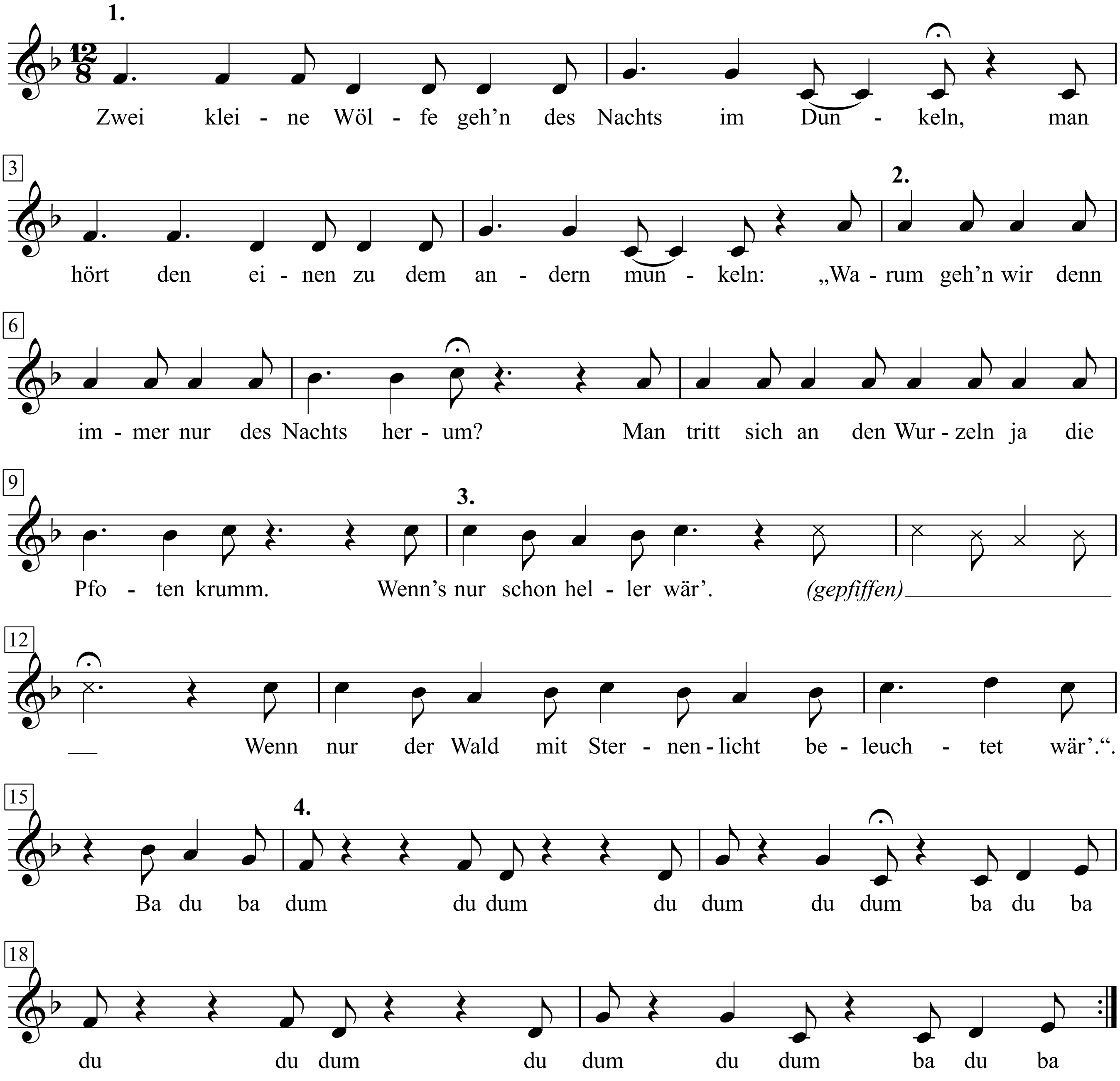


Zwei kleine Wölfe geh'n des Nachts im Dunkeln,
man hört den einen zu dem andern munkeln:
„Warum geh'n wir denn immer nur des Nachts herum?
Man tritt sich an den Wurzeln ja die Pfoten krumm.
Wenn's nur schon heller wär'. *(gepfiffen)*
Wenn nur der Wald mit Sternenlicht beleuchtet wär'“.
Ba du ba dum ba dum ba dum ba dum ba
du ba du ba dum ba dum ba dum ba du ba.

Zwei kleine Wölfe

Kanon

Text & Musik: mündlich überliefert



Zwei kleine Wölfe geh'n des Nachts im Dunkeln,
man hört den einen zu dem andern munkeln:
„Warum geh'n wir denn immer nur des Nachts herum?
Man tritt sich an den Wurzeln ja die Pfoten krumm.
Wenn's nur schon heller wär.'
Wenn nur der Wald mit Sternenlicht beleuchtet wär'."
Ba du ba dum du dum du dum du dum ba du
ba du du dum du dum du dum ba du ba

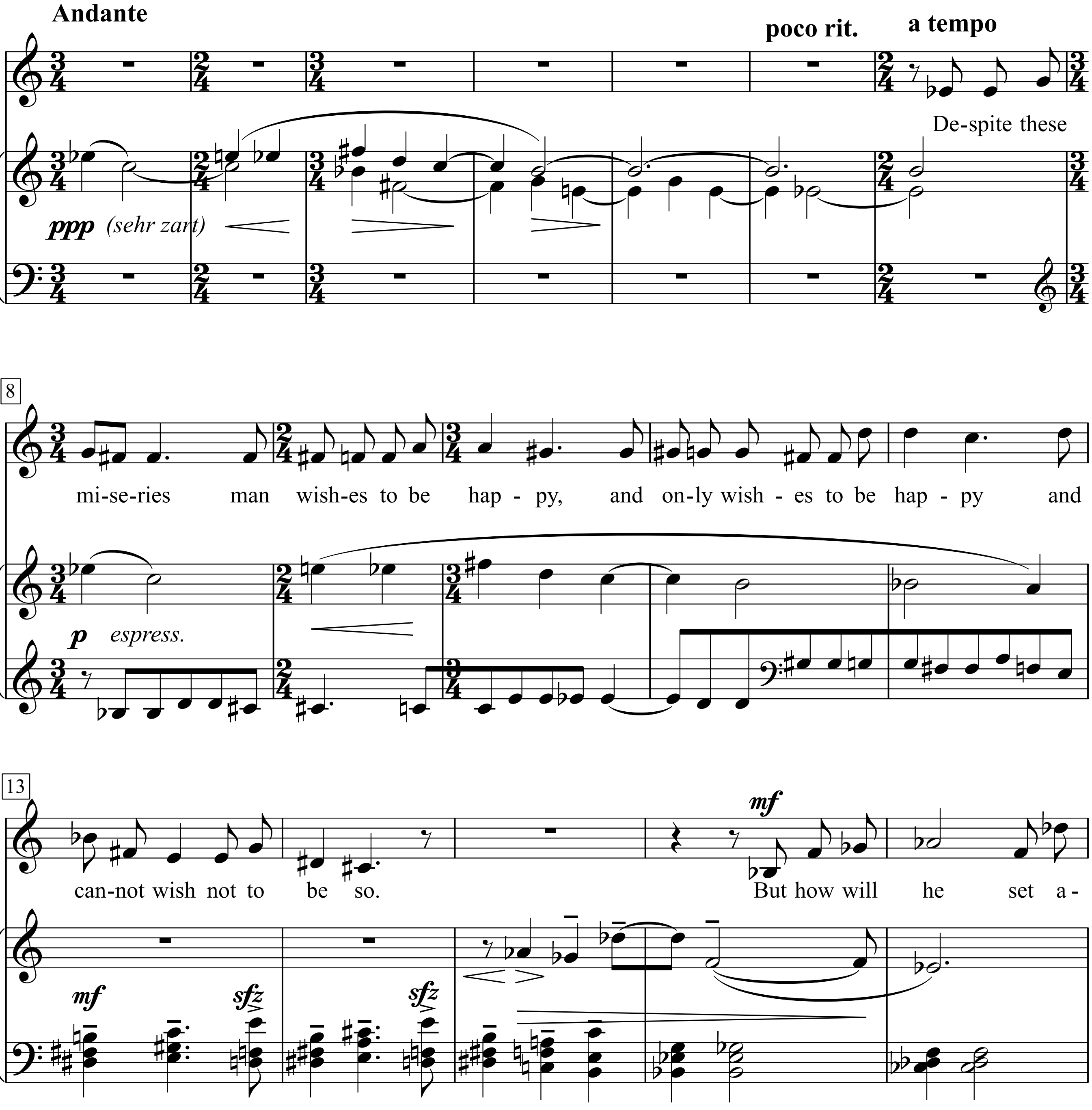
Kanon zu vier Stimmen (Harmonieschema F,d,g,C)

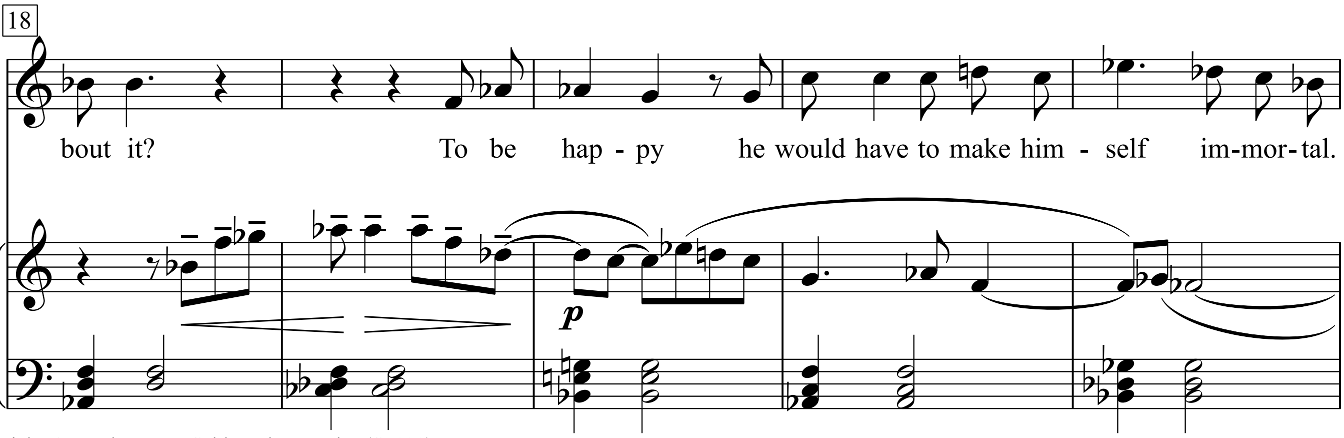
Zwei Lieder nach Worten von Pascal

Blaise Pascal
(Pensées, 169, 171)

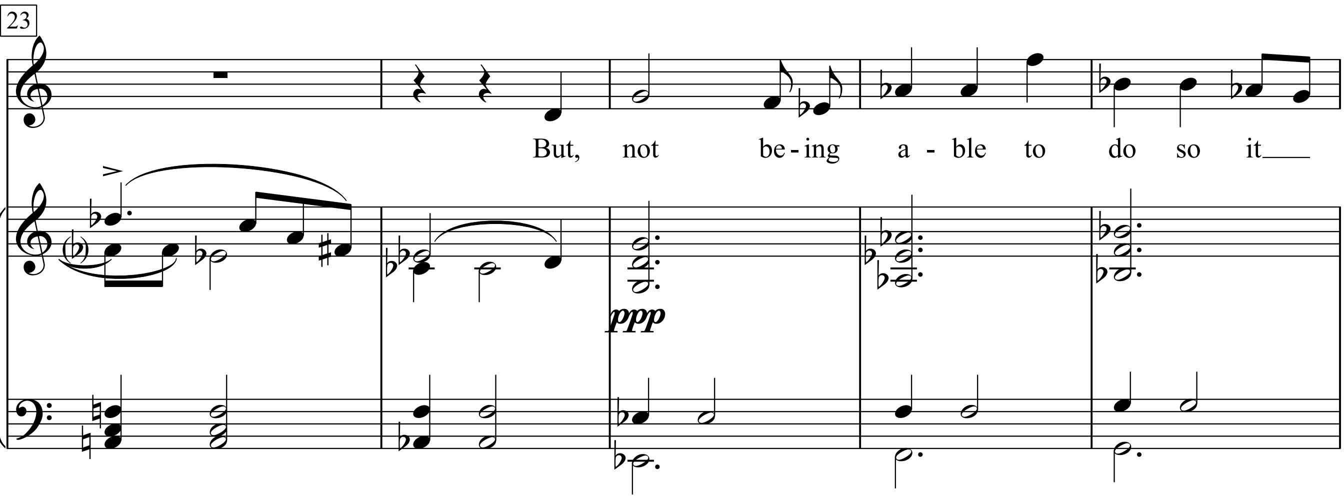
I

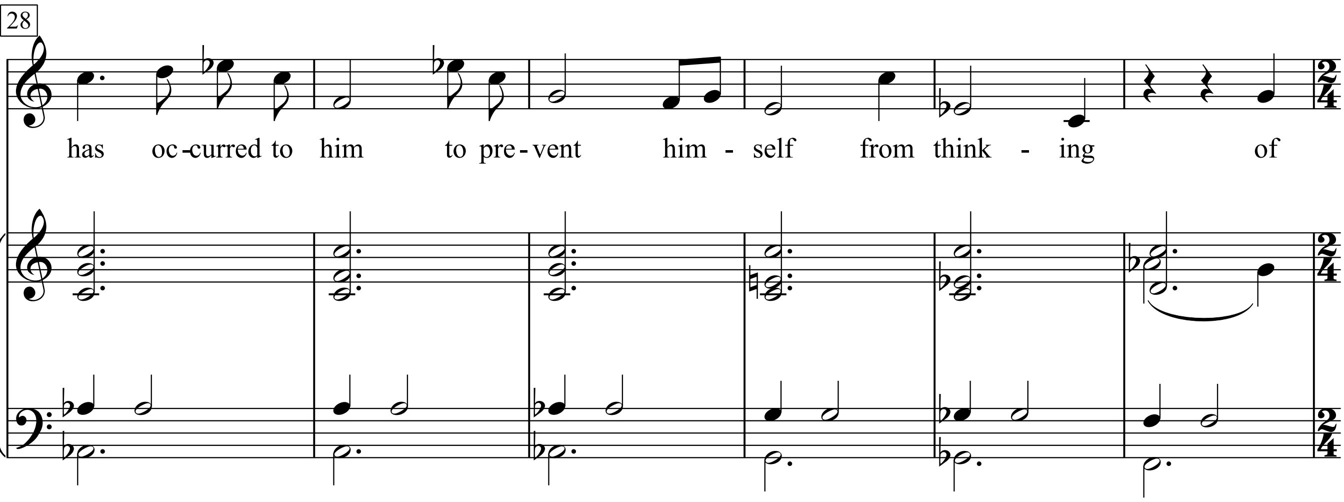
Hanns Eisler

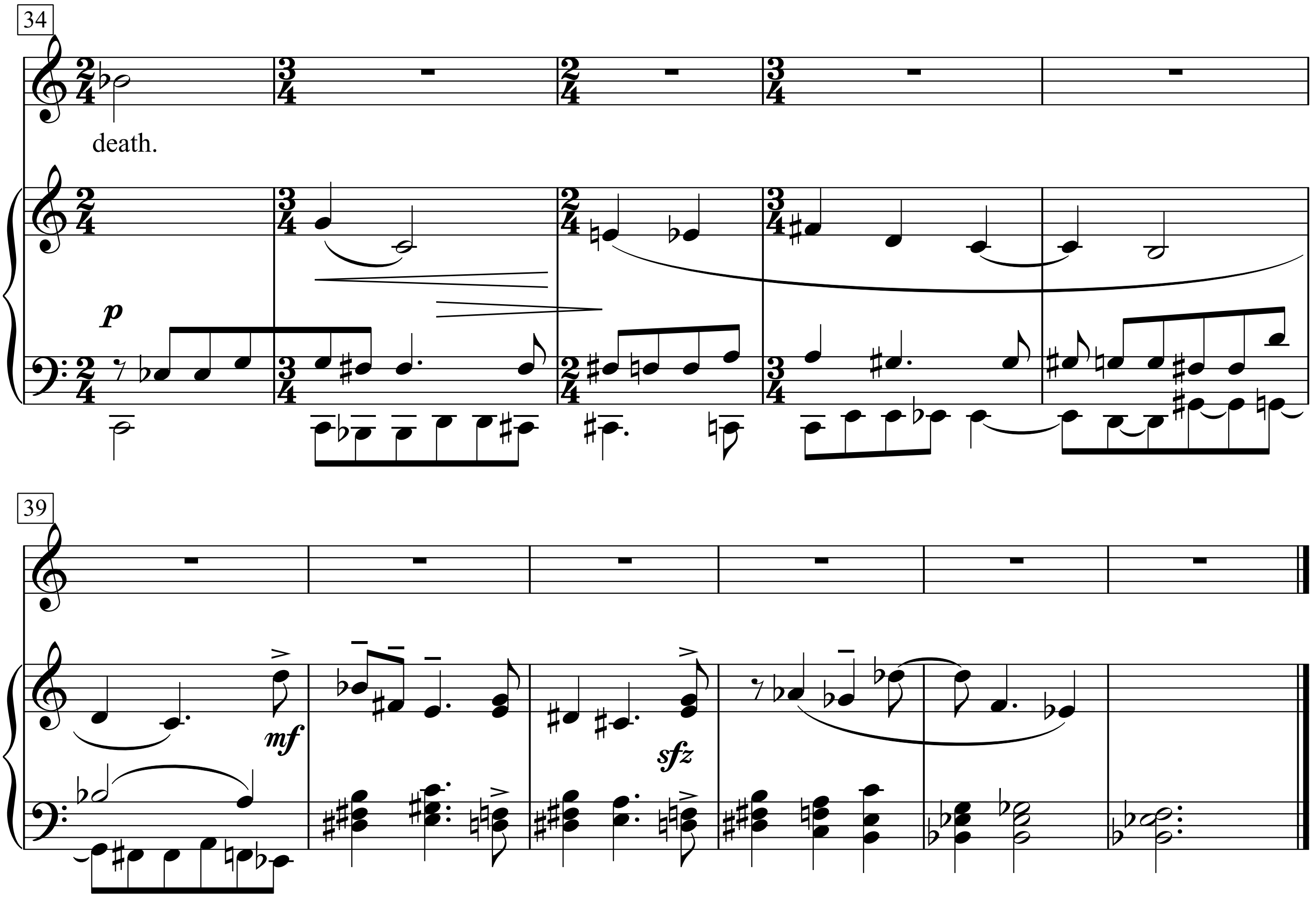




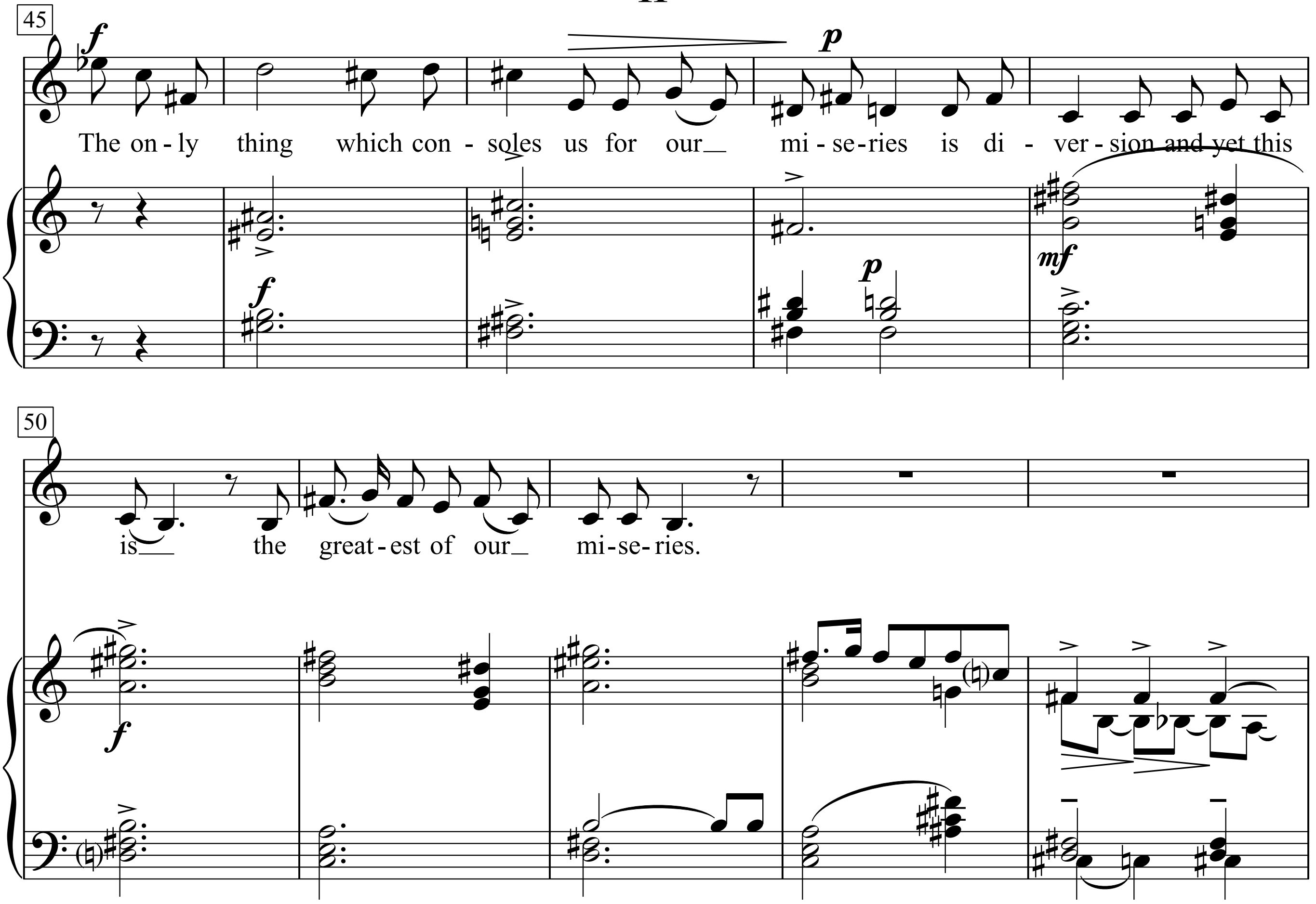
*) siehe Anmerkung am Schluss des Bandes (S. 182)

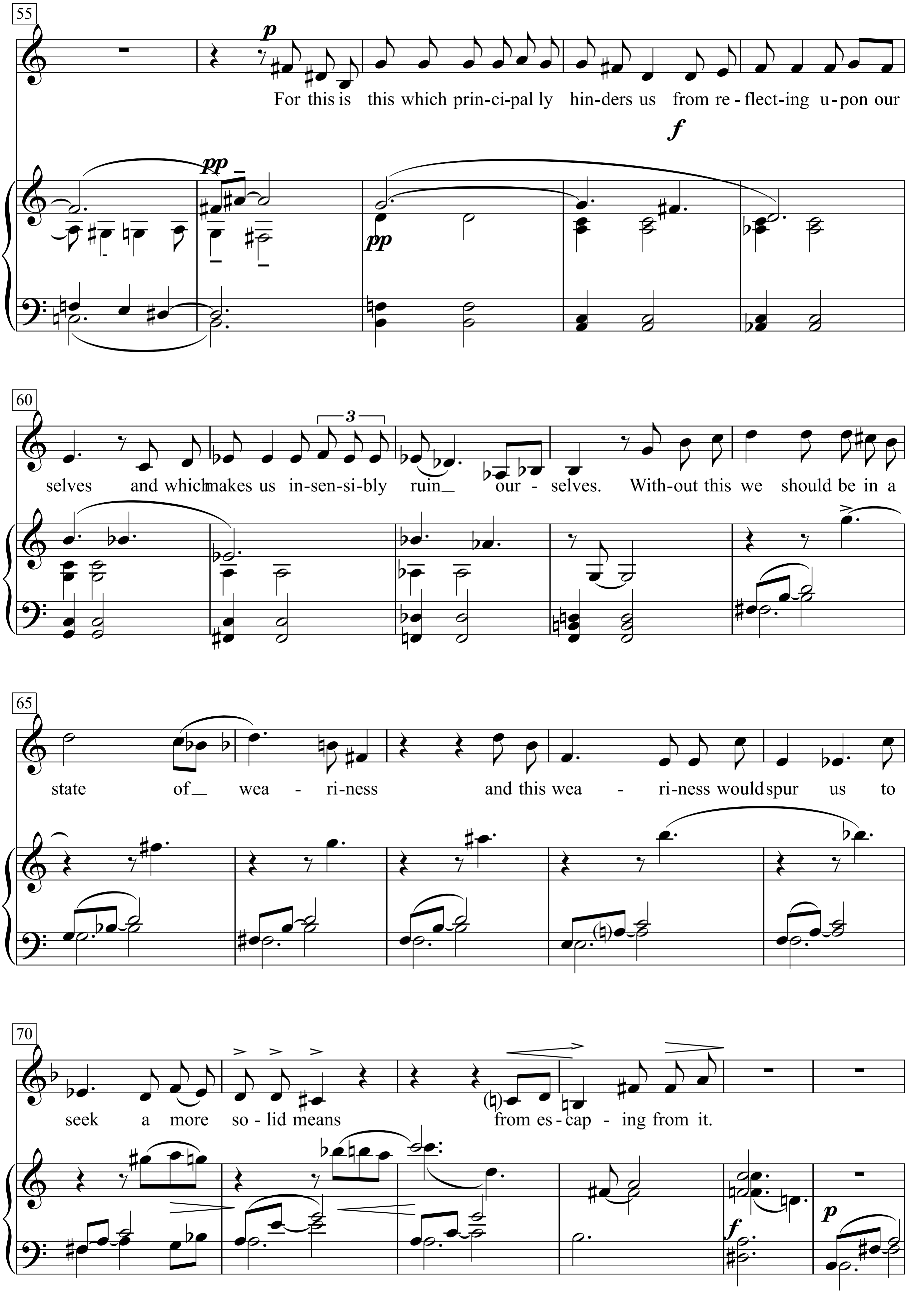


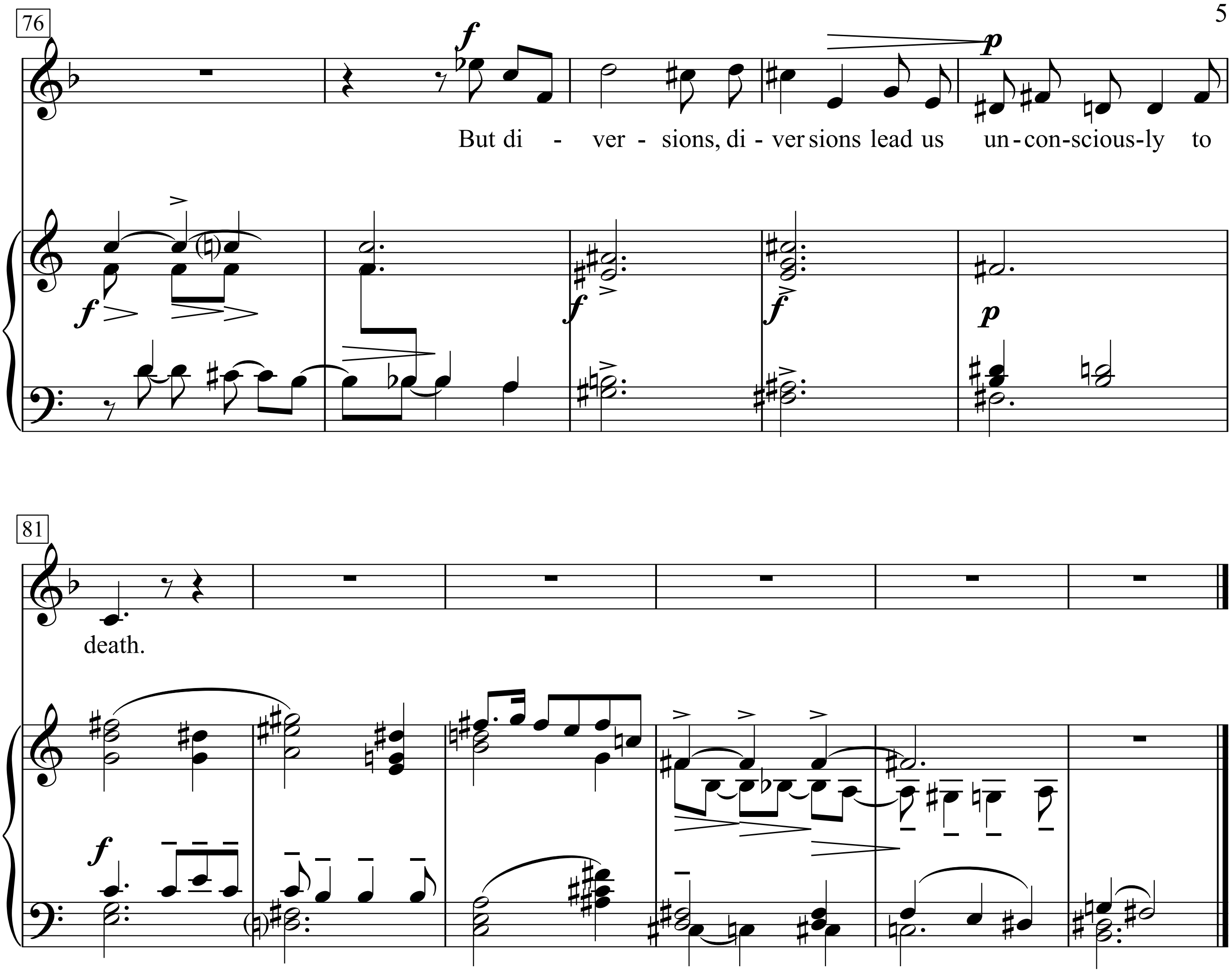



34
death.
p
39
mf
sfz

II


45
f
p
The on-ly thing which con-soles us for our mi-se-ries is di-ver-sion and yet this
mf
50
is the great-est of our mi-se-ries.
f


55
For this is this which prin-ci-pal ly hin-ders us from re - flect-ing u-pon our
60
selves and which makes us in-sen-si-bly ruin_ our - selves. With-out this we should be in a
65
state of_ wea - ri-ness and this wea - ri-ness would spur us to
70
seek a more so - lid means from es-cap - ing from it.


76
f
p
But di - ver - sions, di - ver sions lead us un-con-scious-ly to
81
death.

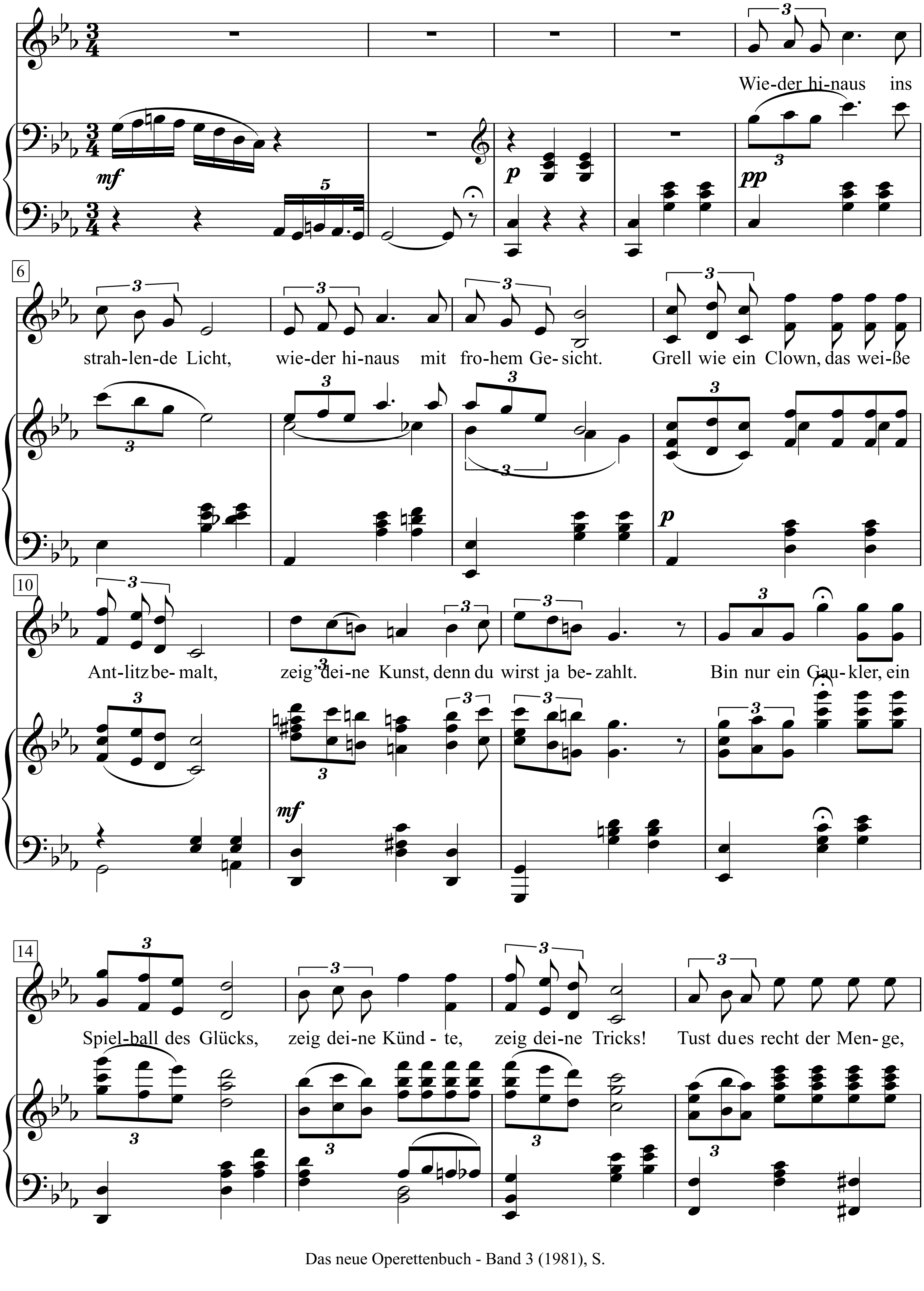
Despite these miseries man wishes to be happy, and only wishes to be happy and cannot wish not to be so. But how will he set about it? To be happy he would have to make himself immortal. But, not being able to do so it has occurred to him to prevent himself from thinking of death. The only thing which consoles us for our miseries is diversion and yet this is the greatest of our miseries. For this is this which principally hinders us from reflecting upon ourselves and which makes us insensibly ruin ourselves. Without this we should be in a state of weariness and this weariness would spur us to seek a more solid means from escaping from it. But diversions, diversions lead us unconsciously to death.

Zwei Märchenaugen

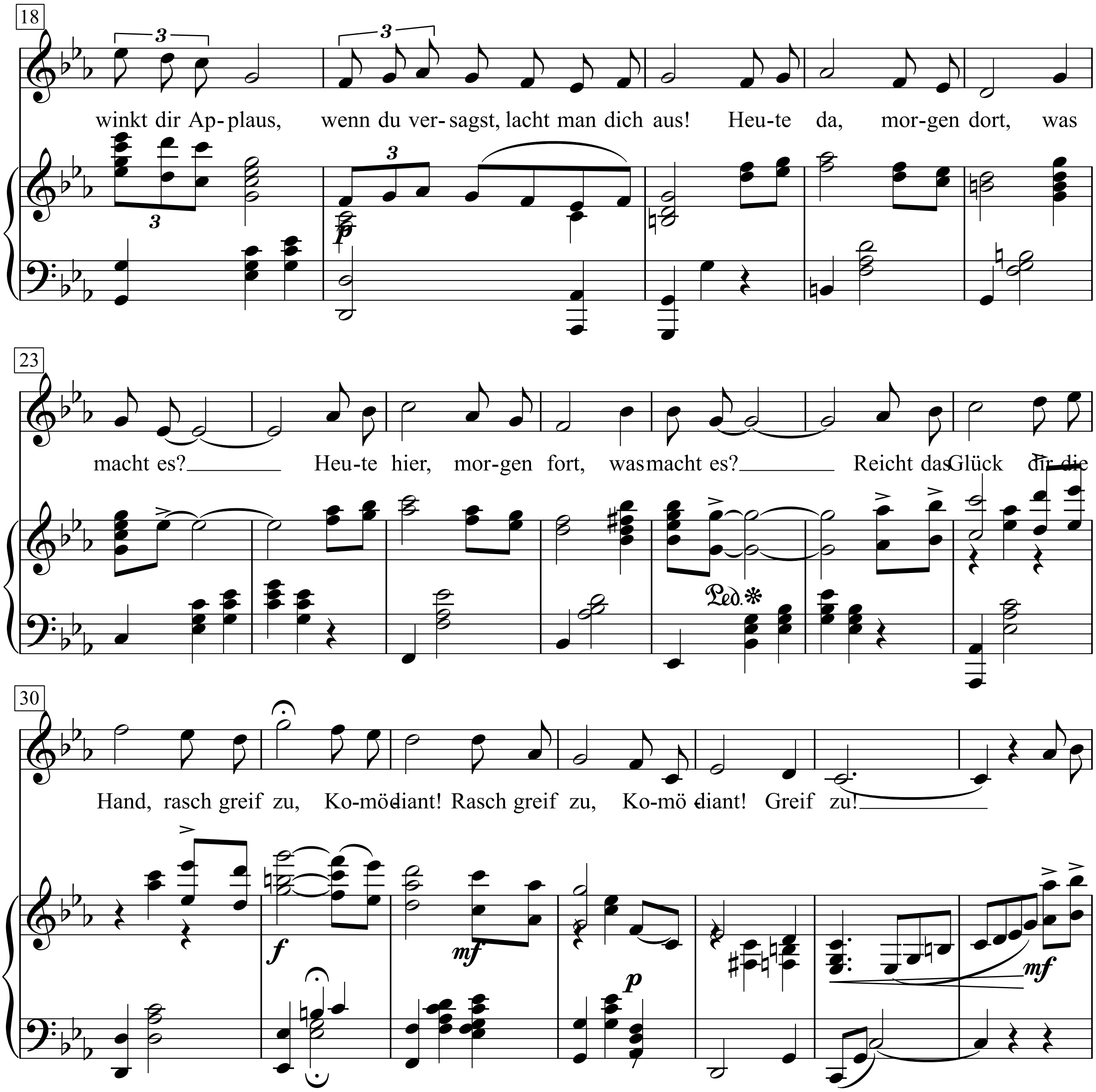
(Die Zirkusprinzessin)

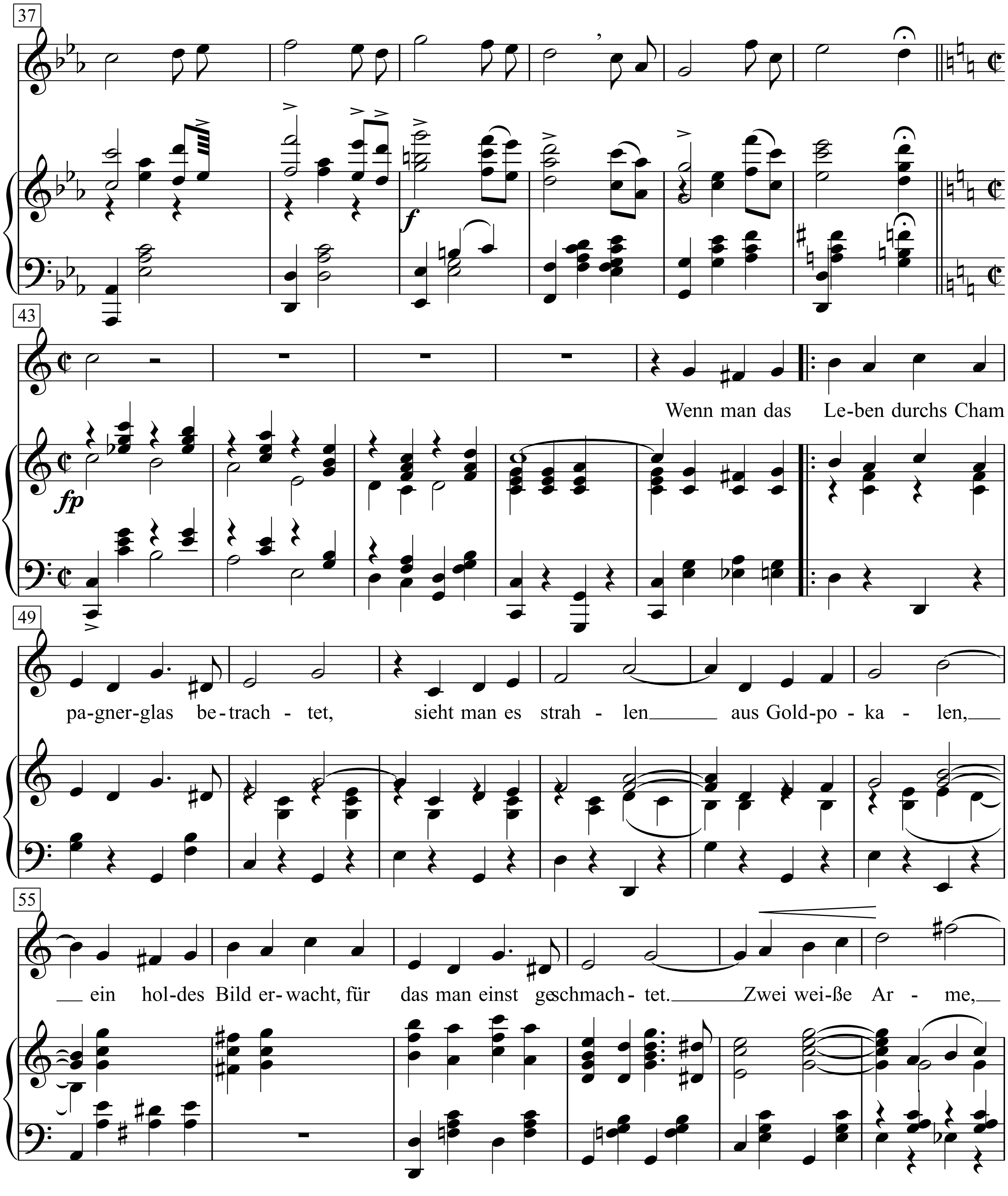
Julius Brammer & Alfred Grünwald.

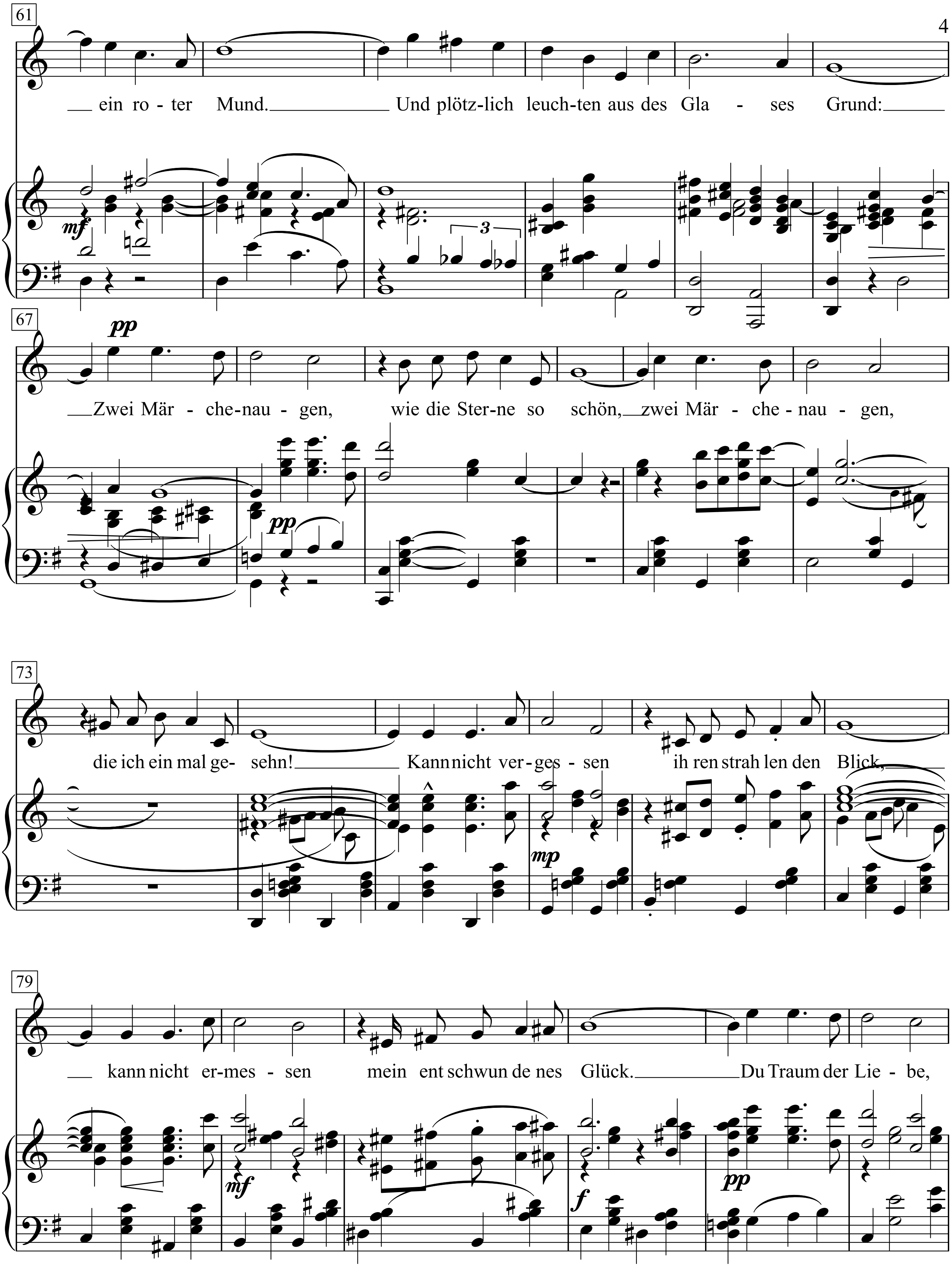
Emmerich Kálmán

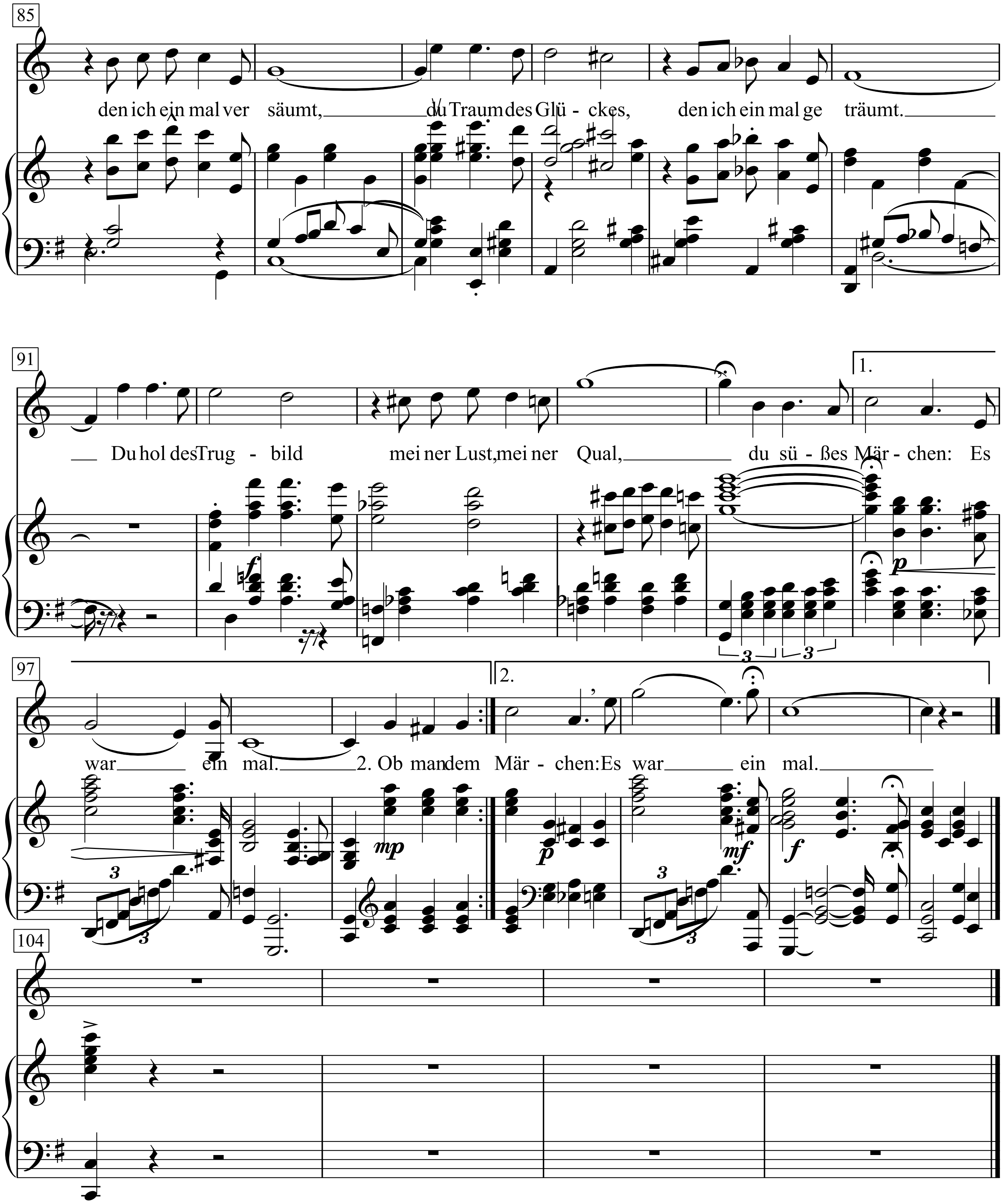


Das neue Operettenbuch - Band 3 (1981), S.


18
winkt dir Ap- plaus, wenn du ver- sagst, lacht man dich aus! Heu-te da, mor-gen dort, was
23
macht es? Heu-te hier, mor-gen fort, was macht es? Reicht das Glück dir die
30
Hand, rasch greif zu, Ko-mö-diant! Rasch greif zu, Ko-mö-diant! Greif zu!


37
43
Wenn man das Le-ben durchs Cham
49
pa-gner-glas be-trach - tet, sieht man es strah - len aus Gold-po - ka - len,
55
ein hol-des Bild er-wacht, für das man einst geschmach - tet. Zwei wei-ße Ar - me,


61
ein ro - ter Mund. Und plötz-lich leuch-ten aus des Gla - ses Grund:
mf
3
67
pp
Zwei Mär - che-nau - gen, wie die Ster-ne so schön, zwei Mär - che - nau - gen,
pp
73
die ich ein mal ge- sehn! Kann nicht ver-ges - sen ih ren strah len den Blick,
mp
79
kann nicht er-mes - sen mein ent schwun de nes Glück. Du Traum der Lie - be,
mf
f
pp

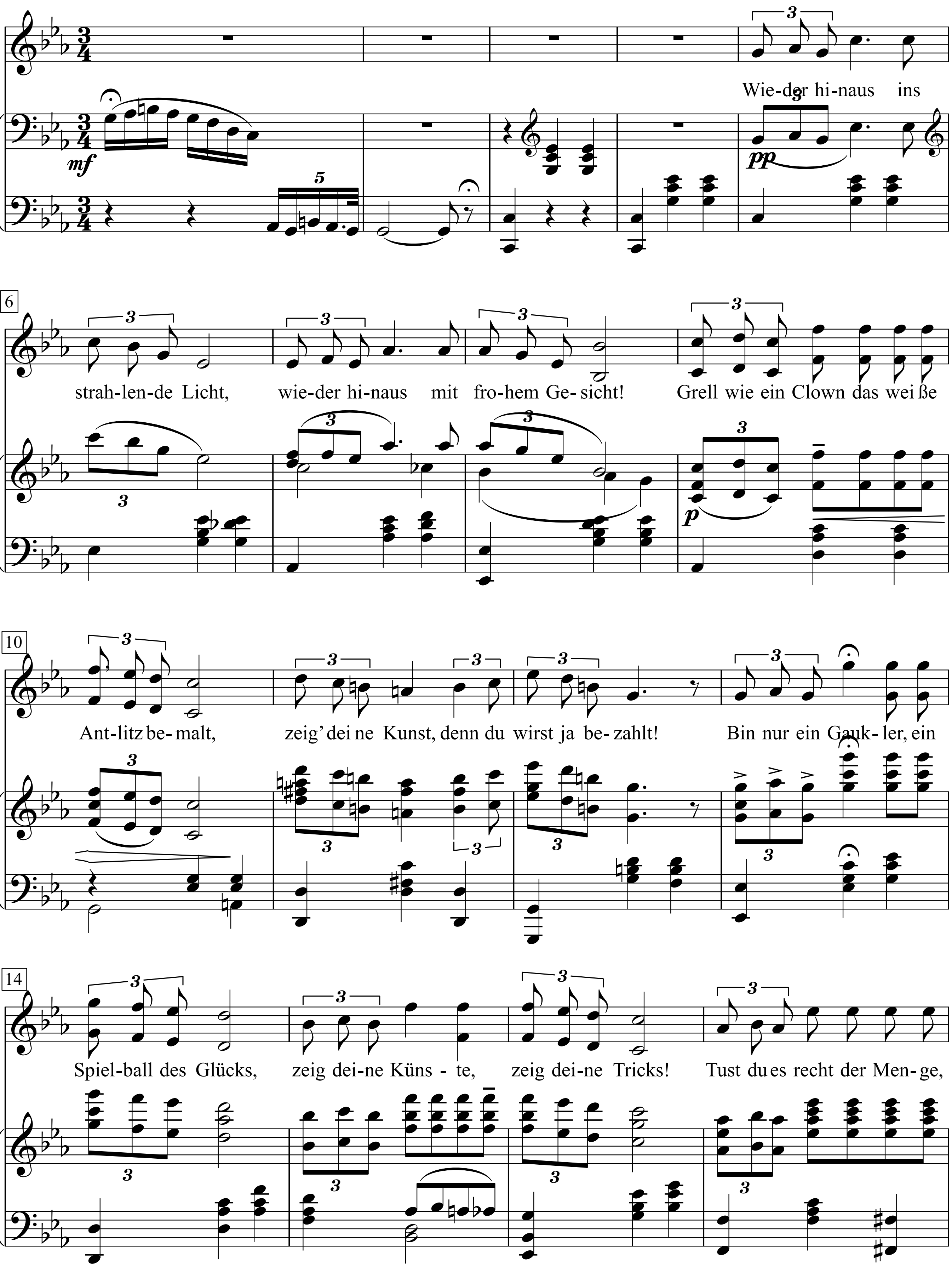

85
den ich ein mal ver säumt, du Traum des Glü - ckes, den ich ein mal ge träumt.
91
Du hol des Trug - bild mei ner Lust, mei ner Qual, du sü - ßes Mär - chen: Es
1.
97
war ein mal. 2. Ob man dem Mär - chen: Es war ein mal.
2.
104

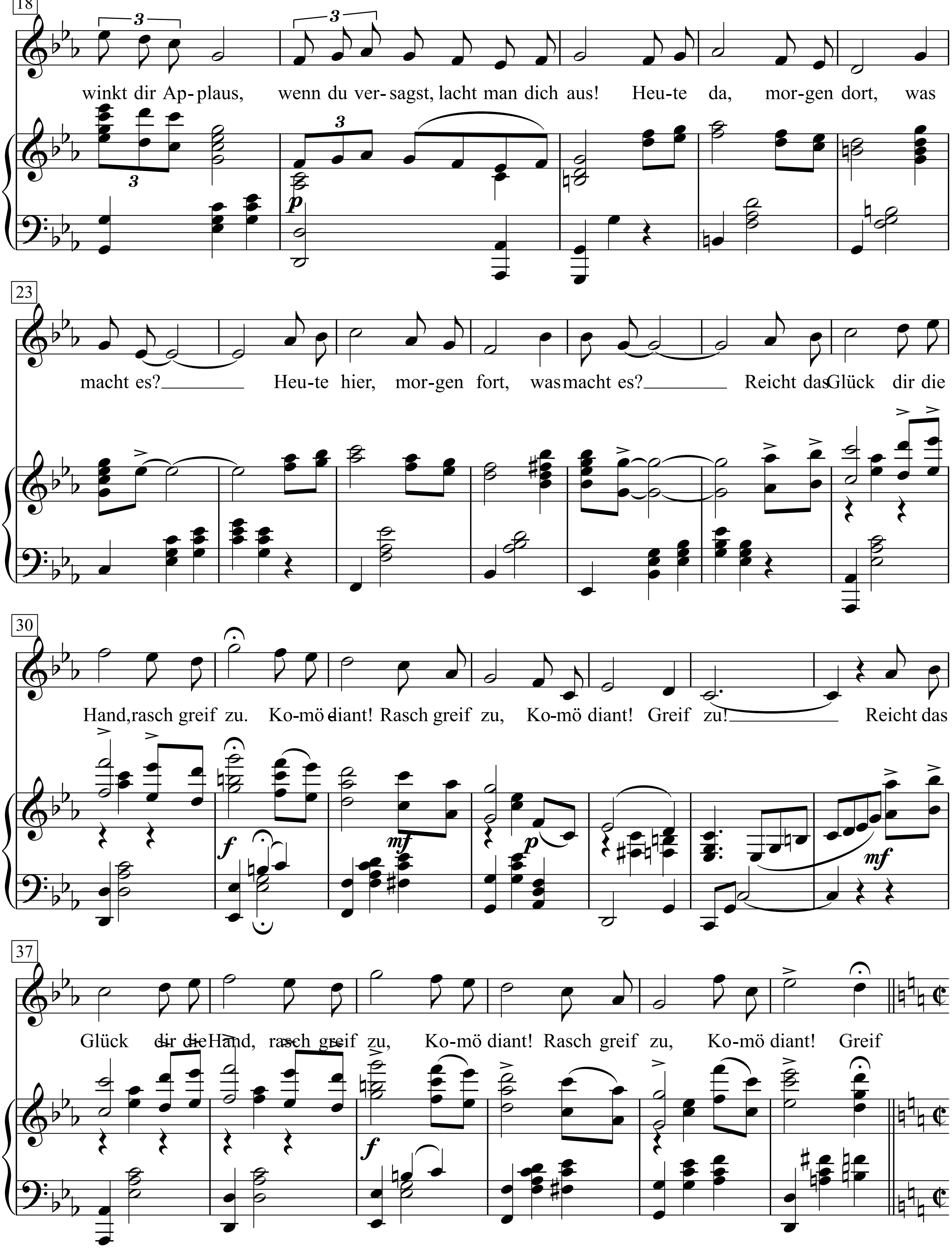
Zwei Märchenaugen

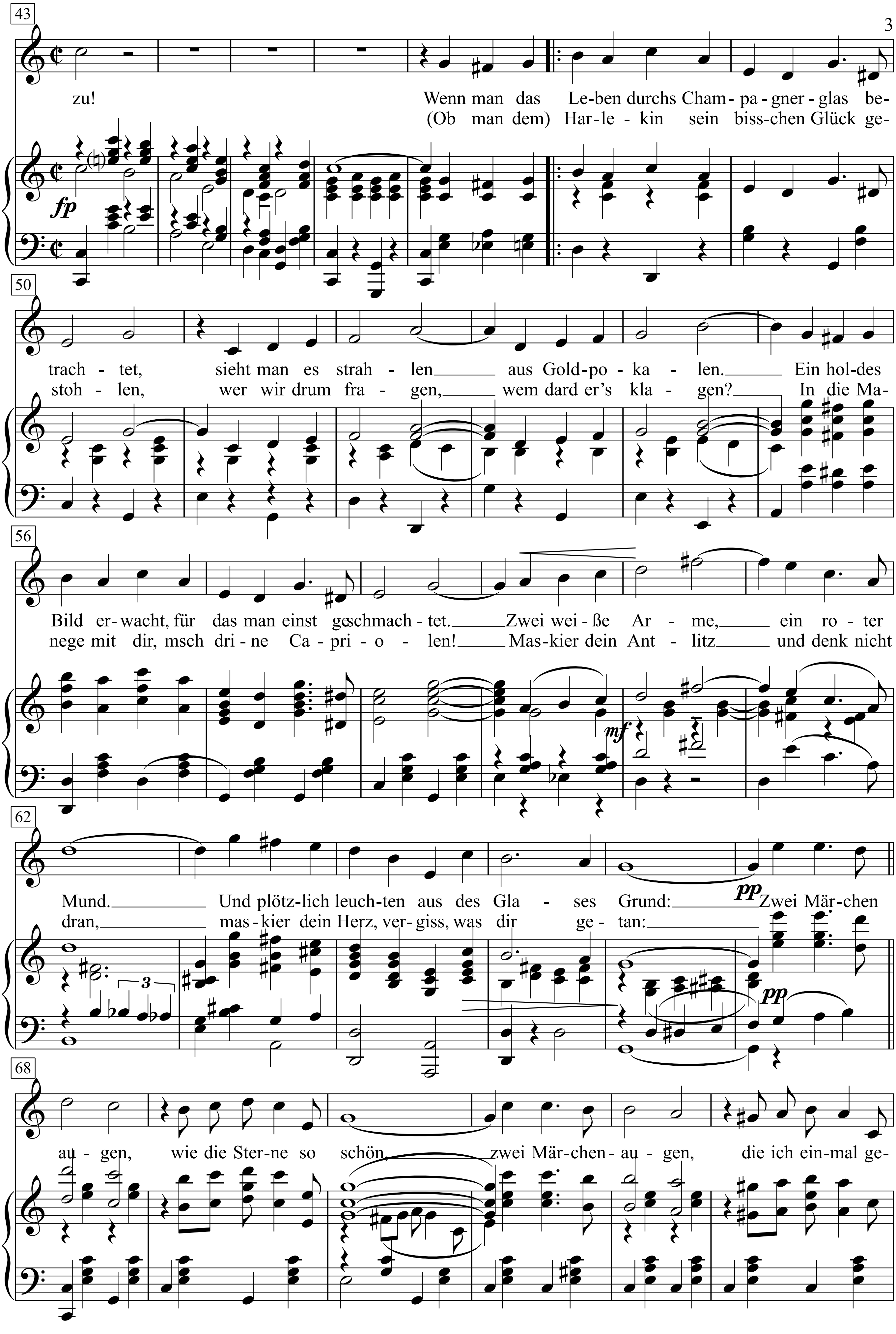
(Die Zirkusprinzessin)

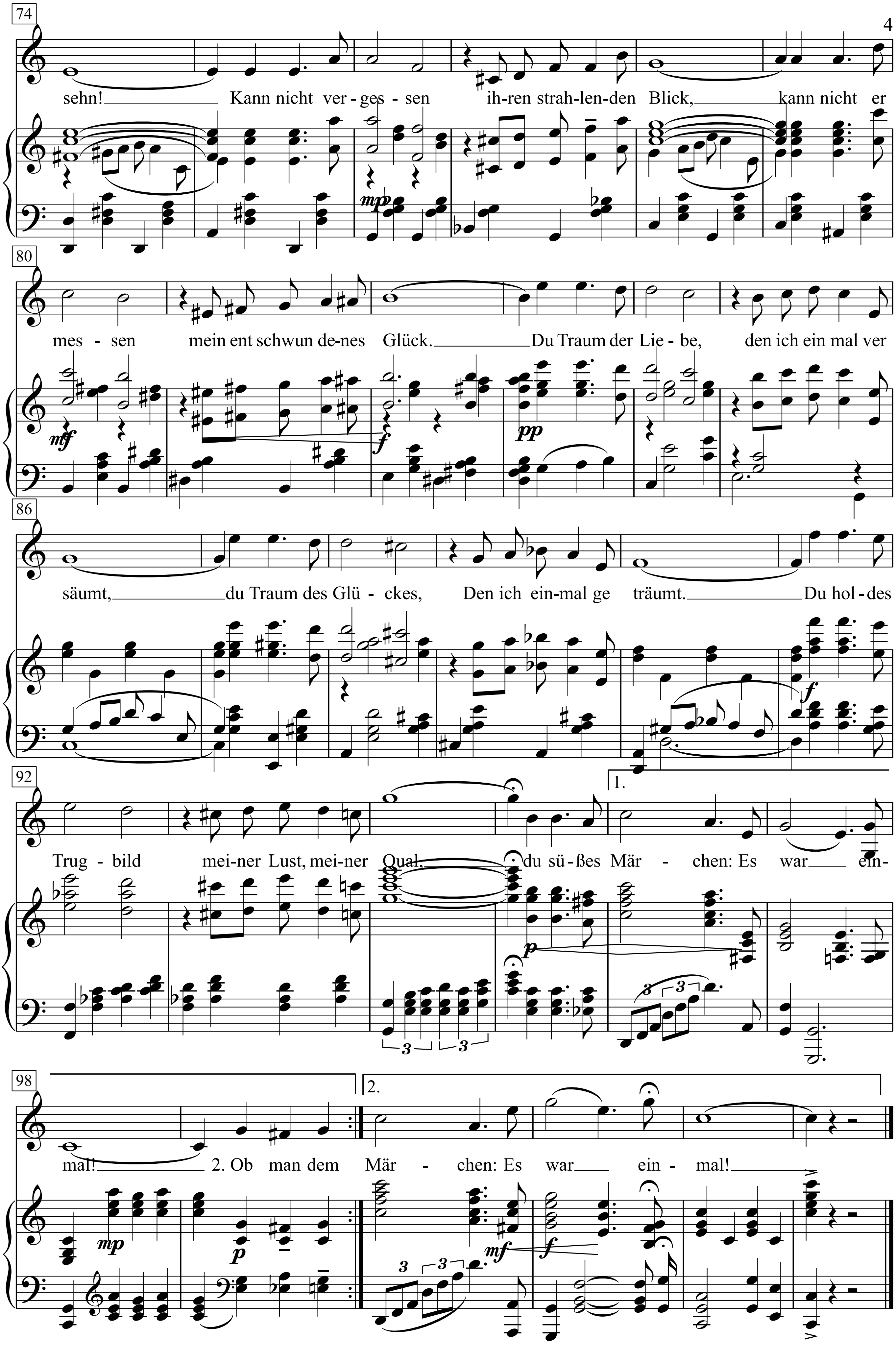
Julius Brammer & Alfred Grünwald.

Emmerich Kálmán



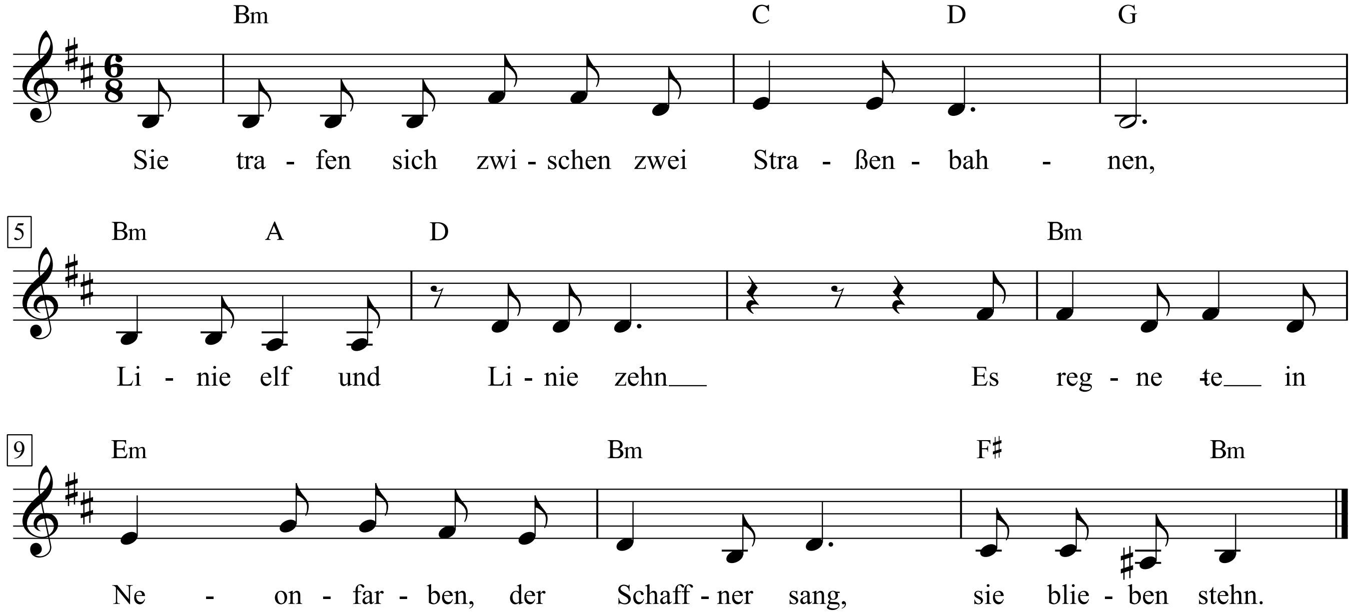

18
winkt dir Ap- plaus, wenn du ver- sagst, lacht man dich aus! Heu-te da, mor-gen dort, was
23
macht es? Heu-te hier, mor-gen fort, was macht es? Reicht das Glück dir die
30
Hand, rasch greif zu. Ko-mö diant! Rasch greif zu, Ko-mö diant! Greif zu! Reicht das
37
Glück dir die Hand, rasch greif zu, Ko-mö diant! Rasch greif zu, Ko-mö diant! Greif


43
zu!
Wenn man das Le-ben durchs Cham-pa-gner-glas be-
(Ob man dem) Har-le-kin sein biss-chen Glück ge-
fp
50
trach-tet, sieht man es strah-len aus Gold-po-ka-len. Ein hol-des
stoh-len, wer wir drum fra-gen, wem dard er's kla-gen? In die Ma-
56
Bild er-wacht, für das man einst geschmach-tet. Zwei wei-ße Ar-me, ein ro-ter
nege mit dir, msch dri-ne Ca-pri-o-len! Mas-kier dein Ant-litz und denk nicht
mf
62
Mund. Und plötz-lich leuch-ten aus des Gla-ses Grund: pp Zwei Mär-chen
dran, mas-kier dein Herz, ver-giss, was dir ge-tan:
pp
68
au-gen, wie die Ster-ne so schön, zwei Märchen-au-gen, die ich ein-mal ge-


74
sehn! Kann nicht ver - ges - sen ih-ren strah-len-den Blick, kann nicht er
mp
80
mes - sen mein ent schwun de-nes Glück. Du Traum der Lie - be, den ich ein mal ver
mf
f
pp
86
säumt, du Traum des Glü - ckes, Den ich ein-mal ge träumt. Du hol - des
f
92
1.
Trug - bild mei-ner Lust, mei-ner Qual, du sü - ßes Mär - chen: Es war ein-
p
98
2.
mal! 2. Ob man dem Mär - chen: Es war ein - mal!
mp
p
mf
f

Zwischen zwei Straßenbahnen

Text & Musik:
Franz Josef Degenhardt



1. Sie trafen sich zwischen zwei Straßenbahnen,
Linie elf und Linie zehn.
Es regnete in Neonfarben,
der Schaffner sang, sie blieben steh'n.

2. Und küssten sich und sagten ihren Namen,
die waren kurz wie Warenzeichen.
Ein roter Schal verglomm im Nebel,
der Schaffner sang und stellte Weichen.

3. Sie waren jung und verstanden das meiste
und mieteten zwei Zimmer mit Bad,
einer Veranda aus buntem Glas
und einer Garage in der Stadt.

4. Und wollten ein Kind, doch es wurde ein Auto
mit Radio und Schiebedach.
Das verbrauchte sein ganzes Gehalt als
Angestellter einer Versicherungsanstalt.

5. Und da ging sie zu ihrem früheren Chef,
einem reichen Mann mit guten Manieren,
kreislaufgestört, ein Sportwagenfan,
diesen Mann tat sie verführen.

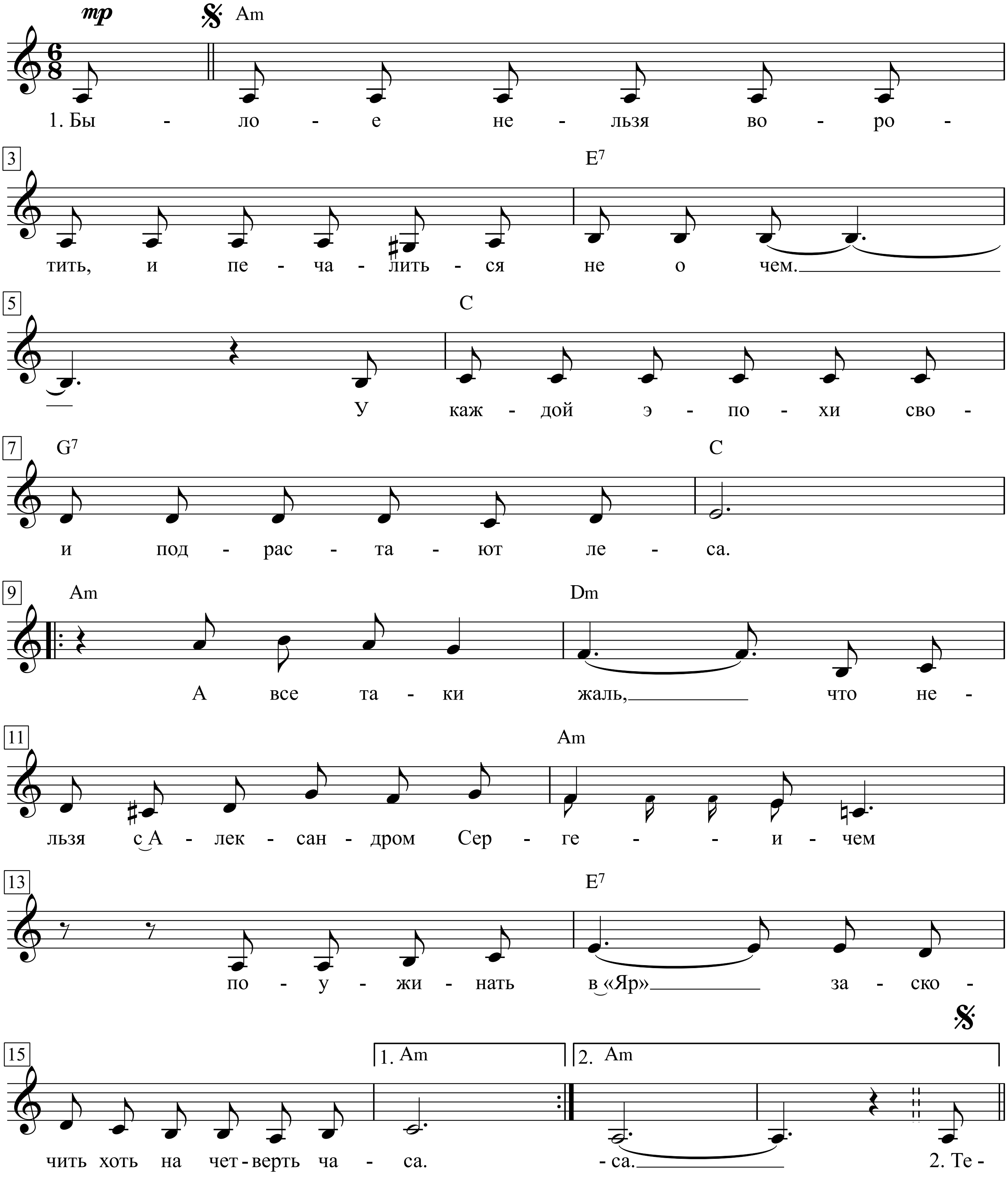
6. Und bekamen noch ein Auto für sie
mit Radio und Schiebedach.
Das verbrauchte ihr ganzes Gehalt,
für dreißig Nächte im Voraus bezahlt.

7. Sie trennten sich zwischen zwei Straßenbahnen,
Linie elf und Linie zehn.
Es regnete in Neonfarben,
der Schaffner sang nur aus Verseh'n.

А всё-таки жаль

Слова и музыка: Булат Окуджава

Умеренно



1. Былое нельзя воротить, и печалиться не о чем.
У каждой эпохи свои подрастают леса.
А все таки жаль, что нельзя с_Александром Сергеичем
поужинать в_«Яр» заскочить хоть на четверть часа. са.
2. Те

1. Былое нельзя воротить, и печалиться не о чем.
У каждой эпохи свои подрастают леса.
А все-таки жаль, что нельзя с Александром Сергеичем
Поужинать в “Яр” заскочить хоть на четверть часа.

2. Теперь нам не надо по улицам мыкаться ощупью,
Машины нас ждут, и ракеты уносят нас вдаль.
А все-таки жаль, что в Москве больше нету извозчиков,
Хотя б одного, и не будет отныне, а жаль.

3. Я кланяюсь низко познания морю безбрежному,
Разумный свой век, многоопытный век свой любя.
А все-таки жаль, что кумиры нам снятся по-прежнему
И мы иногда все холопами числим себя.

4. Победы свои мы ковали не зря и вынашивали.
Мы всё обрели: и надежную пристань, и свет.
А все-таки жаль: иногда над победами нашими
Встают пьедесталы, которые выше побед.

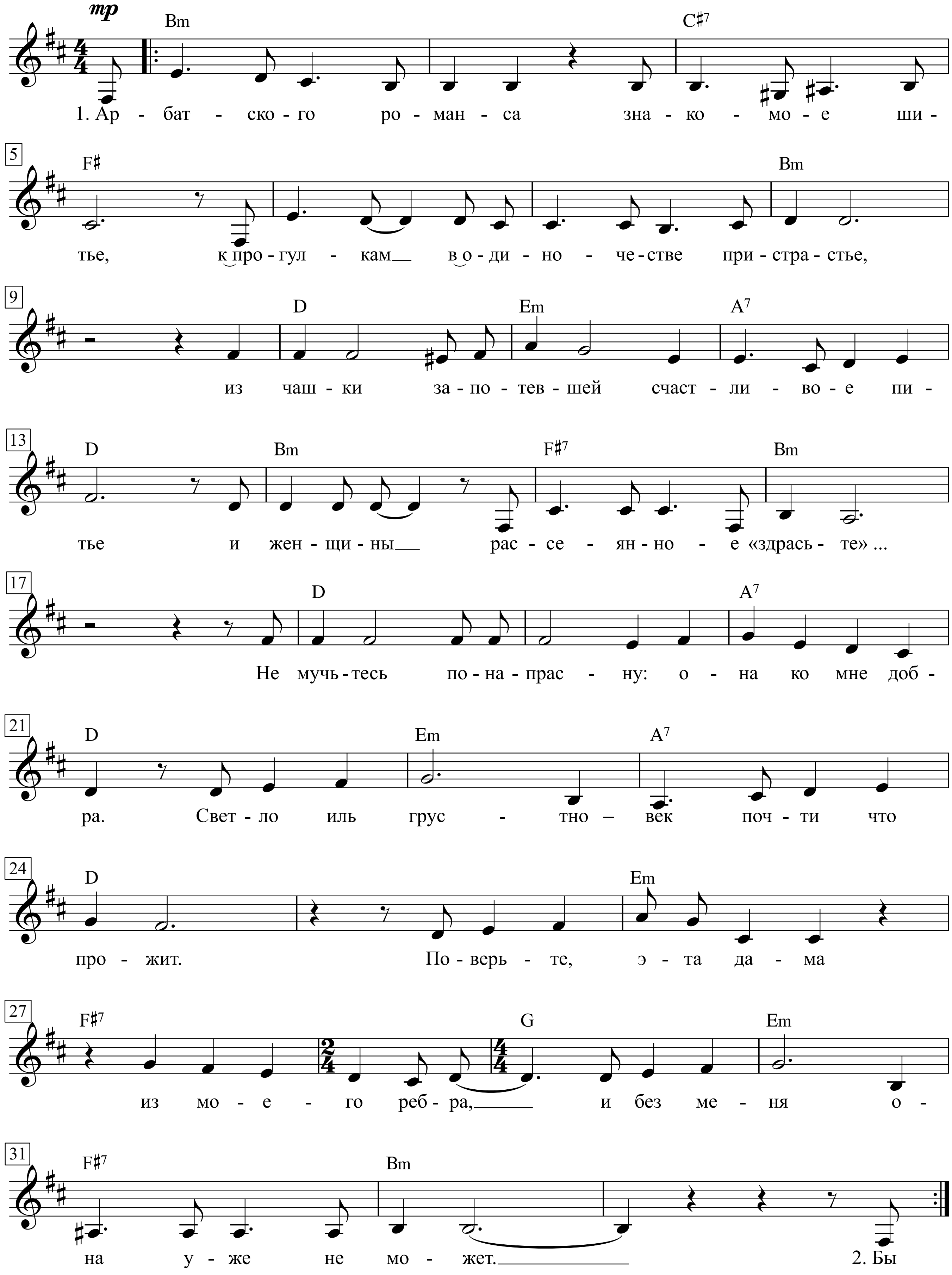
5. Москва, ты не веришь слезам — это время проверило:
Железное мужество, стойкость и сила во всем.
Но если бы ты в наши слезы однажды поверила,
Ни нам, ни тебе не пришлось бы грустить о былом.

6. Былое нельзя воротить. Выхожу я на улицу
И вдруг замечаю: у самых Никитских ворот
Извозчик стоит, Александр Сергеич прогуливается.
Ах, завтра, наверное, что-нибудь произойдет.

Арбатский романс

Умеренно

Слова и музыка: Булат Окуджава



1. Арбатского романса знакомое шитье,
К прогулкам в одиночестве пристрастье,
Из чашки запотевшей счастливое питье
И женщины рассеянное «здрасьте» ...

Не мучьтесь понапрасну: она ко мне добра.
Светло иль грустно – век почти что прожит.
Поверьте, эта дама из моего ребра,
И без меня она уже не может.

2. Бывали дни такие – гулял я молодой,
Глаза глядели в небо голубое,
Еще был не разменян мой первый золотой,
Пылали розы, гордые собою.

Еще моя походка мне не была смешна,
Еще подошвы не поотрывались.
За каждым поворотом, где музыка слышна,
Какие мне удачи открывались!

3. Любовь такая штука, в ней так легко пропасть,
Зарыться, закружиться, растеряться...
Нам всем знакома эта возвышенная страсть,
Поэтому нет смысла повторяться.

Не мучьтесь понапрасну: всему своя пора.
Траву взрастите – к осени сомнется.
Вы начали прогулку с арбатского двора,
На нем-то всё, как видно, и замкнется.

4. Была бы нам удача всегда из первых рук,
И, как бы там ни мяло и ни било,
В один прекрасный полдень оглянетесь вокруг,
А всё при вас, целехонько, как было:

Арбатского романса знакомое шитье,
К прогулкам в одиночестве пристрастье,
Из чашки запотевшей счастливое питье
И женщины рассеянное «здрасьте»...

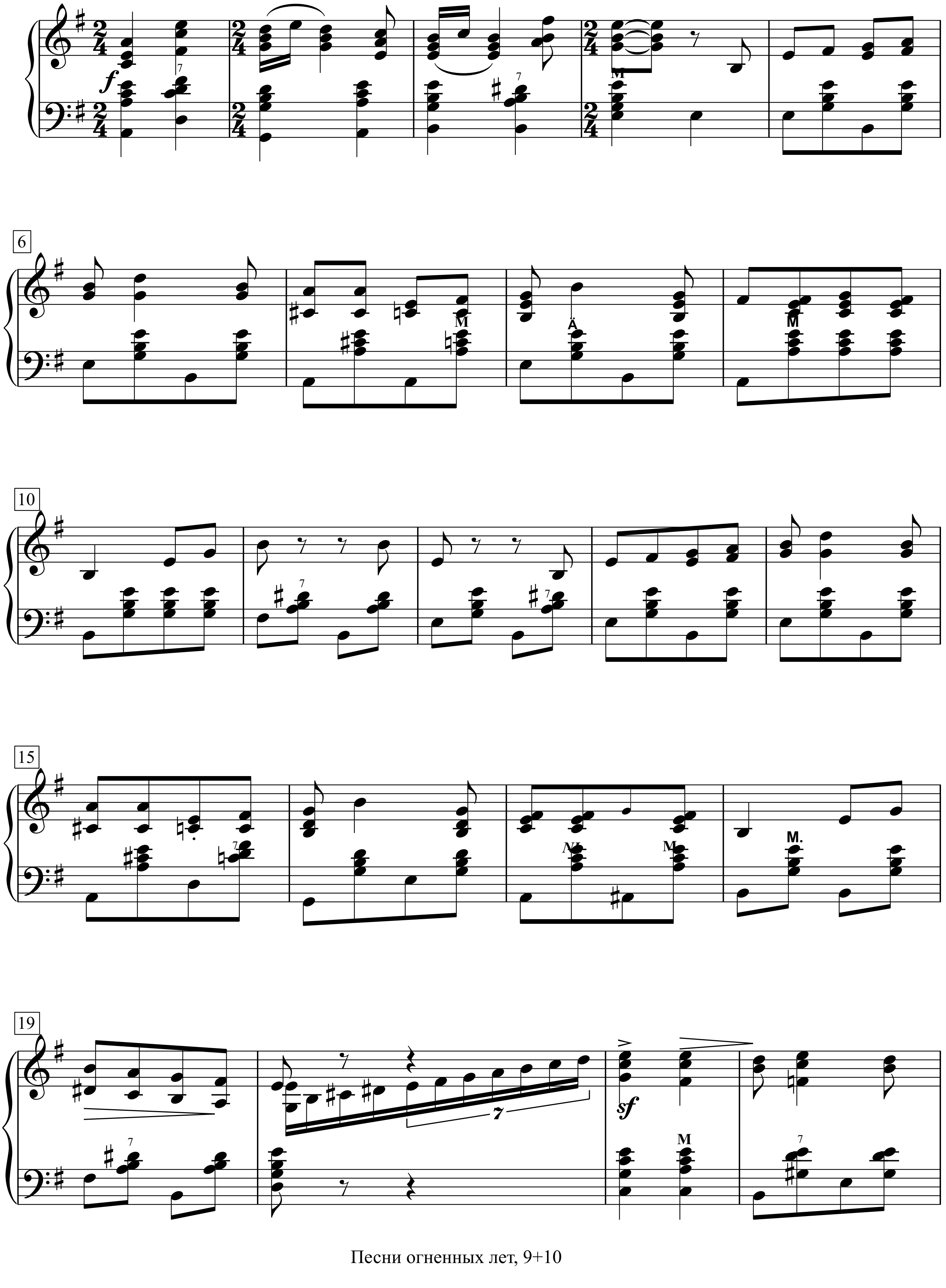
1. Арбатского романса знакомое шитье,
к_прогулкам в_одиночестве пристрастье,
из чашки запотевшей счастливое питье
и женщины рассеянное «здрасьте» ...

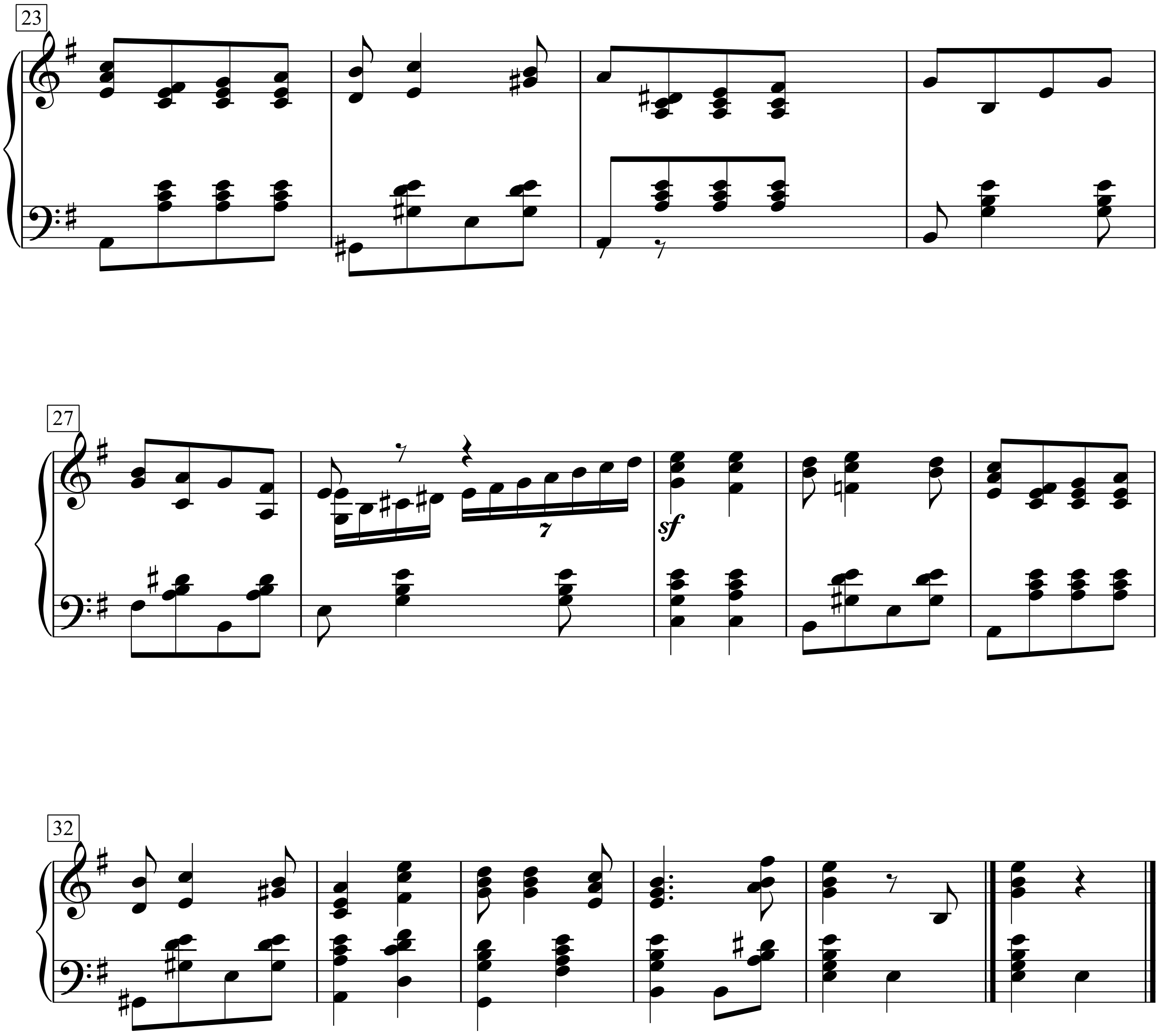
Не мучьтесь понапрасну: она ко мне добра.
Светло иль грустно   – век почти что прожит.
Поверьте, эта дама из моего ребра,
и без меня она уже не может.

Балтийцы - краснофлотцы

Слова В. Винникова

. М. Блантер




23
27
7
sf
32

Расцветали яблони и груши,

Поплыли туманы над рекой.

Выходила на берег Катюша,

На высокий берег, на крутой.

Выходила, песню заводила Про степного сизого орла,

Про того, которого любила,

Про того, чьи письма берегла.

Ой, ты песня, песенка девичья,

Ты лети за ясным солнцем вслед И бойцу на дальнем пограничье От Катюши передай п

Пусть он вспомнит девушку простую, Пусть услышит как она поет.

Пусть он землю бережет родную,

А любовь Катюша сбережет.

Расцветали яблони и груши,

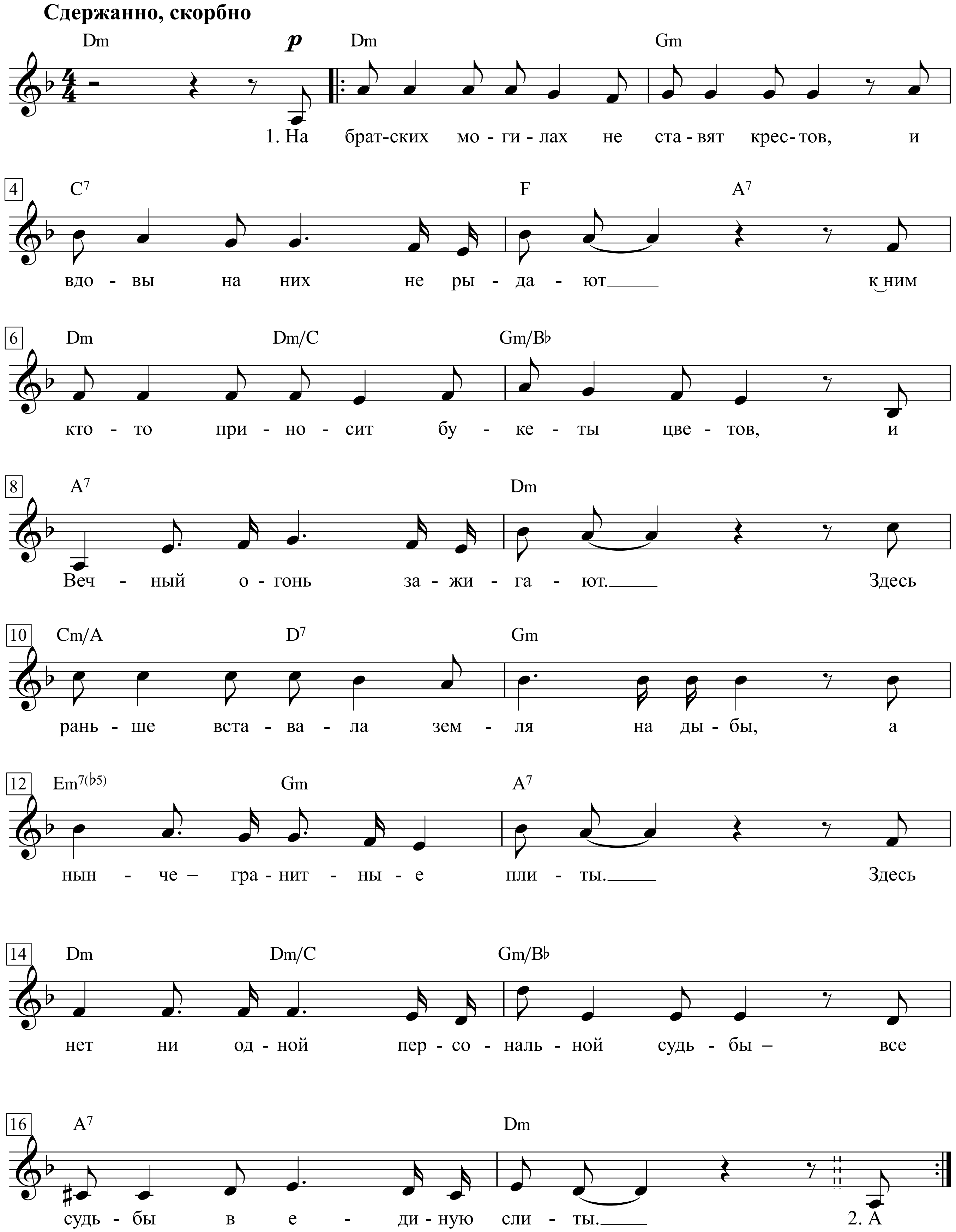
Поплыли туманы над рекой. Выходила на берег Катюша,

На высокий берег, на крутой.

с 4840 к

Братские могилы

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий



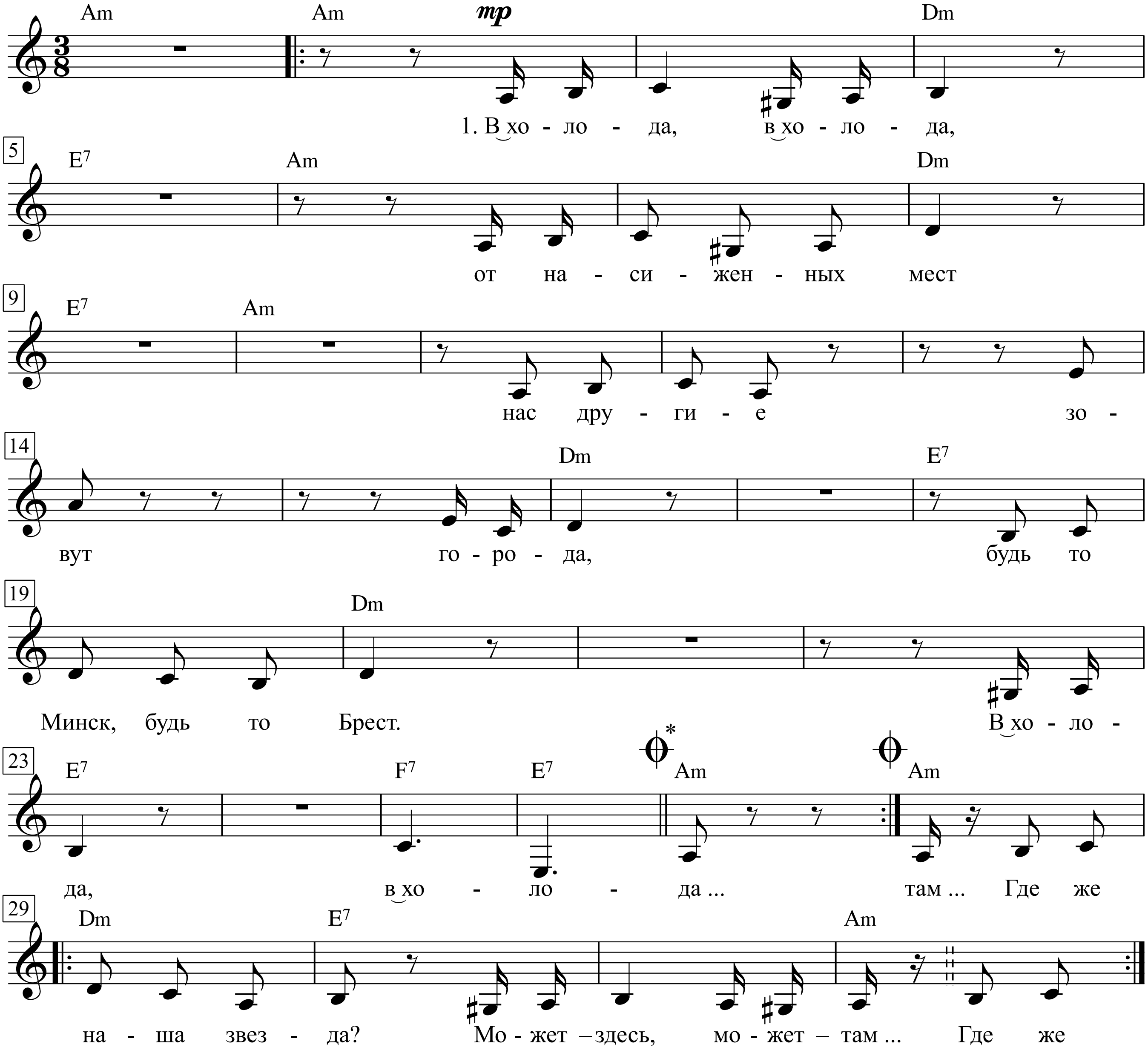
1. На братских могилах не ставят крестов,
И вдовы на них не рыдают -
К ним кто-то приносит букеты цветов,
И Вечный огонь зажигают.
Здесь раньше вставала земля на дыбы,
А нынче - гранитные плиты.
Здесь нет ни одной персональной судьбы -
Все судьбы в единую слиты.

2. А в Вечном огне виден вспыхнувший танк,
Горящие русские хаты,
Горящий Смоленск и горящий рейхстаг,
Горящее сердце солдата.
У братских могил нет заплаканных вдов -
Сюда ходят люди покрепче.
На братских могилах не ставят крестов...
Но разве от этого легче?!

В холода, в холода ...

В темпе вальса

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий



* *Дла 4-го куплета.*

В хо-ло-да, в хо-ло-да,
от на-си-жен-ных мест
нас дру-ги-е зо-вут го-ро-да,
будь то Минск, будь то Брест.

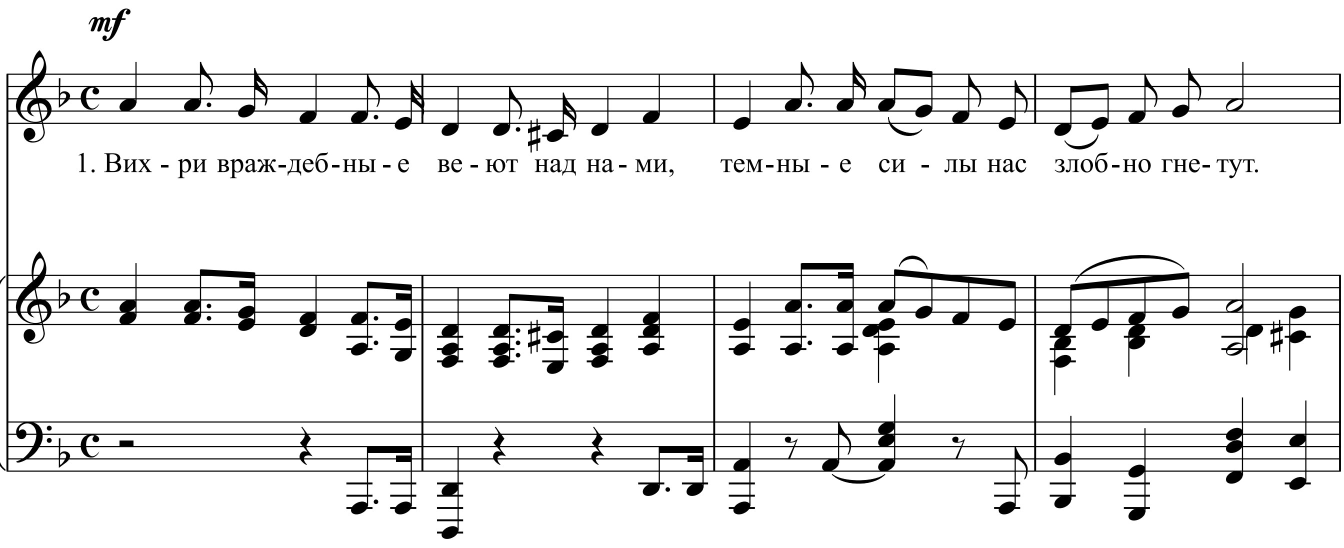
В холода, в холода...
Неспроста, неспроста,
От родных тополей
Нас далекие манят места,-
Будто там веселей.
Неспроста, неспроста...
Как нас дома ни грей,
Не хватает всегда
Новых встреч нам и новых друзей, -
Будто с нами беда.
Будто с ними - теплей...
Как бы ни было нам
Am

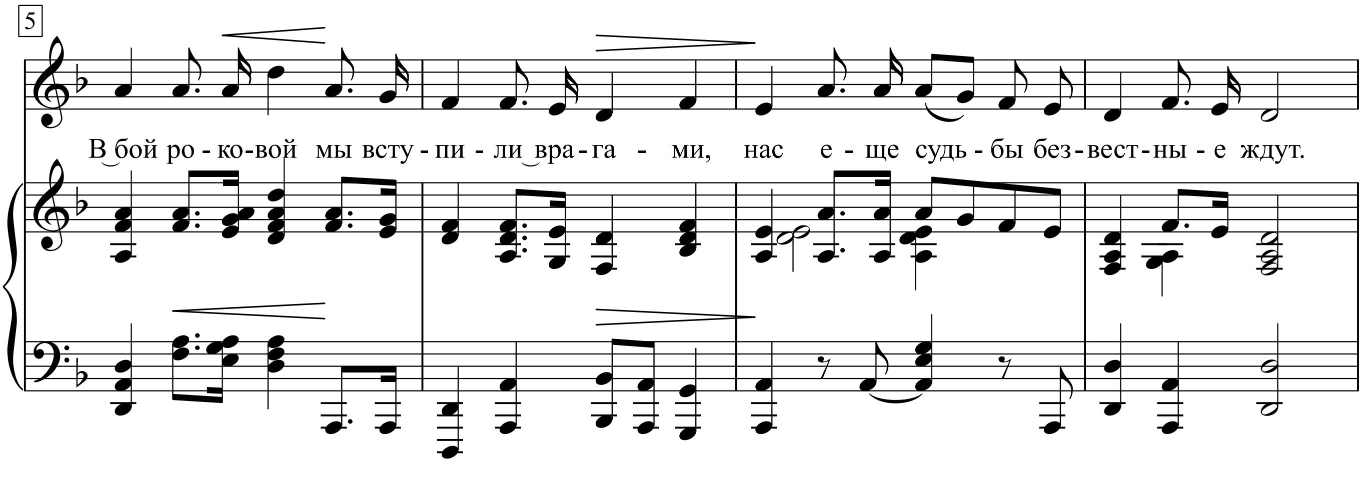
Хорошо иногда,
Где же на-ша звез-да?
Мо-жет здесь, мо-жет там...
Где же...

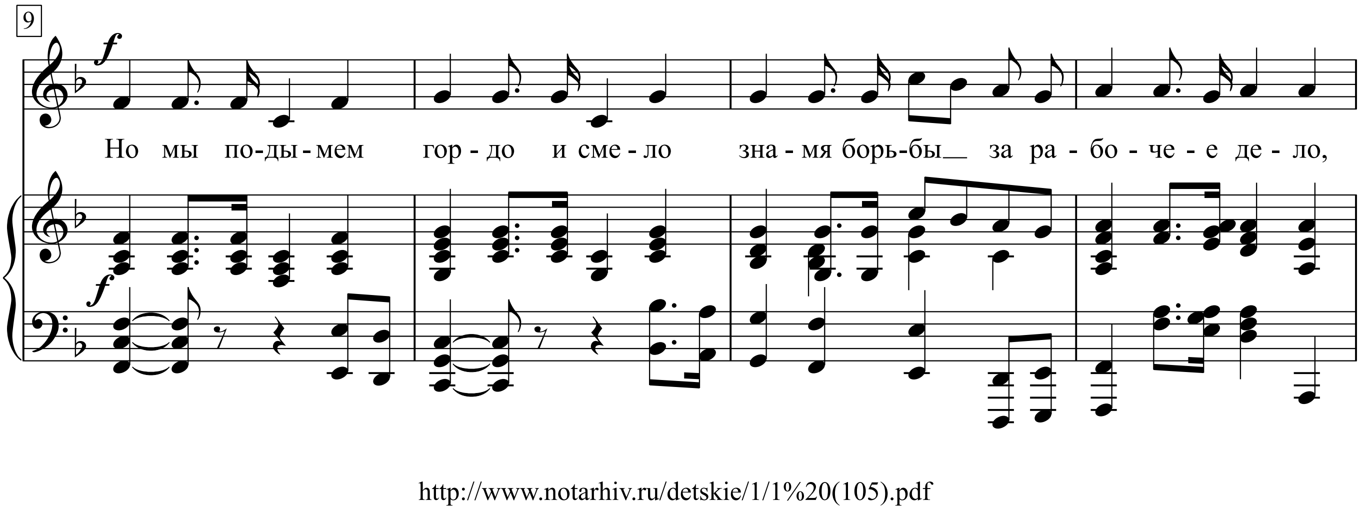
Варшавянка

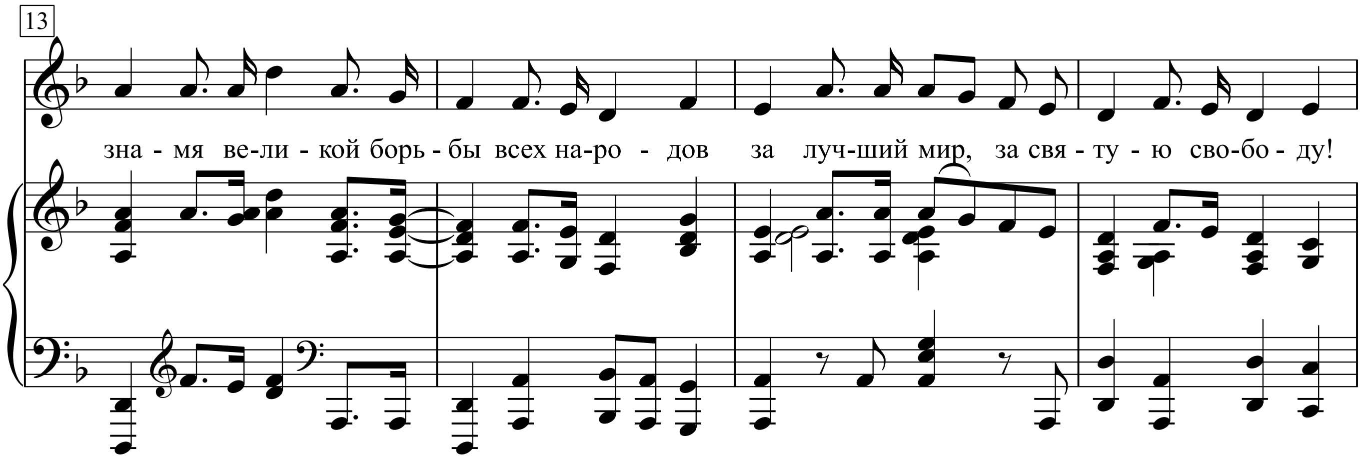
Слова Г. Кржижановского

Обработка В. Белого

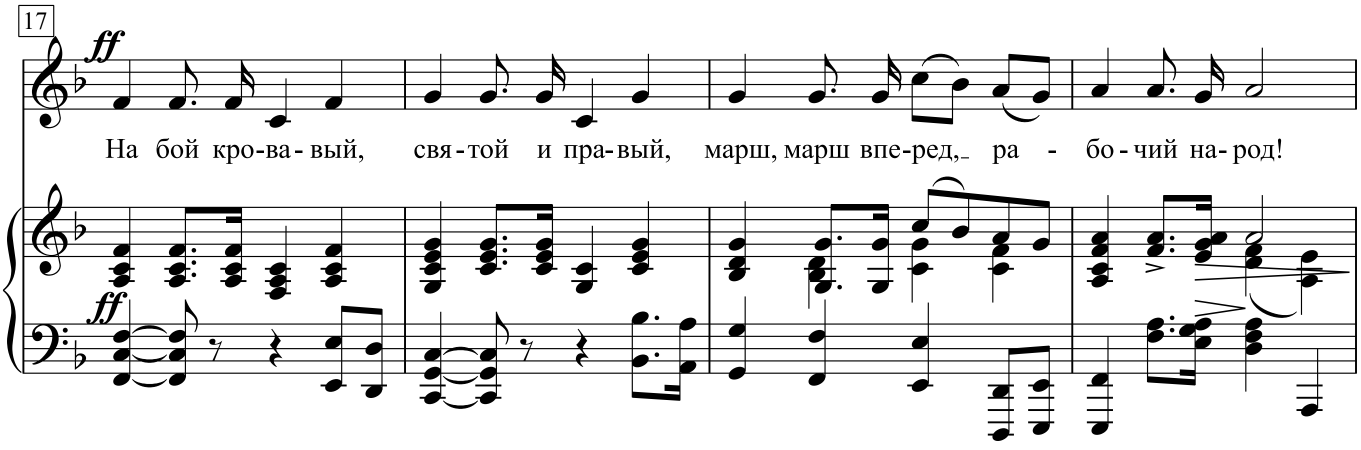


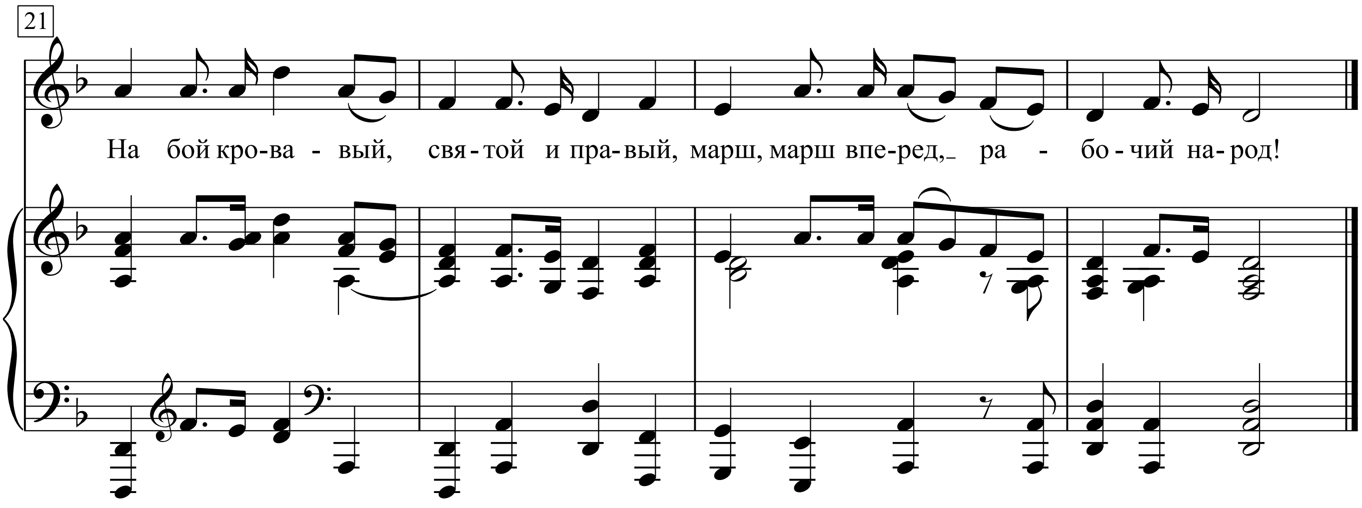





13
зна - мя ве-ли - кой борь - бы всех на-ро - дов за луч-ший мир, за свя - ту - ю сво-бо - ду!

Припев


17
ff
На бой кро-ва-вый, свя-той и пра-вый, марш, марш впе-ред,_ ра - бо-чий на-род!
ff


21
На бой кро-ва - вый, свя-той и пра-вый, марш, марш впе-ред,_ ра - бо-чий на-род!

Посмотреть другие произведения

1. Вихри враждебные веют над нами,
Темные силы нас злобно гнетут.
В бой роковой мы вступили с врагами,
Нас еще судьбы безвестные ждут.
Но мы подымем гордо и смело
Знамя борьбы за рабочее дело,
Знамя великой борьбы всех народов
За лучший мир, за святую свободу!

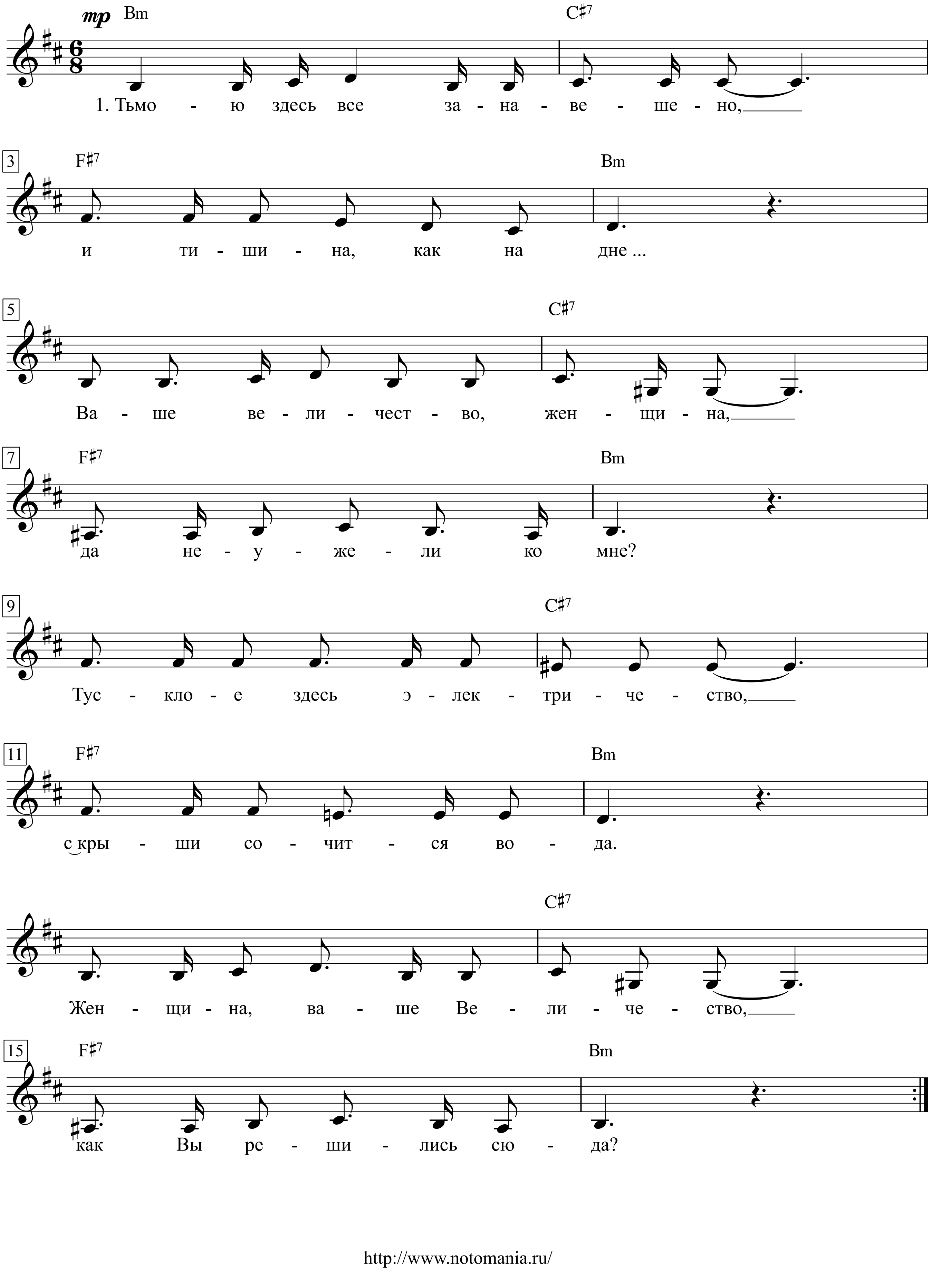
Припев:
На бой кровавый, святой и правый,
Марш, марш вперед, рабочий народ!
На бой кровавый, святой и правый,
Марш, марш вперед, рабочий народ!

2. Нам ненавистны тиранов короны,
Цепи народа-страдальца мы чтим,
Кровью народной залитые троны
Кровью мы наших врагов обагрим.
В битве великой не сгинут бесследно
Павшие с честью во имя идей,
Их имена с нашей песнью победной
Станут священны мильонам людей.

Припев:
На бой кровавый, святой и правый,
Марш, марш вперед, рабочий народ!
На бой кровавый, святой и правый,
Марш, марш вперед, рабочий народ!

Ваше величество женщина

Не спеша *Слова и музыка:* Булат Окуджава



1. Тьмою здесь все занавешено,
И тишина, как на дне...
Ваше величество женщина,
Да неужели ко мне?

Тусклое здесь электричество,
С крыши сочится вода.
Женщина, ваше величество,
Как вы решились сюда?

2. О, ваш приход — как пожарище.
Дымно, и трудно дышать...
Ну, заходите, пожалуйста.
Что на пороге стоять?

Кто вы такая? Откуда вы?!
Ах, я смешной человек...
Просто вы дверь перепутали,
Улицу, город и век.

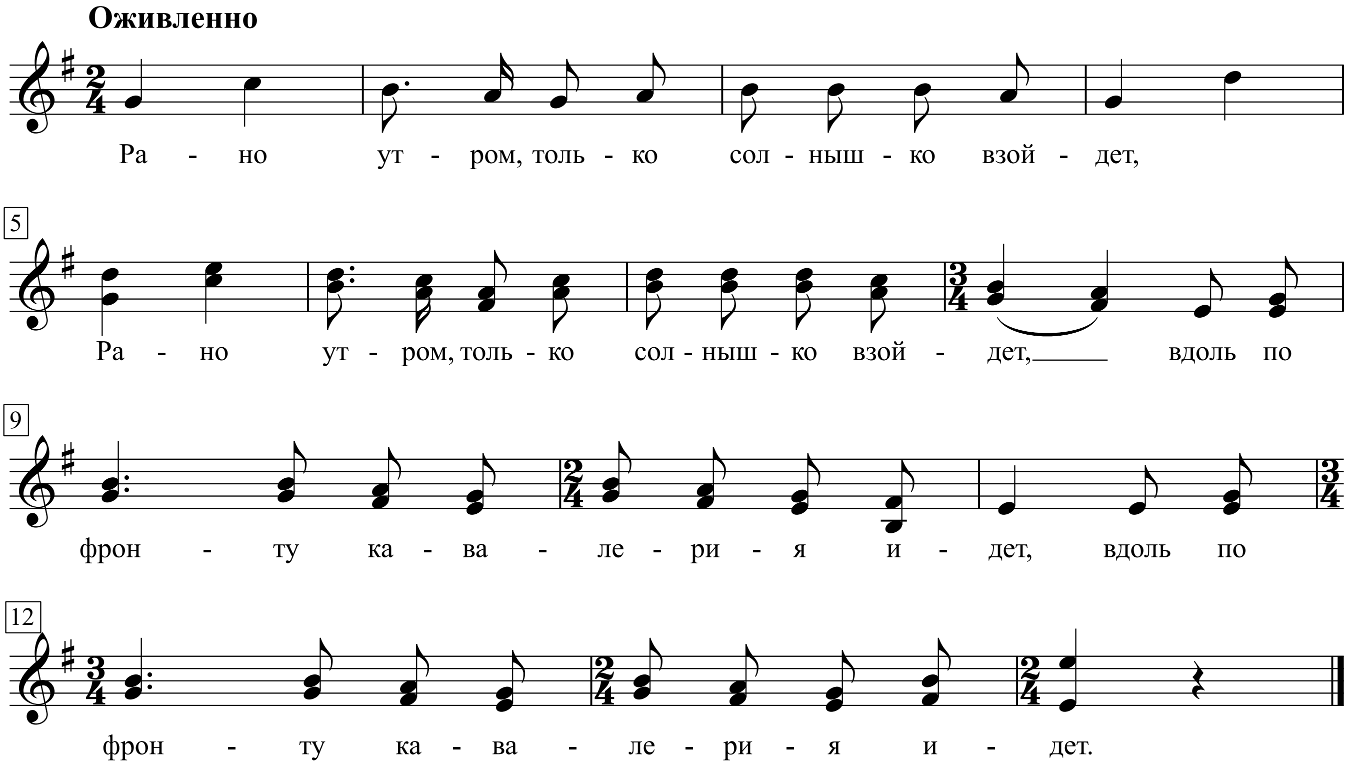
1. Тьмою здесь все занавешено,
и тишина, как на дне ...
Ваше величество, женщина,
да неужели ко мне?

Тусклое здесь электричество,
с_крыши сочится вода.
Жен щина, ваше Величество,
как Вы решились сюда?

Вдоль по фронту кавалерия идет

Слова Александра Маринова

На мотив народной песни
«Молода еще девица я была»



Рано утром, только солнышко взойдет,
Вдоль по фронту кавалерия идет.

Кони резвые копытами стучат,
Шашки острые на солнышке блестят.

Командиры наши – славные бойцы:
Все лихие, удалые молодцы.

Знают, где и как командовать всегда,
И врагу не победить нас никогда.

У Республике на страже мы стоим, -
Власть Советов никому не отдадим.

Мы еще, еще немножко подождем:
Бить буржуев по свету мы пойдем.

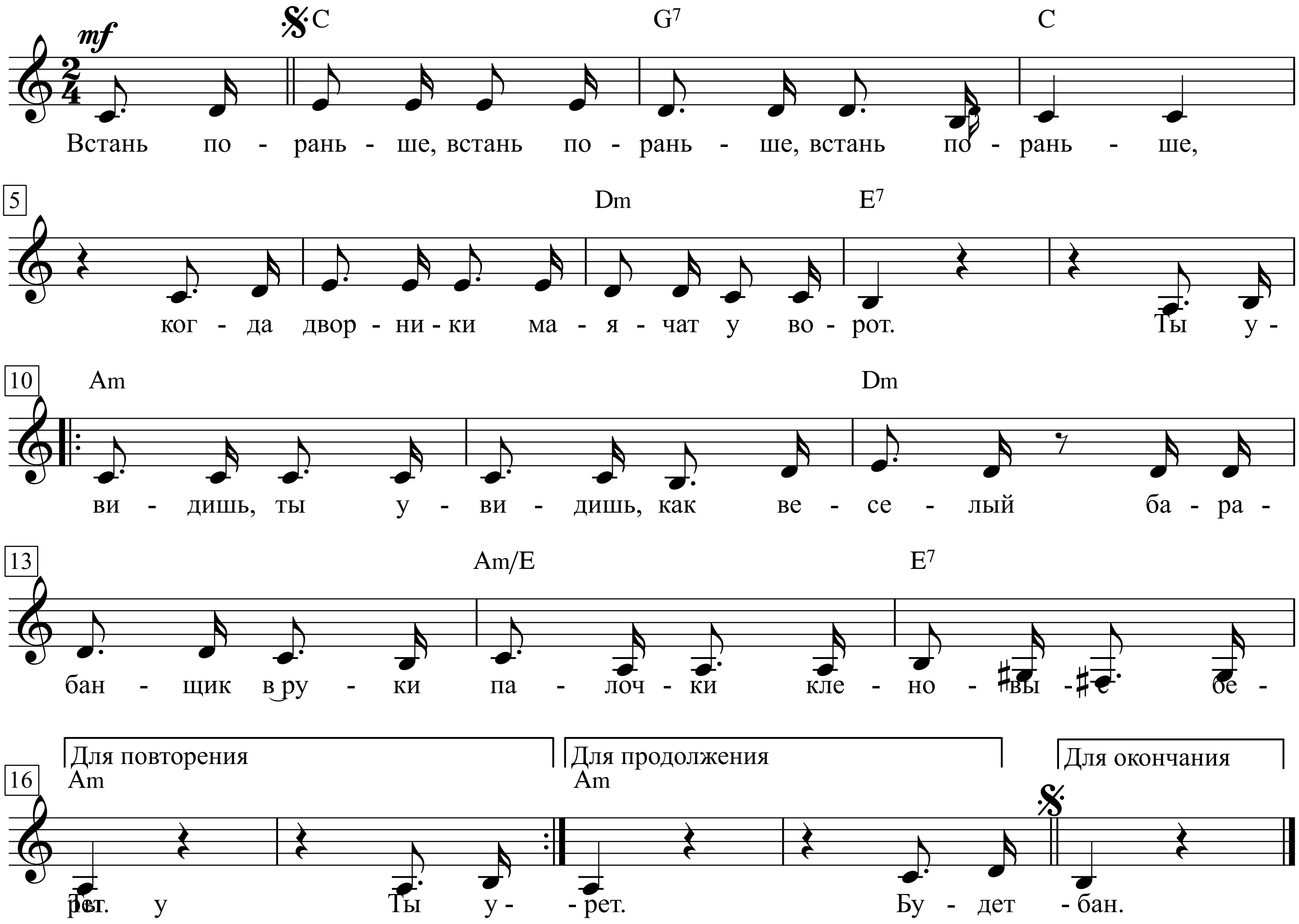
Пусть запомнит каждый белый генерал,
Как от конницы он славной удирал.

Каждая строка повторяется

Веселый барабанщик

Ю. Левиганекому

Маршеобразно



Встань пораньше, встань пораньше, встань пораньше,
когда дворники маячат у ворот.
Ты увидишь, ты увидишь, как веселый барабанщик
в руки палочки кленовые берет.

Будет полдень, суматохою пропахший,
звон трамваев и людской водоворот,
но прислушайся – услышишь, как веселый барабанщик
с барабаном вдоль по улице идет.

Будет вечер, заговорщик и обманщик,
темнота на мостовые упадет,
но вглядись – и ты увидишь, как веселый барабанщик
с барабаном вдоль по улице идет.

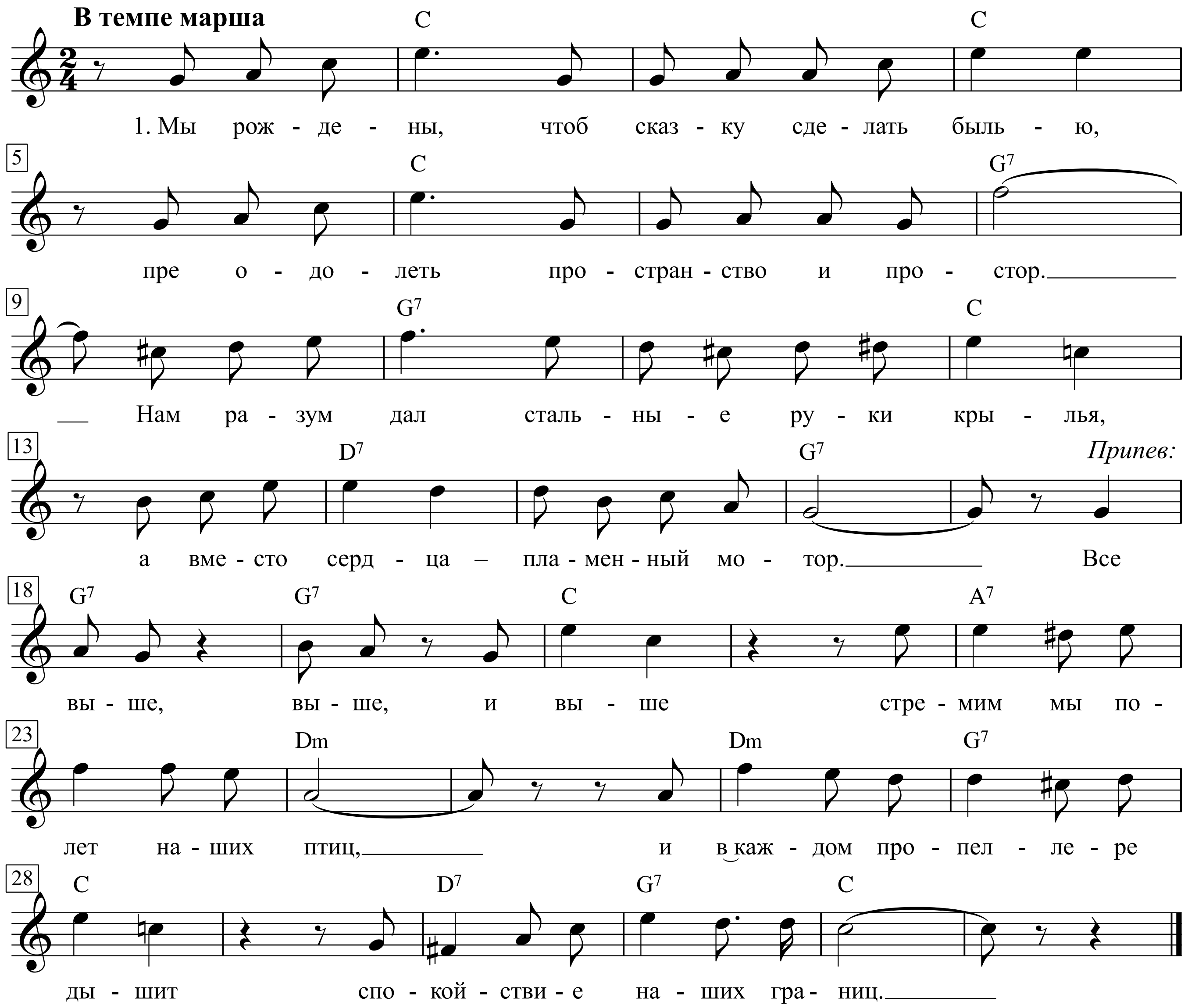
Грохот палочек ... то ближе он, то дальше.
Сквозь сумятицу, и полночь, и туман ...
Неужели ты не слышишь, как веселый барабанщик
вдоль по улице проносит барабан?!
Как мне жаль,что ты неслышишь, как веселый барабанщик
вдоль по улице проносит барабан.

Все выше

(Авиамарш)

Слова Павла Германа

Музыка Юлия Хайта



1. Мы рождены, чтоб сказку сделать былью,
Преодолеть пространство и простор.
Нам разум дал стальные руки-крылья,
А вместо сердца – пламенный мотор.

Припев:
Все выше, выше, и выше
Стремим мы полет наших птиц,
И в каждом пропеллере дышит
Спокойствие наших границ.

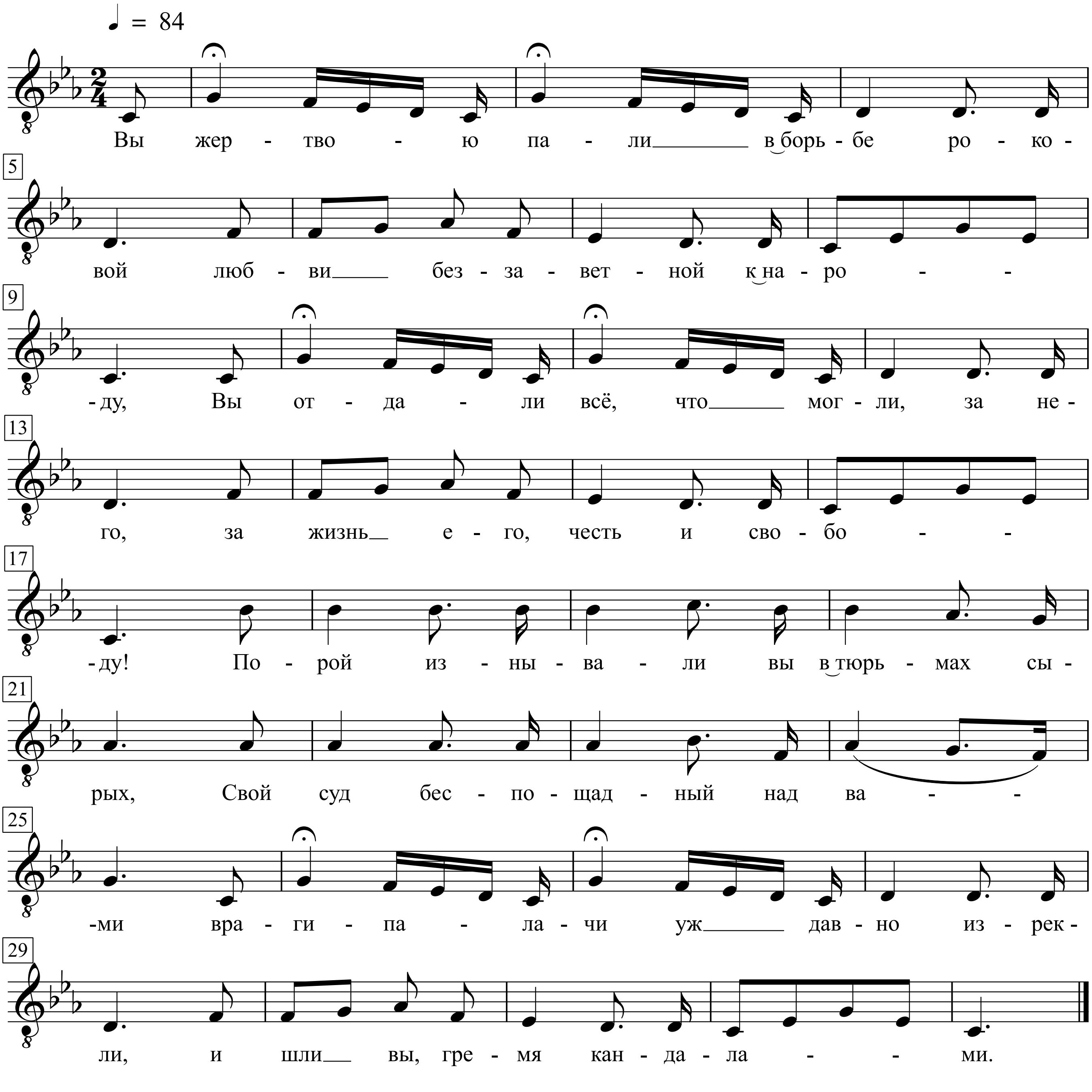
2. Бросая ввысь свой аппарат послушный
Или творя невиданный полет,
Мы сознаем, как крепнет флот воздушный,
Наш первый в мире пролетарский флот.

3. Наш острый взгляд пронзает каждый атом,
Наш каждый нерв решимостью одет.
И верьте нам - на всякий ультиматум
Воздушный флот сумеет дать ответ.

http://a-pesni.org/drugije/aviamarch.htm

Вы жертвою пали

А. Архангельский



По-рой из-ны-ва-ли вы в тюрь-мах сы-рых,

Вы жертвою пали в борьбе роковой
любви безза-ветной к народу,
Вы отдали всё, что могли, за него,
за честь его, жизнь и свободу!

Порой изнывали по тюрьмам сырым,
Свой суд беспощадный над вами
Враги-палачи уж давно изрекли,
И шли вы, гремя кандалами.

Идете, усталые, цепью гремя,
Закованы руки и ноги,
Спокойно и гордо свой взор устремя
Вперед по пустынной дороге.

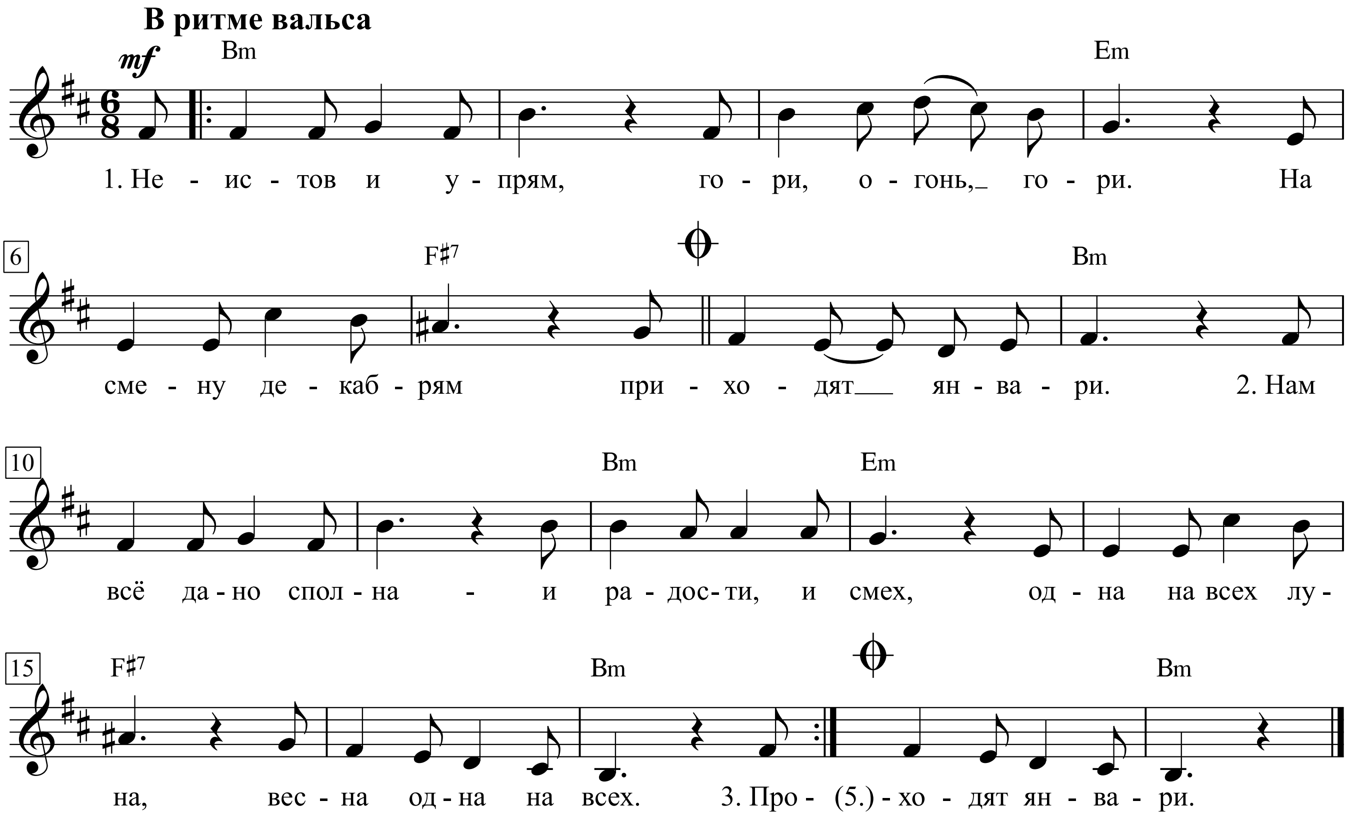
Нагрелися цепи от знойных лучей
И в тело впилися змеями.
И каплет на землю горячая кровь
Из ран, растравленных цепями.

А деспот пирует в роскошном дворце,
Тревогу вином заливая,
Но грозные буквы давно на стене
Уж чертит рука роковая!

Настанет пора – и проснется народ,
Великий, могучий, свободный!
Прощайте же, братья, вы честно прошли
Свой доблестный путь, благородный!

1870-е - начало 1880-х гг.

Гори, огонь, гори



1. Неистов и упрям,
гори, огонь, гори.
На смену декабрям
приходят январи.

2. Нам всё дано сполна –
и радости, и смех,
одна на всех луна,
весна одна на всех.

3. Прожить лета б дотла,
а там пускай ведут
за все твои дела
на самый страшный суд.

4. Пусть оправданья нет,
и даже век спустя
семь бед – один ответ,
один ответ – пустяк.

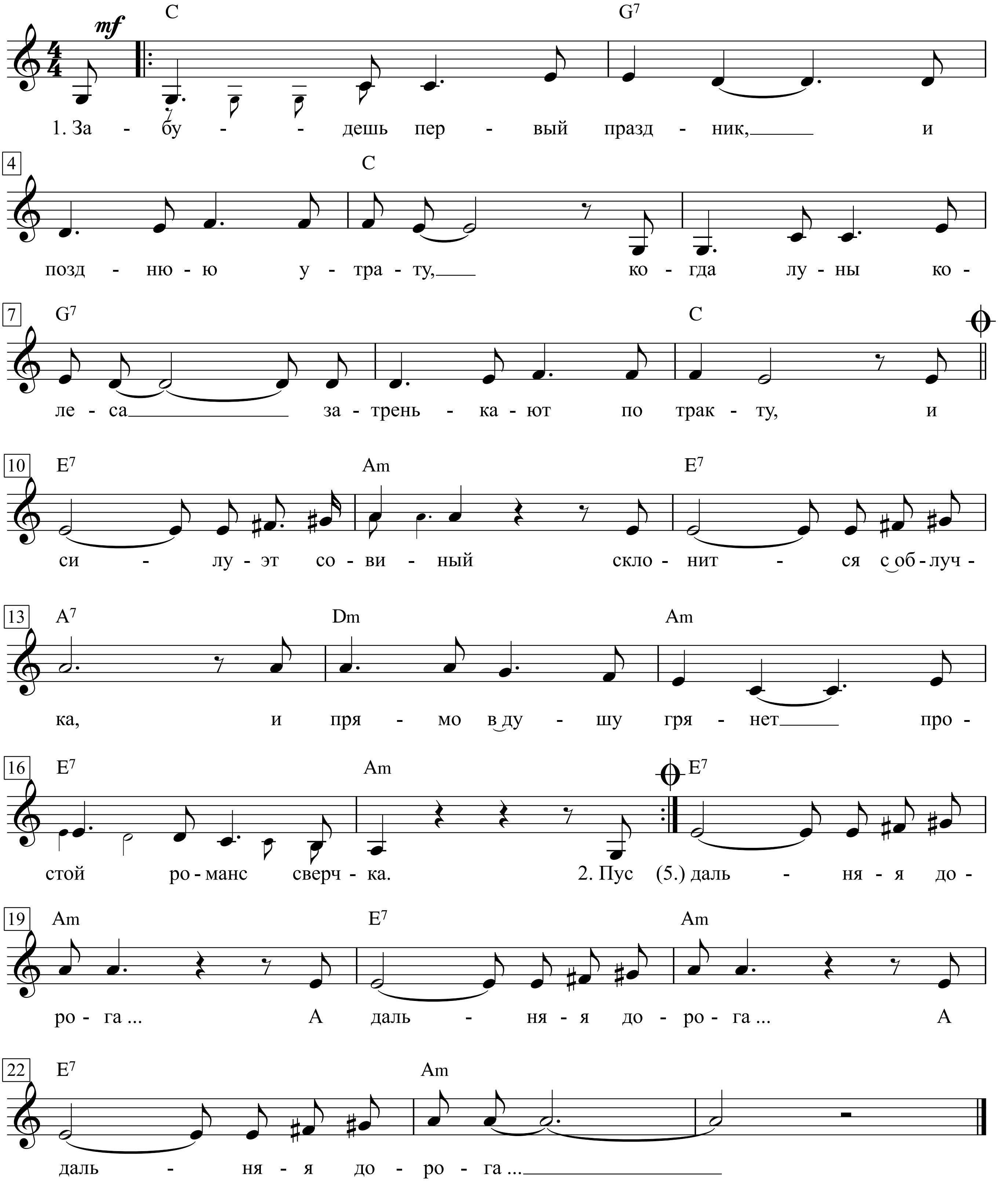
5. Неистов и упрям,
гори, огонь, гори.
На смену декабрям
приходят январи.

Первая песня появилась у меня почти случайно в 1946 году. Тогда я был студентом первого курса университета. Я очень гордился этим своим новым званием и решил — так как я писал стихи — написать студенческую песню, По моим представлениям, студенческая песня должна была быть очень грустной, типа «Быстры, как волны, дни нашей жизни» или что-нибудь в этом роде. И вот как-то однажды я подсел к пианино и двумя пальцами стал подбирать музыку к стихам «Неистов и упрям, гори, огонь, гори...» Получилась песенка. Друзья ее подхватили. А еще раньше, на фронте, я написал стихи, придумал мелодию — и потом наш полк пел: «Нам в холодных теплушках не спалось». Но к этому занятию я тогда относился несерьезно...

Дальняя дорога

Подвижно

Слова и музыка: Булат Окуджава



1. Забудешь первый праздник, и позднюю утрату,
когда луны колеса затренькают по тракту,
и силуэт совиный склонится с_облучка,
и прямо в_душу грянет простой романс сверчка.
2. Пус

(5.) дальняя дорога ... А дальняя дорога ...
А дальняя дорога ...

1. Забудешь первый праздник и позднюю утрату,
Когда луны колеса затренькают по тракту,
И силуэт совиный склонится с облучка,
И прямо в душу грянет простой романс сверчка.

2. Пускай глядит с порога красотка, увядая,
Та гордая, та злая, слепая и святая...
Что прелесть ее ручек? Что жар ее перин?
Давай, брат, отрешимся. Давай, брат, воспарим.

3. Жена, как говорится, найдет себе другого,
Какого-никакого, как ты, недорогого.
А дальняя дорога дана тебе судьбой,
Как матушкины слезы, всегда она с тобой.

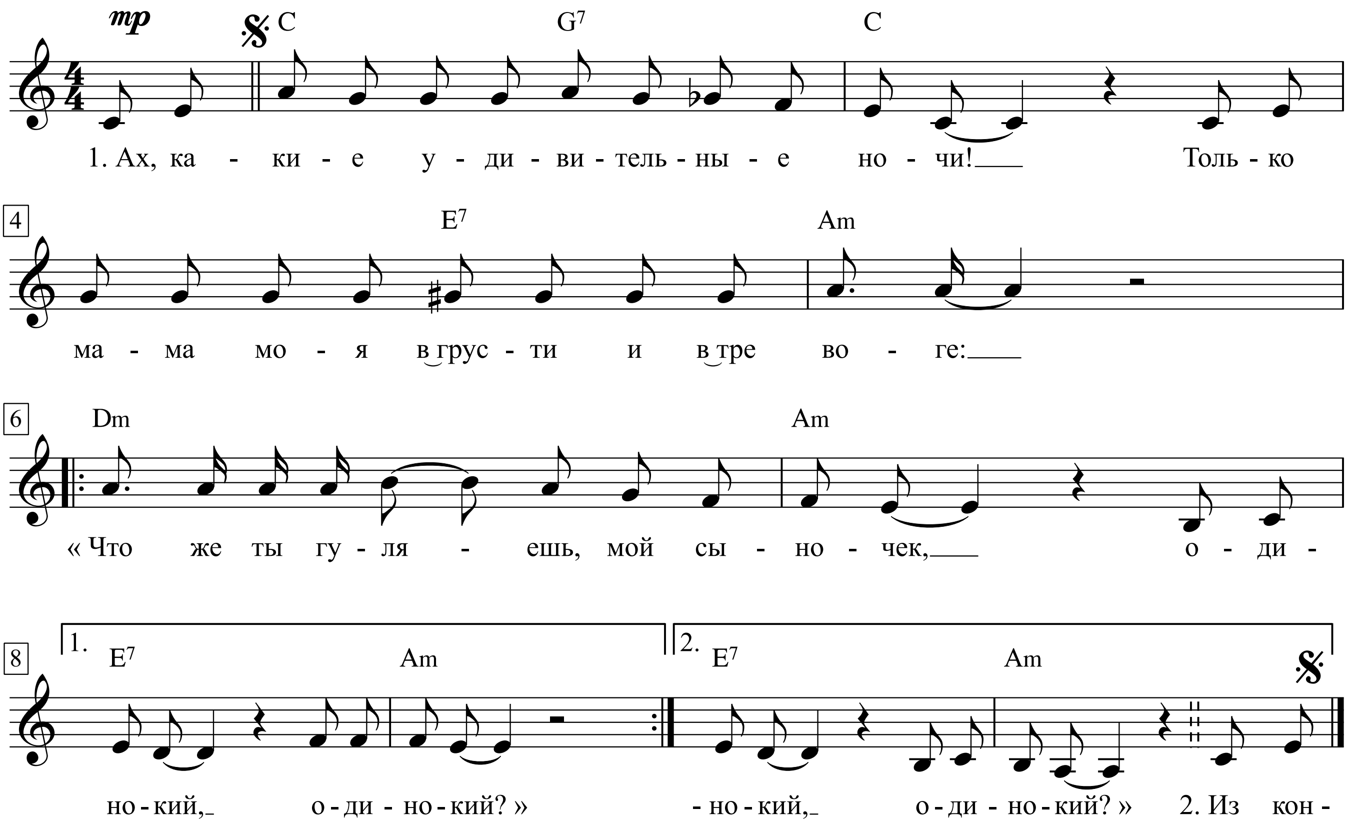
4. Покуда ночка длится, покуда бричка катит,
Дороги этой дальней на нас обоих хватит.
Зачем ладонь с повинной ты на сердце кладешь?
Чего не потеряешь — того, брат, не найдешь.

5. От сосен цвет целебный, от неба запах хлебный,
А от любови бедной сыночек будет бледный.
А дальняя дорога...
А дальняя дорога...
А дальняя дорога...

Дежурный по апрелю

Подвижно

Слова и музыка: Булат Окуджава



1. Ах, какие удивительные ночи!
Только мама моя в_грусти и в_тре воге:
« Что же ты гуляешь, мой сыночек,
одинокий, одинокий? »
нокий, одинокий? »

2. Из кон

1. Ах, какие удивительные ночи!
Только мама моя в грусти и в тревоге:
“Что же ты гуляешь, мой сыночек,
Одинокий,
Одинокий?”

2. Из конца в конец апреля путь держу я.
Стали звезды и круглее и добрее...
“Мама, мама, это я дежурю,
Я дежурный
По апрелю!”

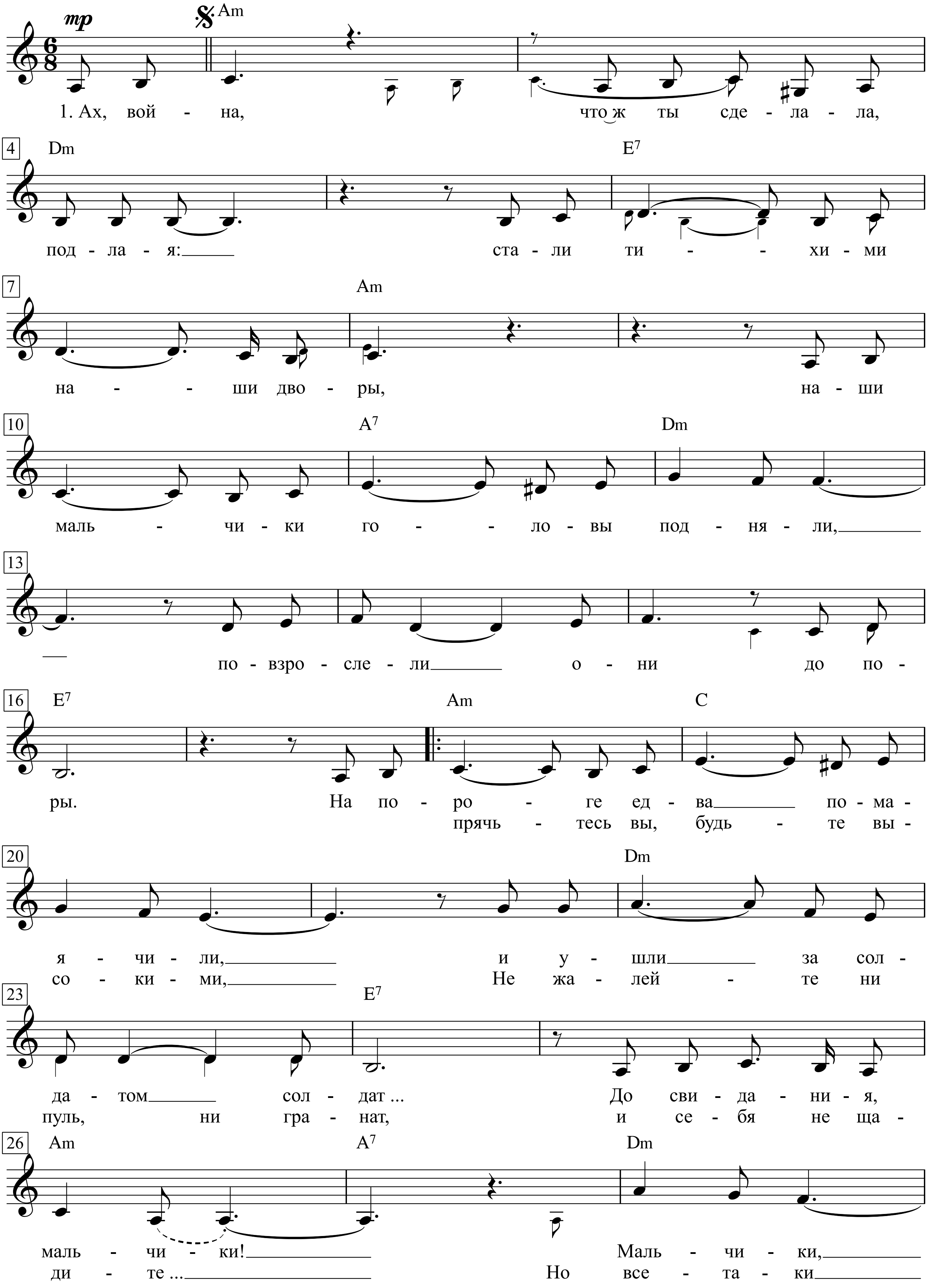
3. “Мой сыночек, вспоминаю все, что было.
Стали грустными глаза твои, сыночек...
Может быть, она тебя забыла,
Знать не хочет?
Знать не хочет?"

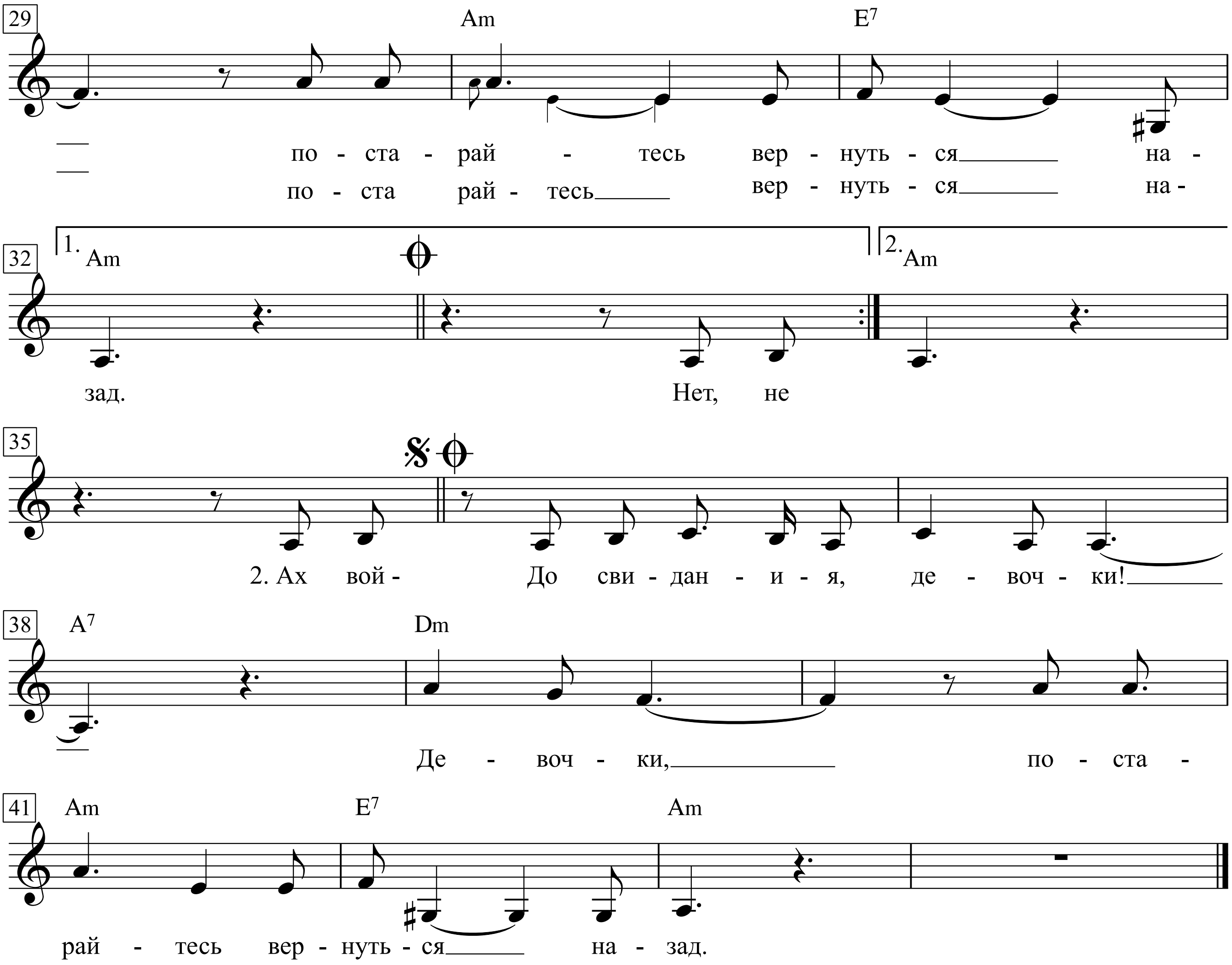
4. Из конца в конец апреля путь держу я.
Стали звезды и круглее и добрее...
“Что ты, мама! Просто я дежурю,
Я дежурный
По апрелю...”

До свидания, мальчики

В темпе вальса

Слова и музыка: Булат Окуджава





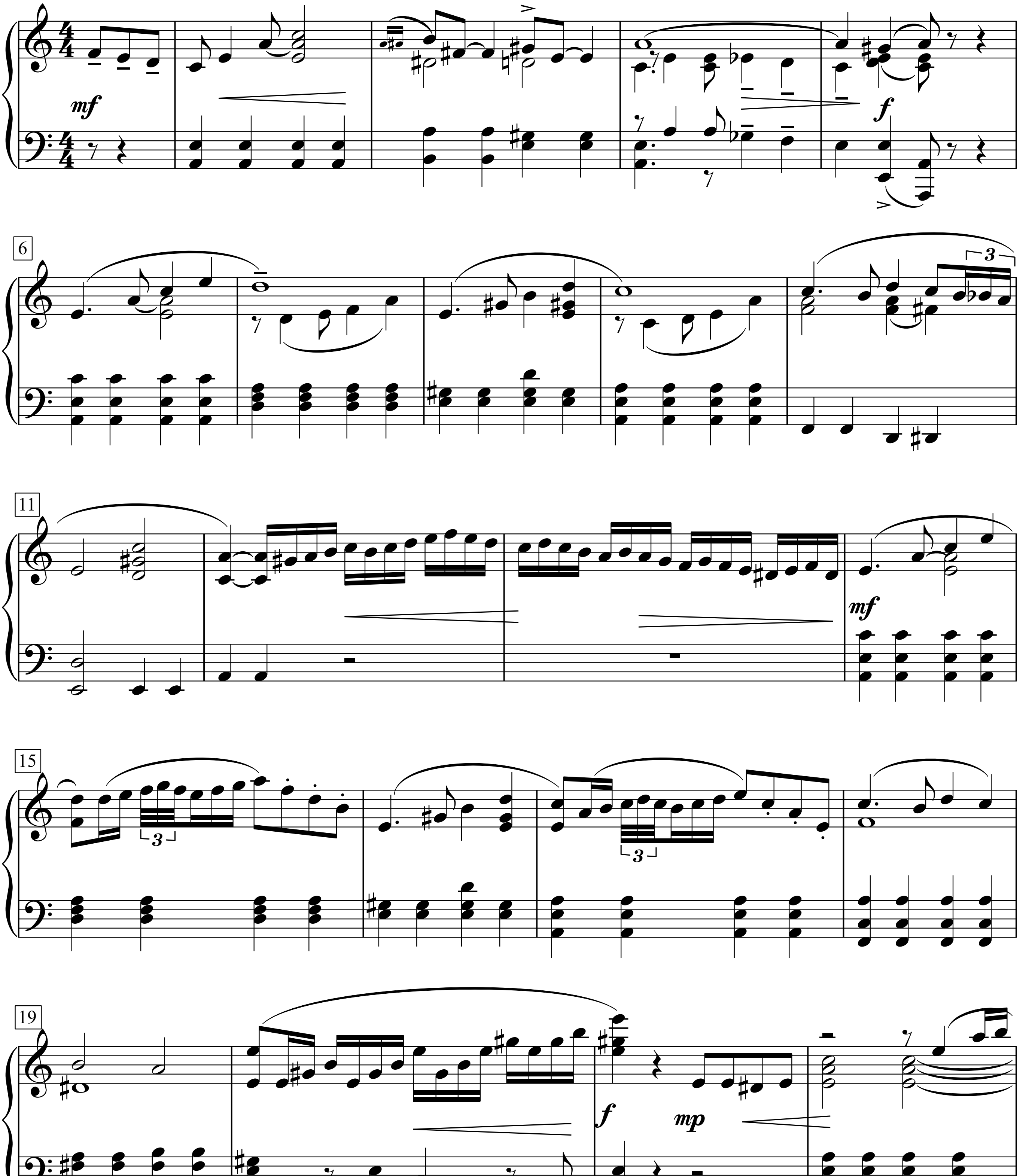
1. Ах, война, что ж ты сделала, подлая:
Стали тихими наши дворы,
Наши мальчики головы подняли,
Повзрослели они до поры.
На пороге едва помаячили
И ушли за солдатом солдат ...
До свидания, мальчики! Мальчики,
Постарайтесь вернуться назад.
Нет, не прячьтесь вы, будьте высокими,
Не жалейте ни пуль, ни гранат
И себя не щадите ... Но все-таки
Постарайтесь вернуться назад.

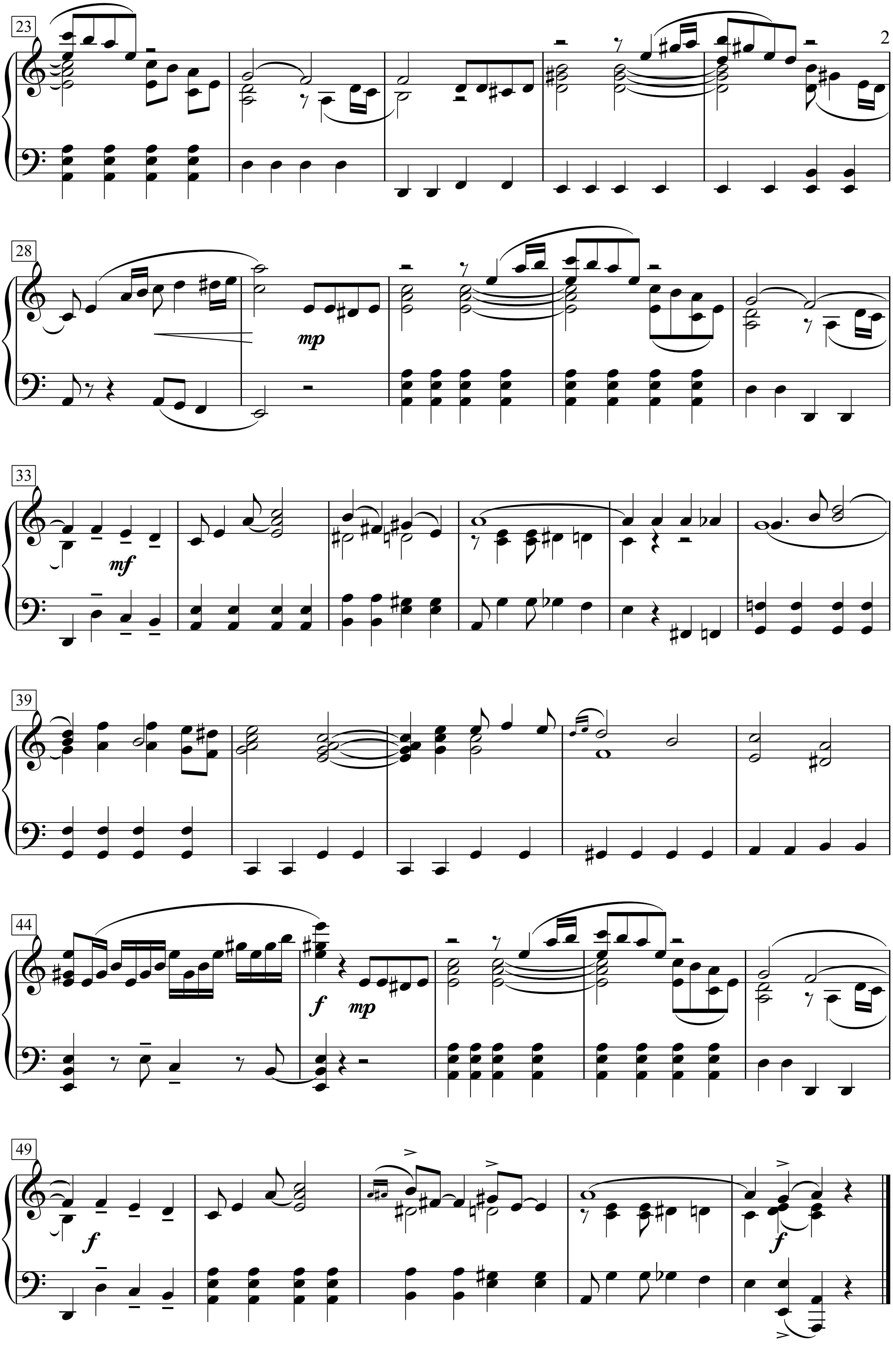
2. Ах, война, что ж ты, подлая, сделала:
Вместо свадеб – разлуки и дым!
Наши девочки платьица белые
Раздарили сестренкам своим.
Сапоги... Ну куда от них денешься?
Да зеленые крылья погон...
Вы наплюйте на сплетников, девочки!
Мы сведем с ними счеты потом.
Пусть болтают, что верить вам не во что,
Что идете войной наугад ...
До свидания, девочки! Девочки,
Постарайтесь вернуться назад!

Дождь идет

Музыка Г. Оливьери
Обработка Г. Левкодимова

В темпе танго




23
28
mp
33
mf
39
44
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49
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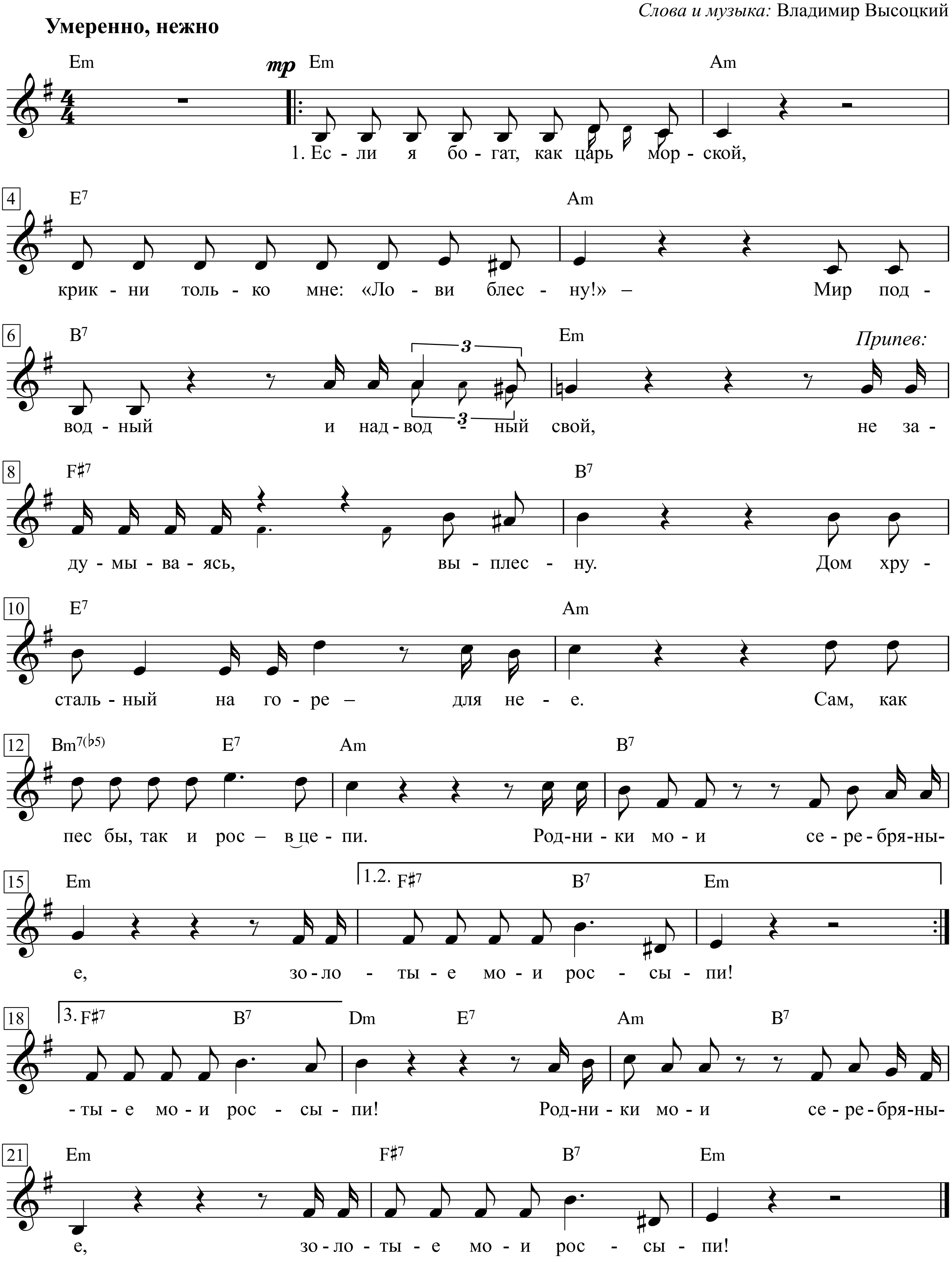
Дом хрустальный

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий



Если я богат, как царь морской,
Крикни только мне: «Лови блесну!»
Мир подводный и надводный свой,
Не задумываясь, выплесну.
Припев:
    Дом хрустальный на горе для нее.
Сам, как пес бы, так и рос в цепи.
Родники мои серебряные,
золотые мои россыпи!

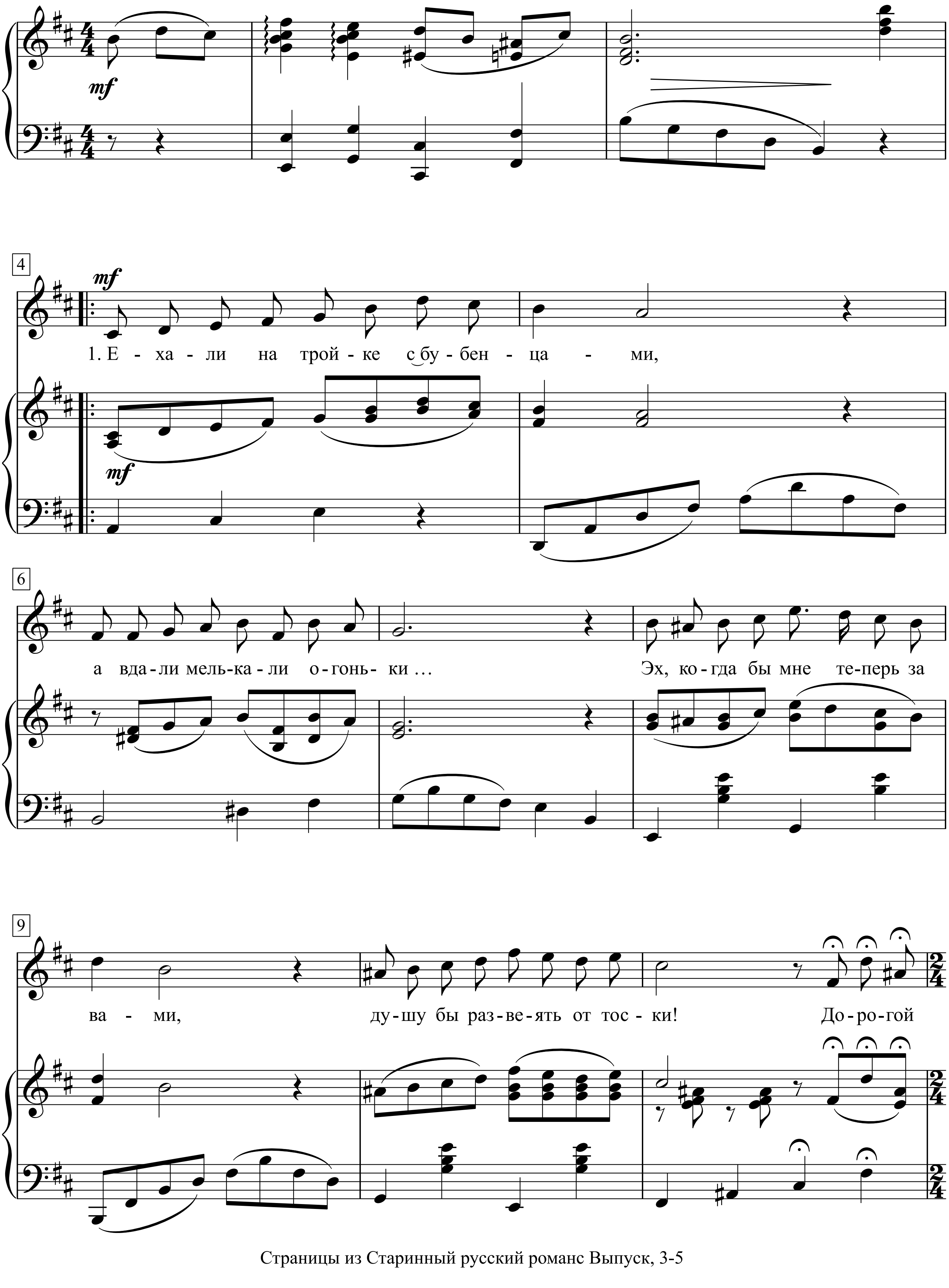
Если беден я, как пес, один
И в дому моем - шаром кати,
Ведь поможешь ты мне, Господи,
Не позволишь жизнь скомкати!
Припев
Не сравнил бы я любую с тобой -
Хоть казни меня, расстреливай.
Посмотри, как я любуюсь тобой, -
Как Мадонной Рафаэлевой!
Припев:
    Дом хрустальный на горе - для нее.
    Сам, как пес бы, так и рос - в цепи.
    Родники мои серебряные,
    Золотые мои россыпи!
    Родники мои серебряные,
    Золотые мои россыпи!

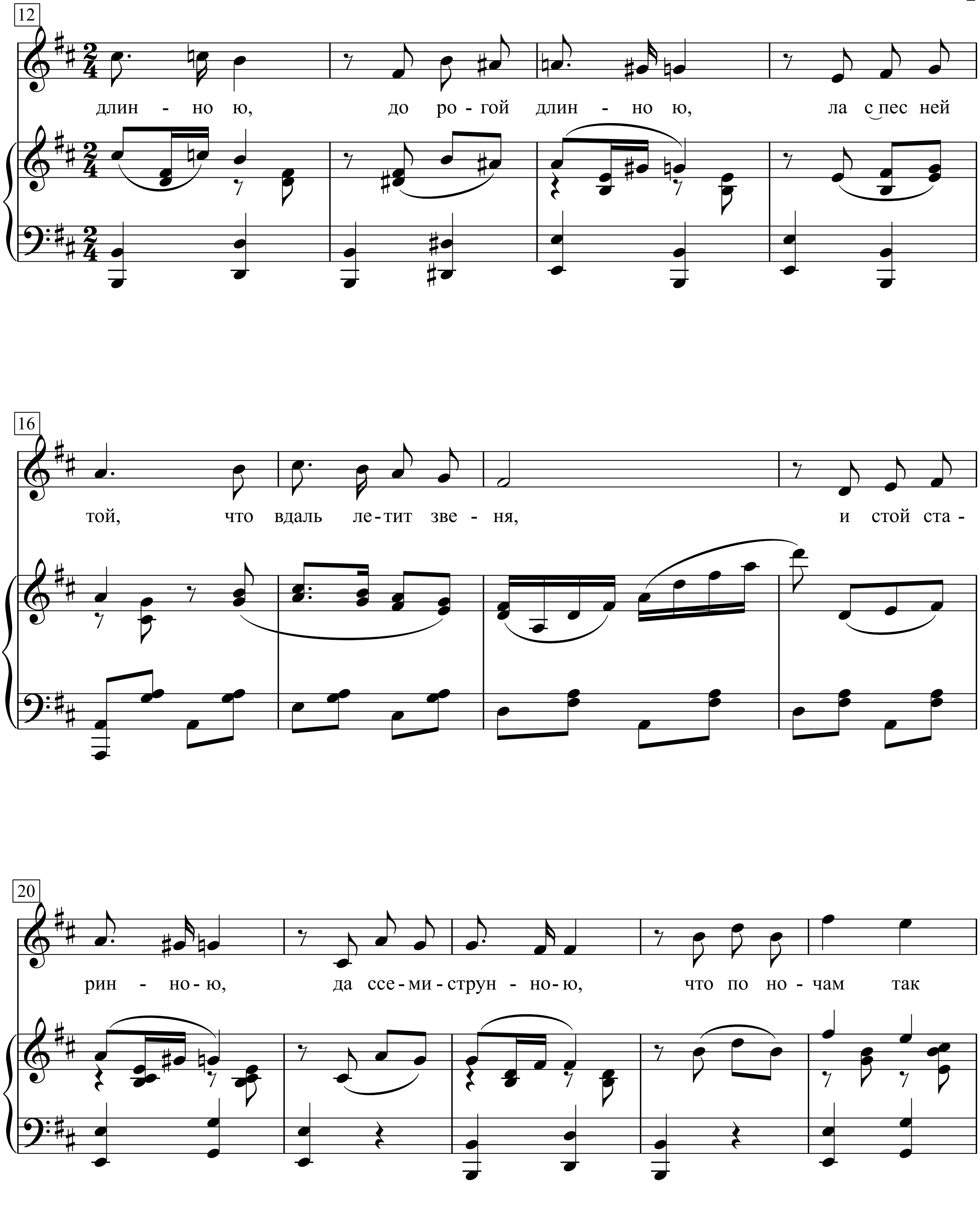
Дорогой длинною
(Those Where The Days My Friend)

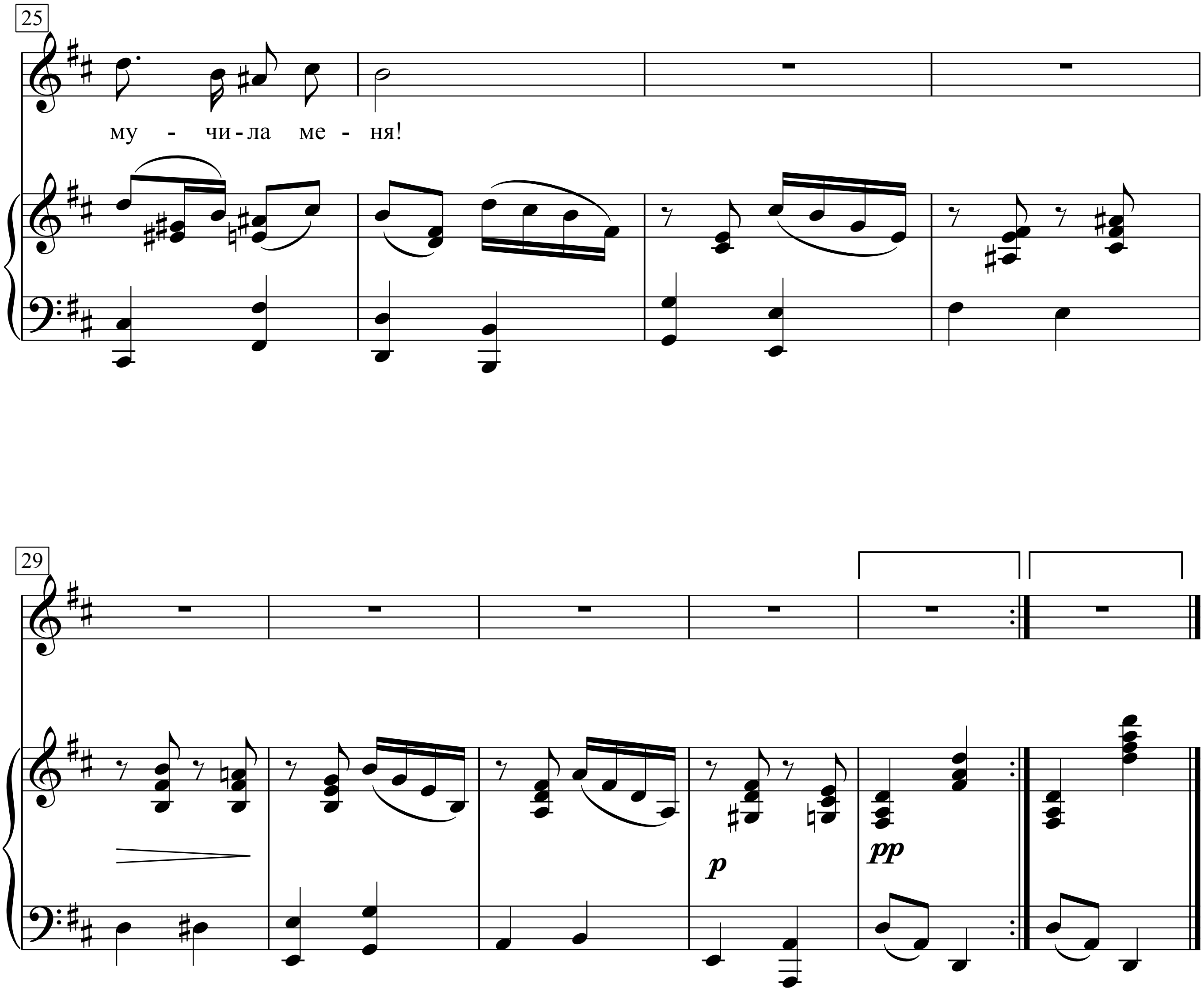
Константин Николаевич Подревский

Борис Иванович Фомин
(Александр Николаевич Вертинский)

Andantino




12
длин - но ю, до ро - гой длин - но ю, ла с пес ней
16
той, что вдаль ле-тит зве - ня, и стой ста -
20
рин - но-ю, да ссе-ми-струн - но-ю, что по но - чам так


25
му - чи-ла ме - ня!
29
p
pp

1. Ехали на тройке с бубенцами,
А вдали мелькали огоньки.
Эх, когда бы мне теперь за вами,
Душу бы развеять от тоски!

Припев:

Дорогой длинною,
погодой лунною,
Да с песней той,
Что в даль летит, звеня,
Да со старинною,
Да семиструнною,
Что по ночам
Так мучает меня.

2. Да, выходит, пели мы задаром.
Понапрасну ночь за ночью жгли.
Если мы покончили со старым,
Так и ночи эти отошли!

Припев.

3. В даль иную — новыми путями —
Ехать нам судьбою суждено!
Ехали на тройке с бубенцами,
Да теперь проехали давно.

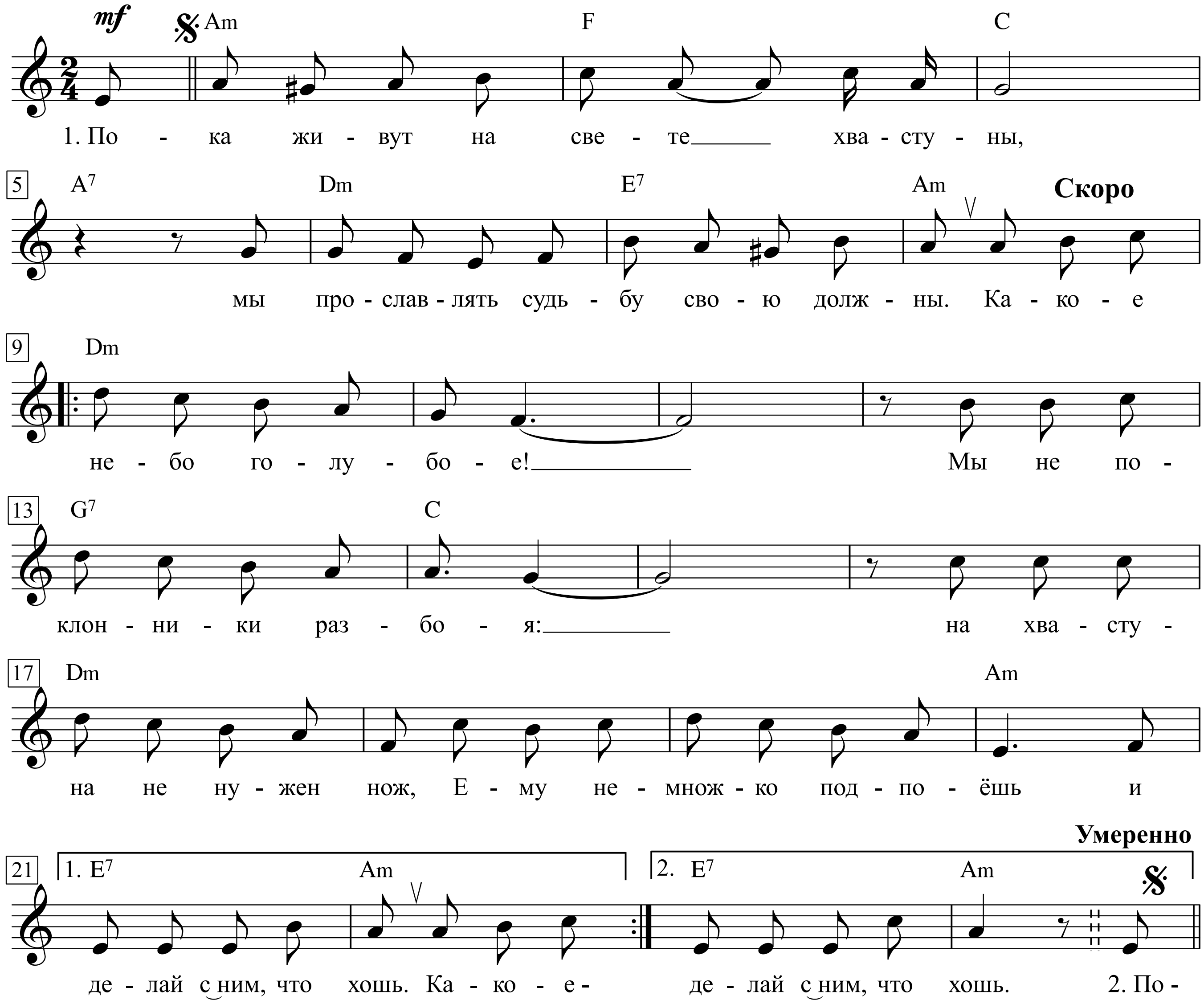
Припев.

4. Никому теперь уж не нужна я,
И любви былой не воротить,
Коль порвётся жизнь моя больная,
Вы меня везите хоронить.

Припев.

Дуэт лисы Алисы и кота Базилио

Умеренно *Слова и музыка:* Булат Окуджава



1. Пока живут на свете хвастуны,
мы прославлять судьбу свою должны.
Какое небо голубое!
Мы не поклонники разбоя:
на хвастуна не нужен нож,

Ему немножко подпоёшь

и делай с_ним, что хошь.

Какое делай с_ним, что хошь. 2. По

1. Пока живут на свете хвастуны,
Мы прославлять судьбу свою должны.
Какое небо голубое!
Мы не поклонники разбоя:
На хвастуна не нужен нож,
Ему немножко подпоешь
И делай с ним, что хошь.

2. Покуда живы жадины вокруг,
Удачи мы не выпустим из рук.
Какое небо голубое!
Мы не поклонники разбоя:
На жадину не нужен нож,
Ему покажешь медный грош
И делай с ним, что хошь.

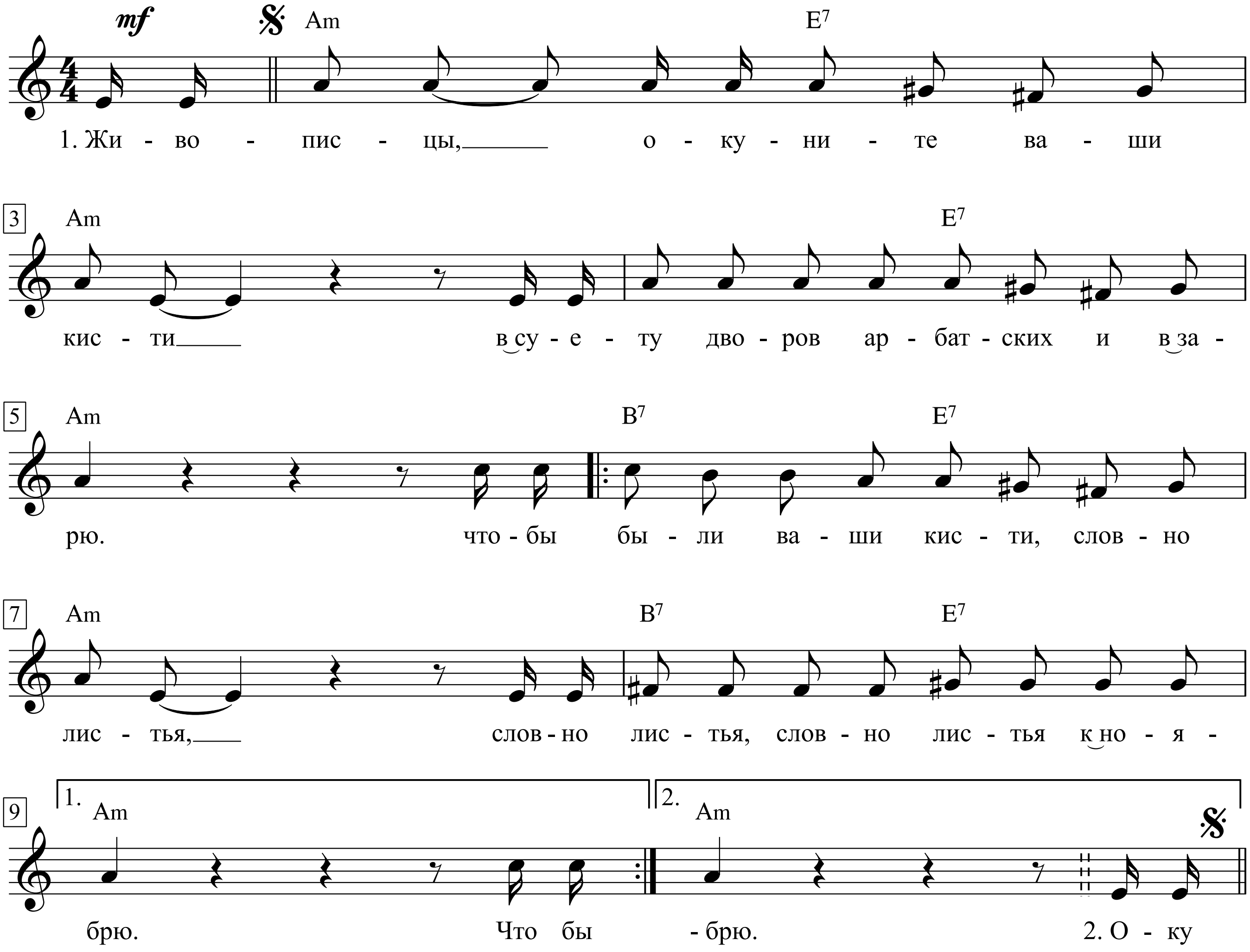
3. Пока живут на свете дураки,
Обманывать нам, стало быть, с руки.
Какое небо голубое!
Мы не поклонники разбоя:
На дурака не нужен нож,
Ему с три короба наврешь
И делай с ним, что хошь.
Какое небо голубое!

http://www.notomania.ru

Живописцы

Не спеша

Слова и музыка: Булат Окуджава



1. Живописцы, окуните ваши кисти
в_суету дворов арбатских и в_зарю.
чтобы были ваши кисти, словно листья,
словно листья, словно листья к+ноябрю.
Что бы брю. 2. Оку

1. Живописцы, окуните ваши кисти
В суету дворов арбатских и в зарю,
Чтобы были ваши кисти словно листья,
Словно листья, словно листья к ноябрю.

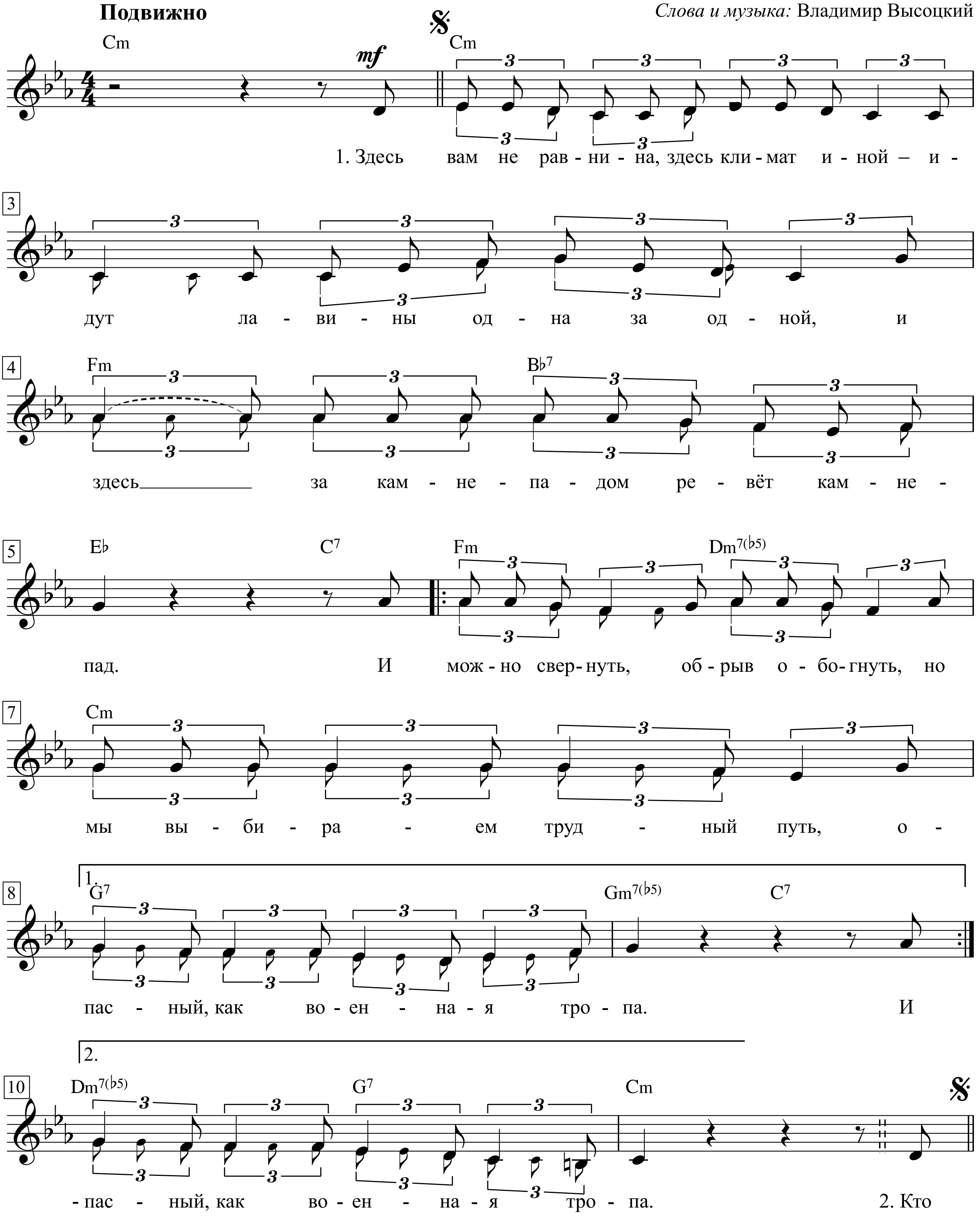
2. Окуните ваши кисти в голубое
По традиции забытой городской,
Нарисуйте и прилежно и с любовью,
Как с любовью мы проходим по Тверской.

3. Мостовая пусть качнется,
Как очнется! Пусть начнется, что еще не началось!
Вы рисуйте, вы рисуйте, вам зачтется...
Что гадать нам: удалось — не удалось?

4. Вы, как судьи, нарисуйте наши судьбы,
Наше лето, нашу зиму и весну...
Ничего, что мы чужие. Вы рисуйте!
Я потом, что непонятно, объясню.

Здесь вам не равнина ...

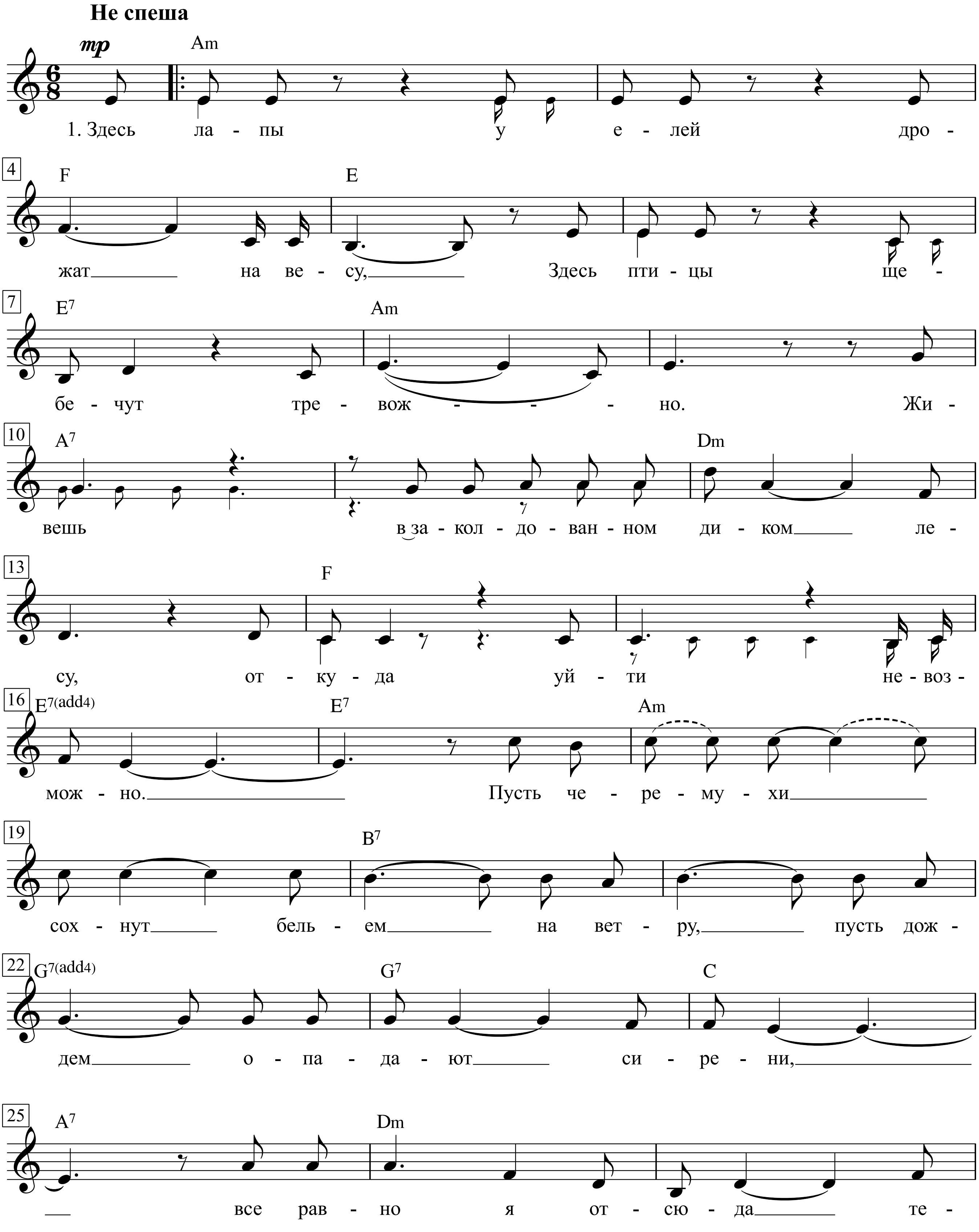
Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий

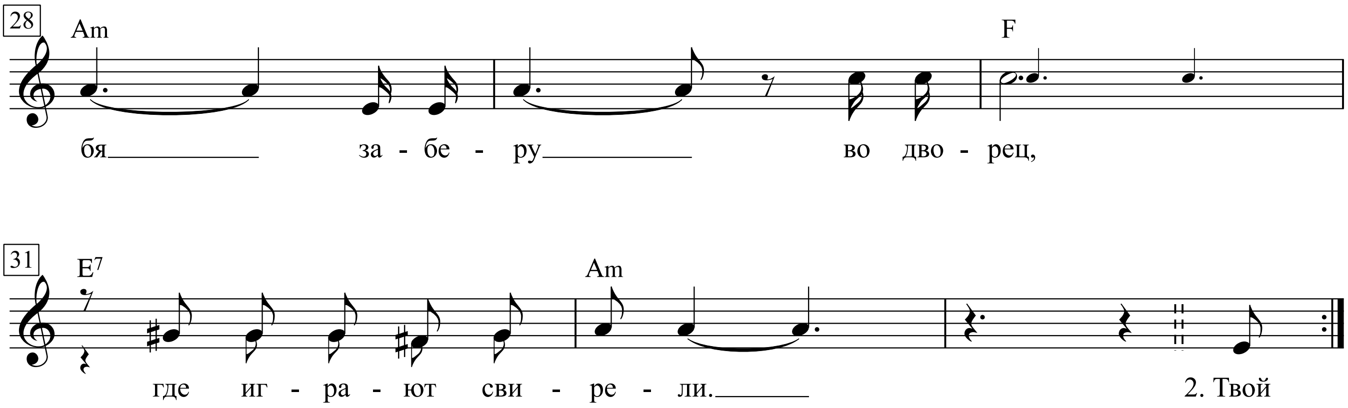


Здесь вам не рав-ни-на, здесь кли-мат и-ной
и-дут ла-ви-ны од-на за од-ной,
и здесь за кам-не-па-дом ре-вёт кам-не-пад.
И мож-но свер-нуть, об-рыв о-бо-гнуть,
но мы вы-би-ра-ем труд-ный путь,
о-пас-ный, как во-ен-на-я тро-па.
Кто здесь не бывал, кто не рисковал,
Тот сам себя не испытал,
Пусть даже внизу он звёзды хватал с небес.
Внизу не встретишь, как не тянись
За всю свою счастливую жизнь,
Десятой доли таких красот и чудес.
Нет алых роз и траурных лент,
И не похож на монумент
Тот камень, что покой тебе подарил.
Как вечным огнём сверкает днём
Вершина изумрудным льдом,
Которую ты так и не покорил.
И пусть говорят, да пусть говорят,
Но нет никто не гибнет зря,
Так лучше, чем от водки и от простуд.
Другие придут, сменив уют
На риск и непомерный труд
Пройдут тобой не пройденный маршрут.
Отвесные стены - а, ну, не зевай,
Ты здесь на везение не уповай
В горах не надёжны ни камень, ни лёд, ни скала.
Надеемся только на крепость рук,
На руки друга и вбитый крюк
И молимся чтобы страховка не подвела.
Мы рубим ступени-ни шагу назад,
И от напряжения колени дрожат
И сердце готово к вершине бежать из груди.
Весь мир на ладони, ты счастлив и нем,
И только немного завидуешь тем
Другим у кого вершина ещё впереди.

Здесь лапы у елей дрожат на весу ...

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий

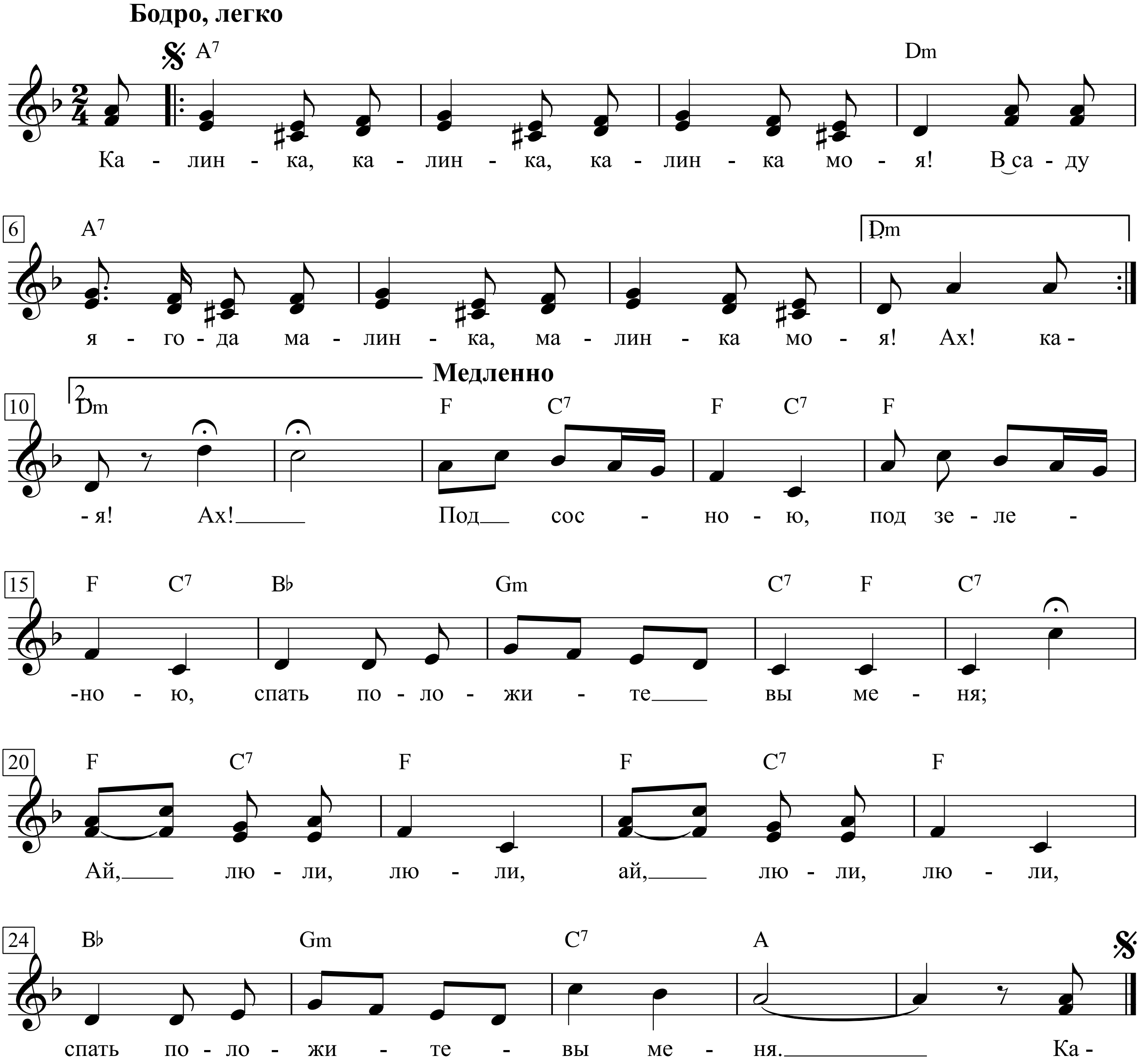




Здесь ла-пы у е-лей дро-жат на ве-су,
Здесь пти-цы ще-бе-чут тре-вож-но.
Жи-вешь в за-кол-до-ван-ном ди-ком ле-су,
от-ку-да уй-ти не-воз-мож-но.

Пусть че-ре-му-хи сох-нут бель-ем на вет-ру,
пусть дож-дем о-па-да-ют си-ре-ни,
все рав-но я от-сю-да те-бя за-бе-ру
во дво-рец, где иг-ра-ют сви-ре-ли.
Твой
(дальшеь чередование по четверостишью)
Твой мир колдунами на тысячи лет
Укрыт от меня и от света.
И думешь ты, что прекраснее нет,
Чем лес заколдованный этот.
Пусть на листьях не будет росы поутру,
Пусть луна с небом пасмурным в ссоре,
Все равно я отсюда тебя заберу
В светлый терем с балконом на море.
В какой день недели, в котором часу
Ты выйдешь ко мне осторожно?..
Когда я тебя на руках унесу
Туда, где найти невозможно?..
Украду, если кража тебе по душе, -
Зря ли я столько сил разбазарил?
Соглашайся хотя бы на рай в шалаше,
Если терем с дворцом кто-то занял! 2 раза

Калинка - Kalinka



Есть несколько песен с именем "Калинка". Автор одной из них - А. Чернявский, его вариант записала на пластинку известная исполнительница начала 20 века Анастасия Вяльцева (пластинки фирмы "Граммофон" и "Зонофон", Петербург, 1909 г., 2-23396, 63728). Но в разных источниках именем Чернявского подписывают разные песни: либо общеизвестную - ту, что начинается словами "Калинка, калинка, калинка моя!..", либо "Калинушка кудрявая ..." Выходит, кто-то ошибается. Скорее всего, первая из этих песен - народная, тогда вторая - Чернявского. Припев о калинке используется и в других песнях - см., например"Ой, вставала я ранешенько".

1. Калинка, калинка, калинка моя!
В саду ягода малинка, малинка моя!
Ах! Под сосною под зеленою
Спать положите вы меня. Ах!
Ай, люли, люли, ай, люли, люли,
Спать положите вы меня.

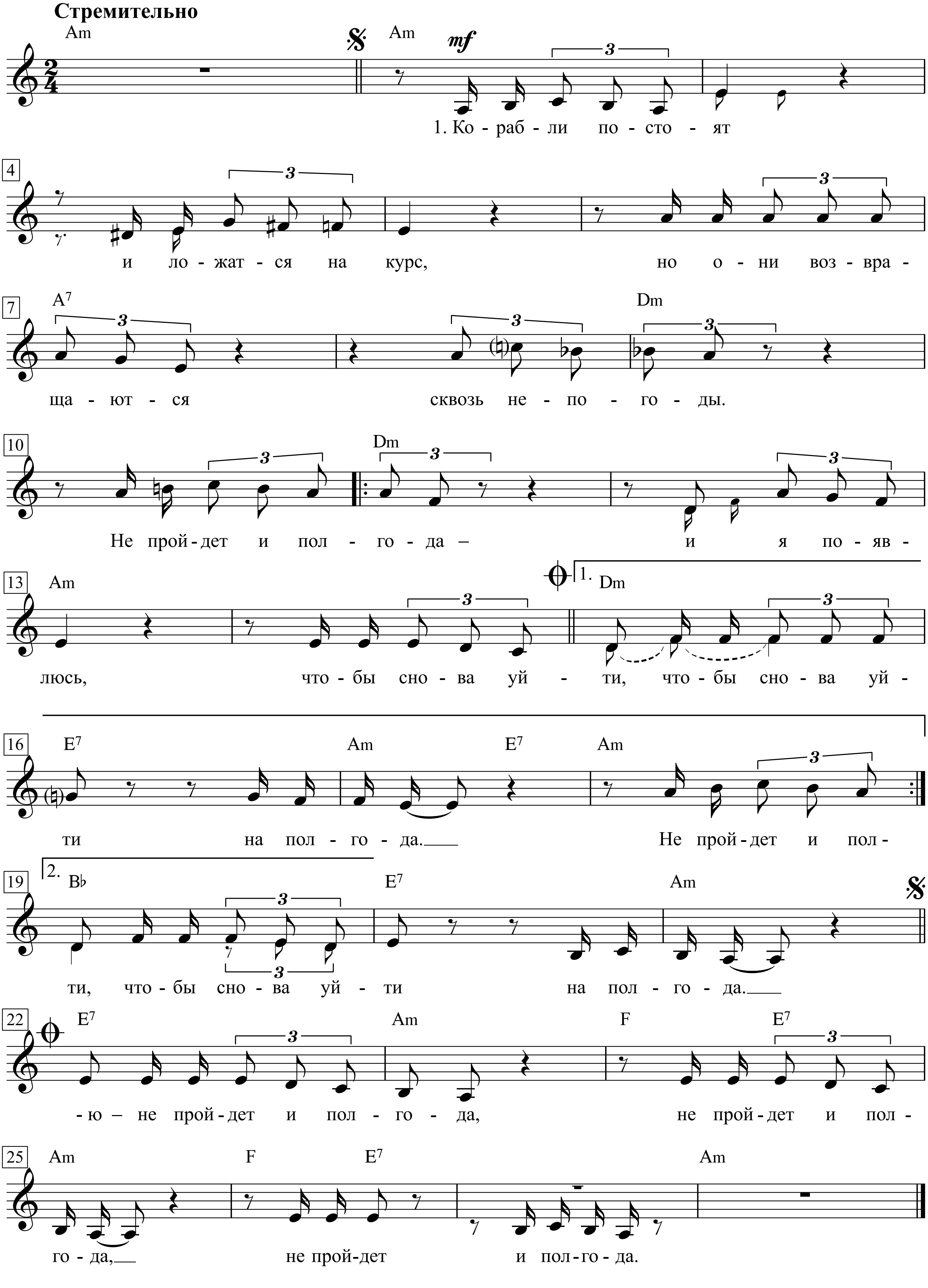
2. Калинка, калинка, калинка моя!
В саду ягода малинка, малинка моя!
Ах! Сосенушка ты зеленая,
Не шуми же надо мной!
Ай, люли, люли, ай, люли, люли,
Не шуми же надо мной!

3. Калинка, калинка, калинка моя!
В саду ягода малинка, малинка моя!
Ах! Красавица, душа-девица,
Полюби же ты меня!
Ай, люли, люли, ай, люли, люли,
Полюби же ты меня!

Калинка, калинка, калинка моя!
В саду ягода малинка, малинка моя!

Корабли постоят - и ложатся на курс ...

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий



Ко-раб-ли по-сто-ят и ло-жат-ся на курс,
но о-ни воз-вра-ща-ют-ся сквозь не-по-го-ды.

Не прой-дет и пол-го-да - и я по-яв-люсь,
что-бы сно-ва уй-ти,
что-бы сно-ва уй-ти на пол-го-да.
Не пройдет и полгода - и я появлюсь,
Чтобы сно-ва уй-ти,
что-бы сно-ва уй-ти на пол-го-да.
Возвращаются все, кроме лучших друзей,
Кроме самых любимых и преданных женщин.
Возвращаются все, - кроме тех, кто нужней.
Я не верю судьбе,
я не верю судьбе, а себе - еще меньше.
Но мне хочется думать, что это не так, -
Что сжигать корабли скоро выйдет из моды.
Я, конечно, вернусь, весь в друзьях и мечтах.
Я, конечно, спою,
E7

я, конечно, спою, - не пройдет и полгода,
Am

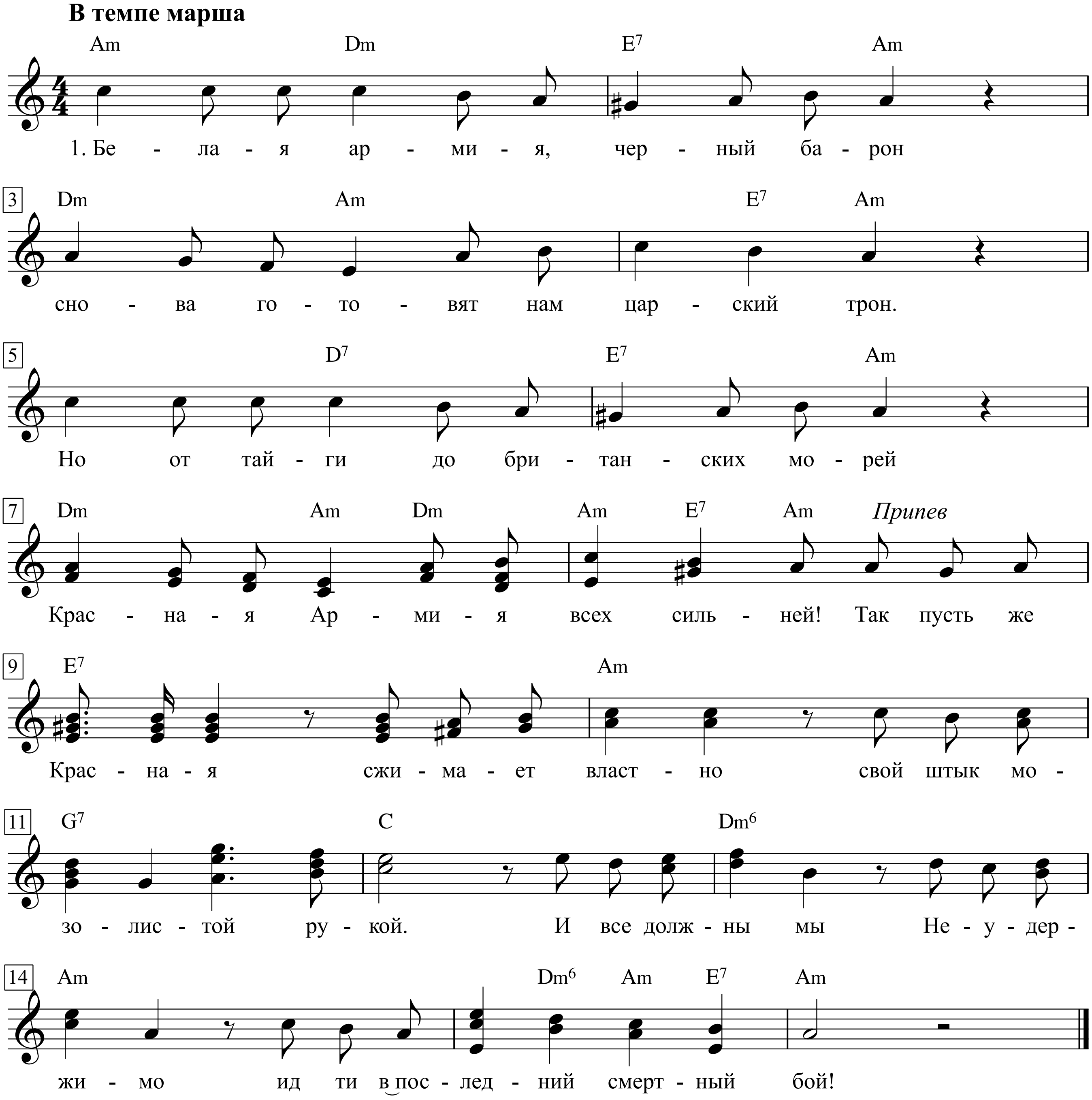
не прой-дет и пол-го-да,
не прой-дет и пол-го-да.

Красная Армия всех сильней

(1920)

Слова Павла Григорьева

Музыка Самуила Покрасса



1. Белая армия, черный барон
Снова готовят нам царский трон.
Но от тайги до британских морей
Красная Армия всех сильней!

Припев:
Так пусть же Красная
Сжимает властно
Свой штык мозолистой рукой.
И все должны мы
Неудержимо
Идти в последний смертный бой!

Припев:
Так пусть же Крас-на-я
сжи-ма-ет власт-но
свой штык мо-зо-лис-той ру-кой.
И все долж-ны мы
Не-у-дер-жи-мо
Ид-ти в пос-лед-ний смерт-ный бой!

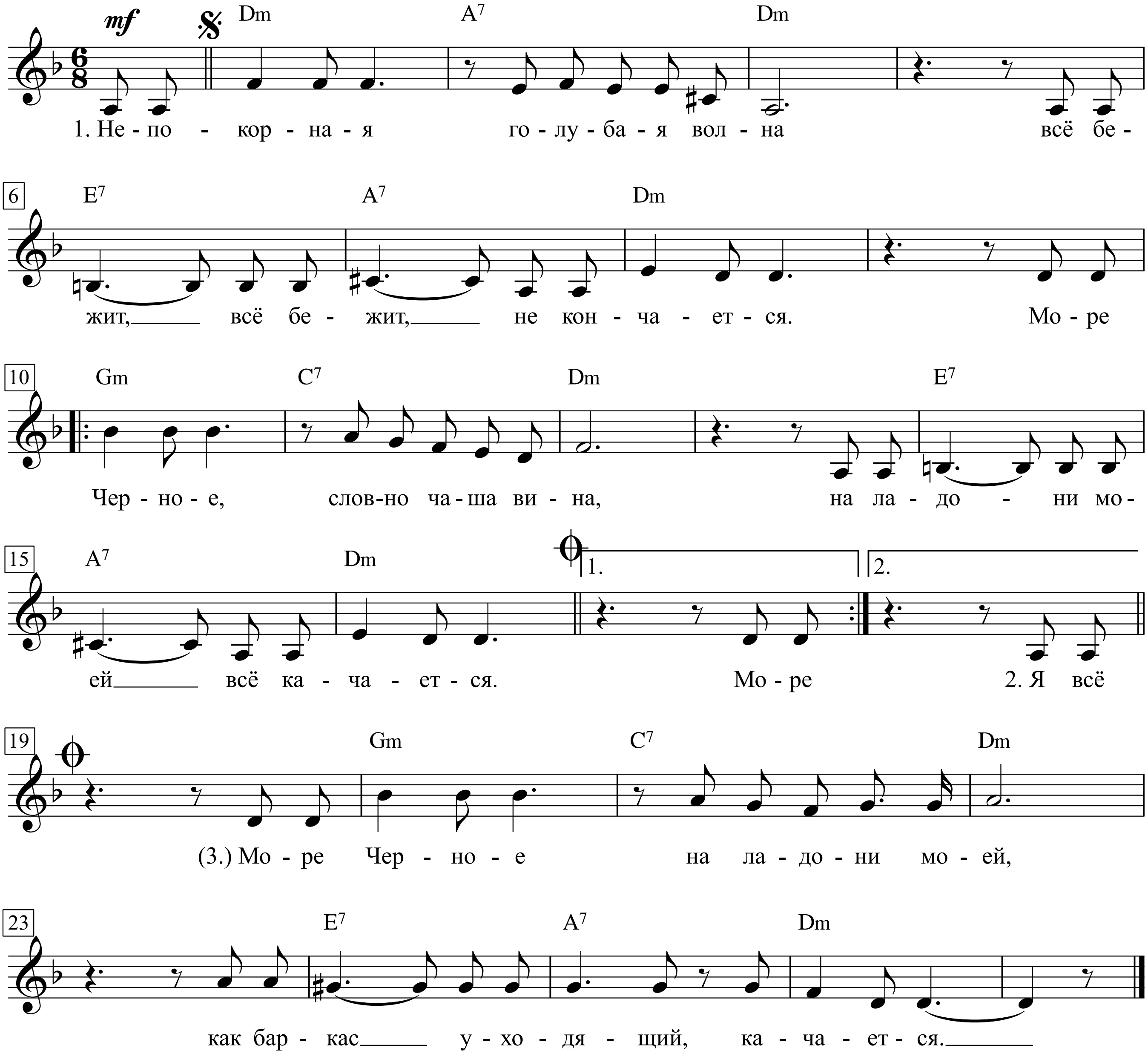
2. Красная Армия, марш вперед!
Реввоенсовет нас в бой зовет.
Ведь от тайги до британских морей
Красная Армия всех сильней.

3. Мы раздуваем пожар мировой,
Церкви и тюрьмы сравняем с землей.
Ведь от тайги до британских морей
Красная Армия всех сильней.

Русские советские песни (1917-1977). Сост. Н. Крюков и Я. Шведов. М., “Худож. лит.”, 1977.

Море Черное

Умеренно



1. Непокорная голубая волна
всё бежит, всё бежит, не кончается.
Море Черное, словно чаша вина,
на ладони моей всё качается.

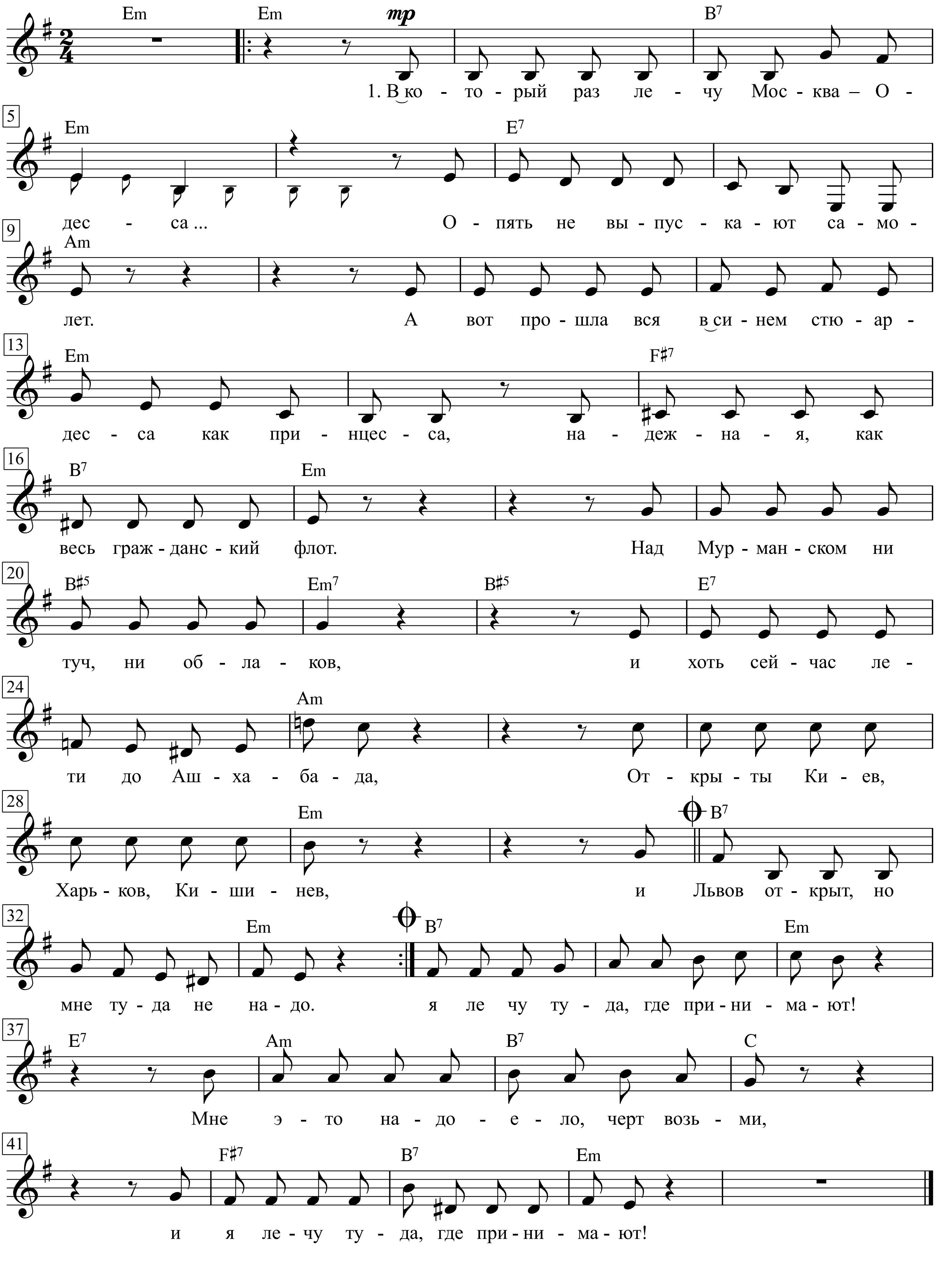
2. Я всё думаю об одном, об одном,
словно берег надежды покинувши.
Море Черное, словно чашу с вином,
пью во имя твое, запрокинувши.

3. Неизменное среди многих морей,
как расстаться с тобой, не отчаяться?
Море Черное на ладони моей,
как баркас уходящий, качается.

Москва – Одесса

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий

Умеренно быстро



1. В который раз лечу Москва – Одесса,
Опять не выпускают самолёт.
А вот прошла вся в синем стюардесса, как принцесса,
Надёжная, как весь гражданский флот.

Над Мурманском – ни туч, ни облаков,
И хоть сейчас лети до Ашхабада.
Открыты Киев, Харьков, Кишинёв,
И Львов открыт, но мне туда не надо.

2. Сказали мне: – Сегодня не надейся,
Не стоит уповать на небеса.
И вот опять дают задержку рейса на Одессу,
Теперь обледенела полоса.

А в Ленинграде с крыши потекло,
И что мне не лететь до Ленинграда?
В Тбилиси – там всё ясно, там тепло,
Там чай растёт, но мне туда не надо.

3. Я слышу, ростовчане вылетают,
А мне в Одессу надо позарез,
Но надо мне туда, куда меня не принимают,
И потому откладывают рейс.

Мне надо, где сугробы намело,
Где завтра ожидают снегопада.
А где-нибудь всё ясно и светло,
Там хорошо, но мне туда не надо.

4. Отсюда не пускают, а туда не принимают,
Несправедливо, муторно, но вот
Нас на посадку скучно стюардесса приглашает,
Похожая на весь гражданский флот.

Открыли самый дальний закуток,
В который не заманят и награды.
Открыт закрытый порт Владивосток,
Париж открыт, но мне туда не надо.

5. В Пекине распогодится. Теперь запреты снимут.
Напрягся лайнер - слышен визг турбин.
Но я уже не верю ни во что - меня не примут,
У них найдётся множество причин.

Мне надо, где метели и туман,
Где завтра ожидают снегопада,
Открыты Лондон, Дели, Магадан,
Открыто всё, но мне туда не надо.

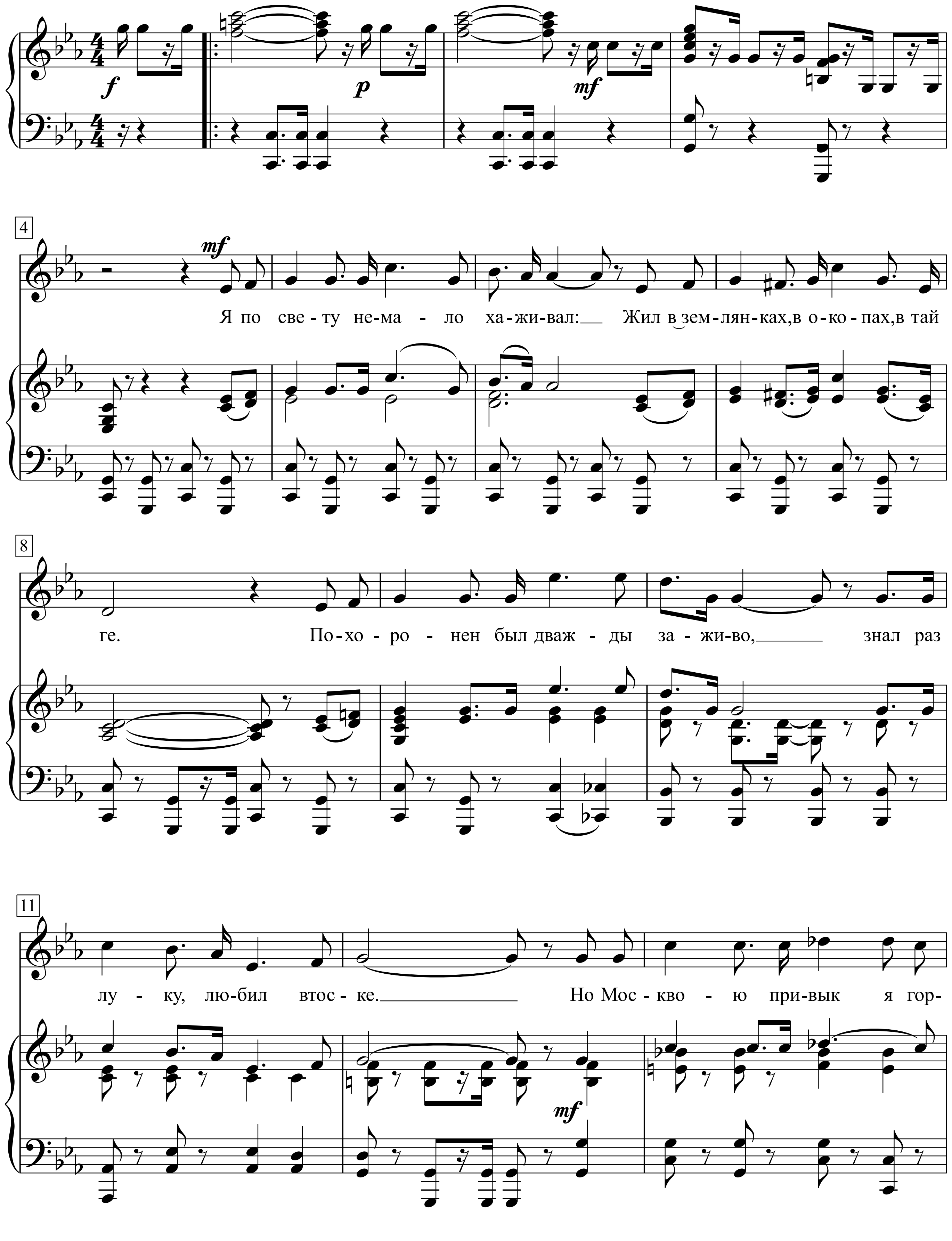
6. Я прав, хоть плачь, хоть смейся, но опять задержка рейса,
И нас обратно к прошлому ведёт
Вся стройная, как ТУ, та стюардесса – »мисс Одесса«,
Доступная, как весь гражданский флот.

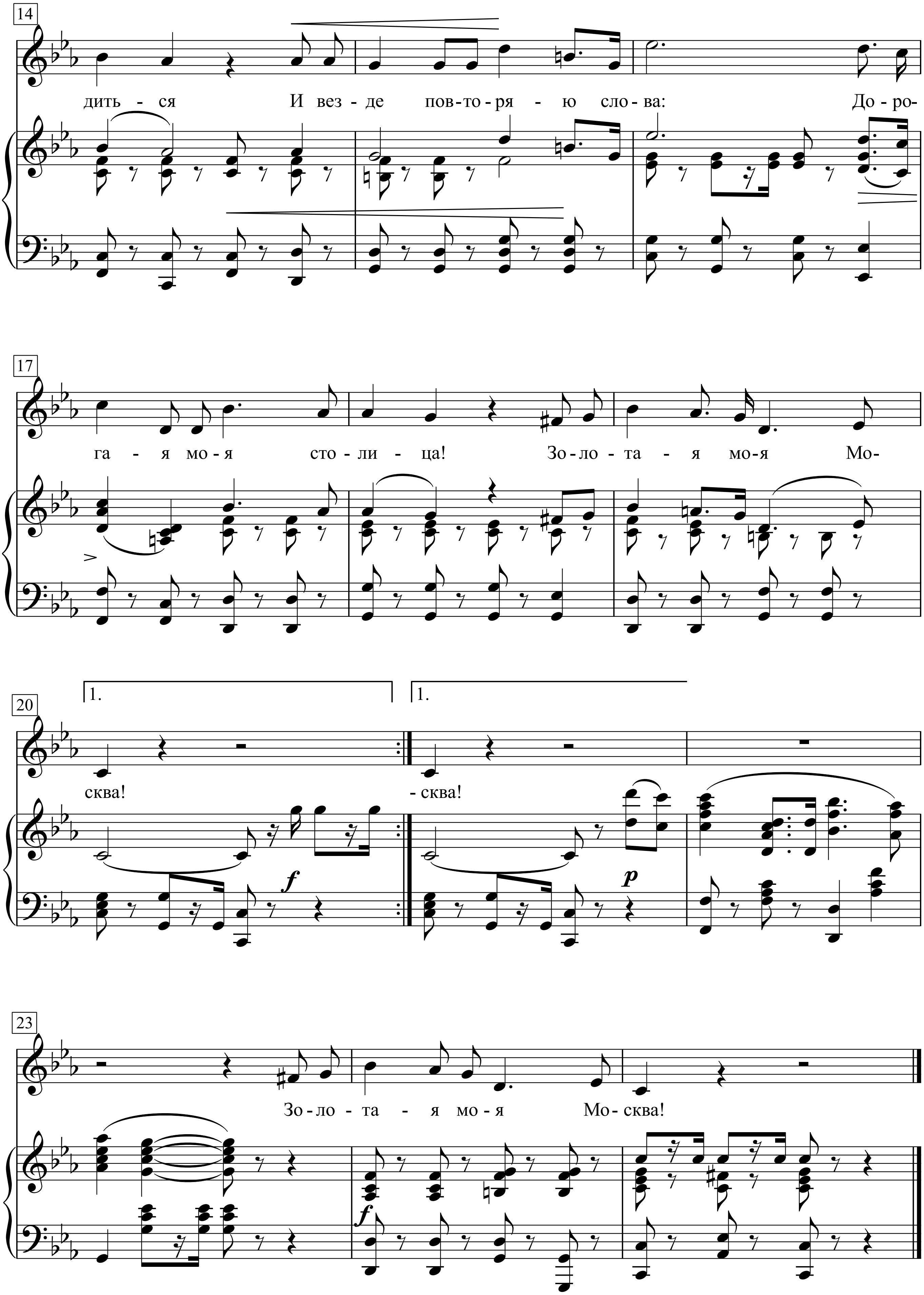
Опять дают задержку до восьми,
И граждане покорно засыпают.
Мне это надоело, чёрт возьми,
И я лечу туда, где принимают.

Моя Москва

Слова М. Лисянского

Музыка И. Дунаевского
Isaak Dunajewski




14
дить - ся И вез - де пов-то-ря - ю сло-ва: До-ро-
17
га - я мо-я сто-ли - ца! Зо-ло-та - я мо-я Мо-
20
1.
1.
сква!
- сква!
f
p
23
Зо-ло-та - я мо-я Мо-сква!
f

Я по свету немало хаживал:
Жил в землянках, в окопах, в тайге.
Похоронен был дважды заживо,
Знал разлуку, любил в тоске.
Но Москвою привык я гордиться
И везде повторяю слова:
– Дорогая моя столица!
Золотая моя Москва!

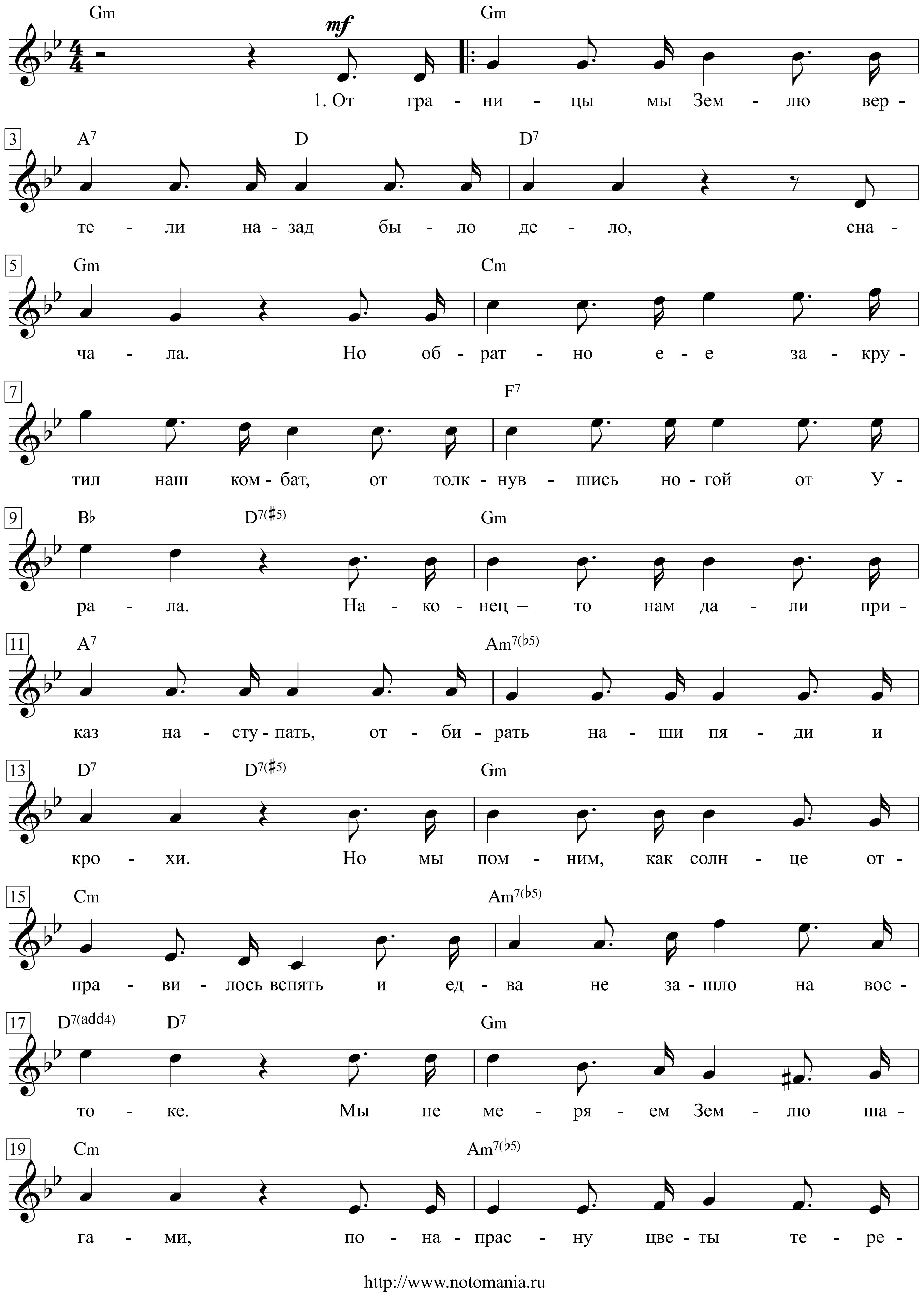
Я люблю подмосковные рощи
И мосты над твоею рекой,
Я люблю твою Красную площадь
И Кремлевских курантов бой.
В городах и далеких станицах
О тебе не умолкнет молва,
– Дорогая моя столица!
Золотая моя Москва!

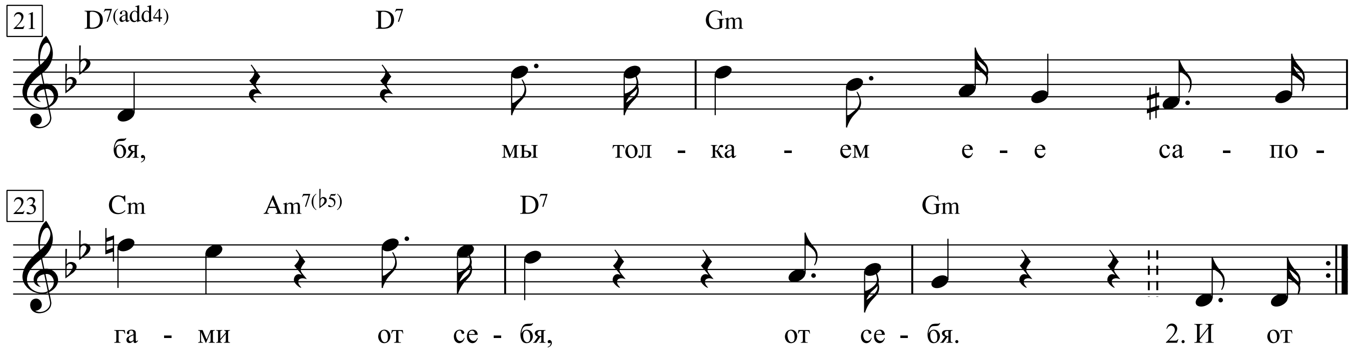
Мы запомним суровую осень,
Скрежет танков и отблеск штыков,
И в сердцах будут жить двадцать восемь
Самых храбрых твоих сынов.
И врагу никогда не добиться,
тоб склонилась твоя голова,
– Дорогая моя столица!
Золотая моя Москва!

Мы вращаем землю

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий

В темпе марша





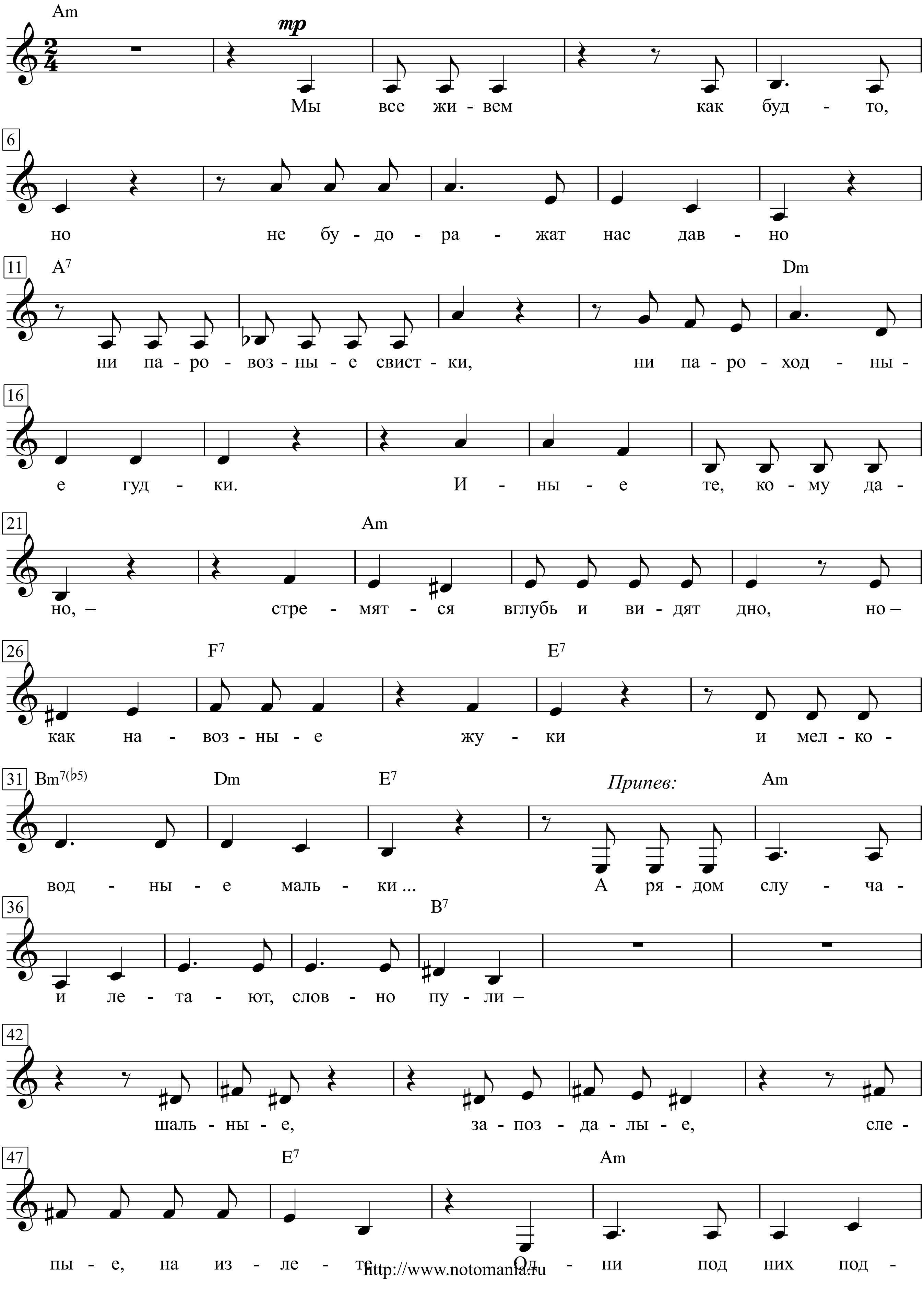
От гра-ни-цы мы Зем-лю вер-те-ли на-зад
бы-ло де-ло, сна-ча-ла.
Но об-рат-но е-е за-кру-тил наш ком-бат,
От-толк-нув-шись но-гой от У-ра-ла.
На-ко-нец то нам да-ли при-каз на-сту-пать,

от-би-рать на-ши пя-ди и кро-хи.
Но мы пом-ним, как солн-це от-пра-ви-лось вспять
и ед-ва не за-шло на Вос-то-ке.
Мы не ме-ря-ем Зем-лю ша-га-ми,
по-на-прас-ну цве-ты те-ре-бя,
мы тол-ка-ем е-е са-по-га-ми
от се-бя, от се-бя.
И от ветра с Востока пригнулись стога,
Жмется к скалам отара.
Ось земную мы сдвинули без рычага,
Изменив направленье удара.
Не пугайтесь, когда не на месте закат.
Судный день - это сказки для старших.
Просто Землю вращают, куда захотят,
Наши сменные роты на марше.
Мы ползем, бугорки обнимаем,
Кочки тискаем зло, не любя,
И коленями Землю толкаем -
От себя, от себя.
Здесь никто не найдет, даже если б хотел,
Руки кверху поднявших.
Всем живым - ощутимая польза от тел:
Как прикрытье используем павших.
Этот глупый свинец всех ли сразу найдет,
Где настигнет - в упор или с тыла?
Кто-то там впереди навалился на дот -
И Земля на мгновенье застыла.
Я ступни свои сзади оставил,
Мимоходом по мертвым скорбя,
Шар земной я вращаю локтями -
От себя, от себя.
Кто-то встал в полный рост и, отвесив поклон,
Принял пулю на вдохе,
Но на Запад, на Запад ползет батальон,
Чтобы солнце взошло на Востоке.
Животом - по грязи, дышим смрадом болот,
Но глаза закрываем на запах.
Нынче по небу солнце нормально идет,
Потому что мы рвемся на Запад!
Руки, ноги - на месте ли, нет ли, -
Как на свадьбе, росу пригубя,
Землю тянем зубами за стебли -
На себя, на себя!

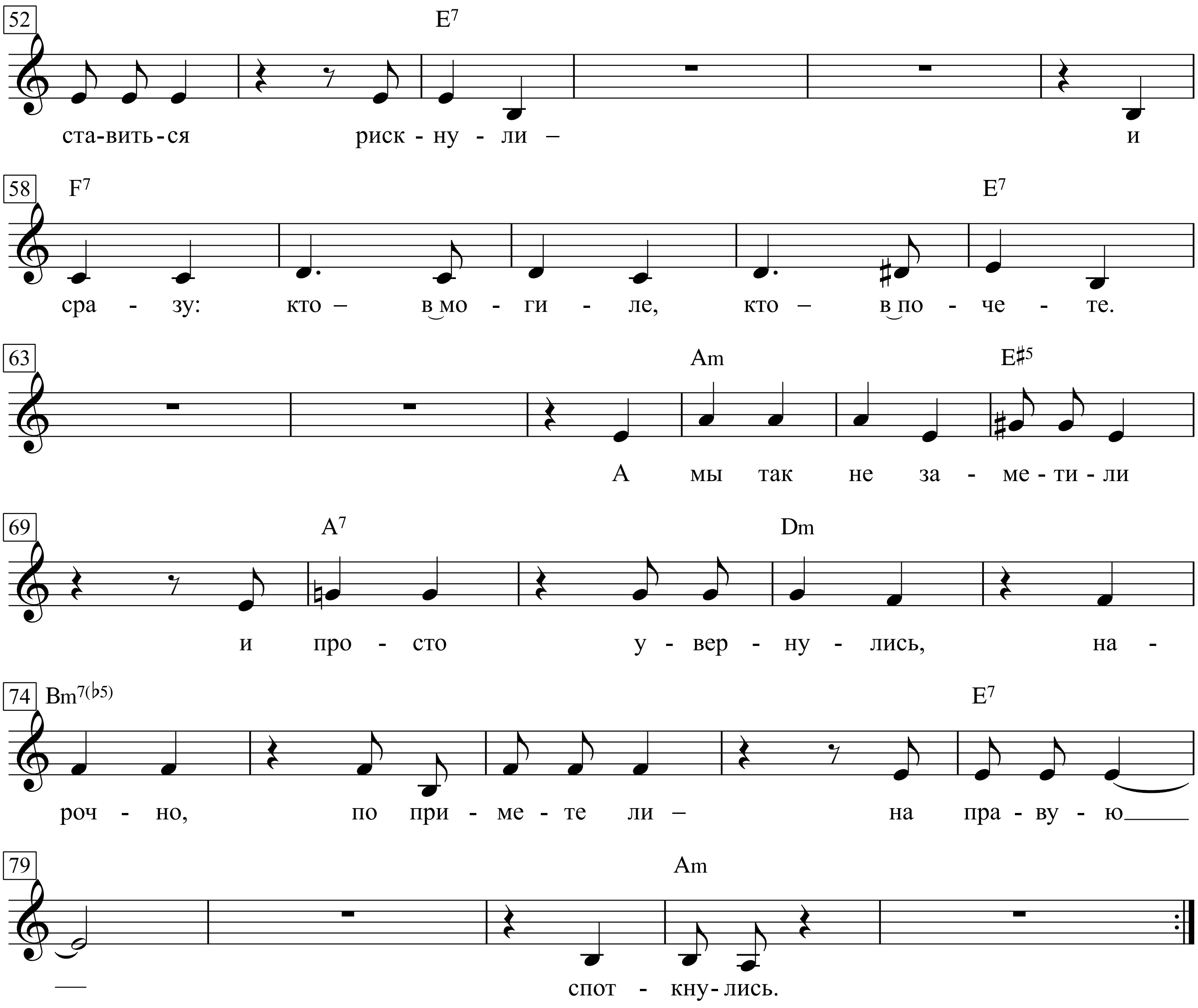
Мы все живём как будто, но …

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий

Умеренно, выразительно



http://www.notomania.ru


52
E7
ста-вить-ся рискну-ли – и
58
F7 E7
сра - зу: кто – в мо - ги - ле, кто – в по - че - те.
63
Am E♯5
А мы так не за - ме - ти - ли
69
A7 Dm
и про - сто у - вер - ну - лись, на -
74
Bm7(♭5) E7
роч - но, по при - ме - те ли – на пра - ву - ю
79
Am
спот - кну - лись.

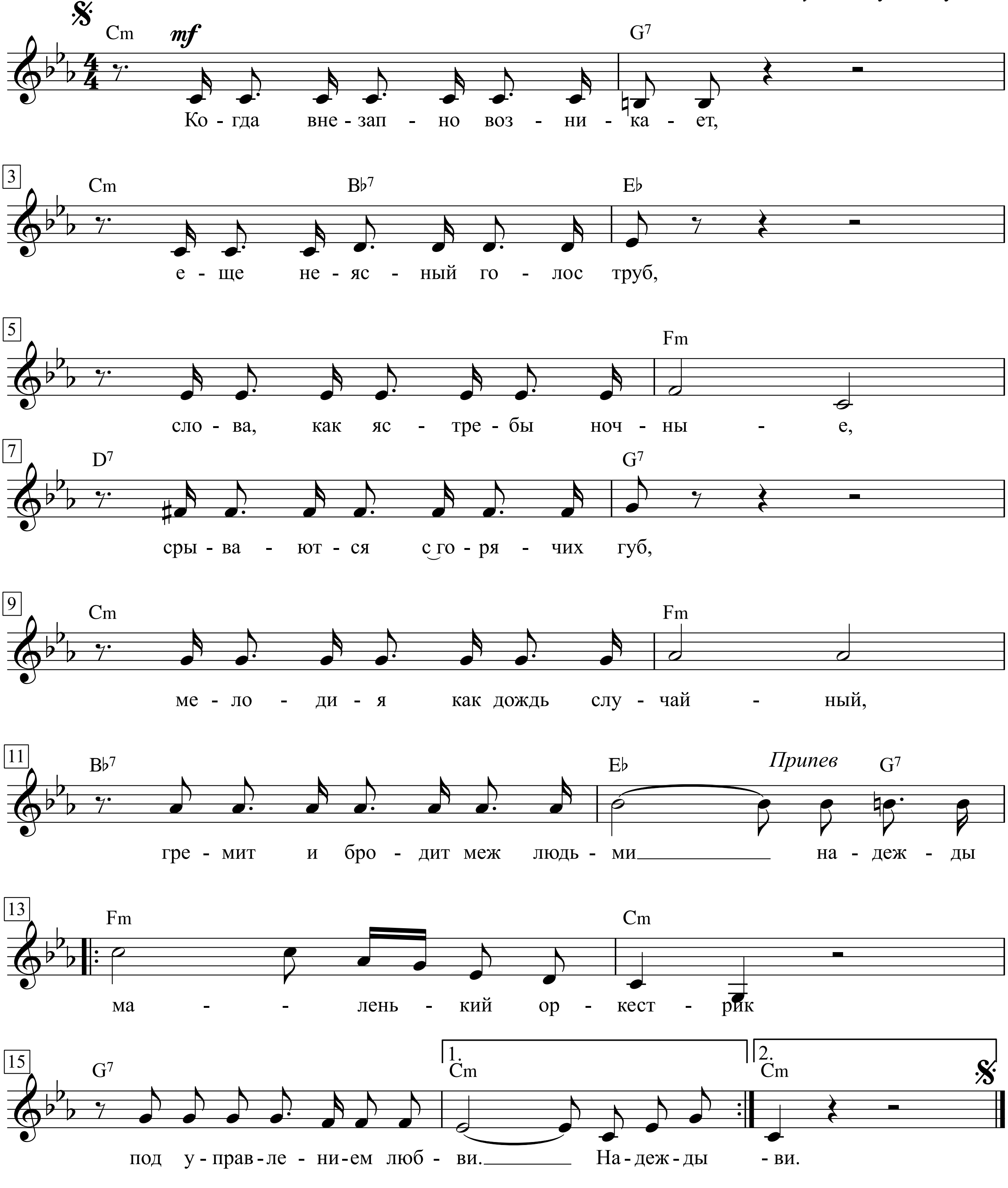
Мы все живем как будто, но
не будоражат нас давно
ни паровозные свистки,
ни пароходные гудки.
Иные те, кому дано,
стремятся вглубь и видят дно,
но как навозные жуки
и мелководные мальки...
Припев:
А рядом случаи летают, словно пули
шальные, запоздалые, слепые, на излете.
Одни под них подставиться рискнули
и сразу: кто в могиле, кто в почете.
А мы так не заметили
и просто увернулись,
нарочно, по примете ли
на правую споткнулись.

Средь суеты и кутерьмы -
Ах, как давно мы не прямы! -
То гнемся бить поклоны впрок,
А то - завязывать шнурок.
Стремимся вдаль проникнуть мы,
Но даже светлые умы
Все размещают между строк -
У них расчет на долгий срок...
Припев
Стремимся мы подняться ввысь -
Ведь думы наши поднялись,
И там царят они, легки,
Свободны, вечны, высоки.
И так нам захотелось ввысь,
Что мы вчера перепились -
И, горьким дымам вопреки,
Мы ели сладкие куски.
Припев
Открытым взломом, без ключа,
Навзрыд об ужасах крича,
Мы вскрыть хотим подвал чумной,
Рискуя даже головой.
И трезво, а не сгоряча,
Мы рубим прошлое с плеча,
Но бьем расслабленной ругой,
Холодной, дряблой - никакой.
Припев
Приятно сбросить гору с плеч,
И все на божий суд извлечь,
И руку выпростать, дрожа,
И показать - в ней нет ножа,
Не опасаясь, что картечь
И безоружных будет сечь.
Но нас, железных, точит ржа -
И психология ужа...
Припев

Надежды маленький оркестрик

С движением

Слова и музыка: Булат Окуджава



1. Когда внезапно возникает,
Еще неясный голос труб,
Слова, как ястребы ночные,
Срываются с горячих губ,
Мелодия как дождь случайный,
Гремит и бродит меж людьми
Надежды маленький оркестрик
Под управлением любви.

2. В года разлук, в года смятений,
Когда свинцовые дожди
Лупили так по нашим спинам,
Что снисхождения не жди,
И командиры все охрипли...
Тогда командовал людьми
Надежды маленький оркестрик 2 раза
Под управлением любви.

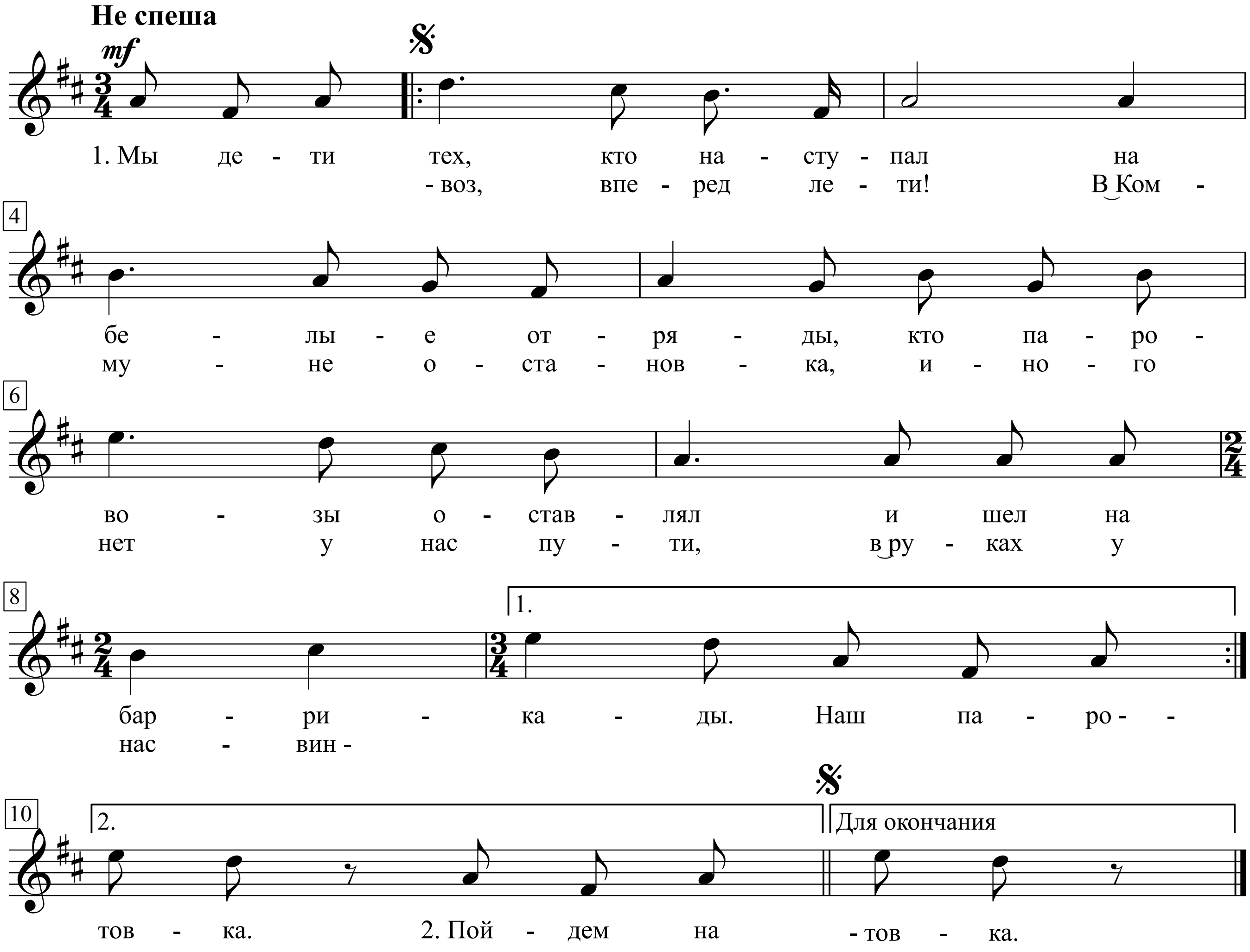
3. Кларнет пробит, труба помята,
Фагот, как старый посох, стерт,
На барабане швы разлезлись...
Но кларнетист красив, как черт!
Флейтист, как юный князь, изящен..,
И вечно в сговоре с людьми
Надежды маленький оркестрик 2 раза
Под управлением любви.

Когда внезапно возникает,
еще неясный голос труб,
слова, как ястребы ночные,
срываются с_горячих губ,
мелодия как дождь случайный,
гремит и бродит меж людьми
надежды маленький оркестрик
под управлением любви.

Наш паровоз

Слова Б. Скорбина

(1922)



1. Мы дети тех, кто наступал
На белые отряды,
Кто паровозы оставлял
И шел на баррикады.

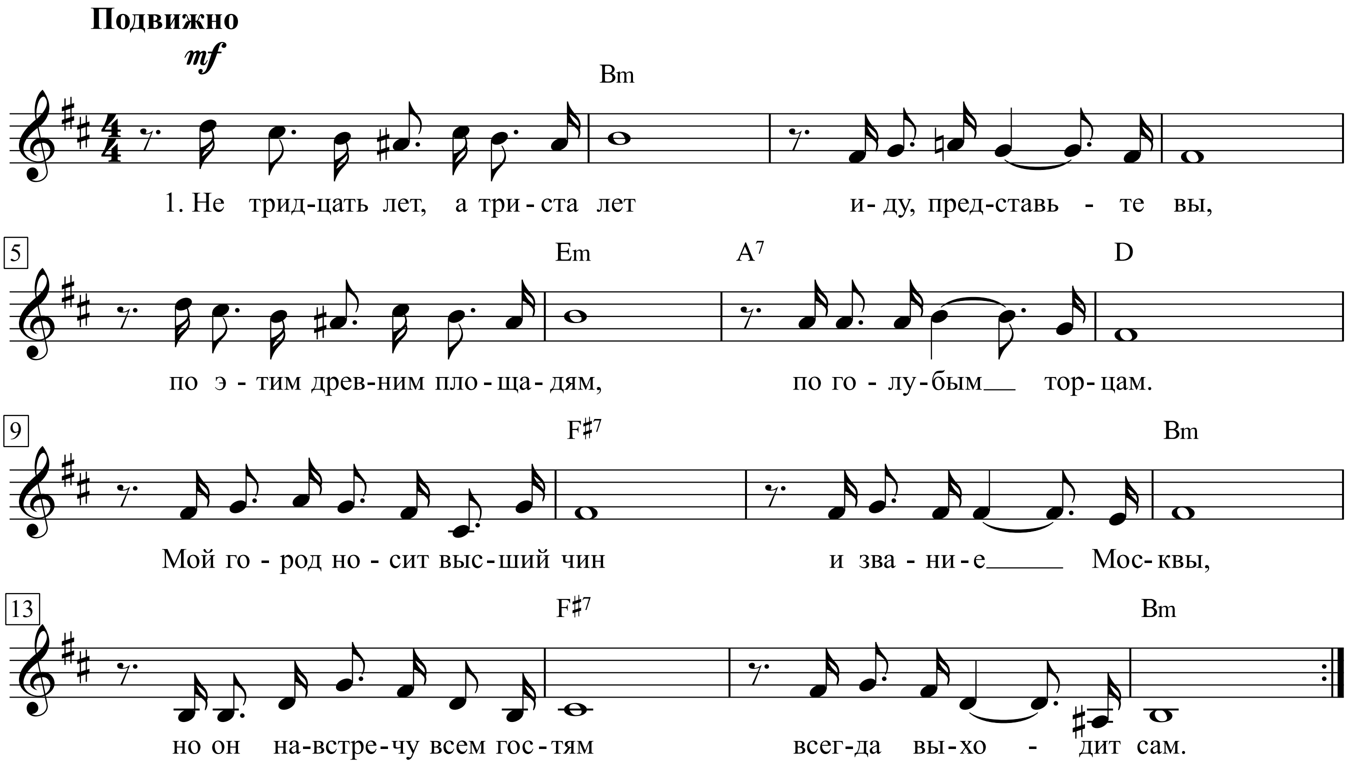
Припев:
Наш паровоз, вперед лети!
В Коммуне остановка,
Иного нет у нас пути,
В руках у нас винтовка.

2. Пойдем на бой мы, сыновья,
В рядах с отцами вместе,
Мы бьем врага – одна семья,
Горя единой местью.

3. Мы в недрах наших мастерских
Куем, строгаем, рубим
Не покладая рук своих,
Мы труд фабричный любим.

Наш паровоз мы пустим в ход,
Такой, какой нам нужно.
Когда прикажет нам народ,
Пойдем врага бить дружно.

Не тридцать лет, а триста лет... Московский муравей).



1. Не тридцать лет, а триста лет иду, представьте вы,
по этим древним площадям, по голубым торцам.
Мой город носит высший чин и звание Москвы,
но он навстречу всем гостям всегда выходит сам.

2. Иду по улицам его в рассветной тишине,
бегу по улицам кривым (простите, города).
Но я — московский муравей, и нет покоя мне,
так было триста лет назад, и будет так всегда.

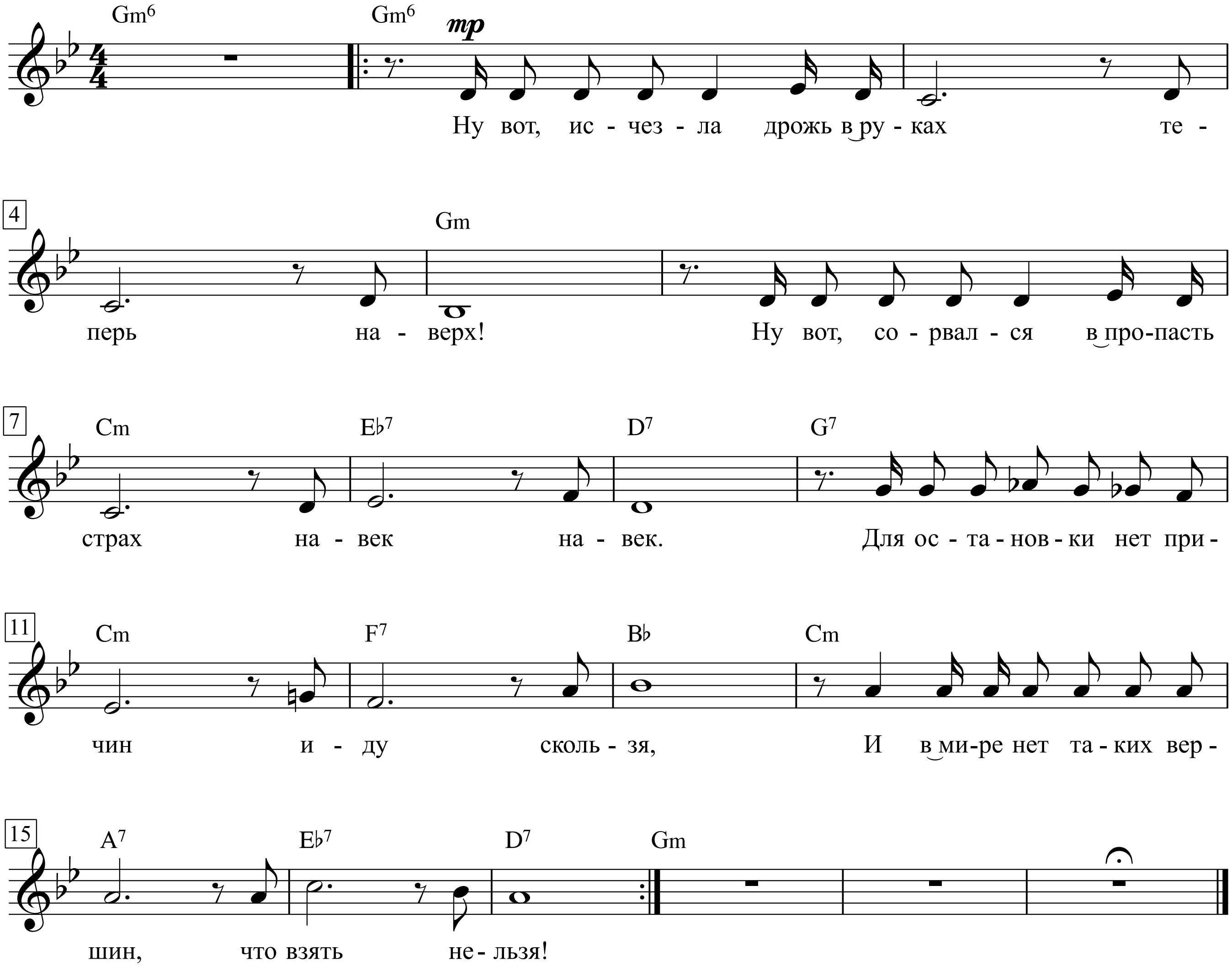
3 .Ах, этот город, он такой, похожий на меня:
то грустен он, то весел он, но он всегда высок.
Что там за девочка в руке несет кусочек дня,
как будто завтрак в узелке мне, муравью, несет?

Мне давно хотелось написать песню о Москве, городе, который я так люблю. Но не похожую на гимн, а какую-то интимную, выразить мою любовь. Вот так я думал, мечтал, мечтал... И вот у меня стали появляться «Ленька Королев», «Полночный троллейбус», потом «Московский муравей», «Арбат, мой Арбат» – и получился такой вот цикл московских песен.

Ну вот, исчезла дрожь в руках ...

Умеренно

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий



Ну вот, ис-чез-ла дрожь в ру-ках
те-перь на-верх!
Ну вот, со-рвал-ся в про-пасть страх
на-век на-век.

Для ос-та-нов-ки нет при-чин
и-ду сколь-зя,
И в ми-ре нет та-ких вер-шин,
что взять не-льзя!
Среди нехоженных путей
Один пусть мой,
Среди невзятых рубежей
Один за мной.
А имена тех, кто здесь лег,
Снега таят.
Среди нехоженных дорог
Одна - моя.
Здесь голубым сияньем льдов
Весь склон облит
И тайну чьих-нибудь следов
Гранит хранит.
И я гляжу в свою мечту
Поверх голов
И свято верю в чистоту
Снегов и слов.
И пусть пройдет немалый срок
Мне не забыть
Как здесь сомнения я смог
В себе убить.
В тот день шептала мне вода:
"Удач всегда",
А день, какой был день тогда
Ах, да - среда.
-

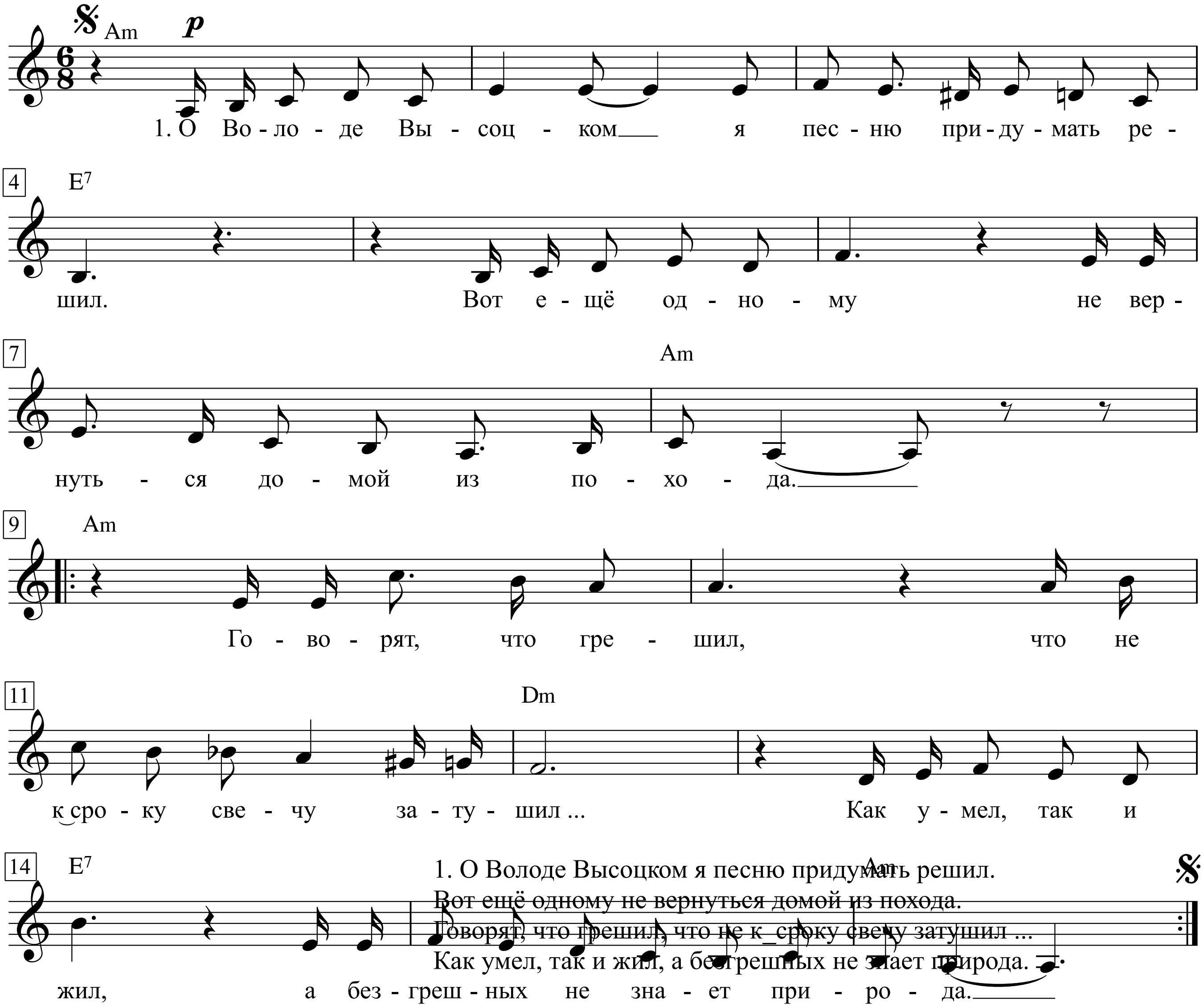
Ну вот, исчезла дрожь в руках,
Теперь - наверх.
Ну вот, сорвался в пропасть страх,
Навек, навек...
Для остановки нет причин,
Иду, скользя,
И в мире нет таких вершин,

Что взять нельзя.
Среди нехоженных путей
Один пусть мой,
Среди невзятых рубежей
Один - за мной,
А имена тех, кто здесь лег
Снега таят...
Среди нехоженных дорог
Одна моя.
Здесь голубым сияньем льдов
Весь склон облит
И тайну чьих-нибудь следов
Гранит хранит,
И я гляжу в свою мечту
Поверх голов
И свято верю в чистоту
Снегов и слов...
И пусть пройдет немалый срок

О Володе Высоцком - Für Wolodja Wyssozki

Не спеша

Слова и музыка: Булат Окуджава



1. О Володе Высоцком я песню придумать решил.
Вот еще одному не вернуться домой из похода.
Говорят, что грешил, что не к сроку свечу затушил...
Как умел, так и жил, а безгрешных не знает природа.

2. Не надолго разлука — всего лишь на миг, а потом
Отправляться и нам по следам по его по горячим.
Пусть кружит над Москвою охрипший его баритон,
Ну, а мы вместе с ним посмеемся и вместе поплачем.

3. О Володе Высоцком я песню придумать хотел,
Но дрожала рука, и мотив со стихом не сходился...
Белый аист московский на белое небо взлетел.
Черный аист московский на черную землю спустился.

Für Wolodja Wyssozki hab ich ein Lied schreiben wolln.
Einer kehrt nicht zurück, der wenigen Aufrechten einer.
Hat gesündigt, sagt man, sich zur falschen Zeit fortgestohln...
Hat gelebt wie er konnte, ohne Sünde ist keiner.

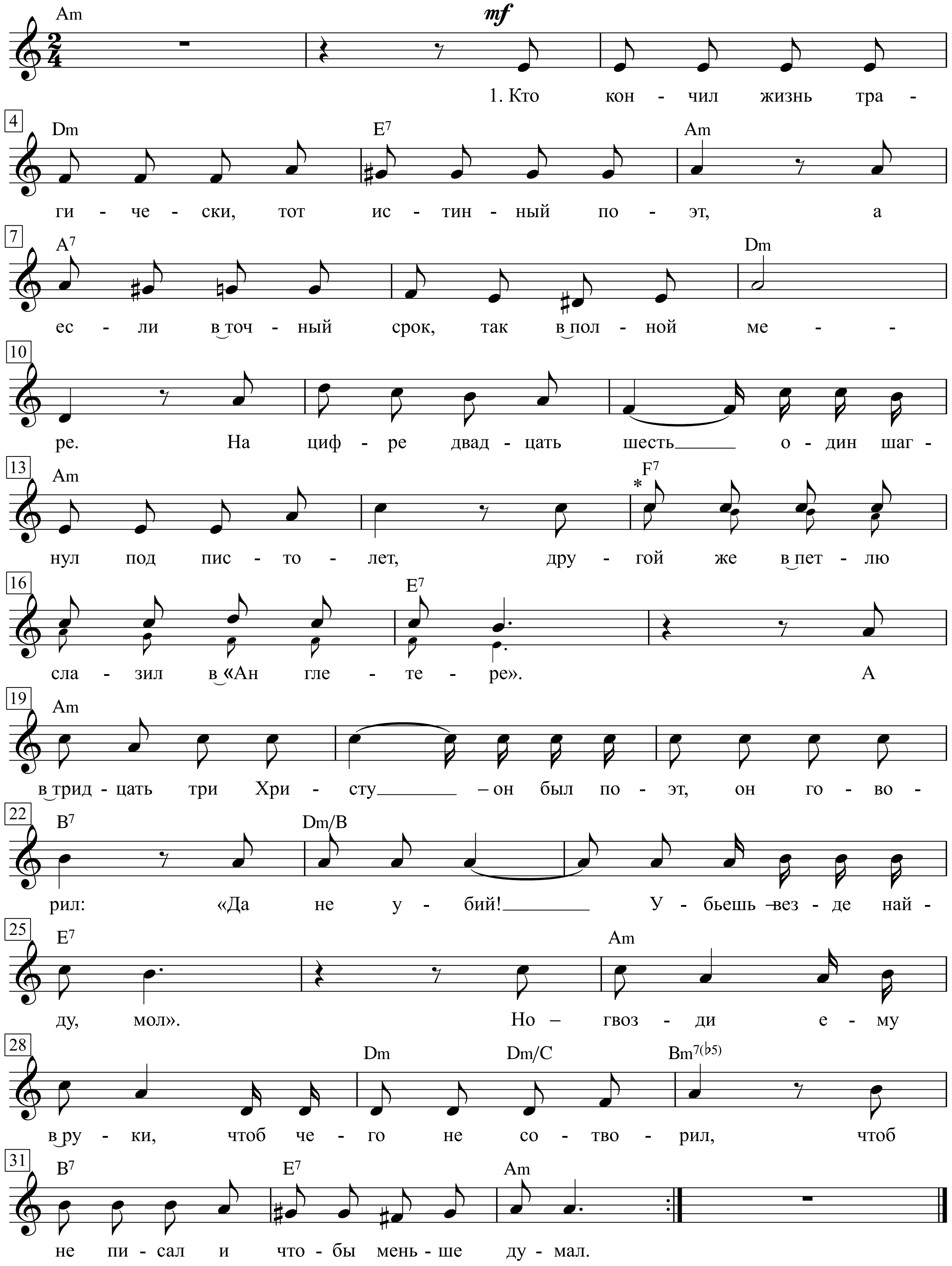
Doch nicht lang ist die Trennung, ein Augenblick nur, und schon
Ist es Zeit auch für uns und wir folgen der Spur, die noch heiß ist.
Über Moskau mög kreisen sein heiserer Bariton,
Gemeinsam mit ihm unser Lachen und unser Weinen.

Für Wolodja Wyssozki hätt ich ein Lied gern gefügt,
Doch es zittert die Hand mir, mein Vers zerbricht wieder und wiede
Moskau schneeweißer Storch in den schneeweißen Himmel aufstie
Moskaus pechschwarzer Storch ließ zur pechschwarzen Erde sich r

О фатальных датах и цифрах

Быстро, страстно

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий



* *Мелке ноты дла 3-го куплета.*

http://www.notomania.ru

Кто кончил жизнь трагически, тот истинный поэт,
А если в точный срок, так в полной мере.
На цифре двадцать шесть один шагнул под пистолет,
Другой же - в петлю слазил в «Англетере».
А в тридцать три Христу - он был поэт, он говорил:
«Да не убий! Убьешь - везде найду, мол».
Но - гвозди ему в руки, чтоб чего не сотворил,
Чтоб не писал и чтобы меньше думал.

С меня при цифре тридцать семь в момент слетает хмель,
Вот и сейчас - как холодом подуло:
Под эту цифру Пушкин подгадал себе дуэль
И Маяковский лег виском на дуло.
Задержимся на цифре тридцать семь! Коварен бог -
Ребром вопрос поставил: или - или!
На этом рубеже легли и Байрон, и Рембо,
А нынешние - как-то проскочили.

Дуэль не состоялась или - перенесена,
А в тридцать три распяли, но не сильно,
А в тридцать семь не кровь - да что там кровь! - и седина
Испачкала виски не так обильно.
Слабо стреляться?! В пятки, мол, давно ушла душа!
Терпенье, психопаты и кликуши!
Поэты ходят пятками по лезвию ножа
И режут в кровь свои босые души!

На слово «длинношеее» в конце пришлось три «е».
Укоротить поэта - вывод ясен,
И нож в него, - но счастлив он висеть на острие,
Зарезанный за то, что был опасен.
Жалею вас, приверженцы фатальных дат и цифр,
Томитесь, как наложницы в гареме!
Срок жизни увеличился - и, может быть, концы
Поэтов отодвинулись на время!

Nur wer sein Leben tragisch endet, der gilt als Poet,
Noch besser, kann’s zur rechten Zeit passieren.
Egal, ob er mit 26 auf Pistole steht,
Kann sich im »Angleterre« auch strangulieren.

War 33 Jesus Christ, ein Dichter, als er sprach:
»Du sollst nicht töten, denn ich werd dich finden!«
Man schlug ihm Nägel in die Hände, dass er nichts verbrach,
Was er gedacht, gesagt, das musst verschwinden.

Bei Ziffer 37 werd ich nüchtern auf der Stell,
Als ob ein kalter Wind weht zum Symbole.
Bei dieser Zahl verschaffte sich auch Puschkin sein Duell,
Und Majakowski küsste die Pistole.

Wir halten an bei Ziffer 37, Gott ist roh.
»Entweder - oder«, so stellt er die Frage,
An dieser Kreuzung scheiterten einst Byron und Rimbaud,
Doch heute ignoriert man die Vorlage.

Duelle fanden nicht mehr statt, sie wurden meist vertagt,
Am Kreuz mit 33 nicht gestorben,
Mit 37 noch kein Blut, nur graues Haar beklagt,
Das eure schönen Schläfen euch verdorben.

Ihr feigen, toten Seelen, warum bringt ihr euch nicht um?
Ich sag: Ihr Psychopathen, seid geduldig!
Die Dichter laufen barfuß auf den Messerklingen rum,
Verletzen ihre Seelen, sind nicht schuldig.

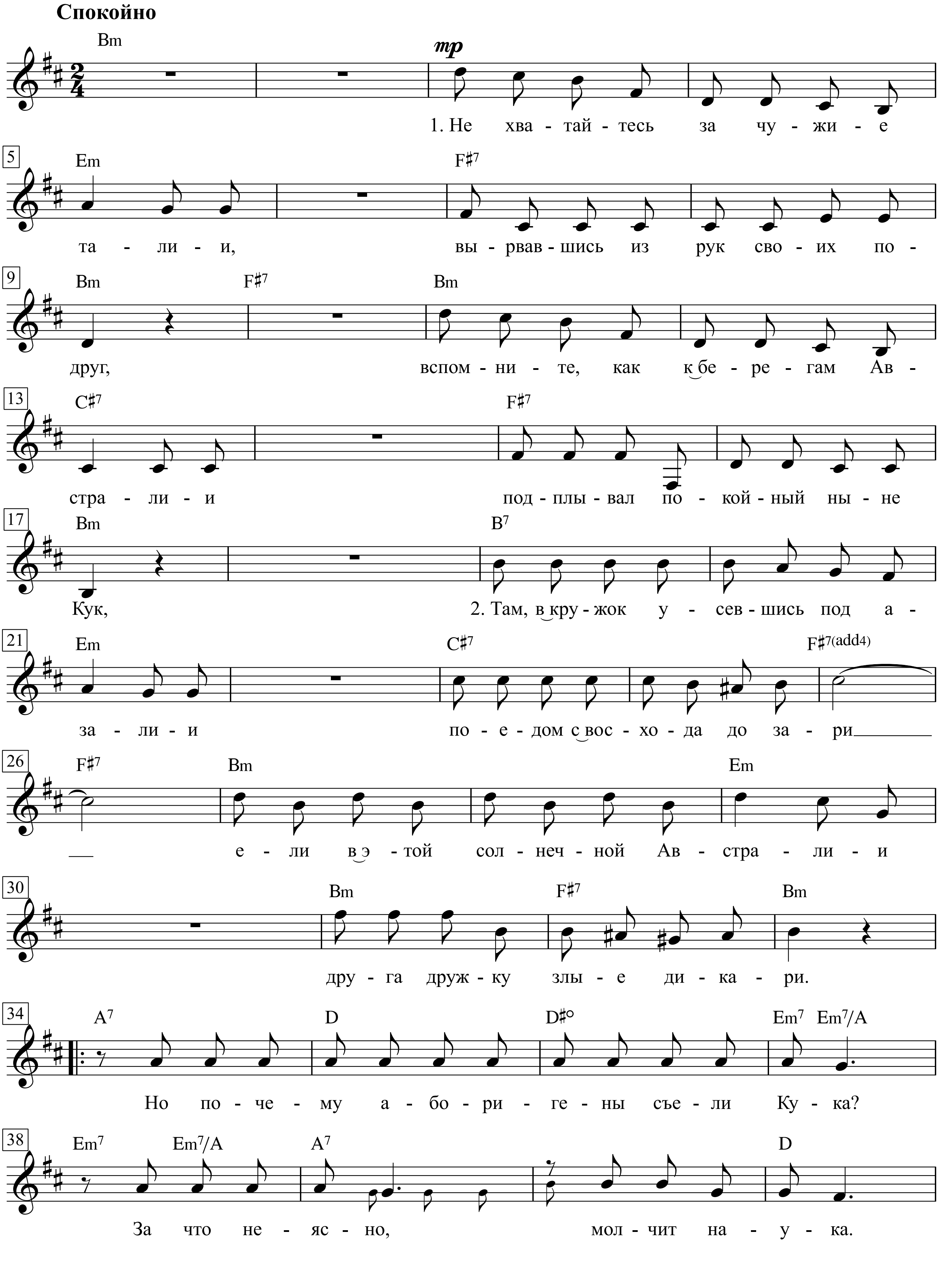
Für lange Hälse keine Schlingen, heute reicht ein Strich.
Der Dichter wird gekürzt, so geht es besser.
Zensoren ihr, ersticht ihn, denn sein Glück ist euer Stich,
War zu gefährlich, also unters Messer!

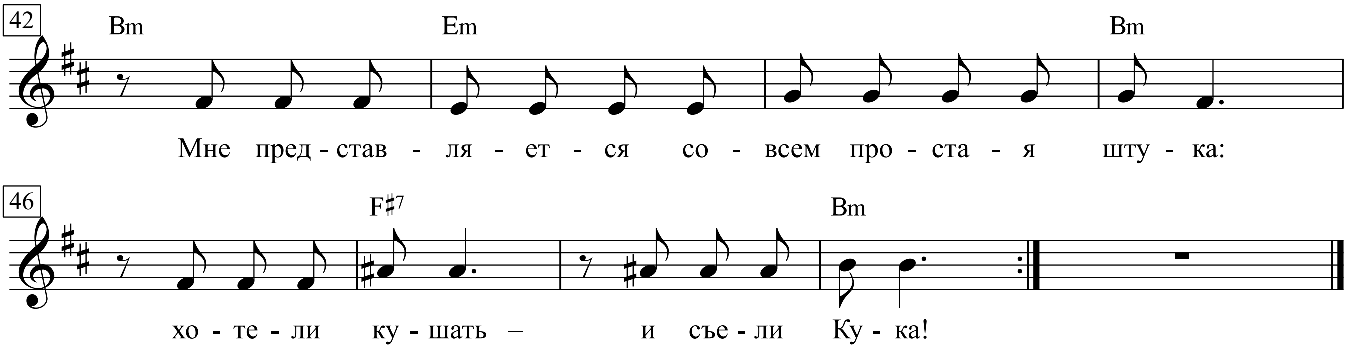
Ihr Anhänger fataler Zahlen, Daten, tut mir leid,
Ihr seid so geil wie alternde Hetären.
Verlängert hat sich heute doch der Menschen Lebenszeit,
Als ob die Dichter keine Menschen wären!

Ein langer Hals - verführerisch für Schlingen, das ist Fakt,
Die Brust - ein gutes Ziel, doch keine Eile!
Unsterblich hat den Dichter nicht gemacht der Todesakt.
So treibt uns nicht und gönnt uns noch ’ne Weile.

Одна научная загадка, или почему аборигены съели кука

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий





Не хва-тай-тесь за чу-жи-е та-ли-и,
вы-рвав-шись из рук сво-их по-друг,
вспом-ни-те, как к бе-ре-гам Ав-стра-ли-и
под-плы-вал по-кой-ный ны-не Кук,
Там, в кру-жок у-сев-шись под а-за-ли-и,

по-е-дом с вос-хо-да до за-ри

е-ли в э-той сол-неч-ной Ав-стра-ли-и
дру-га друж-ку злы-е ди-ка-ри.
Но по-че-му а-бо-ри-ге-ны съе-ли Ку-ка,
За что не-яс-но, мол-чит на-у-ка.

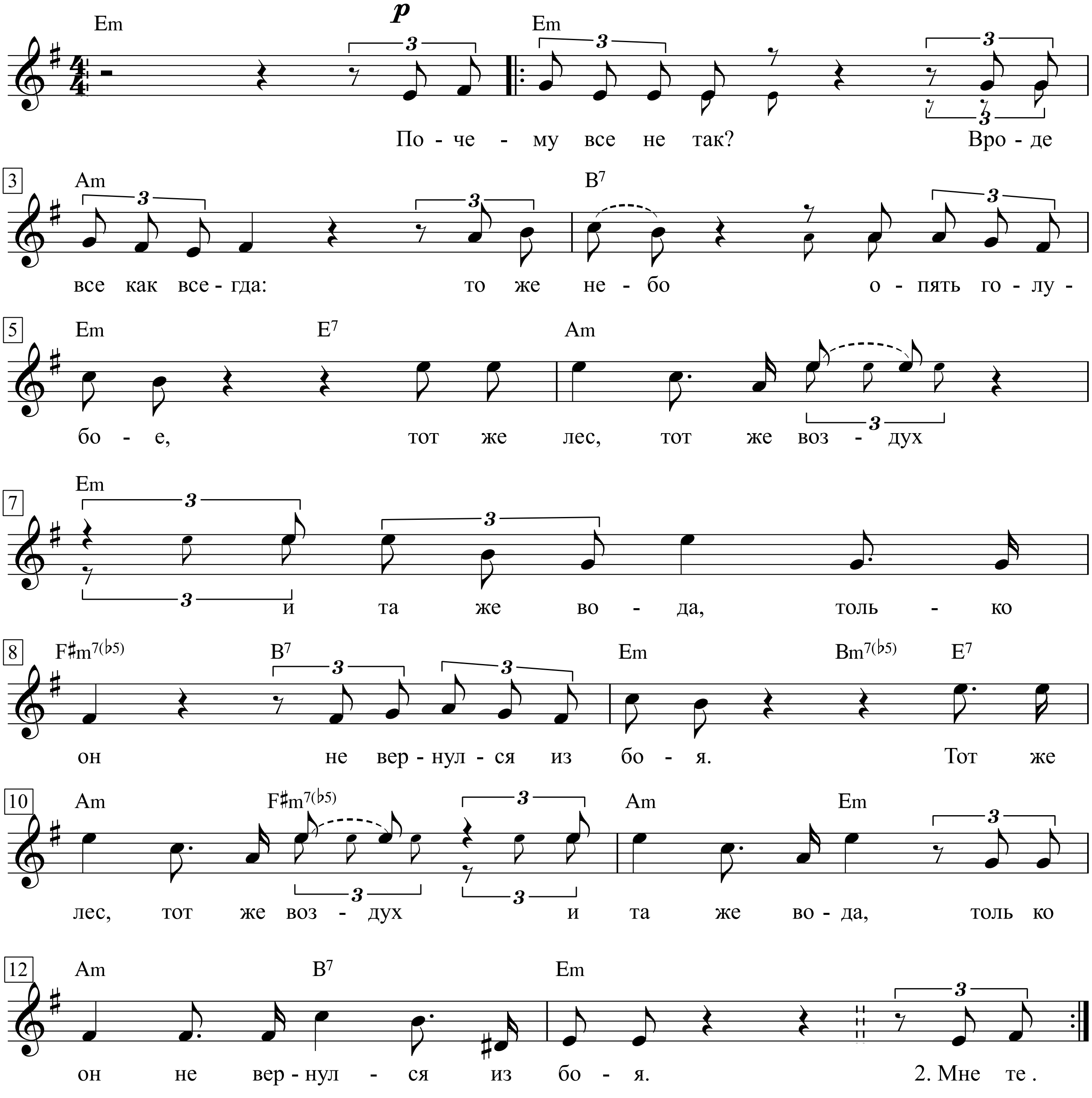
Мне пред-став-ля-ет-ся со-всем про-ста-я шту-ка:

хо-те-ли ку-шать - и съе-ли Ку-ка!
Есть вариант, что ихний вождь - Большая Бука -
Сказал, что - очень вкусный кок на судне Кука...
Ошибка вышла - вот о чем молчит наука:
Хотели - кока, а съели - Кука!
И вовсе не было подвоха или трюка -
Вошли без стука, почти без звука, -
Пустили в действие дубинку из бамбука -
Тюк! прямо в темя - и нету Кука!
Но есть, однако же, еще предположенье,
Что Кука съели из большого уваженья, -
Что всех науськивал колдун - хитрец и злюка:
"Ату, ребята, хватайте Кука!
Кто уплетет его без соли и без лука,
Тот сильным, смелым, добрым будет - вроде Кука!"
Кому-то под руку попался каменюка -
Метнул, гадюка, - и нету Кука!
А дикари теперь заламывают руки,
Ломают копья, ломают луки,
Сожгли и бросили дубинки из бамбука -
Переживают, что съели Кука!

Он не вернулся из боя

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий

Умеренно, сурово



Почему все не так? Вроде все как всегда:
То же небо опять голубое,
Тот же лес, тот же воздух и та же вода,
Только он не вернулся из боя.
Тот же лес, тот же воздух и та же вода,
Только он не вернулся из боя.

Мне теперь не понять, кто же прав был из нас
В наших спорах без сна и покоя.
Мне не стало хватать его только сейчас,
Когда он не вернулся из боя.
Он молчал невпопад и не в такт подпевал,
Он всегда говорил про другое,

Он мне спать не давал, он с восходом вставал,
А вчера не вернулся из боя.
То, что пусто теперь, - не про то разговор,
Вдруг заметил я - нас было двое.
Для меня будто ветром задуло костер,
Когда он не вернулся из боя.

Нынче вырвалась, будто из плена, весна,
По ошибке окликнул его я:
- Друг, оставь покурить! - А в ответ - тишина:
Он вчера не вернулся из боя.
Наши мертвые нас не оставят в беде,
Наши павшие - как часовые.

Отражается небо в лесу, как в воде,
И деревья стоят голубые.
Нам и места в землянке хватало вполне,
Нам и время текло для обоих.
Все теперь одному. Только кажется мне,
Это я не вернулся из боя.

1. Почему всё не так? Вроде всё как всегда:
То же небо, опять голубое,
Тот же лес, тот же воздух и та же вода,
Только он не вернулся из боя.

2. Мне теперь не понять, кто же прав был из нас,
В наших спорах без сна и покоя.
Мне не стало хватать его только сейчас,
Когда он не вернулся из боя.

3. Он молчал невпопад и не в такт подпевал,
Он всегда говорил про другое,
Он мне спать не давал, он с восходом вставал,
А вчера не вернулся из боя.

4. То, что пусто теперь, - не про то разговор:
Вдруг заметил я – нас было двое! ...
Для меня словно ветром задуло костёр,
Когда он не вернулся из боя.

5. Нынче вырвалась будто из плена весна.
По ошибке окликнул его я:
– Друг, оставь покурить! – а в ответ – тишина ...
Он вчера не вернулся из боя.

6. Наши мёртвые нас не оставят в беде,
Наши павшие - как часовые ...
Отражается небо в лесу, как в воде,
И деревья стоят голубые.

7. Нам и места в землянке хватало вполне,
Нам и время текло для обоих ...
Всё теперь одному, только кажется мне –
Это я не вернулся из боя.

1. Alles ist wie bisher. Doch warum stimmt nichts mehr?
Gleich der Himmel, sein Blau unbenommen,
Gleichgeblieben sind Wälder, die Luft und das Meer,
Nur: Er ist aus der Schlacht nicht gekommen.

2. Ich erfahre nie mehr, wer der Klügere war,
Wer bei endlosem Streiten gewonnen.
Es ist still. Dass er fehlt, wird mir jetzt erstmals klar:
Er ist nicht aus der Schlacht heimgekommen.

3. Hat ganz wenig erzählt, nie im Takt, was er sang,
Hat sich anders als alle benommen.
Er stand auf jeden Tag schon bei Sonnenaufgang.
Er ist nicht aus der Schlacht heimgekommen.

4. Ich bin leer, völlig leer, doch wem sag ich das hier?
Wir warn zwei, hab das nicht mitbekommen.
Wie ein Feuer, erschlagen vom Wind, so ist mir:
Er ist nicht aus der Schlacht heimgekommen.

5. »Sag, mein Freund, hast du etwas zu rauchen bei dir?«
Über Nacht war der Frühling gekommen.
Es ist still, totenstill, niemand antwortet mir:
Er ist nicht aus der Schlacht heimgekommen.

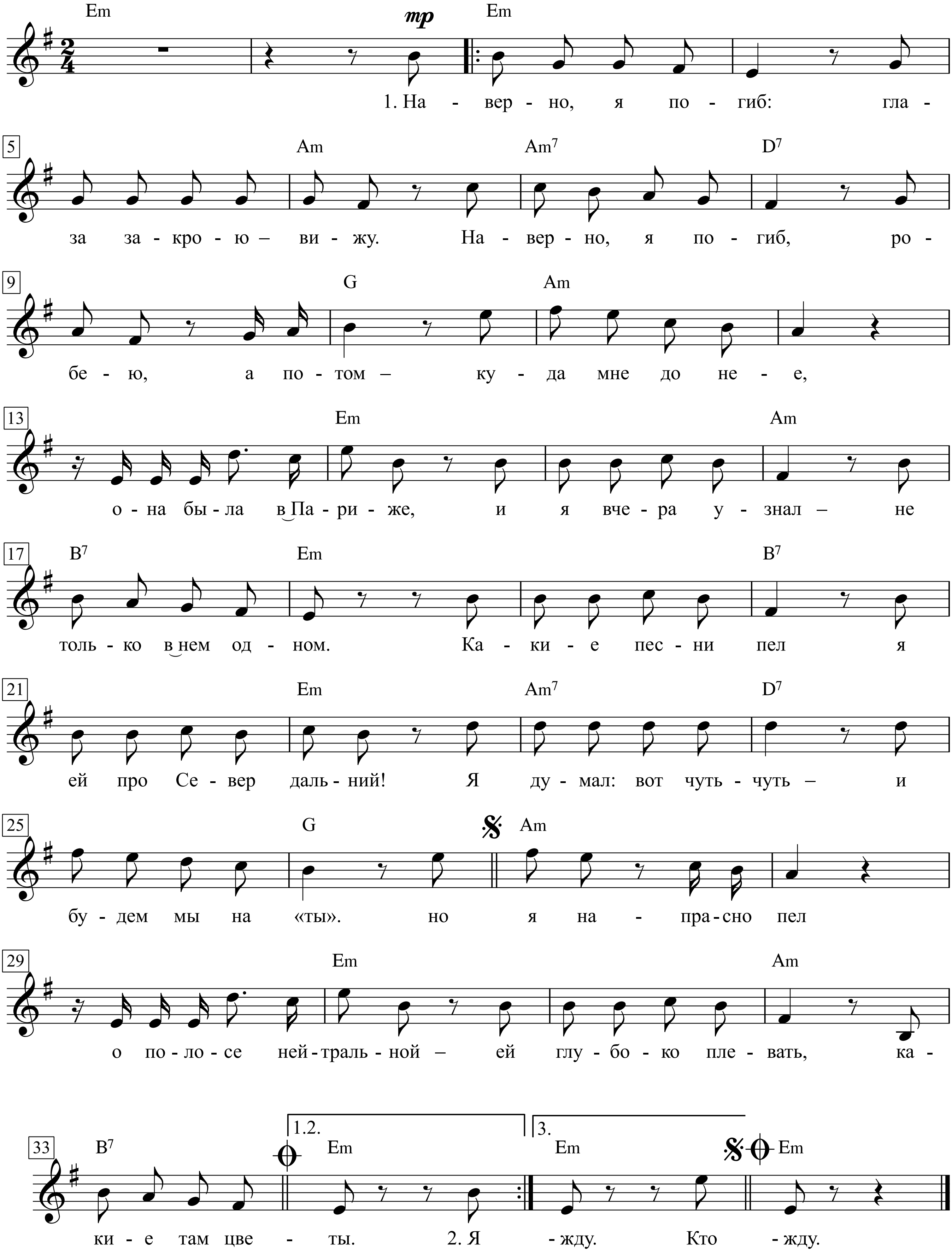
6. Die Gefallenen stehen für uns auf der Wacht,
Sind uns nie von der Seite gewichen.
In den See hat der Himmel sein Blau eingebracht,
Auch die Bäume sind blau angestrichen.

7. In dem Graben dort war genug Platz für uns zwei,
Unsre Zeit ist vorübergeschwommen,
Alles ist jetzt für einen da, aber dabei:
Ich bin’s, der aus der Schlacht nicht gekommen.

Она была в Париже

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий

Быстро



На-вер-но, я по-гиб: гла-за за-кро-ю ви-жу.
На-вер-но, я по-гиб, ро-бе-ю, а по-том
ку-да мне до не-е, о-на бы-ла в Па-ри-же,
и я вче-ра у-знал не толь-ко в нем од-ном.

Ка-ки-е пес-ни пел я ей про Се-вер даль-ний!
Я ду-мал: вот чуть-чуть и бу-дем мы на «ты».
но я на-пра-сно пел о по-ло-се ней-траль-ной
ей глу-бо-ко пле-вать, ка-ки-е там цве-ты.

Я спел тогда еще, я думал, это ближе:
Про юг и про того, кто раньше с нею был.
Но что ей до меня - она была в Париже,
Ей сам Марсель Марсо чего-то говорил.
Я бросил свой завод, хоть вобщем, был не вправе,
Засел за словари на совесть и на страх,
Но что ей до меня? Она уже в Варшаве,
Мы снова говорим на разных языках.
Приедет - я скажу по-польски: "Проше пани";.
Прими таким, как есть, не буду больше петь.
Но что ей до меня? Она уже в Иране.
Я понял, мне за ней, конечно, не успеть.
Ведь она сегодня здесь, а завтра будет в Осле
Да, я попал впросак, да я попал в беду.
Кто раньше с нею был и тот, кто будет после,
Пусть пробуют они. Я лучше пережду.

Wenn ich die Augen schließ, dann bin ich ganz benommen,
Und plötzlich krieg ich Angst, bin hin, weil ich doch mein,
Sie war schon in Paris, es ist nicht ranzukommen.
Wo sie schon alles war, nicht in Paris allein!

So schöne Lieder sang ich ihr vom Hohen Norden!
Ein wenig noch, dacht ich, und sie wird endlich weich.
Doch ist umsonst vom Niemandsland gesungen worden,
Was dort für schöne Blumen blühen, ist ihr gleich.

Sing ich ihr meine Lieder vor, dann werd ich’s schaffen.
Vom Taxameter sang ich, von dem Mann davor.
Doch sie ist in Paris, ich mache mich zum Affen,
Wo selbst Marcel Marceau ihr flüstert was ins Ohr.

Zu Unrecht ließ ich alle meine Arbeit sausen
Und fraß Französisch-Wörterbücher in mich rein.
In Warschau ist sie jetzt, es ist zum Flöhelausen.
Moment, wie heißt denn bloß auf polnisch »armes Schwein«?

Bei ihrer Ankunft werd ich »Prosz^ pani« sagen.
»Ich singe jetzt nicht mehr, nimm mich so, wie ich bin.«
Doch sie ist diesmal im Iran, was soll das Klagen?
Sie jemals einzuholen hat doch keinen Sinn.

Was weiß denn ich, heut ist sie plötzlich hier, und morgen?
Den Finger auf der Karte, folge ich ihr stur.
War vor mir wer, kommt nach mir wer, was solln die Sorgen!
Versucht ihr es. Ich sitze hier und warte nur.

Jeden Tag schon verfolge ich sie,
Ich lauf ihr hinterher wie ein Dummer,
So als hätte ich nur diesen Kummer:
Wie verscheuch ich die Melancholie?

Es ist blöd, aber wer bin denn ich?
Auf mich warten? Willst du dich bestrafen?
Du brauchst Ruhe, ’nen andern für dich,
Denn bei mir wirst du nie ruhig schlafen.

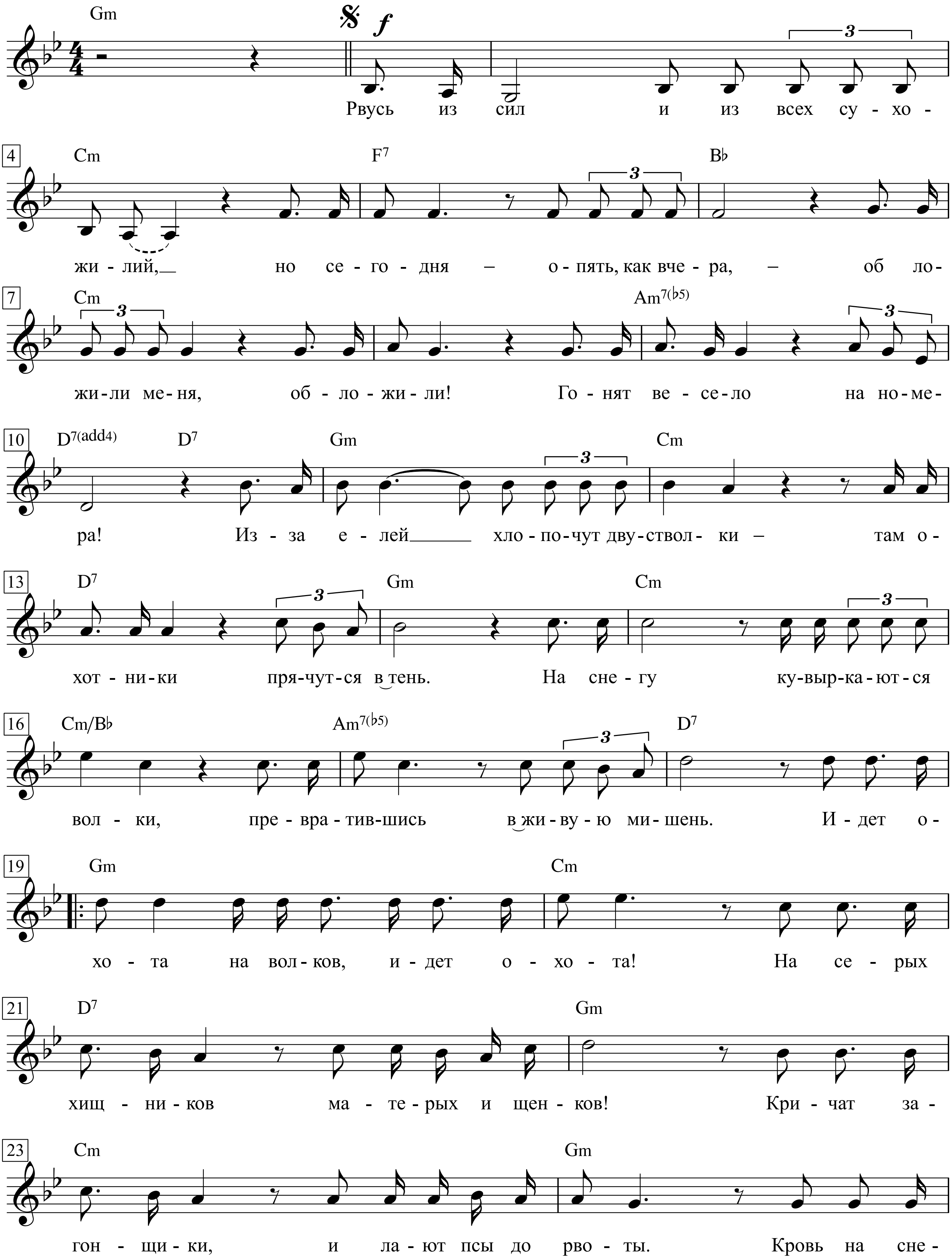
Schon so lange wird an mir gezerrt.
Alle denken, mit mir kann man’s machen,
Ohne Ziel durch das Frühlingserwachen.
Überall eine Tafel: »Gesperrt!«

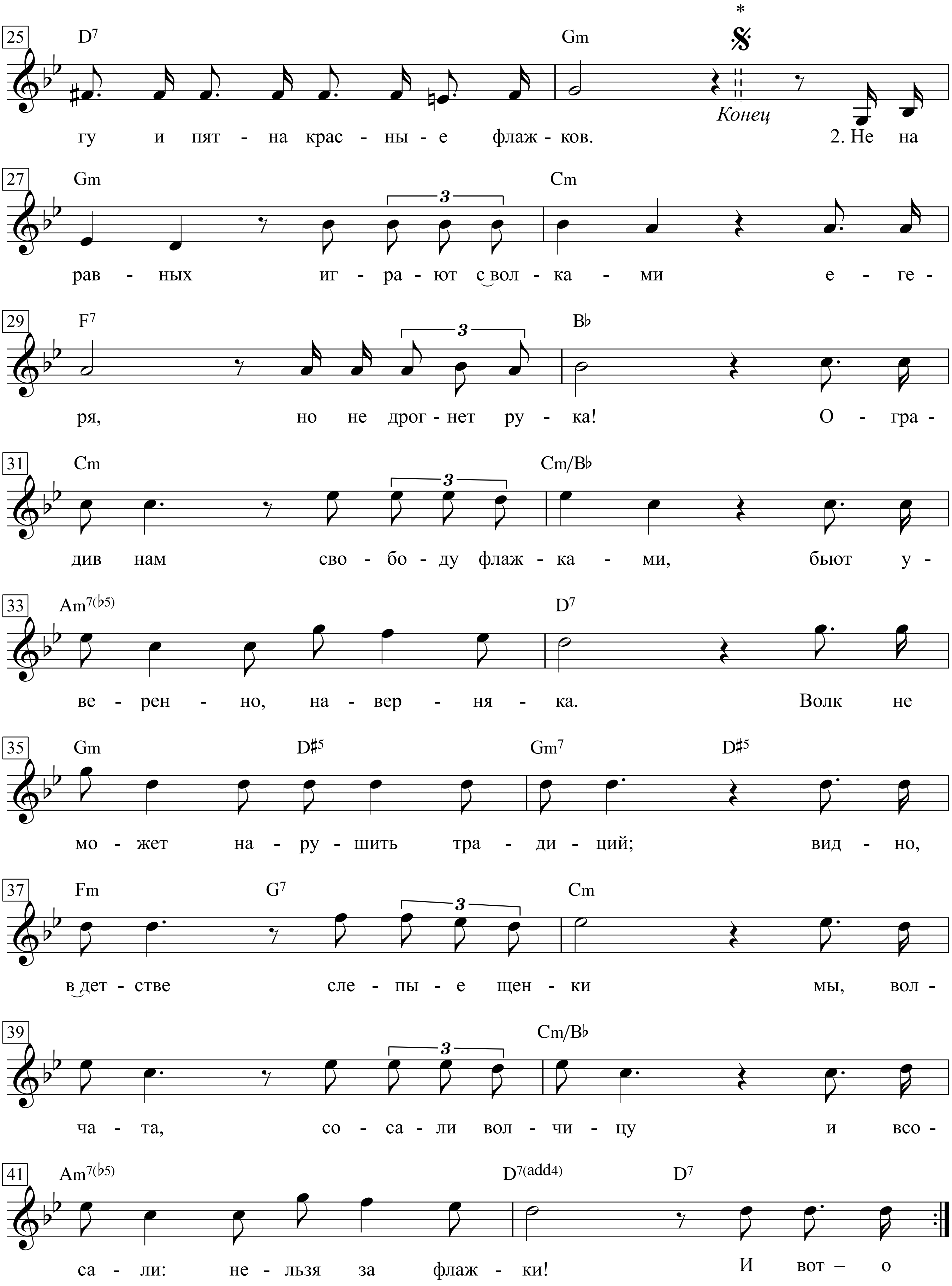
Hat Verbote man für mich verhängt?
Jeder Meter bringt Unglück aufs neue.
Schritt für Schritt fühle ich mich bedrängt.
Wüsst den Grund ich, ich zeigte auch Reue.
1966

Охота на волков

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий

Быстро, страстно





* Для 3-го и 4-го куплета.

1. Рвусь из сил и из всех сухожилий,
Но сегодня - опять, как вчера! –
Обложили меня! Обложили!
Гонят весело на номера!

Из-за елей грохочут двустволки:
Там охотники прячутся в тень.
На снегу кувыркаются волки,
Превратившись в живую мишень.

Идёт охота на волков! Идёт охота!
На серых хищников – матёрых и щенков!
Кричат загонщики, и лают псы до рвоты.
Кровь на снегу и пятна красные флажков.

2. Не на равных играют с волками
Егеря, но не дрогнет рука!
Оградив нам свободу флажками,
Бьют уверенно, наверняка!

Волк не может нарушить традиций.
Видно, в детстве, слепые щенки,
Мы, волчата, сосали волчицу
И всосали: »Нельзя за флажки!«

И вот – охота на волков! Идёт охота!
На серых хищников - матёрых и щенков!
Кричат загонщики, и лают псы до рвоты.
Кровь на снегу и пятна красные флажков.

3. Наши ноги и челюсти быстры.
Почему же, вожак! Дай ответ!
Мы затравленно мчимся на выстрел
И не пробуем через запрет?!

Волк не может, не должен иначе.
Вот кончается время моё.
Тот, которому я предназначен,
Улыбнулся - и поднял ружьё ...

Идёт охота на волков! Идёт охота!
На серых хищников - матёрых и щенков!
Кричат загонщики, и лают псы до рвоты.
Кровь на снегу и пятна красные флажков.

4. Я из повиновения вышел.
За флажки — жажда жизни сильней!
Только сзади я радостно слышал
Изумлённые крики людей.

Рвусь из сил и из всех сухожилий,
Но сегодня — не так, как вчера!
Обложили меня! Обложили!
Но остались ни с чем егеря!

Идёт охота на волков! Идёт охота!
На серых хищников - матёрых и щенков!
Кричат загонщики, и лают псы до рвоты.
Кровь на снегу и пятна красные флажков.

1967

1. Прошла пора вступлений и прелюдий,
Всё хорошо, не вру, без дураков,
Меня зовут к себе большие люди,
Чтоб я им пел »Охоту на волков«.

2. Быть может, запись слышал из окон,
А может быть, с детьми ухи не сваришь,
Как знать, но приобрёл магнитофон
Какой-нибудь ответственный товарищ.

3.И предаваясь будничной беседе
В кругу семьи, где свет торшера тускл,
Тихонько, чтоб не слышали соседи,
Он взял да и нажал на кнопку »пуск«.

4. И там, не разобрав последних слов,
(Прескверный дубль достали на работе)
Услышал он »Охоту на волков«
И кое-что ещё на обороте.

5. И всё прослушав до последней ноты
И разозлясь, что слов последних нет,
Он поднял трубку: - Автора »Охоты«
Ко мне пришлите завтра в кабинет.

6. Я не хлебнул для храбрости винца,
И, подавляя частую икоту,
С порога от начала до конца
Ему пропел ту самую »Охоту«.

7. Его просили дети, безусловно,
Чтобы была улыбка на лице,
Но он меня прослушал благосклонно
И даже аплодировал в конце.

8. И об стакан бутылкою звеня,
Которую извлёк из книжной полки,
Он выпалил: – Да это ж про меня!
Про нас, про всех, какие к чёрту волки

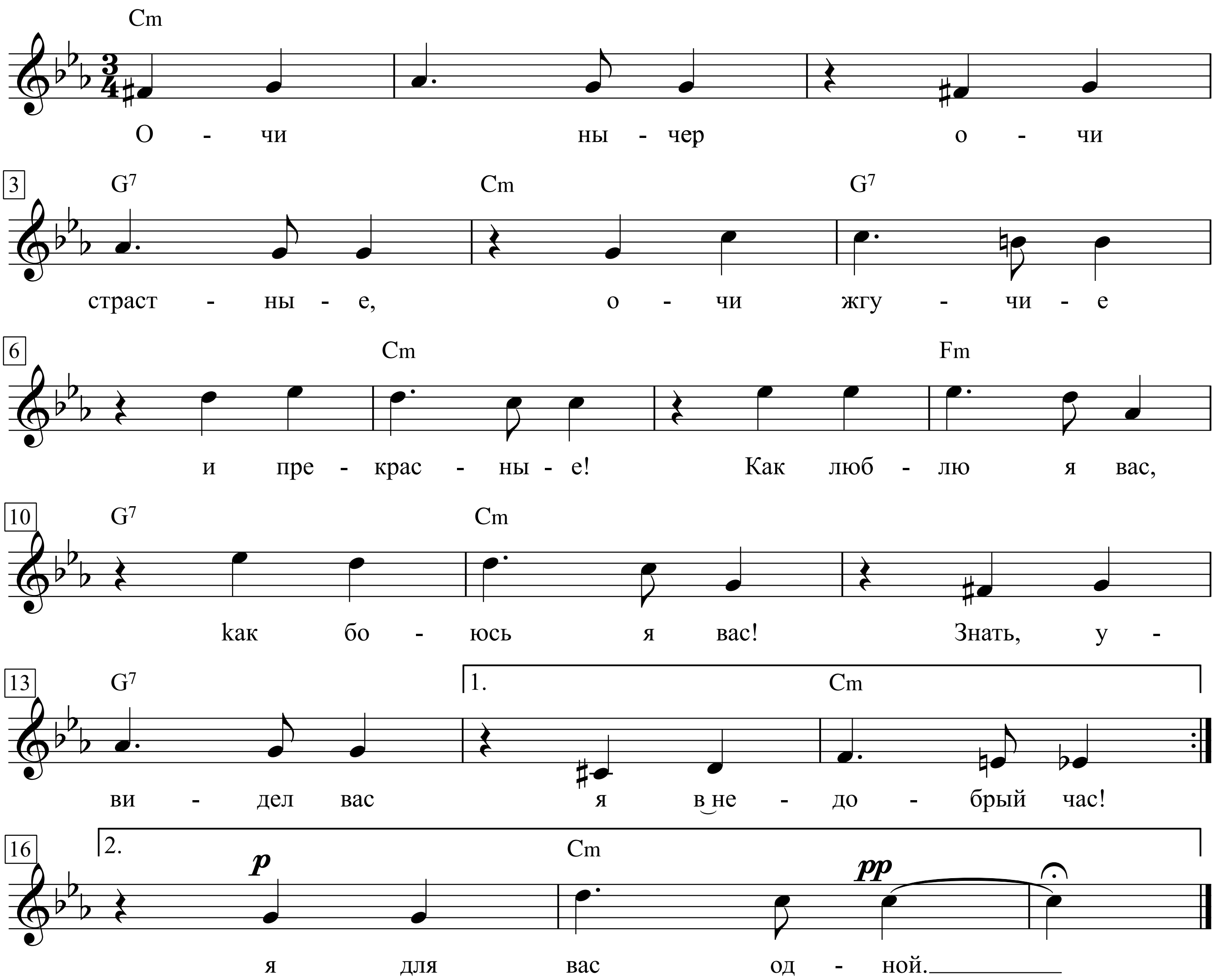
9. Ну всё, теперь, конечно, что-то будет.
Уже три года в день по пять звонков.
Меня зовут к себе большие люди,
Чтоб я им пел »Охоту на волков«.

1972

Очи черные

Слова Е. Гребенки

Музыка Ф. Германа, обработка С. Гердаля



Очи черные, очи страстные!
Очи жгучие и прекрасные!
Как люблю я вас! Как боюсь я вас!
Знать, увидел вас я в недобрый час!

Ох, недаром вы глубины темней!
Вижу траур в вас по душе моей,
Вижу пламя в вас я победное:
Сожжено на нем сердце бедное.

Но не грустен я, не печален я,
Утешительна мне судьба моя:
Всё, что лучшего в жизни бог дал нам,
В жертву отдал я огневым глазам!

1843

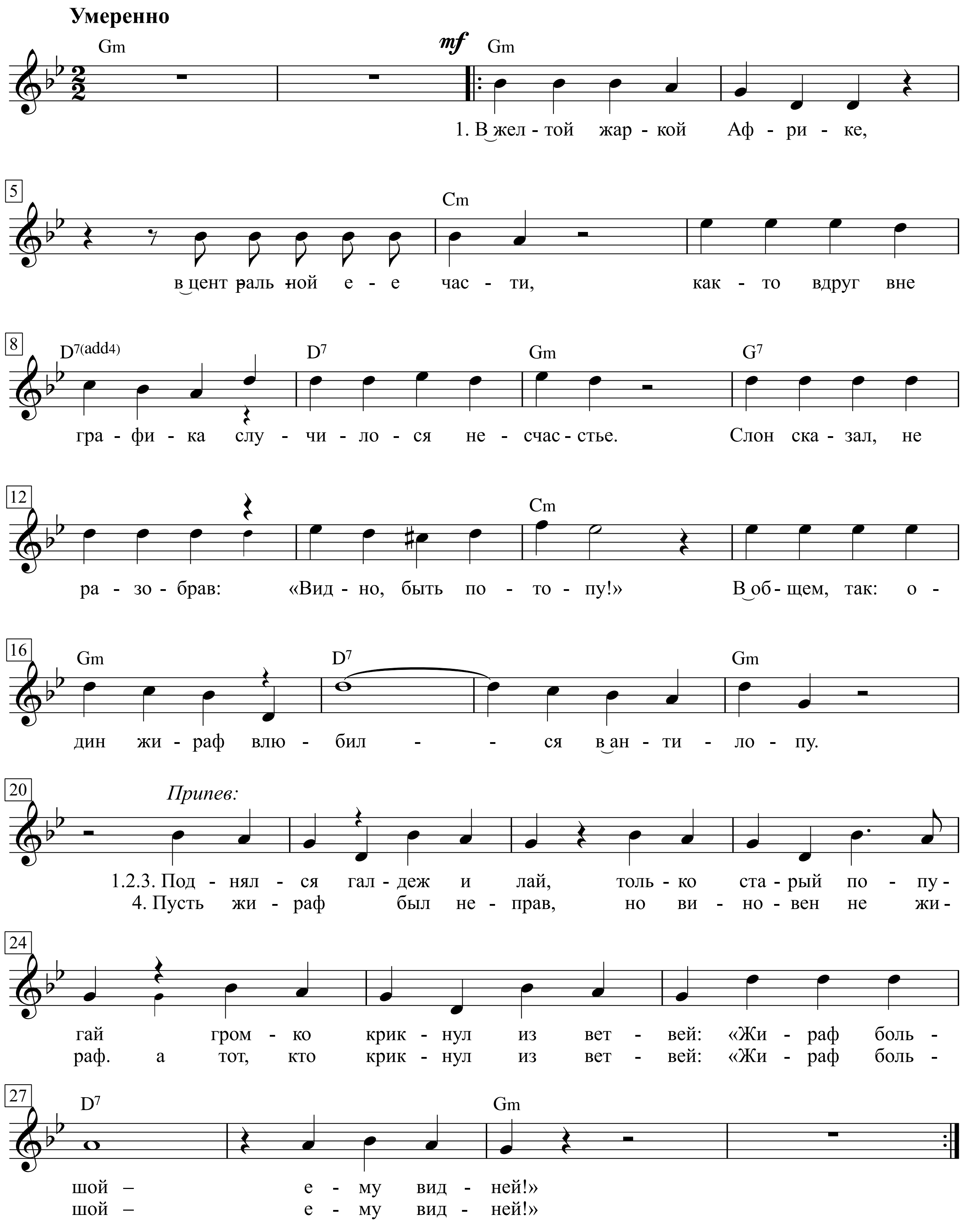
Schwarze Augen, leidenschaftliche Augen,
brennende, schöne Augen,
wie ich euch liebe, wie ich euch fürchte!
Seit ich euch sah, habe ich keine gute Stunde mehr.

Ach, ihr seid nicht umsonst von so dunkler Tiefe!
Ich sehe in euch die Trauer über meine Seele,
ich sehe in euch das unbezwingbare Feuer,
auf dem mein armes Herz verbrennt.

Doch ich bin nicht traurig, nicht bedrückt,
glücklich erscheint mir mein Schicksal.
Alles, was Gott uns Gutes im Leben gegeben hat,
hab ich geopfert für diese feurigen Augen.

Песенка ни про что, или что случилось в Африке

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий



В жел-той жар-кой Аф-ри-ке,
в цент-раль-ной е-е час-ти,
как-то вдруг вне гра-фи-ка
слу-чи-ло-ся не-счас-тье.

Слон ска-зал, не ра-зо-брав:
Вид-но, быть по-то-пу!

В об-щем, так: о-дин жи-раф
влю-бил-ся в ан-ти-ло-пу.

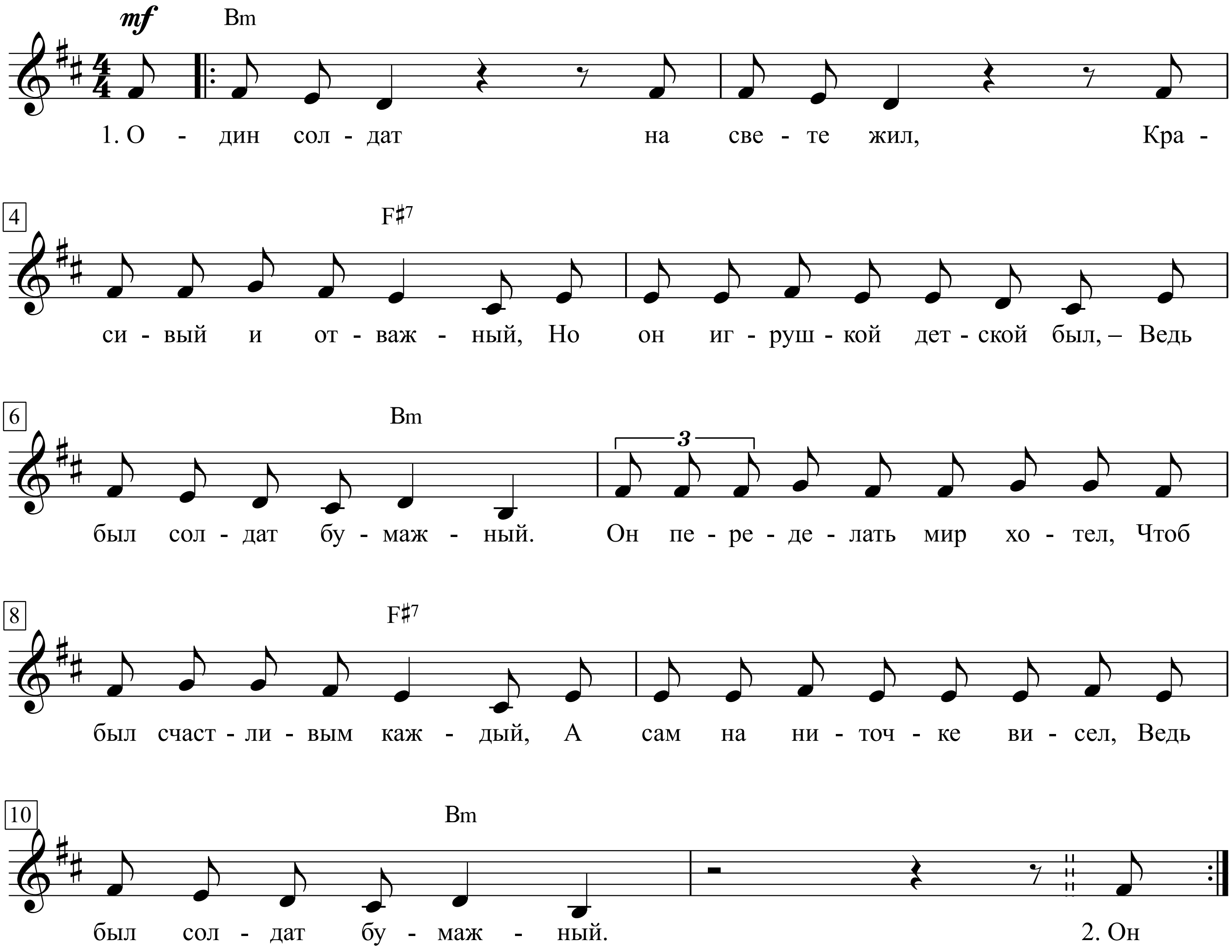
Припев:
Под-нял-ся гал-деж и лай,
толь-ко ста-рый по-пу-гай
гром-ко крик-нул из вет-вей:
Жи-раф боль-шой е-му вид-ней!

Что же, что рога у ней? -
кричал жираф любовно. -
Нынче в нашей фауне
Равны все поголовно.
Если вся моя родня
Будет ей не рада,
Не пеняйте на меня,
Я уйду из стада!
Пр.
Папе антилопьему
Зачем такого сына?
Все равно что в лоб ему,
Что по лбу - все едино.
И жирафов тесть брюзжить:
Видали остолопа!..
И ушли к бизонам жить
С жирафом антилопа.
Пр.
В желтой жаркой Африе
Не видать идиллий.
Льют жираф с фирафихой
Слезы крокодильи.
Только горю не помочь -
Нет теперь закона:
У жирафов вышла дочь
Замуж за бизона.
Припев:
Пусть жи-раф был не-прав,
но ви-но-вен не жи-раф.
а тот, кто крикнул из ветвей:
Жираф большой - ему видней!

Песенка о бумажном солдате

Подвижно

Слова и музыка: Булат Окуджава



1. Один солдат на свете жил,
Красивый и отважный,
Но он игрушкой детской был, –
Ведь был солдат бумажный.

Он переделать мир хотел,
Чтоб был счастливым каждый,
А сам на ниточке висел, –
Ведь был солдат бумажный.

2. Он был бы рад – в огонь и в дым,
За вас погибнуть дважды,
Но потешались вы над ним, –
Ведь был солдат бумажный.

Не доверяли вы ему
Своих секретов важных.
А почему? А потому,
Что был солдат бумажный.

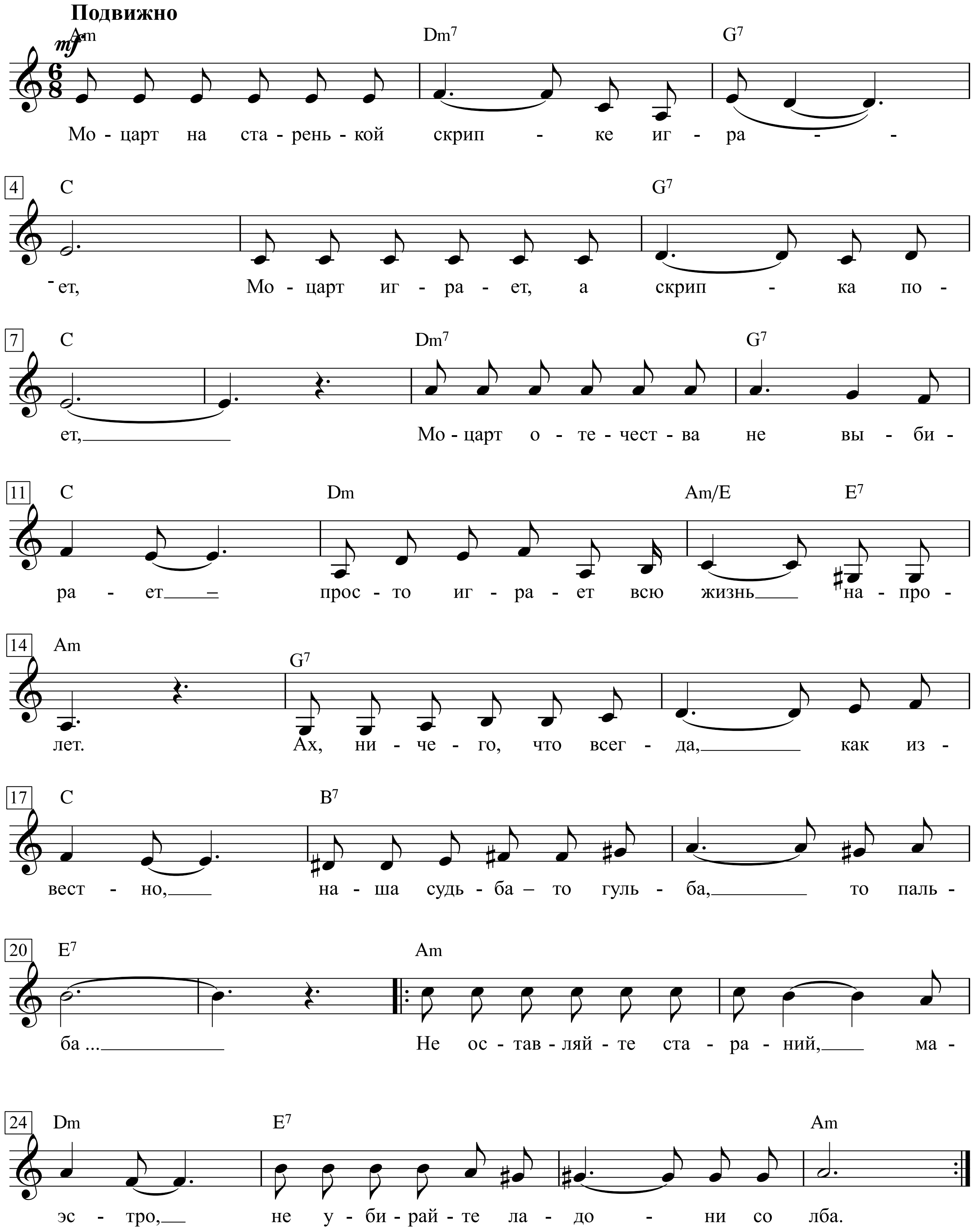
3. А он, судьбу свою кляня,
Не тихой жизни жаждал
И все просил: “Огня, огня!” –
Забыв, что он бумажный.

В огонь? Ну что ж, иди! Идешь?
И он шагнул однаходы.
И там погиб он ни за грош, –
Ведь был солдат бумажный.

1. Один солдат на свете жил,
Красивый и отважный,
Но он игрушкой детской был, –
Ведь был солдат бумажный.

Он переделать мир хотел,
Чтоб был счастливым каждый,
А сам на ниточке висел,
Ведь был солдат бумажный.

Песенка о Моцарте - Lied über Mozart



1. Моцарт на старенькой скрипке играет,
Моцарт играет, а скрипка поет,
Моцарт отечества не выбирает –
просто играет всю жизнь напролет.
Ах, ничего, что всегда, как известно,
наша судьба – то гульба, то пальба ...
Не оставляйте стараний, маэстро,
не убирайте ладони со лба.

2. Где-нибудь на остановке конечной
скажем спасибо и этой судьбе.
Но из грехов своей родины вечной
не сотворить бы кумира себе.
Ах, ничего, что всегда, как известно,
наша судьба – то гульба, то пальба ...
Не расставайтесь с надеждой, маэстро,
не убирайте ладони со лба.

3. Коротки наши лета молодые,
Миг – и развеются, как на кострах,
красный камзол, башмаки золотые,
белый парик, рукава в кружевах.
Ах, ничего, что всегда, как известно,
наша судьба – то гульба, то пальба ...
Не обращайте вниманья, маэстро,
не убирайте ладони со лба.

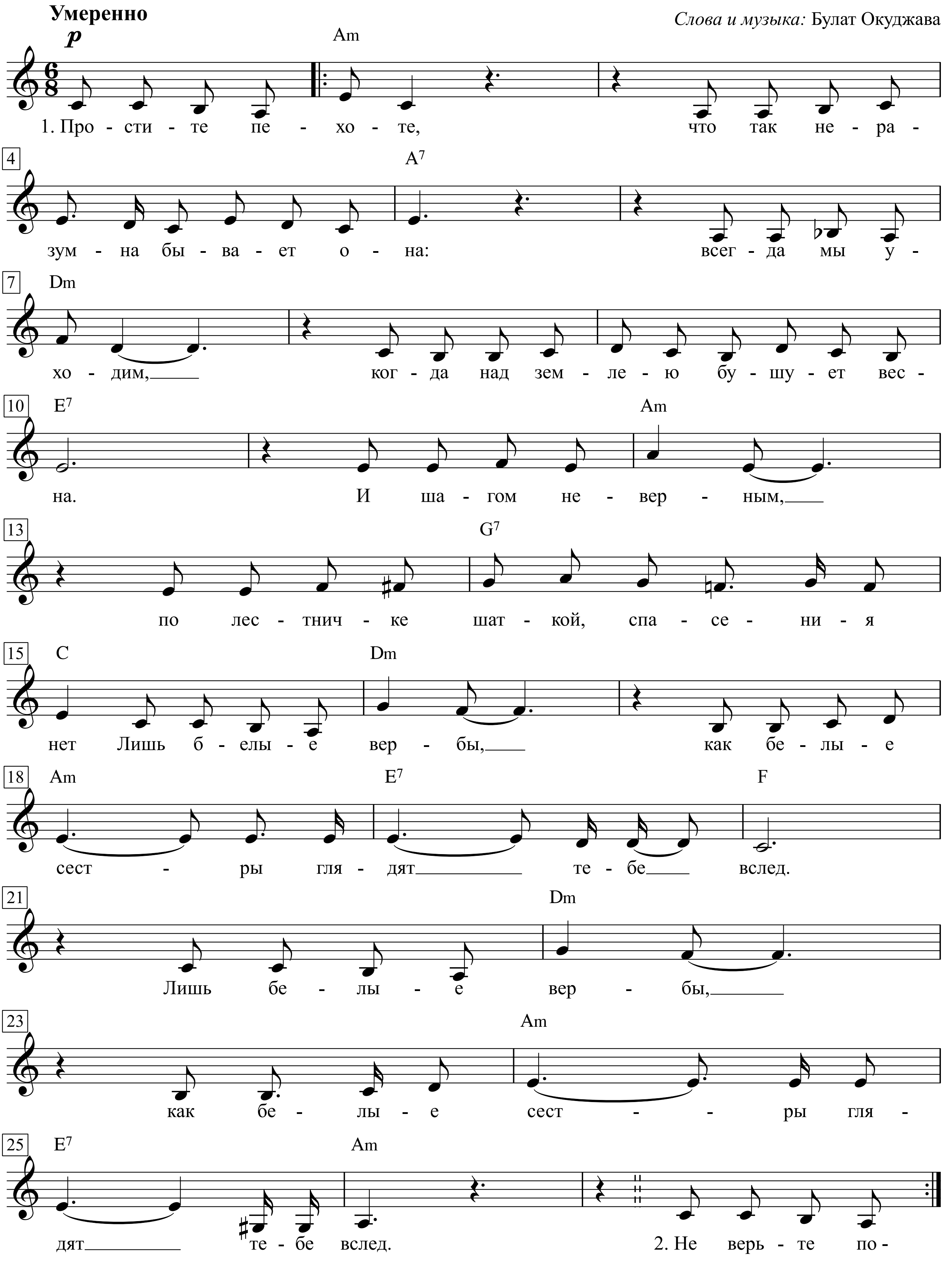
1. Mozart spielt auf einer uralten Geige
Mozart spielt, die Geige singt
Mozart sucht sich nicht aus seine Heimat -
Spielt sich durchs Leben, was immer es bringt
Ach, jeder weiß, unser Schicksal heißt ewig
Mal Saus und Braus, ach, und mal Pulverdampf ...
Gebt euer Mühen nicht auf, Maestro
Lasst von der Stirn nicht sinken die Hand

2. Irgendwo, letzte Station unsres Lebens
Sagen wir auch diesem Schicksal Dank
Doch aus den Sünden des ewigen Vaterlands
Macht keine Götzen ein Leben lang
Ach, jeder weiß, unser Schicksal heißt ewig
Mal Saus und Braus, ach, und mal Pulverdampf ...
Gebt eure Hoffnung nicht auf, Maestro
Lasst von der Stirn nicht sinken die Hand

3. Kurz nur sind unsere jungen Jahre
Ein Augenblick - schon zerwehen, wie Feuer verbrennt
Das rote Wams und die goldenen Schuhe
Weiß die Perücke, mit Spitzen das Hemd
Ach, jeder weiß, unser Schicksal heißt ewig
Mal Saus und Braus, ach und mal Pulverdampf ...
Achtet nicht drauf, gebt nicht auf, Maestro
Lasst von der Stirn nicht sinken die Hand

Песенка о пехоте

Слова и музыка: Булат Окуджава



1. Простите пехоте,
Что так неразумна бывает она:
Всегда мы уходим,
Когда над землею бушует весна.
И шагом неверным
По лестничке шаткой спасения нет...
Лишь белые вербы,
Как белые сестры, глядят тебе вслед

2. Не верьте погоде,
Когда затяжные дожди она льет.
Не верьте пехоте,
Когда она бравые песни поет.
Не верьте, не верьте,
Когда по садам закричат соловьи:
У жизни и смерти
Еще не окончены счеты свои.

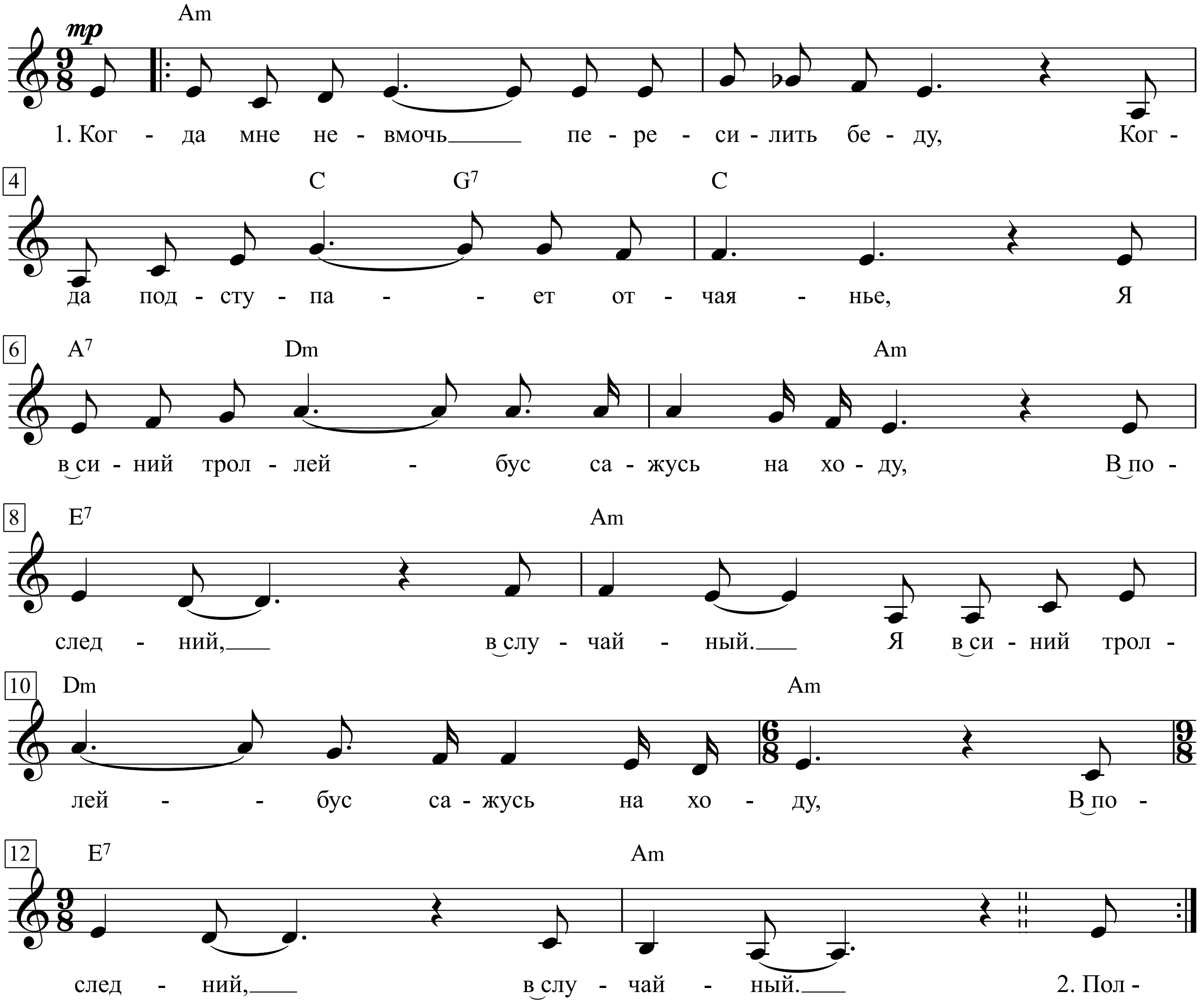
3. Нас время учило:
Живи по-холодному, дверь отворя...
Товарищ мужчина,
И все же заманчива доля твоя:
Весь век ты в походе.
И только одно отрывает от сна:
Чего ж мы уходим,
Когда над землею бушует весна?

1. Простите пехоте,
что так неразумна бывает она:
всегда мы уходим,
ког да над землею бушует весна.
И шагом неверным,
по лестничке шаткой, спасения нет
Лишь белые вербы,
как белые сестры глядят тебе вслед.
Лишь белые вербы,
как белые сест ры глядят тебе вслед.

Песенка о полночном тролейбусе

Спокойно

Слова и музыка: Булат Окуджава



1. Когда мне невмочь пересилить беду,
Когда подступает отчаянье,
Я в синий троллейбус сажусь на ходу,
В последний, в случайный. ’

2. Полночный троллейбус, по улицам мчи,
Верши по бульварам круженье,
Чтоб всех подобрать, потерпевших в ночи
Крушенье, крушенье!

3. Полночный троллейбус, мне дверь отвори!
Я знаю, как в зябкую полночь
Твои пассажиры — матросы твои —
Приходят на помощь.

4. Я с ними не раз уходил от беды,
Я к ним прикасался плечами...
Как много, представьте себе, доброты
В молчанье, в молчанье.

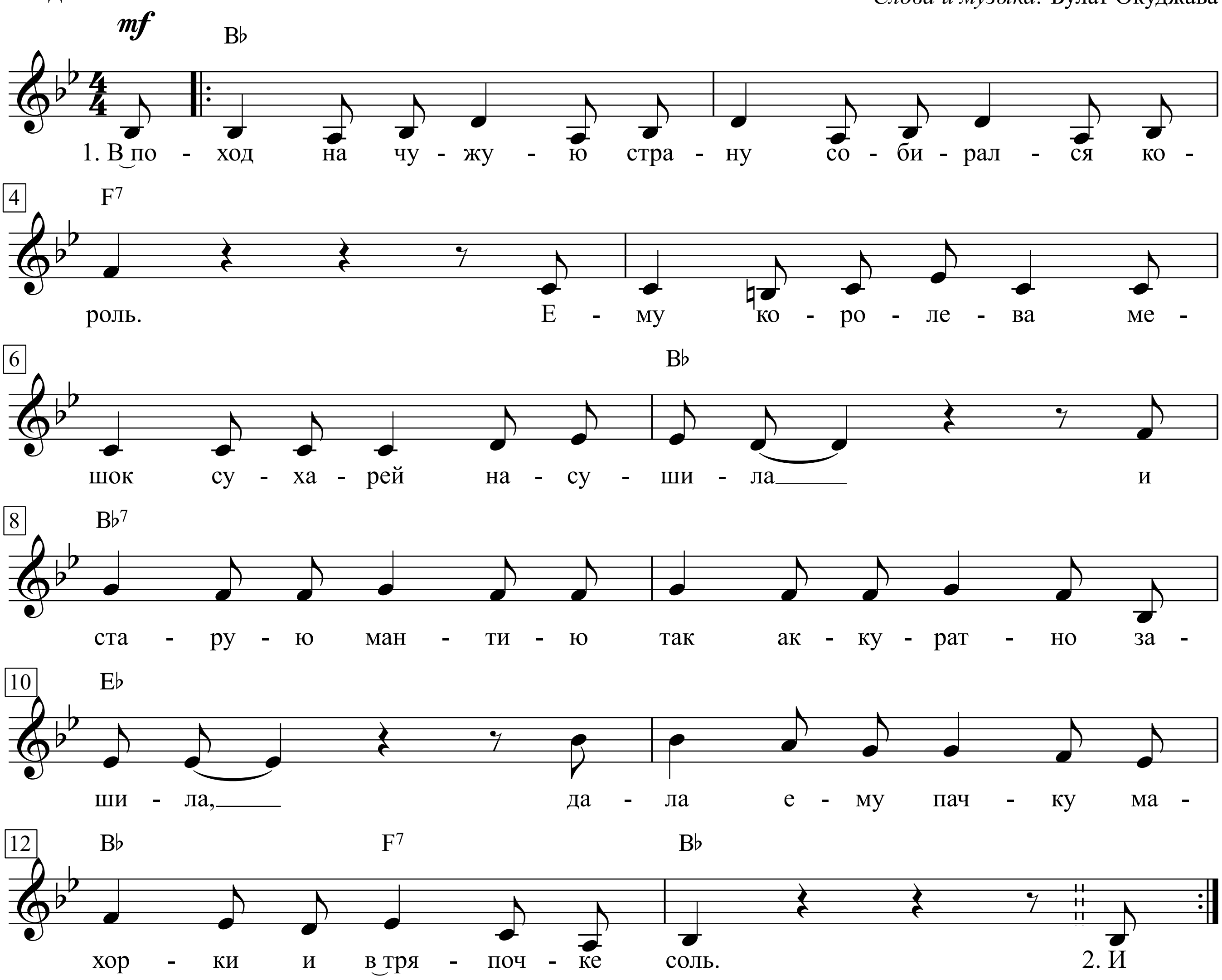
5. Полночный троллейбус плывет по Москве,
В рассвет мостовая стекает...
И боль, что скворчонком стучала в виске,
Стихает, стихает.

1. Ког да мне невмочь пересилить беду,
Когда подступает отчаянье,
Я в_синий троллейбус сажусь на ходу,
В_последний, в_случайный.
Я в_синий троллейбус сажусь на ходу,
В_последний, в_случайный.

Песенка о старом, больном, усталом короле

Подвижно

Слова и музыка: Булат Окуджава



1. В_поход на чужую страну собирался король.
Ему королева мешок сухарей насушила
и старую мантию так аккуратно зашила,
дала ему пачку махорки и в_тряпочке соль.

2. И

1. В поход на чужую страну собирался король.
Ему королева мешок сухарей насушила
И старую мантию так аккуратно зашила,
Дала ему пачку махорки и в тряпочке соль.

2. И руки свои королю положила на грудь,
Сказала ему, обласкав его взором лучистым:
“Получше их бей, а не то прослывешь пацифистом,
И пряников сладких отнять у врагов не забудь”.

3. И видит король — его войско стоит средь двора:
Пять грустных солдат, пять веселых солдат и ефрейтор.
Сказал им король: “Не страшны нам ни пресса, ни ветер.
Врага мы побьем, и с победой придем, и ура!”

4. Но вот отгремело прощальных речей торжество.
В походе король свою армию переиначил:
Веселых солдат интендантами сразу назначил,
А грустных оставил в солдатах — авось ничего.

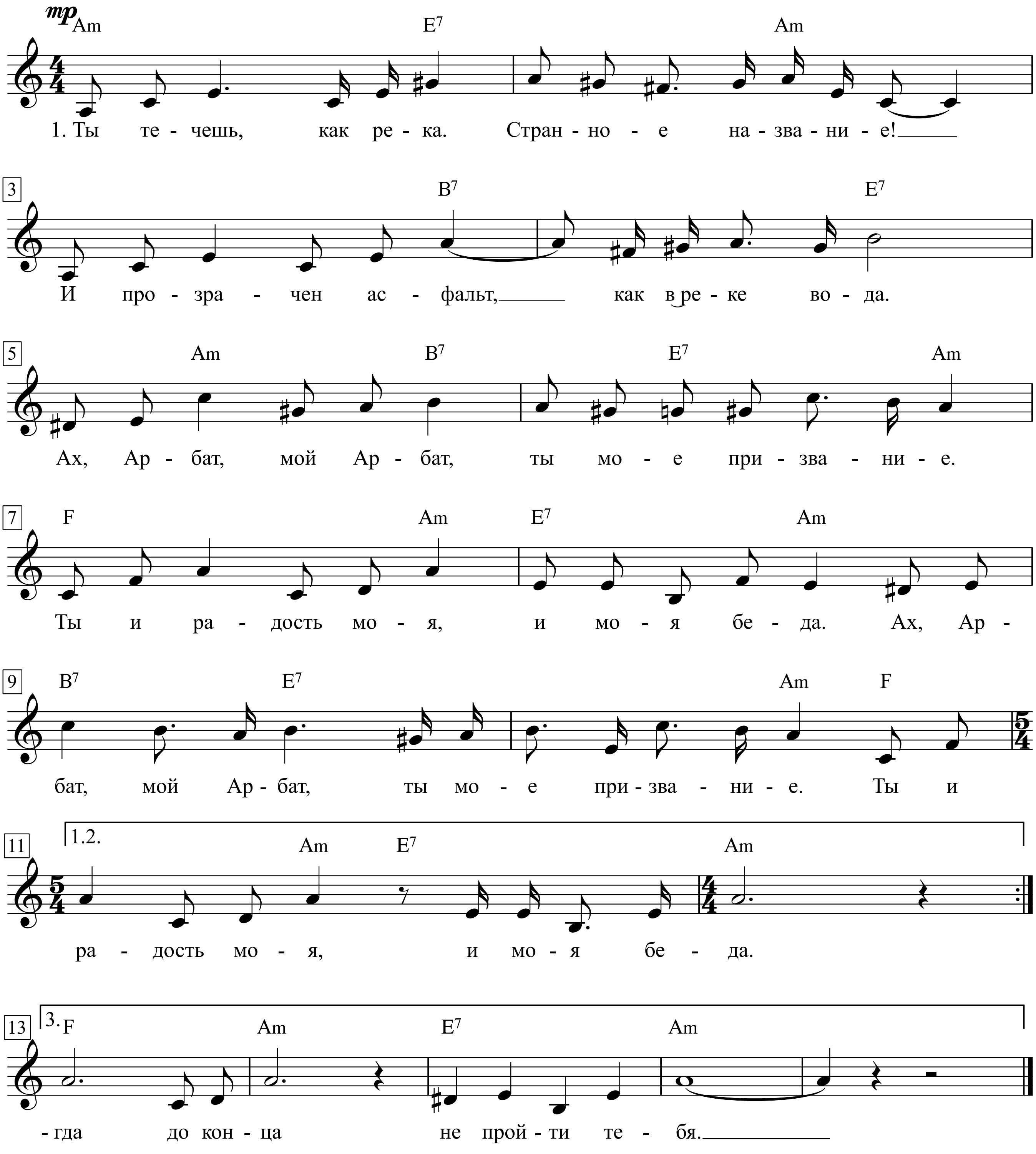
5. Представьте себе, наступили победные дни.
Пять грустных солдат не вернулись из схватки военной.
Ефрейтор, морально нестойкий, женился на пленной.
Но пряников целый мешок захватили они.

6. Играйте, оркестры, звучите, и песни и смех,
Минутной печали не стоит, друзья, предаваться.
Ведь грустным солдатам нет смысла в живых оставаться,
И пряников, кстати, всегда не хватает на всех.

Lied vom Arbat - Песенка об Арбате

Bulat Okudschawa (1959)
Булат Окуджава

Спокойно



1. Ты течешь, как река. Странное название!
И прозрачен асфальт, как в реке вода.
Ах, Арбат, мой Арбат,
ты - мое призвание.
Ты - и радость моя, и моя беда.

2. Пешеходы твои - люди невеликие,
каблуками стучат - по делам спешат.
Ах, Арбат, мой Арбат,
ты - моя религия,
мостовые твои подо мной лежат.

3. От любови твоей вовсе не излечишься,
сорок тысяч других мостовых любя.
Ах, Арбат, мой Арбат,
ты - мое отечество,
никогда до конца не пройти тебя.

1. Du fließt dahin wie ein Fluss. Welch sonderbarer Name!
Und dein Asphalt ist so klar wie Flusswasser.
Ach Arbat, mein Arbat,
du bist mein Schicksal.
Meine Freude bist du und mein Leid.

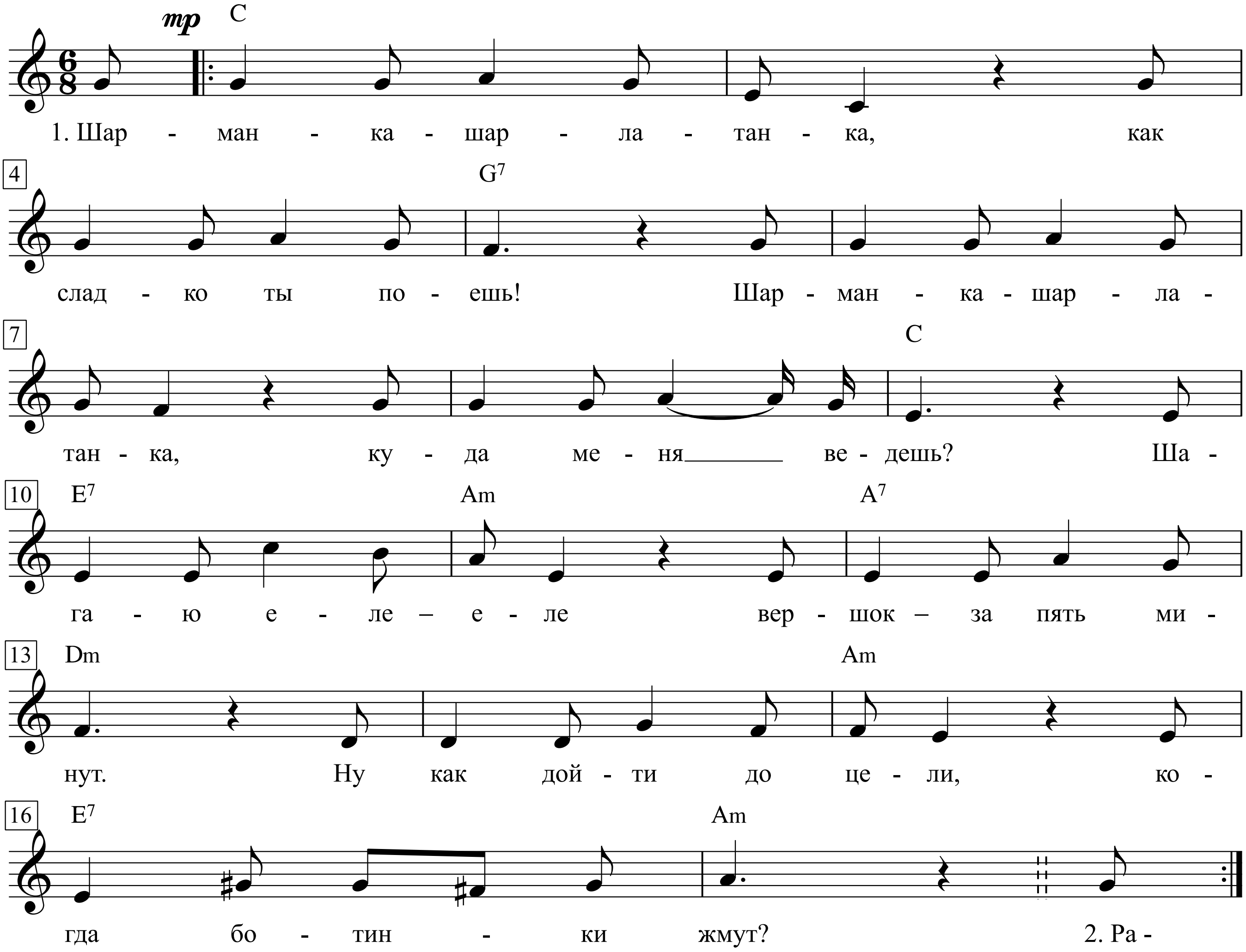
2. Deine Fußgänger sind keine großen Leute,
mit den Absätzen klappernd, gehen sie eilig ihren Geschäften nach.
Ach Arbat, Mein Arbat,
du bist meine Religion,
dein Pflaster liegt unter mir.

3. Von der Liebe zu dir kann man nie genesen,
auch wenn man vierzigtausend andere Pflaster liebt.
Ach Arbat, mein Arbat,
du bist mein Vaterland,
Nie kann man dich ganz durchmessen.

Песенка старого шарманщика - Leierkasten-Scharlatan

Не спеша

Слова и музыка: Булат Окуджава



1. Шарманка-шарлатанка,
как сладко ты поешь!
Шарманка-шарлатанка,
куда меня ведешь?
Шагаю еле – еле
вершок – за пять минут.
Ну как дойти до цели,
когда ботинки жмут?

2. Ра

1. Шарманка-шарлатанка,
Как сладко ты поёшь!
Шарманка-шарлатанка,
Куда меня ведешь?
Шагаю еле-еле,
Вершок – за пять минут.
Ну как дойти до цели,
Когда ботинки жмут?

2. Работа есть работа.
Работа есть всегда.
Хватило б только пота
На все мои года.
Расплата за ошибки –
Она ведь тоже труд ...
Хватило бы улыбки,
Когда под ребра бьют.

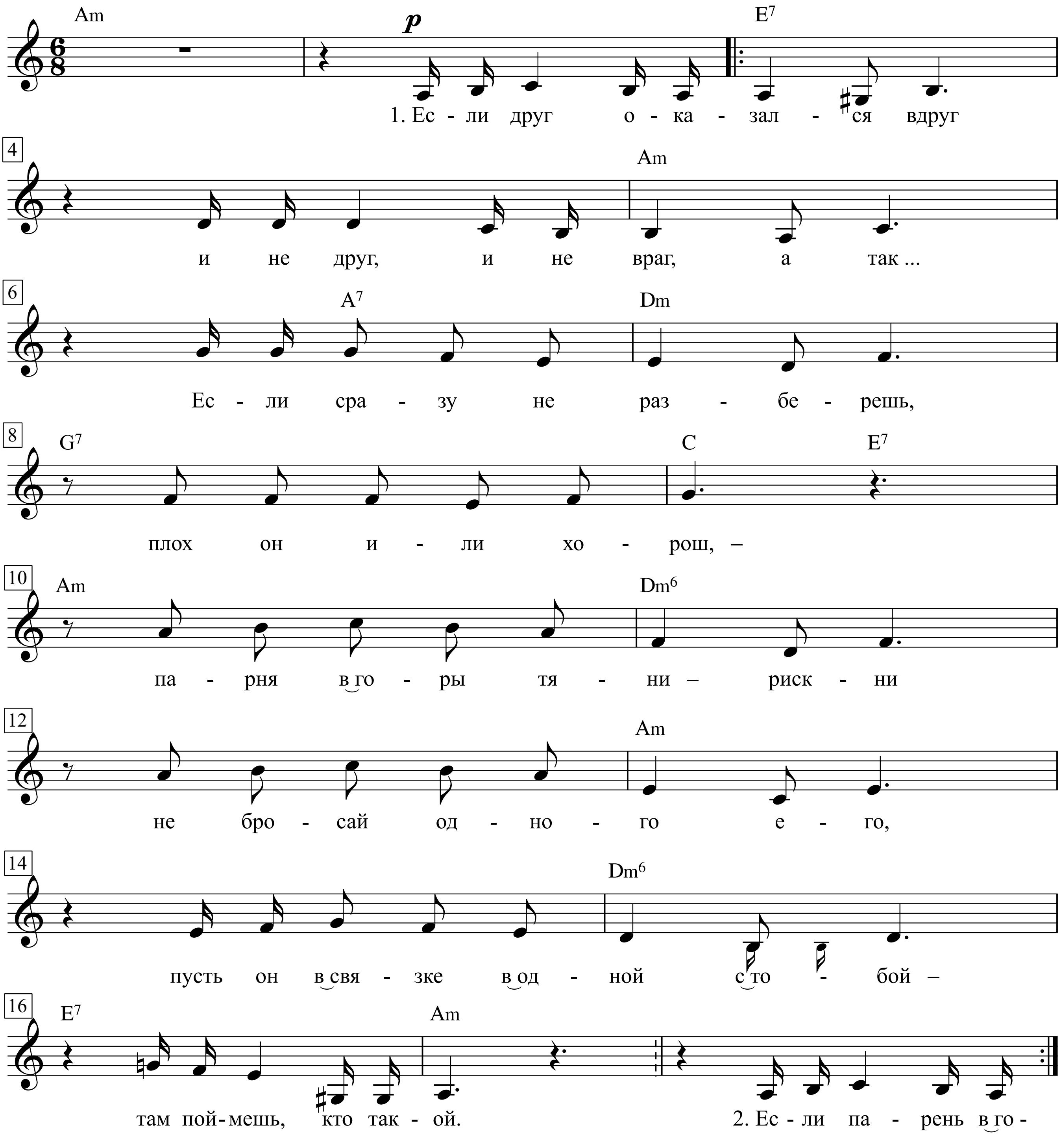
Scharmanka - Scharlatanka,
Wie süß, wie süß du singst!
Scharmanka - Scharlatanka,
Wohin du mich wohl bringst?
Ein Zoll in fünf Minuten -
So schlepp ich Bein für Bein,
Ach, wie ans Ziel gelangen,
Die Schuhe sind aus Stein!

Ach, Arbeit, Arbeit, Arbeit,
Ach, Arbeit immerdar...
Mög mir der Schweiß bloß reichen
Für alle meine Jahr!
Bezahlen-müssen für Fehler
Ist schließlich Mühe auch,
Mögs reichen für ein Lächeln,
Tritt man mich in den Bauch!

Песня о друге

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий

Умеренно



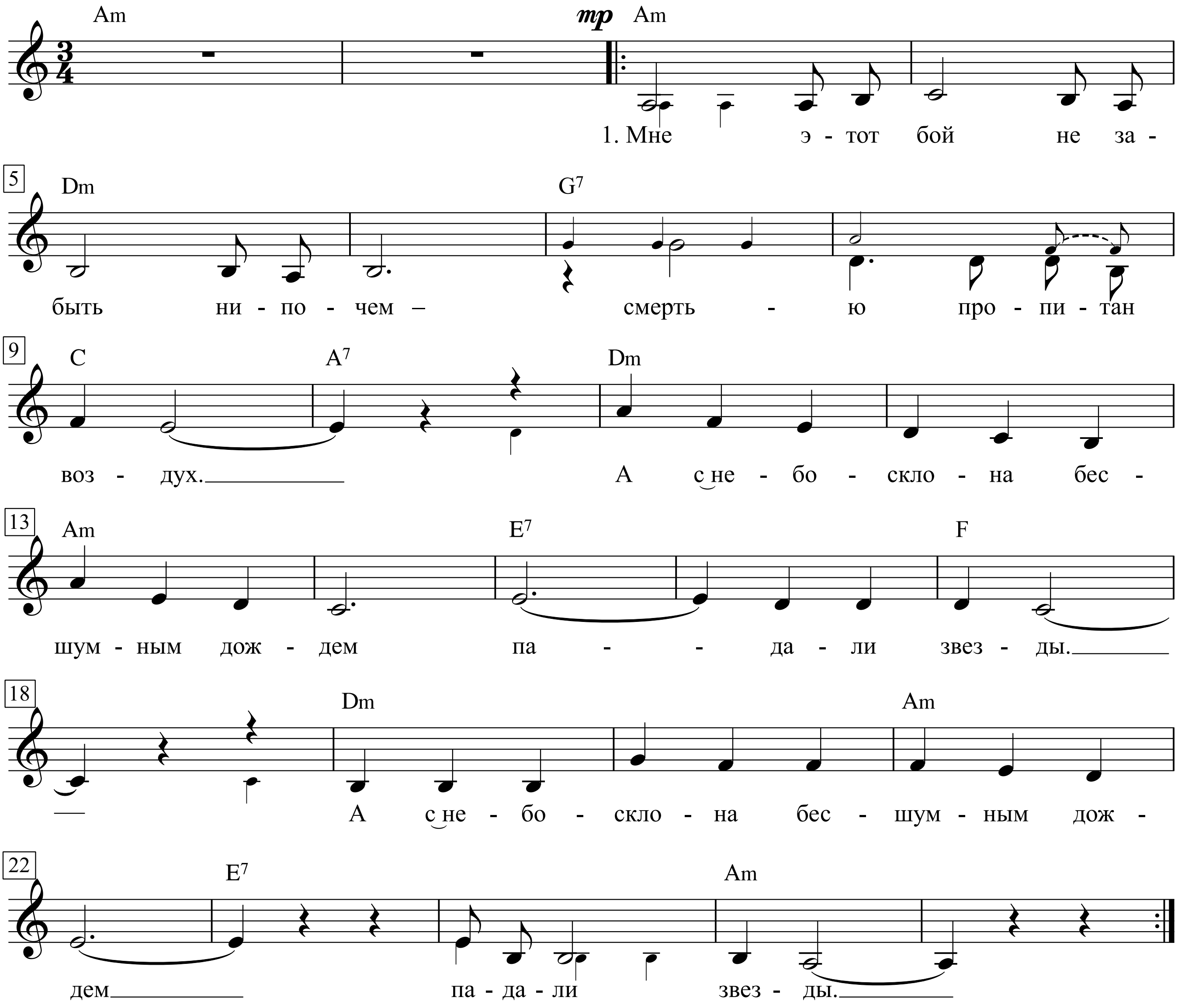
Ес-ли друг о-ка-зал-ся вдруг
и не друг, и не враг, а так...
Ес-ли сра-зу не раз-бе-решь,
плох он и-ли хо-рош,
па-рня в го-ры тя-ни риск-ни
не бро-сай од-но-го е-го,
пусть он в свя-зке в од-ной с то-бой
там пой-мешь, кто так-ой.
Ес-ли па-рень в го

рах - не ах,
Если сразу раскис - и вниз,
Шаг ступил на ледник - и сник,
Оступился - и в крик,
Значит рядом с тобой - чужой,
Ты его гне брани - гони,
Вверх таких не берут, и тут
Про таких не поют.
Если ж он не стонал, не ныл,
Пусть он хмур был и зол, но шел,
А когда ты упал со скал,
Он стонал, но держал;
Если шел он с тобой, как в бой,
На вершине стоял хмельной,
Значит, как на себя самого,
Положись на него.

Песня о звёздах

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий

В темпе вальса

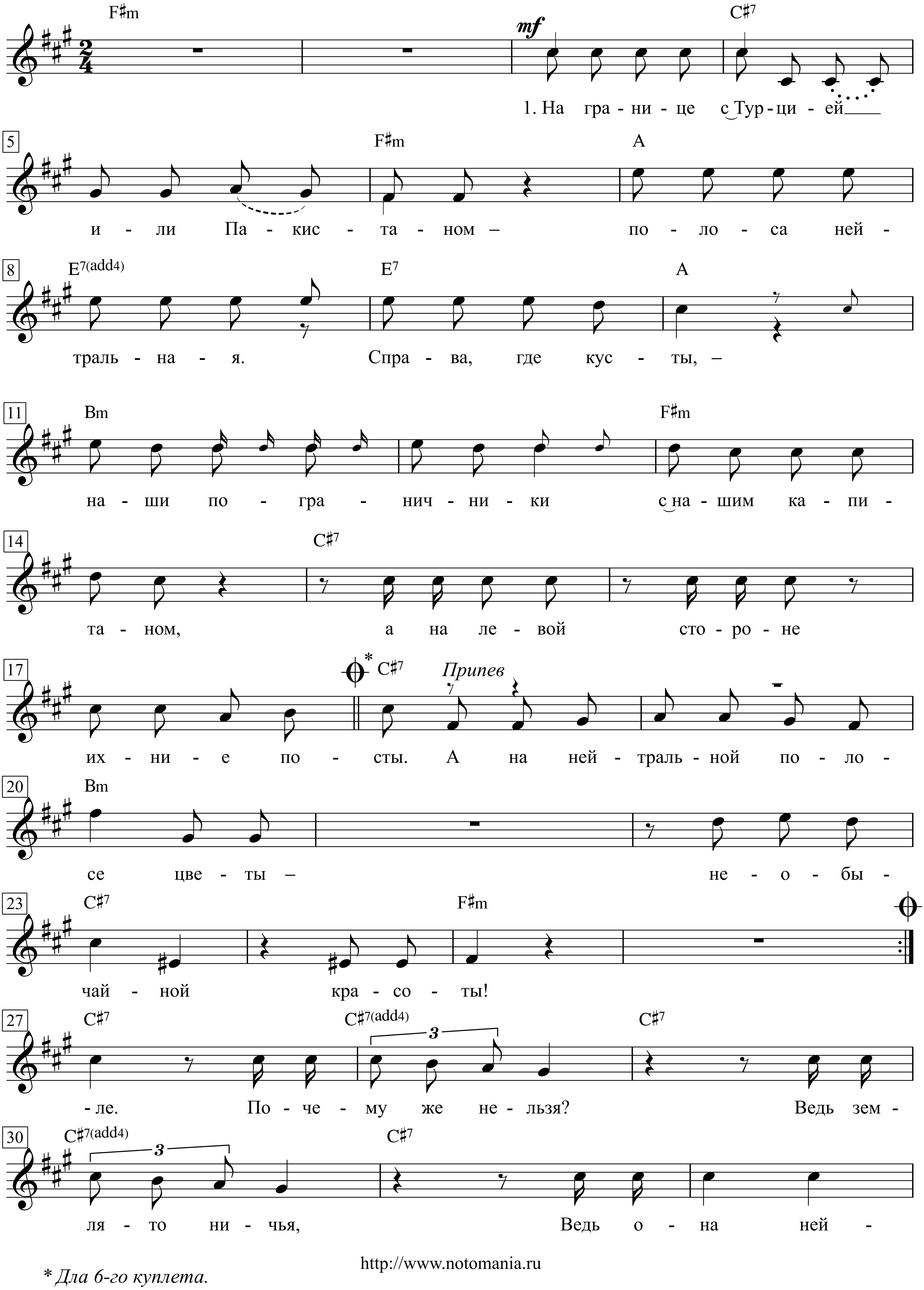


Мне э-тот бой не за-быть ни-по-чем
смерть-ю про-пи-тан воз-дух.
А с не-бо-скло-на бес-шум-ным дож-дем
па-да-ли звез-ды.
А с не-бо-скло-на бес-шум-ным дож-дем
па-да-ли звез-ды.
(повторять последние две строчки везде)
па-да-ли звез-ды.
Снова упала - и я загадал:
Выйти живым из боя,-
Так свою жизнь я поспешно связал
С глупой звездою.
Я уж решил: миновала беда
И удалось отвертеться, -
Но с неба свалилась шальная звезда -
Прямо под сердце.
Нам говорили:Нужна высота!
И Не халеть патроны!...
Вон покатилась вторая звезда -
Вам на погоны.
Звезд этих в небе - как рыбы в прудах, -
Хватит на всех с лихвою.
Если б не насмерть, ходил бы тогда
Тоже - Героем.
Я бы звезду эту сыну отдал,
Просто - на память...
В небе висит, пропадает звезда -
Некуда падать.

Песня о нейтральной полосе

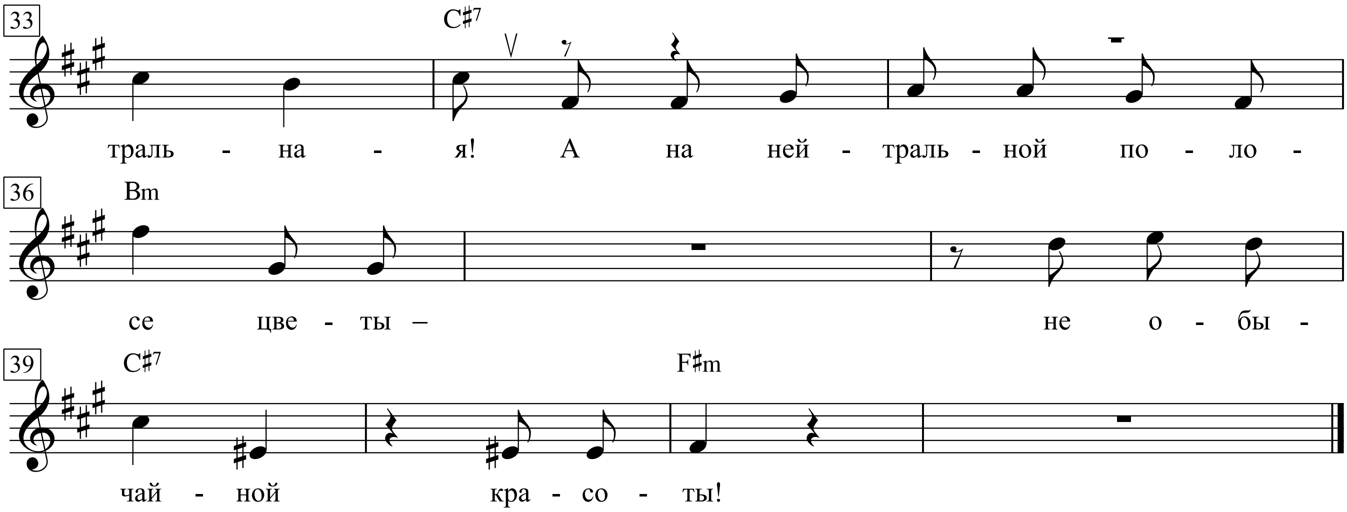
Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий

Умеренно быстро



http://www.notomania.ru

* *Дла 6-го куплета.*



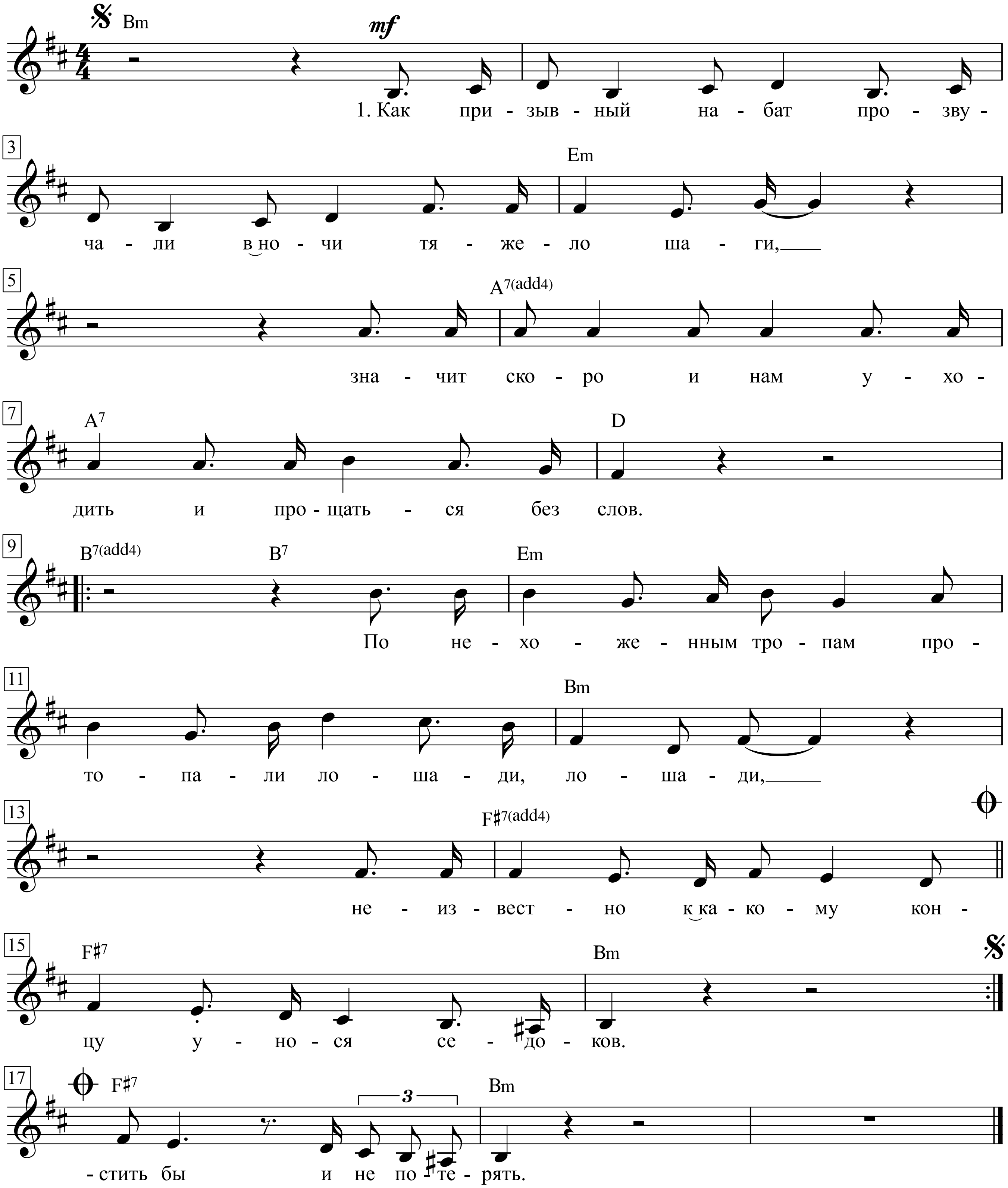
На гра-ни-це с Тур-ци-ей и-ли Па-кис-та-ном
по-ло-са ней-траль-на-я. Спра-ва, где кус-ты,
на-ши по-гра-нич-ни-ки с на-шим ка-пи-та-ном,
а на ле-вой сто-ро-не их-ни-е по-сты.
Припев: А на ней-траль-ной по-ло-се цве-ты
не-о-бы-чай-ной кра-со-ты!
Капитанова невеста жить решила вместе.
Прикатила, говорит: "Милый! То да се..."
Надо ж хоть букет цветов подарить невесте...
Что ж за свадьба без цветов? Пьянка, да и все!
Припев.
К ихнему начальнику, точно по повестке,
Тоже баба прикатила - налетела блажь.
Тоже "милый" говорит, только по турецки,
Будет свадьба, говорит, свадьба - и шабаш!
Припев.
Наши пограничники - храбрые ребята -
Трое вызвались идти, с ними - капитан.
Разве ж знать они могли про то, что азиаты
Порешили в ту же ночь вдарить по цветам!...
Припев.
Пьян от запаха цветов капитан мертвецки,
Ну, и ихний капитан тоже в доску пьян.
Повалился он в цветы, охнув по турецки.
И, по-русски крикнув "мать...", рухнул капитан.
Припев.
Спит капитан, и ему сниться,
Что открыли границу, как ворота в Кремле.
Ему и на фиг не нужна была чужая заграница -
Он пройтиться хотел по ничейной земле.
C#7/4

По-че-му же не-льзя? Ведь зем-ля-то ни-чья,
Ведь о-на ней-траль-на-я!

Песня о новом времени

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий

Подвижно



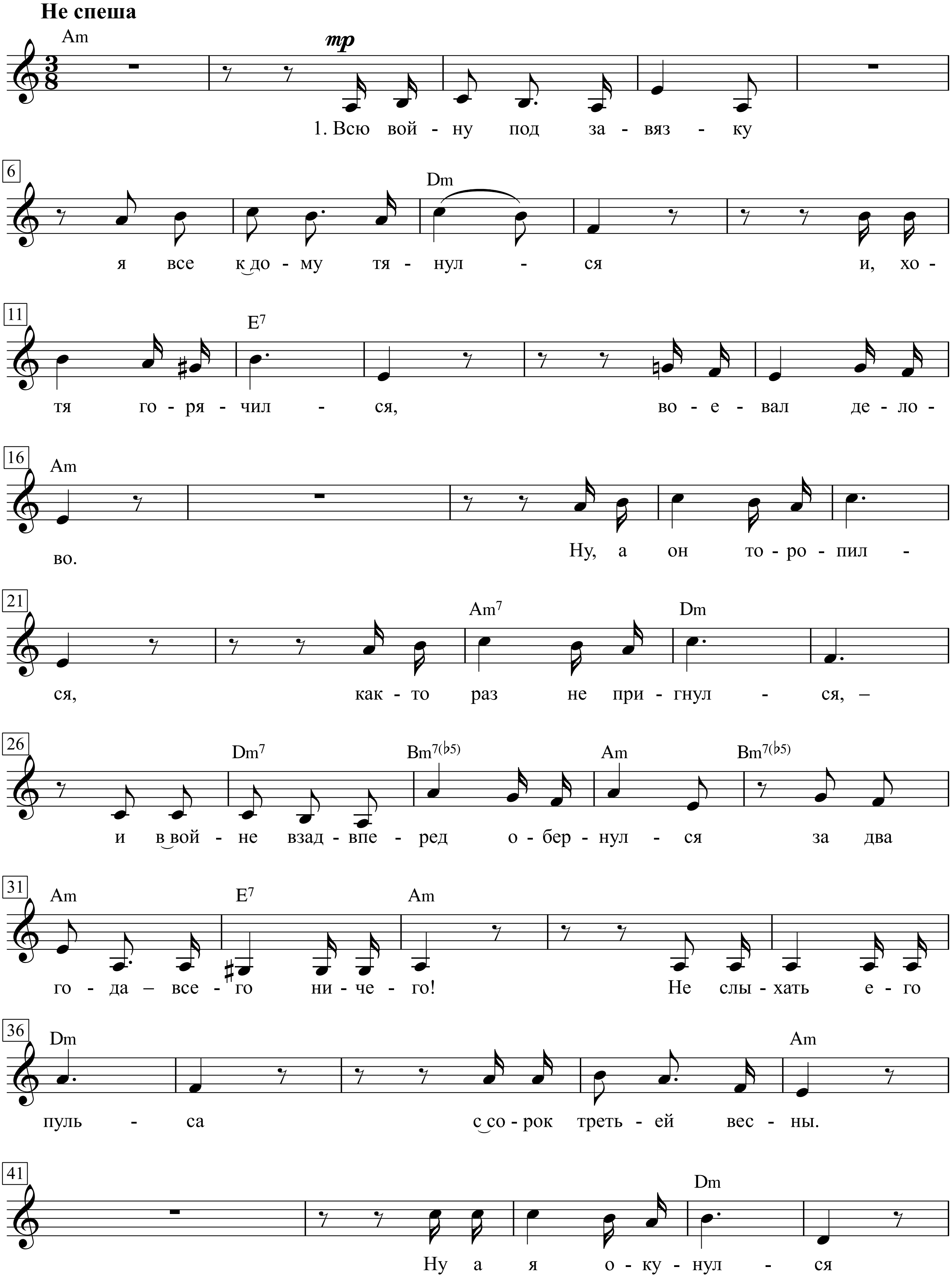
Как при-зыв-ный на-бат про-зву-ча-ли в но-чи тя-же-ло ша-ги,
зна-чит ско-ро и нам у-хо-дить и про-щать-ся без слов.

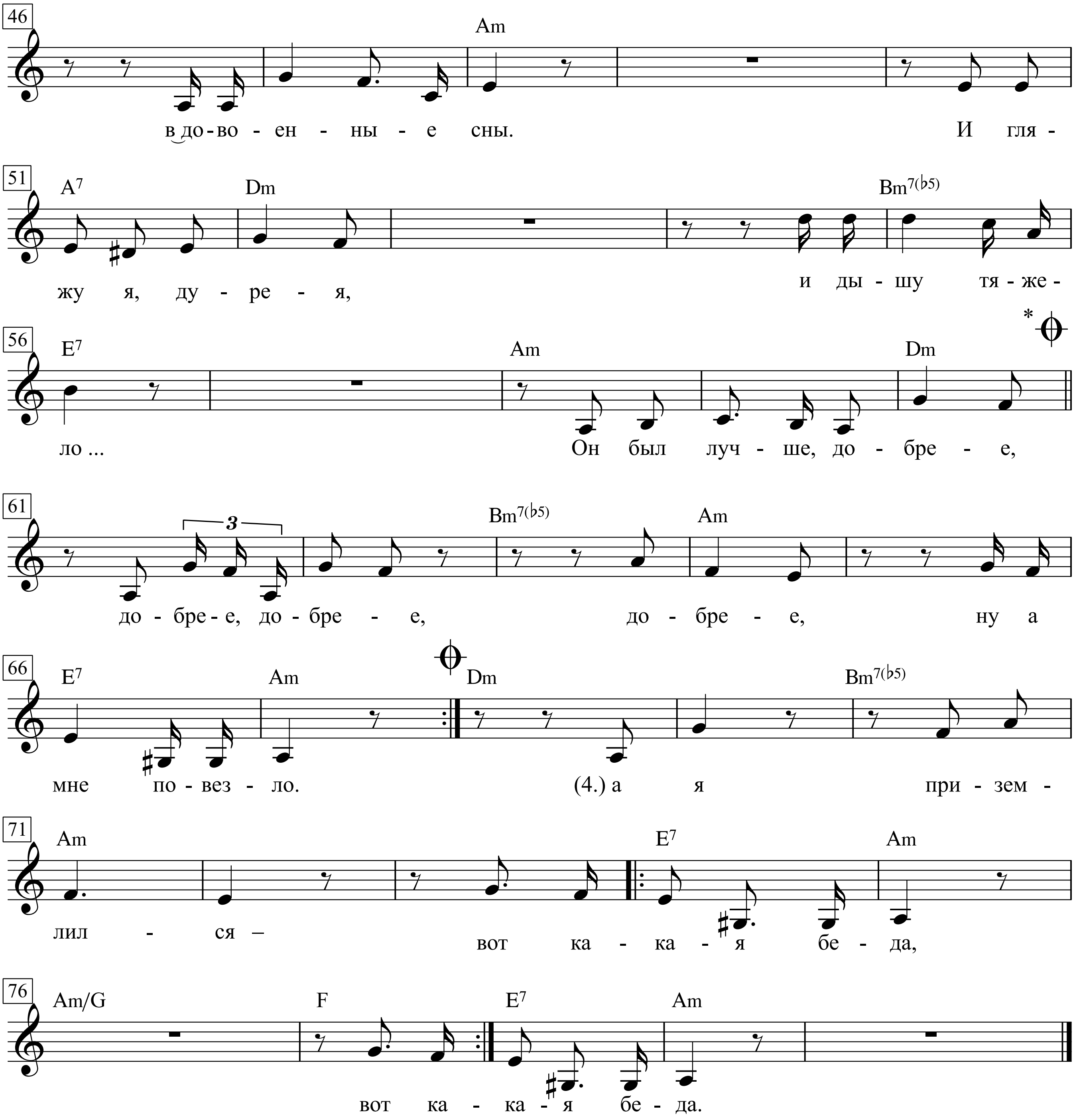
По не-хо-же-нным тро-пам про-то-па-ли ло-ша-ди, ло-ша-ди,

не-из-вест-но к ка-ко-му кон-цу у-но-ся се-до-ков.
Наше время иное, лихое, но счастье как в старь ищи,
И в погоню за ним мы летим, убегающим вслед.
Только вот в этой скачке теряем мы лучших товарищей,
На скаку не заметив, что рядом товарища нет.
И еще будем долго огни принимать за пожары мы,
Будет долго казаться нам скрип сапогов.
Про войну будут детские игры с названиями старыми,
И людей будем долго делить на друзей и врагов.
А когда отгрохочет, когда отгорит и отплачется,
И когда наши кони устанут под нами скакать.
И когда наши девушки сменят шинели на платьица,
Не забыть бы тогда, не про
стить бы и не по-те-рять.

Песня о погибшем лётчике

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий





* *Дла 4-го куплета.*

Всю вой-ну под за-вяз-ку я все к до-му тя-нул-ся
и, хо-тя го-ря-чил-ся, во-е-вал де-ло-во.
Ну, а он то-ро-пил-ся, как-то раз не при-гнул-ся,
и в вой-не взад-впе-ред о-бер-нул-ся за два го-да все-го ни-че-го!

Не слы-хать е-го пуль-са с со-рок треть-ей вес-ны.
Ну а я о-ку-нул-ся в до-во-ен-ны-е сны,
И гля-жу я, ду-ра-к, но ды-шу тя-же-ло...
Он был луч-ше, до-бре-е, ну, а мне по-вез-ло.

Я за пазухой не жил, не пил с Господом чая,
Я ни в тыл не просился, ни судьбе под подол,
Но мне женщины молча намекали, встречая:
Если б ты там навеки остался, может мой бы обратно пришел.

Для меня не загадка их печальный вопрос,
Мне ведь тоже не сладко, что у них не сбылось.
Мне ответ подвернулся:"Извините, что цел,
Я случайно вернулся, вернулся, ну, а он не сумел".

Он кричал напоследок в самолете сгорая:
"Ты живи, ты дотянешь", - доносилось сквозь гул.
Мы летали под богом, возле самого рая,
Он поднялся чуть выше и сел там, ну а я до земли дотянул,

Встретил летчика сухо райский аэродром,
Он садился на брюхо, но не ползал на нем,
Он уснул - не проснулся, он запел - не допел,
Так что я вот вернулся, вернулся, ну а он не сумел.

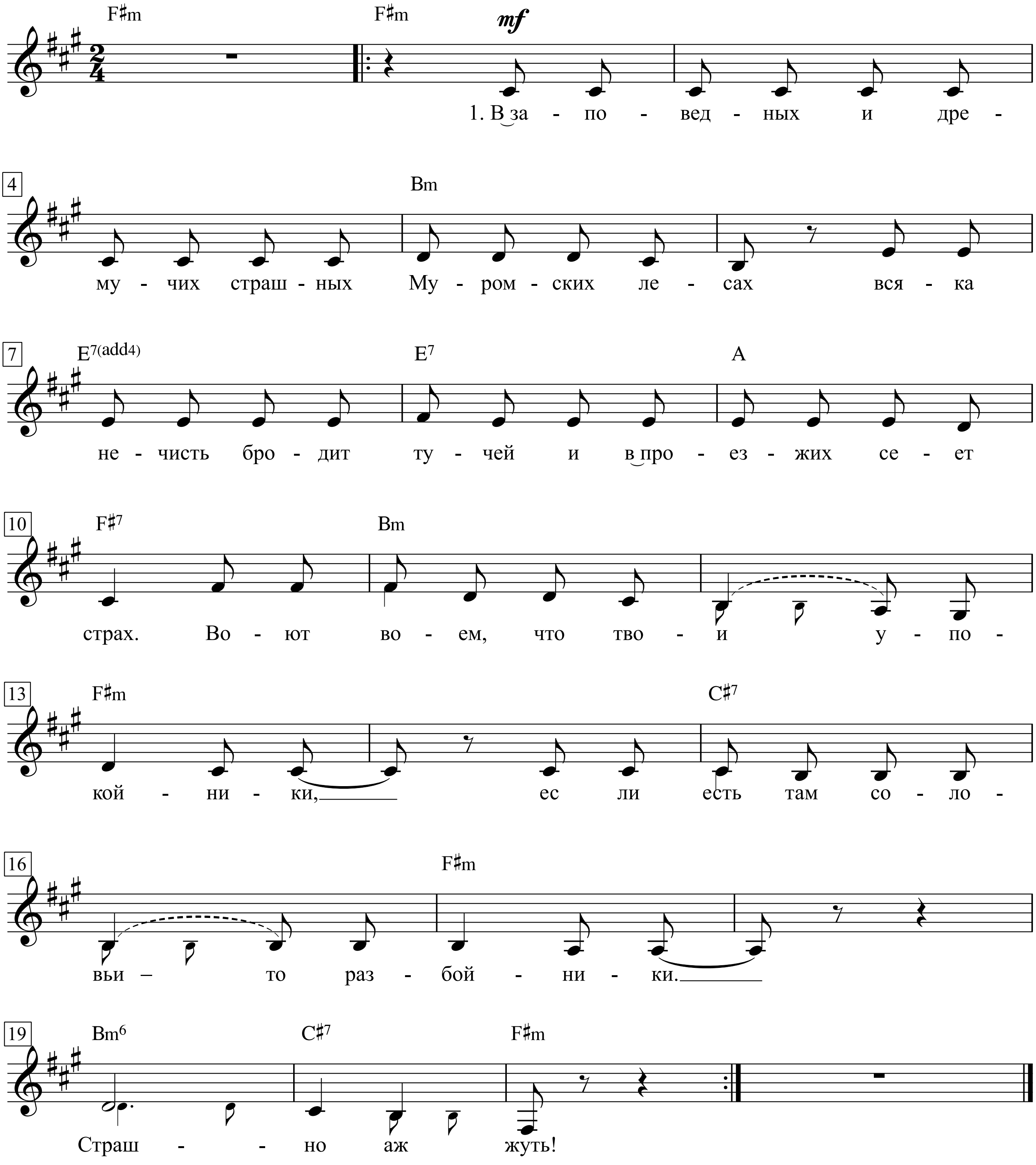
Я кругом и навечно виноват перед теми,
С кем сегодня встречаться я почел бы за честь.
Но хотя мы живыми до конца долетели,
Жжет нас память и мучает совесть, у кого она есть.

Кто-то скупо и четко отсчитал нам часы
В нашей жизни короткой, как бетон полосы.
И на ней, кто разбился, кто взлетел навсегда.
Ну, а я приземлился, ну, а я при-зем-лил-ся, вот ка-ка-я бе-да.

Песня-сказка о нечисти

Сдержанно

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий



В за-по-вед-ных и дре-му-чих страш-ных Му-ром-ских лесах
вся-ка не-чисть бро-дит ту-чей и в про-ез-жих се-ет страх.
Ходят во-ют, что тво-и у-по-кой-ни-ки,
Ес-ли есть там со-ло-вьи то раз-бой-ни-ки.

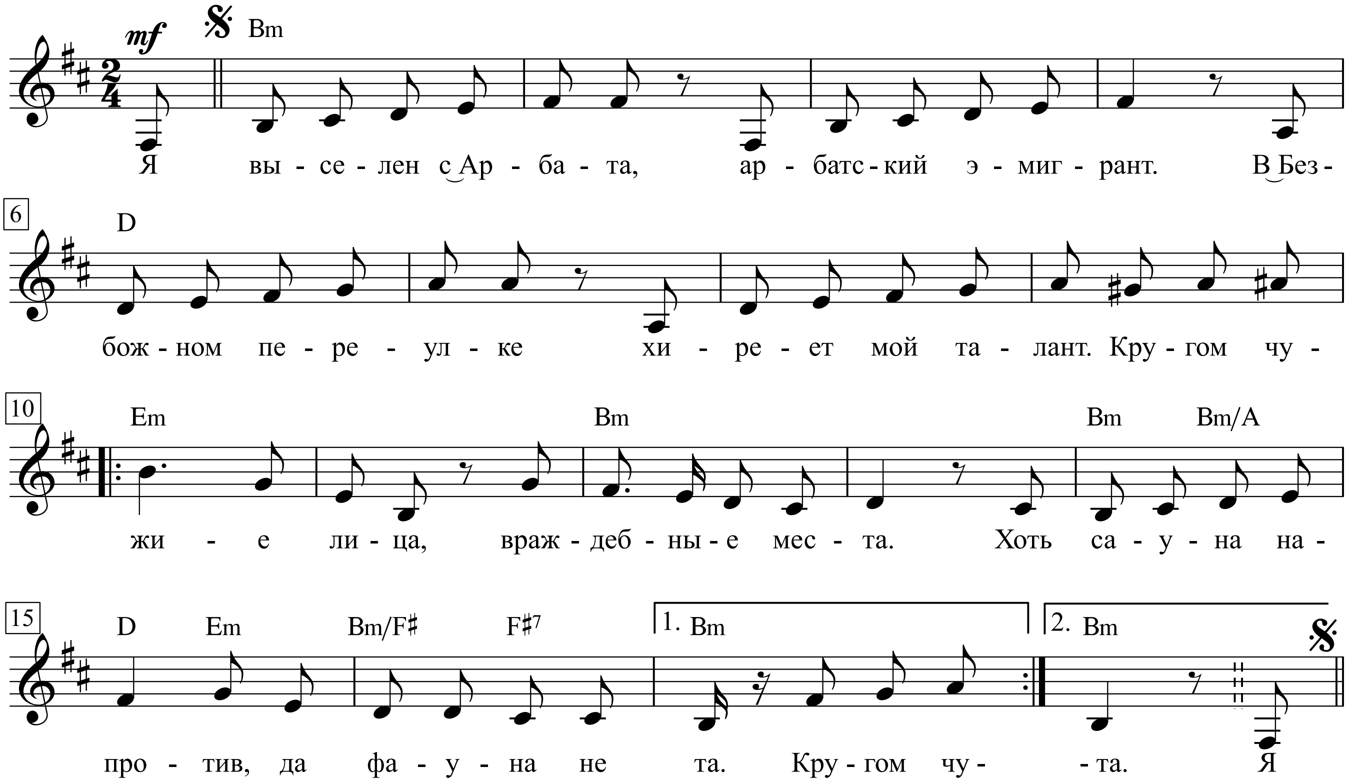
Страш-но аж жуть!

В заколдованных болотах там кикиморы живуть,
Защекочуть до икоты и на дно уволокуть.
Будь ты пеший, будь ты конный - заграбастають,
А уж лешии так по лесу и шастають.
Страшно аж жуть.
А мужик, купец иль воин, попадал в дремучий лес,
Кто зачем, кто с перепою, а кто сдуру в чещу лез.
По причине попадали без причины ли,
Только так их и видали, словно сгинули.
Страшно аж жуть.
Из заморского из леса, где и вовсе сущий ад,
Где такие злые бесы, чуть друг друга не ядять.
Что б творить им совместное зло потом,
Поделиться приехали опытом.
Страшно аж жуть.
Соловей разбойник главный им устроил буйный пир.
Атхи был змей трехглавый и слуга его вампир.
Пили зелье в черепах, ели бульники,
Танцевали на гробах богохульники.
Страшно аж жуть.
Змей Горыныч влез на древо, ну раскачивать его:
- Выводи разбойник девок, пусть покажут кой-чаго.
Пусть нам лешии попляшуть, попоють.
А не то я, матерь вашу, всех сгною.
Страшно аж жуть.
Тут все взревели как медведи:
- Натерпелись сколько лет.
Ведьмы мы али не ведьмы, мы патриотки али нет?
Налил бельма, ишь ты клещ отоварился,
А еще на наших женщин позарился.
Страшно аж жуть.
И Соловей-Разбойник тоже был не только лыком шит.
Он гикнул, крикну, свистнул:
- Рожа - Говорит.
- Ты заморский паразит - Говорит
- Да убирайся без бою уматывай
и вампира с собою прихватывай.
Страшно аж жуть.
А вот теперь седые люди помнят прежние дела.
Бились нечисть грудью в груди и друг друга извела.
Прекратилося навек безобразие.
Ходит в лес человек безбоязненно и не страшно ничуть.

Плач по Арбату - Klage um den Arbat

Неторопливо

Ч. Амирэджиби



1. Я выселен с Арбата, арбатский эмигрант.
В Безбожном переулке хиреет мой талант.
Кругом чужие лица, враждебные места.
Хоть сауна напротив, да фауна не та.

2. Я выселен с Арбата и прошлого лишен,
и лик мой чужеземцам не страшен, а смешон.
Я выдворен, затерян среди чужих судеб,
и горек мне мой сладкий, мой эмигрантский хлеб.

3. Без паспорта и визы, лишь с розою в руке
слоняюсь вдоль незримой границы на замке,
и в те, когда-то мною обжитые края,
всё всматриваюсь, всматриваюсь, всматриваюсь я.

4. Там те же тротуары, деревья и дворы,
но речи несердечны и холодны пиры.
Там так же полыхают густые краски зим,
но ходят оккупанты в мой зоомагазин.

5. Хозяйская походка, надменные уста ...
Ах, флора там все та же, да фауна не та ...
Я эмигрант с Арбата. Живу, свой крест неся ...
Заледенела роза и облетела вся.

1. Bin vom Arbat vertrieben, Arbater Emigrant
In der Gottlosen-Gasse verkümmert mein Talent
Umstellt von fremden Blicken, feindselgem Häuserblock
Zwar ist die Sauna nahe, die Fauna geht am Stock

2. Bin vom Arbat vertrieben, Vergangenheit entrückt
Den Okkupanten bin ich nicht schrecklich, nur verrückt
Verlorn in fremden Schicksaln, der Fortgetriebnen Not
Ach, bitter schmeckt mein süßes, mein Emigrantenbrot

3. Kein Ausweis, ohne Visum, die Rose in der Hand
An unsichtbaren Grenzen geh ich, in sie gebannt
Und die vertrauten Orte, die ich noch finden kann
Ich schaue sie, ich schaue sie, ich schau sie nochmals an

4. Dieselben Trottoire, derselbe Hinterhof
Doch herzlos die Gespräche, die Feste seelenlos
Die Winterfarben lodern wie damals satt und rein
Doch kaufen Okkupanten bei meinem Bäcker ein

5. Geschäftiges Gehabe, von Hochmut spitz der Mund ...
Die Flora ist dieselbe, die Fauna auf dem Hund!
Ich trag mein Kreuz und lebe, Arbater Emigrant
Die Rose ist erfroren in meiner heißen Hand

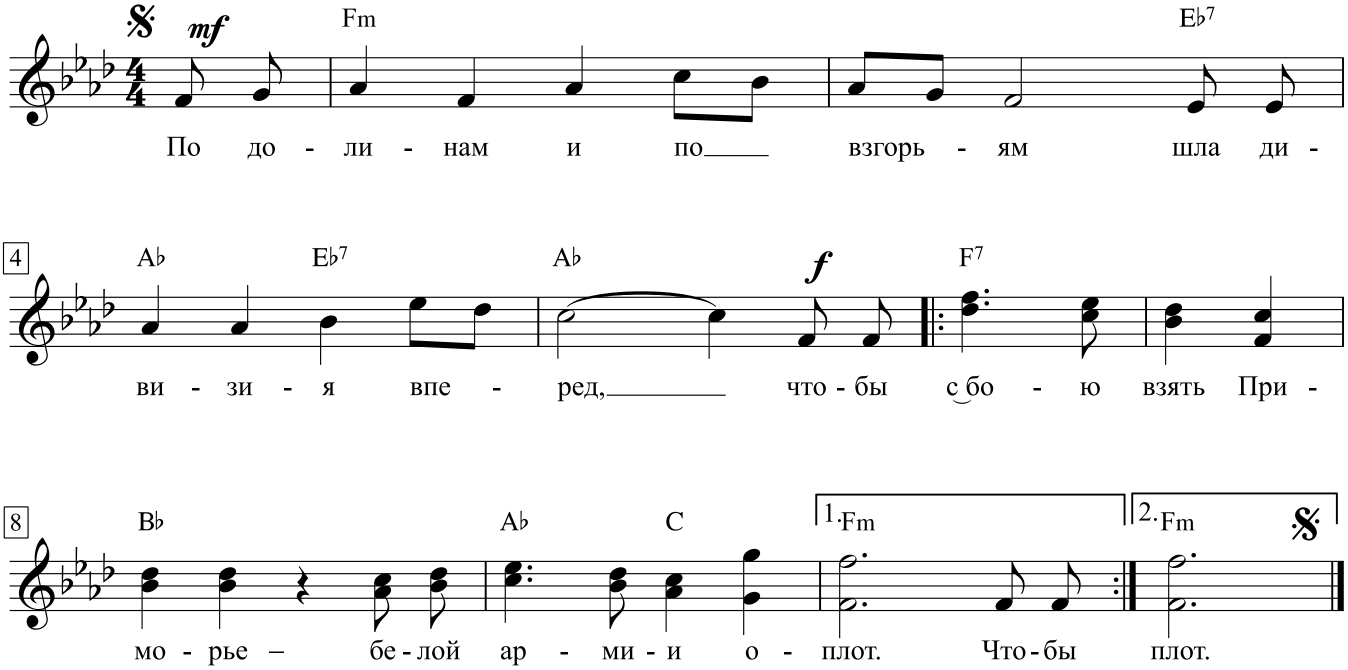
Возможно, я пристрастен, но мне кажется, что от живого Старого Арбата, с которым связано столько дорогого и памятного в истории Москвы, в жизни арбатских «соотечественников», и моей, осталась лишь пестрая декорация. Пусть внешне милая, но для меня – чужая. Поселиться здесь сейчас я бы не хотел да и можно ли жить среди театрализованных фасадов?

По долинам и по взгорьям

(Partisanen vom Amur)

Слова и музыка (?) Петра Парфенова

В темпе походной песня



1. По долинам и по взгорьям
Шла дивизия вперед,
Чтобы с бою взять Приморье –
Белой армии оплот.

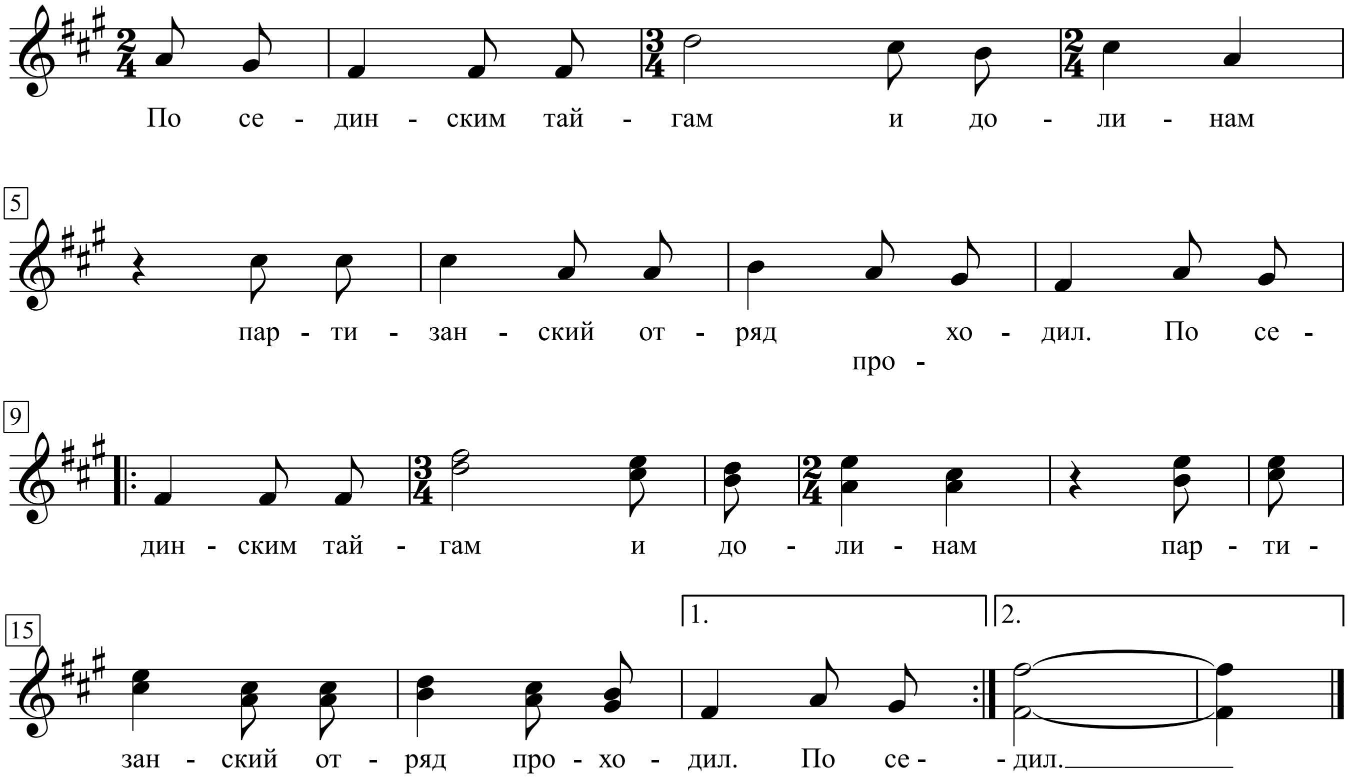
2. Наливалися знамена
Кумачом последних ран,
Шли лихие эскадроны
Приамурских партизан.

3. Этих лет не смолкнет слава,
Не померкнет никогда!
Партизанские отряды
Занимали города.

4. И останутся, как сказка,
Как манящие огни,
Штурмовые ночи Спасска,
Волочаевские дни.

5. Разгромили атаманов,
Разогнали воевод
И на Тихом океане
Свой закончили поход.

По сединским тайгам



1. По сединским тайгам и долинам
Партизанский отряд проходил.

2. Они шли, за свободу дралися,
Им на помощь рабочие шли.

3. Захотелось буржуям напиться
Пролетарской рабочей крови.

4. А придется буржуям погибнуть
От рабочей могучей руки.

Каждое двустишие поется 3 раза

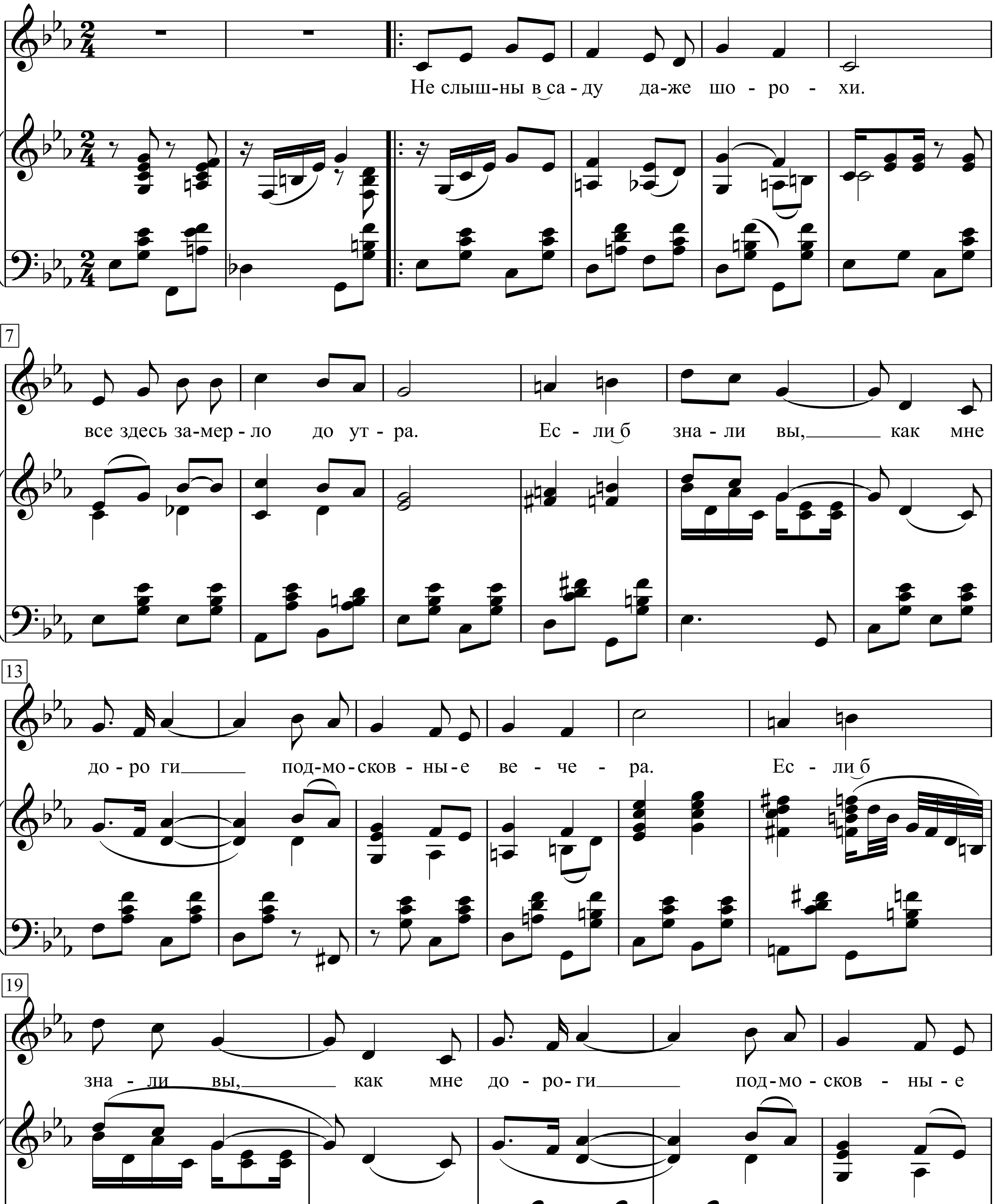
Походная партизанская песня (дальневосточная или сибирская), записанная участником фольклорной экспедицией по сбору песен Гражданской войны А. Г. Новиковым в 1935 году в Краснодарской дивизии в Новороссийске (см. А. Новиков. Поход за песнями гражданской войны. “Советская музыка”, 1936, № 2).
«Сединская тайга» по предположению Новикова означает «седая тайга». Есть другие варианты песни, в том числе уральский - “По Уральским горам и долинам”.

Подмосковные вечера

(Moskauer Nächte)

Михаил Матусовско

Василий Павлович Соловьёв-Седой



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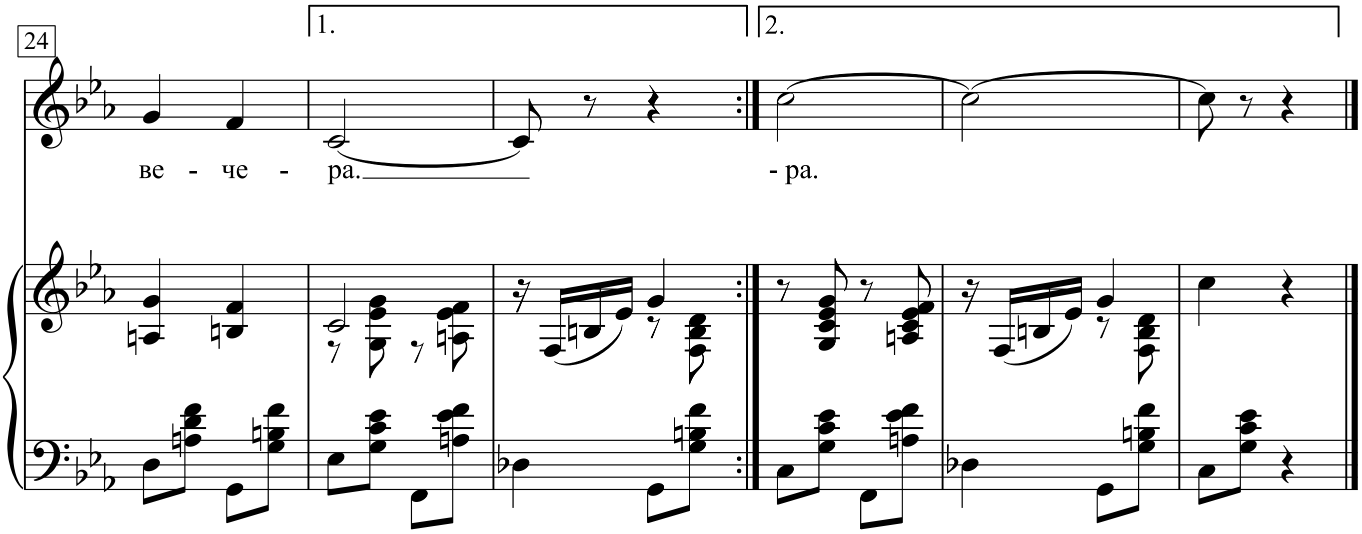


1. Не слышны в саду даже шорохи,
Всё здесь замерло до утра.
Если б знали вы, как мне дороги
Подмосковные вечера,
Если б знали вы, как мне дороги
Подмосковные вечера.

2. Речка движется и не движется,
Вся из лунного серебра.
Песня слышится и не слышится
В эти тихие вечера,
Песня слышится и не слышится
В эти тихие вечера.

3. Что ж ты милая смотришь искоса,
Низко голову наклоня?
Трудно высказать и не высказать
Всё, что на сердце у меня,
Трудно высказать и не высказать
Всё, что на сердце у меня.

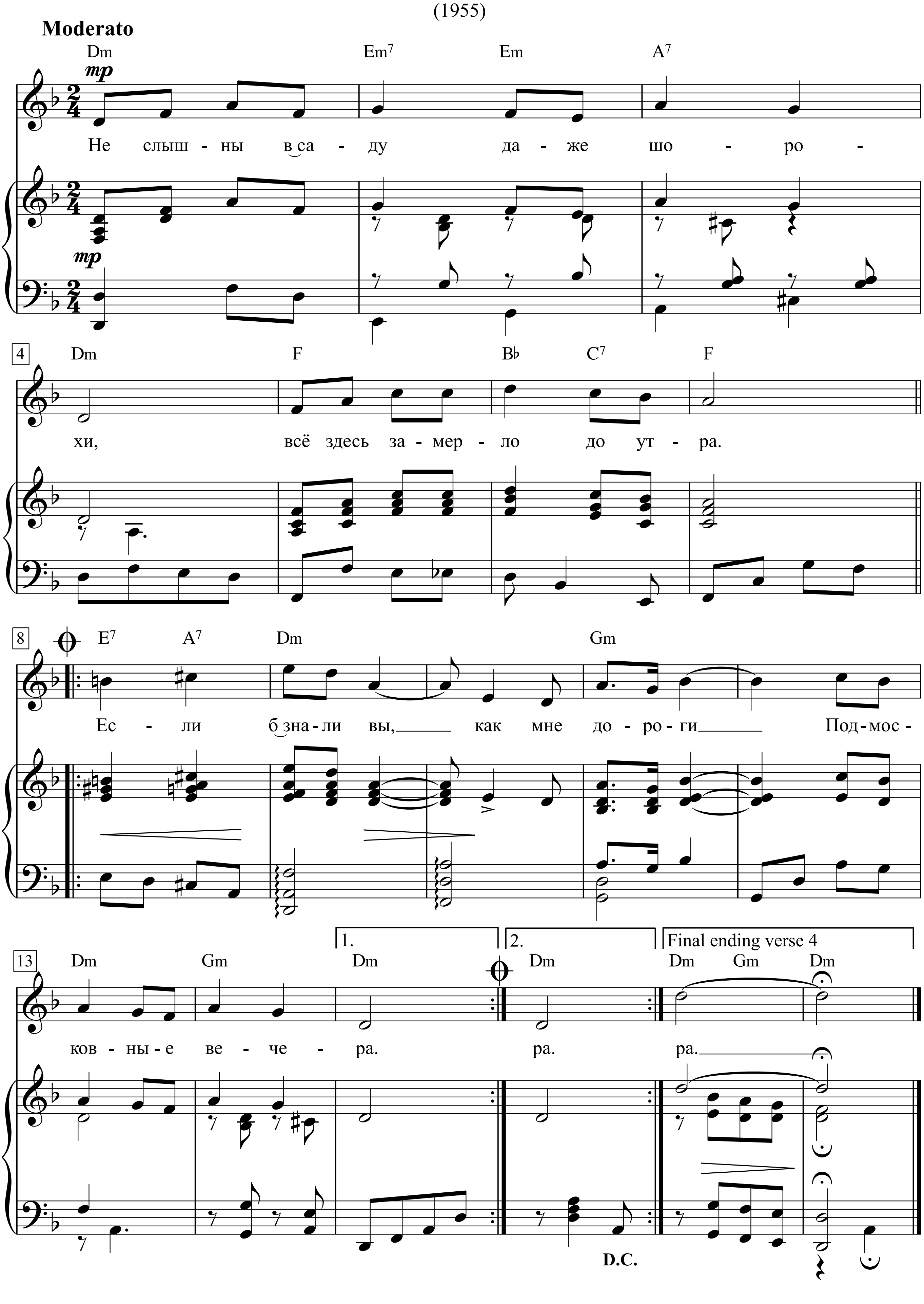
4. А рассвет уже всё заметнее,
Так, пожалуйста, будь добра,
Не забудь и ты эти летние
Подмосковные вечера,
Не забудь и ты эти летние
Подмосковные вечера.

Подмосковные вечера

(Moskauer Nächte)
(Moscow Nights)
(1955)

Михаила Матусовского
(Michail Matusowski)

Василий Павлович Соловьёв-Седой
(Wassili Pawlowitsch Solowjow-Sedoi)



1. Не слышны всаду даже шорохи
всё здесь замерло до утра.
Ес-ли бзнали вы, как мне дороги
Подмосковные вечера.

2. Речка движется и не движется
Вся из лунного серебра
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3. Что ж ты, милая, смотришь искоса,
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Всё, что на сердце у меня.

4. А рассвет уже всё заметнее
Так, пожалуйста, будь добра
Не забудь и ты эти летние
Подмосковные вечера.

Selbst das Rascheln im Garten ist kaum zu hören
Alles hier ist bis zum Morgen still
Wenn Ihr wüsstet, wie lieb sie mir sind
Die Abende bei Moskau.

Das Flüsschen bewegt sich - und auch nicht
Im silbernen Schein des Mondes
Man hört ein Lied - und auch nicht
An diesen stillen Abenden.

Was schaust Du so von der Seite, Liebste,
Mit tief geneigtem Kopf?
Schwer ist es, auszusprechen - und auch, nicht auszusprechen
All das, was ich auf dem Herzen habe.

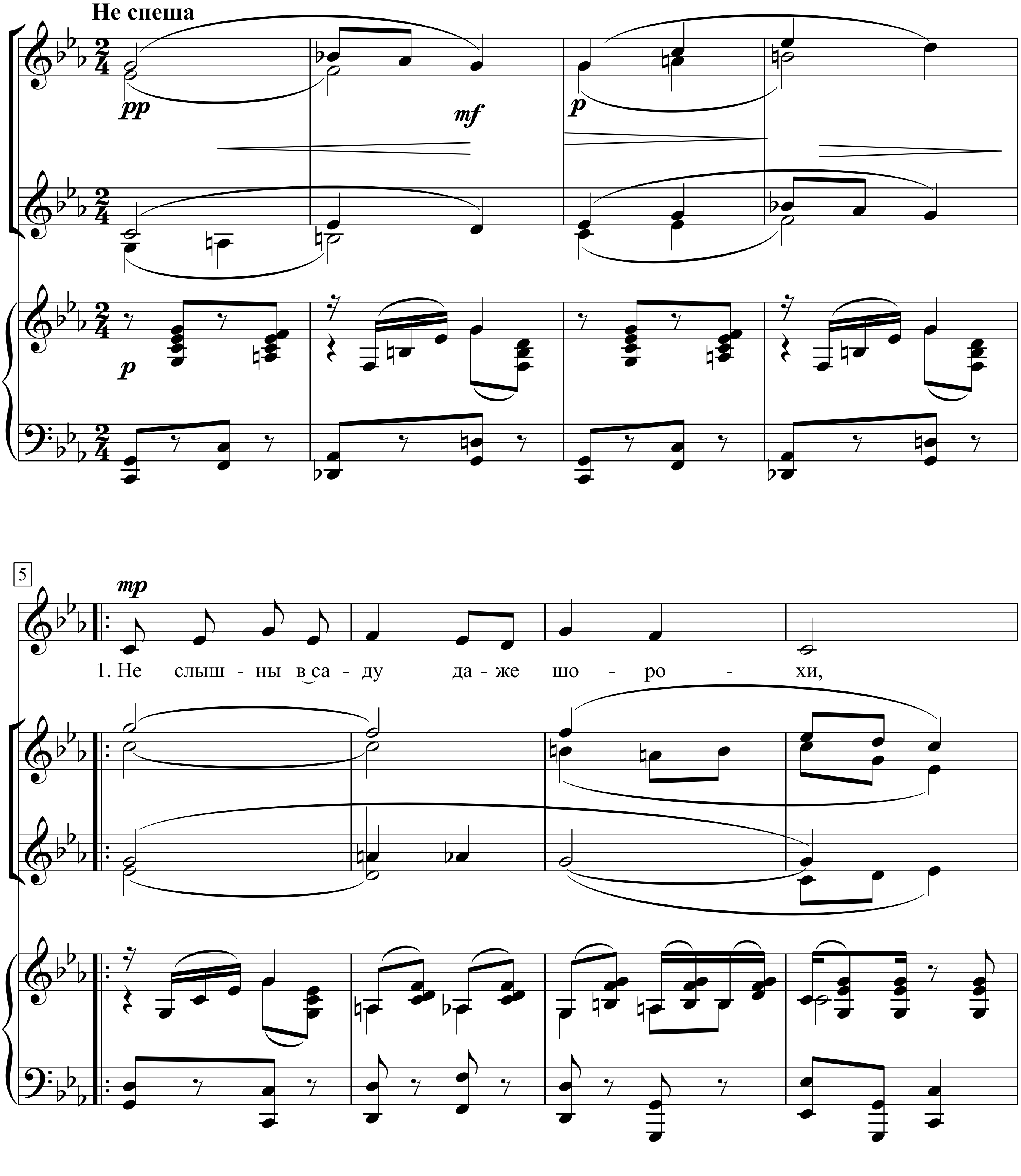
Und schon macht sich die Morgendämmerung immer mehr bemerkbar
Bitte, sei so gut
Vergiss auch du nicht diese sommerlichen
Abende bei Moskau.

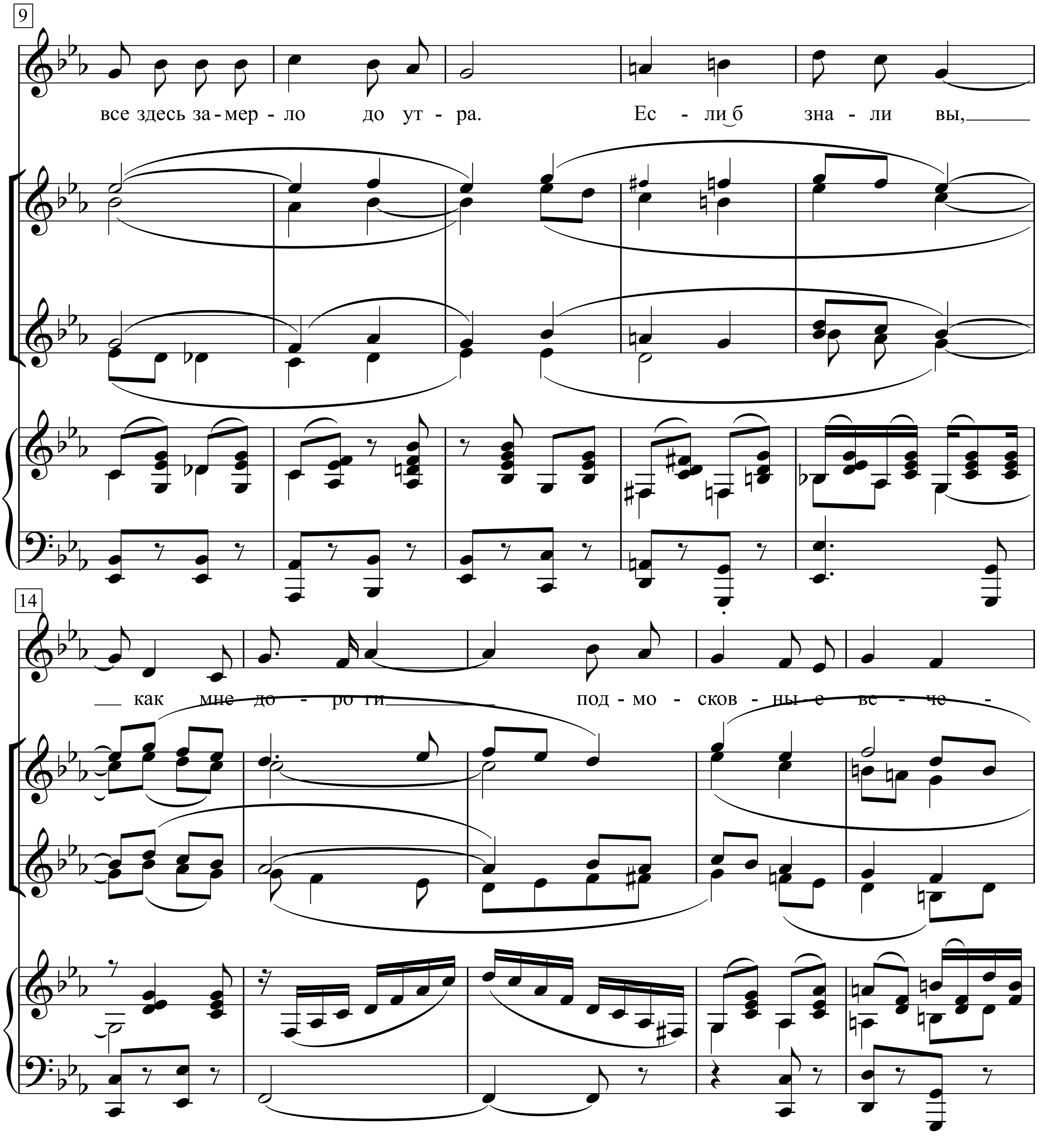
Подмосковные вечера

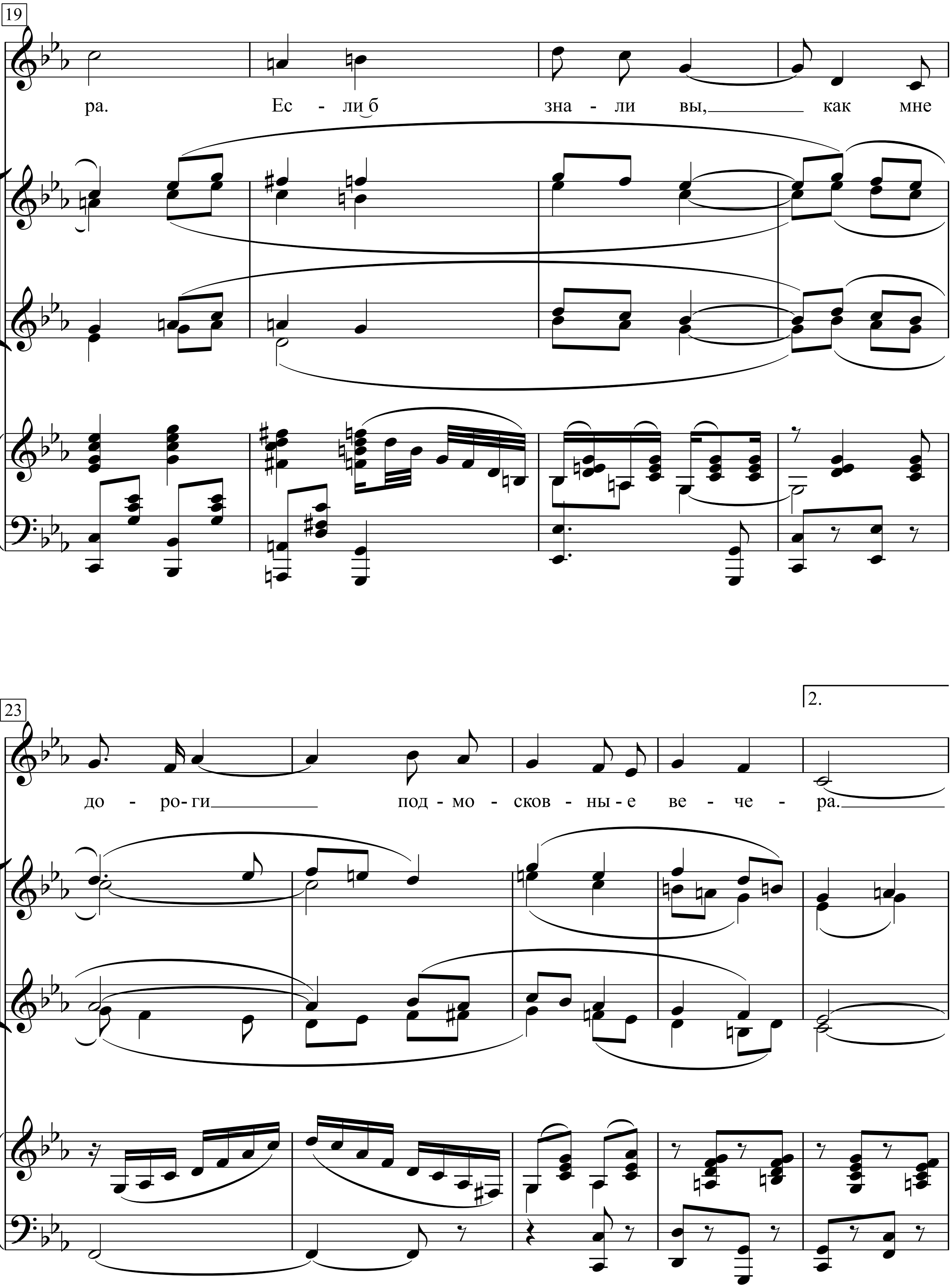
Михаил Матусовско

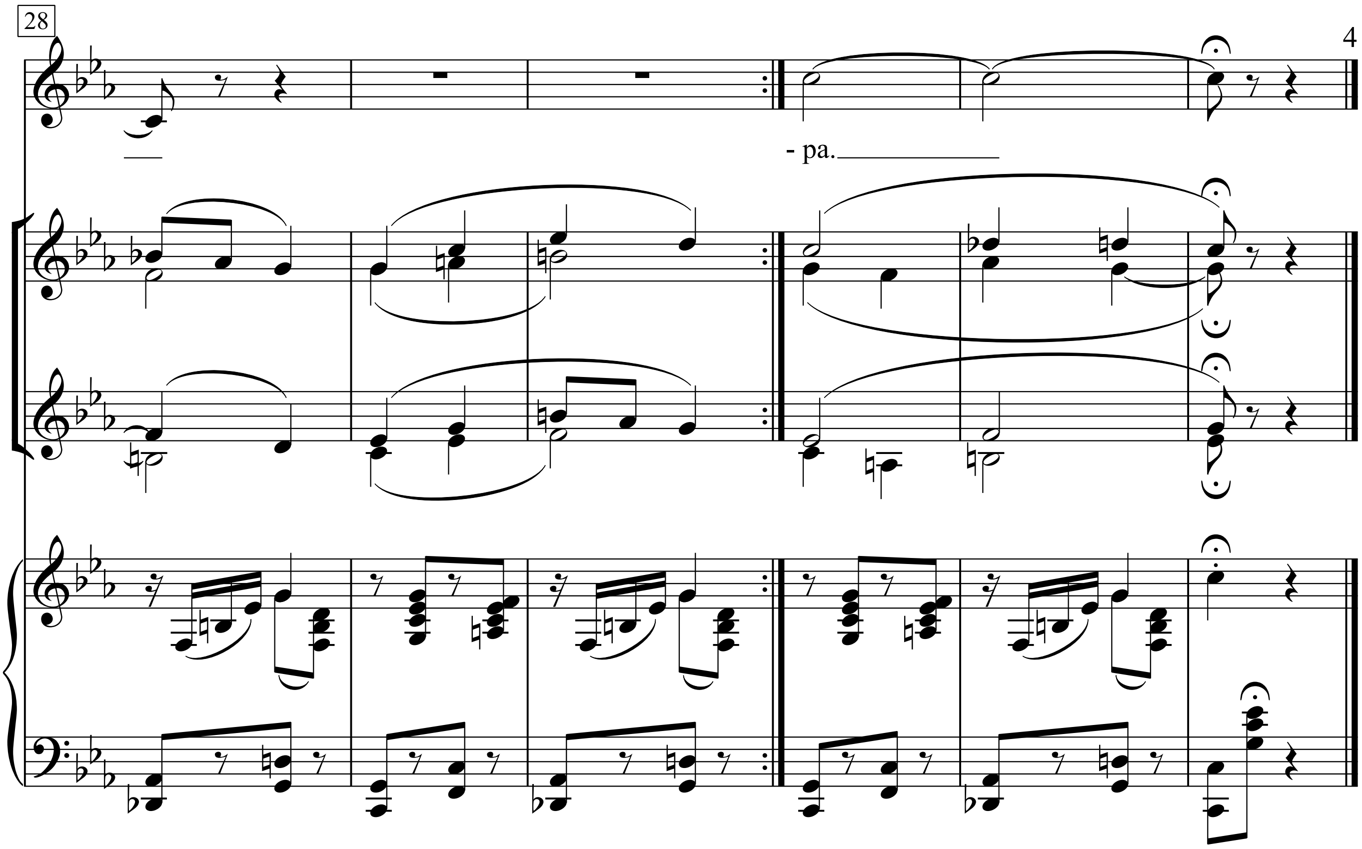
(Moskauer Nächte)

Василий Павлович Соловьёв-Седой




9
все здесь за - мер - ло до ут - ра. Ес - ли б зна - ли вы,
14
как мне до - ро ти под - мо - сков - ны - е ве - че -


19
ра. Ес - ли б зна - ли вы, как мне
23
2.
до - ро - ги под - мо - сков - ны - е ве - че - ра.



1. Не слышны в саду даже шорохи,
Всё здесь замерло до утра.
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Всё, что на сердце у меня.

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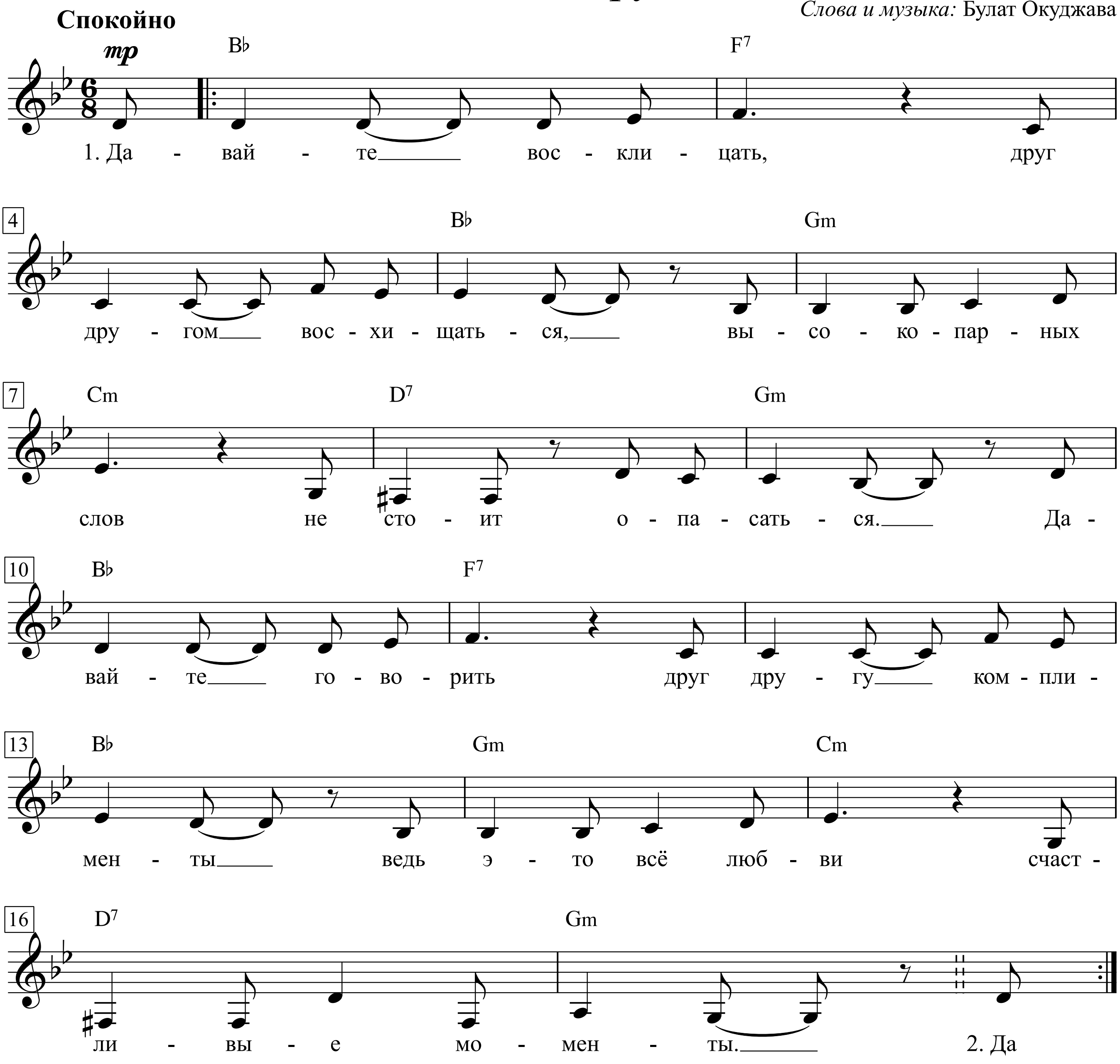
Подмосковные вечера,
Не забудь и ты эти летние
Подмосковные вечера.

Пожелание друзьям

Слова и музыка: Булат Окуджава



1. Давайте восклицать, друг другом восхищаться,
высокопарных слов не стоит опасаться.
Давайте говорить друг другу комплименты
ведь это всё любви счастливые моменты.

2. Да

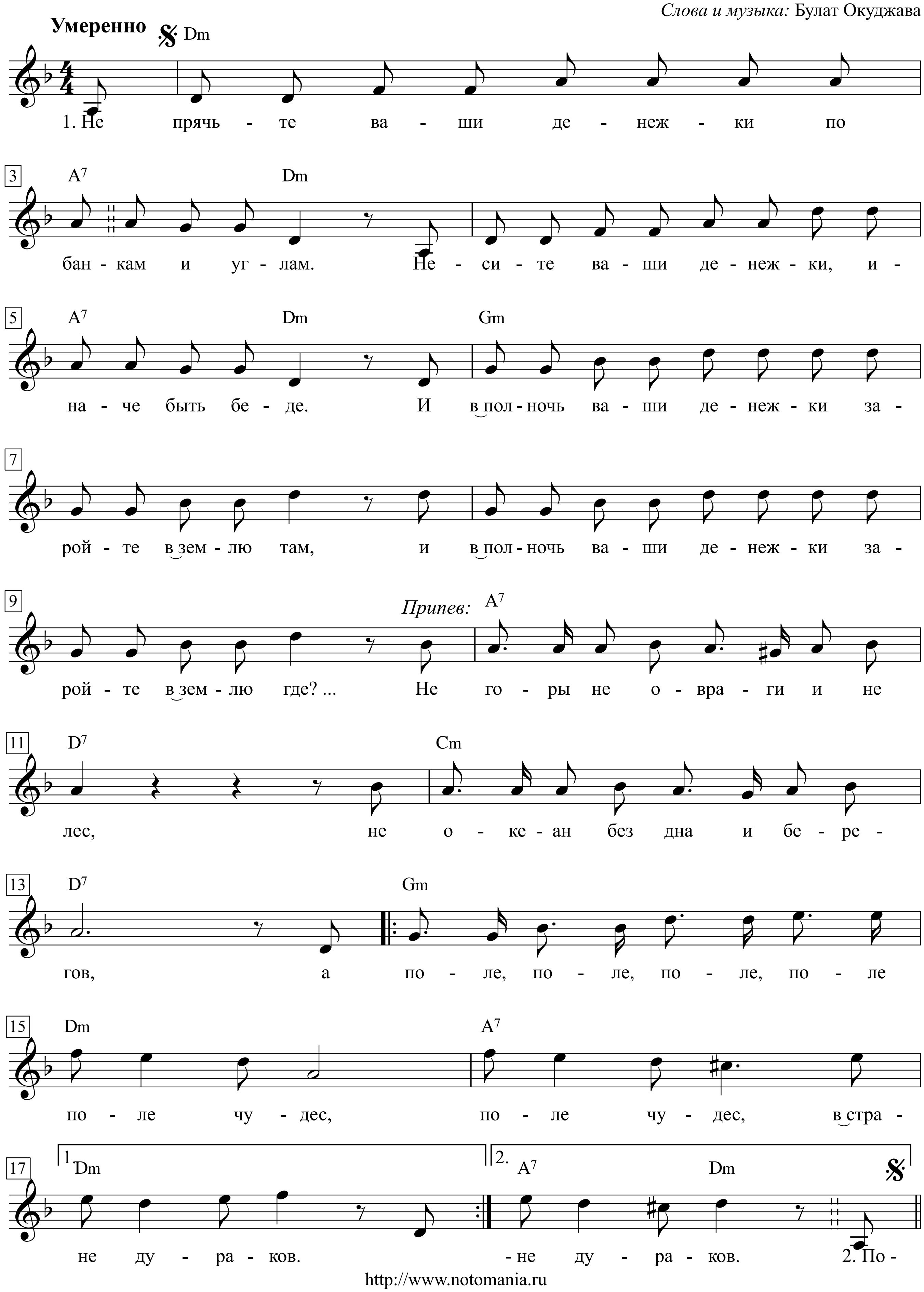
1. Давайте восклицать, друг другом восхищаться.
Высокопарных слов не стоит опасаться.
Давайте говорить друг другу комплименты —
Ведь это всё любви счастливые моменты.

2. Давайте горевать и плакать откровенно —
То вместе, то поврозь, а то попеременно.
Не нужно придавать значения злословью,
Поскольку грусть всегда соседствует с любовью.

3. Давайте понимать друг друга с полуслова,
Чтоб, ошибившись раз, не ошибиться снова.
Давайте жить, во всем друг другу потакая, —
Тем более что жизнь короткая такая.

Поле чудес

Слова и музыка: Булат Окуджава



1. Не прячьте ваши денежки по банкам и углам.
Несите ваши денежки, иначе быть беде.
И в_полночь ваши денежки заройте в_землю там,
и в_полночь ваши денежки заройте в_землю где? ...

Не горы не овраги и не лес,
не океан без дна и берегов,
а поле, поле, поле,
поле поле чудес,
поле чудес, в_стране дураков.

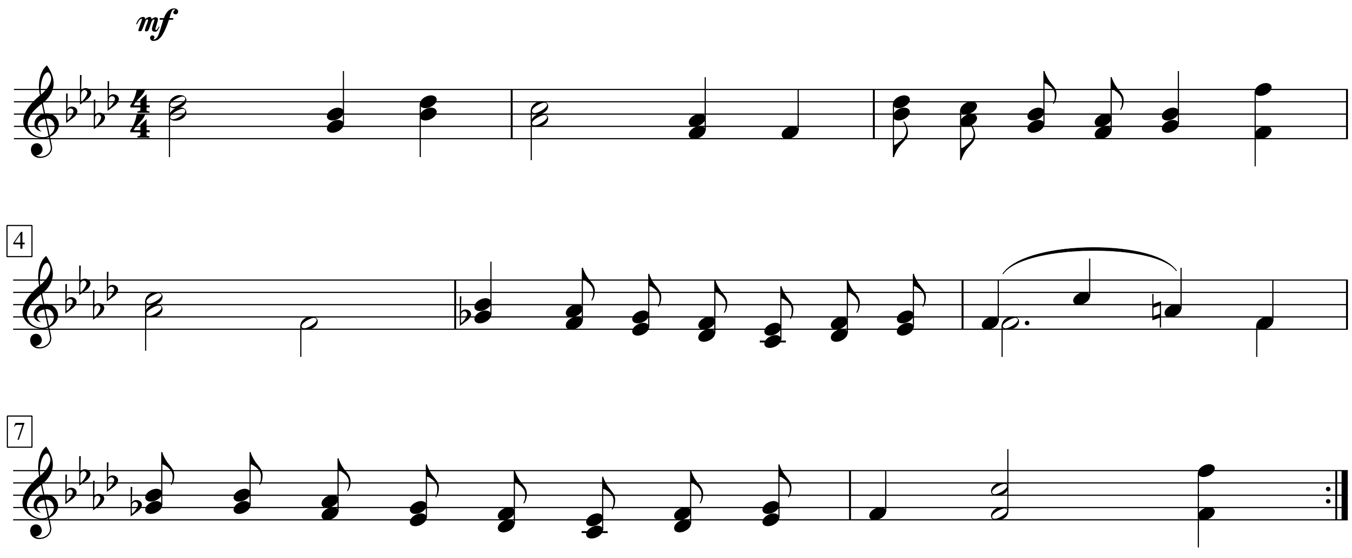
не дураков. 2. По

1. Не прячьте ваши денежки по банкам и углам.
Несите ваши денежки, иначе быть беде.
И в полночь ваши денежки заройте в землю там,
И в полночь ваши денежки заройте в землю, где...

Не горы, не овраги и не лес,
Не океан без дна и берегов,
А поле, поле, поле,
Поле, поле чудес,
Поле чудес в стране дураков.

2. Полейте хорошенечко, советуем мы вам,
И вырастут ветвистые деревья в темноте.
И вместо листьев денежки засеребрятся там,
И вместо листьев денежки зазолотятся, где...

Не горы, не овраги и не лес,
Не океан без дна и берегов,
А поле, поле, поле,
Поле, поле чудес,
Поле чудес в стране дураков.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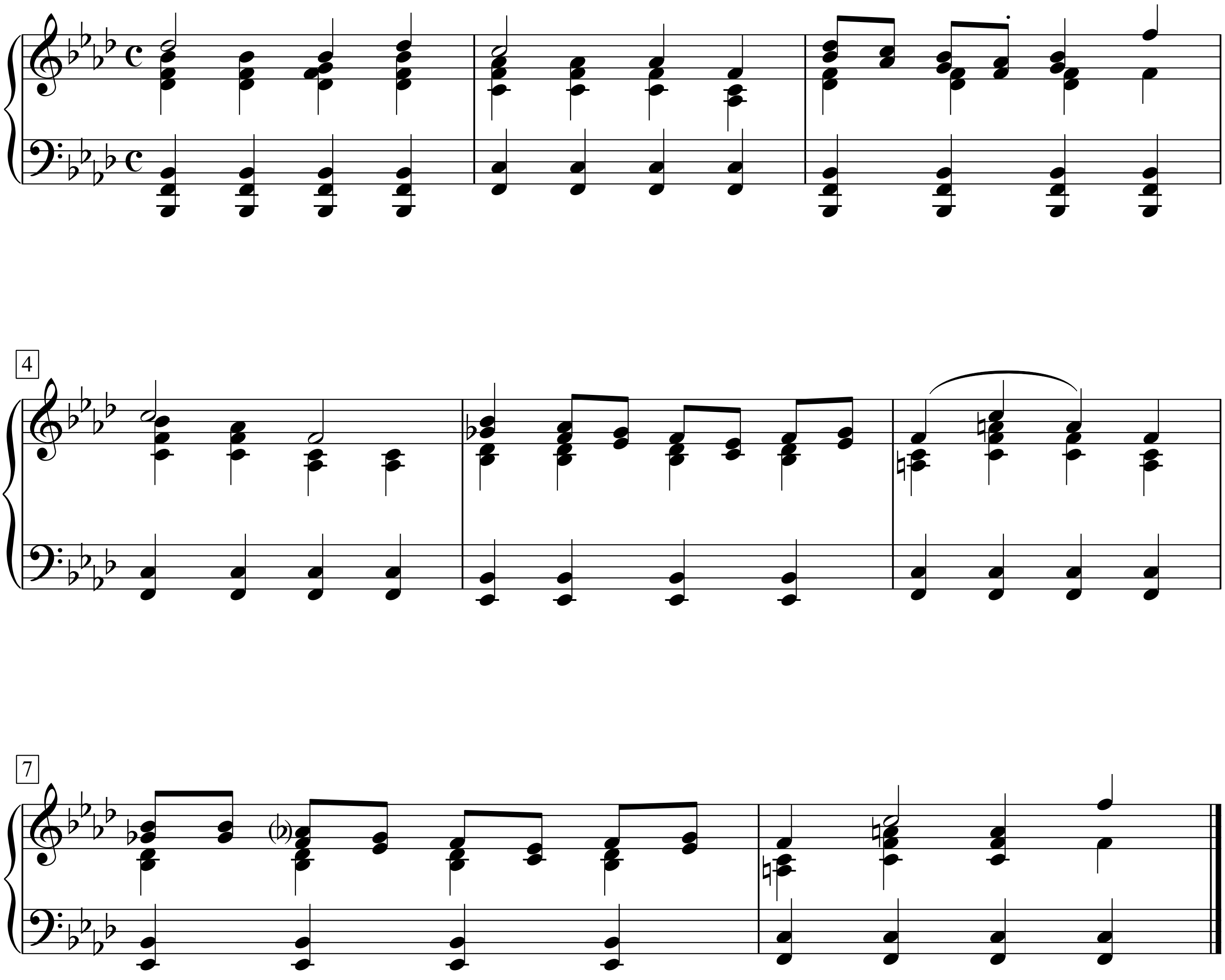
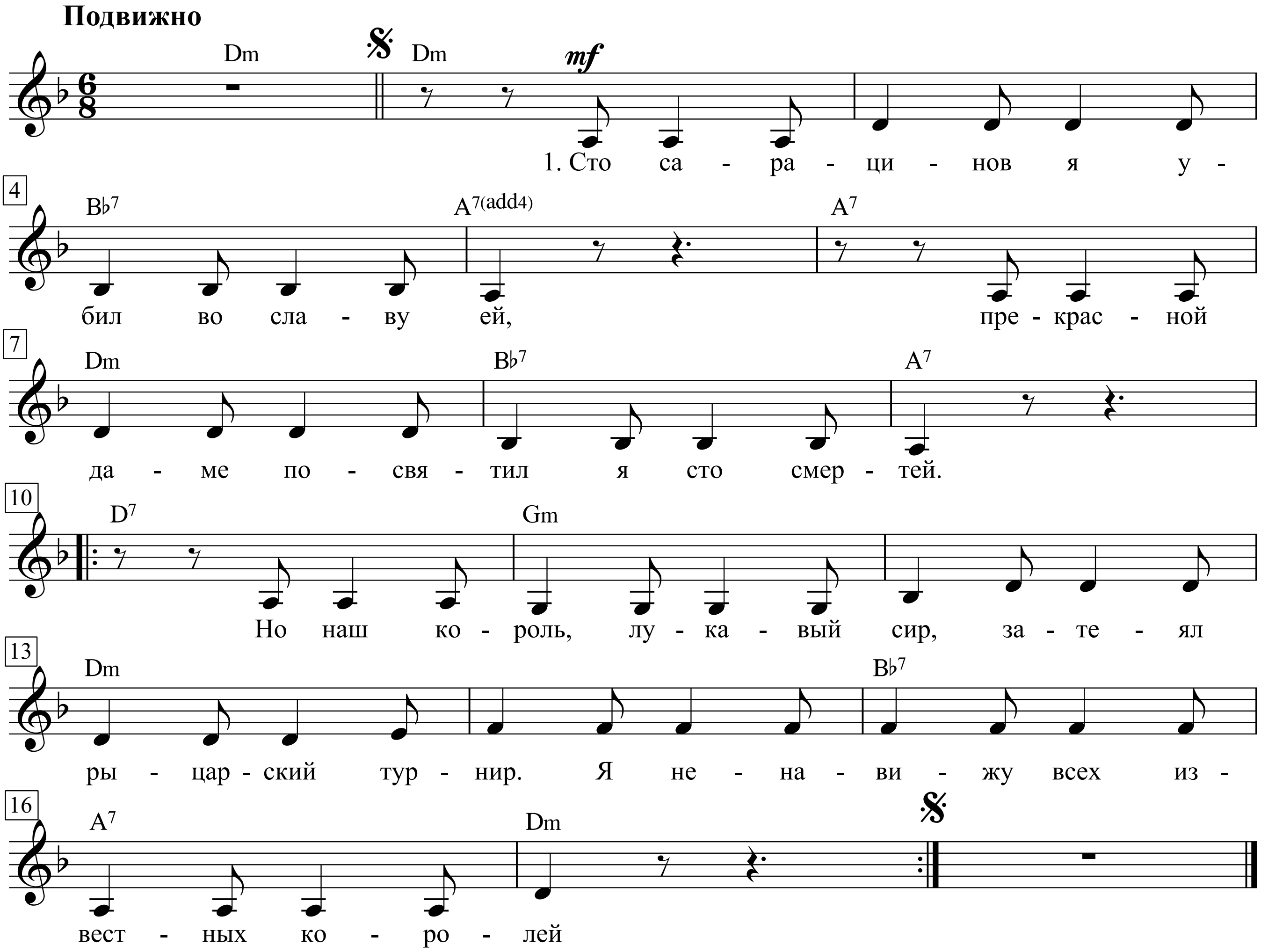
Полюшко-поле



Про любовь в средние века

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий

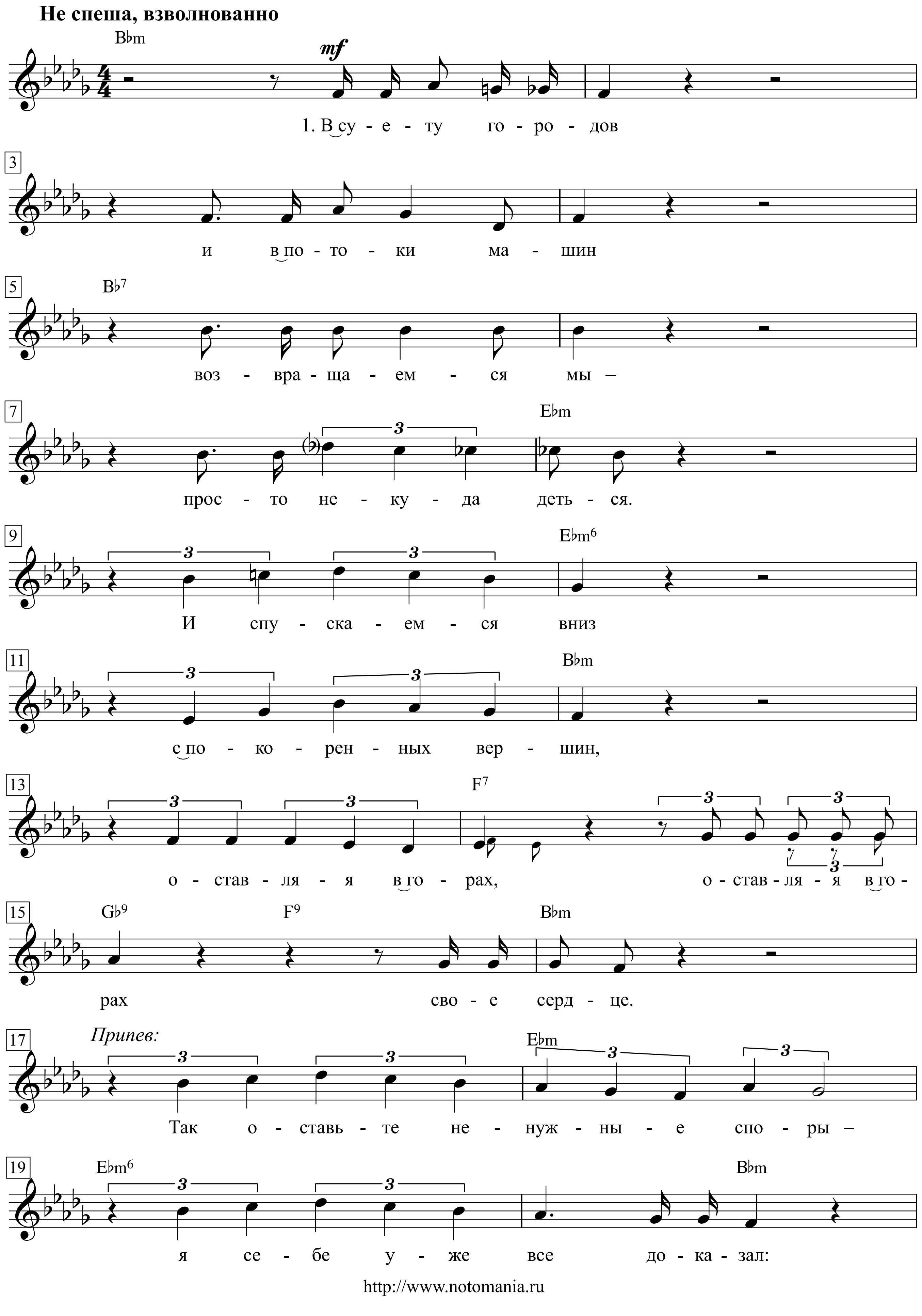


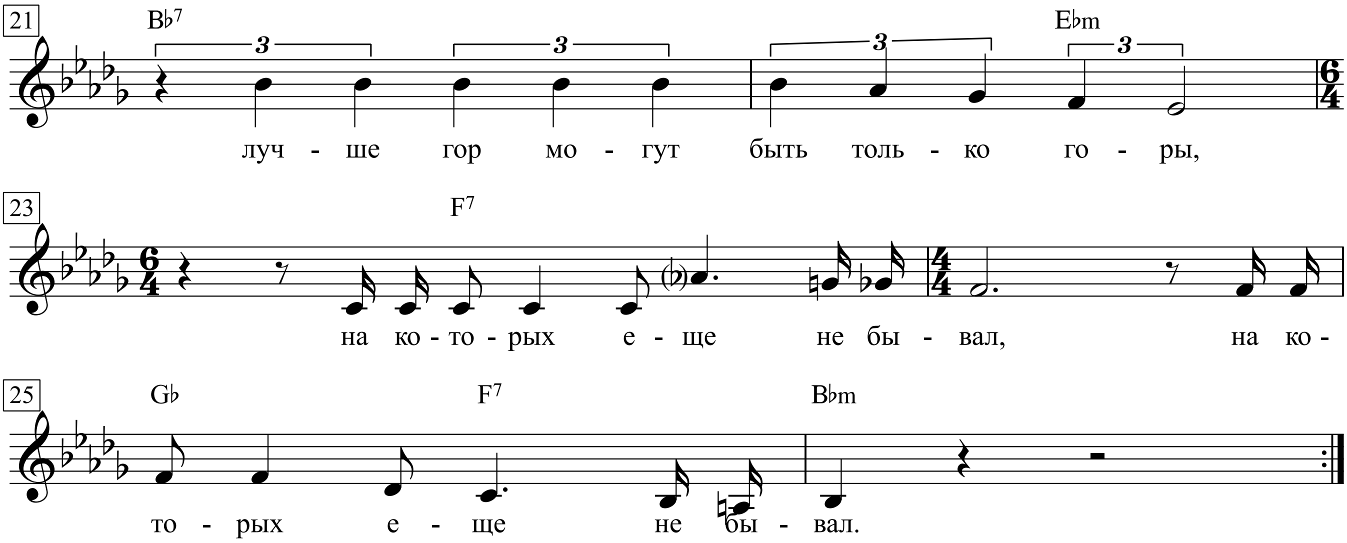
Сто са-ра-ци-нов я у-бил во сла-ву ей,
пре-крас-ной да-ме по-свя-тил я сто смер-тей.
Но наш ко-роль, лу-ка-вый сир,
за-те-ял ры-цар-ский тур-нир.
Я не-на-ви-жу всех из-вест-ных ко-ро-лей

Вот мой соперник - рыцарь Круглого стола, -
Чужую грудь мне под копье король послал.
Но - в сердце нежное ее
мое направлено копье, -
Мне наплевать на королевские дела
Герб на груди его - там плаха и петля,
Но будет дырка там, как в днище корабля.
Он - самый первый фаворит,
к нему король благоволит, -
Но мне сегодня наплевать на короля
Король сказал: Он с вами справится шаля -
И пошутил: - Пусть будет пухом вам земля
Я буду пищей для червей -
тогда он женится на ней, -
Простит мне бог, я презираю короля
Вот подан знак - друг друга взглядом пепеля,
Коней мы гоним, задыхаясь и пыля.
Забрало поднято - изволь
Ах, как волнуется король ..
Но мне, ей-богу, наплевать на короля
Ну вот все кончено - пусть отдохнут поля, -
Вот льется кровь его на стебли ковыля.
Король от бешенства дрожит,
но мне она принадлежит -
Мне так сегодня наплевать на короля
... Но в замке счастливо мы не пожили с ней:
Король в поход послал на сотни долгих дней, -
Не ждет меня мой идеал,
ведь он - король, а я - вассал, -
И рано, видимо, плевать на королей

Прощание с горами

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий





И спу-ска-ем-ся вниз с по-ко-рен-ных вер-шин,
о-став-ля-я в го-рах, о-став-ля-я в го-рах сво-е серд-це.

Так о-ставь-те не-нуж-ны-е спо-ры
я се-бе у-же все до-ка-зал:
луч-ше гор мо-гут быть толь-ко го-ры,

на ко-то-рых е-ще не бы-вал,
на ко-то-рых е-ще не бы-вал.

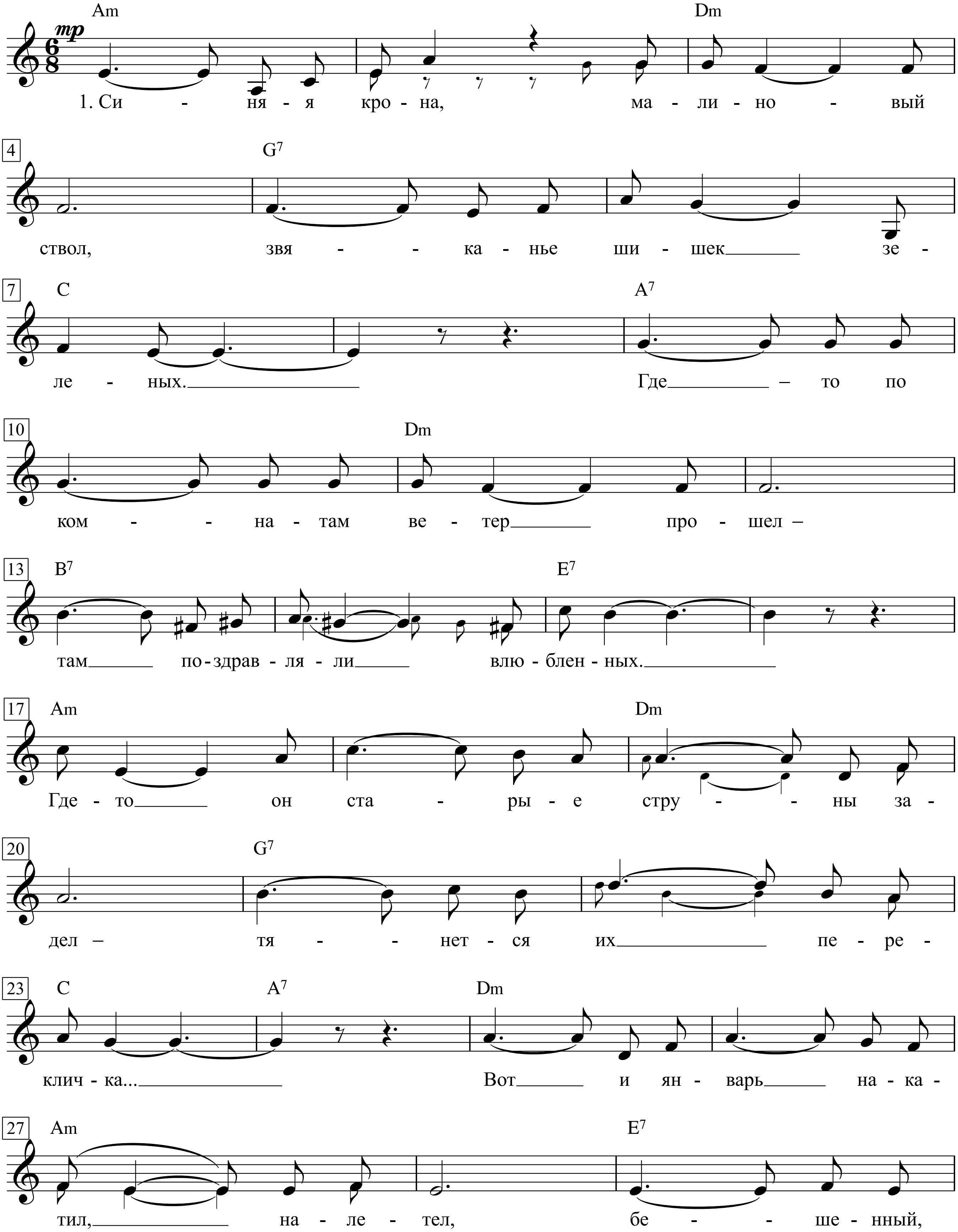
Кто захочет в беде оставаться один?

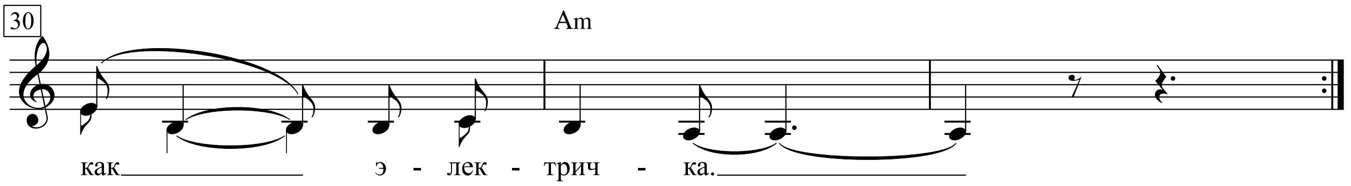
Кто захочет уйти, зову сердца не внемля?
Но спускаемся мы с покоренных вершин...
Что же делать, и боги спускались на землю.
Припев.
Сколько слов и надежд, сколько песен и тем
Горы будят у нас и зовут нас остаться.
Но спускаемся мы, кто на год, кто совсем,
Потому что всегда мы должны возвращаться.
Припев.

Прощание с новогодней ёлкой

Не спеша

Слова и музыка: Булат Окуджава





1. Синяя крона, малиновый ствол, звяканье шишек зеленых.
Где – то по комнатам ветер прошел – там поздравляли влюбленных.
Гдето он старые струны задел – тянется их перекличка...
Вот и январь накатил, налетел, бешенный, как электричка.

1. Синяя крона, малиновый ствол, звяканье шишек зеленых.
Где-то по комнатам ветер прошел — там поздравляли влюбленных.
Где-то он старые струны задел — слышится их перекличка...
Вот и январь накатил-налетел, бешеный, как электричка.

2. Мы в пух и прах наряжали тебя, мы тебе верно служили.
Громко в картонные трубы трубя, словно на подвиг спешили.
Даже поверилось где-то на миг (знать, в простодушье сердечном):
Женщины той очарованный лик слит с твоим празднеством вечным.

3. В мир расставания, в час платежа, в день увяданья недели
Чем это стала ты нехороша? Что они все, одурели?!
И утонченные, как соловьи, гордые, как гренадеры,
Что же надежные руки свои прячут твои ухажеры?

4. Нет бы собраться им время унять, нет бы им всем расстараться,
Но начинают колеса стучать: как тяжело расставаться!
Но начинается вновь суета. Время по-своему судит.
И в суете тебя сняли с креста, и воскресенья не будет.

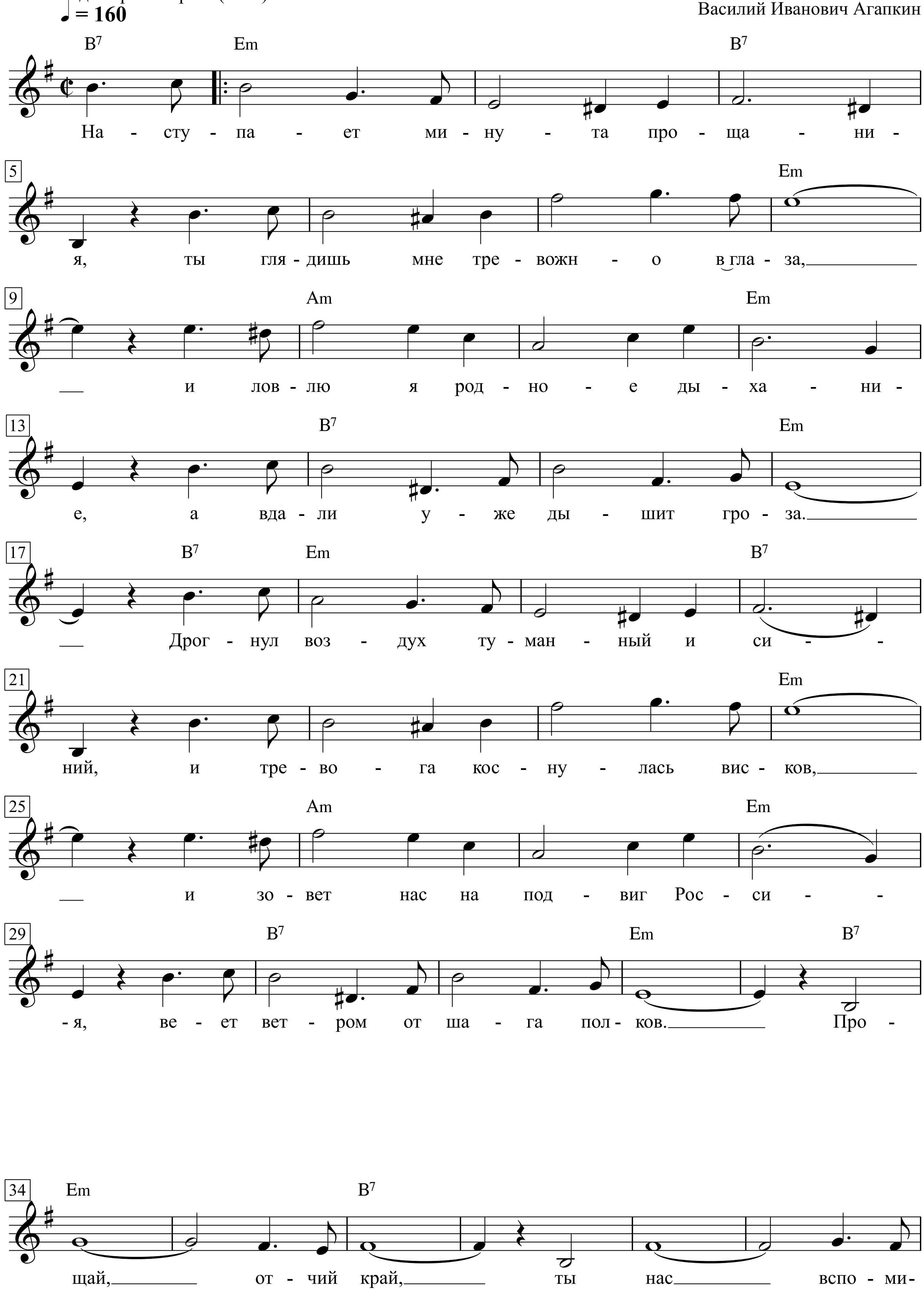
5. Ель моя, ель — уходящий олень, зря ты, наверно, старалась:
Женщины той осторожная тень в хвое твоей затерялась!
Ель моя, ель! Словно Спас на крови твой силуэт отдаленный,
Будто бы след удивленной любви, вспыхнувшей, неутоленной.

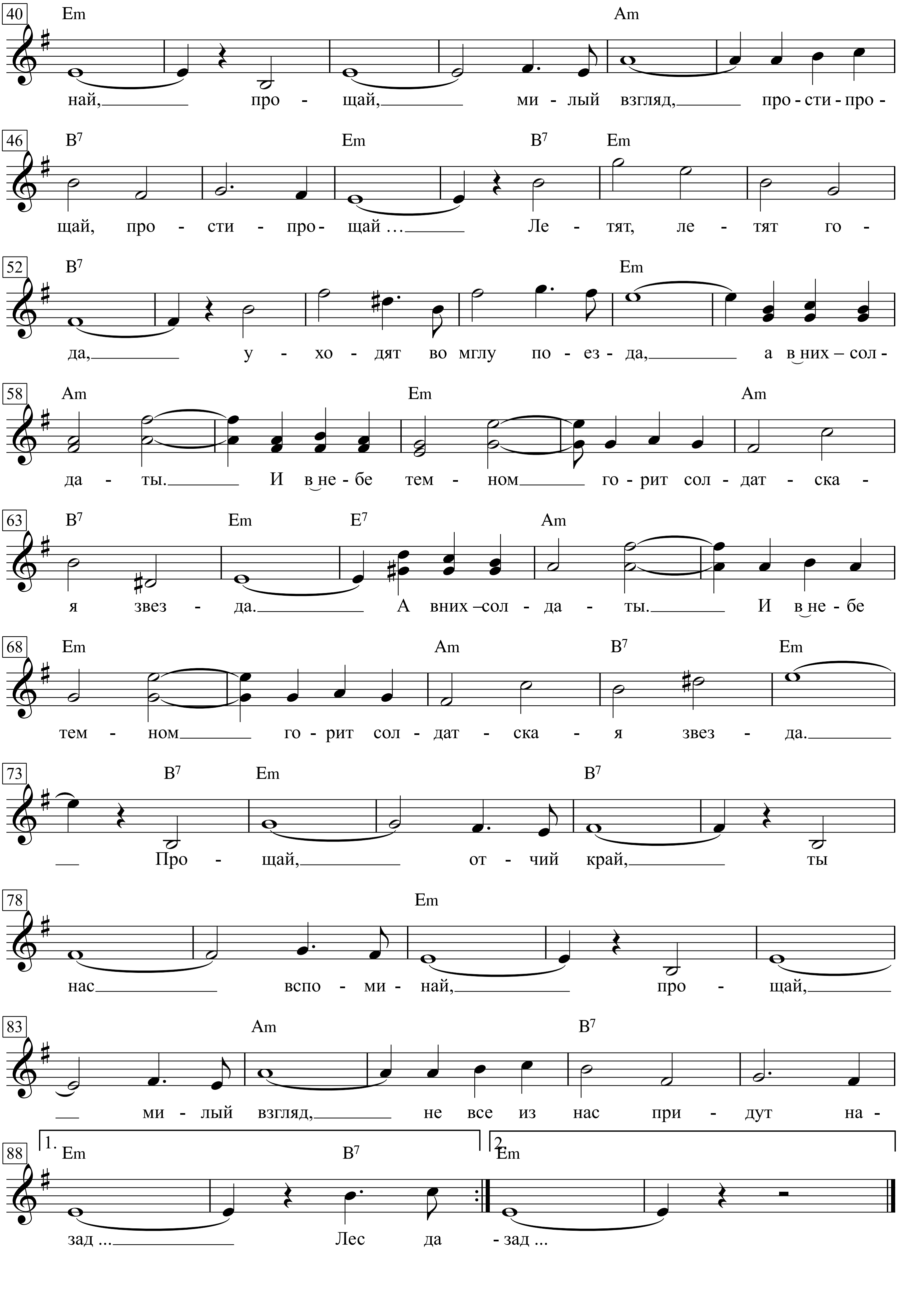
Прощание славянки

(Rozszumiały się wierzby płaczące)

Текст: Владимира Лазарева (1984)

Василий Иванович Агапкин




40 Em Am
най, про - щай, ми - лый взгляд, про - сти - про -
46 B7 Em B7 Em
щай, про - сти - про- щай … Ле - тят, ле - тят го -
52 B7 Em
да, у - хо - дят во мглу по - ез - да, а в них – сол -
58 Am Em Am
да - ты. И в не - бе тем - ном го - рит сол - дат - ска -
63 B7 Em E7 Am
я звез - да. А в них – сол - да - ты. И в не - бе
68 Em Am B7 Em
тем - ном го - рит сол - дат - ска - я звез - да.
73 B7 Em B7
Про - щай, от - чий край, ты
78 Em
нас вспо - ми - най, про - щай,
83 Am B7
ми - лый взгляд, не все из нас при - дут на -
88 1. Em B7 2. Em
зад ... Лес да - зад ...

Наступает минута прощания,
Ты глядишь мне тревожно в глаза,
И ловлю я родное дыхание,
А вдали уже дышит гроза.
Дрогнул воздух, туманный и синий,
И тревога коснулась висков,
И зовет нас на подвиг Россия,
Веет ветром от шага полков.

Припев:

Прощай, отчий край,
Ты нас вспоминай,
Прощай, милый взгляд,
Прости-прощай, прости-прощай...

Летят, летят года,
Уходят во мглу поезда,
А в них - солдаты.
И в небе темном
Горит солдатская звезда.
А в них - солдаты,
И в небе темном
Горит солдатская звезда.

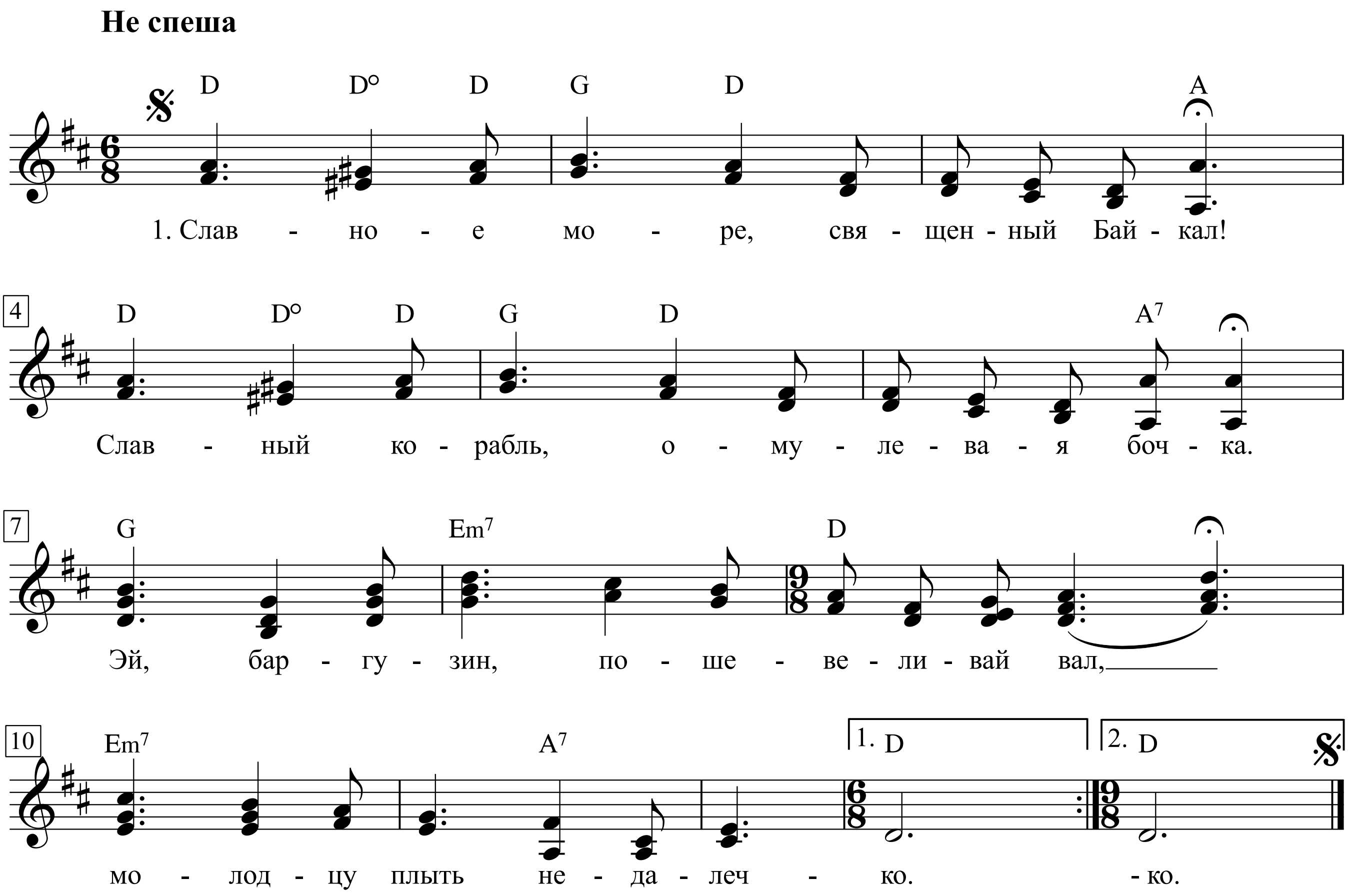
Прощай, отчий край,
Ты нас вспоминай,
Прощай, милый взгляд,
Не все из нас придут назад...

Лес да степь, да в степи - полустанки.
Свет вечерней и новой зари -
Все пройдет, но "Прощанье славянки",
Ты гори в моем сердце, гори!
Нет, не будет душа безучастна -
Справедливости светят огни.
За любовь, за славянское братство
Отдавали мы жизни свои.

Припев.

Такун Ф.И. Славянский базар. М.: Современная музыка, 2005

Славное море, священный Байкал



1. Славное море – священный Байкал!
Славный корабль – омулевая бочка.
Эй, баргузин, пошевеливай вал,
Молодцу плыть недалечко.

2. Долго я тяжкие цепи влачил,
Долго бродил я в горах Акатуя,
Старый товарищ бежать пособил,
Ожил я, волю почуя.

3. Шилка и Нерчинск не страшны теперь -
Горная стража меня не поймала,
В дебрях не тронул прожорливый зверь,
Пуля стрелка миновала.

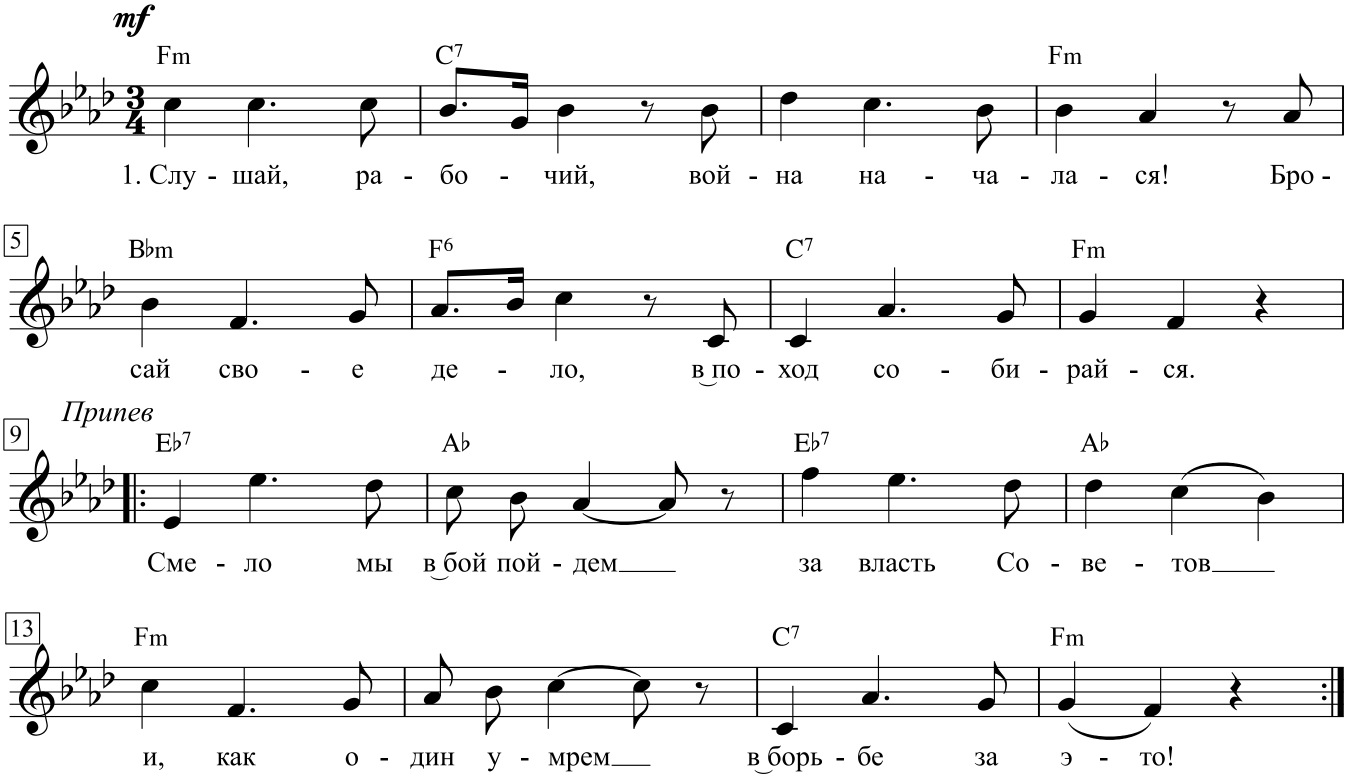
4. Шел я и в ночь, и средь белого дня,
Близ городов озирался я зорко,
Хлебом кормили крестьянки меня,
Парни снабжали махоркой.

5. Славное море, священный Байкал,
Славный мой парус – кафтан дыроватый.
Эй, баргузин, пошевеливай вал,
Слышатся грома раскаты.

Смело мы в бой пойдем

Песня гражданской войны

В темпе марша



1. Слушай, рабочий,
Война началася!
Бросай свое дело,
В поход собирайся.

Припев:
Смело мы в бой пойдем
За власть Советов
и, как один умрем
В борьбе за это!

2. Слушай, крестьянин,
Война началася,
Бросай свою соху,
На фронт собирайся.

3. Рвутся снаряды,
Трещат пулеметы,
Но не боятся их
Красные роты.

4. Вот и окопы,
Летают снаряды,
Смело вперед идут
Наши отряды.

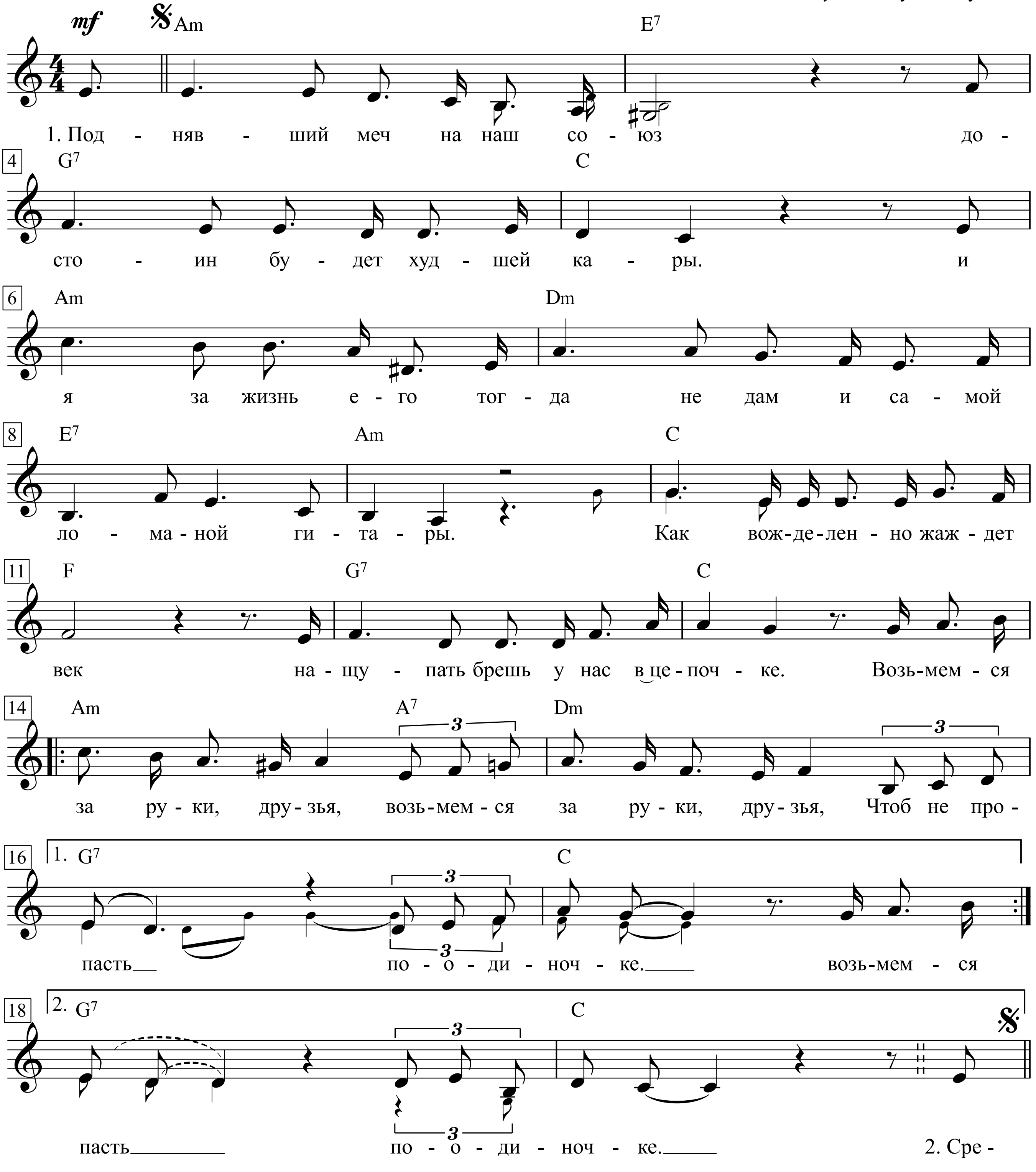
Записал В. Сидельников в г. Пензе, Тамбовской обл. (бывш. Куйбышевской обл.), в 1934 году.
Песня была очень популярна в годы гражданской войны и часто помещалась в песенниках.

http://a-pesni.org/grvojna/kr/smelomy.php

Союз друзей

В темпе марша

Слова и музыка: Булат Окуджава



1. Поднявший меч на наш союз
достоин будет худшей кары.
и я за жизнь его тогда
не дам и самой ломаной гитары.
Как вожделенно жаждет век
нащупать брешь у нас в_цепочке.
Возьмемся за руки, друзья,
возьмемся за руки, друзья,
Чтоб не пропасть поодиночке.
возьмемся пасть поодиночке.
2. Сре

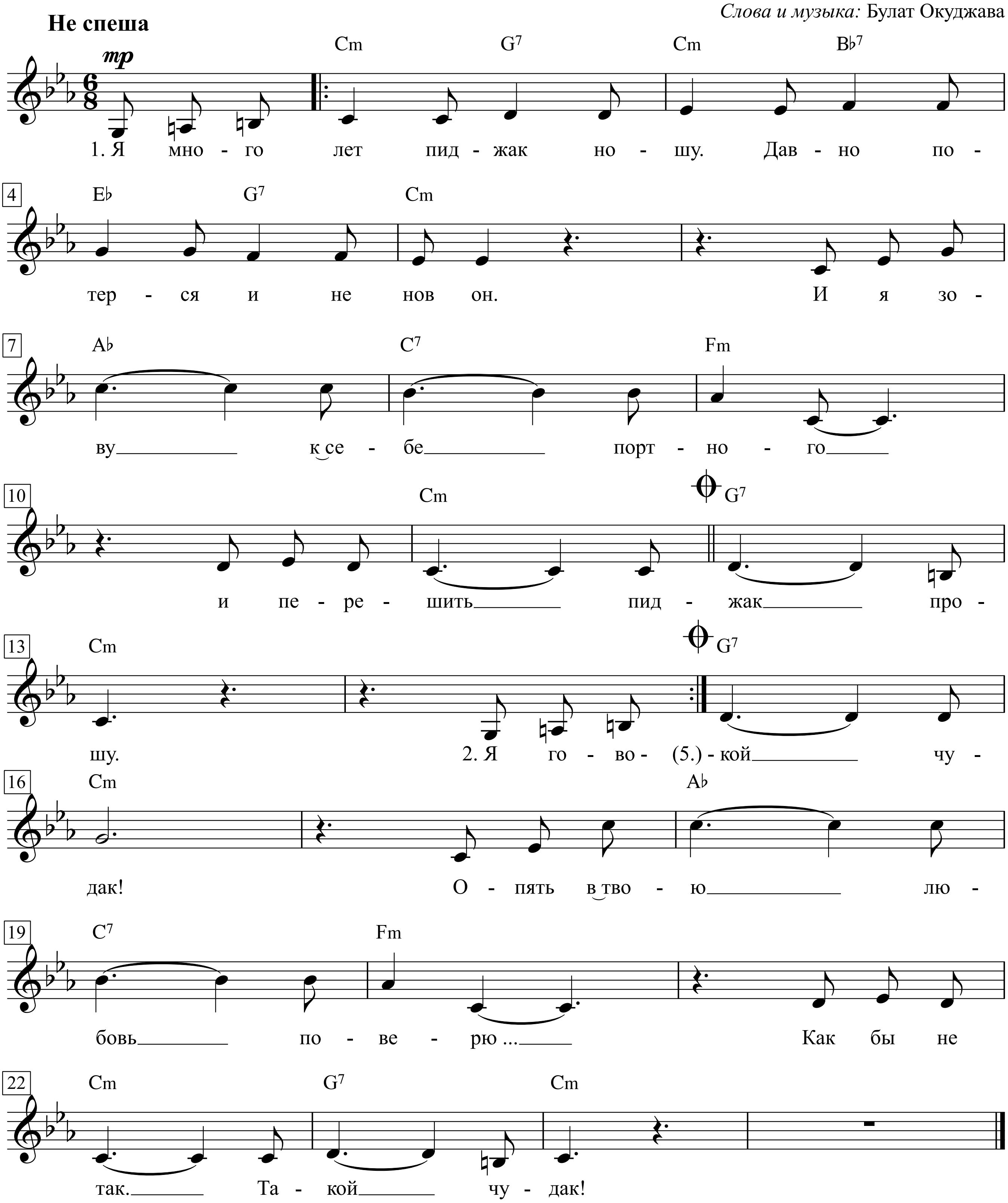
1. Поднявший меч на наш союз
Достоин будет худшей кары,
И я за жизнь его тогда
Не дам и самой ломаной гитары.
Как вожделенно жаждет век
Нащупать брешь у нас в цепочке...
Возьмемся за руки, друзья,
Возьмемся за руки, друзья,
Чтоб не пропасть поодиночке.

2. Среди совсем чужих пиров
И слишком ненадежных истин,
Не дожидаясь похвалы,
Мы перья белые свои почистим.
Пока безумный наш султан
Сулит дорогу нам к острогу,
Возьмемся за руки, друзья,
Возьмемся за руки, друзья,
Возьмемся за руки, ей-богу.

3. Когда ж придет дележки час,
Не нас калач ржаной поманит
И рай настанет не для нас —
Зато Офелия всех нас помянет.
Пока ж не грянула пора
Нам расставаться понемногу,
Возьмемся за руки, друзья,
Возьмемся за руки, друзья,
Возьмемся за руки, ей-богу.

Старый пиджак

Слова и музыка: Булат Окуджава



1. Я много лет пиджак ношу.
Давно потерся и не нов он.
И я зову к_себе портно го
и перешить пиджак прошу.
2. Я гово

(5.) кой чудак!
Опять в_твою любовь поверю ...
Как бы не так. Такой чудак!

1. Я много лет пиджак ношу.
Давно потерся и не нов он.
И я зову к себе портного
И перешить пиджак прошу.

2. Я говорю ему шутя:
“Перекроите все иначе.
Сулит мне новые удачи
Искусство кройки и шитья”.

3. Я пошутил. А он пиджак
Серьезно так перешивает,
А сам-то все переживает:
Вдруг что не так. Такой чудак!

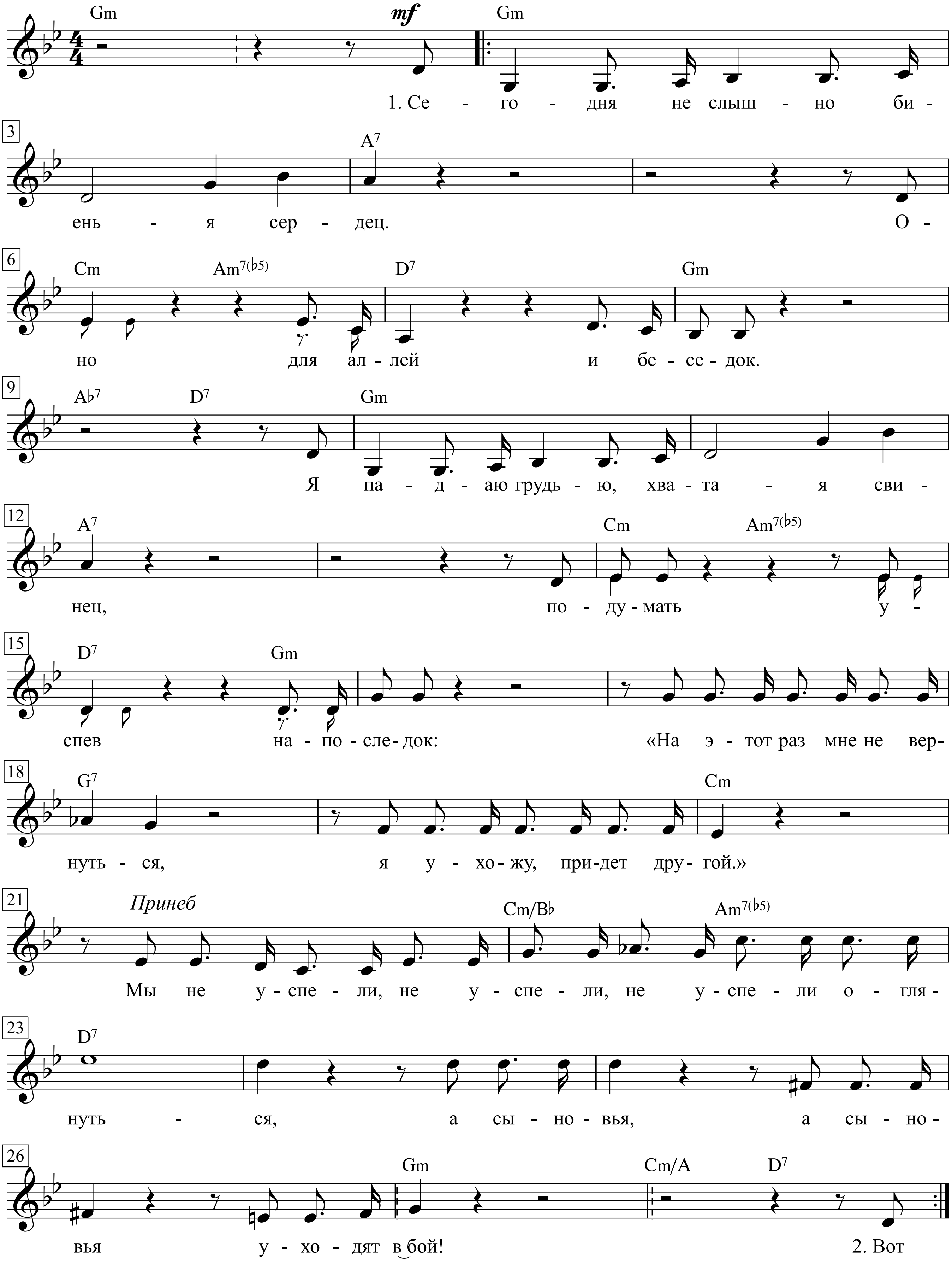
4. Одна забота наяву
В его усердье молчаливом,
Чтобы я выглядел счастливым
В том пиджаке, пока живу.

5. Он представляет это так:
Едва лишь я пиджак примерю —
Опять в твою любовь поверю...
Как бы не так. Такой чудак!

Сыновья уходят в бой

Подвижно

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий

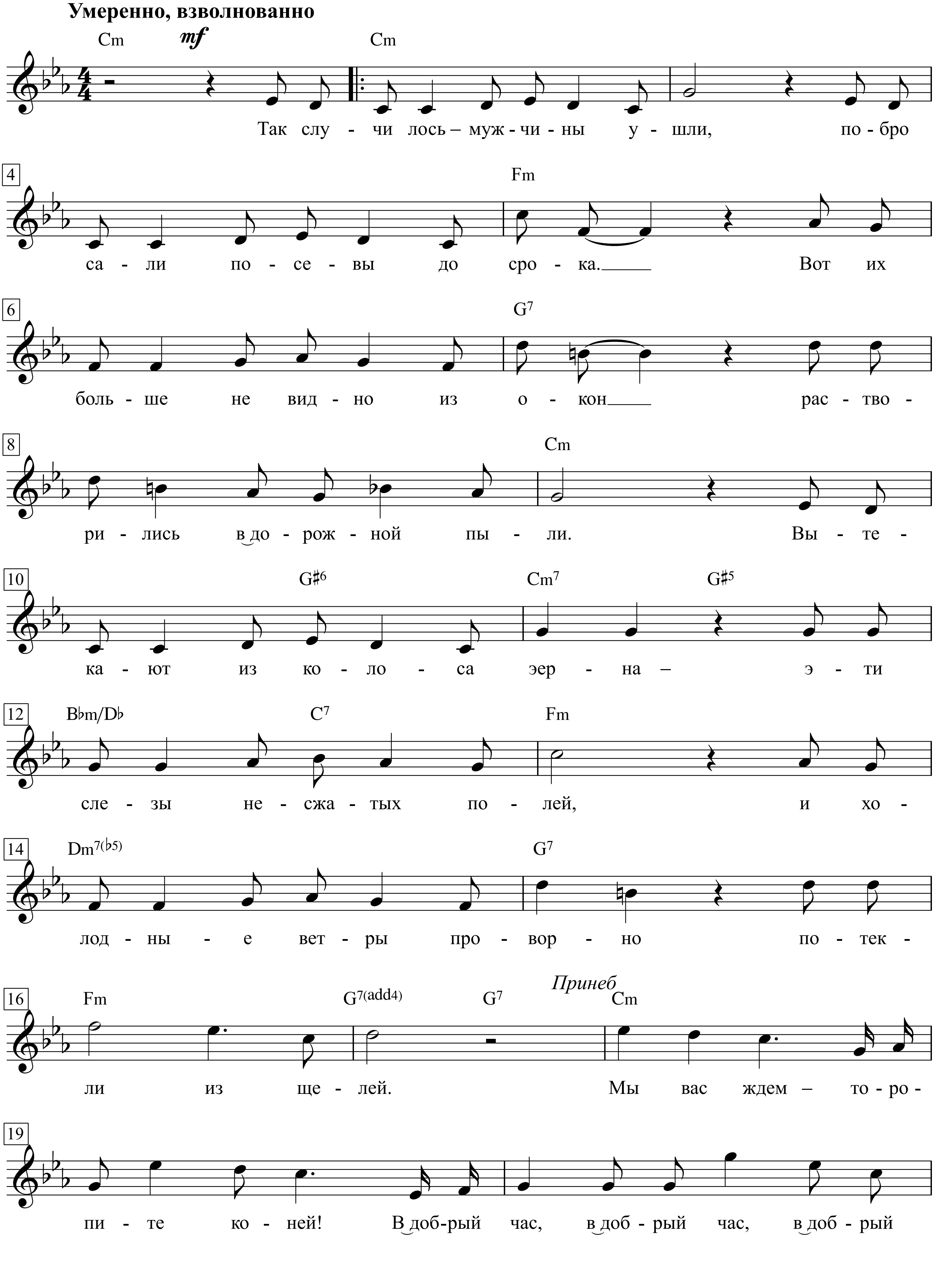


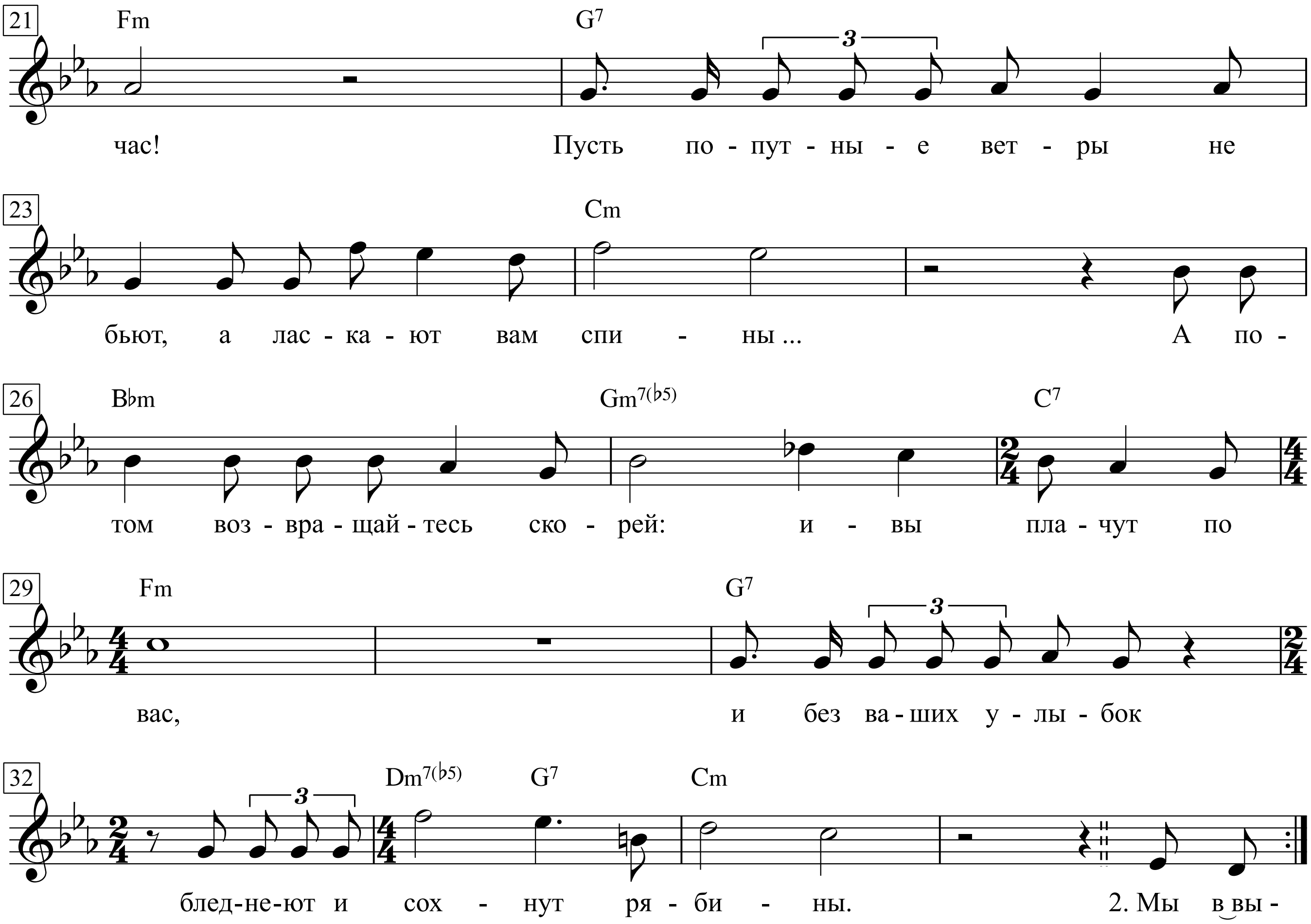
О-но для ал-лей и бе-се-док.
Я па-д-аю грудь-ю, хва-та-я сви-нец,
по-ду-мать у-спев на-по-сле-док:
«На э-тот раз мне не вер-нуть-ся,
я у-хо-жу, при-дет дру-гой.»
Мы не у-спе-ли, не у-спе-ли, не у-спе-ли о-гля-нуть-ся,
а сы-но-вья, а сы-но-вья у-хо-дят в бой!

Вот кто-то решив: "После нас - хоть потоп",
Как в пропасть, шагнул из окопа,
А я для того свой покинул окоп,
Чтоб не было вовсе потопа.
Сейчас глаза мои сомкнутся,
Я крепко обнимусь с землей.
Мы не успели, не успели оглянуться,
А сыновья, а сыновья уходят в бой.
Кто сменит меня, кто в атаку пойдет?
Кто выйдет к заветному мосту?
И мне захотелось: пусть будет вон тот,
Одетый во всё не по росту.
Я успеваю улыбнуться,
Я видел, кто придет за мной.
Мы не успели, не успели оглянуться,
А сыновья, а сыновья уходят в бой.
Разрывы глушили биенье сердец,
Мое же - мне громко стучало,
Что все же конец мой - еще не конец:
Конец - это чье-то начало.
Сейчас глаза мои сомкнутся,
Я ухожу - придет другой.
Мы не успели, не успели оглянуться,
А сыновья, а сыновья уходят в бой.

Так случилось - мужчины ушли ...

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий




21
Fm
G7
час! Пусть по - пут - ны - е вет - ры не
23
Cm
бьют, а лас - ка - ют вам спи - ны ... А по -
26
B♭m
Gm7(♭5)
C7
том воз - вра - щай - тесь ско - рей: и - вы пла - чут по
29
Fm
G7
вас, и без ва - ших у - лы - бок
32
Dm7(♭5)
G7
Cm
блед-не-ют и сох - нут ря - би - ны. 2. Мы в вы -

1. Так случилось - мужчины ушли,
Побросали посевы до срока.
Вот их больше не видно из окон -
Растворились в дорожной пыли.
Вытекают из колоса эерна -
Эти слезы несжатых полей,
И холодные ветры проворно
Потекли из щелей.
Пр: Мы вас ждем - торопите коней!
В добрый час, в добрый час, в добрый час!
Пусть попутные ветры не бьют,
А ласкают вам спины ...
А потом возвращайтесь скорей:
Ивы плачут по вас,
И без ваших улыбок
Бледнеют и сохнут рябины.

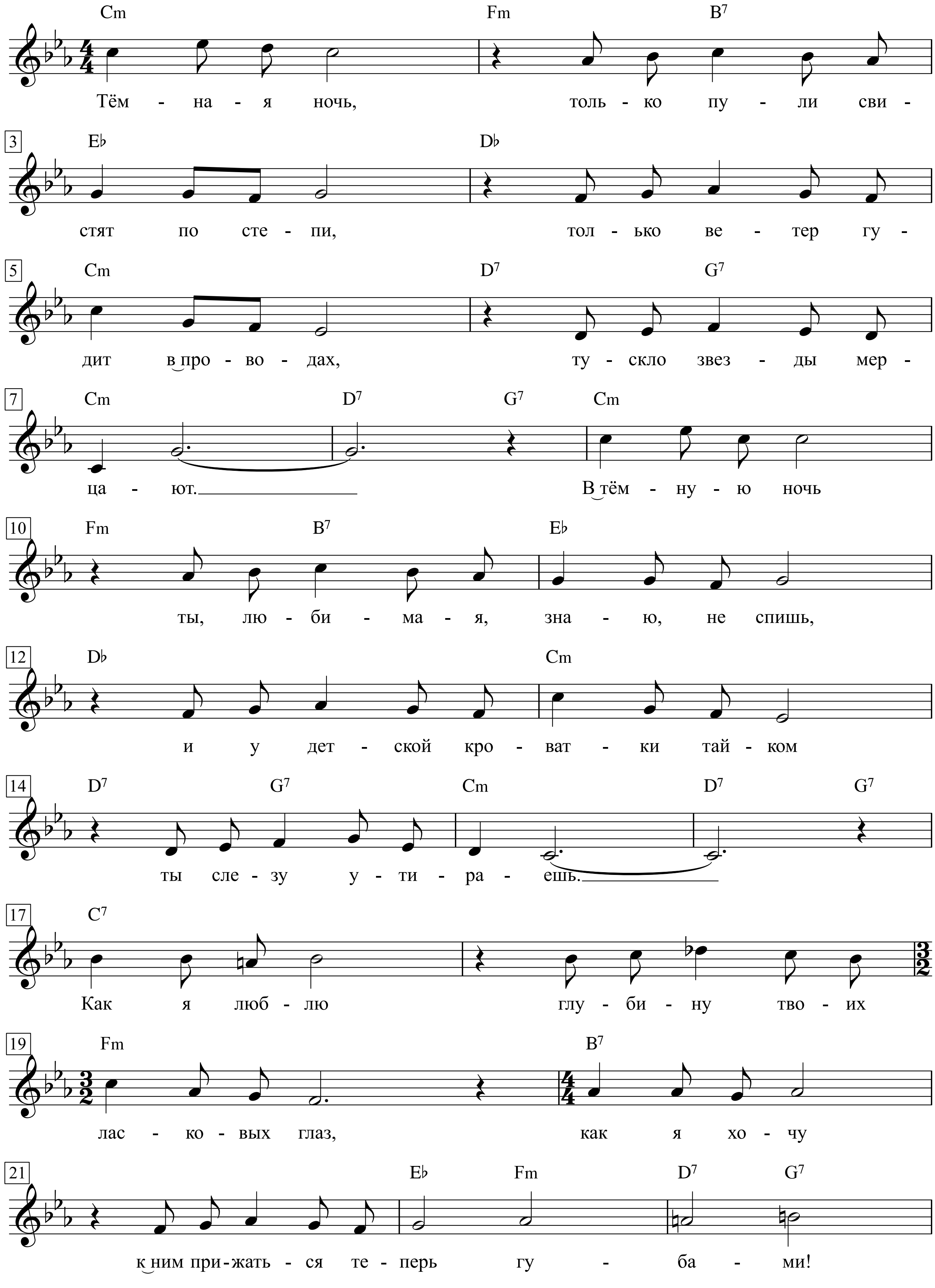
2. Мы в высоких живем теремах,
Входа нет никому в эти зданья -
Одиночество и ожиданье
Вместо вас поселилось в домах.
Потеряла и свежесть и прелесть
Белизна неодетых рубах,
Даже старые песни приелись
И навязли в зубах.
Мы вас ждем - торопите коней!
В добрый час, в добрый час, в добрый час!
Пусть попутные ветры не бьют, а ласкают вам спины.
А потом возвращайтесь скорей!
Ивы плачут по вас,
И без ваших улыбок бледнеют и сохнут рябины.

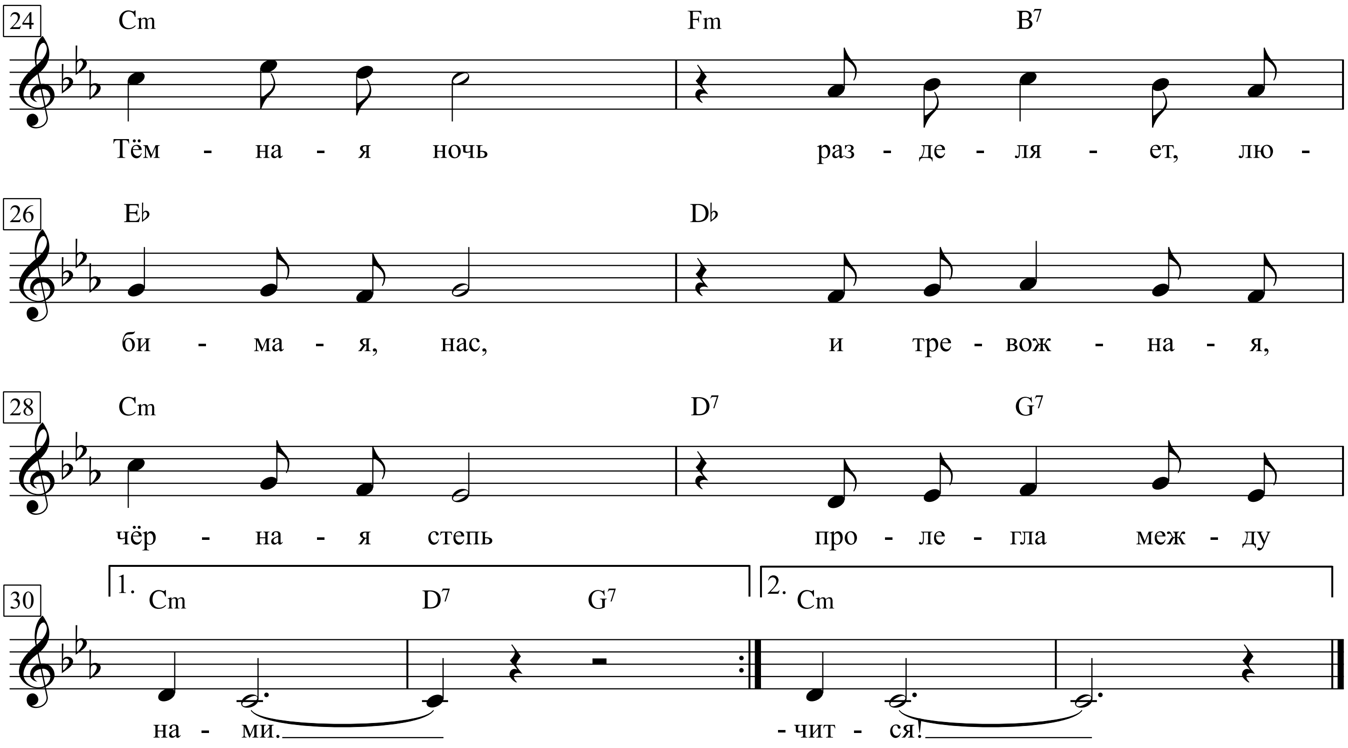
3. Все единою болью болит,
И звучит с каждым днем непрестанней
Вековечный надрыв причитаний
Отголоском старинных молитв.
Мы вас встретим и пеших, и конных,
Утомленных, нецелых, - любых.
Только б не пустота похоронных
И предчувствие их.
Мы вас ждем - торопите коней!
В добрый час, в добрый час, в добрый час!
Пусть попутные ветры не бьют, а ласкают вам спины.
А потом возвращайтесь скорей!
Ивы плачут по вас,
И без ваших улыбок бледнеют и сохнут рябины.

Тёмная ночь

Владимир Агатов

Никита Богословский
(Марк Бернес)





Тёмная ночь, только пули свистят по степи,
Только ветер поёт в проводах, тускло звезды мерцают.
В тёмную ночь ты, любимая, знаю, не спишь,
И у детской кроватки тайком ты слезу утираешь.

Как я люблю глубину твоих ласковых глаз,
Как я хочу к ним прижаться сейчас губами!
Темная ночь разделяет, любимая, нас,
И тревожная, черная степь пролегла между нами.

Верю в тебя, в дорогую подругу мою,
Эта вера от пули меня тёмной ночью хранила...
Радостно мне, я спокоен в смертельном бою,
Знаю встретишь с любовью меня, что б со мной ни случилось.

Смерть не страшна, с ней не раз мы встречались в степи.
Вот и сейчас надо мною она кружится.
Ты меня ждешь и у детской кроватки не спишь,
И поэтому знаю: со мной ни-че-го не слу-чит-ся!

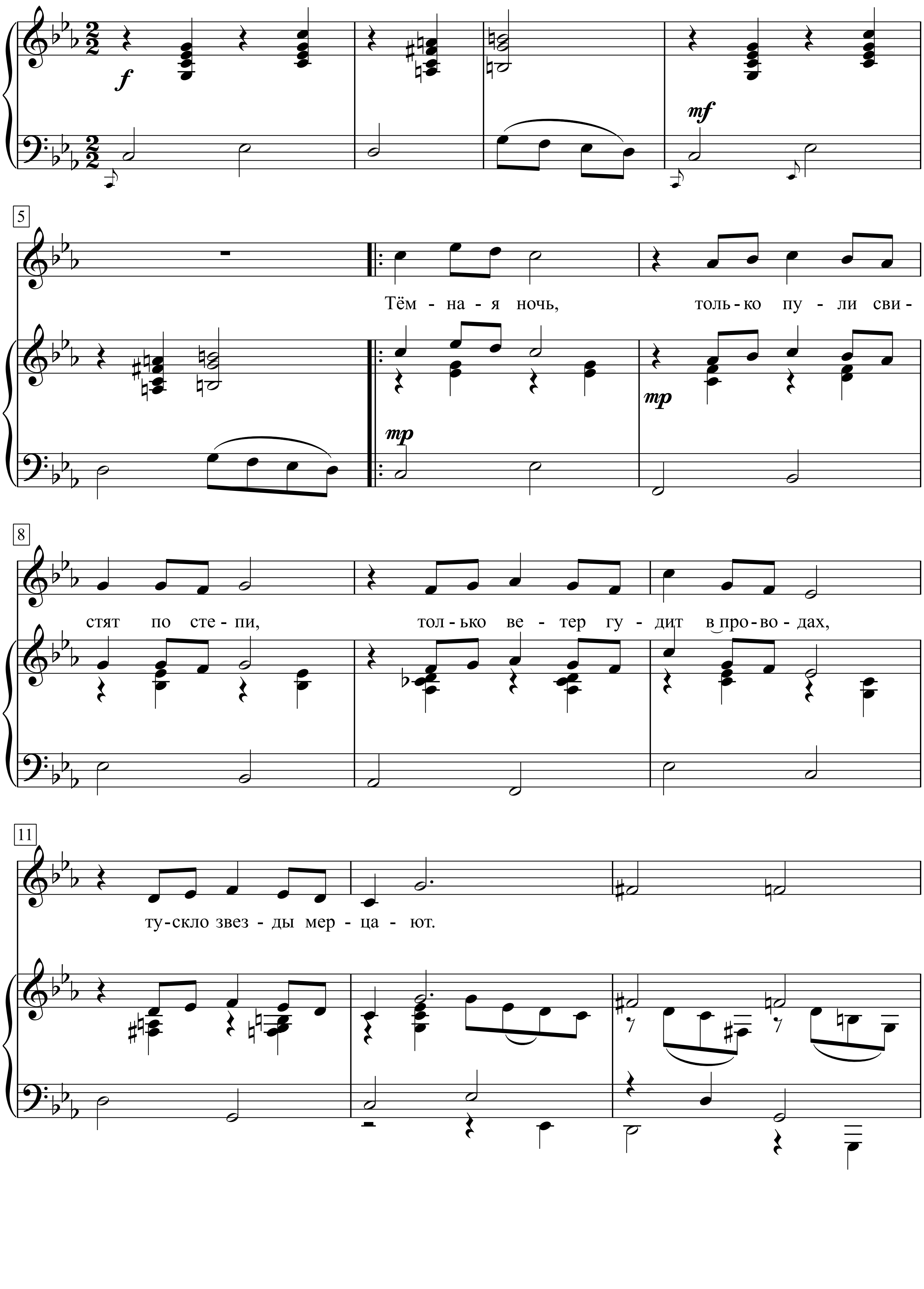
Тём-на-я ночь, толь-ко пу-ли сви-стят по сте-пи,
тол-ько ве-тер гу-дит в про-во-дах, ту-скло звез-ды мер-ца-ют.
В тём-ну-ю ночь ты, лю-би-ма-я, зна-ю, не спишь,
и у дет-ской кро-ват-ки тай-ком ты сле-зу у-ти-ра-ешь.

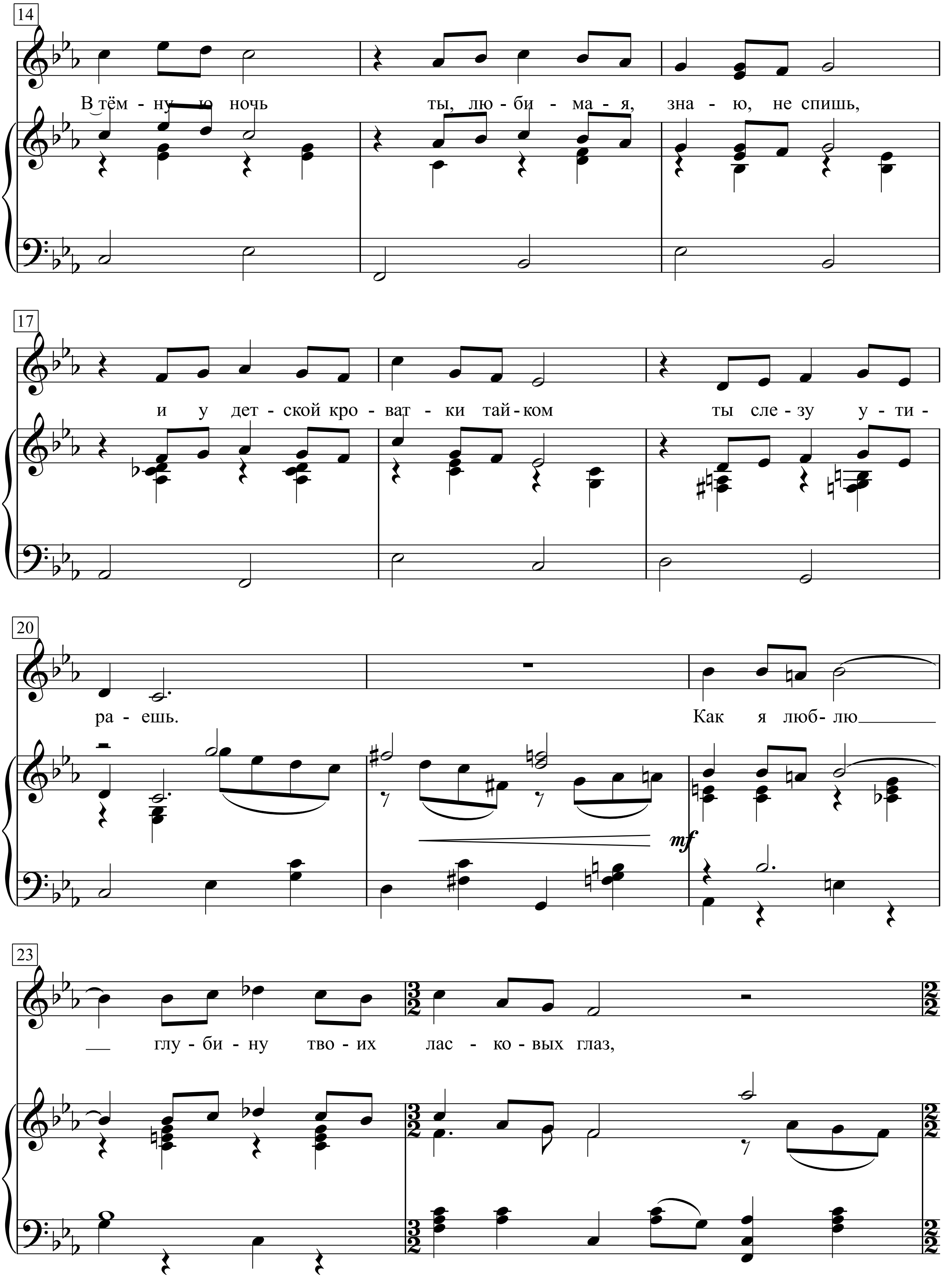
Как я люб-лю глу-би-ну тво-их лас-ко-вых глаз,
как я хо-чу к ним при-жать-ся те-перь гу-ба-ми!
Тём-на-я ночь раз-де-ля-ет, лю-би-ма-я, нас,
и тре-вож-на-я, чёр-на-я степь про-ле-гла меж-ду на-ми.

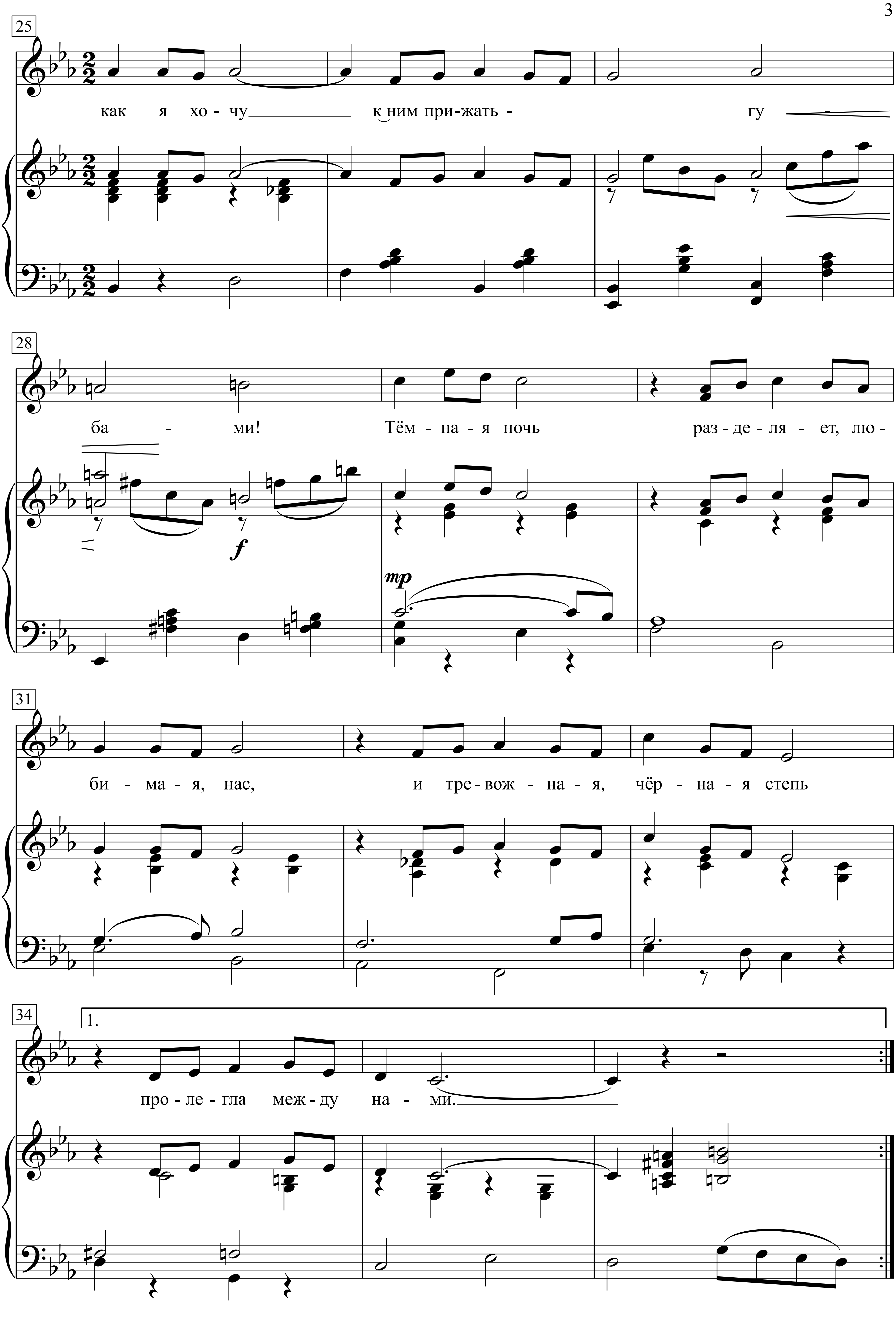
Тёмная ночь

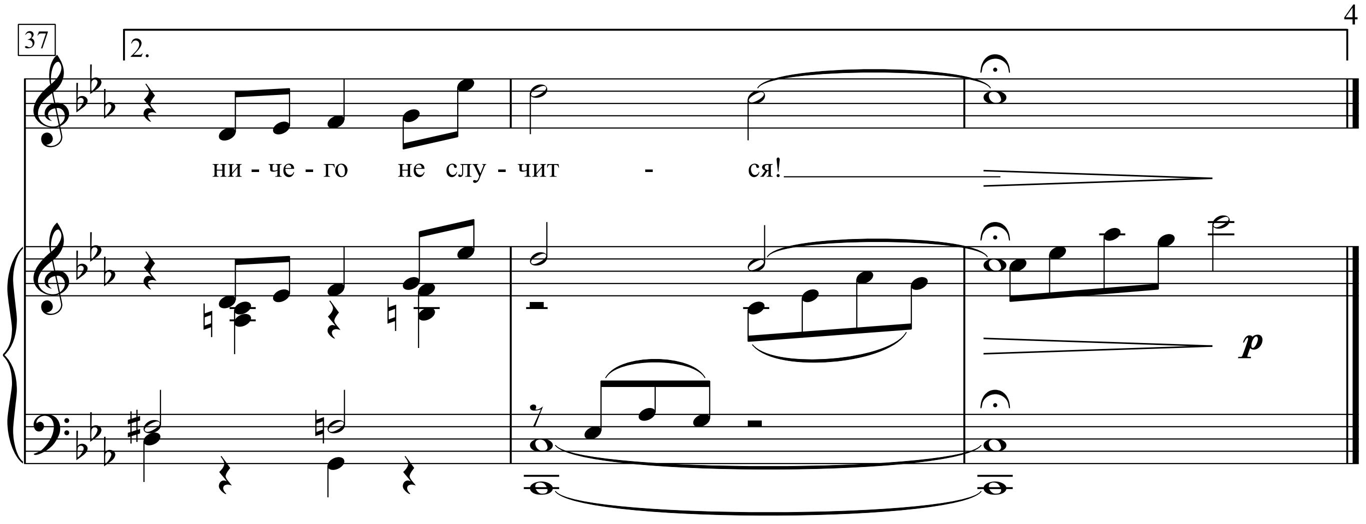
Владимир Агатов

Никита Богословский
(Марк Бернес)




14
В тём - ну - ю ночь ты, лю - би - ма - я, зна - ю, не спишь,
17
и у дет - ской кро - ват - ки тай - ком ты сле - зу у - ти -
20
ра - ешь. Как я люб - лю
mf
23
глу - би - ну тво - их лас - ко - вых глаз,


25
как я хо - чу к ним при-жать - гу
28
ба - ми! Тём - на - я ночь раз - де - ля - ет, лю -
31
би - ма - я, нас, и тре - вож - на - я, чёр - на - я степь
34
1.
про - ле - гла меж - ду на - ми.



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Только ветер поёт в проводах, тускло звезды мерцают.
В тёмную ночь ты, любимая, знаю, не спишь,
И у детской кроватки тайком ты слезу утираешь.

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Темная ночь разделяет, любимая, нас,
И тревожная, черная степь пролегла между нами.

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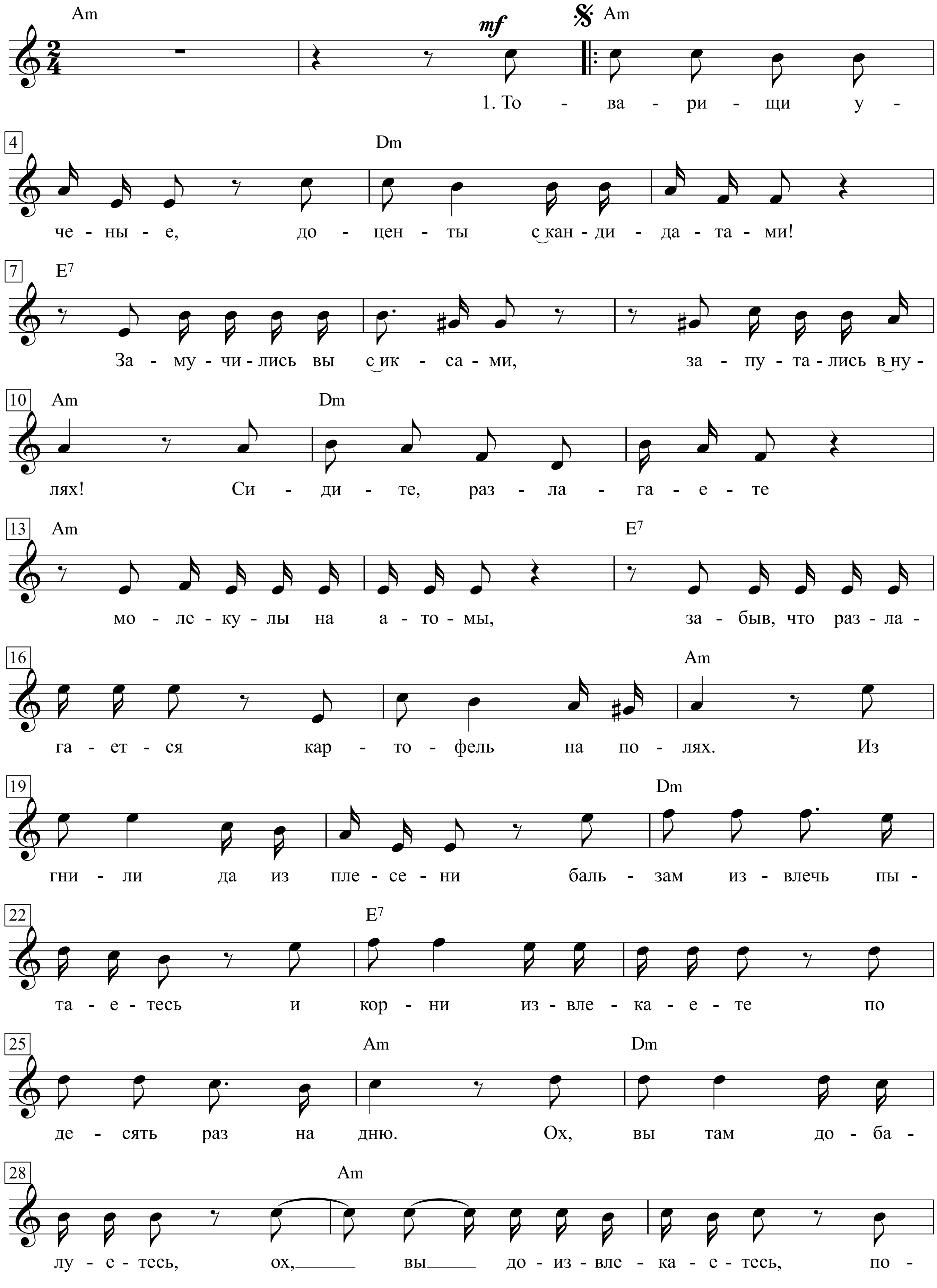
Радостно мне, я спокоен в смертельном бою,
Знаю встретишь с любовью меня, что б со мной ни случилось.

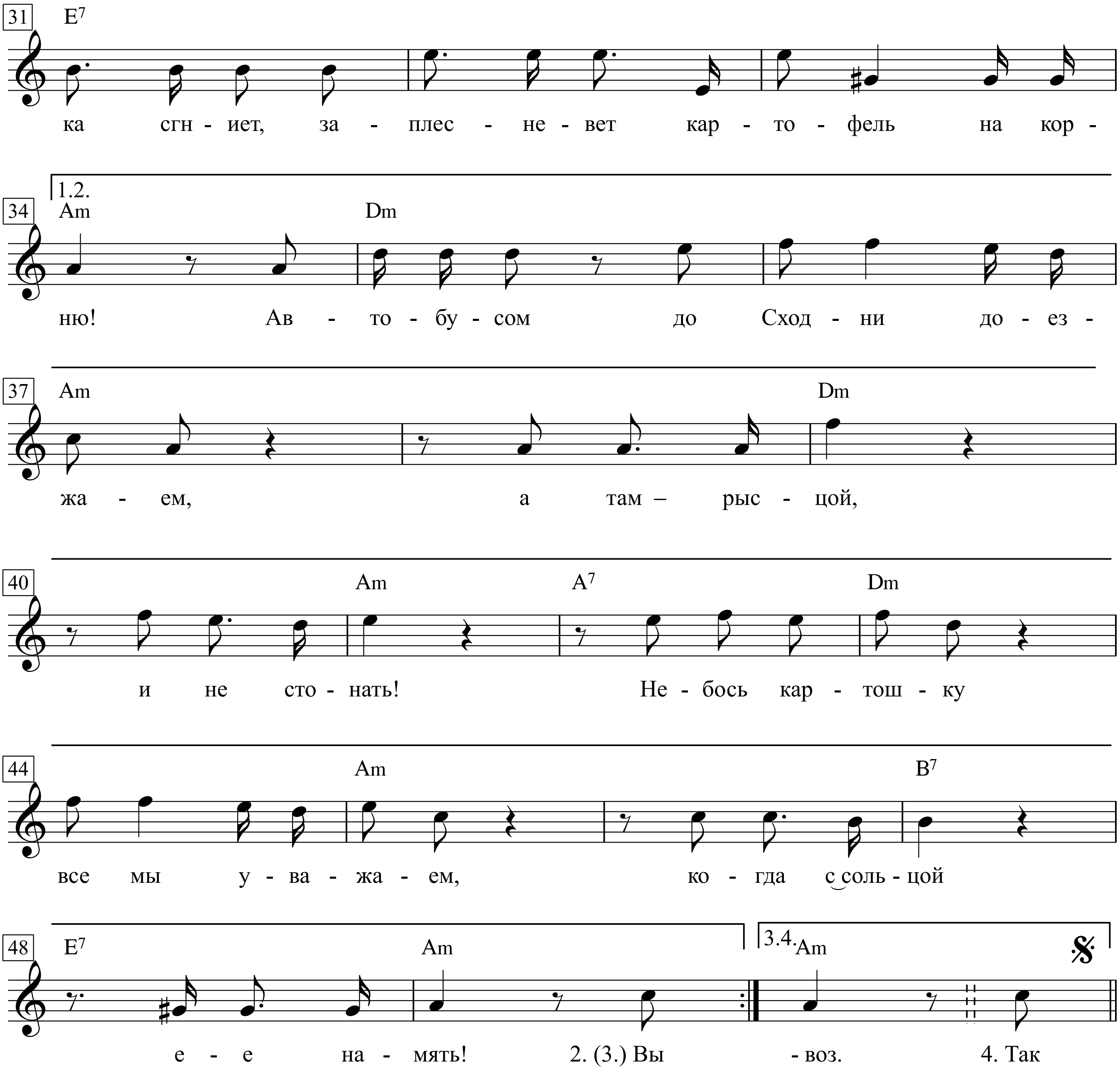
Смерть не страшна, с ней не раз мы встречались в степи.
Вот и сейчас надо мною она кружится.
Ты меня ждешь и у детской кроватки не спишь,
И поэтому знаю: со мной ничего не случится!

Товарищи учёные

Подвижно, с юмором

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий




31 E7
ка сгн - иет, за - плес - не - вет кар - то - фель на кор -
1.2.
34 Am Dm
ню! Ав - то - бу - сом до Сход - ни до - ез -
37 Am Dm
жа - ем, а там – рыс - цой,
40 Am A7 Dm
и не сто - нать! Не - бось кар - тош - ку
44 Am B7
все мы у - ва - жа - ем, ко - гда с соль - цой
48 E7 Am 3.4. Am
е - е на - мять! 2. (3.) Вы - воз. 4. Так

1. Товарищи ученые! Доценты с кандидатами!
Замучились вы с иксами, запутались в нулях!
Сидите, разлагаете молекулы на атомы,
Забыв, что разлагается картофель на полях.
Из гнили да из плесени бальзам извлечь пытаетесь
И корни извлекаете по десять раз на дню.
Ох, вы там добалуетесь! Ох, вы доизвлекаетесь,
Пока сгниет, заплесневет картофель на корню!
    Автобусом до Сходни доезжаем,
    А там - рысцой, и не стонать!
    Небось картошку все мы уважаем,
    Когда с сольцой ее намять!

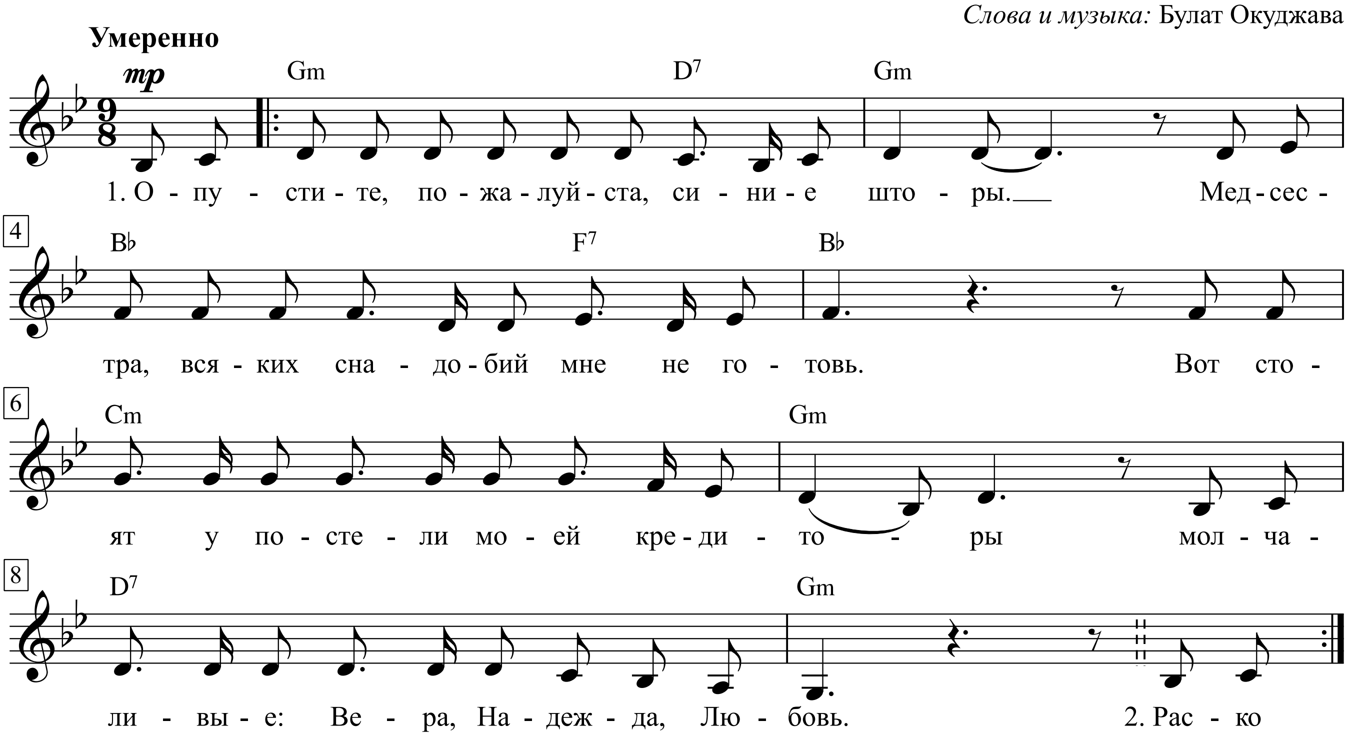
2. Вы можете прославиться почти на всю Европу, коль
С лопатами проявите здесь свой патриотизм.
А то вы всем кагалом там набросились на опухоль,
Собак ножами режете, а это - бандитизм.
Товарищи ученые, кончайте поножовщину.
Бросайте ваши опыты, гидрит и ангидрит!
Садитесь вон в полуторки, валяйте к нам, в Тамбовщину,
А гамма-излучение денек повременит.
    Автобусом к Тамбову подъезжаем,
    А там - рысцой, и не стонать!
    Небось картошку все мы уважаем,
    Когда с сольцой ее намять!

3. К нам можно даже с семьями, с друзьями и знакомыми.
Мы славно здесь разместимся, и скажете потом,
Что бог, мол, с ними, с генами! Бог с ними, с хромосомами!
Мы славно поработали и славно отдохнем.
Товарищи ученые, Эйнштейны драгоценные,
Ньютоны ненаглядные, любимые до слез!
Ведь лягут в землю общую остатки наши бренные,
Земле - ей все едино: апатиты и навоз.
    Автобусом до Сходни доезжаем,
    А там - рысцой, и не стонать!
    Небось картошку все мы уважаем,
    Когда с сольцой ее намять!

4. Так приезжайте, милые, рядами и колоннами.
Хотя вы все там химики и нет на вас креста,
Но вы ж там все задохнетесь, за синхрофазотронами, -
А здесь места отличные, воздушные места!
Товарищи ученые! Не сумневайтесь, милые:
Коль что у вас не ладится - ну, там, не тот аффект, -
Мы мигом к вам заявимся с лопатами и с вилами,
Денечек покумекаем - и выправим дефект.

Три сестры

Слова и музыка: Булат Окуджава



1. Опустите, пожалуйста, синие шторы.
Медсестра, всяких снадобий мне не готовь.
Вот стоят у постели моей кредиторы молчаливые:
Вера, Надежда, Любовь. 2. Раско

1. Опустите, пожалуйста, синие шторы.
Медсестра, всяких снадобий мне не готовь.
Вот стоят у постели моей кредиторы Молчаливые:
Вера, Надежда, Любовь.

2. Раскошелиться б сыну недолгого века,
Да пусты кошельки упадают с руки...
Не грусти, не печалуйся, о моя Вера, —
Остаются еще у тебя должники!

3. И еще я скажу и бессильно и нежно,
Две руки виновато губами ловя:
“Не грусти, не печалуйся, матерь Надежда, —
Есть еще не земле у тебя сыновья!”

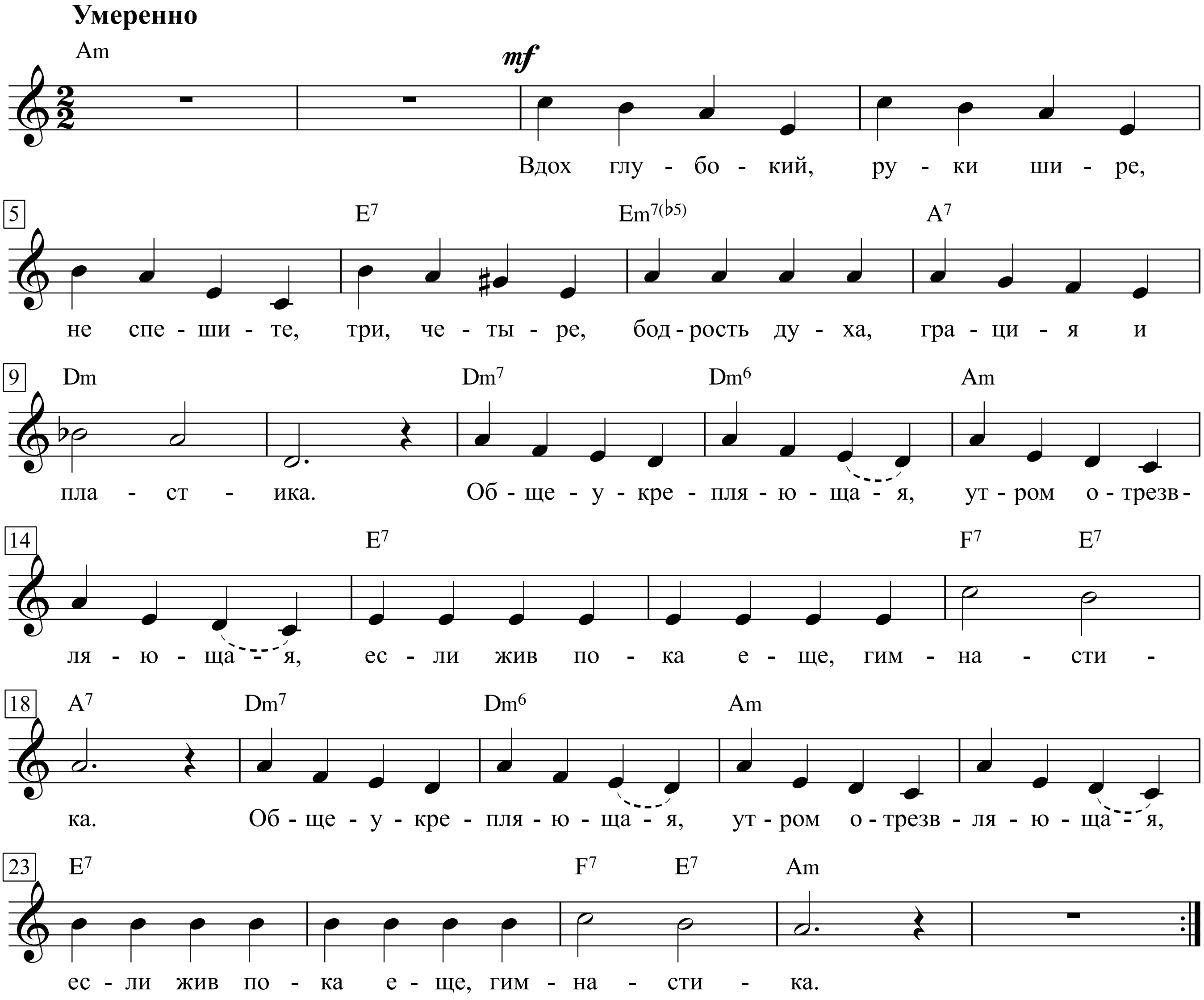
4. Протяну я Любови ладони пустые,
Покаянный услышу я голос ее:
“Не грусти, не печалуйся, память не стынет,
Я себя раздарила во имя твое.

5. Но какие бы руки тебя ни ласкали,
Как бы пламень тебя ни сжигал неземной,
В троекратном размере болтливость людская
За тебя расплатилась... Ты чист предо мной!"

6. Чистый-чистый живу я в наплывах рассветных,
Перед самым рождением нового дня...
Три сестры, три жены, три судьи милосердных
Открывают бессрочный кредит для меня.

Утренняя гимнастика

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий

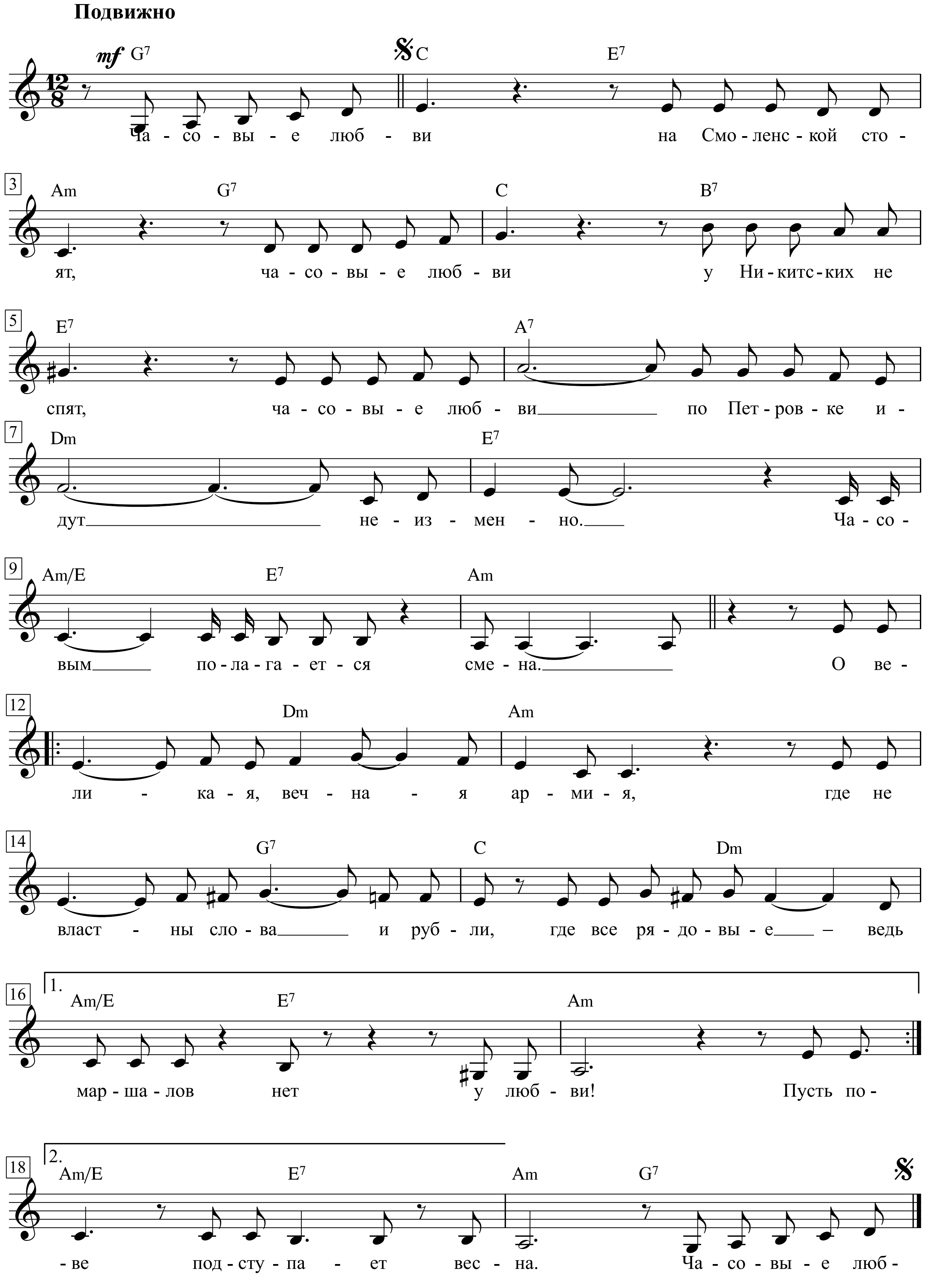


Вдох глу-бо-кий, руки ши-ре,
не спе-ши-те, три, че-ты-ре,
бод-рость ду-ха, гра-ци-я и пла-ст-ика.

Об-ще-у-кре-пля-ю-ща-я,
ут-ром о-трезв-ля-ю-ща-я,
ес-ли жив по-ка е-ще,
гим-на-сти-ка.
Общеукрепляющая,
Утром ободряющая,
Если жив пока еще,
    гимнастика.

Если вы в своей квартире,
Лягте на пол, три, четыре,
Выполняйте правильно движения.
Прочь влияния извне,
Привыкайте к новизне,
Вдох глубокий до
    изнеможения.
Прочь влияния извне,
Привыкайте к новизне,
Вдох глубокий до
    изнеможения.
Очень вырос в целом мире
Гриппа вирус, три, четыре,
Ширится, растет заболевание.
Если хилый - сразу в гроб;
Сохранить здоровье чтоб,
Применяйте, люди,
    обтирание.
Если хилый - сразу в гроб;
Сохранить здоровье чтоб,
Применяйте, люди,
    обтирание.
Если вы уже устали,
Сели-встали, сели-встали.
Не страшны вам Арктика с Антарктикой.
Главный академик Иоффе
Доказал, коньяк и кофе
Вам заменят спорт и
    профилактика.
Главный академик Иоффе
Доказал, коньяк и кофе
Вам заменят спорт и
    профилактика.
Разговаривать не надо,
Приседайте до упада
Да не будьте мрачными и хмурыми.
Если очень вам неймется,
Обтирайтесь чем придется,
Водными займитесь проце-
    дурами.
Если очень вам неймется,
Обтирайтесь чем придется,
Водными займитесь проце-
    дурами.
Не страшны дурные вести,
Начинаем бег на месте,
В выигрыше даже начинающий

Часовые любви



Часовые любви на Смоленской стоят,
часовые любви у Никитских не спят,
часовые любви по Петровке идут
неизменно.
Часовым полагается смена.

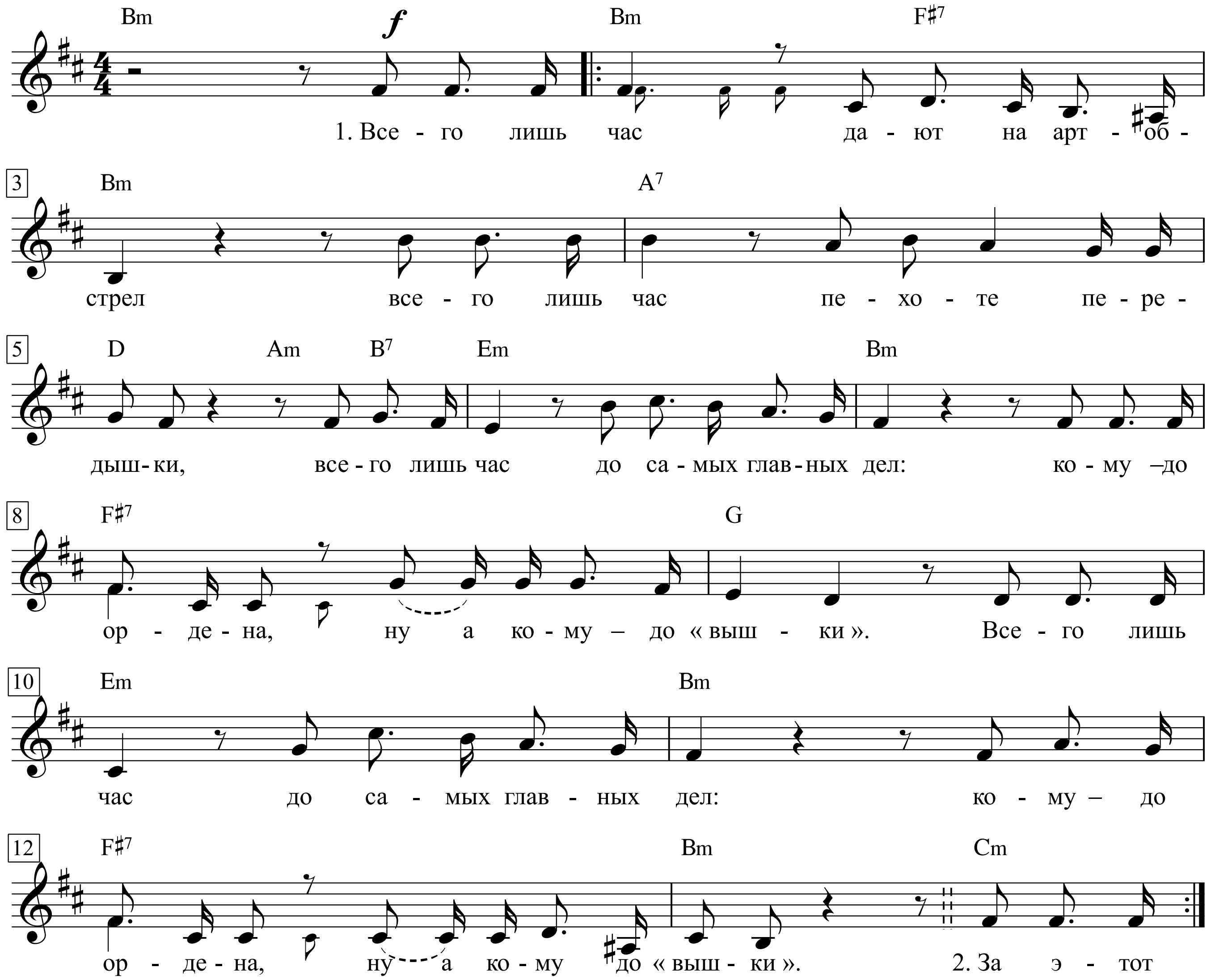
О великая, вечная армия,
где не властны слова и рубли,
где все рядовые– ведь маршалов нет у любви!
Пусть поход никогда ваш не кончится,
признаю только эти войска!
Сквозь зимы и вьюги к Москве подступает весна.

Часовые любви на Волхонке стоят.
Часовые любви на Неглинной не спят.
Часовые любви по Арбату идут
неизменно.
Часовым полагается смена.

Штрафные батальоны

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий

В темпе марша



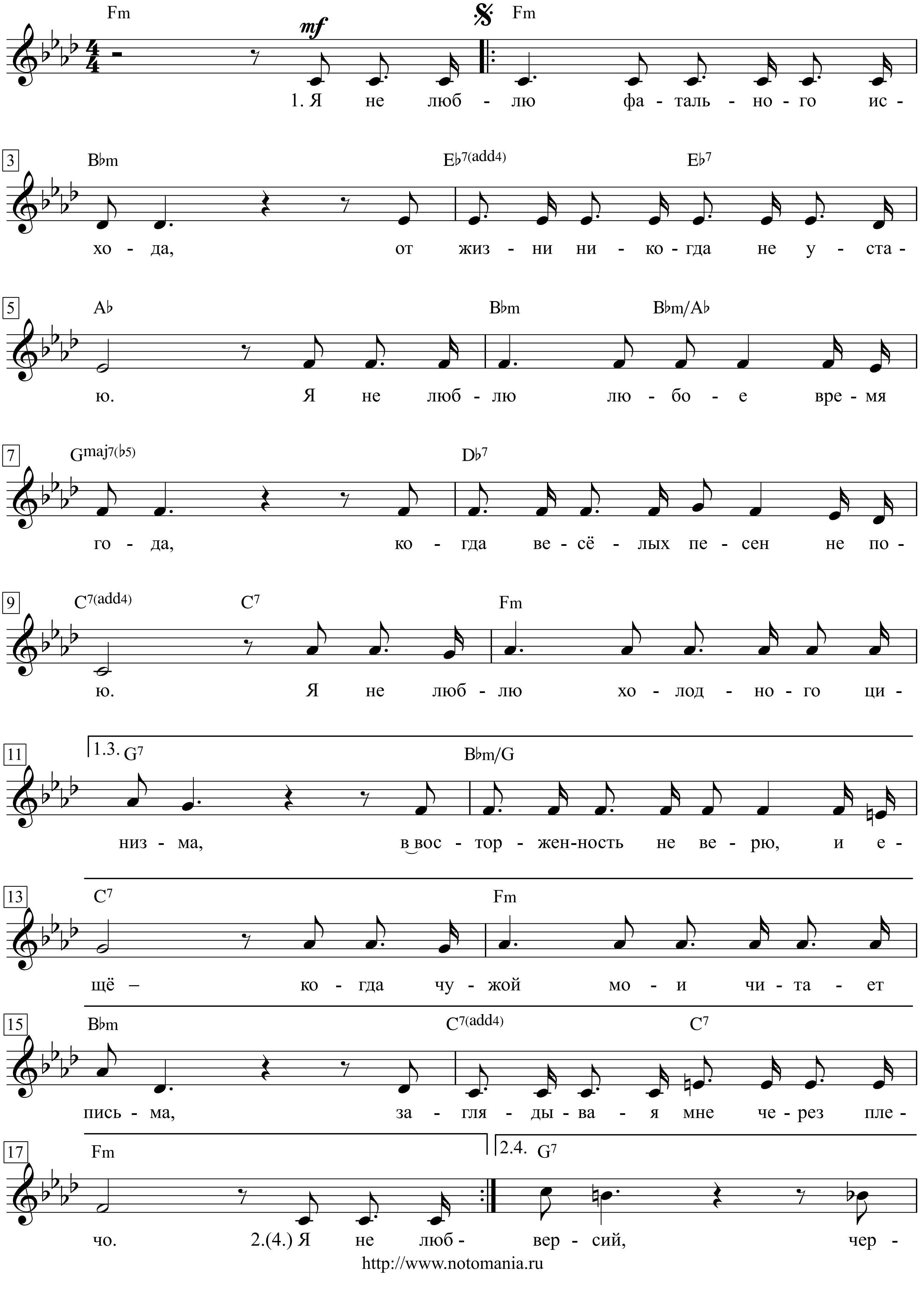
Всего лишь час дают на артобстрел -
Всего лишь час пехоте передышки,
Всего лишь час до самых главных дел:
Кому - до ордена, ну а кому - до "вышки".
Всего лишь час до самых главных дел:
Кому - до ордена, ну а кому - до "вышки".

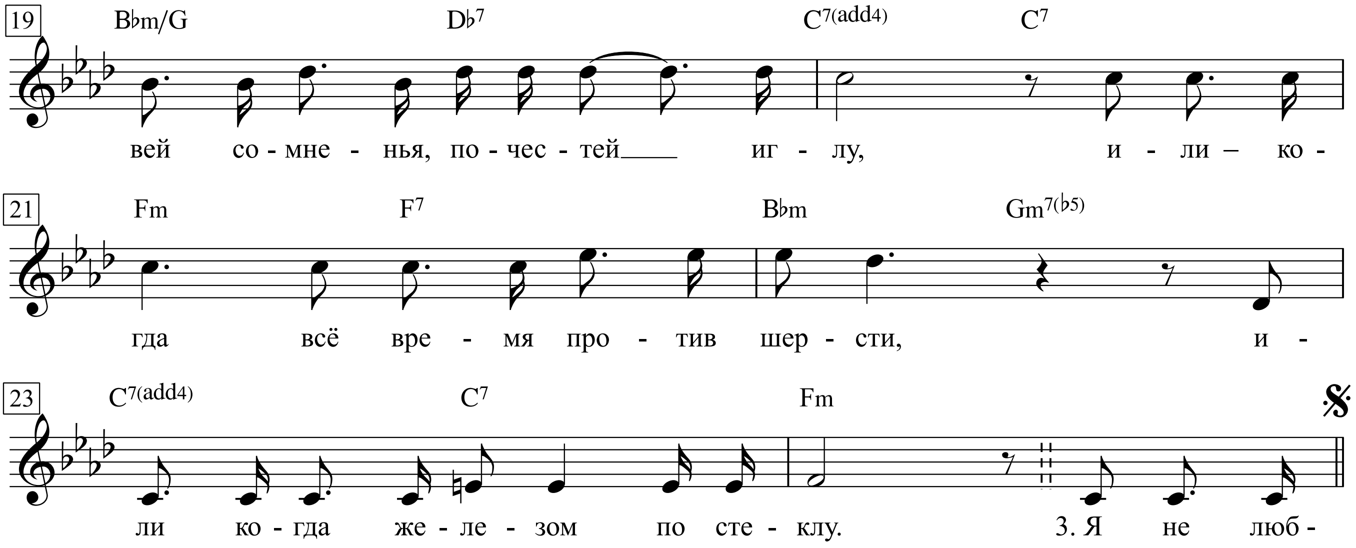
За этот час не пишем ни строки -
Молись богам войны, артиллеристам!
Ведь мы ж не просто так - мы штрафники,
Нам не писать: "...считайте коммунистом".
Перед атакой - водку, - вот мура!
Свое отпили мы еще в гражданку,
Поэтому мы не кричим "ура" -
Со смертью мы играемся в молчанку.
У штрафников один закон, один конец:
Коли, руби фашистского бродягу!
И если не поймаешь в грудь свинец -
Медаль на грудь поймаешь за отвагу.
Ты бей штыком, а лучше - бей рукой:
Оно надежней, да оно и тише.
И ежели останешься живой -
Гуляй, рванина, от рубля и выше!
Считает враг: морально мы слабы, -
За ним и лес, и города сожжены.
Вы лучше лес рубите на гробы -
В прорыв идут штрафные батальоны!
Вот шесть ноль-ноль - и вот сейчас обстрел.
Ну, бог войны, давай без передышки!
Всего лишь час до самых главных дел:
Кому - до ордена, а большинству - до "вышки".

Я не люблю

Слова и музыка: Владимир Высоцкий

Быстро, решительно




19
B♭m/G
D♭7
C7(add4)
C7
вей со - мне - нья, по - чес - тей иг - лу, и - ли – ко -
21
Fm
F7
B♭m
Gm7(♭5)
гда всё вре - мя про - тив шер - сти, и -
23
C7(add4)
C7
Fm
ли ко - гда же - ле - зом по сте - клу. 3. Я не люб -

Я не люб-лю фа-таль-но-го ис-хо-да,
от жиз-ни ни-ко-гда не у-ста-ю.

Я не люб-лю лю-бо-е вре-мя го-да,
ко-гда ве-сё-лых пе-сен не по-ю.
Я не люб-лю хо-лод-но-го ци-низ-ма,
в вос-тор-жен-ность не ве-рю, и е-щё
ко-гда чу-жой мо-и чи-та-ет пись-ма,

за-гля-ды-ва-я мне че-рез пле-чо.
Я не люб
лю, когда наполовину,
или когда прервали разговор.
Я не люблю, когда стреляют в спину,
Я также против выстрелов в упор.
Я ненавижу сплетни в виде
вер-сий,
чер-вей со-мне-нья, по-чес-тей иг-лу,
и-ли ко-гда всё вре-мя про-тив шер-сти,
и-ли ко-гда же-ле-зом по сте-клу.

Я не люблю уверенности сытой,
Уж лучше пусть откажут тормоза.
Досадно мне, что слово честь забыто
И что в чести наветы за глаза.
Когда я вижу сломанные крылья,
Нет жалости во мне, и неспроста:
Я не люблю насилья и бессилья,
Вот только жаль распятого Христа.
Я не люблю себя, когда я трушу,
И не люблю, когда невинных бьют.
Я не люблю, когда мне лезут в душу,
Тем более, когда в неё плюют.
Я не люблю манежи и арены,
На них мильон меняют по рублю, -
Пусть впереди большие перемены,
Я это никогда не полюблю.

Я не люблю фатального исхода,
От жизни никогда не устаю.
Я не люблю любое время года,
Когда веселых песен не пою.
Я не люблю холодного цинизма,
В восторженность не верю, и еще -
Когда чужой мои читает письма,

Заглядывая мне через плечо.
(Далее чередование аккордов по четверостишью)
Я не люблю, когда наполовину
Или когда прервали разговор.
Я не люблю, когда стреляют в спину,
Я также против выстрела в упор.
Я ненавижу сплетни в виде версий,
Червей сомненья, почестей иглу,
Или когда все время против шерсти,
Или когда железом по стеклу.
Я не люблю уверенности сытой -
Уж лучше пусть откажут тормоза.
Досадно мне, что слово честь забыто
И что в чести наветы за глаза.
Когда я вижу сломанные крылья -
Нет жалости во мне, и неспроста:
Я не люблю насилье и бессилье

ROCK POP FOLK SONGS